A Muddy Day

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Jess sighed as she saw that her sons had somehow gotten completely covered in mud. Well, Chasen looked a little better off than Connor, which only annoyed her more since Connor was old enough to know better. Seeing that they were heading for the back door, she immediately snapped into action, determined to save her freshly mopped kitchen floor.

“Oh, no you don’t, boys. Muddy clothes off and rinse off with the hose.”

“But mom.”

“I’ll go grab towels and run a bath.” She said, ignoring their loud groans. Good. A bath should teach them a powerful lesson. Spying a pink bottle in the linen closet, she smiled. A very powerful lesson, perhaps. She had been saving this for a rainy day. Well, it had rained last night, hadn’t it? Hence all the mud that the boys had found.

Grabbing a few towels, she returned to the back patio, shaking her head as she saw that Chasen and Connor were playing with the water more than hosing one another off. Setting the towels aside, she came over.

“Give the hose here.” She said. “Clothes off.” The boys balked, but her no nonsense face, something they knew very well, brought them around. They stood there, hands practically welded over their groins as she gave them each a

thorough rinse with the hose. “Inside for a bath. And no backtalk!” She handed them each a towel and marched them to the bathroom.

“Who’s going first?” Chasen asked.

“Can’t I just go shower?” Connor interjected.

“You both behaved like little boys, so you’ll be bathed together like little boys.” She started the tub filling, adding a generous portion of the pink bottle’s contents. The water filled with suds as the air filled with a floral scent.

“Mom!”

“I want to make sure you two are clean.” She said. “So, that means a very soapy bath. Get in.” They complied after a few swats to the rump for each. She wet a washcloth and set to work, alternating between her sons to make sure neither tried to bathe himself, although she did allow them each to wash their bottoms and privates.

“Nearly done.” She said after nearly thirty minutes. “All that’s left is your hair.” She grabbed the bottle again, her heart racing with excitement. “I want you both to close your eyes. I don’t want any shampoo to get in there.” They both complied and she set to work.

“Mom, this shampoo feels weird.” Chasen said as she rubbed it into his scalp. “My hair’s like tingling.”

“That’s just it cleaning.” She said. Keep your eyes closed. That tingling will burn if it gets in your pretty blue eyes.” She

smiled as his hair grew down to the middle of his back.

“Something tickles.”

“Shh, let me do Connor’s now.” She moved over to her older son, who whimpered as he felt the tingles, but remained silent in his humiliation over receiving a bath from his mom. She smiled as his hair grew just as long as his brother’s.

As she drained the tub, neither boy looked all that masculine any more. Their skin seemed almost pink from the thorough scrub and both had long, shiny hair. The floral scent had soaked into their skin and she hoped it would last a good long while.

“Alright, kiddos. Dry off. But keep those eyes closed!” She handed them each a towel, smiling as she stood in front of the fogged up mirror. “Keep your towels and let’s go get you dressed.”

She had been planning this, so it was not the hardest thing in the world to shepherd her boys to her room instead of their own. She went over to her closet and grabbed what she needed next.

“Alright, open your eyes.” The boys did and gasped as they saw their long, long hair.

“Mommy!” Chasen exclaimed. “We’re… we’re”

“Freshly bathed, I know.” She said with a smile. “Now, come on. We can’t have you two in towels all day. I have some lovely new panties for you.”

“Panties?” Connor said as his mom held them up. “Mom, we’re boys.” She laughed.

“Are you?”

“Yeah! We have dinkies!” Chasen looked like he was on the verge of showing her his. Jess shook her head.

“I knew leaving you two in the backyard would lead to you two coming up with some new game.” She said with a smile. “Look, you two cannot spend the day in towels. I want you two in your panties, now.”

“Mom! We are not girls!” Connor insisted, even as he took one of the pairs from his mom and pulled it on.

“What did you do to us? Our hair’s all long and we smell like girls.”

“Which you are.” Mom said, smiling as she saw the two of them now in panties, bewildered as to why they had put them on. “Put your camis on.”

“No!” Connor said, trying to fight as they each put them on, tucking them into the lacey waistband of their panties.

“Girls, if you keep arguing, we’re going to be late for the salon.”

“Salon?” Chasen said.

“You both keep whining about your hair, so we’re going to go get it styled. Now put your dresses on.”

“Dresses?” They said in unison.

“Yes, girls. Dresses. The things you’ve worn every day since birth?”

“We’re boys, mommy! Boys!” Chasen insisted.

“Boys, hmm? Boys in panties and camis, with long soft blonde hair and smelling like flowers?”

“You did this to us!” Connor said. “It’s not fair!” Mom shrugged.

“You can tell me all about it after you’re dressed like a proper young lady.” She handed them their dresses. “Put them on.” The boys, utterly baffled as to why they were pulling them on, obeyed. “There, was that so bad?” She could tell that the boys were uncomfortable with the strange sensations of soft underwear and light dresses on their bodies, but she knew it just took some getting used to.

Positioning them in front of the mirror, she knew that even they could not deny that she had done an exemplary job of turning two muddy boys into two pretty girls. She took a brush and brushed out their hair, smiling at them as she did so.

“Since you two are finally being good girls, maybe you can get your nails done at the salon.”

“Mom, please.” Connor whispered.

“Connor, hush. Why are you acting like this?”

“You said my name! Connor, it’s a boy’s name!” Mom tutted.

“In this day and age, Connor or Chasen can be a girl’s name.

Look at yourself. How could anyone think my sweet little Connor is a boy?" She kissed his cheek. "Let's go, girls. The salon awaits!"