Water Balloons

by andlat

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Chapter 1

Water Balloons - Chapter 1

“Mom! He’s throwing water balloons at us again!” Suzie yelled. Her mom sighed and looked up from her book. Sure enough, Trevor was trying to look innocent, but she knew better than to not take her daughter’s word for it. Her son was, in a word, a terror.

“Trevor, over here right now.”

“But mom!”

“No, I can see the water balloon in the pool. Why do you insist on tormenting your sister and her friends?”

“They’re in the pool anyway.” Trevor protested.

“You have until the count of three to get over here or I’ll pull down your swimsuit in front of the girls and give you a bare bottom spanking.” She would never do that, but the threat was all she needed. Besides, she had something much more memorable in mind. “Now, mister.” Trevor shuffled over and stood by his mom’s lounge chair. “Apologize to the girls.”

“Sorry.” He grunted.

“C’mon” mom said, standing up and setting her book aside. “We’re going inside for a bit.”

“What? Why?”

“So the girls can have some peace and quiet from a little boy.”

“I’m older than any of them!” Trevor protested as his mom pulled him into the house.

By the time the two of them emerged from the house again, the girls had completely forgotten about Trevor annoying them. They giggled as they saw him coming toward them, dressed very differently from the red and grey trunks he had had on earlier. He now wore a girl’s one piece swimsuit with row upon row of rainbow ruffles going down his torso. His hair was done up in a pair of pigtails and he even had some light make-up on.

“Oh, my god!” Suzie exclaimed. “Is that my old swimsuit? And my old jelly flip flops!” She pointed to the pink shoes on her brother’s feet. “I can’t believe they fit him!”

“Here’s the deal, girls.” Her mom said. “Trevor’s going to go stand by the fence. You’ll each get three water balloons to throw at him and he cannot block them. Understand?” The girls giggled as Trevor took his position, whimpering softly as tears flowed down his cheeks.

Trevor whimpered and squirmed as water balloon after water balloon struck him, drenching him from head to toe by the time all four girls were done. He looked to his mom, hopeful that his punishment was over.

“Alright, girls, Trevor’s now going to join you all in a game of Marco Polo. In fact, he’s going to play with all of you until your parents come to pick you up. Isn’t that right, Trevor?” The boy nodded, tears now flowing down his cheeks.

“I’m sorry.” He blubbered, but the girls gathered around him with wicked grins and he knew he did not even know the meaning of the word sorry. His mom picked up her book, but she only pretended to read. After all, she wanted Trevor embarrassed, but four girls could easily take things too far. As they began playing, she smiled to herself and wondered how else she could use this idea on her misbehaving son.

Chapter 2

Water Balloons 2: The Girls' Revenge - Chapter 2

At first, it seemed to Trevor as if Suzie would never let him live down the afternoon he had spent in the rainbow swimsuit, playing whatever games the girls ordered him. After a few weeks, however, she brought it up less and less and Trevor felt like he was in the clear. Things returned to normal, although Suzie did notice that her older brother tried his best to avoid her and her friends, which suited them just fine.

One August day, however, they had no choice but to all play together in the backyard of Suzie's friend Marcie's house. Under the pretense of not wanting to spend time with a bunch of eight and nine year old girls, Trevor gave them a wide berth, but as he watched them sitting on the grass, chatting and making daisy chains, he could not resist.

Trevor's mom always complained about having to empty out his pockets before she did his laundry, but to Trevor, the pockets of his shorts were a veritable treasure trove. In one of the bigger pockets, he had most of a package of water balloons, just what he needed to have a little bit of fun.

"They said they were hot, mommy." the twelve year old rehearsed to himself, already preparing his defense. They had remarked on how hot it had been, so it sounded completely foolproof. Leaving his vantage point by the clothesline,

concealing by the single beach towel hanging there, the mischievous boy went over to the spigot on the side of the house and filled up an armful of water balloons. Surely this was enough to drench each and every one of the girls sitting over there none the wiser.

Trevor struck hard and fast, delighting in how his sister and the other girls had suspected nothing. What he had not counted on, however, was how quickly they would get up and give chase. He tried to run, but stood no chance, the four girls rapidly surrounding him. They glared at him.

“What was that for?” Suzie asked, taking charge as she so often did. “Answer me, little boy.”

“I’m older than you.” Trevor muttered impetuously.

“You’re not behaving like it, Trevor.” She scolded. “Look at us, we’re soaked.”

“You said it was hot. I was helping you cool off.”

“Yeah, right.” Marcie said. “You were being a little terror. Again.”

“Was not.”

“Take all the water balloons out of your pockets.” Suzie ordered

“I used them all.”

“Trevor, you and I both know you always look away when you’re lying.” She looked at her friends. “Tiff, Britt, grab him

and I'll get them myself." Trevor felt the girls grab his arms and hold him in place no matter how he struggled. Suzie came over and dug in each of his pockets until she found the package of water balloons. "Used them all, huh? Well, you will."

"Should we bring him over to the spigot?" Tiffany asked.

"Definitely. I think it's time Trevor the terror"

"Mommy told you not to call me that!"

"Well, mommy's not here, is she?" The way Suzie said mommy made it clear to her friends that while Trevor still used the babyish word, she was much too mature to do so. "Besides, if you tattle to her about that, she'll find out that you have water balloons again and we all know what happened last time, don't we?"

"Trevor the rainbow." Brittanie teased. Trevor glared at her, but she glared right back.

"Alright, we'll take turns getting Trevor just as soaked as he made us." Suzie said, distributing out water balloons.

"I have an idea." Marcie said with a grin. She grabbed a red plastic bucket and started filling it up.

"Hey, that's no fair!" Trevor protested, but he was soon distracted by other things as the girls pelted him with water balloons until he was far more soaked than any of them had been. "Stop!" He whined, wiping his face with his hand, not that his hand was any dryer.

“How does it feel, getting the tables turned on you?” Suzie asked.

“Don’t like it.” Trevor mumbled. Suzie nodded and threw her last water balloon right at his chest.

“At least you didn’t cry for once.” She remarked. “Now stand still, here comes Marcie.” Trevor had no choice but to stand still as Tiffany and Brittany held his arms again, although they tried to stand as far away as possible as Marcie lifted the bucket up and poured it right over the boy’s head. Trevor yelped as the icy water came down all over him, pasting his clothes tightly to his skin.

“I think he’s drenched.” Marcie said with a grin as she looked at the sopping wet boy.

“Is he drenched enough though?” Suzie wondered out loud. “Marcie, go grab the hose.” Marcie, curious about what devious idea had come to Suzie, ran over and pulled the pale green hose along to them. “Tiff, Britt, make sure you hold him extra still. He’s really going to squirm.” Taking the hose from Marcie, Suzie marched right up to Trevor and grinned at him. “Hold him still.” She repeated before shoving the hose right down the front of his shorts and turning it on full blast.

Trevor howled as a torrent of icy cold water washed over his lower half, squirming and fighting, but the girls held him tightly, cackling as water gushed out of the legs of his shorts. It seemed to stretch for an eternity before the water stopped. Everything felt numb.

“Isn’t that nice on a hot summer day?” Marcie asked. “We’ve really cooled you off, haven’t we?”

“He’s shivering!” Brittanie exclaimed. Sure enough, Trevor could almost feel his teeth chattering despite the warm day.

“Alright, let’s get little Trevor out of his drenched clothes so he can start drying off and warming up!” Suzie announced. Trevor could not run fast enough to escape the girls who encircled him once again, pulling his t-shirt and shorts off in no time flat.

“Dinos!” Marcie exclaimed, practically gawking at the twelve year old boy’s briefs, white with red piping and colorful dinosaurs all over them.

“Those’ll have to go too. Hold him down if you have to.” Suzie instructed. The girls obeyed with relish, leaving Trevor on the ground as naked as could be.

“We’ll hang these on the clothesline to dry.” Marcie said with a grin, relishing the idea of his babyish underwear flapping in the breeze.

“But what’ll I wear?” Trevor whimpered, covering himself as best as he could and shivering as the breeze brushed his wet skin.

“Oh, that’s already been arranged.” Suzie said with a grin. “We knew you’d pull something sooner or later, so we’ve been ready.” Trevor stared at the girls, terror written all over his face, as Tiffany brought over a large brown paper bag.

“What is that?”

“Don’t worry, you’ll find out real soon.” Suzie reassured him. “You look like you’re about to freeze to death. Marcie, do we have a towel for him?” As luck would have it, there was a beach towel on the line and Marcie hurried it over. Trevor turned his nose up at its faded Barbie design, but he knew it was better than standing there, wet and naked. He allowed Suzie to wrap it around him and give him a rubdown. “That’ll do for now, but we need to get you dressed before we all go for ice cream.”

“But my clothes won’t be dry for like an hour.”

“I know, baby.” Suzie said gently. “But we’ve got a few things for you in that bag.”

“Like what?”

“Let’s get him some underwear first of all, Tiff.” Suzie said. Tiffany eagerly reached into the bag and pulled out a pair of pink panties with a little white bow on the waistband and some lace around the legs. “It’s all Marcie’s family has that’ll fit you, Trevor. You should’ve brought a change of clothes in case of accidents.”

“This wasn’t an accident.” Trevor hissed.

“You’re right. This was the consequences of your actions. That’s a big word, isn’t it?”

“Can you say the word consequences, Trevor?” Trevor glared at Brittanie, who just smirked back.

“Consequences.” He said softly, the girls giggling at his difficulty with the s’s. He had mostly outgrown his lisp, but he still had some trouble with s sounds when they came close together.

“So, since you soaked your only clothes, you’ll need to borrow these.” Suzie explained as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

“Either that or we’ll take away your towel and you’ll have to explain to your mommy why you’re naked.” Marcie remarked. Trevor sighed.

“What else do I have to wear?”

“Get your panties on first and then we’ll move on to the next thing. It’s hot out here, so don’t worry, we’re not going to bundle you up or anything.” Even though he made bad decisions, Trevor knew all too well that a dress of some sort waited for him in the depths of the bag.

“You know” Trevor said, pulling the towel more tightly around him. “You guys are almost dry already. Maybe we can just wait for my clothes to dry.”

“You got so much more drenched than we did, Trevor.” Suzie said at once. “It might take hours before your clothes are dry.”

“And our moms might come check on us any minute.” Marcie added. “They’re going to be very confused by you being naked.”

“They’ll be more confused by me wearing a dress!”

“No, they’ll congratulate us for being so responsible and helping a little boy out of his wet clothes after he was playing with the hose.” Suzie retorted.

“It’s our word against yours. Isn’t it, Trevor the terror?” Tiffany said. Trevor growled in frustration.

“Fine. Let’s just get this over with.” He snatched the panties from Tiffany and yanked them on, the girls giggling.

“They fit so well!”

“There’s really not that much difference between little boys and little girls!”

“We can’t leave little Trevor out here in just his pretty pink panties. He said he wants to wear a dress, didn’t he?” Trevor had said no such thing, but it seemed like all four girls remembered those exact words escaping his lips. Out of the bag came the dress they had especially picked out for him for this occasion.

The top of the dress was pink, but the skirt was a series of vertical tulle blocks in all the colors of the rainbow, reminding Trevor of, of all things, the parachute they sometimes played with in gym class when he had been little.

“We decided to stick with the theme of your swimsuit.” Marcie explained with pride in her voice. Trevor sighed in resignation. He should have known the girls would want to rub that in yet again.

“I guess it could be worse.” He muttered under his breath.

“Arms up, little boy.” Suzie said. Trevor complied.

“I thought boys had hair under there. My cousin does.” Brittanie said. Trevor blushed lightly. He checked his arms at least every other day for hair.

“Trevor’s still little.” Suzie explained authoritatively. “I’m sure he’ll have some in a few years.” Trevor wisely remained silent as Marcie pulled the dress over his head, smiling as he shivered from the soft material running down his back.

“Softer than your boy clothes, hmm?” She said with a wink.

“Maybe he won’t want to go back to boy clothes!” Tiffany exclaimed. “Maybe he likes being a little sissy!”

“You wouldn’t be the first one.” Marcie said, tapping his nose affectionately. “Tiff’s just teasing you. This is supposed to be a punishment, right?”

“I guess.” Trevor mumbled, feeling very confused. He blinked away some tears, staring down at his feet to hide his watery eyes. Unfortunately, that only meant he got an eyeful of the dress’s rainbow skirt. He could not even see his feet! He fought back tears, but worried that it was a losing battle.

“What’s next?” Brittanie asked.

“As if you don’t know.” Marcie teased.

“I know, it’s just my favorite part!” Brittanie gushed. “Grab it, Tiffany.”

“Turn your back, Trevor.” Suzie ordered. “We’re going to be

doing your hair.”

“My hair?”

“We don’t want you looking like a boy in a dress while we’re getting ice cream.” Marcie said.

“Unless you want everyone to know?” Suzie asked with a wicked grin.

“I can’t go get ice cream like this!” Trevor protested. “I can’t!” He only barely stopped himself from stamping his foot childishly.

“We’re not going to wait around for your clothes to dry, Trevor.” Suzie said. “If you want ice cream, you have to come with.”

“Then I’ll stay here.” Trevor said with a shrug.

“Who are you and what did you do with my little brother?”

“I am not your little brother!”

“True, you look more like my little sister.” Suzie said, eliciting snickers from her friends. “I don’t mean that you’re actually younger than me, but you certainly act littler than me, don’t you?” She grinned triumphantly as Trevor looked away. “See? Even you admit it.”

“Do not.” Trevor whined.

“Let’s do your hair.” Suzie said. “Sit down on the grass. Don’t worry, that’s an outside dress.”

“I don’t want my hair done!” Trevor yelled. “Stop this! I’m sorry, okay?” The tears flowed freely down his face and he knew he looked every bit, other than his hair, like a little girl throwing a temper tantrum. The girls all exchanged a look and waited patiently for his tantrum to run its course.

“We appreciate the apology.” Suzie said once Trevor was only sniffling. “Now can we do your hair?”

“But” Trevor blubbered. “I don’t wanna”

“It’s either this or everyone can tell you’re a boy.” Marcie explained. “We thought about just doing pigtails like your mom did, but we figured what we’ve got planned is a little more foolproof.”

“Stick with us and don’t talk too much and no one will know your secret.” Tiffany said. “We promise.”

“But” Trevor could not find the words to truly convey his confusion and trepidation. “I don’t wanna” he stammered for a moment. “I don’t wanna be a girl.”

“You won’t really be a girl, Trevor!” Suzie said as the girls all laughed. “You’re just pretending to be one, like you always pretend to be superheroes!”

“I guess I don’t have any choice.” He mumbled sullenly. Why had none of their moms come out to check on them? He had been yelling just a minute ago!

“Sit down on the grass and we’ll be done before you even know it.” Brittanie said as Tiffany dug into the brown paper

bag. As Trevor sat down, he wondered just what he was getting himself into.

With no mirror, Trevor could only tell what it felt like the girls were doing and he had never felt anything like it before. His head felt heavier and all he knew was that they were doing something with his hair. To his hair? That only made him more nervous.

“Anyone got a mirror?” Marcie asked.

“Let me grab my phone.” Suzie said eagerly. “Mom just bought it for me for my straight As.” Trevor looked away to hide his burning jealousy, but his head felt weird. He reached up to touch his hair, but Brittanie stopped him.

“Don’t want you to ruin your surprise.” She teased. Suzie hurried back over and held up her phone.

“Smile, Trevor!” She said in sing-song. Trevor glowered at her, but she took the picture anyway. “Yeah, the pouting really helps sell it.” She showed her friends the photo before Trevor, who had to sit there listening to their giggles. Finally, it was his turn. He stared in shock at the little girl with his face, her long hair filled with rainbow ribbons.

“So what’s Trevor’s girl name?” Marcie asked as she drank in Trevor’s shock.

“He doesn’t need one.” Suzie said authoritatively. “There are girls named Trevor.”

“There’s one sitting right here.” Tiffany said with a smirk.

“Stand up, Trevor. Don’t you want ice cream?” Suzie said. Trevor rose and blushed as his dress brushed against his legs.

With Trevor now completely remade as a little girl, the walk to the ice cream parlor proved rather uneventful. To his surprise, the girls seemed to forget that he was a boy in a dress and acted as if he was just a little girl. They insisted he hold their hands when crossing the street, but other than that, there was no teasing or anything.

When they arrived at the Scoops Ahoy, Trevor noticed a few boys about his age look up and stare at the newcomers. Trevor’s heart pounded. He was sure that they had immediately spotted him as an imposter, a boy in a dress, but he realized that they were looking at the girls all around him. To their eye, he was a little girl, not a young woman like the others. Relieved, Trevor wanted to look at the offerings of ice cream, but Suzie took his hand and led him toward the bathrooms.

“We need to wash up first, don’t we?” She said as he looked at her inquisitively. He whimpered a bit as they went into the girls’ bathroom, but it was better for him than to go into the boys room, especially with those boys his own age so nearby. “Do you need to go peepee?” Suzie asked the moment the door was closed.

“No.” Trevor mumbled.

“Alright, let’s get your hands and face watched. Even in your pretty new dress, you’re more of a filthy little boy than a proper little girl.” Leading him over to the sink, she grabbed

his hands and, standing behind him, washed them quite thoroughly, ignoring his efforts to pull his hands free. “And now for your face.” She said, wetting a paper towel. “We’ll have to do this again after you eat your ice cream, I bet.” She said thoughtfully.

“No way!” The humiliated boy whined.

“Little girls can’t have ice cream on their faces, Trevor. It’s not ladylike.”

“I don’t want to be ladylike!” Suzie laughed.

“It’s only your first day as a girl, so you still have a lot to learn.”

“My first day?” Suzie giggled.

“Don’t worry. I won’t make you be a girl so much that you become one.”

“That’s not possible!”

“Is so! If a boy dresses like a girl long enough, he becomes one. It happened to Marcie’s cousin!”

“It did?” Hearing the doubt sneaking into Trevor’s voice made Suzie smile. He was so gullible, it was almost adorable.

“Don’t sound so hopeful.” She teased, brushing his hair off his forehead. Even for her, it was difficult to see where his hair ended and the extensions began. She had a sneaking suspicion that getting them out of his hair might prove more difficult than they had realized. Would they have to involve

the moms? “Let’s head back out to the others.” She said, doing her best to conceal her concern. “I told them to order for us, so we got free ice cream. Isn’t that great?” Trevor only grunted and Suzie resolved that she would have to teach him not to do that. She had a few friends with teenage brothers and they all hated how boys just grunted. She would not let that happen with her brother. That much was for sure.

Trevor could not help but breathe a sigh of relief when he noticed that the boys were gone. He knew he looked like the spitting image of a little girl, but he figured they knew enough to recognize a boy’s voice when they heard one.

“There you two are!” Marcie said. “We’ve got your ice cream. Chocolate splash for Suzie and princess sprinkle for our uh little rainbow princess.” She smirked at Trevor’s face.

“What is it?” He asked softly. He figured talking quietly was better than trying to sound like a girl and getting more giggles from the girls.

“Strawberry ice cream with pink and white sprinkles, silly.” Tiffany said. “Every little girl’s favorite!” They all saw a pout forming on the boy’s face.

“It’s not going to hurt you.” Suzie whispered to him. “Ice cream’s ice cream, right?” Trevor nodded, grabbing a spoon.

“Do you need a bib?” Brittanie asked.

“No!” Trevor looked around nervously, realizing just how loudly he had said that. “No.” He repeated softly.

“We’ll trust you to eat your ice cream carefully, but if you get even one bit on your pretty dress” Marcie said ominously. The bashful boy nodded his understanding.

Even though it looked rather girly, Trevor was a fan of ice cream in any form, regardless of it being called ‘princess sprinkle’. He wolfed it down, despite Suzie swooping in to wipe his face after what felt like every other bite.

“This is your first time at a restaurant where you didn’t sit in a booster seat.” Suzie remarked conversationally, noticing that only her brother’s toes were touching the floor. Distracted by her friends, she had not even noticed that he had had to all but climb into the chair.

“Do you really still sit in a booster?”

“She’s lying.” Trevor said, but he could tell from their faces that none of the girls believed him. Girls are dumb and weird, he thought to himself.

“I think we’re all done.” Marcie said.

“Let me take our little princess into the bathroom to wash up and then we can walk back.” Suzie said, grabbing Trevor’s hand. “Do you have to make tinkles?” Trevor shook his head as a family walked in the door. He did not want any strangers realizing his secret. Suzie smiled as he squeezed her hand just a little more tightly. “It’s our little secret.’ She said as if she could read his mind.

Trevor stood as still as he could as Suzie wiped his face and “helped” him wash his hands again.

“Make sure you thank the girls for buying us ice cream.”

“I will.”

“Bet they’d just love it if you curtseyed.”

“Why would I do that?”

“It’s what girls in dresses do.”

“I’ve never seen you curtsey!”

“When was the last time you saw me in a dress like yours?” She teased. “Is that your way of asking me to teach you how to?” She giggled as Trevor quickly shook his head. “C’mon, they’re waiting for us.”

As soon as they were outside of the ice cream parlor, Suzie made them all stop and wait for Trevor to bashfully thank each and every one of them in turn. She smiled as he saw his fingers play with the hem of the dress, wondering if that meant he was at least considering a curtsey. She did not press it, however.

Everything was going fine until they got back to Marcie’s house to find all of their moms waiting for them. There were a few raised eyebrows when they realized who the rainbow-clad girl in the middle of the group was, but they still held their resolve.

“You should’ve told us you were leaving!” Marcie’s mom said sternly. Her gaze moved from her daughter to the boy. “Trevor, you’re the oldest, why didn’t you take responsibility?”

“Does he really look like he was in charge?” Trevor’s mom asked with a smile. “Girls, care to explain his appearance? And why are his clothes on the clothesline?” Trevor stood there as still as a statue as the girls explained all about what he had done and how they had oh so responsibly decided to mete out some justice of their own. Trevor noticed that they skipped over shoving the hose down his underwear, but he was not about to include that. Maybe he would bring it up later, when he had a better chance of getting Suzie in trouble.

“You used extensions on his hair?” Brittanie’s mom asked, inspecting his long locks. “I can barely even tell where his hair ends and they begin.” Curious, his mom came over and looked at them with an examining eye.

“Hmm” was all she said. Trevor felt his heart begin to race. Was he going to be stuck like this? A whimper escaped his lips, but the next sound he heard was his mom laughing.

“Trevor, sweetie, it’s okay. They’re clip-on. We’re just having some fun with you.” She kissed his cheek. “Strawberry?”

“Guess I wasn’t as thorough with washing his face as I thought.” Suzie said with a giggle. Mom smiled.

“I take it, Trevor, that since your undies are on the clothesline, you’re wearing panties under your dress?” He nodded, blushing. Mom nodded too. “Well, you might as well stay in that outfit for the rest of the day, don’t you think?”

“What? But mommy!”

“This is the second time you’ve been in trouble for throwing

water balloons at the girls, so you'll spend the rest of the day as one of the girls. Seems fair, doesn't it? You already went out in public like this, so" she looked to the girls. "I think the only thing he's missing is nail polish, so I think that's what'll be next." She chuckled as the girls surrounded Trevor to take him inside, the boy whimpering. "Oh, one last thing, Trevor." She extracted him from the giggling girls, who disappeared inside. "When we get home tonight, you'll be going to bed in one of your sister's nightgowns."

"But mommy!" Wasn't a whole day enough?

"In the morning, we'll fix your hair and you'll go back to being a little boy. But" she tapped his nose. "If you ever throw a water balloon at your sister or her friends again, you might just find yourself getting used to wearing dresses and having your hair this long." She kissed his cheek. "Now in you go, and make sure to tell the girls to paint all of your fingernails and toenails, understand?"