

Baseballs To Butterflies & Bows



B C

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Baseballs to Butterflies and Bows

by B C

The Diaz family was your All-American down-to-earth average family. Father Dave and Mother Mary plus then 17-year-old daughter Debra and 16 year-old Mathew. They lived in a nice house in the Great Lakes state of Michigan. Dad was an engineer in the auto industry and Mom ran her own little beauty shop called Cuts and Curls. School had just gotten out for the summer vacation so the kids were going to be on their own much of the time.

Matt was really excited and planned to play a lot of baseball as that was his passion and he was actually a really good shortstop and a very good hitter as well. Things started out very nicely. Mom and Dad sat down with them and assigned chores for each of them and also some restrictions and rules. Rule Number One was that they were not to have friends over unless Mom knew who it was. Matt was to have

no more than two at a time and there was to be absolutely no roughhousing or throwing balls in the house.

Matt's other passion was to tease and aggravate his sister Deb as much as possible. Things like hiding her personal undies and lingerie or putting super glue on her diary pages. He put her white clothes in the wash with his dirty baseball clothing and colored things, often ruining her nice blouses and bras and panties. Each day it seemed that he had a new surprise for Deb and she was really beginning to get fed up with his behavior.

Deb was working in Mom's salon on weekends and as needed during the week. Mom and some of the other ladies working there were teaching Deb how to do hair and nails and also beginning to help her with cosmetology; she was getting pretty good at all phases of the business. She really enjoyed this line of work and thought that she might make a career of it. Mom was proud of her and noted her skill and observed her as she worked with the customers. Deb was actually a very pretty young lady in her own right. Both Deb and Matt took after their mom and had her genes, much to Matt's chagrin. Despite the fact that Matt had his mother's soft looks and genes, he was still a very good athlete. Most girls around his age called him handsome.

With Dad often traveling with his work, Matt had the house all to himself and would choose to pull another prank on Deb. It seemed that he never tired of thinking up new ways to torture his sister and embarrass her in front of friends. His latest trick was to cut the straps on one of her new dresses and put just enough glue on the end of the strap to hold it for a short period of time. As she moved around or danced, the straps would let loose, allowing the top of her

dress to expose her bra or her bare breasts if she wasn't wearing a bra.

Deb had a date that night; her current boyfriend Stu was taking her out to dinner and a movie. Deb took her time getting ready and, after putting her hair in a shower cap (because she'd done it at the salon before coming home), she took a shower. She patted herself dry and then used a fragrant body lotion all over her body. She'd done her fingernails and toenails to match in a soft red. She sat at her vanity and slowly did her makeup.

She dabbed a creamy base on her forehead and chin and both cheeks, then blended it in with a makeup sponge. She darkened her thin eyebrows, added dark liner to her top and bottom eye lids, then used several shades of eye shadow, which is something she'd been learning to do at the salon that made them look sensual. She used a lip pencil to outline her lips, then colored them in with a dark pink lip cream, then finished up with some lip gloss to make them shine.

She put on her new matching bra and thong panties. They were both made from a sexy lace material. She added a matching suspender belt and rolled on some black nylons and attached them to the tabs. She slipped her feet into a pair of black 3-inch heeled pumps, pulled the dress down over her head and into place, then reached around and pulled up the zipper. The thin shoulder straps felt a little loose but she pulled them into place, brushed out her hair and came downstairs just as the doorbell rang and Stu entered.

"Wow, you look beautiful, Deb. I'll be the luckiest guy at the restaurant tonight. I love that dress on you too," Stu told her.

“Why thank you, kind sir. You don’t look so bad yourself,” she told him. “I’m ready if you are,” she said, grabbed her purse and off they went.

Stu had made reservations at a real nice restaurant and they were seated right away. Their meal was very good and Deb excused herself after finishing her meal to go to the ladies room. She did her business, then pulled the skirt of her dress back down into place firmly. She washed her hands, freshened her makeup and returned to their table. As she sat back down, the friction of the dress against her chair was all it took to pull the shoulder straps loose and, just as Matt had hoped, the top of the dress fell down, showing her lacy black bra, which exposed her breasts and nipples through the lacy material.

Deb could have died right there in front of all the well-to-do adults. She turned bright red, hurriedly grabbed her exposed breasts, got up and ran to the bathroom embarrassed and in shame, tears flowing down her cheeks. A nice lady about Deb’s age hurried in behind Deb and tried to calm her down. Shawn was the girl’s name. She opened her big purse and began looking through it. “Aha. Here, Honey, I have a couple of safety pins and I think that we can fix you up. May I?” she asked before putting her hands on Deb.

“Yes please and thank you. May I ask your name?” Deb replied.

“Sure, Honey. My name is Shawn Foster and if I didn’t know any better, I’d guess that this is the work of a younger teenaged brother who likes to pull pranks. He especially likes to pick on you,” Shawn said.

“I’m Debra or Deb Diaz and I don’t know how to thank you. It all happened so fast that I could only think about hiding but, to tell the truth, the more I think about it now that I’ve calmed down, it very well could have been my younger brother as the little shit has been pulling tricks and jokes on me now for months. I’ve had it with him and it’s just about time to turn tables on him...and soon,” Deb said.

“Well, I think that the pins should hold your dress together until you can get to a sewing machine. There are two reasons that I thought someone was pulling a bad joke on you. I too have a little brother who likes to pull jokes on me he thinks are funny. The second reason is that I could tell that the dress was brand new and very unlikely to come apart the first time that you wear it. So you see we are kind of in the same boat.

“I’m working on some ideas to really get back at the little twerp. I don’t want to do anything until I have a really good way to get him back for all the embarrassing things he has done to me over these past months. He’s really got one coming to teach him a lesson,” Shawn said

“Thanks again, Shawn. I guess I’m going to have to start carrying things in my purse to be ready for anything that my little demon of a brother decides to throw at me in the future. He always presents himself as the perfect little angel whenever our parents are around. I suspect that I’m going to have to get a new door lock for my bedroom,” Deb told Shawn. “Trust me. Though, he is anything but, an Angel. Maybe I should get your name and phone number so we can stay in touch and compare notes? Perhaps we might come up with a plan of revenge together,” Deb told her. They did exchange phone numbers and addresses and learned that they really didn’t live far apart.

Deb purchased a new locking door handle and got her boyfriend Stu to install it for her. After he finished, he gave her one key for her key ring and put the other new key over the door molding, in case she lost or misplaced the first one. Unbeknownst to Stu, Matt was peeking just around the corner and saw where Stu put the extra key.

That very afternoon, Deb went out with Stu. Dad was still away on business and Mom was out with a couple of her lady friends. "Perfect," Matt thought to himself. He got the extra key down, then installed a tiny camera in the corner of the room hidden amongst Deb's teddy bear collection where it was undetectable to the naked eye. He then closed and locked the door, went into the bathroom and installed a tiny camera there as well.

Later that night as Deb came home, she was feeling quite amorous from her date with Stu. She was still a virgin but she let him get to second base, then stopped him there. She entered her room and made sure the door was locked before taking off her clothes and getting into bed naked. She pulled her knees up, spread her legs apart and began to masturbate. Matt had dreamed about seeing girls do this after watching a few porn movies he found on the web. After watching, he always cleared out the memory on his computer. This however was something new and different. This was real and the fact that it was his own sister somehow made it even more erotic. He was feeling pretty good watching Deb getting herself off.

Then just about the time that he was about to have an orgasm, the doorbell rang. It scarred both of them and they both had major orgasms to the loud noise of the bell.

Matt hurried and cleaned himself off, then ran for the door which just kept on ringing. He opened the

door to find his best buddy Calvin standing there. "Geez, man, what were you doing, watching porn again?" Cal laughed "I've been ringing the damned bell forever. The guys are all on their way to the field for a game with the Hawks. Are you playing ball or are you playing with yourself?" Cal asked impatiently. "If you're coming with me, you'd better hurry, man, I want to get there in time to warm up some."

Matt said, "Yah, I'm coming. Give me a couple of minutes to grab my gear and I'll be ready. I was taking a little nap and didn't hear you at first." Matt started wiping his face as if he'd been sleeping. Deb heard the door slam, walked out and called Matt's name. When no one answered after several calls, she began to look around. She went to Matt's room, knocked on his door, and called out his name again. When no one answered, she slowly went in and looked around. She went to his desk and checked out his computer. In the rush, he didn't shut down his computer. Deb turned it on and was aghast at what she saw before her on the screen. Right before her own eyes she saw herself masturbating. There was no doubt that it was her and that the little pervert had been watching and taping her every move.

Deb called Stu and asked him if he'd help her again. When he got there, she explained what she'd found. He realized that the little smart ass must have found the spare key and had gotten in her room to plant the camera.

"Ok babe, calm down. This is what we are going to do. We will leave the camera in place so he doesn't know that we are on to him. You are going to have to be very careful about exposing yourself or doing anything that he can use against you. It looks like he wanted to use the tape to blackmail you. I will get you a tiny camera that I'll plant in his room and we will do the same to him as he'd planned to do to you. The

only other place that you would normally be naked is the bathroom. I'll go check in there," he told the still pissed-off young lady.

Stu found the tiny camera in the bathroom ceiling. He pulled it loose and turned on the shower hose and soaked the camera which ruined it and left it hanging there unusable.

"Ok, I found it and made it so he couldn't use it again. In the meantime you have to act normal and go on as if you were not aware that he can record you. Just be careful and don't let your guard down. Any time that you must be naked, stand over here where you'll be out of the sight of the camera. I'll pick up another camera that we can put in his room tomorrow when he goes to baseball practice. How about I hold on to the spare key so that he can't get in and move things around on you?"

That night at dinner, Deb told Mom that she couldn't find some of her new panties. When they looked all over, Deb called out to Mom to come in Mattie's room. When Mary came in, Deb pointed under Matt's bed.

"Would you like to tell me why Deb's panties are in your room stuffed under your bed, young man? Would you like me to get you some of your own to wear? We could go shopping and do that if you'd like," Mary said

Totally humiliated and unable to think fast enough, he looked at Deb with fire in his eyes. "I...I don't know, Mom. I didn't do anything and, no. I don't want to wear any stupid girls underpants. I have no idea how they got there," he said, knowing how this looked as he and Deb and Mom were the only ones in the house over the previous week.

“Mom, I don’t want them anymore after he wore them and did who knows what with them,” Deb told Mary.

“Don’t be foolish, Deb. It looks like most of them are machine washable and the few that are not, you can show Mattie here how to hand wash and dry them. We know that the panties didn’t walk in here by themselves, so our big baseball man is this only answer as to how they got here,” Mom said.

“Mom, that’s not fair. I didn’t do this. She probably did it herself just to get me in trouble. Like I said, I wouldn’t be caught dead in girl’s underwear,” Mattie said. As he looked over, Deb winked at him, letting him know that two could play the game. Her message was not missed by her troublemaking younger brother.

“They are called panties, Mattie darling. If I find that you continue to do things like this, I can promise you that you’ll be wearing a pair of your own very soon, dear,” Mom said.

Matt took this to heart and didn’t play any foolish tricks on Deb over the next week or so. He thought that his plan was foolproof but the fact that she found out about the hidden camera clearly proved that Stu must have helped her figure it out. His computer was mysteriously wiped out, further proving that Stu had to have helped her as he knew that Deb wasn’t smart enough to do this on her own. Then he remembered Cal knocking on the door and telling him they had to hurry to the ball field if they were going to get there on time to play that day. He wasn’t sure but there was a good chance that he didn’t lock down his computer in his rush to get his gear and head out with Calvin.

Matt's summer was filling up fast with ballgames scheduled for almost every day. He really had to get his chores done fast as Mom had laid down the law that his chores came first and baseball second. Matt was known all over the area as one of the top short-stops in the game. He was a natural and could also hit with the best in the league. Mom often came to watch him play. Dad did too, whenever he could stay home for a day or two between his many work trips

Then things started getting under Deb's skin again. Little things like using her brush and hair drier on his long sandy brown hair that now began to touch his shoulders. He liked it like way that in honor of his favorite pro player, Alex Rodman of the Cubs. He used her panties that were hanging in the bathroom to wipe chocolate off of his face and hands, then took a shower and knocked her bra and panties off the rod and the bra fell in the toilet. He just picked it up and draped it over the side of the tub.

Naturally Deb had a fit when she found all of her belongings scattered all over the bathroom and was quick to complain to Mom about it. When Mom asked Matt about it, he said he was in a hurry to shower and Deb's things were hanging everywhere. "They must have fallen off as I hurried out to go play ball," he said. "We had a big game and I was late."

"For being so careless about other people's belongings, you will do ALL of Debbie's chores for the rest of the week and your own as well. That means you are not to leave the house until said chores are completed correctly. If I come home and find that you didn't, there won't be any baseball for the rest of the year. That's how serious I am about this problem," Mom told him.

"Come on, Mom, that's not fair. I'm really good at baseball and it might just get me a scholarship to a

big name college if I keep getting better. You can't take baseball away from me," Matt said

"I can and I will if you keep heading down the path you've been on lately. So you'd better wise up. I'm not treating you any different than I would your sister under the same circumstances."

So Matt had to now get up at the crack of dawn and get going on his and Deb's chores. None of them by themselves were all that hard but combining them all together really gave him all he could handle. Mom made Deb his boss essentially. She would often find fault in some of his new chores and make him do them over to make them right. Then he'd run like the wind to get his ball gear and just make it in the nick of time to play. Some days he had to do without any warmup before they started.

Then unbeknownst to anyone, Deb had a girlfriend whose older brother worked at a drug company. She gave the girl free salon treatments and makeovers in exchange for estrogen pills that the girl's brother got for her. The brother got her several months' supply of another strong medicine. He told her that this second pill was a testosterone blocker. He asked her why she was taking them as she didn't need them "They are for guys who want to become girls," he told her. She said that they were to help a friend that wanted to do just that.

On his dresser, Matt had a big jar of muscle developer in powder form. It said on the label that it sometimes took a year but that you should start feeling stronger and have more energy within a week. He felt that it was working due to his good playing. The powder wasn't really all that helpful but Matt didn't know that and was faithful to take it daily.

When Deb got the first bag full of the hormone pills, it took her almost one full day to open all the capsules and pour their contents into a big jar until she had enough to start her little revenge on Matt the Brat, as she called him. She got hold of his Super Strength Muscle Builder container and poured over half of it down the toilet.

She then filled the container up with the estrogen and shook it all up good. Three days later her friend came through with a lot of testosterone blockers and Deb did the same as she did with the estrogen. Matt then began taking this concoction every day, not knowing its true composition.

After the second week of the double duty chores he had to do and then running off to ball practice or games twice a week, combined with the testosterone blockers and estrogen, Matt was feeling run down and moody. He couldn't understand why he felt so bitchy lately and kind of disoriented. He was even a little bloated. He decided to double up on his muscle and strength grower and took two full table spoons of the mixture on his morning cereal and in his glass of milk at dinnertime.

One day doing his chores, Debbie got on him about cleaning the bathroom and the kitchen, both needing to be done over right. "You know, Deb, you can just go screw yourself and leave me the hell alone. I did a good job on both while you sat on your ass and watched TV. So if you don't like the way I've done both mine and your chores, go eat shit and kiss my little white ass," he told her.

"Are you really that stupid, Mattie Dear? Mom is going to hear about this and you are going to get it, Mr. Smart Ass."

Matt was mad at himself for mouthing off to Deb but she always seemed to know just when to push his buttons and get him pissed off and it usually didn't turn out in his favor. He didn't do that well at ball practice as his mind was on Deb and what she was going to tell Mom.

While he was away at practice, Deb took advantage and put one of her new dresses, the green and yellow sundress, between Matt's mattress and box spring. Debbie was called into work at the salon all afternoon as they were busy and Mom needed her help. When the day was done and they were driving home, Deb told Mom that she hated to get Matt in any more trouble but told her about him not cleaning very well and refused to redo the chore when she pointed out to him about the sloppy work. She recounted how he told her to go screw herself. "I didn't want you to come home to a mess so I redid the two rooms myself when he went to ball practice. Oh, one other thing. My new orange and yellow sun dress is missing, I couldn't find it anywhere. Mattie said he didn't see it in the wash he did this morning."

"I just don't know what's gotten into that boy lately or what I'm going to do with him if this kind of behavior continues. I can write off a certain amount to just being a teenaged boy but he's going beyond the limits of my patience. I know that all he thinks about is growing up and being a big league ball player, but I think that I might have to do something to shock him out of this phase he seems to be in at present," Mom said

When they got home, Matt was in the living room watching a ball game, which surprised Mary. She was starting to think that Deb was telling her the truth about him and her clothes. She thought he might be in his room on the internet looking at girls or porn but that wasn't the case at all. She vowed to

herself to start paying more attention to his behavior and habits in the future and see if it was true that he was feeling the need to dress up in girl's clothing when no one was around.

“Mattie, do you have any idea where your sisters new summer dress is? She says it was in her closet but it has mysteriously disappeared. You haven't seen it in your cleaning and doing your chores, have you?” Mary asked

He very innocently turned and said, “No Mom, Deb asked me about it earlier today and I told her that I didn't see her dress. I did two big loads of clothes in the wash today and it wasn't in there as far as I can tell,” he replied.

While they were talking, Deb hurried into Matt's room and pulled just a corner of the dress out where it could be seen. She then hurried into the kitchen and started dinner going. As Mary headed for the bathroom, she passed Matt's open door and a green-colored material, just barely peeking out of the middle of the mattress and box spring, caught her eye. Being against the white sheets it was hard to miss. She turned and walked into Matt's room and pulled and tugged on the green material and out came the dress.

“Matthew, will you come in here please?” Mom called out to him. When he appeared in the doorway, she held up the dress and asked, “What is this, Mattie?”

“Offhand I'd guess that that is a dress, Mom. Why are you in my room with it though?” Matt said.

“Matt, I asked you point blank if you'd seen Deb's new dress and you told me you didn't, then I walk by

your room and happen to see the green part of the dress peeking out from between your mattress and box spring. So not only did you see the dress, you lied to me on top of it,” Mary told the shocked young man.

“But Mom, I didn’t lie to you, I’ve never seen that dress before in my whole life. I don’t know what’s going on around here but I promise you I have no interest in dresses or any other girls’ clothing unless there is a girl in them,” he told her.

“Debra Sue, please come into Matt’s room,” Mary hollered out. When Deb got there, Mom said, “Deb, are you very sure that you didn’t just do this to get even with your bother and get him in trouble for aggravating you all the time? This has to stop as this is serious. One of you is lying to me.”

“Mom, how can you even think that of me? You’ve seen that this has been going on for many months now. I’m not so petty as to use my best clothes to get Mattie in trouble. I have better things to do. I think that he has a problem or is just curious about girls’ clothing or something. Maybe he wants to be a girl.” Deb lied and hated herself for doing that to her Mom but she was sick of her little brother’s tricks and jokes.

Deb came up with another plan even more diabolical. She began taking things from Mom’s vanity and dresser, at first just hiding them. For a while, Mom thought that she might have lost them or misplaced them herself but after a couple of weeks of more things missing, she had to believe what she didn’t want to believe. She called Matt into her room.

“Matt, I’m only going to ask you this one time. Have you been in my room? Some of my makeup and a few

small items of clothing are missing. Mattie, are you to blame for these missing things?”

“MOM, I thought we were through with all this. I would never go in your room unless you sent me in there. Why do you keep asking me this? I have no interest in girls stuff, and I mean *any* girls stuff. I’m a boy and I like being a boy. I love baseball and basketball and football. I’d feel mighty embarrassed being caught wearing any of those things in front of my pals,” he said

“I just don’t know what to think any more, Mattie, I mean there are times when I might misplace something or forget about it for a period of time but these things are positively not just getting up and walking out of my room and hiding some place,” Mom told him.

“Well, I’m not the only child in this house and I’m not taking any of the things from your room, so perhaps your asking the wrong child. Mom, I’d be willing to bet that none of the coaches would vouch for me for a sports scholarship if I were to get caught wearing girls things around town or school,” he said, sure hat he had nothing to do with any of this craziness.

Deb let it ride for a day or two before putting some of her panties in his drawer and a couple of pieces of jewelry in a box along with one of Mom’s lipsticks, then hid it in his closet. Mom was looking for a particular pair of earrings to wear the next day. While Matt was in the shower, she began to look through his things. She first came across the panties belonging to Deb, then happened to see the box on the floor in the back of his closet. She retrieved the box and upon opening it, found not only the earrings she was looking for but also several pairs of her old clip-ons as well, plus some of her old makeup items.

Matt came from the shower to find his Mom sitting on the edge of his bed with a look on her face that showed disappointment. He saw the panties and other items in the box next to her. He couldn't control himself. "Oh, not this again, What's going on here? Are you and Deb ganging up on me to get me in trouble?"

"I was about to ask you what's going on here. I've given you the benefit of the doubt about all of these things that you profess to know nothing about and that you would never be caught dead in but, once again, here we are with the facts saying otherwise. I think for the next couple of days that you are going to come to work with me down at the salon and you can immerse yourself in the womanly world of makeup and hair and waxing and all things that make a girl look her best. Maybe that will help you get over all of this or get you started in a different path for your future," Mary said.

"Mom, this is crazy. Look at me. Do I look anything like a girl? This just has to be Deb getting back at me for the practical jokes I've pull on her over the years."

"I have never thought that you looked like a girl," Mary lied, "but now that you bring it up, if you really look at your sister and I, you'll find many of the same features and like it or not, they happen to be feminine. Your bone structure, your smooth skin...with just a touch of makeup, you'd see the same facial structure as well. Even with all of your workouts and supplements, just look at your narrow shoulders and frame. I'm sorry but your arms are still thin, although well-toned.

"Mattie honey, I think it's normal to have a little curiosity over the opposite sex but you've shown an abnormal desire to see what it's like. Now you're go-

ing to get a little taste of it.” She shook his very soul with this unbelievable news.

“Mom, you *can’t* do this to me. It will ruin my life. Now that school is out, I just want to get my chores done and go practice baseball with my buddies. We have a rule that if you miss too many practices, you can’t play in the games. I know how this all looks but I’ll sign in my own blood that I’m not the one getting into your or Deb’s things,” he ranted on.

“That won’t be necessary, Mattie, Let’s just see how this week plays out,” Mom told him.

Matt then suddenly had a thought. Maybe it wasn’t Deb after all? Who was the only other person that had been in the house with him while he was doing his chores and waiting to go to ball practice? Calvin Short. But, why on earth would he ever have a reason to do this? Cal played in the outfield and hated it; when Matt wasn’t there, Cal played shortstop, the position that Matt played and was so good at.

Matt then spent the night fishing through his electronics stash. He found another mini camera and set it up in his own room, hidden from sight. Now he’d know who was coming into his bedroom and sabotaging him.

The next morning, Mom got Matt up very early and had him shower and get ready to go to the salon with her and Deb. He was getting dressed when Mom came back in and stopped him. “Whoa there, Mattie, Until we figure all of this out, I believe that these are yours as they were in your drawer.” She held up the pink satin panties.