

HALF SISTERS

by
Emory
Ahlberg

Episode #1

Nikki's Homecoming

PROLOGUE

[NIKKI MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN *JACK & JILL*, EPISODE 5-10, DEBUTING IN SEPTEMBER, 2019.]

NICHOLAS PALMER WAS THE ALL-CONFERENCE QUARTERBACK FOR THE ST. CHRISTOPHER UNIVERSITY HORNETS WHEN HE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED. HE HAD BEEN ABDUCTED FROM HIS DORM ROOM AND TAKEN TO "CLINIC 12," A FACILITY OPERATED BY THE SECOND DAWN ORGANIZATION ON A SMALL ISLAND OFF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST.

SECOND DAWN—A HIGHLY SECRETIVE AND EXTREMELY WELL-FINANCED ENTERPRISE—IS DEDICATED TO TRANSFORMING UNWITTING AND UNWILLING YOUNG MEN INTO BEAUTIFUL SEXY YOUNG WOMEN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SPECIFICATIONS AND DESIRES OF SECOND DAWN'S LIBER-RICH CLIENTELE.


IN NIKKI'S CASE, THAT WEALTHY CLIENT IS LEONARD HUTCHINSON.

I'm sorry, you don't understand. I'm... I'm not what I look like, okay? My name is Nicholas. I'm... I'm a guy. I don't know how long I've been here. Hell, I don't even know where *here* is! But it's been a long time. One minute, I'm at the dorms, and the next... I'm here. They've changed me. I... I know I look like a girl now, but I'm not. I have to get out of here before they do anything else. Please, can you help me?



SO, THAT'S YOUR STORY?
THIEF TO MAID TO ADOPTED DAUGHTER?
WELL, THAT'S TRAGIC. BUT AT LEAST YOU
KINDA DESERVED WHAT HAPPENED.






HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME
WITH THOSE EYES.
YOU WERE BREAKING
INTO HOUSES, DUDE.




LIKE, OF COURSE
SOMETHING BAD WAS
COMING YOUR WAY.

ME? NONE OF THIS
SHOULD'VE HAPPENED TO ME.
GUYS DON'T JUST GET
RANDOMLY KIDNAPPED, YOU
KNOW?





THAT'S SOMETHING THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN TO GIRLS.
WELL, NOT *SUPPOSED TO*, BUT
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
BESIDES, I WAS A GOOD
STUDENT.



WELL, ALL RIGHT, I WAS A
PASSING STUDENT (MOSTLY). BUT
MORE IMPORTANT THAN ALL THAT?
MY FAMILY WAS WEALTHY...

...AND I WAS THE STAR
QUARTERBACK OF MY
COLLEGE TEAM.
DIVISION ONE, BABY.






EVERYONE SAID I
WAS GOING TO THE
NFL. MY COACHES,
MY GIRLFRIENDS, MY
DAD, HIS FRIENDS.
EVERYONE, BRO.



MY BODY WAS A FINELY-TUNED
FOOTBALL THROWING MACHINE,
AND THOSE FUCKWITS RUINED IT
WITH THEIR GIRL JUICE OR WHATEVER
THEY INJECTED INTO ME EVERY
MORNING.

I MEAN, LOOK AT ME!
HOW CAN I THROW FIFTY YARDS
WITH THESE SKINNY ARMS?
MY BODY WAS MY ART, SCIENCE
PROJECT, AND BABE MAGNET
ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.





FIRST, I GOT FLABBY.
I THOUGHT I WAS JUST
GETTING FAT FROM THE
LACK OF EXERCISE.

A pair of thin, pale legs is shown from the mid-thigh down to the feet, standing against a solid black background. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the legs and feet. The feet are positioned slightly apart, with the left foot forward and to the left, and the right foot back and to the right.

I MEAN, I WAS USED TO EATING
FOUR THOUSAND CALORIES A DAY
AND WORKING OUT 'TIL I VUKED.

BUT ONCE THE MUSCLES
WERE ALL GONE...






I STARTED TO LOSE THE FLAB.
I GOT SMALLER...

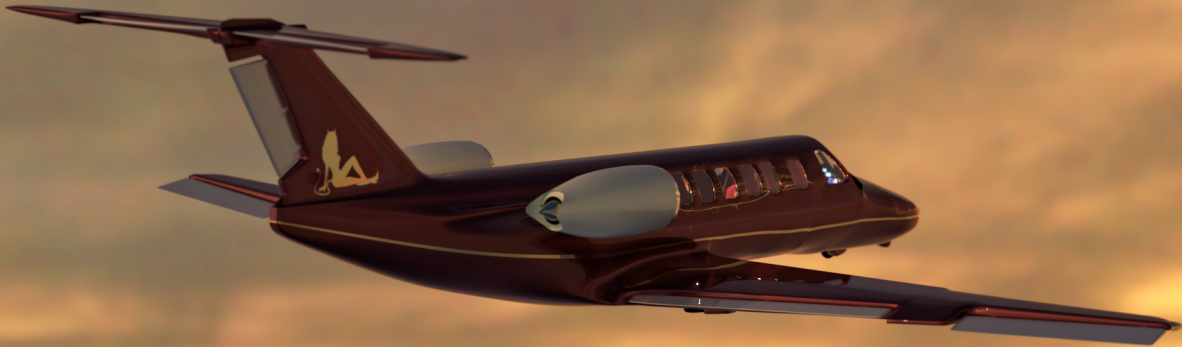


...AND CURVIER.
THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED
WHAT WAS HAPPENING.
WHAT THEY WERE *DOING*.

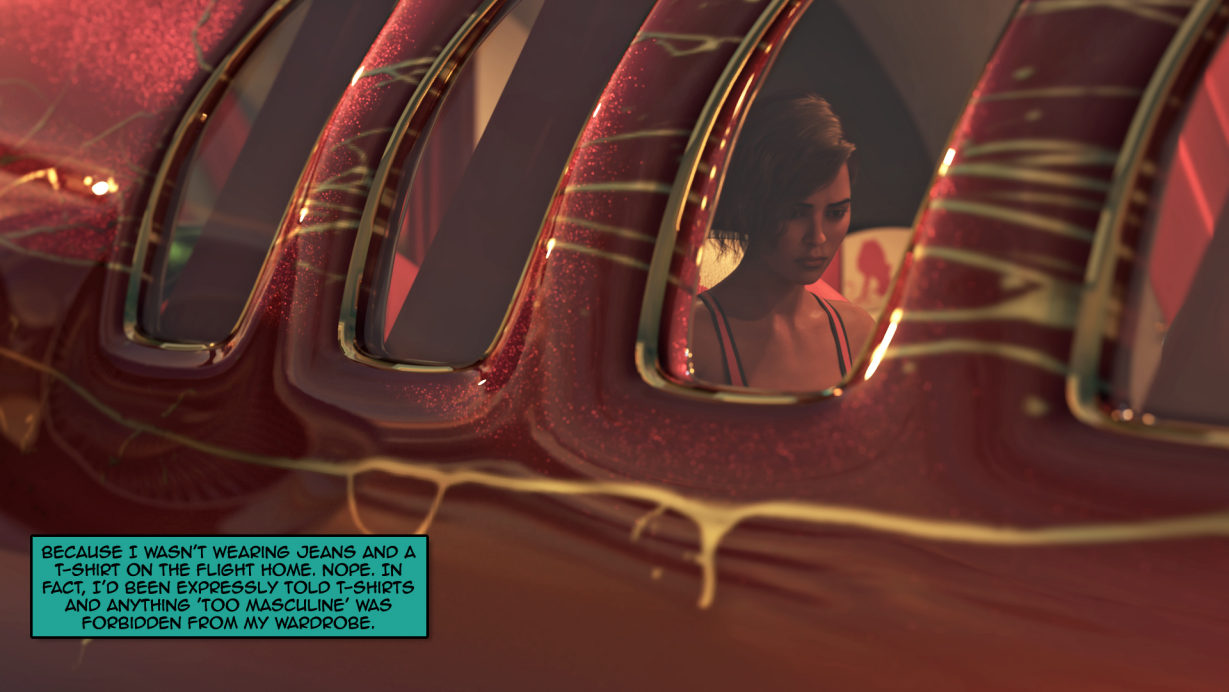
A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has long, wavy brown hair and is looking slightly upwards and to the right with a serious, intense expression. Her eyes are brown and heavily shadowed with dark eye makeup. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her nose and cheekbones, and deep shadows in the recesses of her eyes and under her chin. The background is dark and out of focus.

THE WHOLE THING WAS STARTED
BY *ZACH HUTCHINSON*, THE
BACKUP QUARTERBACK.
I GUESS HE WANTED MY SPOT.
OH, AND HE'S QUEER AND
WANTS TO FLICK ME.
THAT'S *NEVER* HAPPENING.
HOW'D THEY DO IT?
MONEY, DUDE!
I MEAN, I ALWAYS THOUGHT MY
FAMILY WAS RICH,
BUT ZACH'S DAD IS, LIKE,
ELON MUSK RICH.

ANYWAY, SOME SHIT WENT
DOWN ON THE ISLAND WHERE
THEY WERE KEEPING ME.
I SHOT A COUPLE PEOPLE
AND ALMOST ESCAPED.
THEY CAUGHT UP WITH ME AS
I WAS HOT-WIRING A BOAT.
THIS HOT GIRL, *JILL*,
PLEADED WITH THEM NOT TO
HURT ME. SHE...SHE MADE A
DEAL. I'LL ALWAYS BE
THANKFUL TO HER, EVEN
THOUGH, AT THE TIME, I WAS
KIND OF AN ASS.



A COUPLE WEEKS LATER, THEY
TOLD ME I WAS HEADED HOME.
AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS A TRICK.
THEN, I ONLY WISHED IT WAS.




BECAUSE I WASN'T WEARING JEANS AND A T-SHIRT ON THE FLIGHT HOME. NOPE. IN FACT, I'D BEEN EXPRESSLY TOLD T-SHIRTS AND ANYTHING 'TOO MASCULINE' WAS FORBIDDEN FROM MY WARDROBE.

A woman with short, wavy brown hair is sitting in a plane cabin. She is wearing a red sports bra with black trim. She has a serious expression. The background shows the interior of a plane with red curtains and a window with a gold trim.

SO I WAS WEARING A DAMN
SPORTS BRA AND YOGA PANTS.
AND THINGS WERE ONLY
GETTING WORSE FROM THERE.

"WE'RE LANDING IN THIRTY
MINUTES, KITTY," THE PA
ANNOUNCEMENT BLARED.
"PUT ON YOUR MAKE-UP AND
SEXY NEW OUTFIT. **NOW.**"

A woman with wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a red and black bikini. She is looking into a blue compact mirror held in her left hand while applying red lipstick with her right hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a red vertical panel on the right. A gold-colored arrow is visible in the bottom left corner.

PEERING INTO THAT MAKEUP MIRROR, I DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE PERSON STARING BACK AT ME. FOR A SECOND, I WONDERED ABOUT TRYING TO OPEN THE AIRPLANE DOOR AND GOING FOR A NICE, LONG FALL. BUT THAT WAS A DUMB IDEA. I WAS TOO WEAK TO FIGHT THEM OFF.

SO I PUT ON THE MAKEUP, SQUEEZED INTO THE OUTFIT, AND SUDDENLY WE LANDED. MY STOMACH WAS IN KNOTS AS I MARCHED TO THE EXIT. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.

THE DOOR OPENED, AND THERE WAS DADDY.
ER, I MEAN *MY FATHER*.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT -- AND I KNOW THIS
SOUNDS AWFUL, BRO -- BUT YOU SHOULD
BE GLAD YOUR DAD IS DEAD.

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE
WHEN HE SAW WHAT
I'VE BECOME WILL
HAUNT ME FOREVER.


"OH MY GOD,"
MY DAD GASPED.
"N-NICHOLAS!?"





"DAD!?" I... I..." I STAMMERED.

I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE FROM SHAME. LITTLE DID I FUCKING KNOW THIS WAS ONLY THE START. BECAUSE WHO COMES STROLLING DOWN THE TARMAC?

A cinematic scene from a video game showing two characters walking on a pier. On the left is a younger man, Zach Hutchinson, wearing a dark t-shirt, dark jeans, and sunglasses. On the right is an older man, his father, wearing a tan blazer, blue jeans, and brown boots. The background features a large white building with a control tower, likely an airport, under a dramatic sunset sky with orange and purple clouds.

ZACH HUTCHINSON AND
HIS BASTARD FATHER.
THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED
THAT SOMEHOW,
INCREDIBLY, THIS WAS ALL
ABOUT TO GET WORSE.

MUCH, MUCH
FUCKING WORSE.

RAGE PULSED THROUGH EVERY NERVE IN MY BODY AS ZACH AND HIS DAD APPROACHED THE AIRPLANE. ALL AT ONCE, I WANTED TO BASH IN THEIR SKULLS AND ALSO HIDE IN SHAME. I MAINTAINED MY COMPOSURE FOR MY FATHER'S SAKE. IF ANYONE WAS GOING TO *KILL* THOSE TWO, I FIGURED, IT'D BE HIM! MY FATHER WASN'T A PAMPERED, SPOILED BRAT LIKE THESE TWO; HE'D BEEN IN THE MILITARY AND FOUGHT IN THE GULF WAR BEFORE HE EARNED HIS MONEY ON WALL STREET.





STAY THERE, UM... SON.
I'LL HANDLE THEM.
JUST... JUST HANG
TIGHT.

BUT, DAD--

I SAID STAY THERE!
DON'T COME DOWN.
PLEASE.



AH, NIKKI, AREN'T YOU
LOOKING LOVELY TODAY?
I BARELY RECOGNIZE YOU IN
THAT OUTFIT. WHERE'S ALL
THOSE *BULGING* MUSCLES?

FUCK YOU!

NO, NO. THAT'S MY SON'S
JOB. HEH, HEH, HEH. WELL,
I SEE WE STILL NEED TO
WORK ON YOUR MANNERS.
THAT'S FINE. ZACH WILL
TAKE CARE OF THAT.
WON'T YOU, SON?



OH, I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT IT WAS. WE AGREED THAT NICHOLAS WOULD BE **CHANGED** IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO PLAY FOOTBALL AGAIN. OBVIOUSLY, THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT HAPPENED. HE'S NOT GOING TO BE A QUARTERBACK. EXCEPT MAYBE FOR THE POWDERPUFF GAME!

LEONARD, WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO NICHOLAS? THIS WASN'T OUR DEAL!

MY WORLD CRASHED IN AROUND ME. HAD MY FATHER TRULY MADE A DEAL WITH THEM TO GET ME OFF THE TEAM? WHY? HE KNEW FOOTBALL WAS MY WHOLE LIFE!

BUT YOU MADE HIM INTO...INTO...*THAT!*


OH, YOU MEAN A *GIRL*? WELL, YES. THAT WAS *NECESSARY*. YOU SEE, FOR SOME BIZARRE REASON, MY SON WAS ATTRACTED TO NICHOLAS. SINCE ZACH *ISN'T GAY*, NICHOLAS MUST POSSESS A FEMININE AURA THAT WAS MAKING ZACH SEE HIM AS A GIRL. SO, WE CHANGED HIS BODY TO MATCH HIS AURA. PROBLEM SOLVED, NO? WHAT DO YOU THINK, ZACH?



ZACH GAZED AT ME WITH AN IMPOSSIBLE-TO-READ EXPRESSION. DAMN, HE'D BULKED UP SINCE THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM! HIS MUSCLES STRAINED THE FABRIC OF HIS SHIRT, AND HIS SHOULDERS WERE BROAD AND POWERFUL. I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL JEALOUS. IT WAS AS IF THEY'D SIPHONED ALL MY STRENGTH AND MASCULINITY AWAY AND GAVE IT TO HIM!

HE'S PRETTY.
A LOT PRETTIER
THAN I THOUGHT
HE'D BE.





MAYBE THAT'S POSSIBLE, BUT DO YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN PRISON? THIS IS WHAT WE AGREED. EITHER ACCEPT THE SITUATION OR TAKE YOUR CHANCES WITH THE COURTS. OF COURSE, WITH MY INFLUENCE...

YOU FILTHY LITTLE SON OF A BITCH. YOU MAKE THEM CHANGE HIM BACK!




HA. SERIOUSLY? I THOUGHT YOU'D AT LEAST PRETEND TO BE MORE CIVILIZED THAN YOUR BRITISH BACKGROUND WOULD SUGGEST. SUCH A SHAME.

OR HOW ABOUT THIS? HOW ABOUT I KILL YOU RIGHT NOW? YOU THINK YOU'D BE THE FIRST?



DAD!

I'LL GIVE YOU CIVILIZED, YOU PERVERTED FUCK!

A man with short brown hair and blue-rimmed glasses, wearing a grey t-shirt, is shown from the side, holding the right wrist of a woman. The woman has short, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a red two-piece outfit. She has a concerned or determined expression. The background is a red-lit environment, possibly a stage or a gym. A white speech bubble tail points from the man's mouth towards the woman's wrist.

SUDDENLY, ZACH CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND CAUGHT MY WRIST. ONCE UPON A TIME, I WOULD HAVE HAD NO PROBLEM BREAKING FREE OF HIS GRASP. NOW? I COULDN'T BUDGE. HE WAS AMAZINGLY STRONG!

DON'T, NICK. MY FATHER ALWAYS WINS. ALWAYS.

PLEASE! DON'T HURT HIM! GOD, HE'S... HE'S SO SMALL NOW...

SHE IS SO SMALL. THAT IS HER PROPER PRONOUN. FROM NOW ON, YOU WILL REFER TO NICHOLAS AS NIKKI AND AS YOUR DAUGHTER, NOT YOUR SON. NOW KISS HER GOODBYE.

DAD! NO!

ZACH RELEASED ME, AND I
WENT TO MY FATHER.
HE WAS TREMBLING.

DAD, WHAT THE HELL?
HOW COULD YOU LET
THEM DO THIS TO ME?

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING
SOON, NICHOLAS.
BUT I'M SORRY. I WASN'T
ABLE TO PROTECT YOU.
THIS...THIS IS ALL MY
FAULT.

AT THE TIME, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT
COULD'VE MADE MY FATHER GIVE IN TO
THEIR INSANE DEMAND. BUT, SUDDENLY,
I WAS OVERCOME WITH EMOTION. I
PULLED HIM INTO A HUG AND BURIED MY
FACE IN HIS CHEST, TRYING TO FORCE
BACK THE TEARS. HE TENSED, WHICH IS
WHEN I REALIZED MY STUPID BOOBS
WERE PRESSING INTO HIM.

IT'LL BE OKAY...
NIKKI...





DON'T WORRY, DADDY! WE'LL HAVE NIKKI BACK BEFORE SUPPER. THERE'S JUST ONE *TINY* MODIFICATION I NEED TO MAKE TO ENSURE SHE'LL BE A GOOD GIRL UNTIL SHE ACCEPTS ZACH AS HER RIGHTFUL BOYFRIEND.

AS I LOOKED BACK, I SAW SOMETHING THAT GENUINELY TERRIFIED ME. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I SAW MY FATHER CRYING. THAT'S WHEN REALITY CAME CRASHING DOWN: MY DAD -- MY HERO AND THE MAN I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE LIKE -- COULDN'T SAVE ME. I WAS ON MY OWN.



AS I WALKED AWAY FROM THE JET, MY HIGH-HEELS CLICKING ON THE ASPHALT, I OVERHEARD MR. HUTCHINSON AND ZACH TALKING.

"SEE, ZACH?" MR. HUTCHINSON LAUGHED. "I TOLD YOU I'D FIX HIM."

"YEAH," ZACH REPLIED. "BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY YOU'D TURN HIM INTO A GIRL."



"WHAT THE HELL ELSE WAS I GONNA DO?" MR. HUTCHINSON BARKED. "YOU *AIN'T* GAY. THAT'S JUST HIS FEMININE AURA CONFUSING YOU. CLEAR?"

ZACH FELL SILENT.

"ARE WE *CLEAR?*" MR. HUTCHINSON PRESSED.


"YES, SIR," ZACH SAID IN A HUSHED VOICE.

MR. HUTCHINSON CLAPPED ZACH ON THE SHOULDER. "*GOOD*. NOW DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANY FUSS ABOUT DATING A BOY. BY THE TIME THE SCHOOL YEAR STARTS, WE'LL MAKE SURE NIKKI IS MINCING AROUND THE FRESHMAN DORMS, ALL PRETTY AND DAINTY. COLLEGE LIBERALS LOVE TRANNIES, SO THEY WON'T SAY A DAMN THING. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE ARTICLES IN THE PAPER! I CAN PICTURE THE HEADLINES NOW: *HEAD QUARTERBACK RETURNS IN HIGH HEELS.*"

BEHIND ME, I HEARD MY DAD. HIS VOICE WAS CHOKED. "NICK -- NIKKI, I PROMISE YOU, I'LL MAKE THIS RIGHT."



GOD, HE SOUNDED SO BROKEN!
AND HERE I WAS, GOING OFF LIKE A
LAMB TO SLAUGHTER? FUCK NO. I
ROARED IN A SUDDEN RAGE. I'D
TEAR MR. HUTCHINSON'S HEAD OFF
WITH MY BARE HANDS! ZACH TOO!
NO MATTER WHAT THEY'D DONE TO
ME, I WAS STILL A MAN. AND A MAN
WOULD FIGHT BACK!



BUT BEFORE I COULD DO ANYTHING, A FIRM HAND CLAMPED DOWN ON MY SHOULDER. IT WAS MR. HUTCHINSON.

"NOW, NIKKI," HE SAID IN A SOFT, ALMOST FATHERLY VOICE. "DON'T BE STUPID. YOU SEE, YOUR FUTURE HAS ALREADY BEEN DECIDED. BUT NOT DEAR OL' DADDY'S. WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM DEPENDS ON HOW YOU BEHAVE. AND IF YOU STEP OUT OF LINE, HE'S GOING TO PRISON FOR A LONG, LONG TIME. AND GUESS WHAT? WHILE HE'S THERE, I'LL MAKE SURE HE GETS THE SAME KIND OF *HELP* YOU DID. THAT'S RIGHT. I'LL TURN HIM INTO A WOMAN. I DOUBT HE'D BE VERY ATTRACTIVE, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'D MATTER. I'M SURE THE OTHER PRISONERS WOULD TREAT HIM WELL."



I TURNED MY HEAD TO LOOK AT MY DAD. HIS FACE WAS WHITE AS A SHEET. OBVIOUSLY, THIS WAS A THREAT HUTCHINSON HAD MADE BEFORE.

"YOU BASTARD," I SAID. "I HATE YOU."

"AND I HATE YOU TOO, NIKKI," MR. HUTCHINSON REPLIED.

"I'M SURE YOU THINK YOU'RE THE VICTIM, BUT YOU MADE ZACH'S LIFE MISERABLE, AND YOU DESERVED TO GET WHAT YOU GOT."

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. I JUST GLARED. THAT WAS ALL I *COULD* DO.

"DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF FUN AT SCHOOL," MR. HUTCHINSON SAID. "NOW, GET IN THE LIMO BEFORE YOU ATTRACT ATTENTION."

WITH THE WIND KNOCKED OUT OF MY SAILS, I OBEDIENTLY WALKED TO THE CAR, TAKING TINY STEPS TO KEEP MY BALANCE IN THE HEELS. THE HUMILIATION WAS LIKE A HOT POKER IN MY GUTS. I GOT INTO THE BACK SEAT, NEXT TO ZACH. HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME. I HAD NO IDEA WHERE WE WERE GOING, BUT I WAS SURE I WASN'T GOING TO LIKE IT.

WE DROVE FOR A WHILE, THEN PULLED INTO WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLD WAREHOUSE. MR. HUTCHINSON TOLD ME TO GET OUT, AND I COMPLIED.

AS WE WALKED, I TURNED TO ZACH, HOPING MAYBE HE'D BE MORE REASONABLE. "LOOK, MAN, I KNOW WE DIDN'T GET ALONG, BUT WHAT YOUR DAD IS DOING IS WRONG. I'M A HUMAN BEING, NOT A DOLL YOU CAN PLAY WITH."

ZACH LOOKED AT ME, A SAD LOOK ON HIS FACE. "JUST GO ALONG WITH EVERYTHING. DO WHATEVER HE SAYS. TRUST ME, THERE'S NO WAY OUT."





WE WENT INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE. THE PLACE WAS MOSTLY EMPTY, WITH A FEW SCATTERED PALLETS AND BARRELS. "IS THIS WHERE YOU SHOOT ME IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD?" I SAID.

MR. HUTCHINSON SIGHED. "DON'T BE SO DRAMATIC. THIS IS ONE OF OUR MANY PROPERTIES. IT'LL SOON BE CONVERTED INTO A NICE CLUB. BUT IT'S AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO FINISH YOUR MODIFICATION. NOW..." HE POINTED. "STRIP!"

I ANGRILY LIFTED MY TOP. "ARE THESE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE? MY...MY *TITS*? THE ONES YOU PAID FOR? HERE! THEY'RE NOT EVEN THAT BIG, YOU PERVERT!"

"I THINK THEY'RE VERY NICE. NOW TAKE OFF THE REST OF YOUR CLOTHES."

"WHAT?" I SAID, STUNNED. "YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS."

"I'M ALWAYS SERIOUS. DO IT!"



TRYING NOT TO CRY, I STRIPPED OFF MY PANTS, TOP, AND PANTIES.

"COME HERE," MR. HUTCHINSON SAID.

"NO!" I SHOUTED, HOLDING MY ARMS ACROSS MY CHEST. HEAT ROSE TO MY CHEEKS AS I REALIZED I WAS IN A ROOM WITH TWO MEN AND HAD TO COVER MY **BOOBS**, JUST LIKE A REAL GIRL. I CLOSED MY EYES, WISHING I COULD WAKE UP FROM THIS NIGHTMARE.

"DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT MYSELF," MR. HUTCHINSON GROWLED.


I RELUCTANTLY WALKED TO HIM. HE KNELT, AND I FELT SOME KIND OF PLASTIC ENCLOSE MY PENIS. FOR A TERRIBLE MOMENT, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE CASTRATED, BUT INSTEAD, I FELT A SLIGHT TUG AND RELEASE.



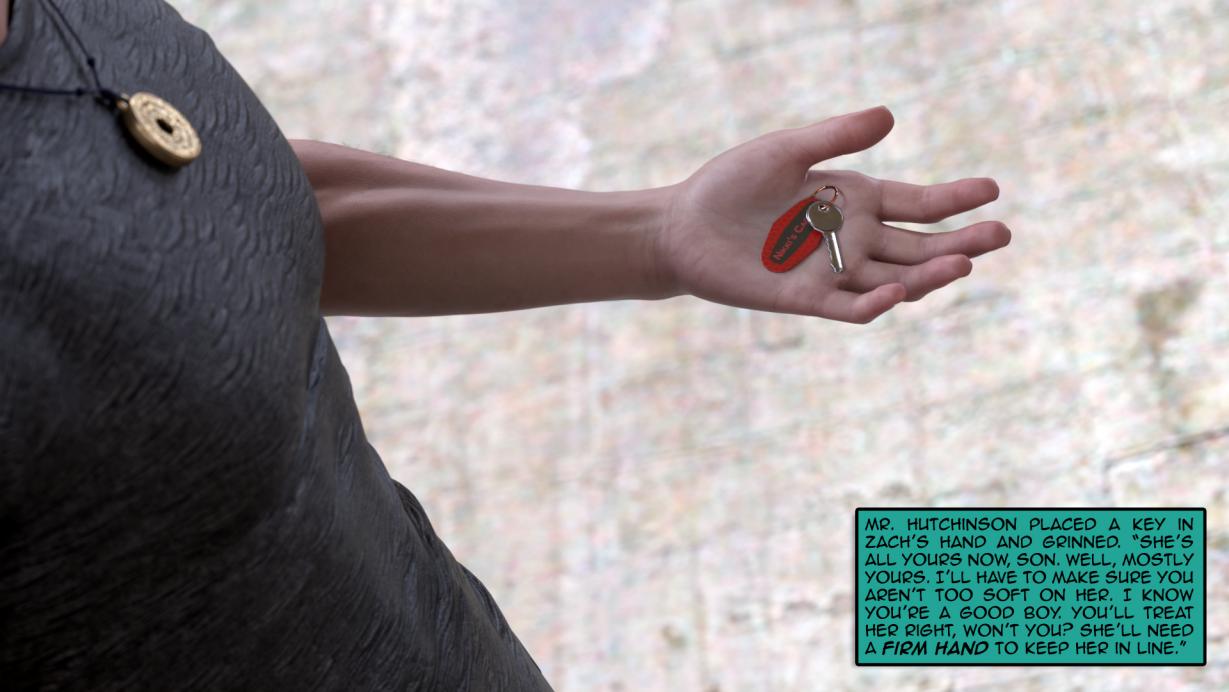
I LOOKED DOWN AT MY CROTCH AND GASPED. MR. HUTCHINSON WAS ADJUSTED WHAT LOOKED LIKE A CHASTITY CAGE!

"WHAT'S THE FUCK?" I SHOUTED. "GET THAT THING OFF ME."


"BE QUIET," HE SNARLED. LET ME TELL YOU HOW THIS'LL WORK.



MR. HUTCHINSON GAVE THE CAGE A RUDE WIGGLE. "THE CAGE IS STAYING ON UNTIL YOU GIVE ZACH WHAT HE *DESERVES*. AND EVERY MONTH YOU DON'T, WE'LL MAKE IT A LITTLE SMALLER. SO, COMBINED WITH THE HORMONES YOU'RE GETTING, I'D SAY THAT IF YOU DON'T SUBMIT TO BEING ZACH'S GIRL, YOUR LITTLE FRIEND WILL BE THE SIZE OF A BABY CARROT BY THIS TIME NEXT YEAR."




MR. HUTCHINSON PLACED A KEY IN ZACH'S HAND AND GRINNED. "SHE'S ALL YOURS NOW, SON. WELL, MOSTLY YOURS. I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE YOU AREN'T TOO SOFT ON HER. I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD BOY. YOU'LL TREAT HER RIGHT, WON'T YOU? SHE'LL NEED A *FIRM HAND* TO KEEP HER IN LINE."

A screenshot from a video game showing three characters. On the left is a bald man with a goatee, wearing a tan suit jacket, a blue sweater, and a yellow tie with black stars. In the center is a man with short brown hair, wearing blue sunglasses, a dark grey t-shirt, and a gold medallion necklace. On the right is a nude woman with brown hair, looking towards the camera with a concerned expression. The background is a stone wall with a brick pattern.


"YES, SIR," ZACH SAID, AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE SLIGHT SMILE ON HIS FACE. IT WAS A SMILE OF VICTORY.

"NOW, NIKKI," MR. HUTCHINSON SAID. "I HAVE A NEW OUTFIT FOR YOU. GET CHANGED, AND WE'LL TAKE YOU HOME. I'M SURE YOUR MOM WILL BE SHOCKED TO MET HER NEW *DAUGHTER!*"



MR. HUTCHINSON WENT TO THE LIMO TO GET MY NEW "OUTFIT." FOR THE MOMENT, I WAS ALONE WITH ZACH. HE LINGERED BY THE DOOR, TOSSEING GLANCES IN MY DIRECTION. I WANTED TO RIP OFF HIS STUPID SUNGLASSES AND *GOUGE* OUT HIS EYES.

AS MY FINGERS BRUSHED THE PINK PLASTIC ENCASING MY DICK, I SHUDDERED. MY GOD, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO ME? I THOUGHT. I'LL FUCKING MURDER THEM! AFTER RUINING MY BODY, THEY NOW HAD TOTAL *CONTROL* OVER MY DICK TOO! UNTIL WHEN? UNTIL I SUCKED ZACH'S *COCK* OR SOME OTHER HOMO SHIT LIKE THAT? EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT MADE ME SICK. MAYBE IF I GOT SOME TOOLS BACK HOME, I COULD GET OUT OF THE CHASTITY DEVICE.

A woman with short, wavy brown hair is crouching in a warehouse-like setting. She is nude, with a purple vibrator inserted into her vagina. She has a concerned or angry expression on her face, looking slightly to the right. The background features a brick wall, a large black barrel, and wooden pallets with yellow boxes.

BUT IF I DID, WHAT THEN? THEY'D MAKE MY DAD LOOK LIKE A CHICK AND SEND HIM TO JAIL, JUST LIKE THEY THREATENED. HE'D END UP A PRISON QUEER'S SISSY. NO MATTER HOW MAD I WAS AT MY DAD, I COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN. EVEN IF HE ROYALLY FUCKED UP, THE MAN IS STILL MY *HERO*.

I WAS *TRAPPED*.

A WAVE OF RAGE CAME OVER ME, AND I WAS SEETHING. SEEING ZACH STANDING THERE WITH HIS MANLY ARMS CROSSED UNDER HIS BULGING BICEPS, A SATISFIED SMIRK ON HIS FACE, MADE ME EVEN MADDER. A YEAR AGO, HE WAS A SKINNY PLUNK. NOW HE LOOKED LIKE HE COULD LIFT ME OVER HIS HEAD WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT.

"DAMN YOU!" I YELLED. "DAMN YOU BOTH! YOU CAN'T *DO THIS!*"


BUT AS SOON AS THE EXPLOSION WAS OVER, I WAS HIT WITH ANOTHER EVEN STRONGER FEELING: DEEP, CRUSHING SADNESS. I SANK TO THE CONCRETE, FIGHTING BACK MY TEARS.

THERE'S *NO* WAY TO WIN, I THOUGHT. I HAVE TO SUCK ZACH'S COCK AND BECOME HIS "GIRL," OR MY DAD WILL BECOME SOME PIECE-OF-SHIT'S *CUM-DUMPSTER*.





ZACH SAUNTERED OVER AND KNELT IN FRONT OF ME. "NICK, LISTEN... I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED. I KNOW THIS DOESN'T MEAN MUCH COMING FROM ME, BUT YOU WERE THE **TOUGHEST** GUY I EVER PLAYED WITH."



WHEN I LOOKED UP AT ZACH, I WAS STARING BACK AT MYSELF IN HIS STUPID SUNGLASSES. AND, I SWEAR, THE REFLECTION MADE IT LOOK LIKE I WAS BEING RIPPED IN HALF. AND THAT'S HOW I FELT. THE TOUGH, STRONG DUDE SIDE OF ME WAS BEING PULLED OUT OF MY BODY. IF I DIDN'T FIGHT BACK *HARD*, A WEAK, GIRLY LOSER WITH *BITCH TITS* WOULD BE ALL THAT WAS LEFT. A LOSER WHO'D NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO LOOK HIS DAD IN THE EYE OR PLAY IN THE NFL.



I FLASHED ZACH A LOOK THAT COULD MELT STEEL AND FLIPPED HIM THE BIRD. "FUCK YOU."

"I KNOW YOU *HATE* ME FOR THIS," ZACH SAID. "BUT TRY TO THINK OF IT AS A WAKE-UP CALL. YOU WERE A GREAT QUARTERBACK. TRULY GREAT. BUT YOU WERE ALSO A SHITTY TEAM CAPTAIN AND, WELL, A REAL *ASSHOLE*. THE WAY YOU TREATED SOME OF THE GUYS WAS JUST *AWFUL*. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE IT RIGHT."

"YEAH, WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO ABOUT THAT NOW," I MUTTERED. "UNLESS I'M SUPPOSED TO SUCK THEIR *COCKS*, TOO."

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEY MET ME AT THE AIRPORT, ZACH TOOK OFF HIS SUNGLASSES. IN A SURPRISINGLY GENTLE VOICE, HE SAID, "NICK, I ADMIT HAVING THE KEY TO YOUR CAGE IS KIND OF *FUN--*"

"YOU'RE SICK, DUDE."

"--BUT I'LL BE A GOOD BOYFRIEND. I WON'T EVER MAKE YOU DO ANYTHING YOU DON'T WANT. JUST TRY TO SEE THIS AS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE A BETTER...UM...PERSON."

"I DON'T WANT A BOYFRIEND, *HOMO.*"





"TOO BAD BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT ONE...NIKKI" ZACH SIGHED. "LISTEN, THIS WON'T BE FOREVER. ONCE MY DAD--"



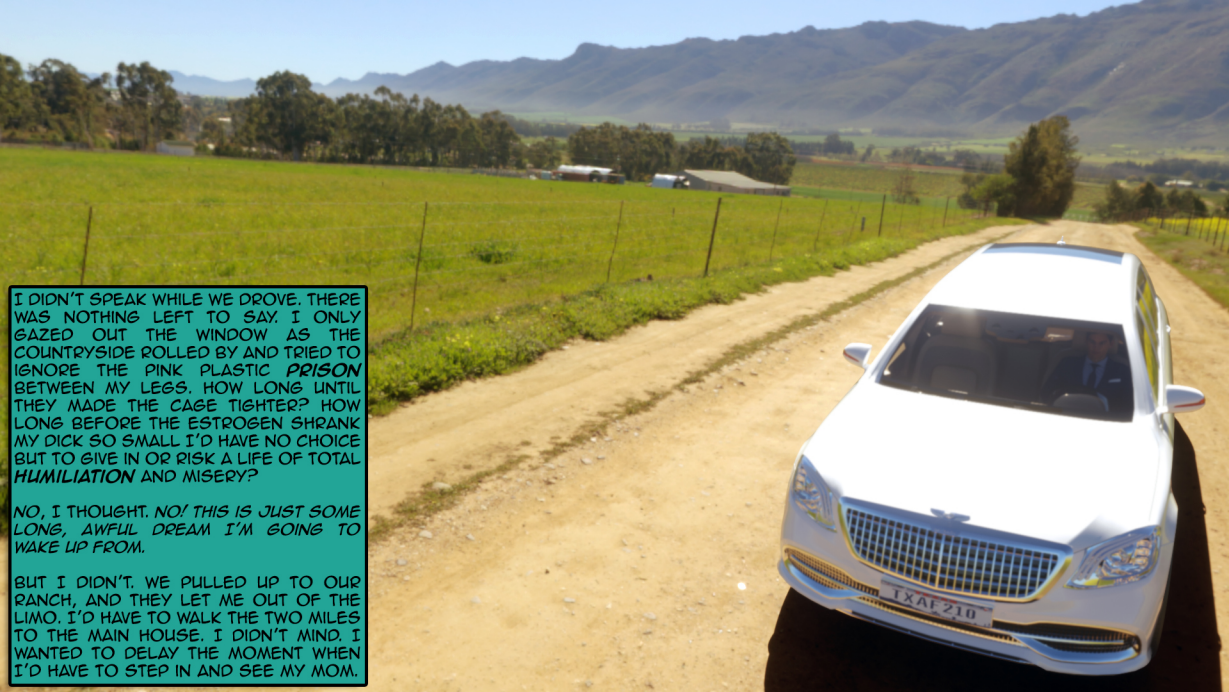
SUDDENLY, THE WAREHOUSE DOOR OPENED, AND MR. HUTCHINSON BARGED BACK INSIDE. ZACH'S MOUTH CLAMPED SHUT, AND A STRANGE LOOK CAME OVER HIS FACE--ALMOST LIKE *DREAD*.

"SWEET-TALKING YOUR NEW GIRL, EH?" MR. HUTCHINSON LAUGHED.

THE SUNGLASSES WENT BACK ON.
"YEAH, DAD. JUST TELLING HER WHAT I
EXPECT."

"GOOD! I'M SURE SHE'LL APPRECIATE A
FIRM HAND. HERE'S YOUR OUTFIT, NIKKI.
I LIKE IT. WE DON'T WANT ANYONE TO
FORGET YOU'RE A TEXAS *GIRL*. NOW,
C'MON. GET DRESSED, AND WE'LL DRIVE
YOU *HOME*."






I DIDN'T SPEAK WHILE WE DROVE. THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO SAY. I ONLY GAZED OUT THE WINDOW AS THE COUNTRYSIDE ROLLED BY AND TRIED TO IGNORE THE PINK PLASTIC *PRISON* BETWEEN MY LEGS. HOW LONG UNTIL THEY MADE THE CAGE TIGHTER? HOW LONG BEFORE THE ESTROGEN SHRANK MY DICK SO SMALL I'D HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GIVE IN OR RISK A LIFE OF TOTAL *HUMILIATION* AND MISERY?

NO, I THOUGHT. NO! THIS IS JUST SOME LONG, AWFUL DREAM I'M GOING TO WAKE UP FROM.

BUT I DIDN'T. WE PULLED UP TO OUR RANCH, AND THEY LET ME OUT OF THE LIMO. I'D HAVE TO WALK THE TWO MILES TO THE MAIN HOUSE. I DIDN'T MIND. I WANTED TO DELAY THE MOMENT WHEN I'D HAVE TO STEP IN AND SEE MY MOM.

A woman with curly hair, wearing a blue button-down dress and brown boots, walks away from the camera on a dirt road. The road is flanked by vibrant yellow flowers, likely rapeseed, and green grass. The sky is filled with dark, heavy storm clouds, creating a dramatic and somewhat ominous atmosphere.

I TRUDGED ALONG THE DIRT ROAD, FEELING THE WARM TEXAS WIND ON MY FACE. A THUNDERSTORM WAS BREWING, THE KIND THAT JUST ROLLS UP OUT OF NOWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER AND BRINGS ALL SORTS OF BAD SHIT.

AS I APPROACHED THE MAIN HOUSE, MY *DREAD* GOT WORSE. SEEING IT BROUGHT BACK A TON OF MEMORIES. I HAD MY FIRST KISS ON THE PORCH. I CELEBRATED MY SECOND STATE MVP AWARD ON THE FRONT LAWN.

I WAS JUST A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE HOUSE WHEN I HEARD A SOFT VOICE. "OH, MY POOR *BABY*."

AND THERE SHE WAS, A LITTLE BIT UP THE ROAD: *MISS TEXAS 1993*. ALSO KNOWN AS MY MOM.

"WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY BOY?" SHE RUSHED TOWARD ME AND WRAPPED ME IN A HUG.

I WAS IMMEDIATELY ENVELOPED BY HER PERFUME, THE ONE SHE'S ALWAYS WORN. I REMEMBERED THAT SMELL FROM WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GUY, SNUGGLING WITH HER AT NIGHT. I'D ALWAYS FEEL SAFE AND HAPPY WITH HER ARMS AROUND ME.

SAFE. HAPPY.

SO WHY DID I SUDDENLY FEEL SO SAD?

"I'M *HOME*, MOM," I CHOKED OUT. "AND I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE EVER AGAIN."





HER EYES WELLED UP WITH TEARS. "OH, SWEETHEART. I MISSED YOU SO MUCH. YOUR DADDY SAID YOU WERE AT SOME EXCLUSIVE, LONG-TERM TRAINING CAMP FOR **NFL PROSPECTS**. I THOUGHT IT SOUNDED FISHY, BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN THE ONE IN CHARGE OF YOUR FOOTBALL. THEY EVEN HAD SOME KIND OF COMPUTER SPOOF YOUR VOICE WHEN I CALLED YOU EVERY WEEK! HE ONLY FESSED UP ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, THE BASTARD."

I SWALLOWED. "HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE."

"OF COURSE HE HAD A CHOICE, NICK! AND HE CHOSE **HIMSELF**. THAT MAN IS A LIAR AND A COWARD." SHE STOOD BACK AND SURVEYED ME, HER EYES FLICKING FROM MY FACE TO MY **BREASTS**. "OH, BABY. WHAT THE HELL HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? ARE THOSE, UM..."



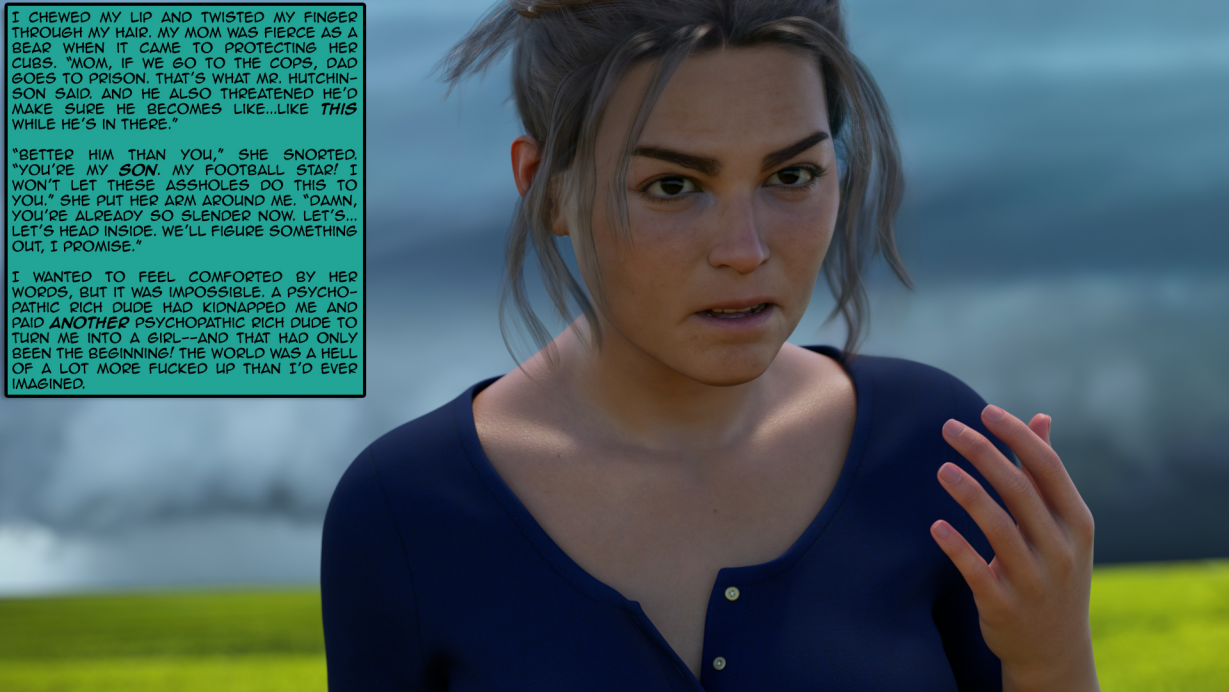
SHE CLIPPED MY LEFT BREAST AND GAVE IT A GENTLE SQUEEZE.

"EEP!" I EXCLAIMED.

"OH MY GOD, THEY'RE REAL," SHE GASPED. "THEY MADE YOU GROW *BOOBS*."

MY CHEEKS WERE HOT WITH SHAME. "I TRIED TO STOP THEM," I WHISPERED. "BUT I COULDN'T."

"OF COURSE YOU DID! I BET YOU FOUGHT LIKE A WILD CAT. LISTEN, YOUR DADDY WENT TO SLEEP AT UNCLE TED'S. AFTER HE CONFESSED, I WENT A LITTLE CRAZY. I THREATENED TO SHOOT HIM WITH GRANDMA'S OLD SHOTGUN IF HE DIDN'T LEAVE. I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM MAKE YOU INTO A *GIRL*. YOU UNDERSTAND? LOOK AT YOU! WE'VE GOT TO DO *SOMETHING*."



I CHEWED MY LIP AND TWISTED MY FINGER THROUGH MY HAIR. MY MOM WAS FIERCE AS A BEAR WHEN IT CAME TO PROTECTING HER CUBS. "MOM, IF WE GO TO THE COPS, DAD GOES TO PRISON. THAT'S WHAT MR. HUTCHINSON SAID. AND HE ALSO THREATENED HE'D MAKE SURE HE BECOMES LIKE...LIKE *THIS* WHILE HE'S IN THERE."

"BETTER HIM THAN YOU," SHE SNORTED. "YOU'RE MY *SON*. MY FOOTBALL STAR! I WON'T LET THESE ASSHOLES DO THIS TO YOU." SHE PUT HER ARM AROUND ME. "DAMN, YOU'RE ALREADY SO SLENDER NOW. LET'S... LET'S HEAD INSIDE. WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT, I PROMISE."

I WANTED TO FEEL COMFORTED BY HER WORDS, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. A PSYCHOPATHIC RICH DUDE HAD KIDNAPPED ME AND PAID *ANOTHER* PSYCHOPATHIC RICH DUDE TO TURN ME INTO A GIRL--AND THAT HAD ONLY BEEN THE BEGINNING! THE WORLD WAS A HELL OF A LOT MORE FUCKED UP THAN I'D EVER IMAGINED.



WE WALKED DOWN THE HILL AND INTO THE HOUSE. STEPPING INSIDE WAS STRANGE. I'D BEEN GONE FOR ONLY ABOUT A YEAR, BUT IT FELT LIKE A MILLION. EVERYTHING WAS THE SAME, BUT IT ALL FELT DIFFERENT.

THERE WAS A PICTURE OF ME IN MY FOOTBALL GEAR ON THE WALL. I LOOKED DAMN GOOD, I HAD TO ADMIT -- LIKE A *CHAMPION* (WHICH I WAS). I REMEMBERED, LATER, TWO CHEERLEADERS TOOK TURNS GIVING ME BLOWJOBS, AND I FUCKED A THIRD. THE NIGHT HAD BEEN A WIN ON ALL FRONTS.

AND NOW? NOW I WAS THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE GIVING *BLOWJOBS* TO WINNERS.



"FUCK!" I CRIED.

I WANTED TO FEEL ANGRY! I WANTED RIGHTEOUS FURY TO SWEEP OVER ME LIKE IT USED TO WHEN THINGS DIDN'T GO MY WAY DURING A GAME. I WANTED TO BE MAD AT MY DAD, AT THE SITUATION -- AT ANYTHING!

BUT I DIDN'T. ALL I FELT WAS SADNESS AND DEEP, DEEP *SHAME*. I WAS A 20-YEAR-OLD GUY WHO'D BEEN STRIPPED OF HIS MANHOOD AND EVERYTHING HE KNEW. I'D BEEN (NEARLY) *REMADE* INTO A GIRL AND WAS BEING FORCED TO ACT AS THE GIRLFRIEND TO SOME RICH, (PROBABLY) GAY ASSHOLE. AND ALL I COULD DO WAS FIGHT BACK TEARS LIKE A LITTLE BITCH.

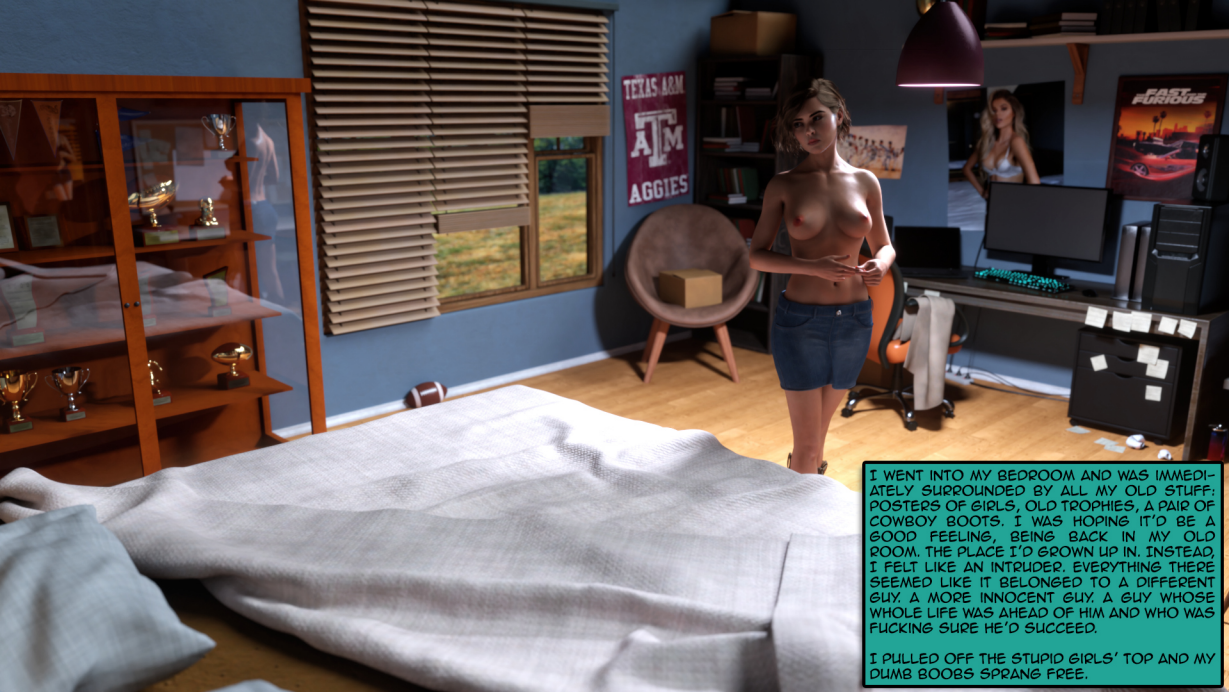




MY MOM HUGGED ME AGAIN. "IT'S OKAY, BABY," SHE SAID SOFTLY. "WE'LL FIGURE THIS ALL OUT."

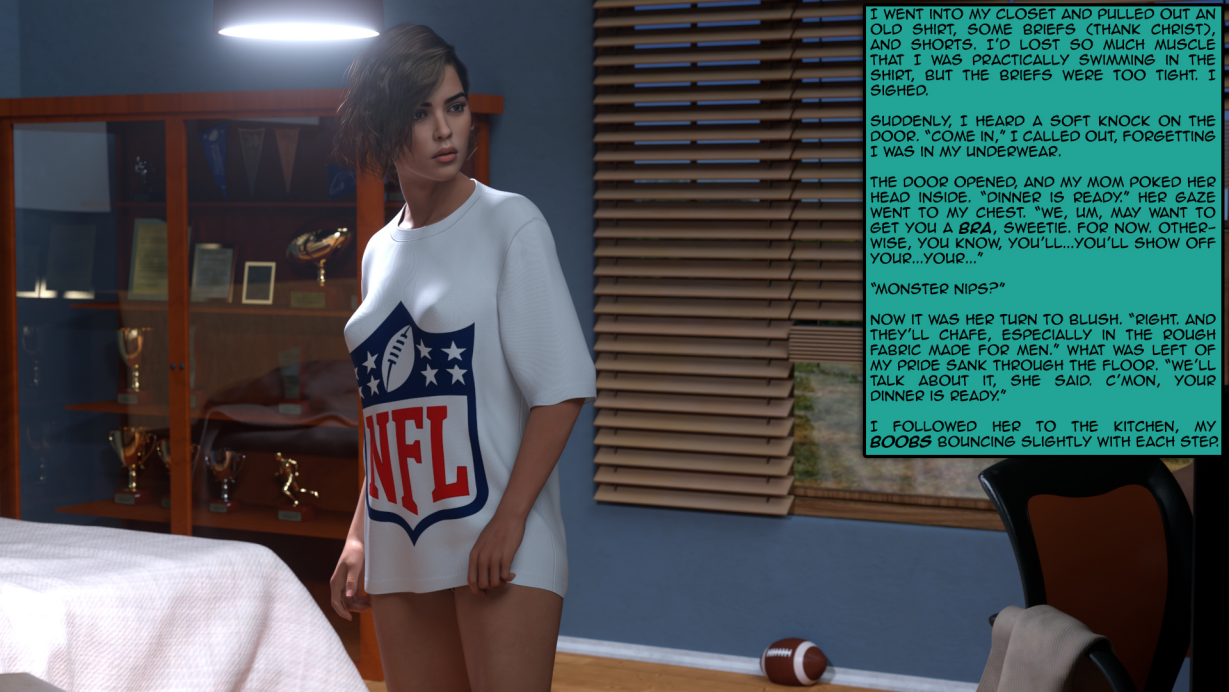
I LOOKED UP AT HER. "IT'S **NOT** OKAY! I JUST WANT TO BE NORMAL AGAIN. I WANT TO BE ME AGAIN!"

SHE GAVE ME A SAD SMILE. "YOU'LL ALWAYS BE YOU, HONEY. BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN." SHE HUGGED ME AGAIN. "DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT? I THINK I STILL HAVE SOME CHICKEN IN THE FRIDGE. WHY DON'T YOU GO TO YOUR ROOM AND CHANGE OUT OF THAT GETUP?"



I WENT INTO MY BEDROOM AND WAS IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED BY ALL MY OLD STUFF: POSTERS OF GIRLS, OLD TROPHIES, A PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS. I WAS HOPING IT'D BE A GOOD FEELING, BEING BACK IN MY OLD ROOM. THE PLACE I'D GROWN UP IN. INSTEAD, I FELT LIKE AN INTRUDER. EVERYTHING THERE SEEMED LIKE IT BELONGED TO A DIFFERENT GUY. A MORE INNOCENT GUY. A GUY WHOSE WHOLE LIFE WAS AHEAD OF HIM AND WHO WAS FUCKING SURE HE'D SUCCEED.

I PULLED OFF THE STUPID GIRLS' TOP AND MY DUMB BOOBS SPRANG FREE.



I WENT INTO MY CLOSET AND PULLED OUT AN OLD SHIRT, SOME BRIEFS (THANK CHRIST), AND SHORTS. I'D LOST SO MUCH MUSCLE THAT I WAS PRACTICALLY SWIMMING IN THE SHIRT, BUT THE BRIEFS WERE TOO TIGHT. I SIGHED.

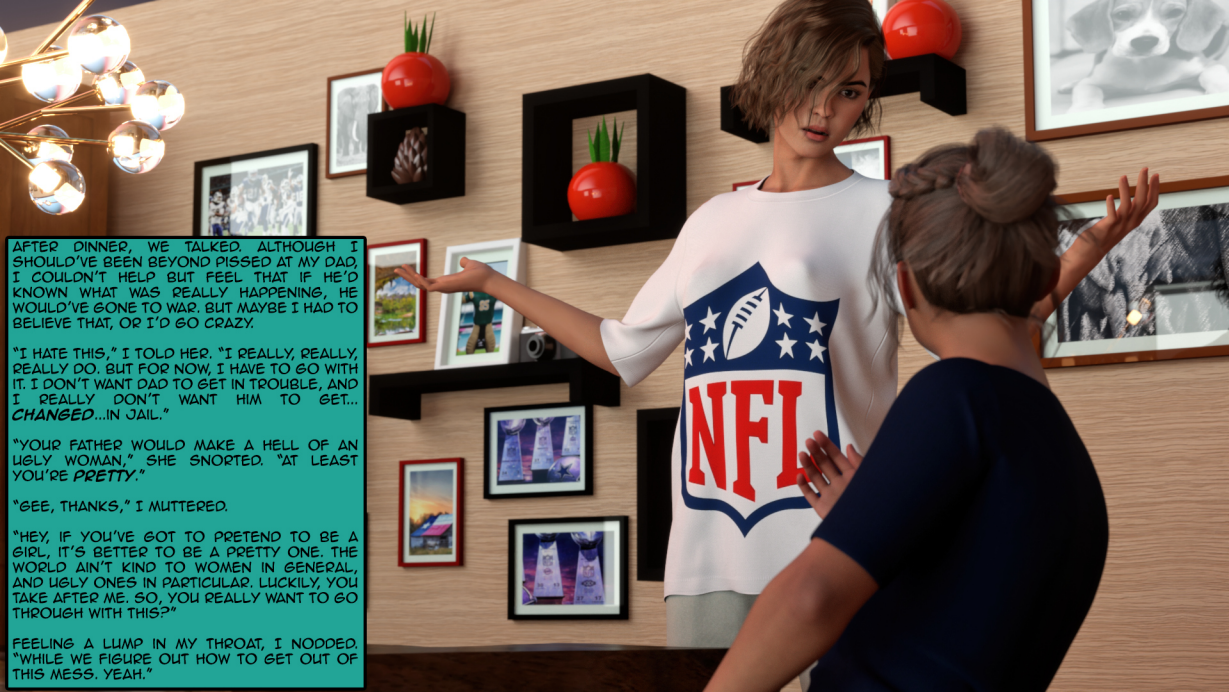
SUDDENLY, I HEARD A SOFT KNOCK ON THE DOOR. "COME IN," I CALLED OUT, FORGETTING I WAS IN MY UNDERWEAR.

THE DOOR OPENED, AND MY MOM POKED HER HEAD INSIDE. "DINNER IS READY." HER GAZE WENT TO MY CHEST. "WE, UH, MAY WANT TO GET YOU A *BRA*, SWEETIE. FOR NOW. OTHERWISE, YOU KNOW, YOU'LL...YOU'LL SHOW OFF YOUR...YOUR..."

"MONSTER NIPS?"

NOW IT WAS HER TURN TO BLUSH. "RIGHT. AND THEY'LL CHAFE, ESPECIALLY IN THE ROUGH FABRIC MADE FOR MEN." WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY PRIDE SANK THROUGH THE FLOOR. "WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT, SHE SAID. C'MON, YOUR DINNER IS READY."

I FOLLOWED HER TO THE KITCHEN, MY *BOOBS* BOUNCING SLIGHTLY WITH EACH STEP.



AFTER DINNER, WE TALKED. ALTHOUGH I SHOULD'VE BEEN BEYOND PISSED AT MY DAD, I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT IF HE'D KNOWN WHAT WAS REALLY HAPPENING, HE WOULD'VE GONE TO WAR. BUT MAYBE I HAD TO BELIEVE THAT, OR I'D GO CRAZY.

"I HATE THIS," I TOLD HER. "I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY DO. BUT FOR NOW, I HAVE TO GO WITH IT. I DON'T WANT DAD TO GET IN TROUBLE, AND I REALLY DON'T WANT HIM TO GET... *CHANGED*...IN JAIL."

"YOUR FATHER WOULD MAKE A HELL OF AN UGLY WOMAN," SHE SNORTED. "AT LEAST YOU'RE *PRETTY*."

"GEE, THANKS," I MUTTERED.

"HEY, IF YOU'VE GOT TO PRETEND TO BE A GIRL, IT'S BETTER TO BE A PRETTY ONE. THE WORLD AIN'T KIND TO WOMEN IN GENERAL, AND UGLY ONES IN PARTICULAR. LUCKILY, YOU TAKE AFTER ME. SO, YOU REALLY WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS?"

FEELING A LUMP IN MY THROAT, I NODDED. "WHILE WE FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS. YEAH."



"OKAY. BUT YOUR FATHER'S STAYING WITH UNCLE TED UNTIL I CAN LOOK AT HIM WITHOUT WANTING TO CLAW OUT HIS EYES." MOM SIGHED. "WELL, WE HAVE A FEW WEEKS BEFORE YOU START SCHOOL AGAIN, SO WE'LL HAVE SOME TIME TO PREPARE YOU FOR LIFE AS A *COED*. LET'S GET TO BED. TOMORROW'S A BIG DAY."

"WHY?" I ASKED. "WHAT'S HAPPENING TOMORROW?"

"WE'LL HAVE TO BUY YOU A NEW WARDROBE, SWEETIE," SHE TOLD ME. "THEN WE'LL NEED TO GET YOU READY FOR SCHOOL."

I SHUDDERED AT THE THOUGHT OF GOING TO CLASS IN A SKIRT. "H-HOW?"

"OH, HONEY. IF THIS IS GONNA WORK, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO WALKING, TALKING, AND ACTING LIKE A *YOUNG WOMAN*. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET YOUR ASS KICKED. THIS IS STILL TEXAS, AFTER ALL! BETTER TO PASS AS A GIRL. DO YOU THINK MAYBE YOU CAN CONVINCE HUTCHINSON AND HIS BASTARD SON TO LET YOU STAY, UM, *UNDERCOVER*?"



"I DUNNO," I REPLIED. "MAYBE. ZACH IS SUPPOSED TO DATE ME. EVEN IF I LOOK LIKE THE GIRLIEST GIRL EVER, PEOPLE WILL STILL CALL HIM A FAG IF THEY KNOW HE'S WITH A CHICK WHO'S REALLY A DUDE."

MY MOM NODDED. "THROW THAT AT THEM, AND I'M SURE THEY'LL SEE REASON. AND THAT'LL SAVE YOUR REPUTATION FOR WHEN YOU GO BACK TO YOUR OLD SELF."

"WON'T PEOPLE BE SUSPICIOUS WHEN THEY SEE ME AROUND WITH YOU AND DAD?"

SHE SHOOK HER HEAD. "NOT IF YOU'RE CONVINCING, AND WE'LL STAY AWAY FROM THE USUAL PLACES, SO WE DON'T MEET ANYONE WE KNOW. THIS CAN WORK, BUT ONLY IF YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE POLICE. BECAUSE SAY THE WORD, AND THAT'LL HAPPEN RIGHT NOW."



THERE WAS A LONG PAUSE, BUT THEN I SLOWLY SHOOK MY HEAD. I'D ALREADY BEEN THROUGH A YEAR OF HELL. I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE MY DAD, TOO.

"OKAY, THEN," MY MOM SAID. "AND I'LL DO MY PART, TOO. I'LL...I'LL TRY TO START THINKING OF YOU AS MY DAUGHTER. BUT I PROMISE, NICK, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO DESTROY THE *BASTARDS* WHO'RE DOING THIS TO YOU."

AND THE FIERCENESS IN HER EYES GAVE ME HOPE. MAYBE WE REALLY COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS WITH MY MANHOOD *MOSTLY* INTACT.



AS THE SUN SET, I STRIPPED DOWN TO GET READY FOR BED (I SLEEP NAKED--SUE ME!), BUT I COULDN'T GET MY MIND TO SHUT THE FUCK UP. I NEEDED TO CHILL. AND, WELL, THE BEST WAY I KNOW HOW TO RELAX BEFORE BED WAS TO **JERK OFF**--SOMETHING I'D BEEN AVOIDING FOR MONTHS!

I MEAN, THE ASSHOLES WHO KIDNAPPED ME HAD CAMERAS POINTED AT ME 24/7. THAT, PLUS THE GIRL HORMONES, AND MY HORNNINESS LEVEL WAS LESS THAN SUB-ZERO. BUT, LIKE I SAID, I WAS WIRED, AND I KNEW THE BEST WAY TO PUT ME TO SLEEP WAS TO GIVE MYSELF A NICE ORGASM.



SO I BOOTED UP MY FAVORITE WEBSITE AND STARTED SCROLLING.

BUT WITH THE *CAGE* THAT HUTCHINSON PUT ON ME, YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW FRUSTRATING IT WAS TO TRY TO JERK OFF! I MEAN, I TRIED FOR HALF AN HOUR, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. AND, OF COURSE, THE LONGER I WENT AT IT, THE MORE FRUSTRATED I GOT. AND THE *CAGE* HURT MY DICK WHEN I EVEN GOT A LITTLE HARD. THAT FIRST NIGHT *ALMOST* BROKE ME, BUT I HELD OUT.



SCOTT POINTED AT MY CHEST. "WHAT ABOUT YOUR, UM, **BOOBS?** BEFORE I GOT THESE STUPID IMPLANTS, MINE WERE REALLY SENSITIVE. AND THEY FELT...NICE."

"YOU'RE ASKING IF I FONDLED THESE GODDAMN **BITCH TITS** THEY MADE ME GROW? FUCK NO! I HATE THEM, AND I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A **QUEER?**"

HE LOOKED HURT. "I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT. I WAS JUST ASKING."

"WELL, DON'T ASK THINGS LIKE THAT. I'M NOT INTO GAY STUFF, OKAY? EVEN IF I HAVE TO LOOK LIKE THIS -- SHIT! THEY'RE CALLING US IN FOR DINNER."



LISTEN, SCOTT, IT WAS COOL SWAPPING STORIES, BUT WE SHOULDN'T HANG OUT AFTER TONIGHT. SOMEBODY MIGHT GET SUSPICIOUS. I MEAN, NO OFFENSE BUT YOU STILL KIND OF COME OFF AS A DUDE -- EVEN WITH THAT AMAZING RACK -- AND IF THEY CLOCK YOU, THEY COULD PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND FIGURE OUT WHO I AM. SEE, ZACH WAS OKAY WITH THE 'UNDERCOVER' THING MY MOM SUGGESTED. THANK GOD."

"UH..." SCOTT SAID.

"AND, ALSO, SORRY, BUT THE GAY STUFF WEIRDS ME OUT. TOUCHING MY...CHEST, OR WHATEVER. I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT. JUST BECAUSE I HAVE TO LOOK LIKE A GIRL TO PROTECT MY DAD DOESN'T MEAN I'LL BECOME ONE. OKAY? COOL. NOW LET'S GO EAT. BUT DON'T ORDER A STEAK OR ANYTHING TOO, LIKE, MANLY. YOU'LL BLOW OUR COVER FOR SURE."

