

A Hard Debt to Pay



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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A Hard Debt to Pay

By B C

Clarkston was a quiet little Midwest town most of the year but come fall on a Friday night, it was far from that. That's when the Panther football team brought everyone in the surrounding area out to the school football stadium, both young and old. This community loved their football and all the young men who played there. Legends were made at Clarkston and the players were treated like gods. Every young boy worth his salt dreamed of making the Panther football team.

If you made the starting team you had to be good because the competition was fierce. If you did make it, you'd better be on your game because there were usually 3 deep waiting to take your place. It didn't hurt either that every girl in school wanted to be on the arm of a starter for the Panthers.

Brice Benson and Allen French were lifelong friends and grew up in Clarkston. They played midget football, little league, junior high and now high school football together.

This was to be their senior year and everything was going their way. Brice was the starting quarterback in his Junior year and was in line for state honors and a free ride scholarship to just about any school he wanted. His best friend Allen was a starter his Junior year and was also looking to get a free ride at a major college.

Brice had been dating Becky Robbins for two years now; just about every girl in the school was jealous of her and would love to be in her place on his arm. It didn't seem fair to some girls that not only was Becky one of the most beautiful girls in their school, she also had a 4.0 G.P.A and was captain of the Cheer-leading squad. She had a winning smile and was always kind and happy, it seemed.

Allen French also dated a cheerleader by the name of Alice Green. She was a dark-haired beauty and also at the top of her class, grade-wise. As you might guess, Alice and Becky were also best friends and had been since grade school. Both were from well-to-do families. Without being snobs about it, they set the standards for style and dress in the school now that they were Seniors. It seemed every girl wanted to follow their lead and dress like them.

The four friends were inseparable. They did almost everything together. Brice's family didn't have the means that Becky's family did and that was one big reason why the football scholarship was so important to him. His friend Allen's family was also quite well-to-do like Becky and Alice's families. The Robbins and Greens and Frenchs all belonged to the same country club and vacationed in exotic places each year. Becky always told Brice that his family's relative poverty didn't matter to her and that he was going to be successful and rich someday himself. She was always lifting him up and encouraging him.

The previous summer, Becky talked her dad into letting Brice come with them on vacation to Hawaii. They had to beg his parents to agree to let him go. They were proud people and didn't want to seem like they couldn't give their kids everything they wanted. In the end they let him join them. The young couple snuck off every chance they had to be alone and make out in the beautiful tropical paradise.

Brice didn't want to lose his conditioning so he was up every morning and out running miles along the beach. Running in the sand built up his leg strength and endurance. Becky would run with him in the afternoon after a swim and they'd have fun on the towels taking in some sun. They would often get each other pretty hot and worked up but Becky told him over and over that she wasn't ready to go all the way as she'd promised her parents she'd wait. Brice didn't ask her to break her promise as he knew that it was important to her. He was still a red-blooded All-American boy, though, and had the desire to sew his wild oats. He wasn't proud of the fact but a couple of times he sewed a few of those oat with a girl in his neighborhood.

She was older than him and she liked the slick young jock but didn't want a relationship with the younger boy. She taught him all he knew about sex and pleasing a woman. That's what kept him from pushing Becky, every time he really need to blow off steam, Ronda was willing and more than able to take care of that need.

That summer was one to remember for Brice Benson. After that world class vacation, for the rest of the summer he and Allen worked out every day together, training for the upcoming season. The four of them spent many nights together hanging out and growing even closer.

The town had a way of making the Panther boys feel bigger than life and above the rules for the rest of the kids. Even the deputy sheriffs would sometimes look the other way when they found them partying out in the fields or down by the lake.

Becky and Alice both did their best to keep their guys from indulging in those 'grassers' as they were known but they couldn't keep them completely sober all the time.

Finally school was back in session and Friday night was the first game. The team won and once again Brice was the hero and was awarded the game ball. He threw for four touchdowns and ran for another. Allen had a good game too and caught two of those touchdowns. It seemed that he and Brice were always on the same page. They worked on their own trick plays all the time and used one of them to win the day for the Panthers.

Becky and Alice lead the cheerleaders and ran out to hug their respective heroes after the game ended. A big celebration party was being held at the home of one of the player's. His parents were gone for the weekend. The boys showered and dressed, then picked up the girls and headed out to the party. Becky warned Brice about drinking and driving and what Coach would do if he found out.

They hung out, had a few beers and danced and partied until around eleven as the girls had to be in by midnight. Allen was driving tonight so they stopped by the lake and made out for a while. Becky knew just how far to let Brice go and he always stopped when she told him it was enough. The boys dropped the girls off and went home themselves.

Week Two was more of the same. It was an away game. Brice was on fire and set a new school record

with six passes for touchdowns and Allen had three of them himself. When the bus got back and the boys showered and dressed, the girls were waiting in Becky's car. Her dad had given her a new BMW Convertible for her birthday. They again found the gang at a party and hung out, just like the week before.

This time everyone wanted to toast Brice's record setting game. He had more to drink than he should have. When they parked at the lake, he tried to go farther than second base and Becky needed extra strength to curb his advances. For a moment she wanted to go farther herself but the thought of breaking her promise to her parents gave her the willpower to stop.

Allen and Alice were quite content in the back seat but didn't get too carried away. Alice loved Allen and their parents were very close. She knew that one day that they would probably marry and have a family of their own. She sometimes let Allen take a few liberties with feeling her up under her bra and panties but she always stopped him there. Only on one occasion did she ever touch his manhood.

That night Brice had a case of blue balls and called Rhonda when Becky dropped him off at home. She told him to come on over. She met him at the door in a shorty night gown, looking very good to the young stud.

"What's the matter? Did your little rich girl turn you away again with a case of blue balls, honey? Well, come on in and let's see if Rhonda can't make it feel all better, baby. We can't have the star quarterback so horny that he can't go to sleep and get his rest, now can we?" she said smiling and motioning him in with her index finger seductively.

He reached out and tried to touch her ample bosom but she pushed his hand away and said, "Easy there, Big Boy, a girl likes to be romanced a least a little bit. Give me a kiss and let us have a little drinky poo first," she teased.

She took him into the living room and got them both a drink. He'd already had too many but Rhonda gave him a shot and they toasted to his success that night. Later he didn't remember anything after that. It was 10:30 the next morning when Rhonda finally woke him up. He didn't know what hit him as he was sore everywhere. Even his ass hurt.

"Come on, champ. I've got breakfast ready, can't have you all weak and broke down. We have a tough game coming up this next week, you'll need your strength. Especially after last night. Man, you were something else, lover," she said.

"Rhonda, what the hell did we do last night? Or what did you do to me is more like it. I swear even my ass hurts bad this morning. It almost feels like you stuck something up it," he said. When she looked at him, shrugged her shoulders and smiled, he panicked and yelled, "Damn it, Rhonda! You didn't, did you?"

"Oh no, I wouldn't do that...unless you asked me to, honey," she said and turned away almost laughing. Under her breath she whispered to herself, "And you did, honey".

"Damn, I didn't hurt this much after the game last night. I feel like I was ridden hard and put away wet. I just vaguely remember doing it in almost every room in the house and I'm not sure but maybe even out on the front porch. Woman, you are like a tornado when you get cranked up and going," he said.

“Yep, that just about covers most of the places we did it. That’s what I love about you young studs, you have such fast recovery times. You can go all night long and come back for more,” she said

“Well, I won’t be coming back for more today as my whole body hurts. Are you *sure* you didn’t butt fuck me with something?” he asked. He thought he saw her smiling and kind of thought he saw her putting away a long black double-ended dildo.

“Oh shit!” he said to himself, “Surely she didn’t put that up my ass,” he said, reaching back and feeling the tenderness in his backside.

That next week in school the guys all strutted their stuff in the halls as everyone patted them on the back and praised them for their effort. They wished them well this coming week. The boys were feeling pretty good about themselves and were bordering on cockiness.

All the girls gushed and openly flirted with them as they passed in the halls or sat by them in class. It was enough to give a guy a big head having just about every girl in school, including some of the teachers, all but offering themselves up as sacrifices to the conquering heroes. It was enough to drive a guy to distraction. The coaches worked to get their attentions every afternoon after school. They put it to them and drove them hard. The boys were so tired and whipped after practice that they didn’t have such big heads, for a while anyway.

Friday night meant Game Three. It was a home game against a tough Dansville team. Brice had played against their quarterback John Turnbolt since pee wee football. This was to be John’s night as he outdid Brice and the Panthers were behind by 10

at the half. The coach ripped them all a new behind at halftime and made some changes.

“Brice, you look like shit out there tonight. Are you OK, son, or do I need to put McLean in?” Coach said.

“I’m OK, Coach. I wasn’t picking up their blitz package. I got it now,” Brice said but, despite his confidence, he struggled in the 3rd quarter. The defense played unbelievably and got the ball back 3 times for the offense. Dansville knocked down pass after pass. With only a minute left, Clarkston drove the ball down and the running back saved the game with a 45 yard TD.

After high fives and showers, the two met the girls and headed for another party. The boys talked about the game and the girls talked about the boys and girly things.

“Man, I sucked tonight and almost cost us the game and our hope of going undefeated,” Brice told them.

“You aren’t Tom Brady. You can’t do it all on your own and this is a team game. We didn’t give you much time to see your receivers. Their line was the biggest we’ve seen all year and they’re strong as oxen,” one of the offensive linemen said.

Brice still thought he should have done better. He didn’t whine or brood about, though. He eventually hooked back up with Becky and they partied down with the rest of them. Sometime during the night, someone slipped something into Becky’s coke. Brice thought she was acting a little hornier than usual. He and Allen drank a little too much also and were feeling no pain when they thought it would be a good idea to go to the lake and make out.

Brice and Becky were laying on a blanket, really getting into it, when Alice tried to tell them that they needed to go. Somehow they had all lost track of time and it was already after 1 AM. Brice could see that Becky was in no shape to drive so he took the keys and they started off down the road.

They'd no sooner gotten back on the blacktop road when a carload of boys from Dansville roared up alongside. They blew the horn and yelled out, calling them sissies and cowards and challenged them to race.

Brice knew that he should just slow down and let them go but the competitive nature of his being couldn't stop his foot from mashing the pedal to the floor and roaring down the road with them side-by-side.

They raced for 3 miles until they came around a bend. All of a sudden, a car was coming the other way. The Dansville car tried to cut in, forcing Brice to the side of the road. The car slid into a turn and the vehicle flipped, rolled over twice, and slammed into a tree sideways.

Both girls were thrown from the car as they had been cuddled up to the boys and didn't have their seat belts on. God was with them as they didn't hit anything solid or surely they would have died. As it was, they were both bruised and broken badly. Alice broke her right arm and left leg and a couple of ribs and Becky broke both legs and collapsed her right lung. Both girls lived but were in a lot of pain and would be laid up for some time. Their injuries would be slow to heal and they'd have to give up all of their extra-curricular school activities for the foreseeable future.

Both boys were unconscious but survived with mild concussions and minor cuts and bruises. If the car had hit just one foot one way or the other, one or both boys might have been dead. The officer on the scene said it was a miracle that any of them lived. He said they must have had guardian angels watching over them that night for sure.

When Brice finally woke up in the hospital, the soreness from his last night with Rhonda was nothing compared to what he now was feeling. The nurse helped him into the bathroom and he relieved himself. As soon as he was awake enough to remember what happened, he rushed to the desk and asked about Becky and the others.

He found her room but she was sound asleep. Her legs were in traction and her arm was in a cast. "Oh my God! What have I done?" he said out loud. Mary Robbins, Becky's Mom, got up from the chair she was sitting in over in the corner.

"I'll tell you what you've done, Brice Benson. You almost killed my daughter, that's what you almost did. How could you? We trusted you with our most precious thing in the world and you almost took her from us forever. You are going to pay for this young man, you just wait and see. You hot shot football players think you can do whatever you want and not worry about the consequences. Well, instead of playing football and going to college, you might be ending up in jail. We'll see how you like that," she told the boy, scaring the hell out of him.

"I'm so very sorry, Mrs. Robbins. It all happened so fast. The car coming at us blinded me and the car passing us forced us off to the right. We spun out and lost control. Believe me, I love Becky and would never do anything to hurt her. I'd trade places with her if I

could. I'm so sorry," Brice told the still frightened and upset mother

"You may think that you're sorry now but before this is all over with, you are *really* going to be sorry. I'm so mad right now that I can't even think straight so we'd best stop right here. We'll sort this out when things calm down and I know that Becky is going to be alright and make a full recovery.

"You realize that you've taken away her cheerleading and all her other school activities by getting behind the wheel and being over the blood alcohol limit. I suspect the Sheriff will be calling on you as soon as it's safe for you to leave the hospital. Such a waste! You had something really special going for you, Brice, and you are going to lose it all because of one bad choice," Mrs. Robbins told him.

Suddenly Becky moaned and then called his name. "Brice...is that you? Are you alright?" she asked "What about the others?"

He ran to her side and said, "Yes, you and Alice took the worst of it. Allen and I were just bruised up and had a few little scrapes and cuts. Oh my God, I've never been so afraid in my life. I'm so sorry, Becky. I'd die if you'd been killed."

"All right Brice, it's time that you left and go back to your own room now, she needs sleep and quiet now," Mrs. Robbins told him.

Very sore and hurting, the two boys were released the next day. Just like Mrs. Robbins had predicted, the Sheriff was waiting at the hospital door for them. Even though Allen wasn't driving, he was also over the blood alcohol limit and underage on top of it. They were both taken down to the jail and held until they were taken to the courthouse later that day

where they stood before the judge. Both were charged with underage drinking, driving while intoxicated, and reckless endangerment. Brice pleaded guilty to all three while Allen, not being the driver, pleaded guilty to two charges.

The judge set bail. Their families came and paid it and took them home. As you can imagine, it wasn't a very happy ride home. While they thanked God that the four of them survived, the boys' relatives really laid into them. Allen's family were highly respected in the community and didn't like the bad image this cast upon their family name.

Brice, on the other hand, got an earful all the way home. "You realize that you just pissed away your future for one night of partying. No more football hero, no free ride scholarship. You might just as well plan on working some low-level job for the rest of your life, you dumbass kid. Honestly, I thought that you had more smarts than that," his dad told him

"Dad, I'm sorry. I know that I really screwed up but poor Becky is still in the hospital with badly broken bones so football seems a little less important right now. I'll work and get a walk-on somewhere if I have to. What's going to happen to me with the law? Am I going to have to get a lawyer or something now?" he asked.

"No, you both pleaded guilty so you'll just go back for the judge's sentencing in a couple of weeks. Until then, you don't leave the house except for school."

Monday morning, Brice and Allen were both called into the coach's office. "You two boneheads just let your teammates down and maybe cost us a championship. Clean out your lockers and clear out. There's no place on this team for either of you anymore," he told them.

The rest of the day was harsh. Kids stared at them, whispered behind their backs and turned away, shaking their heads. Nobody offered any sympathy to them.

Brice wanted to go to the hospital and see Becky but her parents told him to let her be. saying that it would be best to let her rest and he should find other friends to hang with.

Then a couple of days later, things took a turn for the worse. Becky developed complications and died suddenly, sending her parents into hysterics and pain beyond belief. This would change everything. The whole town was up in arms over this terrible event and wanted these athletes punished severely.

A week went by and finally Brice and Allen went before the judge for sentencing. The judge was about to send them to a Juvenile Delinquent Center and possibly prison for murder when Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. Green asked to speak.

They told the judge that had what might be a better way of punishing them and setting an example to the rest of the football heroes who think that they can drink and party and risk others' lives and get away with anything they want. Perhaps they should be made to take the place of the girl whose life had been disrupted and the one whose life was ended.

They said the two boys should have to literally become girls for the next year or however long it took for Alice to recover and be able to lead a normal life again. After all, the Cheerleaders were going to be short two girls, including their captain. When the other jocks saw their two big stars walking the halls

in skirts and heels, maybe they would think twice about drinking and getting behind the wheel and risking others' lives.

“Are you suggesting that these two boys be made to wear girl clothes and walk around as boys in dresses and pretend to be girls?” the judge asked.

“No, your honor. We are saying that until Alice Green heals and can resume her life normally, Brice Benson and Allen French should for all practical purposes *become* girls themselves all day, every day and in every way possible. They should only wear girl clothing. They should be made to join the cheer team and take Becky's and Alice's places. They should have to change their school classes and everything.

“Perhaps they should be dropped a grade and have more time to learn how to be girls. They could bring up a couple of the JV girls to Varsity cheerleading and the two new girls would be able to have time to learn cheerleading on the JV team,” Mary Robbins told the Honorable Judge Karen White. “My daughter has been taken from me. I think that Brice should be made to take her place and become my daughter.”

“Mrs. Robbins, I see where you are going with this. These athletes have been put up on pedestals for way too long and skated through life, being given special treatment at everyone else's expense.

“However I'm not sure the law would allow me to take the Bensons' child away from them...even though that's what I'd like to do to teach these two the consequences of their actions,” the judge said.

“Then how about joint custody of some sort. He could live at home a week, then live with us a week. I'd insist the he be in girl mode 24/7. That would be more justice than rotting away in jail somewhere and

learning to be a career criminal,” Mary Robbins said. She had given this a great deal of thought.

The judge called for a recess of one hour. She went to her chambers, looked up some legal precedents, then made her decision. She agreed with the Robbins and rather liked the idea.

Back in court, she told the boys to rise. “Because of this awful tragedy causing the death of a beautiful young lady, it is within my rights to send you to prison for a long period of time. Mrs. Robbins has suggested another option which I’ve decided is a just punishment for your crime. Now nothing can stop the pain you’ve caused or replace their daughter but this is my decision. Brice Benson and Allen French, for the next 4 years, you are sentenced to take the place of the two girls.

“You will be forbidden to wear any male clothing during this time. Brice Benson will be known as Britney Benson Robbins and Allen French will be known as Ally French Green. You will each live one week with your biological families, then the next with your new families. I will be sending someone from the court to follow up and make sure you are following these instructions to the letter. if I find that you are not fully living as females during this time, I WILL have you sent to prison for 6 years,” the judge said.

The faces around the courtroom were a sight to see. Everyone was shocked and couldn’t believe what just happened. Brice and Allen stood there, unable to comprehend what the judge just said. Their minds were spinning a hundred miles an hour. Only weeks ago Brice thought he’d be part of the state football champs in football with a full ride to the college of his choice, maybe even a shot at the pros. Then his thoughts changed to worrying about prison and being raped and beaten. Now this judge just told the world that he was to become a...GIRL.

He was totally speechless. He couldn't believe his ears. How was he supposed to ever face Becky's parents after what happened?

Both of the boy's families protested and were quickly told in no uncertain terms that they could file an appeal but it would do them no good.

"My ruling is fair and just and will stand. The alternative is prison. You all know that I could and would make that stick. So I strongly advise that you adhere to my decision and help your new daughters adjust as fast as possible. I'll give you until the end of the week. Then I want both girls back in my court so I can see for myself how their progress is coming along. I realize that they can't look totally natural in that short time but do the best you can.

"They should return to school right away and they *will* be dressed from the skin out in nothing but lingerie and female clothing. Both girls already have long enough hair to visit a salon and get a new hairstyle and a makeover. Please don't take this lightly, I want them as feminine as possible. I want them wearing makeup, nail polish, and cute little outfits. They should also report to the JV cheer team coach tomorrow for practice. They had better give it their all or the coach will report to me and I'll make them wish they had," The judge said. With that, she slammed her gavel down on the desk, leaving the two boys dumbfounded and embarrassed.

"Oh, one more thing. These two new girls are not to wear pants except for special occasions. I want to see them in skirts and dresses 90% of the time and I will be checking up to see that my orders are carried out. If you don't like these orders, we can always stop and make room in prison for them. Part of my reasoning was to keep them from going to prison where I believe

that they would only pick up bad habits that would further ruin their lives.

“Now do each of you four families understand and agree to my ruling in full?” the judge asked.

“Your Honor, Allen and I are going to look ridiculous and be the laughing stock of the town and school. I mean, look at us; we don’t exactly have the bodies of a female,” the newly-renamed Britney said hesitantly.

“Young lady, you dare to have the audacity to worry about what you will look like or being laughed at? You are responsible for the death of a young girl and might have killed others because of your actions. I’ll tell you what. I hear by amend your sentence to have each of you visit a doctor about whom I will give information to your mothers. Before you go to school on Monday, I’ll expect that you have done so.

“I will order for each of you male hormone blockers and a strict diet. I believe that this will help you better look the part and help you fit in with your peers. How’s that, honey?” the judge said, sneering.

Brice and Allen, now Britney and Ally, would begin their sentence at home the first two weeks, giving the Robbins another week for healing.

Britney’s mother Connie began as soon as they got home. She ordered Britney into the bathroom and used a depilatory cream all over his body, then rinsed him off and watched all his hair go down the drain. He was now completely hairless as the day he was born. Next she handed him a pair of her panties to put on. He looked up at her with tears in his eyes.

“Don’t look at me that way. You’d best be glad that you are not sitting in a prison cell right now amongst a bunch a hardened criminals,” Mom said.

She then put a bra around his chest and fastened it. She stuffed the cups with stockings, then helped him into a short-sleeved summer dress. There was no way he could wear her shoes so she just told him to wear his old flip flops. She pulled his hair back into a ponytail and applied light makeup.

“Stop your crying right now, Bri...I mean Britney. You are going to streak your makeup and look like a raccoon, and we are going to town as ordered no matter what. We’ve lots to do before you can return to school. Here, put this sweater on until we can get you your own clothes plus a jacket and a winter coat,” “Mom” said.

Across town, a very similar event was happening with Ally (French) Green. His father was still lighting into him. “You brought shame and disrespect to your name and this family. As far as I’m concerned, you can just go live with that other family,” Mike French said.

“Never you mind, Michael. We are a family and we will get through this somehow. I’ve already warned you about this. I will not throw my child out of our home or have her go to prison or reform school. I’ll handle this and we’ll figure it out. That poor Robbins family. I can’t imagine the pain they are in at the loss of a child,” she said.

“Mom, you can’t call me Allen now,” Ally said in fear that it might get back to the judge and he’d be in trouble. Of the two (former) boys, he was much more inclined to follow rules to the letter.

“I know, honey. It’s going to take some time getting used to but you’re right, we will eventually get the hang of it,” Judy said.

Meanwhile back at the Benson's, Britney's younger brother Kevin saw Britney walk out of Mom's room and began laughing hysterically. “

Shut up, twerp, or I'll knock your block off,” Britney said angrily.

“You'll do no such thing, young lady,” her Dad Ken said in defense of the younger Benson. “This is all on you, Little Miss Wise One. You might just as well get used to it too, as you're going to hear a lot of it for quite some time to come.”

“Hey, Dad, seeing as how I now have two sisters for the foreseeable future, can I have Brice's old room and have him bunk with Katy? I think the girls would be more comfortable staying together. This way you'd still have one son in the family that you could be proud of and come and watch play football,” Kevin said. meaning full well to take every advantage of the situation that he could.

“No way Dad. I'm not going to be like this forever. And what about all my trophies and awards and stuff?” Britney exclaimed.

“You know, Kevin, that makes perfect sense. While your Mother takes your sister here clothes shopping and to the doctor for her feminine checkup, you and I will switch the rooms around. As for all the trophies and awards, we might as well just pack them up in boxes and put them in the attic for the next couple of years because by the time her sentence is over, I'm willing to bet that her playing days will be long over with. Shoot, she might even be looking for a husband by then to start her own family with,” Dad said vindictively. Kevin stood there unable to wipe the smile from his face over his former brother's misfortunes. He loved his big brother but was always second fiddle

in the family as Brice got all the praise and glory. "This is going to be so cool" he thought to himself.

Kevin was now 15 and a pretty good football player in his own right. He was a linebacker for his 9th grade team and had been a starter every year. Brice and Allen used to rough him around pretty good so he had to learn to take care of himself years ago.

Katy their sweet little sister was all girl and she was the epitome of sugar and spice. Katy was 13 going on 18 and already had the beginnings of a very feminine body.

Katy was not nearly as thrilled as Kevin about the new roommate agreement but Mom took some of the sting out of it when she said that Katy could go clothes shopping with them. Mom told her that she'd need her help with finding the right clothes for her sister. She also said she'd need Katy's help in teaching Britney the finer things about being a teenaged girl. This seemed to please her. Katy might have been Daddy's girl but the two boys always got most of the attention, especially in football season.

Kevin called out to his Mom, "Mother, it's Mrs. French on the phone for you."

"I'll be right there," Mom said, coming out of the back bedroom.

"Hello Connie, this is Judy French. Seeing as how the girls have to be at the doctor at 11:00 AM, do you want to ride together or just meet there?" Judy asked.

"Well, we are going to be shopping into the night probably as Britney doesn't have any clothing whatsoever. We wouldn't want to keep you out all afternoon and part of the evening," Mrs. Benson said

“I’m afraid that Ally is in the exact same shape so why don’t we make a day of it? Then we can take our daughters to dinner to christen their new lives as young ladies. Would you like me to drive?” Judy asked.

“You know what, Judy? Why don’t I meet you at the doctor’s office. I’ll follow you to the mall as I’m not sure that we’ll have enough room in the car for all the clothes and shoes and Katy is coming along too. We can then spend the time shopping together followed by dinner somewhere,” Connie told her.

“OK, that sounds like a plan. I have to get out of here now as Mike is still so hot over the Judge’s decision. All he can talk about is how he had a son who would one day take over his business and keep the family legacy going and now he’s going to have two daughters. I told him that he will likely get his son back some day so don’t blow a gasket, although if this thing goes on for more than a year, I wonder if we really will get Allen back again.

“Listen to me. I didn’t mean to go on so. I’ll see you there and we’ll have all day to talk,” Judy said.

Both showed up at the doctor’s office about 20 minutes early. Mom made them sign in with their new names. They sat there embarrassed, afraid of what was going to happen and just what this shot the doctor was going to give them was going to do their bodies. It didn’t help that others in the room stared and snickered at them.

Britney didn’t look all girl but at least her hair was shoulder-length and Mom had brushed it in a somewhat feminine style. Ally’s hair was even longer which had been a very sore subject with her father for a long time now. As it turned out, this would be an advantage except she’d always kept it in a boy’s po-

nytail and it desperately needed attention from a good stylist.

“Britney Benson Robbins,” the nurse called out. “You can come with me, Hon. Please take off your clothes and slip this gown on. I’ll be right with you,” she said and left the room to go and set up Ally in the other room. The nurse then returned and checked blood pressure, weight, temperature and drew some blood. Then she left and did the same thing to Ally.

When the doctor finally came in, she said, “So, you are the irresponsible young man that caused that poor girl’s death and now you’ve been ordered to take her place. You are very lucky. If you ask me, you should be in prison being some big lug’s girlfriend. I guess we will have to see if you are really lucky or if prison would have been easier after all. Well then, let’s get started.”

She took out the big syringe with the huge needle, pushed the plunger and flicked the end of the needle with her finger. Next she rubbed a cotton swab with alcohol on it in a circle on his thigh and plunged the needle into his body, not being all that gentle about it.

“What’s in that shot you just gave me, Doctor?” Britney asked.

“That is a special little concoction to stop your production of male hormones. It’s a testosterone blocker. It should cause you to become less aggressive and make your moods softer. You’ll also possibly lose a little muscle mass. Now I need you to jump up here on this table, dear, and put your feet in these stirrups right here,” she said.

Next the doctor held a mask over Britney’s nose and mouth and said, “Breathe in slowly. I want to



check your lungs.” He drew in about three big breaths and he was out cold.

“Works every time. I can’t believe that they are so gullible. Oh well, that really makes my job so much easier. I’m glad that Judge White called before these girls got here and gave me orders to surgically hide their male appendages back out of sight. When they go into the girls locker room they’ll look just like all the other girls. The girls won’t have to worry about the boys knocking them up,” she said to herself.

Dr. White carefully worked Britney’s testicles up into her body cavity, then pulled her penis back. She took some life-like skin material, cut it to fit perfectly and covered his penis to hold it back in that position. She then added the special adhesive and pressed it all over, then smoothed out the edges. Having Britney asleep and motionless helped greatly in the setting time. Then the doctor did something she wanted to do as soon as she’d heard about the case. Before bringing Britney around, she gave her a strong injection of estrogen and progesterone, thinking this would further help to feminize these former boys.

Next she broke an ammonia capsule and held it under Britney’s nose. As she sat up, she immediately felt different. She didn’t know what it was but her mind was still a little cloudy. She suddenly felt the urge to go the bathroom. The nurse helped her off the table and she noted that the nurse and doctor both had big smiles on their faces.

She padded over to the bathroom, pulled up the front of the gown and reached down as she’d done all of her life for her manhood. Suddenly a loud scream echoed from the small bathroom as he felt nothing between his legs. He wasn’t sore or hurt, his penis

was just missing from where it had always hung so proudly.

The doctor and the nurse broke out laughing. The nurse finally told her that it wasn't surgically removed. "The doctor just sort of pinned it back out of reach for the foreseeable future. It's taped with a special solvent not available to the public. You'll have to learn to sit to pee from now on just like all the other girls do."

Britney's need to go overcame her shock temporarily and she sat down in a hurry. It almost hurt to go as her formerly free penis was stretched and bent back so tightly. Suddenly she let go and she heard the splash in the bowl under her. She felt as though it would never stop. She reached, got paper off the roll and tried to clean herself as the spray seemed to have gotten her whole bottom wet.

She washed her hands, then shuffled slowly back into the room and began to put her clothes back on. As she fumbled with the bra, the nurse showed her how to turn it to the front, hook the clasp, then turn it back around and pull it up while putting her arms through the straps.

The two new tear-stained girls met in the waiting room and walked gingerly out to their cars. Their newly tucked and taped equipment changed the way they walked. It was so embarrassing that they couldn't look each other in the eye.

Both mothers added a touch of lipstick to their new daughters while they were leaving the office, saying, "You might just as well start getting used to it. Remember, the judge says you will wear makeup any time you are not sleeping."

They stopped for a quick lunch. The boys had very little appetite but their moms made them eat at least a half of a tuna sandwich. "You'll soon see that you are going to need your strength for shopping and the whirlwind next few weeks you are going to have."

They finished lunch, then the two younger sisters Katy and Jenny got the fun of taking their older sisters into the ladies room to do their business and helped them touch up their makeup. The new girls were warned by their mothers that if there were any trouble they would be two very embarrassed girls before leaving the restaurant.

It was very hard for the two former tough football players to swallow their pride and allow their little sisters to take the upper hand and show them how to be more feminine. They weren't sure just how much more embarrassment they could take but didn't push the issue there in the ladies room.

"Very nice, girls," Connie said as they emerged from the lavatory.

"Let's get shopping," Judy exclaimed and shopping they did.

The new girls tried on dress after dress. Some were very dressy and formal, some were cute and simple, some were dress suits with skirts and jackets and then there were several miniskirts, knee-length skirts and blouses, sweaters, lingerie, sleep wear, stockings and garter belts. Each also got a full figure training corset that they now wore under the sweater she had on with the miniskirt. They both got several pairs of shoes, most with heels and one pair of flats and some gym shoes for cheerleading.

When they reached the point where the six of them couldn't carry another package, they decided to call it

a night. As they were lugging all the bags and boxes out of the mall, Katy looked at Jenny and winked. Then she whispered “Watch this.”

“Mom,” she said, standing in front of a huge jewelry store. “Look, they are having a big special. I remember seeing this on TV. If you buy any two sets of pierced ear rings and a necklace, you will get a nice pair of diamond studs free and they will do the piercings free too. You know the girls are going to have to get pierced ears or they will really stand out in a crowd.”

Britney and Ally wanted to brain Katy but Mom said, “Yes, I suppose you’re right. Every girl in school has pierced ears by now.”

Minutes later, they walked out with each girl now having double ear piercings and a nice little gold chain and cross hanging around her neck.

They arrived home around 9 PM. Britney’s feet throbbed, her back hurt and then she learned that her day wasn’t over. She now had to unpack all her new purchases and put them away in the new dresser Dad had gotten her while they were gone. There was also a new makeup table with lighted mirror and a padded bench in front. The room had been divided in two with a bed and dresser on each side. It had a bathroom off the side of the big bedroom which used to be Brice’s room. All the boy stuff was now in the other room which Kevin would have all to himself now. He was feeling pretty good about that.

It was close to midnight before she was able to sort everything out and find a place for it all with her sister Katy’s help. She didn’t even remember buying half of this stuff and wasn’t sure where she’d ever wear many of the items. Katy showed her how to roll up her panties and put them in a neat row to get the

most room out of her drawers and keep everything neat. She had mostly thong panties but also several other styles as well. Rest assured all were dainty and feminine with bows or hearts. There were cotton and silk or some combination of soft materials. Then there were camis and bras, garters and panty girdles, pantyhose, nylons, and hold-up stockings.

Mom brought in special hangers for her skirts and blouses and dresses and told Britney that her new sweaters needed to be folded and kept in one of her drawers. She also found a bag with several silk scarves which could be used to dress up an outfit in different ways. It all seemed so overwhelming and confusing. For just a fleeting moment she even thought prison might have been easier.

Finally she flopped down on her bed with a heavy sigh. Playing football never seemed this tough, she thought, when Mom once again interrupted her thoughts of crashing for the night.

“Uh uh...not yet, honey. It’s not that easy for us girls. You will now have a nightly toilet just like the rest of us who want to maintain our looks. You must wash your face with this cold cream to remove your makeup, then use this moisturizer and rub it in good. You’ll need to turn your earring studs and dab some alcohol on the holes. Don’t forget to brush your pretty white teeth too. You’ll find that when wearing lipstick, your teeth are more noticeable and the contrast is multiplied.

So, with her mind reeling, Britney finally laid her head down and was out like a light. Her dreams that night were filled with the death of her girlfriend, then going to school in drag, then gym class and cheer-leading after school. Tears flowed as she watched the football team practicing for the big game Friday night

and suddenly she was standing on the sideline in uniform but something wasn't right.

She was wearing makeup, her hair was down and looked shiny and clean, her finger nails were painted red and she wore special shoulder pads that had cut-outs for her breasts. Yes, she had big hooters. Suddenly there was this huge roar. When she looked up, her replacement Bobby McLean scrambled left, then turned back right and threw the ball 50 yds. to a wide open Tony Blunt for the TD. Bobby came trotting off the field, ran straight over to Britney and gave her a big kiss on the lips.

"Thank you, sweet cheeks, for blowing your career so that mine could get started. Wait for me after I shower and we'll go out and party," Bobby told her.

Britney bolted upright, saying NO, then realized she'd been dreaming. She was soaking wet so she got up and took a shower and changed.

She felt like she'd just got back to sleep when Mom began shaking her awake. "Mom, what time is it? It's still dark out," she said, stretching and yawning.

"Yes I know, honey. Its 5:00 AM, time to get up. You have to do a half-hour of hard aerobics each morning before you shower and do your morning toilet, then do your makeup and dress for school. These things are not going to come natural to you for a while so we need time to practice until they become second nature," Mom told her. "Come now. Complaining isn't going to help you at all. Pull up your big girl panties and let's get going."

"You're enjoying this, aren't you, Mom?" Britney said.

"Oh yes! This is just what I was planning on for my son who we thought was going to lead our team to the

state championship this year and then might have gone to any college in the country next year on a full scholarship and then maybe on to the NFL one day. Instead he is to become my daughter so I can keep her from going to prison.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. I’m sorry for screwing my life up and your life up and just about everything. I’ll never live down what I did to the Robbins family and poor Becky. I miss her so much and this being made to be a girl...it’s killing me inside. I’m a guy and I don’t want to be a girl,” he said looking at his mother with sad eyes.

“There’s worse things in the world than being a girl, Britney. You obviously haven’t stopped to think about the reality of what might happen to you in prison. I know you think you are tough and could protect yourself but you have no idea. The men that are in there haven’t been with a woman in many years. You’d have been raped and sodomized and beaten into submission until you had no self-worth or respect for yourself. I know this is tough but let’s just take it one step at a time. We’ll get through this somehow. At least I know that you are safe,” She told her new daughter.

Britney got up, put on her workout clothes, and joined Mom in the den. Mom put in the workout video and they started following along with the instructor. Brice thought he was in superior shape and for a football player he was but as most women already knew, aerobics take a lot of different muscles. Before long, Britney was feeling most of them complaining. After a shower and getting dressed in a cute little top and miniskirt, Katy helped him with his makeup, explaining as she went so he could begin to learn.

Instead of Brice’s usual big breakfast, Mom gave him some dry toast and a container of yogurt. As he

was finishing up, still feeling hunger pains roaming his stomach, the phone rang. It was Ally and she wanted to say they'd be picking him up in half an hour for their appointments at the Salon. She went on and on about all that had happened after they'd parted yesterday. Britney confirmed that she'd been through the same things as Ally until the wee hours of the morning, ending with the night time toilet, removing her makeup, and the moisturizing facial before bed.

They couldn't believe their Dads had changed their rooms and bought new beds and dressers and how they had to learn to fold all the clothes and put them away neatly. As boys, their moms did all that.

"Girls are so freakin fussy about their clothes," Ally said.

In the background Britney could hear Mrs. French saying, "Yes and you will soon learn to be just as vain about your clothes and the way you look. You'll look back and wonder how you were ever such a slob before, Ally French."

Thirty minutes later, they were in the car and on their way to the Salon for the second day of their transformation into young girls. Once there, their long day began. They went their separate ways and they wouldn't see each other again until they were finished.

Britney was taken to the wash station and her head was laid back. The warm water was a comfort to her and she liked the feel of the young woman's hand messaging her warm soapy scalp. She wished this part could have lasted longer but soon the tech was rinsing out her hair. She did this twice, the first time with a fragrant conditioner, the second with warm water.

Next she wrapped a towel around Britney's hair, piled it upon her head and walked her over to her station. She patted her hair dry with the towel and began combing it out. Then she began snipping off the dead ends and evening it up for length. She brushed the front forward and cut straight across, forming bangs just about Britney's brows.

Then she began to pluck her eyebrows causing her to jump and complain. "You'll get used to it, honey. Soon you'll hardly even need to do this," Pam said.

She continued shaping and plucking from under the brows, giving them more arch as she went. First she'd do one, then switch to the other in an effort to make them even. When she was finally done and Britney looked in the mirror, she hardly recognized her own eyes; they were thin and very highly arched, causing her eyes to look bigger and more doe-like.

Next Pam rubbed cream all over his face and let it stand while she rubbed another cream on his upper and lower lips. It caused them to tingle and feel warm for a while. After a few more minutes, Pam wiped the stuff off. As she started wiping the cream off Britney's face, she told her that this would stop any hair growth for at least a month or two.

Then as Britney looked in the mirror again, she couldn't believe her lips. It looked like they were swollen and puffy. Before she could even ask, Pam was applying what Britney thought was lipstick. This lipstick had a dye in it that wouldn't fade for months, making her lips appear almost ruby. With her dark hair it was a pretty contrast; her perfect white teeth sparkled and looked even whiter in contrast to her lips.

"Come with me, honey. Tracey will finish your makeover, then I'll finish your hair."

Tracey started with a wipe, cleaning her face again, then adding a light base and rubbing it in with a makeup sponge. She then took a brush and added a little light toner on her nose and under each eye and blended it in with her finger. Once that was done, she dusted the new girl's face with a powder, then darkened her brows with an eyebrow pencil.

She next added false eyelashes and attached them with a glue that would hold for a long time to come. She then worked on Britney's eyes with black eyeliner. She swept a small line out from the outer corners of her eyes before using several shades of green and gray and white eye shadow, blending it in carefully. She showed her customer how she was doing this and why.

"Honey you'll learn this better by doing it over and over on your own as time goes by. You'll pick up your own style and look in time. I was told that I'd be working on a former football player, so I was expecting a big overgrown oaf. You, my dear, are anything but. You actually have a very soft bone structure and are already quite cute. As you lose a little more weight and you take your hormones, your hair will grow faster and your skin will soften even more. Your face will become more feminine but as I said, you could probably pass in most cases already."

Britney was then returned to Patty's chair where Patty began the task of adding some extensions that matched Britney's own hair perfectly. While Patty was busy doing this laborious task, Kim came over and began work on her nails. Britney could feel her skirt riding up. She couldn't do anything about it but blush as Kim had one hand soaking and the other hand was being worked on. Kim trimmed and filed, then took this little rotary tool and roughed up the top surfaces. She then began to add long acrylic nails to her fingertips. She placed Britney's hand on a cart

and slid her fingertips into a drier that looked like a little oven. Once they were dry, Kim filed the ends into a perfect oval and polished them bright red. Next she worked on Britney's toes.. When done, they matched her finger nails

Britney looked up at the clock on the wall and couldn't believe that it was only 3:20 PM. It felt like they'd been there for 10 hours or more but in reality the ordeal had only taken about four.

Finally Patty finished brushing out her new long hair, then took the cape off her and spun the chair around. Britney couldn't focus or find herself in the big wall mirror. She saw a girl she didn't recognize. All of a sudden, her brain clicked and she realized that the girl was herself. She was speechless. She wasn't exactly Miss America but she was definitely a cute teenaged girl that could pass as well as the next girl.

"Well what do you think, honey? Think she'll have any trouble getting a date?" Patty asked.

"Oh. My. God. I'm speechless, Patty. I can't believe that I'm looking at myself here. This is too much to take in. I would have bet everything I owned that this couldn't be possible. Last week I was on the football team throwing touchdowns and now I look like a real true-to-life girl. How did you do this?" she said.

"As I said, honey, I added the paint and powder but you already possessed the canvas. I guess you never noticed that you have some natural feminine genes working for you. Oh look, here comes your girlfriend Ally. Oh my, doesn't she look sweet?" Patty said out loud.

The two new girls' eyes met and quickly scanned each other's bodies. Their mouths fell open and they

were both in shock at what they saw. They couldn't believe their eyes. Britney finally spoke first. "Ally, is that you? she said

"Yes. Well, I think so," Ally said with a little tear in her eye. "Oh. My. God. Britney...look what they've done to us. How on earth are we ever going to live this down? You...you look like a real girl, Britney," she said truthfully

"And you didn't see yourself in the mirror? I didn't know it was you until you spoke. You're a blonde now. Did you know that?" Britney asked Ally.

"Yes I know. Gail didn't let me see until she was all done with me and then I got the surprise all at once. I don't even look or feel like myself anymore. I don't know what they gave me but my mind seems to be playing tricks on me. Look at you, they made your hair long. Is that a wig?" she asked.

"No, Patty says that she put extensions in my hair. She attached them to my real hair. She says that they are as strong as my real hair is and when my own hair grows out long, they trim these off as they go. It really feels funny having hair lying on my shoulders for the first time in my life. It kind of tickles and it's going to take some time getting used to long hair. What's wrong with your voice? You really sound like a girl now. It must be that stuff that they sprayed in my throat about four different times. I know that I don't sound like myself any more either. I can tell my voice is much higher pitched."

"You can say that again. You almost sound like a little girl. I noticed that right off as soon as you spoke. It's almost funny to hear you speak now. Your voice is very high and soft, like a shy little girl," Ally told her friend.

The two new girls sat in the waiting room chairs in their pretty new miniskirts and soft cowl neck sweaters, their hair done professionally as well as their makeup, nails, and pedicure. It was uncanny how good they looked in only their second day. They were showed how to sit with stockinged legs crossed at the ankle. Both were wearing 3” heels, their little purses were over their shoulder, and their hands were folded in their laps. Patty told them if they were good and sat quietly, she wouldn't tell every customer that came in that they were actually boys under all those clothes and makeup.

It was only about 15 minutes of this new torture for them when their moms both showed up. Each of the mothers almost freaked out when they saw their former sons sitting there looking like extremely believable young ladies in every sense of the word. Brice's mom Connie exclaimed that she might have even passed Britney by on the sidewalk and not even recognized her in her new persona.

The mothers paid the bill and walked out with their new daughters. They took them to a nice restaurant. The four had dinner together and the two girls were nervous and jumpy throughout the meal. Connie almost laughed when she heard Britney order her meal. She couldn't believe this little squeaky voice was coming out of her former quarterback son. Britney wanted to order steak. Mom stopped her and said, “You are on a soup and salad diet, honey, until you reach your goal. Remember?”

An embarrassed Britney didn't want to talk and let them hear her voice again so she just looked at her mom with sad puppy dog eyes hoping that she'd give in and allow her a good meal. She'd not eaten more than a couple of bites since this nightmare began a couple of days ago.

“Don’t look at me like that with those sad eyes. It won’t work on me, Missy. You might get away with that with Daddy but not me,” her mom laughed.

The second week was now over with and it was one the boys would never forget for the rest of their lives. There was shopping almost every day to complete their new clothing needs, doctor appointments and shots they had no idea what they were for, salon appointments, hair, makeovers, nails that they’d be months learning to deal with while using their hands with these half-inch extensions. On top of all that came learning to use the bathroom sitting down, getting up an hour and a half earlier to do their makeup and dress in the morning to get to school in time. Then there was walking in heels which they thought women were crazy for even trying to accomplish. Both complained daily about the pain in their toes and feet and legs but despite the complaining, by the end of those first few weeks, they each had somewhat mastered the art of walking in heels without looking like big oxen or lumberjacks in drag.

Britney was only beginning to not feel like a stranger in her new room that was so girly. It began to play on his subconscious mind. It actually began to make her feel more feminine. On Sunday, Mom reminded her that by court order she had to leave that night to spend the next week with the Robbins. This caused Britney to almost panic all over again. “Mom, can they really make me do this?” Britney asked.

“Yes dear, you know that is the ruling the judge made. It’s either that or jail,” Connie said

“I know but it’s going to kill me to have to look them in the eye, especially Becky’s little sister Anne. They hate me and I don’t blame them. How can I ever make this up to them?” Britney said in her little girl voice that didn’t really fit her body.

“Just remember, honey, they are the ones who made the deal with the judge that kept you out of prison. I’m grateful for that. They must be very kind people. Just try and be yourself and you’ll find your place to fit in and help them heal from their loss.”

Britney packed a suitcase with plenty of her new lingerie and a nighty or two. She only packed enough school clothes for a couple of days because Mary Robbins called and told Connie that she would take Britney shopping for anything that she needed while staying in their home. Also, Becky had two wardrobes full of clothes and that they might very well fit Britney or at least they could be altered to fit.

“Go tell your Daddy goodbye until next week and also say bye to your brother and sister,” Mom ordered.

Britney walked in and shyly said, “Bye, Daddy.” That felt very strange as she hadn’t called him that since she was about 5 years old. “See you next week. I’m off to spend my week with the Robbins.”

Ken Benson looked sadly at his former son. He’d had such high expectations for his oldest boy. He bragged at work to all the guys about his son’s athletic ability and his big league passing arm. The boy was hardly even recognizable to him now, standing there in a miniskirt and sweater with what appeared to be breasts poking out and a very curvy and sexy figure. His nails were long and painted red to match his puffy lips. His eyes were dark and looked sexy and his hair was softly spilling over his shoulders.

“Daddy?” Britney said again.

“Oh yes,” her father started, coming out of his reverie. “Be good and stay the hell out of trouble or the

next thing we know the judge will be finding you a husband to marry.”

Britney blushed, gave her Dad a hug, and went to find her brother and sister. Katy was pleasant and hugged her and told her to call her at night if she could but Kevin rubbed it in some more.

“See you, little **sister**. Oh yeah, look. Dad gave me all your old stuff. He said you wouldn’t have any more use for baseball gloves, a man’s bike, your old football jerseys and game balls from when you used to be a guy, even your sports card collection. Oh, I forgot the old Mustang he was fixing up for you. He said as soon as I get my driver’s license this spring, the ‘Stang will be mine now. He said something about getting you a little VW Bug. He said all girls like that car and it suits them much better than a hot Mustang.”

Just then they noticed Mom standing in the doorway. “Kevin Benson, Dad and I both told you that there was to be no teasing or making fun of Britney, didn’t we? You continue this and you’ll not only not get the car, we might just make you walk in Britney’s shoes for a while and see how you like it then.”

“I’m sorry, Brice. Whoops, I mean Britney. It’s just that we use to kid around and pick on each other all the time, Mom. Brice almost always got the best of me. I’ll stop right now,” Kevin said.

Truth be known, Kevin actually thought his new sister was pretty hot. It was disturbing to know that the pretty girl was actually his older brother.

Mom drove Britney over to the Robbins’ and went in with her for a minute to hopefully make the transi-

tion not so odd to Britney. Mary gave Britney a hug and said, "Welcome to our home, Britney. Anne will show you to your room and help you with your bags."

Anne was thirteen years old and really missed her sister Becky. "Are you going to live with us and be my sister now?" Anne asked.

"Well, kind of. I'm going to be staying here every other week until the judge says I don't have to anymore. Yes, I'm going to kind of be your sister, I guess. I'm really sorry for your loss and I'm going to try and be your friend and sister...if you want me," Britney said.

Then without warning, Anne rushed over, hugged her and through her tears said, "Yes. I'd like that a lot."

Connie left and Mary walked into Becky's former room, now Britney's room. Britney was looking around and saw all of Becky's things still there, even her clothes.

"Just try and relax, Britney. I know that it will take time for you to adjust but I feel we will all heal faster if we pull together and support each other. I don't want this to be any weirder than it has to be so just kind of go with the flow until we all get used to these new arrangements. I've laid out clean school clothes for you for tomorrow and packed a bag with your cheerleading practice things. You'll be starting practice with the JV squad. You and Ally have much to catch up on to be ready for the game Thursday night. I see that your other Mom has prepared you well. She told me that she spent the week teaching you your evening and morning rituals. So I'll leave you to get ready for bed, honey," Mary said.

Britney looked on the door and saw the outfit that Marry set out and recognized it as Becky's clothes. "Mrs. Robbins, isn't that Becky's skirt and sweater?"

"First of all, Britney, I expect for you to call me Mom or Mother as you kind of belong to two families now. Yes, those are Becky's old things. They are all yours to wear now since she won't be needing them anymore. I know that she'd want you to have and wear them to remind you of her," Mary said

"I brought several of my own things, Mrs...I mean Mom. We shopped and everything is new," Britney said.

"Well, that must have been fun shopping for all your new wardrobe, I hope that you weren't too embarrassed shopping in the girls department for the first time. However you can wear all your new things on your two weeks with the Bensons and I'll provide everything that you need on your two weeks here at our home. After you settle in. I'd like to put some curl in your hair like Becky used to wear hers," Mary finished.

Britney knew the day was coming that he'd have to face his former classmates and teammates but this was scaring the hell out of her now. It was going to become real and very soon now.

"Oh my God, Mom. Do I really have to start school tomorrow? I'm not ready to face everyone like this," she said tearfully.

"Yes dear, I'm afraid that you do. The judge said that she would give you one and a half weeks to get ready and tomorrow is the day that you start your school life all over as Britney. I'm sure that as a big strapping Quarterback, you handled pressure and nervousness so you'll do just fine. Remember you

were a hero to most of the kids in school. I'm sure that they will still embrace you with open arms except now, many of them might want to date you," Mary laughed.

"Don't worry, the principle has warned the entire school that they are not to endanger you in any way. You might have to take a little teasing and name calling but that will toughen you up."

Mary sat Britney down and rolled her hair in big curlers and put a hair net over all of it after spraying each roller with a setting solution.

Britney didn't get much sleep that night. She thought that she even felt Becky's spirit or ghost in the room all night long. The spirit was telling her "Just do the best you can. I'll be cheering for you all the way. And I have to say that you look very good in my panties and lingerie. Please be good to my Mom as she took this all very hard. Also my baby sister. She'll need you to be there for her."

It was like Becky was really in the room. It totally freaked Britney out and she tried to tell her he was sorry for the accident and for what happened to her. Becky's spirit finally said, "Be happy and know that I forgive you. I know it wasn't your fault but I guess the judge didn't see it that way. You are just going to have to suck it up and do your best. Daddy is a push-over but for your own sake don't cross Mom. She has a way of making you wish you'd done as she asked the first time. Her punishments can be rough as you can see by her dealings with the judge in court that put you in my bed."

It felt as though Britney finally drifted off to sleep just as the alarm on her desktop went off. Then Mom knocked on the door and walked right in without waiting. "Up and at 'em, Britney, I'm sure that you

know by now that it takes us girls much longer to get ready for school than the boys.”

Britney slowly walked in the bathroom and did her morning toilet. Mom was right there to watch and see how much she'd learned in the past week and a half. She offered a little advice here and there, then took out all of the rollers in Britney's hair, brushed it out and let it lay in long bouncy curls. Mary was surprised that Britney could do her own makeup so she didn't look like a clown. She actually thought she looked very good.

Britney put on Becky's bra and panties, followed by the soft angora sweater and the green and black checked miniskirt. The waist seemed too tight and she prayed it wouldn't split open during the day. She pulled up the dark pair of stockings with rubber hold-ups at the top and slipped her feet into a pair of black shoes with a 2" wedge heel. Thank goodness she'd been made to practice in 3" heels all last week or she'd be on the floor several times in school.

Mom had toast and OJ for her and Anne and she told them that she'd drive them to school today. "I'd let you take the spare car but you don't have a driver's license for quite a while. Oh yes. Before we get going, there's one more thing I thought of to hopefully save you a little more embarrassment. Open your mouth wide, honey," Mary said. Then she held up a little tube and sprayed something into Britney's mouth. It tasted rather sweet. "Once more, honey." Mary sprayed again and told her to just hold still for a couple of minutes.

After a few minutes passed, Mary asked, "How does that feel now?"

When Britney started to answer and say, "It feels ok," she stopped dead. Her voice was now

high-pitched and very feminine. “Oh my God! What did you do, Mom? My voice sounds like a girls voice,” she said.

“It sounds lovely and it suits your body and image. I should think that you’d much prefer this as opposed to going around with your new body and sounding like an old truck driver or something. Put this in your purse. You shouldn’t need it before the day is over but until we do this for a few days you might just need a little touchup, just in case.”

“It’s so weird. It’s like somebody else is in my body and talking. It doesn’t sound anything like the voice I’ve had all these years.”

Finally at school, Britney couldn’t move her legs to get out of the car. Mom had to come around and physically pull her out. Britney didn’t think her legs would hold her up even as far as the door to the school. Britney was nervous before every game and even threw up many times before a big game but nothing could have ever prepared her for this morning returning to school where she was once loved and looked up to. Now she was walking in on heels and wearing a miniskirt and sweater that clearly showed the mounds underneath it.

It took all the courage she could muster to take those first steps. She knew that kids were looking and pointing and talking behind her back but she forged on to her homeroom. Her face was so red that it could have lit the room. She sat down in a school desk in a miniskirt for the very first time and tried very hard to pull it down.

“Well, I see we have a new student this morning. Class, say hello to Britney Benson-Robbins,” the teacher said. Britney could hear the giggles and laughter. Finally the teacher said, “OK everyone,



that's enough. Let's not be unkind. Time to settle down."

This same thing happened in every class all day long. She thought she'd never get used to it or live this down but finally the day was over...or so she thought.

As she walked out of her last class, a couple of the guys from the team she'd known all her life approached her. "Hey there, sweet cheeks. You're looking hot. You going to come cheer Friday night for the boys you used to lead? Thanks to you, Coach is making us all sign papers saying that if we are caught with even a sip of beer, we are off the team. Plus he is working us to death getting us ready to try and save our perfect record after losing our star who we just found out is running for Prom Queen."

A girl named Cindy from the JV cheer squad came along just then and took her by the hand and said, "Come on, we have to get to practice. I was trying to find you sooner. We have to work twice as hard to get you two ready because they took two of our girls and moved them up to Varsity. So we remaining girls aren't too happy because we have a game Thursday night and we don't want to look bad."

Britney was shocked, first to be pulled right into the girls locker room and second to find Mom and the school nurse there waiting for her.

"Honey, in order for you to be able to change in the locker room with your teammates, you need a shot to keep any problems from popping up down there, if you know what I mean."

She was so shaken and embarrassed that she forgot to tell them that she had such a shot only last week.

The nurse, without any hesitation, had her drop her panties and bend over. She wiped a spot on Britney's behind and quickly pushed the needle into her butt. Then she took another syringe and gave her a second shot. The first was a testosterone blocker and the second a strong female hormone that Mary got her doctor to prescribe.

When she looked up, she saw Ally for the first time today. The school had not only changed their class schedules and curriculum but also made sure that they weren't in the same class so they couldn't lean on each other for support. Ally was getting her doses of the same shots. When they finally got together, Britney was amazed at how Ally looked. "You look really good, Ally. Wasn't this the worst day of your life?" Britney said.

"Oh. My. God. I was on the verge of passing out at least five times today. Guys from the team really let me have it, saying 'thanks for letting us down'," Ally said, then looked up at Britney. "O.M.G. You look amazing. How did they do all of that to you so fast. Plus your voice, what's up with that? My God you sound just like a real honest to God girl now," Ally asked.

"Yeah, I know. It was my new Mom," She said taking the little tube out of her purse and showing it to her pretty friend. "This does something to my vocal cords or something. It changed my voice instantly and it's been like this since this morning.

"I'm wondering how they changed me so fast too. Shots and pills, I think. These are all Becky's clothes, right down to the panties and bra. I've never been so uncomfortable. Are you staying with Alice's folks now?" Britney asked.

“Yes and it’s awful even though they have been kind. It’s really hard to face them knowing what we did. I pray for Alice to get better fast and return home and maybe I’ll get my sentence shortened but for now I’m in the same boat as you,” Ally said.

“Hey, you two new girls! Cut the chitchat and get into your practice uniforms. You have a lot to learn and catch up on,” Coach Lyn said.

The two thought that football practice was hard. They had no idea that cheerleading was anything like this; every bone and every muscle in their bodies ached from head to toe. Then they were made to take a shower after the other girls finished. They sat hurting for about 40 minutes.

Lyn the Cheer coach was shocked that the two of them picked up what they did that afternoon. They weren’t ready for the prime time yet but she could actually see some potential in them. It helped that she told them before they began that the Judge had talked with her and told her she wanted an update every two days or so. She told Lyn not to let them play around at cheering “I want them to be the best on the squad by the end of the season. If you need extra help, just let me know,” the judge had told her, she said. Lyn told them that if she even thought that they weren’t giving 100%, she’d report that to the judge and they could do their cheerleading in prison for the guys. That was pretty good motivation.

After they showered and dressed, they exited the gym and found their new moms waiting for them. Britney got in and Anne said, “How’d you do, sis, was it hard?”

“Yes it was very hard, harder than I ever dreamed. Those girls are athletes in their own rights. I’m hurting everywhere. I felt like a klutz but, the coach said

she could tell I was trying and if I kept it up, I'd get there eventually," She said.

"No hello to your mom, dear." Mary said.

"Sorry. Hi Mom, thanks for picking me up." Britney replied in her new pretty voice.

"So how was the first day of school? Were they very hard on you today? The principle was supposed to address the whole school and set them straight on your situation," Mom said.

"It was embarrassing and humiliating in every single class but I kept thinking of Becky and that got me through the day. There's so much that I still don't know about being a girl. Every eye is on you and they are just waiting to laugh at you when you mess up. People that were my best friends are still a little pissed and standoffish. Hopefully, once the novelty wears off, things will improve."

Did you touch up your makeup after every class like I told you to do?" Mary asked.

"Yes I did. It's still not easy and I'm no pro but I did the best I could," Britney said.

"Are you sure, honey? I asked a couple of Becky's best friends to watch and let me know if you are doing as you are supposed to and they were not sure that you did a couple of times."

"No ma'am, I did, I promise. Now I might not have gotten it on very heavy or dark but I did touch up my lips and cheeks after every class. You realize that not all the girls are very happy about the fact that Ally and I are using their restroom."

"That is immaterial, dear. Congress just put into law a bill saying that anyone could use the bathroom

of the gender that they identify with and you two leave no doubt at all. From now on though, honey, I want your face made up every minute of the school day. I want it dark enough for anyone to see. I don't mean clownish or anything like that, just tasteful and pretty. I'll keep working with you, honey, and you'll be an expert in no time flat," Mary said, making her point.

"Let's go home, girls. I'll bet you're hungry after a long day. I've got dinner started but you can both help. We'll all get to know each other better while spending a little quality time together," Mary said

"Girls, you can put your things in your rooms and then come and help out in the kitchen. If you didn't know your way around a kitchen before now, Britney, you will before your time with us is up," Mary said.

The week went by and things stayed about the same. The kids at school continued to call her names but she was getting immune to them and kept straight ahead with her plan, minding her own business and trying to get through this ordeal, always looking her feminine best.

The work was easy because having been sent back a full grade, she'd already seen these tests and materials before. The hard part was staying focused and not getting called out. Cheer practice remained brutal but she and Ally gave all they had.

Thursday's first game for them was a little rough as was to be expected. Even the boys a year younger than them had a few little pick-up lines like "Want to

date a real guy, Britney? You can sit on my lap and sing me a song or two.”

The other girls on the squad were a little disappointed in the performance but cut them a little slack as they could see the total effort they put in...mostly out of fear of what would happen if they didn't.

When the JV football coach heard the young man teasing, he put a stop to it in a hurry. The boy was running laps before he could shower. “Anyone else like to say anything?” Coach Francis asked.

Friday Britney wore her cheer outfit to school and got several smiles and whistles. The JV cheer squad had to sit together in the stands and watch and cheer along with the varsity cheerleaders. Mom fixed her hair cute in a high ponytail with blue and gold ribbons in it as that was the school colors. She supervised her makeup and gave her a few more pointers as she'd done all week. She was beginning to look more natural every day and was well aware of boys looking at her, not just to make fun but with a different look, one of interest.

On Saturday morning, Mary gave her a big orange pill at breakfast along with the other “vitamins” she'd been giving Britney all week long. Not long after, Britney felt very sleepy. She thought she must really be worn out from the extremely exhausting week she'd just had and asked if she could lay down for a while.

She was out cold in minutes. Mary then administered a mild sedative, then she and her husband Dale loaded her in the family van and off they went to Mary's doctor friend's home office. Once there, Dr. Sara Stine did a simple procedure. She made a tiny little hole under each armpit and carefully inserted perfect shaped little A+ breast gel implants, manipu-

lating them into position, giving Britney her very own boobs. Mary wanted her to feel what it's really like to be a woman and she couldn't wait for the pills and shots to do it on their own. They wrapped her chest in Ace bandages and had her back home before dinner, still asleep and unaware that anything had happened.

When Britney finally woke up, she felt the pain coursing through her chest and sat up. Mary was right there and stopped her from taking off her blouse. "What's the matter, dear?" she asked in a fake innocent tone.

"I don't know, Mom. My chest is suddenly very sore," Brit said.

"It's because you had a little procedure this morning. You now have your very own breasts, honey, so you won't feel out of place in front of the other girls. Don't thank me. I know that some of the other girls have bigger ones but I think you'll find that yours are perfectly shaped and just right for your body."

"You what? Mom! You can't just do things like that," Brit said, pulling at her top to confirm what Mary just said. Sure enough, there they were, two perfectly shaped conical mounds with pointed tips on her chest. Tears began to roll down her cheeks. It had been hard enough on her becoming a girl but this was too much. She'd held on to the dream that when her time was up, she'd be able to resume her life and maybe even get back in shape to play ball again one day or at the very least be a man again, but this... This changed her maybe forever into a girl.

"What about my Mom and Dad? What are they going to say when they see me like this?" she asked through the tears.

“You aren’t going to tell them anything. When the time comes that they finally see your new assets, you’ll tell them that you begged and begged me to have them done because you felt so embarrassed having to dress in front of the other girls, being so flat-chested. If you tell them anything thing else, I’ll make your life so miserable that you’ll wish you were never born. It wouldn’t take much, I could easily take you back to my friend and have your little penis removed too. Do I make myself clear, Britney?”

A confused and frightened Britney said, “Yes Ma’am.”

“OK then. Don’t you fret none, honey. When you get used to them, you’re going to love them. You are going to fit into your new clothes better now and be able to wear things that are a little more revealing . There will come a day soon when you’ll see that they can be a source of real pleasure when a boy that knows what he’s doing gets ahold of them,” Mary said with a little sly grin.

Britney was allowed to lay down and rest the rest of the day. In the morning Mary got her up and helped her dress for church. She was a little more sore today than yesterday. The tight restricting corset with built-in bra did help though. Mary, feeling just a little guilt over what she’d done, helped her with her hair and makeup, then helped her into a new silk/rayon dress that was clingy and showed her new assets off very clearly. She rolled up Britney’s cling-top stocking and helped her into her white strappy sandals with the 3” heels.

As they walked into the church she saw several classmates scattered around. She still felt so strange as the clothes, the corset, the high heels and now her very own breasts changed how she walked and

moved. She sat with her leg crossed over the other and her pretty red fingernails resting in her lap.

When they stood to sing, she was nudged by Mary to join in and she heard her new high-pitched voice. After the two songs were sung and the preacher asked everyone to turn and greet the persons around them, the lady in front of her took her hand and said, “Honey, you have the voice of an angel. You sing so beautifully.”

Britney blushed and said, “Thank you.”

Mary added, “Her voice has just recently blossomed but we think she’s something special too. This young lady just seems to keep on amazing us with her talents. Why, it seems only yesterday that she was out running around and playing games with the boys. Now we have to keep the boys at bay,” she said and chuckled.

They decided to go out for dinner and went to the country club where Dale was a member. It was an upscale private club and the food there was always top shelf.

As they walked in, Britney could hear the tapping of her and Mom’s heels on the tiled floor. Anne kidded her by whispering to her not to wiggle her hips so much. The guys were checking her out and one said, “Look at that little beauty. She’s got one of those heart-shaped fine looking butts.” Britney heard him and that of course made her instantly self-conscious.

Right off the bat, this very good looking young man approached the table and said, “Good evening, it’s nice to see you folks. My name is Cory. I’ll be your waiter this evening and I’m happy to serve you.”

He suddenly recognized Britney. “Hey Bric...Britney,” he said, quickly correcting himself in

mid-sentence. "You look amazing. I know that things must have been really hard on you but if you ever need a friend, I'd like to be one for you. Maybe we could go out some time."

Britney blushed deeply. "Hey, Cory," She didn't know what else to say so she just said, "Thanks."

He took their orders and was off. "Well, he seems like a nice polite young man. It's nice to see young men with manners these days. You seemed to kind of ignore his offer though, Britney."

The flustered girl leaned over and whispered in Mary's ear. "Mom, he's gay."

"Honey, that's a little like calling the kettle black. You used to be a guy yourself. Now look at you, all sexy and making the boys look twice. I don't think you should judge anyone so quickly. He seemed like a very nice and polite young man and you don't exactly have a lot of friends currently. Now I didn't say that you had to date him but, you might be nice to him anyway," Mary said.

The next day in school Britney felt and looked different, even carried herself differently. The blouse she was wearing buttoned rather low and left a deep vee below her neck showing some of her very new and very real cleavage. Mom told her that the smaller sized bra was not to show off her new assets but rather to hold and protect them during the healing period. However, they did in fact show them off.

She couldn't put a finger on why she was feeling different from her usual self. She wasn't fully aware that the hormones pills and the strong shots she'd taken were flooding her system, changing things in both her body and her mind. In class she found herself looking at some of the girls and comparing her-

self to them, then looking at some of the boys and thinking things that she'd never dreamed she could ever think before. It almost made her sick but moments later, she was doing the same thing again.

A few of the kids, both male and female, began to speak to her more, some out of curiosity, some feeling attracted to her. Cory Sutton was one of those male students.

“Hey Britney, wait up. Um, hi, I have to tell you that you really look good today. I can't believe how well you've handled all of this. It has to be especially hard knowing that you were...well, you were kind of king of the school just a month ago. Now you've managed to transform into the beautiful woman you are today. Well, it almost defies explanation.

Look, I know that I'm probably the last person you'd ever imagine becoming friends with but I hope you'll give me a chance to become a friend. From what I've seen and heard, you don't have that many. Even if I'm just someone to talk to some times, that would be fine,” Cory said.

“Yeah, well, it might look to you like I've got things under control but I don't even know what I'm doing half the time. I can't focus and I have so many strange feeling running through my body and brain. No offense but right now, it's all I can handle just to get through the day.

Thanks for your concern, though. It's nice to know someone doesn't think that I'm a total freak. People have to know that this...” (she pointed at her body) “wasn't my doing. I didn't ask for this. Thanks for speaking up. I have to go, I can't be late for practice,” Brit said.

Coach Lyn didn't let up or give her any slack because of her recent surgical procedure. She'd talked to Mary during the day and Mary said she'd be OK to work out.

As they changed, Ally's eyes all but fell out of her head when she saw Britney's new assets. "O.M.G. Britney, what in the hell have you done? Have you lost your mind, girl? I can't believe that you did that. Did it hurt a lot?"

"I didn't do anything. They must have." Then she remembered that Mary warned her not to say a word about how, when, or where her breast augmentation had happened. If asked, she was to say that it was her own decision so she didn't look so different from all the other girls. Mary told her to say that she begged to have a pair of boobs of her own. "I mean I was tired of being so flat-chested and having everyone looking at me weird."

Practice was tough and Coach worked them hard. By the game Thursday night, Britney had lost another 8 lb. and also more muscle mass in her arms and shoulders. Her stomach was getting flatter and she'd actually shrunk an inch or two since this all started some weeks ago. The only thing on her body that didn't get smaller was her boobs. They were now getting to be a nuisance. In addition to the implants, the hormones were now beginning to produce fatty tissue in her breast area.

Now as the two new girls worked very hard on their jumps and leg kicks, their bodies were beginning to respond and they were actually looking more like cheerleaders each day. Britney still struggled with the splits but was getting better and better. Both she

and Ally had big black and blue spots all over their bodies from learning the flips and building the pyramids. Coach told them to cover them with makeup and pantyhose on their legs.

They performed much better as a squad that night and actually began to feel a little pride in what they'd managed to accomplish in a relatively short time. Coach even gave them their first compliments.

Friday was the same. They wore their uniforms to school and had to sit together in the stands and cheer along with the Varsity. Brit thought things were getting a little easier. All of a sudden at half time of the game she almost had a stroke when over the loud PA system, a booming voice barked out.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I was just handed the results for the voting for this year’s Homecoming Queen. This year’s Queen is...Britney Benson-Robbins. She will be escorted by this year’s King, the Captain of the Football team, Bobby McLean.”

Britney couldn’t believe her ears. This had to be a joke. It was ridiculous that she was going to be the Homecoming Queen but then on top of that having to date Bobby, the guy who replaced her and was setting school records, records that Brice Benson should have been setting.

Suddenly a spot light from the press box found its way to where she was sitting, frozen to the spot with fear.

“There she is, folks. Congratulations, Britney. Stand up and wave to all your classmates and friends that elected you Homecoming Queen 2016 here at Clarkston High School.”

She couldn’t move and for a moment thought she might even stop breathing. “Come on, folks. Let’s give

her a big Viking welcome and get her on her feet,” the announcer said.

Two of the other cheerleaders sitting next to her each grabbed an arm and pulled her to her feet. The crowd began clapping and cheering for her. The former boy was totally red in the face and her legs were shaking very hard.

She'd heard rumors in school that some people were putting her up for Homecoming Queen but she thought it was just kids being kids, doing it as a joke and making fun of her. She never dreamed this could happen. She couldn't and wouldn't accept this. She wasn't even a real girl, for God's sake. She'd straighten this out with the school's office.

Both sets of parents were there at the game and heard the announcement. Mary got to her just ahead of her real Mom and told her she was to accept the nomination. She'd better play along like she wanted this. “As you know, Daddy Dale owns the plant where your Daddy Ken works. If you don't do as I'm telling you now, I'll tell Dale to fire your Daddy. In this economy he won't find work anywhere. Your Mom, sister, and brother will be out of their home and on the streets without a place to sleep in a month.”

Connie got to her daughter Britney and said, “Oh honey, that was cruel. Are you ok?”

“Yeah sure, Mom. It was a surprise I wasn't expecting but I guess it's an honor too. Becky would have been Queen for sure this year, so I guess it's something that I must do for her,” Britney said, trying hard not to burst out crying. Her emotions had become very hard to control lately. The former football star's mascara was in danger of running.

“Hello Connie, isn’t that a surprise? I guess we’ll have to get together very soon and find our girl here a dress befitting the Queen. With time so short, maybe we should do it tomorrow? Are you free to meet for lunch and do some shopping?” Mary asked

“Yes I can be. You’re right, we’d better get on it right away. I’m still in shock. I never dreamed this could happen. The poor dear, all she wants to do is stay in the background and out of the spot light. She just can’t seem to avoid being dragged to center stage.”

The next morning right after breakfast. Connie came into Britney’s room where she’d been cleaning, changing out the bed clothes and bringing her laundry down to wash before they were to set out on the search for her homecoming Queen dress. As Brit looked up, she saw the syringe in Mary’s hand.

“Please Mom, not another one so soon. So much is happening so fast, I feel like I’m about to jump out of my skin.”

“This is your last one for a while. You’ll be returning to live with the Bensons for the next two weeks and this should hold you until you come back here again. We wouldn’t want those nasty old male hormones to resurface now, would we, after we’ve made such good progress. You know, honey, not even I expected such wonderful results this fast. I’m so pleased that I’ve been able to help you to obtain such a beautiful body as quickly as we have. I’m very proud of you and the job you’ve done.”

Britney had decidedly mixed feelings about all that. Yes, she had a body to die for, but it was a *girl’s* body. Yes, she was one of the prettiest girls around but underneath the fancy clothes, she was still a boy. Wasn’t she?



Around noon, they arrived to pick up Connie. Britney walked over, gave her Mother a hug and really squeezed her. "I've missed you, Mother, and I'm glad to see you."

Connie looked at her daughter with a little shock. Britney was wearing a black miniskirt with a white silk blouse and a pretty floral silk scarf tied around her neck loosely as was the current style. She had on dark hold-up stockings and black pumps with 3" heels and was walking as if she'd been born in them. Right off Connie sensed there was something different about her. She seemed as if she was comfortable with herself and her femininity. Her makeup was expertly applied and her red nails matched her full red lips. Her hair seemed longer and was full of long soft curls. She wore a couple of rings on each hand and was wearing large chandelier earrings, a feminine watch on one wrist and gold ring bracelets on the other. She was carrying a little black clutch purse in the crook of her arm with her new personal ID in it, along with some touch-up makeup.

"Well Mother, I guess we should get going before the stores get crowded. I'm glad you'll be along to help pick out my dress. This should be a fun afternoon," the poised young woman said.

"Where is my child and what have you done with her? Are you the same gal that I all but had to drag through the mall only four weeks ago? What happened to the 'that's enough, Mom. I don't need any more clothes' girl?" Connie said, very much surprised.

"I'm trying to learn to embrace my situation, that's all. I've changed my mind. A girl can never have enough clothes to wear," Britney said, giving her Mom the glamor girl stance, hand on hip with her head turned to the side.

“Mary what’s happened to her? Have we created a monster?” Connie said chuckling.

“I don’t know what’s come over her lately but, she has really gotten into her role as Britney over the past week. She has really become the girl that she says that she wanted to be.”

At the first store, they almost caused a real commotion. Britney picked out a topless gown and was in trying it on when she asked the Mom’s to help with the zip. As Connie came in and saw for the first time her former son-now daughter’s real breasts, she almost screamed out loud. “What the hell have you done, Britney Benson?”

“Mom ! Calm down. Do you want us to get thrown out. We don’t need the cops in here or we might get arrested.” Britney said. Then as was practiced and she’d been ordered to say, she added, “It’s basically the hormone shots. They just seemed to take forever to give me a bust. It was really uncomfortable in the locker room with the other high school girls, me being the only flat-chested one. I begged Mother Robbins to get me some help. So I got these tiny little implants put in a week ago. The hormones began kicking in right after that and now I’m just like the other girls...bust size-wise anyway.”

“Mary, you should have contacted me before allowing this. I’m her biological mother and that should have been my choice. She isn’t 18 yet and she shouldn’t be making these major decisions about her body,” Connie said

“You’re right, Connie. Even though the court has given me dual guardianship, I shouldn’t have let her excitement get to me and allow this to happen without consulting you. This won’t happen again. I’m sorry, dear,” Mary said, not meaning a word of it.

It took Connie a bit to calm down. She couldn't believe in her heart that her son would really want those on his chest. They weren't temporary. Did Brice want to become a female for life? she wondered. God knows he certainly looked the part.

They shopped in several stores and tried on countless gowns before settling on a beautiful green topless gown with a full skirt. Of course Britney then needed new matching lingerie and shoes, jewelry and accessories. With each gown she was made to try on, she did her best to argue her case that she didn't want to be here and she didn't want to be the homecoming Queen. She kept telling them that this had to be a joke. The obvious joy on her face belied her words, though.

"Britney honey, just get in the spirit and go with it all. Try and have fun. Do you have even the slightest notion how many girls across this country dream of becoming the homecoming Queen. Here you are wanting to throw it away before you even get to try on your crown. So no more complaining and remember what I told you about my husband earlier. No telling what he might do if he thought you didn't want to do this in Becky's honor." Mary said.

"What was that about, Mary?" Connie asked, wondering if they might be threatening her child.

"Oh, it's nothing, Mom. We were all just kidding around and Mr., I mean Daddy Robbins said he'd embarrass me and come to the dance and make me do the Chicken Dance. It was a joke."

Connie accepted Britney's explanation. Mary looked at Britney and winked knowing that she got the warning. Britney stopped complaining and was beginning to see that this was really going to happen. She was going to be the damn Queen...like it or not.

The weekend flew by and before Britney knew it she was back in school on Monday morning. As she walked down the hall to her locker, she felt everyone's eyes on her. She'd just reached the point where people were calming down about her and Ally and now this had everyone stirred up again. Just before she reached her locker, she felt someone take her arm.

"Hey babe, how's my girl? Are you looking as forward to the homecoming as I am? Honey, I'd like to pick you up at home but the coach ordered us football players to come to the school and ride on the float for the parade. I'll be thinking about you though and we'll have all night together," Bobby McLean, Britney's replacement at Quarterback, said to her.

"Come on, Bobby, knock it off. I don't know who was behind all of this but it's not funny. Plus you know that the school has put out orders not to tease or humiliate Ally or myself," she said.

"But sugar, I'm not teasing a bit. All I said was I was looking forward to spending time with you. I can show you all my football moves, the ones that I'm breaking all the school records with. I've already broken 4 of your old passing records and 2 rushing for TD's.

"Tell me that you don't miss it, although I can see by your changing body that you couldn't do much anymore. You honestly look hotter than almost all the girls in school and you just keep getting hotter. There's no use fighting it, we were destined to rule together, our subjects have decreed it. We'll rule the parade as we ride down the streets of the town together, waving to everyone who ever knew you as a jock. Don't worry though, honey. I'll be right by your side to protect you from all the guys in school who would really love to get you alone in a dark place for

about a half an hour. You are going to be a star and you'll be riding with a star. It will be just like old times when you were the star of the football team only now you'll be the most beautiful boy/girl in town, and I'm the lucky guy who gets to show you off," Bobby said, sarcastically.

"Please stop, Bobby. Do you have *any* idea how terribly hard this all is on me? I'm an emotional mess mentally and physically. I never asked for any of this. My life has been literally taken from me, and now look what they've done to me," she said with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, it's pretty plain to me and I have to say that I'm really liking what I see. Come on, Brit, give me a little kiss and see if that doesn't make you feel a lot better. It'll kind of give you an idea what Friday night's going to be like for us," Bobby said, grinning, "Come on, babe. I'll walk you to class before you get too excited thinking about me."

The fact is, all kidding aside, as she sat in class that day, all of those hormones racing through her body were clouding her thinking and reasoning. She actually found herself wondering what it would be like to kiss Bobby. She suddenly started thinking about his very muscular body and imagining him naked. "Damn, Britney, what the hell are you thinking? Get your mind out of the gutter. What's come over me?" she wondered. Bobby was her former teammate, for God's sake.

Throughout the week Bobby continued to walk her to class. Britney kept waiting for him to pull something and humiliate her in front of everyone. She felt that he was just setting her up for the big joke. It

never came, though. He didn't do anything other than compliment her on her looks and outfits and maybe tease her a little about the kissing and hugging and dancing they were going to do.

As the week passed, each day Britney came to school in a different outfit. It was usually some combination of a cute top and skirt or a sweater, a jumper, even a dress on Wednesday. She'd just about completely forgotten what it was like to wear jeans on slacks. Funny how humans can adapt to change so easily.

Cheer practices continued to be hard and long but the results were really coming along. The squad as a whole even got a few laughs and compliments from the coach who was pleased with the results of their efforts. Ally and Britney both were changing too. Especially Britney, her body was definitely changing before her own eyes. Her legs were toned and shapely, her thighs bigger than ever, her hips were taking on a life of their own and her butt was becoming heart-shaped and firm. Her waist was down 2 to 3 sizes and some of her tops were looking loose on her in the waist and tight across the bosom.

Even though Bobby McLean was having fun with all of this homecoming business and had been teasing and joking about her the whole week, deep down he was beginning to like her and see her as the girl that she appeared to be. He was starting forgetting the fact that a little over a month ago he was second string Q-back to Brice Benson . Now he was getting strange feelings every time he looked at the teen beauty Britney Benson.

For Thursday's JV game, the coach told all the girls to wear their hair in two pony tails off the back of their head, one on each side, and put ribbons in with bows and streamers in the school colors.

So Wednesday night Britney had to ask her Mom for help in the morning as the cheerleaders were required to wear their uniforms to school the day of a game. "We'll need to get up a little earlier in the morning then to give us time," Connie replied.

That evening Britney was doing her nightly routine as she cleaned her makeup off and moisturized before bed. She walked out of the bathroom with the towel wrapped tight around her under her arms. She dropped her hair brush and bent down to pick it up just as Kevin, her brother, was trying to get to the bathroom.

As she stood up, the towel slipped and fell to the ground, leaving her standing there, naked and afraid. She quickly tried to cover herself but Kevin couldn't help but get a good look at his former brother, the guy he'd always looked up to.

"Oh my God! You really *have* turned into my sister. Holy shit, those are real, aren't they?" he said, staring at her more than ample boobs. "Can I touch one?" Kevin said, reaching out.

"NO, you pervert," she screamed and ran off as fast as she could into her room and slammed the door.

Mom came up and said, "What's going on up here?"

"My towel slipped and fell coming out of the bathroom and Kevin tried to touch my boobs to see if they were real," Britney said

"Mom, it's too weird. She used to be my brother and now she has real boobs? Shoot, we use to fight and wrestle all the time and now she's...she's a real girl?" Kevin said. "I was just blown away and very curious how this could happen."

“Kevin Benson, you surely wouldn’t do that to any other girl or Katy, for goodness sakes. How would you like it if someone did that to you?” Mom said.

“No, Mom, I wouldn’t but I never heard of a boy growing real boobs before either,” he said in his own defense.

“All right, it’s over and now you’ve seen her. Keep your hands to yourself and leave your sister alone. She’s had a hard enough time with everyone else, she deserves a safe place here at home from the prying eyes and remarks,” Mom said, then added, “And be a little more careful about your towel in the future, Britney. Maybe you should take a robe in with you from now on.”

Kevin had a difficult time falling asleep that night, what with vivid images of his former Big Brother, now sporting the prettiest set of boobs he had ever seen, occupying his mind. The thoughts were disturbing but also strangely arousing.

Thursday morning Mom had Britney sit on the stool in her bedroom after she was dressed and did her makeup. She brushed out her long thick hair and divided it down the middle. She gathered it into two groups and pulled it back high and tight and put hair bands around it to hold it tight. Mom then tied the blue and gold ribbons around the base and formed a bow with streamers. She then took a curling iron and rolled the long length of the hair up in it and held it for several minutes before unrolling it and letting the hair fall on each side in a long bouncy curls. Kevin walked by, looked, and just shook his head. He was trying to be nonchalant but it was difficult to feign not having interest in his beautiful (former?) brother.

“That’s enough, young man. You keep it up and I might just do the same to you and see how you like it. We might just have three sisters here,” Mom warned.

When Britney and Ally met up in school before classes started, Britney noticed for the first time that she was actually looking up at Ally. She had always been taller by 2 or 3 inches. She wasn’t just seeing things; she was now at least a couple of inches shorter. “What’s happening to me?” she thought.

Their team won the game that night and the squad was perfect. Britney actually did her first cartwheel into a double back flip without falling. The coach treated them all to ice cream afterwards she was so pleased.

Mom picked Britney up from school Friday at noon as she had a salon appointment for her hair and a makeover as well as a mani-pedi. Britney wasn’t used to all of this pampering but couldn’t deny how nice it all felt to lay back and have those fingers and hands all over her body relaxing her into a state of bliss. She thought, “I could get used to this. I guess there are some good points to being a girl.”

It had been two hours since Mom dropped her off. Bev was finally pulling the cap off and turning her chair around so she could see herself. At first Britney thought she was looking at someone else. Over the past many weeks she’d gotten used to seeing herself in the mirror but, this...this was a completely new her. Her brows were thinner and arched, her eyes smoky and mysterious with dark eyeliner. Her lips were thick and creamy red to match her finger- and toe nails. Her face looked so much narrower and softer than she’d ever seen it, and her skin smooth and soft.

Even Mom was surprised and couldn't believe what she was seeing before her. Once home, it was time for a light dinner before dressing for the parade. Britney couldn't eat but Mom forced her to take a few bites to get something in her stomach.

They went into Mom's room after she showered and Mom helped her dress. She slipped on the green thong panties, then Mom helped her slip on the matching lacy underwire strapless corset. She had her lift her arms and touch the top of the doorjamb. Both laughed when she couldn't come close and they had to get a stool for her to stand on. Mom thought, "How can this lovely creature that I gave birth to as a son stand before me now in this beautifully unrecognizable body? She's lost at least 5 inches in height, her hands and feet have shrunk, her waist is smaller than mine and her hips are wide and rounded. And those breasts! Oh dear God, what have we done to my baby?"

"Mom...Mom. You can let up anytime now, you are crushing me to death." Britney choked out in her now high pitched voice that was a result of using that spray that had shrunk her vocal cords.

"Oh my! Sorry honey, I got carried away thinking about how much you've changed in such a short time. I'm starting to wonder now if we shouldn't have challenged the judge's ruling. The changes that I'm seeing may not be able to be turned back, I'm afraid," Connie said.

"Yes Mom, nobody is more aware of that fact than me but I've cried about it all I can for now. I'm just worried about getting through tonight. I'm so nervous that my knees are shaking."

“It will be just fine, dear. You look so beautiful. Wait until Daddy see you, he’s going to just flip,” Mom said.

“Oh thanks, Mother, as if I don’t have enough to worry about already.”

Britney rolled up her nylon hold-up stockings, then slipped her small feet into the green pumps with the narrow 3” heels. Finally Mom held the dress as Britney stepped into the center. They pulled it up into place and Mom pulled the zip all the way up the back from the waist to the middle of her back, just high enough to cover the back of her corset top. They pulled and stretched the front to settle around her bosom. Britney was hoping she could pull it higher. There just wasn’t any more to pull and the effect was a very visible cleavage and a view of the swell of her new breasts.

The beautiful green gown flowed from her tiny waist to the tops of her heels. Mom added a double row of white pearls around her neck and pearl chandelier earrings hung from her lobes. Then a pearl bracelet went on her right wrist and a gold watch on her left. Mom added a couple of rings on each hand, then spritzed her with Passion Flower perfume and pronounced her ready.

Just then there was a knock at the door. This was a surprise as she wasn’t expecting anyone.

There at the door with a wrist corsage was Bobby McLean. “Good evening, Mrs. Benson. I’m Bobby McLean and I’m here to escort Britney to the parade.”

“Yes, so I see. I want to make myself perfectly clear, young man. Britney is still afraid that you and your pals are planning to do something to humiliate her. If that happens then I’ll be coming after YOU. She’s

been through enough and I've a mind to call this whole thing off," Mary said, shaking a finger at him.

"Ma'am, I don't have anything funny planned, no jokes and no trouble. The more I've gotten to know her, the more I care about her. I'll take responsibility for her tonight and see that no harm or embarrassment comes to her," the boy said sincerely. The fact of the matter was that in the beginning he was in on the plan to make her Queen as a joke but something happened in his brain and heart along the way. He genuinely began to see a frail soul inside that amazing body and have feelings for her. The fact that just a few short weeks ago she had been his macho teammate made her even sexier in a strange way.

As she stepped into the room, his heart jumped into his throat.

"WOW! Britney, you look amazingly beautiful," Bobby said.

She blushed and meekly said, "Thanks."

"Oh, here this is for you," he said, handing her the corsage. He opened it, slid it onto her wrist, and noticed her now smaller hand with the bright red oval fingernails.

"I have my Dad's Lincoln Convertible for us to ride in for the parade and for you to ride in at half time. He even gave us, James, his driver for the night."

The night the boy-turned beautiful girl had dreaded then began. Mom kissed her, warned Bobby again that he'd better take care of her and they were off. Bobby opened the back door for her and slid in next to her. "Oh man, do you ever smell good, Britney," he said.

Again a simple “Thanks” was the only sound from her pretty red lips.

“Um, I know that I kidded you this week in school but I promise no tricks. You need to loosen up and enjoy this chance of a lifetime to be Queen for the night, I’m not going to let anything happen to you. I’ve told the guys that if they mess with you, they can find themselves another Quarterback and good luck winning the last two games to make us undefeated and have a chance to advance in the playoffs. I told them that I’d tell Coach why I quit and they could answer to him. Besides, the more I’ve come to know you, the harder it’s been for me to believe that you’ve ever been anything but, a lady...a very foxy one at that,” he told her

“That’s nice of you to say but there is still a very real piece of me that is still your teammate. All I can say is that this life has been forced upon me. All I can do is do the best I can with what and who I am now. If I’m forced to be a girl, I guess it’s better to be a pretty one,” she said.

“That’s what I mean, Britney. I think that you are amazing. If that had been me, I don’t know what I’d have done. I’d like to believe that I would have had the balls to tell them put me in jail. The truth is, we couldn’t make it in prison for long. They’d eat us alive and spit out the pieces and we’d never have a life at all.

“I admire your strength. I mean, damn, girl. The way that you’ve trained your body to learn to do Cheerleading with jumps and flips and flying through the air is just short of a miracle. I honestly thought you’d make a fool of yourself. Instead everyone is talking about what a great athlete you are to overcome so much in such a short time. I don’t mean any disrespect but just look at your body! I’ll bet you

are in better shape right now than you ever were as a football player,” Bobby said. He certainly liked the shape she was in now better than when she was Brice, that much was sure.

“Well, that wasn’t an option either. The judge said we’d either be the best on the squad by the end of the year or the deal was off and she’d sign the papers to put us in prison for the death of Becky. Now that’s pretty good motivation,” Britney said and suddenly realized that this was the most she’d talked to anyone since this whole thing started. It felt good to be able to talk to someone other than family. Bobby didn’t really seem like a threat to her right now and he did seem sincere. Plus her amped-up hormones were telling her that this handsome musclebound young man beside her was looking pretty good himself. Against her will, she found herself hoping she was pretty enough for him to be attracted to her.

As they neared the parade lineup, Bobby helped Britney sit up on the back of the car. Being a gentleman, he’d brought a nice green pillow to match her dress so she’d be more comfortable sitting up on the trunk. He took his place next to her and in only minutes they were underway.

As they turned the first corner, Britney leaned a bit too far and almost fell over. She might have if Bobby wasn’t quick on the draw and grabbed her arm. When she was balanced again, he looped her arm in his and held her hand. They finished the parade in that manner. She blushed and was embarrassed at first but Bobby kept telling her to “just relax and wave to your subjects. They love you.”

Very slowly she tried it and before long she was waving at everyone. To her amazement, they seemed to be waving back and cheering her on.

As soon as the parade was over, Bobby instructed the driver to get him over to the school as soon as possible. They both sat back down in the seat and were whisked away to the school. When they pulled up, Bobby surprised Britney as he leaned over and kissed her on the lips softly. "There is something for you to think about until we meet again. Try not to miss me too much. I'll see you at halftime," he said.

The driver then put the top up as it was getting chilly. He then drove her back to join the other cars and girls in the homecoming court. Her mind was now buzzing from that lingering kiss from Bobby.

"What did that mean? And what the hell was he thinking? Bobby isn't gay and I know that I'm not gay. He must have just been kidding around. I mean, I know I look pretty and I have these...tits...now but I'm still a boy. Aren't I? Bobby was my teammate, damn it. We used to scope out the cheerleaders together."

However the more time passed the more, the more she couldn't get her mind off Bobby and that kiss. "What the hell is wrong with me? I just let a boy kiss me on the lips...and I think that I really liked it. Who are you kidding, Brit? You loved it. Don't try and deny it?" she said to herself.

It seemed that the game was taking forever to get to the halftime. The home team was up by three TDs and Bobby was on his game. He was lighting up the sky with pass after pass right on the money.

Finally the press box began to call out the names of the girls in the court and their escorts. "Let's hear it, folks, for your 2016 Homecoming Queen, Britney Benson-Robbins and her King, your own Bobby McLean."

Everyone stood as the car pulled up to the 50 yard line. Bobby was there to take her hand and help her down. He then handed her a big bouquet of red roses, offered his arm and she took it as they walked together to the center of the field. Once there, the PA boomed once again announcing that last year's Queen, Sara Ann Wild would now crown the new Queen for 2016. The crowd reacted positively.

The game ended 49-14 in favor of the Clarkston Panthers. Bobby ran over to where Britney was sitting in the stands and told her that he would hurry and be at the dance as soon as he showered.

Britney went into the dance with a couple of other girls on the court and their escorts. A couple of guys tried to get her to dance but she declined their offers. Finally the players begin to enter to the applause of everyone. Bobby found her and said, "What, no hug for your hero? I threw 4 Tds, all for you."

Britney remembered Mommy Mary telling her that she was going to be chaperoning the dance and that she expected Britney to be nice to Bobby and not be an old stick in the mud. Her Daddy Dale's job could be on the line. She smiled and said, "You were great out there tonight," reached up on her toes, and gave him a hug and a kiss.

"Now that's what I'm talking about. It was easy because you, my little sweet thing, really inspired me. I don't know what the heck it is about you but I can't get you out of my mind," Bobby told her.

Just then they were announced over the PA, introduced as King and Queen and told to please take the floor for their dance. A slow song came on. Bobby took her hand and led her to the center of the Gym floor and they began to dance. Bobby took her right hand in his left and put his right hand behind her

back and pulled her close. She didn't know where to put her left hand so she finally put it over his right shoulder. It was a bit awkward at first as she'd never before danced as a girl, certainly never in heels but Bobby's strong grip held her close to his body and she began to flow along with his body language.

Before the song ended she had both arms around Bobby's neck and they moved as one body. Her head was on his shoulder and she was getting goosebumps as he kissed on her ear and let his hot breath began to excite her.

For just a moment she vaguely remembered doing the same thing to Becky that Bobby was doing to her right now. It gave her a little chill and she thought about how far she'd come in only a month and a half or so. She was behaving just like a teenage girl with her first crush and she couldn't help herself. It was a dream date for sure. Bobby told all other pursuers to go find their own date. He wouldn't let anyone near her all night long.

"I have a confession to make. In the beginning this was a bunch of guys who thought it would be funny to nominate you for Queen to ridicule you. Once I really spent time with you, I told them all that it was off. You didn't deserve more embarrassment from them or anyone else. Like I said before, I don't know what it is about you that drives me nuts but, I'm the lucky one here and I hope we'll be friends for a long time to come.

"I don't consider myself gay in any way and I don't consider you as anything but a beautiful young lady and I want to know you even better. It's cool because we already like a lot of the same things. You used to love football and know all about the game. You love sports in general, although you seem to have obtained some ladylike interests too."

“Thank you Bobby for looking out for me. I wasn’t sure that I could make it through tonight but you made it not only possible but very enjoyable. I had a good time thanks to you,” she said and kissed him without even thinking about it.

“Wow! You are totally welcome. If there’s any more of that, I’ll clear the place out for you and send them all home,” Bobby said laughing and took her hand in his.

They danced several more dances, then they left. Many of the other kids were going to an afterparty at someone’s house. “Would you like to go or would you rather do something alone. Plan C which I do not recommend, is would you like to go home?” Bobby asked.

“I think I’d like to go home. I’m exhausted,” Britney said.

“OK. Home, James,” Bobby said. She cuddled up next to him and let herself totally relax for the first time that day. She was surprised when the big Lincoln stopped in front of a strange house.

“Bobby, where are we?” she said.

“This is where I live. I’d like you to come in and spend a little more time together. It’s still really early,” he said.

Against her better judgment, she took his hand and he helped her out. She was truly impressed with this place he called home. She could fit their home inside this place 5 times or more. As he led her around, she finally asked, “Where are your parents?”

“They left right after the game to go away for the weekend with some friends. I guess I’m a bachelor for the whole weekend. Hey, why don’t we change and

get in the hot tub? It's really cool this time of year when it's getting cold outside and you sit in that nice hot water with the jets on, relaxing your tired muscles. I love getting in after every game, as it heals all the pain from the hits you take," he said

"I don't know, Bobby. I didn't know you were bringing me here and I don't have a suit or a change of clothes," she said, hoping to end this.

"It's OK. You are about the same size as my sister in college and she has tons of suits in her room. You could have your choice. Come on," he said and grabbed her hand and pulled her up the huge stairway into a room big enough to house two families. "This is Julie's room. She's away until Thanksgiving at least."

"But my Mom doesn't know where I am. She'll be worried," Britney said.

"Let me call her and ask," Bobby said, surprising her.

During the game Mary talked to Connie and told her that Bobby was going to take Britney out and they might be late coming home but that she shouldn't worry and try and stop them. "A girl needs a little space to grow as a woman. I'll tell you what I told Britney earlier. Your husband works at my husband's company. If you disappoint me and I ask Dale to lay off your husband, it would cause a hardship for sure as there just aren't any jobs right now. It would only be a matter of weeks before you might be out of your home too. Don't get me wrong, I love Britney as if she were my own. I'm not threatening you at this time but, I do so like getting my way. After all, she's the reason my Becky is gone, but don't worry Bobby is a good boy, His father is my husband's brother and

he works in our plant too, so we're all kind of related," Mary said with a leer.

Bobby dialed the phone. When Connie answered, he told her that they were at his house. "We aren't drinking or doing drugs so don't worry, we're fine. We are probably just going to go swimming indoors here in the house, then watch a movie. I'll have her home a little late but I have the family driver so we'll be fine. Is that OK with you?" he asked.

"Sure, I guess that would be OK. You kids have fun but be safe and don't you do anything to hurt her," Connie said.

"Alright Mrs. Benson, you have a deal. Thank you and don't wait up. We'll be fine," the boy said.

Britney couldn't believe her ears. She was sure that Mom would not agree to such an arrangement. She thought she'd order him to bring her home and soon.

"Come on, baby, let have some fun," Bobby said and pulled her into Sara's room. "Here, let me help you get started," he said, turning her around and pulling down the long zip in back. "OK. I'm going to turn my back and you call me if you need any more help," he said.

She'd kicked off her heels, stepped out of the dress and stood in the corset and panties knowing she couldn't get it loose on her own. She hated this part of being a girl, feeling helpless. "Bobby, I can't get this death trap around me loose on my own," she said.

"No problem, babe, glad to help," he said and turned and just stared at her standing in a figure-hugging corset, panties and hold-up stockings. "Wow, what a sight," he said and she blushed even deeper than she was already. Bobby began loosening

the laces up her back and she sighed as she could finally take a full breath.

“OK,” he said. “This drawer over here is full of swimsuits. You can take your pick or it could be swimsuit optional, if you’d prefer?” he smiled and turned to leave.

Once he was gone, she finished undressing and went to the dresser to find a swimsuit. She learned that Sara must be a sexy woman as almost every suit was very skimpy. She tried to find a one-piece but even they were small and very revealing. She finally squeezed into a little black number that was cut away on the sides and the straps looped up over your neck. It was all the suit could do to hold her boobs in. She found a beach cover up and put it on over the suit when she heard Bobby knocking on the door.

“You ready?” he asked

“Yes,” she said but wasn’t sure she wanted to be seen in this suit. Still it was one of the more modest ones she found by comparison.

“Then come on out and let’s get wet.”

Bobby helped her remove the coverup and step down into the hot tub. The water seemed really warm at first. She slowly sat down onto the little bench seat and tried to hide herself in the bubbling water. After a bit, Bobby moved closer and put his arm around her. His arm felt good around her and his hand even better as he began to massage her shoulder and arm. Soon he turned her face towards him and kissed her soft and gently at first. Then she felt his tongue began to trace her lips and work its way into her mouth. She opened just enough to allow him entrance and their tongues began to duel.

The kiss went on and on and she was lost in the moment before realizing that his hand was now cupping her right breast. She made an attempt to move it but he held firm. He began again to manipulate her breast with his fingers and it was feeling very good.

Suddenly Bobby sat up on the edge of the tub and pulled his trunks down. "Bobby, what the hell are you doing?" she said.

"Look, I've been a perfect gentleman all night and now I want my reward. I'd like you to give me a blowjob," he said

"You're kidding, right? You do know that under this makeup and swimsuit I'm still the same as you and I'm not gay either," she said.

"No, you're not the same as me. You might have been in the past but to me you are all woman, so that makes neither one of us Gay."

"This isn't going to happen, Bobby and I wouldn't even know how to start if I had to," She said.

"Come on now. are you going to sit there and tell me that the great Brice Benson back in the day when he was an all American candidate as a Quarterback didn't get blow jobs many times by many different girls. I can't believe that. I'm sure you had your share. So try and remember what felt good when you still had access to your cock and do the same to mine right now or I call my aunt Mary and she has your dad canned," he said. "Come on, it's not so bad. It's just like sucking your thumb."

He pulled her closer and she felt his strength. She knew she couldn't overcome him and run, so as she felt him rub his massive hard-on over her lips, she opened her mouth and he pushed it in, causing her to gag for a moment.

“Take it easy, honey. There’s no hurry, we have all night. I’ll have you sucking my dick like a pro in no time at all. Now use your tongue and lick it all around,” he said. “Hey I know. What you need is some examples.”

Bobby picked up a remote and switched on the big TV on the wall. There on the screen in living color was a beautiful woman with huge tits sucking away on a big black cock. She took it deep, then pulled off and licked and kissed and rolled her tongue as it entered again, causing a look of pleasure on the man’s face. The man began to massage her tits, then down her belly and ass. He pulled her shorts off and Britney couldn’t believe her eyes. The beautiful woman had the biggest cock she’d ever seen.

Bobby was getting so turned-on he was almost ready to explode. “Look up here in my eyes while you’re doing it, honey. It’s a real turn-on. My God, you’re beautiful,” he said and pulled her suit down and began playing with her ample breasts. The feeling was quite pleasurable and it quickened her pace on his cock.

Britney looked at the big screen and tried to do what they were doing, then she’d look up into his eyes. Just a minute later, Bobby stiffened and shot his big load of manseed into her open mouth. He held her head and made her swallow every last drop.

“That’s my girl. Now that wasn’t so bad, was it? My God girl, you’re a natural, and you tried to say you didn’t know how to give head. Damn, I had to try and think of football plays to keep from coming right off the bat. Those lips and tongue are true weapons, girl. Come on, let’s jump in the shower. I want to admire the rest of that beautiful body my Aunt has helped you develop,” Bobby said.

In the shower he rubbed a fragrant body wash into a soft sponge and began to wash her all over. Then he had her do the same for him. He loved it when her soft fingers rubbed his muscular arm and chest while all soapy and wet. He kissed her over and over and couldn't get enough of her tender red lips. She shocked herself as she was responding to the kisses and enjoying them as much as he was. It felt good to be held in his strong young arms. It made her feel safe.

His strong young hand massaged the soap all over her bare breasts, causing her considerable pleasure. Suddenly she felt a warmth building within her as he kept up the stimulation of her breast. All of a sudden her whole body shook and she had an orgasm without even touching her hidden penis. It took several minutes to regain her composure.

"You don't have to worry about me saying anything to anyone about what we do. It stays between us. No one else has to know so you can walk the halls at school and not feel ashamed. You don't have to admit it if you don't want to but I think that you enjoyed tonight as much as I did," he said.

With that, she looked up, kissed him. A contented smile and a little coy blush were her answer. Then she asked. "So what are we now? Are we dating? Are we just friends? How am I supposed to treat this relationship, if that's what it is?"

"Let's just take it one step at a time, OK? Let's just say that for now we are good friends with benefits. I mean I do really like you. If you didn't already know this, you drive me crazy. I have wanted to do what we did tonight since the first time I laid eyes on you. I'll tell you this. I don't want any other girl. You are all I want and I plan on us getting much better acquainted over the coming weeks and months. So

what about you? Are you going to admit that that wasn't so bad?" he said.

"Well, I sure didn't like the fact that you left me no choice in the matter. It must be the freaking hormones talking or something but, yeah, I found you pretty hot too. And yeah, you turned me on...all except the part of shooting your junk down my throat. It's funny, I should hate you but I don't and I know that I should feel gay but I don't really feel that either.

"The bigger question is...are you going to be able to face everyone at school now that you are the big shot QB and hometown hero and you want to hang around with the former king of the grid iron wearing a dress or skirt to school? You might like being with me when we're alone but it might not be so popular if you hang with me in school or in public," she said. "Are you planning to keep forcing yourself on me and making me do what we just did tonight?"

"You let me worry about school and the public, I don't really give a shit what others think. As for forcing you, I don't want to force you to do it but if I have to, I will. I'm betting that you do really like me and that you loved being forced to do it. You loved being controlled and manipulated. That way you can tell yourself that it wasn't your fault that you sucked my cock and had an orgasm doing it," Bobby told her and she blushed.

"Well, now that we have that settled for the time being, what do you want to do? Do you want to go home or spend the night? My folks won't be home until Sunday night," he asked rather than ordered.

She knew that she should go home but part of her didn't want to face her Mother knowing that she now knew that Britney had probably been sexually active.

When she didn't answer right away, Bobby said, "I see that you need a man's control so not answering me means you are staying. There's lots of sexy sleepwear in my sisters stuff that she's never even worn. Help yourself and then we'll get something to eat.

She cursed herself for not being strong enough to put up at least a little fight and be assertive. She'd always been a leader in her life up until this all started. "How the hell could my mind become so submissive that quickly?" she wondered.

"Go get that cute little ass in gear and put on something sexy and touchup your makeup, I don't like my girl without makeup. Now hurry up," Bobby said and gave her a good swat on the ass.

Britney jumped and squealed and trotted off on her tip toes with her ass wiggling as she headed for the bedroom. In the room she went through the drawers and found a sexy blue baby doll PJ set in silk and lace. She removed the robe she was wearing and slipped into lingerie, followed by a matching robe and a pair of high-heeled mules. She sat at the dressing table, very carefully redid her makeup and was secretly proud of the job she'd done. She minced back down to the kitchen to find that Bobby had made them sandwiches and chips and a pop.

"I called your Mom and told her you were sleeping over and she said OK," Bobby told her.

"You're kidding. She didn't ask a million questions or ask to speak to me or anything?"

"We kind of have a new understanding, your parents and I. It seems that your Dad really needs that job. As much as he'd like to come over and rip my head, off he's becoming very cordial and approving of

our relationship. The only thing he said is that I'd better not physically hurt you. I told him if you behaved like a good girl, then I wouldn't have to. I think I heard him breaking something in the back ground. I have to tell you though, I find this new found power quite empowering. Come set that pretty little ass down here next to your man and eat. You are going to need your strength to get through the night," Bobby said, grinning.

Good to his word he was up and ready for Round Two in no time. This time it took him a while longer to reach his orgasm. Poor Britney's jaws were getting sore but she was learning fast and he was guiding her and reminding her what felt best. Once again he looked down at that beautiful face, her long dark hair hanging down again now in bouncy curls where her former updo came undone from all the rolling in the hay. Her thin arched brows and her plump and glistening red lips made that perfect O around his penis as she was taking him deeper and deeper. She was still wearing the pearl earrings and necklace and she looked so sexy that he couldn't hold out longer. This time though she sensed him stiffening up and wasn't as shocked as he pumped his creamy load of semen into her waiting mouth.

He'd warned her if she spit it out then they'd have to do it all over again, so she did the only thing she could. She swallowed as fast as she could and when he told her to clean him up, she did as ordered and it didn't seem as awful as the first time.

He then told her that she had a choice. He said that he wanted to consummate their relationship by taking her boy/pussy cherry. "So we can have intercourse tonight or you can ask me to let you wear this little fella and get used to having your little butt used slowly. You can see that it's smaller than I am. If you choose the butt plug, I'll agree to let you use a little

bit bigger one over the next week and I'll not try and have intercourse while you slowly adjust." Then he showed her the little chrome butt plug that looked like a spade (as in a playing card) with a round little disk on the bottom to keep it from entering where it wasn't supposed to go.

"Really, Bobby? Are you kidding me? Don't you think that you've put me through enough for one night?" the beautiful girl said.

"Two choices, honey. It's all up to you. If you can't tell me, then I'll choose for you," he said, smiling.

"That's no choice at all if you ask me. I can't believe that if you care about me like you say you do that you'd make me put that thing in my ass," she said.

"So you're choosing the little trainer butt plug then I guess?" he offered with a grin.

"Yes, if I have to. I've never even had an enema before in my life. At least it's smaller than you are, you've already stretched my mouth out of shape," she said, pouting.

"Speaking of enemas, you do know that you have to have one of those before you can have anal sex, don't you? If you didn't you'd get shit all over my cock, then you'd taste it when you sucked me clean when we were done," he laughed

"Oh. My. God. You're not kidding, are you? You'd actually make me put that thing in my mouth after having it in my ass? That's so sick I think I'm going to puke," the inexperienced girl said.

"Hey, that's why we have to clean you out good with an enema so there isn't anything in your little boy pussy."

You could hear her whining as he lubed up her behind and slowly pushed the shiny butt plug into her ass until the stop was flush with her bottom. "Now, you are not to tell a living soul that you are wearing this little bottom trainer in your ass. If I find that you have, then our deal is off and you'll pay the price. Now I want to see you walk across the room for me, please," Bobby ordered.

As she stood up gingerly, she felt weird like something was trying to fall out of her ass. She began to walk across the room as ordered and suddenly her steps were shorter and her hips swiveled, her ass kind of swayed in a new rhythm as she squeezed her ass cheeks together, thinking she was keeping the intruder from falling out. It wasn't really necessary because it wouldn't fall out unless you pulled it out.

Bobby drove her home the next day and walked her into the house. Then, right in front of her Mom and Dad and brother and sister who were all at the table eating lunch, he embraced her and gave her a deep passionate kiss.

"I'll call you later, babe, thank you for being my Queen and for the most incredible night I've ever had. Be ready by 7 AM tomorrow and I'll pick you up for school. Then after Cheer practice you can wait for me and I'll drive you home. Maybe we can grab a bite to eat? Have a great day, Mr. and Mrs. Benson. You have a really lovely daughter. She is really something special, and I thank you for allowing us to date," he said and left.

The next morning, just as he promised, he was there at her house to pick her up. "Britney, your boyfriend is here to pick you up," Kevin hollered up the

stairs in a sing-song sarcastic tone to her as she was finishing her makeup.

When she came down, Bobby said, “Wow, you just keep getting more and more beautiful with each passing day.”

She was wearing a rather short green miniskirt and a mint green angora sweater that hugged her growing curves. Underneath she was wearing lime green panties and matching bra along with sandy-colored hold-up nylons and black pumps with 2” heels. She wore her dark hair down today. It framed her pretty face and her bangs came to rest just above her thin arched brows. Her eyes were lightly shaded but her lips were plump and shiny red. She was wearing a gold necklace with a little cross that hung from her neck. She had a couple of bangles on one wrist and a little watch on the other.

She shocked everyone in the room including Bobby when she minced over and gave him a big kiss. “Good morning,” was all she said.

“Britney...are you all right, honey? Why are you walking so funny? Is something wrong?” Mom asked, seeing her hips and ass move more than usual.

“I’m fine, Mom. I’m just trying to be a little modest in this short skirt. I wouldn’t want anyone looking up my butt,” she said, looking straight at Bobby with a little evil grin.

Bobby didn’t know what had come over her but he kind of liked the sassy little girl she was turning into.

She kissed her Mom goodbye which she hadn’t done in months and asked her little brother if he wanted a ride to school. He couldn’t believe it and accepted her invite.

She stood next to the rear passenger door and wouldn't get in until Bobby came back around to her side and opened the door for her. "There you go, your Grace," he mocked. She got in and scooted over as close to him as she could get in the big Lincoln. Kevin got up front with the driver.

"Wow, what a car. You travel like this all the time, Bobby?"

"Yeah it's no big deal. My Dad wants me to live to go to college and play ball someday so he won't let me take his cars yet, even though I have a license and have driven. You might have heard about those kids that got in a terrible car wreck and killed a girl earlier this year. It made him get all paranoid. So yeah, James is always there when I want to go someplace. He just rolls up the back window and I have privacy."

Kevin turned and saw his former big brother who he'd always looked up to now looking like a Miss Teen U.S.A. with her arm looped in Bobby's arm and her head on his shoulder. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. It seemed impossible that Brice could shrink so much and change into what he was seeing before his eyes.

"Geez Brit, why don't you two get a room somewhere? What the hell has happened to you?" Kevin just shook his head and turned back to the front. He was feeling a curious mixture of disgust and excitement from the sight of his football playing brother-turned hottie.

"Hey, little brother, deal with it. I've sure had to. This is the new me. Didn't you always want another sister anyway?" she said.

At school that day, Bobby walked her to her homeroom. "I'll see you at lunch," he said and

squeezed her hand. Before she let go, she shocked him again and raised up on her toes and kissed him quickly on the lips. Her new plan was that if she embarrassed him enough, then he'd be embarrassed publicly, let her be, and move on. What she didn't know was that, despite his domination of her, he loved it and never dreamed that she'd allow any public display of emotion or affection like this. He kissed her back, surprising her.

She had lots to think about all day. They'd changed her classes and she was in art, home economics, typing and book keeping. She didn't have a single class that challenged her and all her classes had only girls in them except for one poor boy.

The captain of the JV cheer squad, a girl named Cindy, asked her, "Are you and Bobby an item now? We all thought that the homecoming thing was a joke but I saw you getting out of his limo this morning and walking the halls holding hands. Is that for real or are you just playing around to get back at everyone?" she asked Britney.

"Nice girls don't kiss and tell. Maybe you should ask him," the new girl said.

"Yeah, like Bobby McLean is going to talk with a JV cheerleader," Cindy said

"Well, I'm a JV cheerleader and he's talking to me, so you might just be surprised," Brit said and minced off down the hall to her class with the full feeling in her ass. Whenever she sat, it was hard not to wiggle around as it seemed to push in as far as it could go without disappearing. It kept her mind on it the entire day and she wondered how the hell she was going to make it through cheer practice later on.

With each jump and move she made, she worried that the butt plug might fall out and humiliate her beyond belief. No matter the difficulty of the move, however, it remained in its place firmly. She was exhausted once again after their practice ended and she had to keep her back to the wall in the shower and expose only the front side of herself to anyone who looked at her.

Ally finally came in and whispered, “What’s up with you today, Brit? You look like you’re really tight or something. I couldn’t help but notice that you really walk differently too. Your ass was really swaying from side to side as you walked down the halls. Oh. My. God. What’s the deal with your boobs? They seem bigger every time I see them.”

“I don’t know, Ally. My mind is playing tricks on me lately and my body seems to be really getting into the role we’ve been made to undertake.”

“Come on, Brit, we’ve been friends since first grade. Something is up, Are you taking some kind of pills or hormone treatments or something? You are looking more female than most of the girls in our grade right now. I barely recognize you anymore,” Ally said.

“Well, the doctor does have me on these new vitamins but they are just vitamins and that shouldn’t do anything. I don’t think I’m really that different. Maybe you are just seeing me differently,” the pretty brunette said, hoping to change the subject.

“Am I just seeing *these*?” Ally said, reaching out and surprising her as she grabbed one of Britney’s bulging breasts.

“Ouch,” Britney said, jumping back. “What are you doing? That hurt.”



“Still going to try and tell me that your boobs aren’t getting bigger by the day? And what’s up with you and Bobby all of a sudden? One minute you are whining and complaining that you have to go to the homecoming with him and the next you look an awful lot like two people who are really into each other. You know, as in ‘In Love’,” Ally said.

“I don’t know, Ally. Things just seem to keep happening so fast all around me that I’m not sure what’s going on anymore. Yeah, Bobby and I seem to be getting along pretty good right now. I like being with him and he seems to like being with me. It’s weird but he’s been really nice and sweet to me lately,” Brit said.

“Hello? Who are you and what have you done with my best friend Britney? You can’t be serious. You do remember that you and I are not real girls, don’t you?” Ally said.

“Yeah, well, tell that to my body and my brain lately, Ally. I may not have a vagina but the rest of me is more girl than boy and I’m just trying to fit in someplace. The fact that being a boy has been taken from us by the judge for the next several years leaves a long time to live in limbo. I’m just doing the best I can with what I’ve been given. You know what / What I’ve been given really isn’t so bad,” Brit said.

Bobby picked her up and they went back to his house. He introduced her to his Mom. “So, you are the little thing that’s been making my baby boy so happy lately?” Sara McClean said. “Well honey, I don’t know what magic you possess but you just keep right on doing it because I haven’t seen him this love sick ever. Let’s see your name is Britney, isn’t it, honey?”

“Yes Ma’am but I haven’t done anything special. I’m not sure if you know this, Mrs. McClean so I’m

just going to get this out it the open right off. I used to be..." Britney said but Bobby's Mom cut her off right there.

"Honey, I know exactly who you are and I don't care. You just keep my baby happy and you and I have no problems with it. Plus seeing you now, I see why you have him so love stuck. You're just the prettiest little ol' thing," Sara said grinning.

"Thank you, Ma'am," Britney said in her new high-pitched voice. The young couple went up to his room and it didn't take long before they were in each other's arms and making out.

Soon she was naked and on her knees in front of Bobby. She was one fast learner as her skills were improved greatly. She was learning what he liked and she was gaining a taste for doing the job well. Suddenly he stopped her. "What's the matter, did I do something wrong?" she asked.

"No baby, not at all. As a matter of fact, you're getting so good at it that I wasn't going to last another minute," he said. "Turn around for me, Brit," he asked. She did so without asking why. Bobby reached down and pulled out the butt plug. It came out with a popping sound.

"I think it's time, honey. I'll go slow and if it hurts you, just say so and I'll stop and wait," he said.

"No Bobby, please. I'm not ready, it's going to hurt," she said.

"No, it's time and I think that you are going to love this. Trust me," he told her.

First he took her in his bathroom where he had an enema bottle ready and hanging. He soaped up the wand, pushed it in and let the warm soapy water fill her up. After a few minutes, he pulled it out and let her evacuate the dirty water before repeating the process. Then he took some lube and applied it liberally to her hole and on his member. He pressed the head against her rosebud and slowly began to push.

He told her to push out as he entered and she did as told. It was odd but there was little pain as she took him in further and further. She felt so full, then suddenly felt his balls hitting her ass, indicating that he was all the way in. Bobby didn't move for a minute, letting her get used to the intruder. Then slowly he began to pull out and then push back in. Soon he was building up a steady pace and became aware that Britney was starting to moan. Before long she felt the pressure of his cock against her prostate. The feeling was unbelievably good, then great. It was all she could do to keep from screaming out.

She was now bucking back against him and he could see raw passion taking over her body. Soon Bobby could hold back no more and he exploded in her ass. Britney suddenly had a mind-blowing orgasm of her own and fell flat on her stomach on the bed, exhausted and spent.

"You OK?" Bobby asked.

"Wow," was all she could answer.

When they recovered and showered, Britney sat at his sister's vanity in her bra and panties with her legs crossed at the knees, doing her makeup. Bobby watched in the mirror in total fascination as she expertly did her eyes, blending the shadows, then applying the eyeliner and mascara. Next she dabbed more powder on her forehead and cheeks and

blended that in with a sponge. Then she brushed on her lipgloss over her shiny red lips and blotted them together.

“I can’t believe my eyes, Brit. I don’t know what my aunt’s doctor did to you but it’s nothing short of a complete miracle. Not only are you beautiful, you are totally feminine and natural at everything you do. It’s impossible for me to believe that you are the same person that I started out the season as your backup. I have to tell you, honey, I like you this way a whole lot better,” he chuckled.

“You know what? Just a few months ago I wouldn’t have agreed with you but tonight I do. You convinced me tonight with that little performance you gave me. I’m starting to like being Britney Benson Robbins,” she said, smiling prettily at him.

As they came downstairs, Bobby asked his Mother if Britney could stay for dinner. “Why yes, dear, that will be fine. Does she need to call home and let her Mom know?” Sara asked.

“Yeah, we’ll call them now, thanks,” Bobby said, “We’ll be up in my room. Please call us when it’s ready.”

“Why don’t you take a swim before dinner?” Mom said.

“We would but we already took a shower,” Bobby said and Britney blushed bright red.

“Well, at least I don’t have to worry about you knocking her up, now do I?” Bobby’s Mom said. Both looked at her embarrassed for a minute, then all three broke out laughing.

The Football season ended with the team undefeated and they went on to lose in the state champi-

onship. The coach told them how proud he was of them. “We have almost everyone back next year and we’ll take another run at it. You boys have nothing to hang your heads about. Bobby did a great job filling in a Quarterback after losing our starter. What’s her name now?”

The judge was at the last JV game and was pleased to see that both Ally and Britney were as good as or better than any of the other girls. She was now sure that her ruling decision about the girls was the right one. She was however totally blown away at just how feminine and girlish Britney was now.

Both of the former boys admitted to the judge that they were very wrong in what they’d done and said that this really was a hard debt to pay for their actions. The judge watched Britney walking away, hanging onto Bobby McClean’s arm. She saw Britney turn and mouth “Thank you” to her. Britney and Bobby kissed and went their way to the big black limo waiting for them.

The End