

**KYLIE GABLE &
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**FORCED
FEMINIZATION:**

***I Was a
Quarterback
Prom Queen***

The Hit Series now in one eBook

Quarterback Prom Queen

By Kylie Gable and Claudia Acosta

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Quarterback Prom Queen
Kylie Gable and Claudia Acosta

No, this wasn't my hand. It couldn't be. My hands were rugged used to gripping a football like a vice, with dirt under my nails as I threw a long pass fifty yards downfield to an open receiver. The hand that I limply extended to the nail technician had long pink nails with little swirling white designs and rhinestones embedded into the nails of my index fingers.

The long nails changed the whole appearance of my hands. My fingers looked delicate and almost slender as the woman at the salon put on the final touches.

"You've really outdone yourself, Cindy. His nails look fabulous," said Kristine Moseby to the Korean-American nail tech who simply smiled in response.

I had really grown to hate Kristine. She was the whole reason I was here in Blue Valley Mall getting ready for the most humiliating night of my life. She was the one who had my entire future in the palm of her hand. When the nail tech finally pronounced me finished, I got up and paid the bill. Then I pleaded with Kristine, "Are we done yet? Please tell me we can go home."

"Don't be ridiculous," she beamed. "We have an appointment to get your hair done in ten minutes, and then we have an appointment for your makeup."

My name is Ryan Brady and I was something of a hero at my high school. I'd been the starting quarterback on the varsity team since my sophomore year. In three years, I'd broken just about every conference passing record worth having, and I'd drawn the attention of the top college programs in the country. It seemed like my life couldn't get any better.

I turned down a football scholarship from Alabama because I didn't care as much about national championships as I did about improving my stock for the NFL draft. That's where the big money was. I had punched my ticket to the west coast where they knew a thing or two about coaching quarterbacks.

Now don't get the impression that I was some sort of selfish prick. You see, I took the rest of the town and carried them on my shoulders. When I was throwing for three hundred and fifty yards per game, somebody had to catch all those passes. Our team was undefeated in the regular season, and we went roaring into the playoffs, ready to give Blue Valley High its first

championship.

The problem was by the time we got to the state championship, I'd played a lot of football and it only takes on good shot to put you out of action. The team we were playing had a reputation for a really great blitzing defense, and I started worrying that our line couldn't handle them. I had nothing else to prove, and rather than risking my college career for one more high school win, I decided to take it easy for the state championship game and go down at the first sign of contact.

I told my friend Drew about my plan and he liked it. He said that as long as I wasn't going all out, he was sure that he knew some people who would appreciate knowing that kind of information. If I let them know I wasn't going to try my hardest, it'd be a great chance to make a bit of money. Well, I'm always interested in making money, so I told Drew to go ahead and do what he had to, just be sure to cut me in.

We lost the State Championship 13-7, but even though I got sacked a half dozen times, they never did get a good clean lick on me.

Our town was crushed, but they were good sports. They even had a large bonfire and pep rally to recognize our historic season. I was still a town hero for leading them that close to the title, and everybody was happy. Then after the pep rally, Drew handed me an envelope with \$2,000 inside. What easy money. I loved getting paid for something I was going to do anyway.

Everything was great, or so I thought. What I didn't realize was that one of the cheerleaders, Kristine, had seen the whole exchange between Drew and me and she became very suspicious.

Unbeknownst to me, Kristine began investigating like some kind of Veronica Mars. She asked all the right questions and she soon knew exactly what had happened. Then, she got Drew drunk and got him to admit the whole thing on a recording.

It was no longer just my word against hers. She had the names of the gamblers and these weren't organized crime types, they were just some college bros. They would have squealed without any prosecutor having to even break a sweat. I started to think she had me dead to rights, but she wasn't letting up. She even interviewed our opponents to see how they thought I played against them.

Finally, I couldn't take anymore. It was a cold February day, and I saw her standing by her locker in an empty hallway. I walked right up to her and shoved her right into the lockers demanding, "I'm only going to say this

once! You had better leave me the fuck alone!"

Even though I'm not that much bigger than she is, I am a football player. I tried to dominate her physically and scare her. Instead, she just stood her ground, "Let go of me now, Ryan."

"You're sticking your nose where it doesn't belong," I barked. "I'd hate to see anything happen to it."

"Ryan, I said let go of me."

"What are you going to do about it?" I demanded.

"I'll start screaming my head off. There are still plenty of teachers here. After I do that, this little assault will just add more proof that you threw the state championship game."

I rethought my strategy. All I was doing was antagonizing her. "Look, I'm not a bad guy. Ask anybody. Why are you giving me such grief?"

"When you say anybody, do you mean all the girls in this school that you've used and then trashed after you got what you wanted?" she asked.

"Relationships end, we broke up. That's no big deal."

"No big deal? Every time you break up with a girl, and that's a pretty regular occurrence, you bad mouth her on your social media and start rumors about her. God forbid she let you take any naughty pictures."

"Okay, maybe I have been a jerk at times when I should have let a girl down easy, but I never said I was perfect."

"Okay, do you want me to ask Christian Wiggins?" she replied. He was a friend of hers who was openly gay. He had graduated two years before, and the football team had bullied him pretty badly.

"Look, that wasn't me. There were other kids on the team that did much worse."

"That's not the way Christian tells it. You made his life a living Hell."

"Look, I'm sorry," I said. "I was young back then. I'm not that way anymore."

"I know otherwise."

"So you're going to make it your business to fuck me over because of some little fairy friend of yours?" I snapped.

That was clearly not the right thing to say. "No, I'm doing it because you're an asshole," she said before kneeing me directly in my balls. I dropped to the ground like a bag of wet cement.

"You're getting better at acting. I almost believed that hit really brought you down this time."

As I lay on the ground moaning, she stepped over me. My attempts at intimidation had been a total failure.

For the next week, I dreaded what she would do with the information she had. The town would crucify me if they knew I had thrown the championship. My college scholarship would be gone, and I'd be out of football. I couldn't even figure out how I would face my dad when he found out.

Then I opened my locker after geometry class one afternoon and my life forever changed.

Inside the locker was a pink invitation that looked like something for a little girl's party. The envelope even had streamers on it and the card itself had a big fairy tale castle on the front. The message on the inside. Simply said, "My place at 4--Kristine."

I didn't think I had much choice, so I showed up at Kristine's at four on the dot. Kristine opened the door somberly. She was really a beautiful girl with dark features and long black hair that reached her belt. She had huge almost shaped eyes that you just couldn't help getting lost in and she had curves in all the right places despite having a rather athletic build. I certainly wasn't going to be distracted by those looks though, this was business.

"I've decided I'm going to send everything I have to the NCAA," she said.

"No, you can't," I cried.

"I'm sorry, but after you pushed me at school, you made up my mind for me."

"It's just my word against yours," I replied defensively. "I'm a football hero and nobody's going to believe a little nobody like you that I threw the biggest game of my career."

"We both know you did it."

"So what? It's not a crime if you can't prove it."

"You're probably right," she said reaching into her hoodie pocket and turning off the cellphone she was recording our conversation with.

"What?!"

"You just confessed, genius."

"I didn't know you were recording. You can't use that in court."

"I said I was sending it to the NCAA," she laughed. "I never said anything about court."

"But--"

"Face it, you just fucked yourself out of a college scholarship," she mocked me.

"Give me that phone," I demanded lunging for her.

"Sit down! I was also making a conference call of our conversation," she said. "I'm no longer the only one with proof."

"No," I gasped and put my head in my hands. It was all crashing down. I sat there near tears for what felt like forever before she spoke.

"You know, there may be another way," she said.

"Please anything," I begged. "I'll do anything."

"Do you have plans for prom?"

"That's way off isn't it?"

"I asked a simple question. Can you answer it?" she asked.

"No, I don't have a date this early. If you want me to take you, I'll take you," she said. "Just drop this championship game thing."

"Me?" she giggled. "As if."

"Then what do you want?"

"You'll see," she said. "All in good time."

"What size shoe do you wear?"

"Huh?"

"Again," she said, "simple question so give me an answer."

"I wear a size eight," I said.

"Good," she replied. "Not too big. Follow me."

Kristine led me up the stairs to her bedroom. She rummaged around in her closet for a few minutes before coming out with a pair of black high-heeled sandals. "Put these on?"

"I'm not going to put those on," I said. "Those are high heels."

"Have it your way," she said. "I'll show you out."

"What?"

"If you're not going to do what I want then you can go home and wait for the NCAA investigators to call," she said.

"Give me the damn shoes," I said.

"I thought you'd see it my way," she said handing me the heels. I tried to squeeze my feet into them, but it was tight. "Take off your socks and try."

With my socks off, I was able to get my feet into the sandals and Kristine helped me to adjust the straps. "They don't fit right."

"You're just not used to heels," she said. "You might need a half size bigger, but those are nine and a half shoes and I think that's about your size. Now get up. Let's see you walk."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because I can," she snapped. "Now walk."

I got up and tried to walk in the shoes, but they had a heel and I had no clue how to do it without twisting my ankle. I had no idea how women walked in these things. After I spent a few minutes stumbling around the room, Kristine told me I could stop and take off the shoes. "Thank God," I said.

"At least we know what size you wear," she said.

"What for?" I asked.

"Well, I do want you to go to the prom as somebody's date, but I haven't found the right person for you yet."

"I'm perfectly capable of finding my own dates."

"Maybe," she said, "but you've been a real pig to the girls in the school for such a long time, I had a special date in mind for you."

"You want me to go with some fat chick or something?"

"That's exactly what I'm talking about," she said. "Now let's get that tiny brain of yours working. I have been talking about finding a special date for you, and I just had you mincing around in a pair of heels."

"Oh Hell no!"

"Oh Hell yes," she replied. "You get to go to the prom as some guy's date or we get the NCAA involved and there's a good chance the police get involved too."

"Be reasonable," I pleaded.

"I don't have to be," she said. "So what's it going to be?"

"Fine, but I'm going to get you back for this."

"Oh pumpkin, you don't vow revenge before I've even finished humiliating you. That just encourages me to kick it up a notch. Now strip down to your underwear."

"What for?"

"Don't question me," she ordered. "We're going to get your measurements."

"My coaches have already done that," I said.

"Not some of these measurements, I'm sure," she announced. "We need your cup size."

She had me stand with my arms out as she ran a tape measure around me. She declared that my chest was a size 36, my waist a size 30, and my hips a size 36. "You know for a football player, you've got a really pretty average female figure. Only a double A cup size though," she pouted.

"Can I put my clothes back on?" I asked.

"You can," she said. "You can even go home now, but I want you back at my house tomorrow at four, and I want your arms, legs, and chest shaved. Got it?"

"I can't do that," I complained. "My friends will see."

"I don't think that's my problem. Do it or regret it."

Stopping her from ruining me was not going to be easy.

I had always liked hot baths. Coming in from a hot practice with every muscle in my body aching, I much preferred soaking in warm water to anything else, so my parents were used to me spending a long time in the bathroom. This was good, because removing my body hair took forever.

I must have spent a long time in that tub staring at the can of shaving cream and the pink razor that I had borrowed from my sister, Dana. I just couldn't bring myself to start. I was so sorely tempted to tell Kristine off and not shave, but I knew my hair would grow back, whereas she could ruin me permanently.

Finally, the pounding on the door of my 17 year old sister encouraged me to hurry up and get the job done. I finished, then dried off and put my shorts back on. When I exited the bathroom, Dana was waiting at the door.

"It took you long enough. What were you doing in there?" she asked.

"It's none of your business, squirt," I replied condescendingly.

"Wait a minute," she said. "The hair on your chest is gone. What did you do?"

"Nothing," I snapped as I pushed by her.

"You're such a freak, Ryan. Now everybody who sees you is going to know it," shouted Dana after me. She was clearly laughing.

"Bite me, shrimp," I said as I slammed my bedroom door. I expected that Dana would blab to my parents about this at dinner, but she let it go. She was a year younger than me and fairly popular at school, but she resented all the attention I'd gotten since colleges started recruiting me. I really didn't want her hearing that I had thrown that state championship game. She'd torment me about it for the rest of my life.

I had obeyed a humiliating order from Kristine, but I'd have to put my foot down before she ruined my life or tried to make me take a guy to prom. The longer I let her run my life, the more trapped I'd become.

All throughout school the next day, I'd absentmindedly rub my now smooth skin. It did feel much softer to the touch, and I didn't like that at all. I spent the day getting up my courage for the big confrontation ahead. Kristine smiles at me when she saw me in the hall, clearly enjoying watching me scurry in fear, but at four o'clock that afternoon, I'd set her straight once and for all.

When I got to her home at 3:55 I pounded on the door like a police man instead of ringing the bell. I wanted her on edge.

"You're here early," she said. "Good, I take it that means you're excited."

"No," I said forcefully. "We need to talk."

"Fine, talk while you take off your clothes," she said and turned away before leading me to her bedroom. I felt stupid standing there so I followed after her. Once I got to her room, I began taking off my clothes and tried to find the words to tell her I was done.

"So listen, I think you've had your fun. I did what you told me to," I began.

"What kind of lotion did you use?" she interrupted.

"I didn't use lotion."

"Why not?" she complained. "That's just common sense."

"I've never shaved my body hair before."

"Well genius, you need lotion. On your way home stop at the drug store and pick up some *Dove* or something. I don't care what kind you get, but I don't want your skin feeling all dry and scaly."

"That's what I wanted to talk about. I'm not going to keep doing this."

"You did good on the front, but you missed the back of your knees completely," she said ignoring me. "I want you to fix that tonight. You don't have to reshave everything until tomorrow if the hair doesn't grow back, but you need to fix the back of your knees."

"But--."

"Take this," she said interrupted handing me a small bottle of hot pink nail polish. "Tonight, you're going to paint your toes."

"I don't even know how," I complained.

"It's easy, and you can always look it up on *Youtube*. It's just like a paintbrush. You spread the polish on the toes with the brush. Tell me that's not too complicated for you."

"No, it's not too complicated, but--,"

"Well that's good at least, do you know what these are?" she asked pulling a pair of suntan pantyhose out of her dresser drawer.

"Of course," I said. "Those are pantyhose."

"Good, now for the daily double, how do you put them on?"

"I don't know. I guess you put them on like socks."

"Okay, you need to take off everything," she said.

"I'm not getting naked in front of you," I said.

"Suit yourself," she replied reaching into the drawer to pull out a pair of pink lace panties. "You can put these on in the bathroom."

"Come on," I complained.

"You know I'm getting very tired of you questioning everything I tell you. Just so you remember who is boss, you will put on the matching bra as well. Now march, bitch."

"I--I'm not--," I started to complain, but thought better of it. I went into the bathroom thankful for that little bit of privacy and removed my underwear. I stepped into the lacy panties and couldn't help checking myself out in the mirror. The g-string made my butt look much more like a girl's. I had a little more trouble with the bra, but managed to get it clasped in front of me and then turned it around on my chest so that the cups were in front.

When I stepped out of the bathroom, she took one look at me and began to laugh hysterically. She snapped my picture with her phone giving her even more leverage over me.

"Just so you know," I said. "You've pushed me about as far as I will go."

"I haven't begun to push, buttercup. Now let's get those pantyhose on you," she smirked as she began to roll up the pantyhose. "Pay attention so you can do this yourself."

"Bunch one leg up and put them over your foot," She said demonstrating on me as she did. "Make sure the seam is on the bottom of your foot, and pull the hose up to your knee like this. Got it?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Good, then you can do the other leg."

"OK, first on the foot and then up to my knee," I said as I followed her

steps.

"Good, now pull the pantyhose up the rest of the way with your thumb on the inside of the hose and the rest of your fingers on the out side."

I tentatively did as she told me. "Like this?"

"It also helps to spread your legs just a little at this time because it helps the pantyhose fit nice around your crotch," said Kristine. She saw me wring my nose when she said crotch. "Seriously, that way they are less likely to fall down while you are wearing them."

"Why do I have to do this?"

"Oh you didn't just question me did you?" She sighed. "Now I have to teach you who is in charge."

"What? No."

"I'm afraid so," she said. "When you're out at the drug store you're going to pick up the lotion I told you about earlier, but also seven pairs of pantyhose. Get several different colors too."

"Why that many?"

"Well, you're going to be wearing pantyhose underneath your pants from now on."

"No, I--."

"And I will be checking so don't try and get away with not doing it. Do you want to complain about it?"

"No," I shook my head defeated.

"Good, legs stay shaved, toes stay painted, and you're wearing pantyhose everyday," she said. "I am also going to give you a couple of pairs of panties. I expect you to wear those everyday too. If you understand me the correct response is yes, Mistress Kristine."

"Yes, Mistress Kristine."

"Maybe I was wrong about your intelligence. It seems that you can learn. I'll see you tomorrow at four. Don't be late," she admonished, handing me a bag of panties.

I changed back into my own clothes and left.

It was only as I was walking down the front stairs from her house that I realized I had not managed to tell her I wouldn't do these things anymore. I was more trapped than ever.

I pulled into the parking lot of the *Walgreens* a little before seven. I was happy to see there weren't too many people in the store. Still, I had only taken a couple of steps inside when one of stock boys who recognized me

was waving at me. I was too well known to get away with this very easily.

I nodded to the stock boy, probably making his day, and continued down the aisle heading for the bath products. Sure enough, there was a big white bottle of lotion staring back at me. I tried to get a feeling for what it would smell like and it wasn't too feminine from what I could tell. I was thankful for small favors before I went to look for pantyhose.

At Walgreens they basically had two choices *No Nonsense* and *L'eggs*. I had no idea of the benefits of either pair and I didn't want anybody to see me making this purchase so I decided on the *No Nonsense* hosiery. Next, I had to figure out my size. The back said that size B would fit somebody between five-foot-three and six-feet tall and weighing between one-hundred-twenty and one-hundred-seventy. I started trying to grab seven pairs in size B.

"Ryan?" said a familiar feminine voice behind me.

"Oh hey, Joely," I replied turning around and immediately returning the pantyhose to the rack.

"It's good to see you, Ryan?" said the cute blonde haired girl whose blue *Walgreens* uniform shirt could barely contain her large breasts. "I'm sorry about the championship game."

"Thanks Joely," I replied. We had dated at the beginning of junior year. She was a hot enough girl and very easy to get along with, but I traded up for Brandy Cummings, the head cheerleader. It was always awkward talking to exes, but this was a new low.

"I have to ask, are you buying pantyhose?"

"Uhm, well the thing is---,"

"You don't have to explain yourself, but I think you're probably a size C. I think you'll find the B ones too tight on your crotch."

I must have turned redder than a fire truck when she said that. Even though she wasn't even there, Kristine was stripping away my pride and my masculinity. Joely got a pair of size C hosiery and showed me the back of the box. She showed me where the height and weight intersected and sure enough I was in the C area at 5'9" and one-hundred-sixty-five pounds.

"Yeah, I guess I would be a size C. Thanks Joely."

"I see you got lotion for your legs too," she observed. "Do you need some razors and shaving cream?"

"Well...Actually, I probably could use that, but I can explain this."

"You don't have to explain yourself to me. You're not the first guy to

buy pantyhose here. In fact, about a fourth of the pantyhose we sell are probably to guys."

"It's for football," I stammered out.

"Football?" she asked skeptically.

"Yeah, my college coach wants us to wear them under our uniform pants to keep our legs warm," I said.

"I thought you were going to school in California," she replied.

"It still gets cold at night."

"And I don't see how shaving your legs would help keep your legs warm. I think it'd make them colder," she said.

"Weird, right?" I asked. "He wins games and I have to do what he tells me, that's all I know."

"Here, let's take care of your shaving needs," she said.

"I probably don't need shaving cream," I said.

"Because you have the stuff you use on your face?"

"Yeah, hair is hair I guess."

"Skin isn't. The lotion you got is a good start. There really isn't much of a difference between men's and women's shaving cream other than scent, but I do really recommend you get a shave gel with soothing botanicals and of course you want to avoid bumps and red splotches...Here, get this one," said Joely as she handed me a pink and white box.

"Thanks Joely, this is all a bit new to me."

"Anything else I can help you with? Does the coach want you to paint your toe nails or anything else?"

"No," I replied sheepishly. "This is all I need."

"Tell you what, if you'll go back to my area, I can ring you up on the cosmetics cash register."

"Oh wow, that would be great. I really don't want to be seen buying this stuff."

"No problem," she said taking the items from me so that I wouldn't have to be seen carrying them.

"I'm so relieved not be seen carrying these things."

"Well, if you wanted to make it up to me, why not give me a call. You still have my number, right?"

"Oh yeah sure," I lied.

"Let's do something," she said. "It doesn't have to be a date or anything. No pressure, alright?"

"Yeah, that'd be great," I said. "I'll call you this weekend."

I paid for my purchases and got the heck out of that drugstore. The dopey stock boy waved and bid me farewell, but I pretended not to notice. I got out to my car and headed home with my purchases.

Dinner followed the same pattern it usually did. My mom waited for compliments on the food, my dad wanted to discuss football, and my sister was her typical bratty self. I was so relieved when dinner was finished and I could retire to my room.

I must have stared at that bottle of nail polish in my hand for twenty minutes. The color was even called *Barbie Hot Pink*. Somehow that made it even more humiliating. This was the type of shade that you could spot across a crowded room. I hoped that Kristine wouldn't order me to take my shoes and socks off in a crowded room and expose my painted toes. I probably should have picked up remover at Walgreens, but considering that Joely was waiting on me, maybe it was for the best.

I watched a couple of videos on the internet about how to apply nail polish and stole a couple of cotton balls from the bathroom I shared with Dana so that I could put something between my toes. I sat on my bed and painted. I did a pretty good job of keeping the polish on my nails and applying it evenly. Still, I was so nervous of somebody coming in while the polish dried. There was a lock on the door to the bathroom, not on the door to my room, but everybody knew not to come in without knocking.

After I was satisfied that the nails were dry, I put my socks and shoes back on and tried to take my mind off of everything by listening to music. I laid down on my bed and drummed along to the music. I barely even heard my sister pounding on my door. "Can you please turn your music down? I can't even hear myself think."

"You're really not missing much," I replied.

"Listen jackass, I will tell mom---hey what's up?" asked Dana sniffing the air in my room. "Let me see your nails."

"Why?"

"You've been painting them. I'd recognize that smell anywhere," she said. "Show me your nails. Are you going Goth?"

"No," I said holding up my hands. "You're crazy."

"Then show me your toe nails," she snapped.

"Get out of my room," I said getting out of my bed and physically

escorting her out.

"I knew it," she said. "You painted your toes."

"Get out!" I slammed the door in her face.

I was so angry, but I didn't want to take any chances so I did turn down my music. I was so worn out with worry I was soon sleepy enough to go to bed anyway. I stayed up until ten, but soon was dozing off.

I woke up with a start at six in the morning. Dana had opened the blinds on my bedroom window and enough light had streamed in that she was able to lift the comforter off of my feet and take pictures of my painted toes.

"What are you doing?" I said groggily as I returned to the land of the awake.

"Busting you," she laughed as she ran out of the room and down the stairs. I knew that chasing after her would only alert mom and dad to the situation. I resigned to get myself ready and hoped I could talk some sense into my sister before she told anybody what she had seen.

I put on a pair of the pantyhose that Kristine had given me, they were black and I hoped they wouldn't show underneath my jeans. They were made of very stretchy material, but they were still far too tight for me and would have been even without the presence of my junk.

I tried my best to adjust myself, but it was really uncomfortable, especially with the addition of the pantyhose. Looking at myself in the mirror, I saw bright pink toenails, pantyhose colored legs, and a pair of lacy panties. What I couldn't see was my manhood anywhere. Kristine was taking it all from me.

When I went downstairs my sister couldn't help giggling as she saw me. I gave her a dirty look and took my place at the breakfast table. My dad was a slow riser and very quiet at breakfast time, but my mom made up for it with a steady chatter of questions about our lives that usually required way too much effort to think about at seven in the morning.

"Have you given anymore thought about whether you want a comforter or blankets and sheets for college?" asked my mom.

"I'm still weighing the pros and cons," I said not wanting to answer another question about my dorm room when college was months away.

"You're going to have to decide sometime you know," she said.

"Hey Ryan, can you give me a ride to school today?" asked Dana. Even though she was 17, she didn't have a car of her own. I believe my dad

planned to change that when I went away to college. He'd get me a new one and she'd inherit my old *Honda Civic*.

"Sweetie, I'm sure Ryan has other things to do today. I can drop you off on the way to work if you like," said my mom.

"No mom, that's alright. I'm going there anyway," I said through gritted teeth.

"I hope you appreciate how lucky you are to have Ryan for a big brother," said my mom to Dana.

"Oh I know," said Dana. "We share so much together. It's almost like having a sister."

"Huh?" My dad grunted looking up from the paper. I blushed profusely.

"That's very sweet Dana," said my mom.

No sooner had I opened the car door for my sister than she plopped down in the passenger seat, put her feet up on my dashboard, and asked, "So what's with the polish, twinkle toes."

"Don't you dare say a word about it," I jammed my finger in her face.

"Do you really want to piss me off right now?" she asked as I pulled out down the driveway.

"No, but please don't let anybody know, ok?"

"Why don't you start by telling me what's going on? Then maybe we can talk," she said.

"I lost a bet."

"A bet? You don't gamble. You told me it's wrong for athletes to make even bets for no money because it draws them into gambling," she replied.

"Yeah, well it seemed like a sure thing," I said.

"You're bullshitting me," she snapped. "You want me to keep this big secret for you and you won't even tell me the truth."

"No, it's not like that," I pleaded.

"Well, I'm looking forward to posting the pictures I took. Maybe somebody will see them and be able to tell me what's going on," she said.

"Look, stop!" I barked. "It's Kristine Moseby. She's making me do it."

"Really? Now that is interesting," said Dana. "Tell me more."

"There's nothing to tell. She was mad at me so she made me paint my nails. You smelled it and that's where we're at."

"Except one thing," said Dana. "Just how did she make you paint your toenails?"

"She just did," I said as I pulled into our parking lot. "Look, I've been a good sport. Please just drop it."

"Let me see your toes again," she ordered.

"No, why do you want to see them again?"

"I want to see how you did painting them. It was dark and I was in a hurry when I saw them in your room."

"I'm in school, I'm not taking off my shoes just to satisfy your curiosity. I'll show you after we get home," I promised after we pulled into a spot in the massive lot.

"I want to see them. Show me," she again demanded.

"No," I said more forcefully.

"Fine, I hope you go viral," she said getting out of the car.

"Okay, I'll show you just--," I started.

"Now," she insisted. I took off my right gym shoe and put it on the passenger seat then took off my sock and put it with it. I was just starting on my left foot when Dana let out a shriek. "What the hell! You have on pantyhose too! I don't believe it."

I was so busy trying to get her to shut up, that I barely moved as she grabbed my shoe and sock through the passenger side window. "No!" I groaned.

"Well Ryan, this just got that much more interesting."

"Please sis, she's got me good. It's more than just painting my nails."

"Obviously," said Dana. "Okay, I won't expose you just yet. We need to have a long talk about this before I decide what to do. In the meantime, you'd probably like your shoe and sock back now."

"Yes please."

"Please, I really like this power. Okay, you want the shoe back you have to earn it. Scoot over into the passenger seat and take your other shoe and sock off."

"Really?"

"Just do it, Ryan."

"Fine," I sighed as yet another girl ordered me around. This time it was my own sister. I pulled off my other shoe and sock feeling very foolish.

"Now put your feet up on the dashboard."

"I hate it when you do it," I said. "I'm not going to do that."

"Do it now or I will take off running with your shoe and you can explain just what else Kristine is having you do to your classmates."

I put my feet up on the dashboard and as expected Dana took her phone out. She happily snapped picture after picture that showed my nails, the stockings, and my face. "Are your legs shaved?" she asked looking closely. "Oh my God, they are!"

"Dana, this is so humiliating."

"Suck it up princess," she snickered. Now, pull your pants legs up to your knees," she ordered. I complied and she took a dozen more pictures before giving me back my shoe and telling me to pull myself back together. I sat motionless in the car for about ten minutes before I finally found the strength to pull myself together and go inside. Unfortunately, Kristine was waiting for me.

Quarterback Prom Queen 2
Kylie Gable and Claudia Acosta

"Where were you?" Demanded Kristine. "I don't like waiting."

"I'm sorry Kristine, but my sister saw my toes and she wouldn't let me go," I explained.

"Wow! You're getting used to having to obey women at least. What did she think?"

"She thinks I'm a freak and a pervert."

"Well nobody knows you like family," smirked Kristine.

"Well, I need to see the toes and the hose and the panties. I don't imagine you can just drop trow in the hallway"

"No, not here."

"Well, we could go to the girls bathroom. Nobody will be at the one on the back side of the second floor or I could take you to the library. You can show me in the reference section."

"Both those choices suck," I said.

"Well, you have a better idea?"

"Not off hand."

"Girls bathroom it is," said Kristine. "Let's go."

I went with Kristine past all my friends and a bunch of students I don't even know saying "hi", but after we climbed the stairs up to the second floor, it became apparent that Kristine was right. The whole second floor seemed empty. Kristine ducked her head into the bathroom and looked around. "Here you go. Be it ever so humble."

"There," I said lifting my pant leg to display my pantyhose.

"Not going to cut it," said Kristine. "For one thing, I can't see your toe and I need to check your panties too. I want you to take off your pants, shoes, and socks."

"Come on, why are you making this so tough?"

"A better question is why are you taking so long when a group of your female classmates could come through that door any second. Is that what you want?"

"Of course not."

"Then hurry up," she ordered.

I kicked off my shoes and pulled down my pants before finally pulling off my sock. I was so nervous that somebody would come in that I was

trembling. Kristine moved in close to me and crouched down to examine the job I did on my toe nails. "That's not bad. I think you'll do purple tonight."

"Oh come on," I complained.

"Fine, I won't give you any polish," she said.

"Thank you."

"I still want them painted purple."

"So where do I get the polish then?"

"You can go back to the drug store or just ask your sister."

"Very funny," I glowered.

"I'll see you after school," she said. "Be there at four. Of course, I may just do a spot inspection during the day so don't you even think of taking anything off."

"I won't."

She swung the bathroom door way inside the bathroom and saw me standing there in the girls bathroom with panties and hose on, they'd be yelling their heads off before I could even attempt to explain myself.

I know a couple of girls saw me exiting the bathroom, but nobody said anything and I hurried down to my homeroom. Just before I got there, I was ambushed by Jake and Mike from the football team.

"Hey Ryan, where have you been man?" asked Jake. He was nearly three hundred pounds of solid muscle. At six-foot-four he towered over me.

"Yeah dude, you been avoiding us or something? You didn't even return any of our phone calls?" asked Mike. He was actually smaller than I was, but a tougher wide receiver you'd never find. He was well-liked by everybody and had a boyish charm.

"Sorry guys, I've been a bit busy," I replied.

"Is it about college?" asked Jake.

"Yeah, my coach sure is demanding considering I'm not even enrolled yet," I lied.

"Well, I guess that's life in a big time program," said Mike.

"You're going out to Jason's party this weekend right?" asked Jake.

"Wouldn't miss it for anything," I said, "but we better get to class."

"Okay, just so you'll be there this weekend," said Matt.

I felt like I was losing my mind. No matter what I did throughout the day, I just felt weird. Could they see my pantyhose? Were my panties sticking up over the top of my jeans. I even worried that somebody could somehow see my toes were painted. I was glad that I had my spot in college

already and didn't have games to prepare for or any meaningful classes to study in. My whole focus was on what Kristine would be demanding of me. At least it was Friday and I'd soon be free for the weekend anyway.

I rang the doorbell at Kristine's at four on the nose. I was anxious to get this over with. Kristine opened the door, but barely even acknowledged my presence. Instead she dropped a pair of open toed black pumps on the floor and told me, "Put those on, I'll be right back."

"I can't walk in heels," I complained.

"Exactly," she said. "But we'll fix that."

"Fine," I said. I sat on the couch and tried the pumps on. They fit a little better than the sandals she had me wear the other day. I stood up and tried to take a few steps, but I had to use the furniture to keep my balance. I soon became aware of Kristine watching me from the top of the stairs.

"You really are hopeless," she said. "I thought you were supposed to be light on your feet."

"Dropping back to pass, not mincing around in heels," I replied.

"Put your heel down first then the toe and shorten your stride," she instructed and she descended the stairs.

"So what are we doing today?" I asked.

"Wow, you are impatient. You know dresses are coming soon and you want to race right into them it seems."

"No, I just want to know."

"Well, today is just concentrating on getting those shoes down," she said. "You won't master them today, but I want you to get better. Then tomorrow--."

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow is Saturday," I said.

"Yes, all day. As I was saying--."

"I had plans for tomorrow," I said.

"Well, now you have new plans."

"You are such a bitch," I said.

"You're right," said Kristine. "I can be a bitch, but you're not allowed to call me one. That's going to cost you."

"What?"

"I suggest you get walking while I'm deciding that," she warned me.

"You're just lucky you have so much on me," I said.

"Get walking. Do what I told you because you're not leaving here today

until I am convinced you can wear heels without falling over."

"Whatever," I said and began to follow her instructions. I'm an athlete. That may not sound like much, but I am used to talking about moving my body in fractions of an inch. Slightly changing my arm position could be the difference between a long touchdown pass and an interception. As a result, I did pick up on Kristine's coaching fairly quickly.

"Okay, you get to knock off a bit earlier today than I planned," she said. "You're not walking like a lingerie model yet, but that's a pretty good start."

"A start?"

"Yeah, I wanted you at least good enough that you could practice at home without twisting your ankle. I think you're there now."

"Great, something else I have to do at home," I sighed.

"That reminds me," said Kristine picking up my gym shoes, "I'm keeping these until tomorrow. I'll be by at ten o'clock."

"You can't expect me to go home in these heels."

"I'm afraid I can," she said, "but then again I'm a bitch, right?"

"I didn't mean that."

"Yes you did. I'll see you tomorrow at ten."

Driving home was very difficult. I hadn't even made it down the block when I realized I couldn't drive in the heels, but taking them off was problematic too. I wasn't used to driving barefoot and I really had to slam down on the gas and brake.

When I got home, I put the heels back on. It was too cold to be barefoot outside and besides, it wouldn't matter if anybody saw me in heels. It wouldn't really any worse than them seeing me in my stocking feet and painted toes.

No sooner did I walk through the door, then Dana was yelling down from upstairs. "Hey mom, you're early. I wish you had told me, I'd have dinner ready."

I didn't reply, instead I walked into the kitchen and took a chug out of the milk carton.

"Mom, I told you I'd make dinner--," began Dana. "Oh my God, I heard your heels and thought you were mom. This is hysterical."

"No it's not, it's none of your business either," I said.

"That girl is totally making my brother her bitch. Of course it's my business," said Dana laughing at me.

"I'm warning you, Dana."

"You know what; I need some pictures of you in your new shoes. How about a nice pose? Or do you want me to show mom and dad the pictures from this morning? Your choice."

"We'll do it your way," I said.

"Good, let's see...why don't you sit down on the couch."

"There, happy?" I asked snidely.

"Ecstatic," she replied. Now put one foot in front of the other and take your back foot out of the shoe so it looks like you're putting it on."

I did as she asked, but I admittedly was glowering at her the whole time. I didn't like being Kristine's bitch and I certainly wasn't going to accept this from my own sister. "Can I go now?"

"I suppose so," replied Dana. "You're quite a talented fashion model. I really like those shoes too. I just love the way your little painted toes peek out."

"Do you have any purple nail polish?" I asked.

"Oh God, please tell me it's because you want to borrow some," laughed Dana.

"I forgot to pick any up," I said. "Kristine wants me to paint them purple."

"Well, I wouldn't want to be responsible for Kristine being disappointed. Follow me up to my room and we'll get you all set up," she said.

"Thanks sis," I replied.

"Stop by your room and take off your pantyhose. I can't paint your toes through them."

I didn't really want my sister to be the one painting my toes, but I chose not to say anything. I went into my room and removed the pantyhose carefully so I wouldn't have to replace them and went into room wearing just my sexy purple lace panties.

"Ew," said Kristine.

"What now?" I asked.

"Those panties don't leave a whole lot to the imagination. Go get the blue and white striped skirt out of my closet. You can wear that for your pedicure."

I found the skirt and put it on. I'd seen my sister wear it a thousand times before, but it felt so humiliating to wear them in front of her. I sat down

on her bed and let her do her thing. She started by removing my old nail polish. The purple that she put on my toes was so bright and unmistakably girly.

"Thank you," I said. "Now give me your fingers."

"Come on," I pleaded. "I'm already having to take orders from Kristine."

"I know, but tonight we're going to play a fun game called can you keep wearing purple nail polish without our parents noticing," she smirked. "Now give me your damn fingers before I have to make you regret it." I spread out my fingers and let her do her thing. She put on two coats of color and a coat of clear so that my fingers would really shine. She obviously could hear me groaning as the polish was applied. A large grin spread across her face. "I really like that color. I should use it myself more."

I spent the evening trying to hide out from my own parents. I didn't dare go down to dinner with my nails painted and I mostly stayed in bed watching the television so that if mom and dad came in, I could keep my hands under the covers. I told my folks I had a bug and my mom was nice enough to bring some dinner up to me on a tray. I was not happy that my sister had made me spend a perfectly good Friday night in bed.

When morning came, dad visited me in my room before his golf game. He was ecstatic that I told him I was feeling a lot better. As soon as he left, I was up and in the shower. Unfortunately, Dana was determined not to make this easy on me. When I got out of the shower, she was nowhere to be found. I tried to rummage through her things, but she had clearly hidden the nail polish remover from me. I hid out in my room hoping that my mom would leave soon.

At just before ten, I heard a lot of laughter downstairs. My mom called up to me, "Get down here Ryan. You have a friend down here."

Oh shit! Down I raced knowing full well that Kristine had arrived and was now holding court with my mom and my sister.

"Hi Kristine," I called from the stairs.

"Hey Ryan," smirked Kristine. "I was just reminiscing with your mom and Dana."

"Hi brother," called out Dana. "I hope you're feeling better today."

I kept my hands in my pocket so my mom wouldn't see the polish, but Dana knew it was there and I wondered if Kristine did as well.

"Yeah, I'm better," I mumbled. "Kristine and I were going to go to the mall today."

"I'm not in any hurry though, Ryan," said Kristine. "We've been enjoying ourselves."

Dana got up and went into the kitchen. She returned with a bagel and orange juice for me. "Here you go Ryan; you better keep your strength up." She handed me the plate and glass I took them from her while she was blocking my mom's view. She smirked at me and I glowered at her. I could see Kristine covering up a giggle as she could clearly see my purple fingers.

"We should get going," I said.

"Don't be silly," said Kristine. "Finish your breakfast."

As soon as my mom's head was turned I stuffed half the bagel in my mouth. I ate the whole thing that way, waiting until she was distracted and then taking a big bite. I gulped down the orange juice the very same way. "Okay," I said, "I'm done. Let's go."

"I don't think I've ever seen you so excited to go to the mall," said my mom.

"Oh, I think Ryan is just discovering fashion," replied Dana.

"It was nice talking to you both. We won't be real late," said Kristine.

"Ryan's father and I are going out tonight anyway, so no curfew," said my mom.

"You have a really nice family," said Kristine. "How did you turn out so messed up?"

"Nice? I know you saw my nails," I complained showing her my purple finger nails up close.

"Oh, she used several coats. It looks like a lot of love went into that."

"Are we really going to the mall?" I asked.

"We're going by the mall," she said. "Maybe we'll stop in. You need panties unless you want to borrow them from mom or sis."

"I don't want to go anywhere with purple nails," I think it's awesome that your sister is making you girly too.

"I'm sure you had nothing to do with it," I said.

"Not a thing. I swear," she replied.

We got into Kristine's car and she drove us to a block from the mall. There on a busy cross street was the *Wavelength Hair Salon*. "Oh no, tell me this isn't the place," I said.

"It's a great salon. It's where I get my hair done," said Kristine. The outside was all modern with an abundance of neon lighting, but once we walked inside it looked like any other salon, I guess. A perky redhead with a great smile greeted us. "Hello," she said. "Welcome to *Wavelength*."

"Hi, I have an appointment with Erin," she said. I breathed a sigh of relief believing she had taken me here to watch her get her hair done.

"Sure," said the redhead. She paged Erin who came to greet us. Erin was a very cute girl who couldn't have been much more than twenty years old. She had a very stylish short black hairstyle with a purple streak in it, but the short hair didn't look mannish at all on her.

"Hi Kristine, I assume this is the project you told me about."

"Project?" I asked.

"Pardon him, Erin," replied Kristine. "He knows he's the project, but doesn't know everything that entails."

"Hi Ryan, I'm Erin," she said. "I love your nails."

"Thanks," I grumbled when Kristine elbowed me in the ribs.

"Let's go back to my station and see what we have to work with."

"You had better cooperate today," said Kristine. "Do not embarrass me."

I glumly sat in the chair and let Erin put a cape over me. She took a comb and began inspecting my hair. "Kristine, like we discussed earlier Ryan does have a short haircut, but its longer than you let on. It would be short on a girl, but for a guy, there's stuff to work with."

"Wow! Wonderful," said Kristine.

"You have three or four months until you need him ready for prom. By then he won't look like Rapunzel or anything, but by then we can do bedhead waves or a very sexy bob I'm sure. Plus, with prom hairstyles, it's really easy to hide extensions."

"Extensions would be perfect," said Kristine. It took all my will power not to object.

"For now, it's important than he takes care of his hair and we'll make that decision when the time comes," said Erin.

"What about for today?" asked Kristine.

"Today?!" I asked nervously.

"I wouldn't want to cut off too much length and his hair is short for a lot of styles. I think I could do a decent shag or maybe a pixie, but I can't promise it'll look much like a boy's haircut," said Erin.

"Wait," I complained. "I can't walk around school with a girl's hairstyle."

"I don't think you really have a choice," said Erin. Before I could really react, Kristine had grabbed my shoulders and was holding me down in the chair. Erin shoved a red ball gag in my now gaping mouth and together, they zip-tied my wrists to the arms of the chair. When they raised the chair and tilted it back, I felt particularly helpless. I hadn't noticed that Erin's station was secluded in the back of a very busy salon. I might make some noise even through the ball gag, but I doubted anybody would hear me over the hairdryers.

"Is that gag going to be a problem when you're cutting his hair?" asked Kristine.

"It would be, but I'm sure after your sissy calms down, we won't really need it," replied Erin. "Would you like color?"

"Truthfully, I hadn't thought about it," said Kristine.

"I think he'd look great as a platinum blonde and I may not dye many guys' hair, but I still do it from time to time. People may think it's odd, but they won't necessarily know what's going on," assured Erin.

"Mmmph," I complained through the gag.

"I'm assuming that's just your way of telling me that you're excited about your new look. You see, I cut Kristine's hair and I like her very much, but as a hairstylist a lot of my friends are other stylists and a lot of the male stylists like other men. I think they're amazing guys," began Erin. "So I don't think much of macho asshole football players who bully people for their sexual orientation."

"Mmmph," I yelled into the gag, but only a small hum came out.

Erin went to work and other than being restrained, it wasn't too different from any other hair cut I'd ever received. Erin cut my hair into a short pixie that could really only be described as feminine. Even worse, the hair would only be able to be styled into this sassy little hair style. "What do you think?" asked Erin after declaring my hair complete.

"That both looks great and will be so humiliating for the little sissy to explain," said Kristine squeezing my shoulders. I cursed her out, but of course that was all cut off by the gag.

"He doesn't seem very enthusiastic," joked Erin.

"I think that's his way of saying he wants color."

"Alright!" exclaimed Erin. "So let's begin, shall we? We don't even

know if his hair will take to the bleach."

"Oh I hope so."

Like a true pro, Erin applied bleach to a single piece of my hair and then wrapped it in tinfoil. Then we waited. The girls discussed what kind of prom gown Kristine should make me buy while I tried to escape the zip-ties. When it was finally time for Erin to peel away the foil, she checked my hair and proudly proclaimed, "Perfect!" Kristine was so happy she literally clapped for joy.

It took Erin about an hour to wrap my hair in over 100 pieces of foil. I felt like a human leftover. Then I sat there for literally hours before, Erin wheeled over a four headed heater. This caused the bleaching agent between the foils to do its work and take my hair from brown to an orangey-yellow shade. Occasionally, she would rinse out strands at the shampoo bowl.

"This would be a lot easier if we hadn't had to tie him to the chair," complained Erin.

"Until he ran out of the store screaming," said Kristine.

"Yeah, there is that," agreed the young stylist. I was extremely uncomfortable. The heat was surprisingly intense and a combination of the unpleasant temperature and even less pleasant humiliation was making me tear up a little although I maintained the willpower to not just begin balling. I didn't want to give Kristine the satisfaction of seeing me break down then and there. What I could see of my hair was frightening. I had creamy white, orange, blush, and golden yellow shades going on. I worried that when this process was completed I'd be walking around with multi-tonal hair.

"Good, now we don't have to worry about the gag," said Kristine after Erin pronounced the back of my hair fully processed.

Erin highlighted my hair in an effort to remove that orange-blush color that was coming through. It seemed to mostly do the trick. After my roots had reached their maximum lightness, I got another bleaching because of still more of that blush color coming through around the mid-section of my hair.

"We have to be really careful not too damage his hair. These are pretty harsh chemicals," said Erin.

"He'll probably just lose all his hair and get a big belly by the time he's forty anyway," snarked Kristine.

"Still, it's what I do. I'm going to do my best to do it right," said Erin. "Timing is everything when you're dying a hair lighter because if you delay even a minute too long, you can ruin the hair."

After quickly applying bleach from the strands to the ends, my hair finally reached a pale golden hue that both Erin and Kristine were thrilled with. I could barely recognize in my hair. By the time the girls finished it was already after eight and the mall wouldn't even be open much longer. Worse than that, I was sporting a new platinum blonde pixie hairdo. By now we had the salon to ourselves so Kristine took off the ball gag.

"So what do you think of your new hair?" asked Erin. "Haven't you always wondered if blondes really do have more fun?"

"It sucks," I replied. "You're such a bitch for doing--."

Before I could even finish my thought, Kristine slapped me hard across the face. The blow was strong enough to actually make the chair I was in spin a bit. "You do not talk to my friends that way," warned Kristine.

"Hey, if you have a bit of time, would you like me to do his makeup?" asked Erin.

"Really?" replied Kristine.

"I think it will totally be my pleasure. It's not my specialty, but I did go to beauty school and I have all sorts of professional grade product," replied Erin.

"Great, I'll make sure Ryan gives you a big tip."

"You're in luck Ryan," taunted Erin. "Since it's evening I'll give you an evening look. I don't have to be nearly as subtle."

I was beginning to really hate this girl. I didn't know what Kristine had told her about me, but she got the totally wrong idea. I strained against the zip ties, but it did me no good. Unfortunately, I had somehow pissed Erin off and that meant waterproof mascara and eye shadow, gel eyeliner, long lasting foundation, and a kissable lip stain. About the only thing she put on me that wasn't meant to stay for an inordinate amount of time was the blush and with the amount I was already blushing, I don't think that any observer would have noticed.

"Wow! That looks great," observed Kristine as she snapped yet more pictures to remember the day by.

"I wish we had time," sighed Erin. "I'd love to give him glamour length nails. You have to set that up for prom."

"Well, next time for sure," said Kristine sitting me up in the chair so I could finally get a good view of my transformation. I wouldn't say I was beautiful, but my reflection was definitely feminine and actually kind of cute. The hair style was so unmistakably feminine that I could think of a few

female students I knew who wore their hair very similarly. The makeup was very noticeable and very transforming. I gasped at what appeared to be a female reflection staring back at me.

"I think he likes it," said Kristine after recovering from laughing at my reaction.

"Another satisfied customer," replied Erin. "Let's get him to the mall."

"You want to come with?" asked Kristine.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," replied Erin. "I'll meet you over there."

I went with Kristine out to the car. As soon as we were alone I complained, "I didn't agree to have my hair dyed."

"Yeah, but it is now, so deal with it," replied Kristine.

"I can't believe you did this to me."

"Believe it bitch," said Kristine. "I told you, I intend for you to be ready for the prom and that means certain changes and I can promise you some of the changes will be bigger than this, so get used to it. Now sit your ass in the passenger seat."

The whole ride to the mall was awkward. I pulled down the sun visor so that I could check out my reflection in the mirror. Kristine was reveling in my humiliation looking at my horror with sideways glances.

"I can't go to the mall looking like this," I said.

"And why not?" she asked.

"Look at me."

"You look pretty," she giggled.

"That's not what I mean," I said.

"Honestly, I think most people will just assume you're a flat chested girl," said Kristine. "Besides, I can't be too mean to you. We're not going to have time to stay there for very long."

"I've learned not to underestimate you."

"Look, we're just going to get you some bras and panties and then we'll be out of there. I promise," swore Kristine.

When we got to the mall, we were able to get a close parking space. Erin was waiting for us by the front door. She smiled as we approached.

"That turned out even better than I thought it would. Looking at you as you approached, I thought you looked like two girls."

"I told you," said Kristine.

"Can we just get this over with?" I pleaded.

"Absolutely princess," mocked Erin as we entered the mall. We were in a big department store and the girls immediately began looking at the underwear. I was a bit surprised as I expected to go to Victoria's Secret. The girls were positively giddy looking at padded bras and pointing them out to each other. When Erin held one up to my chest, I think the saleswoman had had enough. She was a very well put together woman with impeccable makeup and perfect hair. She was in her late thirties or early forties and both attractive and intimidating. "Can I help you ladies?" she asked.

"Actually, you can," said Erin. "Do you do bra fittings?"

The audible chuckle from Kristine let me know that this wasn't her idea. The saleswoman was a bit put off by her reaction. "Yes we do," she replied curtly.

"Awesome!" said Erin. "Our friend here needs one."

"Well," the saleswoman said looking me over. "We don't discriminate against transgender or gender fluid people, but I must confess it's been a long day and this feels a lot more like a prank than someone transitioning. Am I right?"

I breathed a sigh of relief, but then Erin spoke. "Look at his hair and makeup. Would he really get a woman's hairstyle and dye his hair platinum blonde just to play a prank on a lingerie saleswoman that he doesn't even know."

"I guess not," replied the woman. "By the way, I love that haircut. Come back to the fitting room and I'll get you taken care of."

We went to the dressing room and a few moments later we were joined by a tall woman with long black hair named Kenya. She was closer to our age, maybe in her early twenties. "I understand that you need a bra fitting," she said addressing me.

"That's right," I said my mouth suddenly feeling parched.

"Well that's great," she said. "Have you ever worn a bra before?"

"Oh, he just loves them," interjected Kristine. "He's always stretching mine out."

"Then let's get him one that fits properly," said Kenya grabbing a pink tape measure and instructing me to remove my shirt. "The first measurement is for the band size."

"That looks like a thirty-six or a thirty-eight," said Erin observing Kenya's measurement.

"Actually, you're going to want to go thirty-eight really," replied Kenya before taking another measurement and announcing, "I think he's a B cup."

"A B," said Kristine. "Wow! You've got some little boobies already."

"We'd like him to be a C cup," said Erin.

"That's no problem," said Kenya. "I need to get some bras for him to try on anyway. I'll grab some padded ones."

"It's your lucky day, Ryan," announced Kristine. I just stood there dumbfounded and blushing until she returned with three bras. "Don't pay too much attention to the color. This is all about style and fit."

"That's a very pretty bra," said Kristine as Kenya slipped a black lace bra on me. She had to let out the straps a bit, but eventually she found what she thought was an ideal fit.

"How does that feel?" she asked.

"Honestly, I'm not really sure how a bra is supposed to feel," I said.

"He's been borrowing my dresses, heels, and stuff forever, but I think wearing my bra was probably a little too intimate," lied Kristine.

"Well then this is a big day," said Kenya cheerfully. "Soon you'll have bras of your own."

"Yeah, that's great," I muttered.

"Your own bra! That is so exciting! I'm so proud of you for embracing your true self," said Erin hugging my shoulders from behind.

Soon I had tried on all three of the bras and Kenya made her decision. "Truthfully, they all fit and you could wear of them and they'd look great on you, but I really like how the first one hung on you. It seemed to fit your build perfectly. That's our *Embraceable You Bra*. They're \$22 apiece, but you can them three for forty with our current sale."

"That's great, but we'd also like to get him some panties," said Kristine.

"We do have bra and panty sets and I can help you with that too," chirped Kenya.

"If he wants a little on top, what should we do?" asked Erin.

"Well, that particular bra does add a cup size. I think 38 C looks very realistic on his frame, but if he wanted to go larger, we have enhancers. I don't think they'll take him all the way up to a D though since he's barely a B. I would expect they'll make a fuller B though."

We left the store having spent nearly \$100 of my money. I was just thrilled to be leaving. Kenya was professional and never looked down on me.

I appreciated that, but I couldn't say the same about Erin or Kristine. "Are we done now," I asked. "It's been a long day."

"Unless you'd like to get your ears pierced while we're here," joked Kristine pointing to a small jewelry pagoda between us and the door to the mall.

"That's quite alright," I said.

"You know it's coming for prom," said Erin.

"I suppose I'm not surprised," I said. "Say, I thought we'd go to *Victoria's Secret*."

"Disappointed?" laughed Erin.

"No," I snapped.

"Careful sunshine, it's not too late for those earrings," said Kristine. "We were actually being nice. What you bought would have cost you close to twice as much at *Victoria's Secret*. However, like we've been saying, just wait for prom."

"Let's get Cinderella home before she turns into a pumpkin," suggested Erin.

"Cinderella doesn't turn into a pumpkin, her carriage does," corrected Kristine.

"Whatever," said Erin. "Though come to think of it, do you have a name for sissy yet?"

"I hadn't thought about that," admitted Kristine.

"Cindy would make a lot of sense," said Erin.

"What's wrong with Ryan?" I complained.

"Sure, it'll look great on your prom invitation," mocked Erin. "Though think about it. She's normally so plain and hum drum, but she's going to be dressed up all fancy for this dance. She is a regular Cinderella."

"I like it," said Kristine. "Cindy it is."

"Perfect," beamed Erin. "Now you introduce yourself as Cindy, bitch."

"Come on," I pleaded. "It's too embarrassing."

"Do it or regret it," said Kristine. "It's your choice."

"Hi, my name is Cindy," I said.

"No," said Erin. "Show us some enthusiasm."

"Hi, I'm Cindy. I'm pleased to meet you," I said faking a smile.

"That's good enough for now," said Kristine. "Don't forget your name."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Kristine's car pulled up in front of my

house. Erin had said her goodbyes in the mall parking lot, but Kristine had not had any trouble humiliating me on her own until now. I looked around for my dad's car. It was nowhere to be found, which meant my folks were still out. I was thankful for small favors.

"Okay, out you go," said Kristine. "I had fun today. We'll have to have another date again soon."

"I'd rather go on a date with Christian Wiggins," I sneered.

"Oh great," she chirped. "I can definitely arrange that."

"No, that's not what I meant," I pleaded. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, I love playing matchmaker. You too will make such a cute couple."

"Don't Kristine," I begged. "I shouldn't have said that."

"Get out of my car now bitch. If Erin was here with those zip-ties, we'd leave you tied to your porch for your parents to find. Be at my place at noon tomorrow and don't you dare be late. Also, you need to shave off the body hair that's regrown since last time. I want you perfectly smooth."

"What are we doing?" I asked.

"You'll find out," she replied.

I was frazzled. It didn't seem like this was ever going to end or even take a break for a day. I raced in the house carrying a plastic bag full of panties and bras. Unfortunately, I was so distracted it didn't even occur to me that the coast might not be clear. I opened the front door to find Dana and five of her friends looking straight at me from the living room furniture.

"Oh my God! Is that your brother?"

"What happened to his hair?"

"He's got more makeup on than all of us combined."

"Hold on, Ryan!" called out my sister, but I just rushed right past them and into the bathroom where I could take off the makeup. I locked the door and threw my shopping bag on the floor. I got a washcloth and squirted soft soap into it, but no matter how hard I wiped some of the makeup didn't come off at all and some of it left a residue on the washcloth, but still coated my face.

"No, no," I groaned scrubbing harder. "Come on!"

"What's up sis," called Dana through the door. "Can't get your makeup off?"

"No, I'm not wearing makeup," I lied.

"We all saw it and you know I have pictures that say it wasn't the first

time you got pretty, so open that door. You know how easy these doors are to pick with a screwdriver or pen."

Unfortunately, I knew she was right. The locks on the doors in our house were meant to protect our privacy, not to keep out a half dozen determined girls. "Okay, I'm opening the door."

No sooner did I unlock the bathroom door than all six girls streamed into the tiny bathroom. They were all full of questions. "Wow! So you're a blonde now," said Dana.

"She took me to the salon. They dyed it and put makeup on me that I can't get off."

"She gave you a pixie cut too," said one of the girls. The whole group of girls giggled and laughed at me.

"I really like this Kristine," said Dana.

"Hey Kristine," said her friend Tina. "Your brother was shopping for new underwear."

Dana took the bag and looked inside. "It looks like slutty underwear too. You're padding out your chest I see. Here, put on the red bra and panty set and then come out in the living room."

"No!" I said angrily, "I just want to get this stuff off."

"Well, since my friends and I are the only ones in this house who know how to do it, I suggest you cooperate," said Dana.

"Fine, I'll do it," I said.

"Oh," mocked Dana. "Unfortunately, you were naughty and told me no. Do you know what happens to naughty girls?"

"I don't," I replied meekly.

"They get spanked," yelled Tina.

Dana handed her a hairbrush saying, "Do the honors please."

Dan's friends pulled my pants down to my knees and bent me over the sink. Then Tina spoke, "Ok, after every swat I want you to say, "Thank you. I would like another so I can learn to be a good little girl."

"I hope you got that," said Dana. "Afterwards, you're going to model some clothes for us and then if you're good, we'll help you with your makeup."

In one day, I had been broken so far. I had no idea how much worse it could get before things got any easier.

Quarterback Prom Queen 3

Kylie Gable and Claudia Acosta

I tried to wipe away my tears, but after all I had been through during the day, the spanking affected me in a way that I wouldn't describe as simply pain. It was a jarring humiliation and everything came flooding at once including a bunch of sobs. I looked in the mirror and the tears had done nothing to mess my makeup. I stared deeply at my face only to be awoken from my daydream by Tina knocking on the door, "Come on Ryan. It's time to play."

"I'm coming," I called out between sniffles. I stepped into the red panties and put my bra on backwards spinning it so that the clasps were in the back. I was probably wearing it a bit too high because I wasn't sure how to adjust my shoulder straps myself. I stuffed the enhancers in the cups and decided that it did really like I had fairly big boobs. I opened the door and was greeted by whistling and cat calls from the girls.

"Oh my God!" exclaimed a brunette girl, "Your brother has got a rack."

"I know you know how to put on pantyhose big sister," mocked Dana. "So pull those nude ones up your legs."

Evidently, I hadn't found a good spot to hide my lingerie because that was definitely my own pantyhose that my sister was having me put on. The other girls were laughing and teasing me that I put them on better than they did, and of course Dana was taking still more incriminating pictures.

I expected the girls to have me put on a dress of some kind, but it was worse than that. Next to the pantyhose was my sister's green and black cheerleading uniform. "That's right sis, welcome to the squad," teased Dana.

"Wow! Congratulations," added a bubbly blonde named Jill. "You've just been promoted from quarterback to cheerleader."

I reluctantly put on the cheerleader outfit relieved that at least I wouldn't have to wear heels. Dana got up and handed me a notebook and a pen. "Here's the deal, most of us were on cheerleading as you know. Well, we're going to challenge you to write three good cheers. If they're good enough, we'll help you take off the makeup right away, if they're mediocre, you'll be trying on some other clothes for us tonight, and if they suck you're on your own. Got it?"

"Yeah, but I mean what makes them good?" I asked.

"Trash yourself," said Tina. "The more you call yourself out for being a

loser, the more sympathetic we might be to your situation."

"We'll be tough but fair," assured Jill.

"Okay, for your first cheer I was allowed to select the cheer topic. You are going to write a cheer about how inferior you are to women," said Jill.

"Inferior?" I asked.

"Well, look at yourself," teased Tina.

"Okay fine," I said. "Give me a few minutes."

"You've got five," announced Dana.

It took me the full five minutes to come up with something. Now came the tough part. I got up, grabbed my pom-poms, and got ready to perform for the girls:

*Girls Rule,
Boys Drool.
We've known that since we were in preschool.
Boys are inferior.
Girls are superior.
And they make me look like a fool.
Yay Girls!*

As I jumped up and down waving my pom-poms at the end of my cheer, it was pretty clear that the girls were very entertained by my efforts.

"What did you think Jill?" asked Dana.

"Well, I thought he did a good job with the rhyming and it sounded embarrassing to me, I'll give him an eight out of ten," replied the enthusiastic blonde.

"How about you Tina?" asked Dana.

"I didn't think there was much choreography. He just really jumped up and down. That was pretty unimaginative. I'll give him a six," replied Tina.

"How about you Dana?"

"I really expected more. English is the one class he's actually good at. I'd like to see something that's more embarrassing to perform. I'll give him a seven for effort though. That brings his total up to twenty-one."

She smirked at me and added, "A score between sixty-three and seventy-two and you'll be putting on a fashion show for us. Lower than that and you're on your own for removing your makeup. If you score higher, we'll help you without the fashion show. So you had better take your game up a notch. Tina, do you have the next topic?"

"I think the next cheer should be about the fact you're hung like a house fly. Cheer about your tiny dick," said Tina to laughter and applause from all the girls.

"I'm going to need some time again," I said.

"He's going to need some time to find it," joked one of the girls I didn't know.

"Get to it," said Tina.

"Are you ready?" asked Jill after another five minutes were up.

"I guess so," I replied getting up and facing my tormenters. I began:

*I have no bulge
I have no bulge
I'm very flat
like a doormat
My dick is small
And that's not all
You'd need a microscope
to find my balls.
My penis is so tiny,
No girls want to try me.
Cause I have no bulge.
I have no bulge.*

"Oh...my...God!" said Tina when she was finally done laughing. "That had to be so humiliating for you to admit. I give that one a ten."

"I don't know," said Dana. "It sounded a lot like the last cheer. I'm thinking a seven."

"I'm only going to give him a six this time," said Jill. "I wanted more originality and better moves."

"By my count," said Dana, "you're at a forty-four. You're going to need two tens and a nine to avoid the fashion show, but anything better than two sixes and a seven and we'll help you with your makeup."

"Can't we skip the fashion show?" I pleaded.

"Oh honey, that's like the best part," said Jill.

"Your turn, Dana," said one of the other girls.

"Well, I think I'd like to hear our little cheerleader compose a cheer about what a bitch she is," said Dana.

"Oh that's a good one," agreed Tina.

I had the same allotted five minutes, but I spent more time thinking about how to do the proper cheers than I did working on the words I would cheer:

*Bitch Boy is my name
Bitch Boys is my game
I'm such a bitch,
but which is which.
It seems they're all the same.
When I'm walking down the street
I have high heels on my feet.
I have painted toes
I'm wearing pantyhose
Everyday I'm using veet.*

"Wow, that was rough," said Tina. "I don't know what that which is which part even meant. The cheering itself was better, but I'm going to give you a seven and you're lucky to get that."

"I have to agree," said Dana. "I know what *Veet* is, but that's a really obscure reference, I don't know where you pulled that out of. I'm going six."

"You saved your worst for last, but the cheering was improved," said Jill. "I'll go with a seven."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I knew what that meant; I'd have to put on a humiliating fashion show, but at least they'd help me with my makeup.

"Do you know what that means, princess?" asked Dana.

"I have to do the fashion show?" I replied.

"That's right. I have that purple lace dress hanging in my closet that I wore to our aunt's wedding last summer. You can wear that with any black shoes you find up there. Be sure to have a matching padded bra, panties, and hose," said Dana.

"You know a lot of girls make their brothers do makeovers, but it sure is a lot easier when he's already got a sexy girl's hairstyle and makeup," said Jill.

"You're right," said Dana.

"You heard your sister," barked Tina. "Move it sissy!"

I raced upstairs and went into Dana's room. It felt strange to be in there without her, but I knew what I needed to wear. I got my black open toed

pumps from my room and stepped into them before slipping Dana's dress over my head and smoothing it into place. I shuddered at my ultra feminine movement, realizing just how accustomed I was becoming to wearing feminine clothing.

I was kind of surprised my mom let Dana get that dress. It was very short and lacy on top, which made it look quite sexy. I nearly stumbled down the stairs as I was hurrying back to the girls. I had been practicing in heels, but stairs were totally harder to navigate than a flat surface.

"It took you long enough," said Tina. "Let's see you strike some poses for us."

I did my best to pose for the girls as they took hundreds of pictures and even videos with their phones. I wasn't just going to have to worry about Kristine or Dana ruining me after this. All these girls would also have power over me too.

I was caught like a deer in headlights when the front door opened. There in the doorway were my mom and dad. I didn't know what to do or how to react.

"Hey mom and dad," said Dana with just a little too much enthusiasm.

"Hey girls," said my dad. "We didn't mean to interrupt."

"That's alright Mr. Brady," assured Jill. "I hope you two had fun tonight."

"We had a great time," assured my mom. "We'll get out of your way though. Have you seen your brother, Dana?"

"Mom, you know I don't keep track of him," said Dana. "He goes his way and I go mine."

"I suppose, but he is the only brother you've got," said my mom.

"Thank God," replied Dana.

"Good night girls," said my dad and my parents, clearly exhausted, headed to their bedroom. The master bedroom was on the ground floor. My sister and I had bedrooms upstairs. It worked pretty well. That arrangement kept our noise confined it to the upstairs to avoid bothering my folks. Tonight, with all the girls gathered downstairs, it was going to be loud.

"Oh my God!" mouthed Dana. "My parents didn't even recognize him."

"That's awesome," agreed Jill. "They were looking right at him too."

"So are we going to have him model some more clothes for us?" asked Tina.

"We better not," said Dana. "I don't want to get busted by my folks."

"We could go upstairs to your room," suggested Tina.

"Yeah, we probably should anyway just to keep the noise down, but I don't want to risk my parents catching us. It's not like there's anything he can do about it. We'll arrange another night and we'll plan it out. Then we can all bring some sexy things for him," said Dana.

"I'm not going to show up at one of your parties just so you can make me over," I objected.

"Aren't you?" asked Dana. "I think if I tell you too, you had better. Isn't that right?"

"Yes Dana," I said.

"What a little bitch," said Tina. All the girls laughed at me. I felt so low.

"Let's take you upstairs and get your makeup off," said Dana. "I think most of it will come off with makeup remover. You might want to invest in some."

The girls took me up to the upstairs bathroom that I shared with Dana. Sure enough almost all of the makeup came off with the remover, but some of it—like the gel eyeliner and the lipstick—took a lot of work.

"You're really lucky we helped you," said Jill.

"I know, but this damn hairstyle still makes me look like a girl," I said. "I don't know how I'm going to explain it to mom and dad."

The next day, I was up bright and early, but not earlier than my mom. She was making pancakes when I came down stairs. "Good morning Ryan," she said as she heard me descend the steps. "I made breakfast so...." My mom nearly dropped a plate. She stared at me aghast and confused. "What did you do, Ryan?"

"It's not so bad," I said. "It's just hair. It will grow back."

"Ryan, that's a damn pixie cut and you're a blonde. What were you thinking?"

Just then my dad entered the kitchen. I don't think he recognized me from behind, but when he got a good look at me, he exploded too. "Damn it Ryan! What did I tell you about being a college football player? You're in the spotlight now, son. This is going to make you look like a freak."

"It's just hair, dad. It'll grow out soon enough," I repeated. "I didn't make it green or purple or anything."

"I still don't get what you were thinking," said my mom. "That's a

woman's hairstyle too."

"It's not mom," I lied. "It's unisex. It can be worn by guys or girls."

"I don't know how I'm going to get used to it, but let's just have breakfast and then I'll take you to my barber," said my dad. "I don't know what he can do about the color, but he can at least give you a buzz."

"No dad," I said. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Do you want to tell him or should I?" asked my sister from the stairs.

"Hi Dana," called my mom. "What do you know about this?"

"Well for one thing," said Dana. "That's why Kristine was here yesterday."

"No, that's not true," I said.

"He asked her help in picking out a hairstyle, but I think the color was all his idea," said Dana walking into the kitchen.

"But why?" asked my dad. "I'm more confused than ever."

"It's some stupid football thing," lied my sister. It was a good lie too, and I could have hugged her at that moment. "All the freshman do it in the spring and then at summer practice they get the upperclassmen to shave their heads."

"Really?" asked my mom skeptically.

"Yeah mom," I added. "It's to symbolize us becoming men."

"I never should have let you go to a west coast school. You know they don't do this sort of thing at Alabama," sighed my dad shaking his head.

Breakfast was a really awkward affair. My sister sat there with a shit eating grin the whole time, and my mom and dad tried not to look at me, but I could see them sneaking peeks. As long as my dad believed it was for football though, I wouldn't have to get it cut. That would at least keep me out of trouble with Kristine.

I made sure to be at Kristine's by noon. I had no idea what her plans were for today, but after yesterday I knew I wasn't going to be happy with them.

Kristine greeted me with a bigger smile than usual.

"I really should have made you tip Erin a whole lot more," she said. "Your hair still looks amazing."

"Yeah, I got in trouble with my parents about it this morning. I'm not in the mood," I said.

"Well I am, so deal with it," she snapped.

"I'm sorry," I said. I wasn't about to antagonize her before I even stepped foot inside.

"You know what, I accept your apology. I see you brought your purchases with you. That's good. Your outfit is laid out up in my bedroom. Why don't you go put it on and we can get started?" she asked cheerfully.

I did as she said and saw the outfit on her bed. As I looked it over, it occurred to me that she was really dressing me far sexier than she ever had dressed herself. The dress she had picked out for me was a black bodycon dress with laces on the hem. It was short sleeved and had a good amount of spandex in it to stretch and show off any curves. The dress was so short it appeared that it would cover the tops of my thighs, but that was it.

I was glad I shaved that morning as so much of my legs would be on display and I knew that Kristine would be mad if she saw any leg hair. There was a pair of black go go boots on the bed next to the dress. They had three inch heels and came just past my ankles. I put on my black lace bra and panties and I was already wearing a pair of nude hose. The combination of the dress, boots, and hair made me undeniably feminine and maybe cute even without makeup.

I walked out of the bedroom looking for Kristine, but didn't see her so I continued down the stairs. I'd worn heels enough now that while I wasn't graceful on the stairs, I wasn't in danger of tumbling down them if I didn't hug the banister anymore. I walked down to the main floor and still saw no sign of Kristine. "Hey Kristine, I put on the outfit in your bedroom like you said."

"Excellent," she called back. "I'm in the basement."

When I got halfway down the stairs, I knew there was something different in the basement. There were big lights and what appeared to be curtains or backdrops. In fact, I couldn't even see Kristine through them, but I could hear her talking.

"Hello?" I called out.

"Well there's Cinderella now. Get a look at you, princess. I approve," said Christian Wiggins emerging from behind one of the backdrops. He was all smiles and not at all surprised by how I was dressed. Obviously, Kristine had filled him in. "We're going to be doing a modeling shoot today. Won't that be fun?"

"Hi Christian," I said awkwardly.

When I was a sophomore, I was able to play on the varsity team because I'm obviously a very good quarterback. It was still kind of tough being a sophomore on a team full of juniors and seniors. Christian was a senior and very flamboyant and unapologetically gay. Some of the football players had made it their business to bully him. It was mostly the offensive linemen.

I knew that picking on him was wrong, but I didn't have the courage to say so or even not go along with it. We made his life miserable. I wasn't surprised Kristine wanted him to partake in my humiliation. They were good friends in high school and I assumed they still were.

"Hello Ryan," said Kristine. "Let's get your makeup done. We have a lot to do today. Christian is studying photography in college and working at a portrait studio. He volunteered to help us today."

I followed Kristine into the back corner of the basement family room where she had set up her makeup. I was dismayed that there was a rack of some very sexy and revealing outfits hanging on a rack right next to her.

"Look, this isn't fair," I whispered. "I wasn't the one who decided to bully him. I certainly wasn't the ringleader."

"So you weren't responsible for the bullying. You just kind of assisted."

"No, the ringleader was Jack Donovan. I guess I helped a bit and I feel bad, I really do."

"See that's great then," Kristine assured me as she smoothed foundation onto my face.

"What's great?"

"Well, Christian isn't the ringleader here either. I am. He's just sort of helping," she mocked me.

"It's not fair," I pouted.

"It's very fair Cindy," she said. "The shoe is on the other foot and those cute little boots are so you."

"He blames me for everything," I said.

"I don't think so," she said. "Besides, he actually is helping you too."

"How do you figure?"

"I was just going to take you down to the photography studio, but he suggested coming here instead. I guarantee you getting your picture taken at the mall would have been more embarrassing for you," said Kristine. "Now blot your lips."

"You really do clean up nice sunshine," said Christian as he positioned me sitting down on a chair with my right elbow resting on my left hand and my right hand in a fist against the side of my face. It was a look that said cheesy yearbook photo through and through. "I love your new do too. You know that's the big trend now. You remind me of Miley...no actually, I think it's more Michelle Williams. Oh I adore her."

"Look Christian, I was really rough on you back when you were in high school. I'm sorry about that. I really am," I said.

"You know what princess?" he asked rhetorically. "I don't really care. Fortunately, all that drama was in my past. I was very lonely in high school and you probably hurt me the most because you acted decent to me at first, but you know what they say, it *gets better* and if this isn't proof of that, I don't know what is."

"I'm glad you're happy," I said.

"We're all happy little Cinderella," said Kristine. "Now let's see a great big smile."

They started with close up photos and then moved to full length ones. I was too embarrassed to wonder what the pictures were for. I mean, I knew they provided great blackmail, but Kristine already had plenty of that. She didn't need more pictures of me, even professionally done ones. Even when they had me act like I was dropping back to throw a football in a silver formal dress and heels, it didn't strike me as being particularly useful in any plan to make things even worse for me.

"That is fabulous," said Christian. "You are so good at this. Are you sure you never played dress up before?"

"No of course not," I snapped.

"You never put on sister's clothes?" asked Kristine accusingly.

"Oh, I didn't know he had a sister," said Christian.

"She's great," said Kristine. "I think she's been using her big brother as her little dress up doll since she found out what I was doing."

"You have to be more careful when you're hiding stuff, Cindy," teased Christian.

"Yeah, she busted him good," said Kristine.

"We should send her a set of all these photos," suggested Christian.

"No! You can't," I said.

"We'll see," said Christian.

"I won't make any promises, but the more you're a good girl the less

likely I am to need to teach you a lesson," said Kristine.

"I'll be good," I said. "I swear."

"You'll be a good...?" asked Christian.

"I'll be a good girl," I said. "I'll be a good girl!"

"Then let's unzip that dress," said Christian approaching me, "and get some boudoir shots done."

"Boudoir?"

"That means lingerie pictures," snickered Kristine.

After Christian unzipped me, I stepped out of the dress and revealed the black lace bra and panties as well as the pantyhose I was wearing.

"Okay, we need to lose the pantyhose and I love those boots, but we need some sexy open toed heels for this, Kristine," said Christian.

"I'm on it," she replied and sure enough a garter belt and a pair of sandals with five-inch heels were produced for me. They had obviously given a lot of thought to my transformation.

It felt really strange to be posing for these lingerie shots. If I had felt like a model before, now I felt like a porn star, and that was the last thing I wanted to feel like right now. As I posed sexily in pinup poses, I felt ashamed and humiliated. Christian knew this and couldn't resist getting a few digs in at my vanishing masculinity. "Work that camera, sweetheart. It loves you. You're looking fabulous, miss thing."

For four hours, I endured having picture after picture taken in an astonishing array of sexy women's clothes and lingerie. I soon learned that the studio Christian worked in had a wardrobe and he had borrowed several pieces that would fit me for the photo shoot. When it was mercifully over, I said goodbye and went upstairs to change and leave. I felt defeated, but I could hear their giddy laughter behind me in the basement.

That night was pretty difficult. First, I had my sister enter my room just as I was doing my daily high heel walking practice. I had on a pair of football shorts, an old football t-shirt, nude hose, and of course the black open toed pumps. I was watching my reflection in the mirror trying to perfect my gait so that I could get Kristine off my back, when my bedroom door flung open and in walked Dana.

"Don't you believe in knocking?" I said.

"I just wanted you to know that mom and dad are home and if they go in the family room, they'll hear you practicing," she replied. "Nice legs, by

the way."

"You better stop it," I said. "Your friends aren't here."

"Geez," she said. "I just came in to help you not get caught. I can make it a whole lot worse for you, you know."

"I'm sorry," I sighed. "Is the heel noise that obvious?"

"It is if you're directly below you. We have hard wood floors in our rooms," she said.

"Well then thanks I guess."

"Don't thank me yet," she said. "I also wanted to tell you that next Friday night you'll be doing a fashion show at Jill's house."

"I'm not going over to her house to be humiliated," I said.

"You will because if not, the humiliation will be hundreds of times greater and you know it," she said. "Well, have fun."

"Wait," I called after her. She stopped and turned around. "You're enjoying torturing me, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah, I can't deny it."

"Can I ask why? I mean this goes beyond normal sibling rivalry stuff," I said.

"You really want to know? I'll tell you."

"I'd appreciate it."

"We always got a long pretty good," she said. "Then you got on varsity and suddenly you were a football hero. Your head swelled to ten times its normal size. You were suddenly way too good for me or most of the rest of the planet."

"I wasn't that bad," I said.

"You not only were, but you still are. I really hope this experience knocks you down a peg and teaches you some humility," said Dana. "In the meantime I'm going to have my fun with it."

"Thanks for covering for me with the hair," I said.

"I can't believe you got that girly hairdo and a platinum blonde dye job too."

"I know," I said, "I didn't know what to say. I'm just glad you did."

"Well, I didn't want my fun ending so of course I was going to help you hide what's going on," she told me.

As soon as she left, I took her advice and took off the heels and put on my jeans. It was a good thing I did because it was only ten minutes later when my dad was knocking on the door. I let him in.

"I wanted to talk to you, Ryan," said my dad. "I think I was a bit rough about the hair and I apologize. You've just been given a great opportunity and I don't want to see you ruin it by not being serious about it."

"I know dad, but the whole team..." I started.

"I get. Just be careful," he said. "It's fine to go along with harmless stunts like this, but the football has to come first and hair is one thing, but binge drinking or drugs is something else."

"I won't do any of that, dad."

"I trust you, Ryan," he said, "but you've made sacrifices to be good at football and I know you're still a kid. It's going to come out sometimes, but I don't want to see you screwing up because of it. If you do make a mistake, it's important that you go to your coaches and let them know. A sincere apology goes a long way, especially if you show you're actually sorry."

"Okay dad," I replied. He gave me a hug. I'd had a lot more of those lately as college got closer and closer.

It was after eight when I got a text from Kristine:

Kristine: Hey, I forgot to tell you about tomorrow.

Ryan: You want me to come over after school again.

Kristine: Yes, for makeup!

Ryan: Makeup?

Kristine: Yeah, I need you to make a Walgreens run.

Ryan: Great :(

She must have put some thought into it because she gave me a huge list of all her favorite drug store brands in colors that she thought would work best for me. There was *L'Oreal Voluminous Lash Mascara*, *Circa Art of Glamour Eye Shadow*, *Nyx Pin-up Pout Lipstick*, and a whole lot more than would have me going all over the cosmetics section to assemble the many assorted products that I was required to purchase.

It was getting late and I really didn't want to go out. I especially didn't want to have to do this task, which I knew would be pretty embarrassing. Still, I knew I didn't have a choice, so out I went.

Soon, I was in the drugstore and began looking for the liquid foundation she had told me to get. It was from *Maybelline New York* and it was listed as *Dream Cushion Fresh Face Liquid Foundation*, but it wasn't so easy to find among all the other foundations there. Making matters worse, I

had to find the right hue for my skin tone. She wrote, "Find one that matches your skin tone. You may want to start with porcelain."

I was digging through all the foundations lost in my own world, when I heard a woman behind me say, "Can I help you, miss?"

I recognized the voice as belonging to Joely. I was about to say hi when I realized she called me miss. From behind I probably looked like a young woman. I had no idea how I could possibly explain my hair so I just shook my head and grunted a no.

"That's really good foundation," she said. "I use it. Just make sure to match your skin tone."

Again, I didn't want to respond so I ignored her and eventually she went away. After awhile, I found the foundation that I was supposed to get and figured that Kristine had made a pretty good guess about my skin tone. Then I went to look for that lipstick. Kristine texted me she wanted me to get in four colors. She wanted me to get *Darling*, *Opinionated*, *Violet Femme*, and *Bombshell*. The problem was that none of those color descriptions made it easy for me to guess what color I was looking for. If I had known I was looking for something called Opinionated Red, I could just look at the red shades. *Opinionated* didn't give me that much to go on. In fact, *Opinionated* turned out to be a very intense pink. All of the colors in the entire line were actually very intense.

Unfortunately for me, the lipsticks were on an end cap and as I was leaning over trying to find the right shades, Joely had come by again and was now looking right at me. "So are the hair and makeup, your coach's idea too?" she spat sounding disgusted.

"Look, it's not what it looks like?" I said.

"Really?" she said. "Because to me it looks like the guy who bought pantyhose from me a couple of days ago, got a woman's hairstyle complete with dye job—nice touch by the way—and now is buying makeup. What's actually happening?"

"I can explain," I lied.

"Right, that's the part I was waiting for."

"Coach wants you looking pretty? Is that it?"

"No, I...I just...It was—" I stammered.

"You know, I really don't care," she said. "You always were kind of a dick to me, even during that brief period we dated. I just had a good time talking to you last week and I got my hopes up."

"I had a good time talking to you too," I said.

"Well I think you proved how much I meant to you when you blew off going out with me this weekend without even calling to lie about having to visit a sick aunt or something," she said.

"I'm so sorry. I totally forgot," I said. It was true. It had been such an eventful weekend that dating or even socializing was literally the last thing on my mind. "It just slipped my mind."

"As I said, I think you showed me where I rank. Anyway, good luck with your makeup. I guess that's what you mean by putting your game face on. I'll be over at the cash register if you need anything."

It took forever to find everything and then as the makeup began to accumulate I had to go to the front of the store carrying all of it to get a shopping basket so that I wouldn't drop it all on the ground. As the makeup haul accumulated I got more and more looks from other shoppers. With my feminine hairstyle, I don't think there was any doubt in their minds that I was buying the makeup for myself and I heard a lot of giggles and snickers from the other girls in the makeup section.

Finally, I was able to take my purchases to the counter. I was fourth in line though Joely was her usual efficient self. By the time I got to the front, there were another 3 people in line behind me. I placed my basket in front of Joely and tried not to make eye contact. She began to ring up my purchased when she stopped.

"I have a young man hearing buying some lipstick. They're *NyxPin-up Pout lipstick* in the shades *Opinionated*, *Violet Femme*, and *Bombshell*," said Joely right into the microphone by the cash register. Laughter spread through the checkout line and I could see from the smirk on her face that she was enjoying my discomfort.

"I'm sorry about this sir," she said emphasizing the sir, "sometimes the makeup price tags come loose because they're so small. Do you know how much they normally cost?"

"No, I don't," I mumbled.

"I had hoped you picked some up when you were buying pantyhose the other day," she said. The laughter behind me was getting more and more pronounced.

"No," I said.

"I just love your hair," said one of the girls behind me in line. She didn't go to my school at least, but she looked about my age. She was a very

attractive red head in a very tight t-shirt that emphasized her firm breasts. "That's so trendy right now. I'd love to do that, but my mom would kill me if I went platinum."

"I really love that pixie cut," interjected Joely. "It's just so girly, but I guess that's what you're going for, isn't it?"

"Yeah," I said glumly.

"You've got really good taste in makeup too," said the girl behind me.

The line behind me was growing and I was the main focus of attention. I felt so exposed and Joely just stood there with a wicked grin on her face. When the stock boy finally gave her a price on the lipsticks, she finished ringing me up making sure the each item I purchased was held up and properly displayed for my fellow shoppers. Finally, she totaled up my purchases and told me, "The total on your makeup is \$78.43, sir."

I charged the makeup and as I signed my name, she asked me for a drivers license. I didn't have much choice so I gave it to her. She held it up so the girl behind me could see it too. "Ryan Brady," she said loud enough for everybody to hear it. "Wow, you sure do look different with that blonde pixie hairstyle. I guess it's you though."

"Come again, sir," she said and I raced out of that store with my tail tucked between my legs. By blowing off going out with her or even calling her, I had added her to the growing list of women who couldn't stand me. This had to change and change soon.

EPILOGUE

"What the Helldo you think you're doing?" asked Dana her seething anger evident even with the hushed tones she was speaking in.

"I'm cooperating," I said. "I haven't back talked anybody once."

"You're not cooperating," she said. "You're ruining our fun and I will punish you for this."

"How am I ruining your fun? I'm doing everything you asked."

"Well you don't have to be so happy about it," said Dana.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Well, you will be if you don't stop creeping everybody out."

"No, I mean being a crappy brother and all that," I said. "I guess I got a big head and that never should have happened."

"Thank you for apologizing."

"No! That's waterproof mascara. That will never come off," I shouted.

Dana just stood there with a curiously bemused look on her face. "Okay, fine you win. You're such a bitch."

"Give him Hell, Dana," called out Tina. I could hear the girls in the other room cheering. "I think we should make him dance for us when you're doing with his makeup."

"Okay, I'll do it," I said. "Geez, when did you get so mean."

"Thank you," mouthed my sister a big smile on her face.

Quarterback Prom Queen 4
Kylie Gable and Claudia Acosta

"Don't make any plans for Friday," said Kristine as she passed me in the hallway before I made my leisurely walk to study hall.

"What's Friday?" I asked.

"We're going to a party."

"What kind of party?"

"Why does it matter to you?" asked Kristine clearly bemused. "If I tell you to go, you go."

"I know, but I'd like to know what kind of party so I know what to wear."

"It's the kind of party where I tell you what to wear," smirked Kristine. "We'll get you ready at Christian's apartment. I'll text you with the address."

"Kristine, please don't--," I began begging, but I was cut off.

"Be there at six to get ready," said Kristine curtly before turning on her heel and continuing down the hallway.

When I arrived at study hall, everybody made a big deal about my arrival. Students cleared spaces in the hope I would sit near them. Even Mr. Barlow would look up from reading his newspaper to watch the star quarterback arrive. It was the sort of attention that could give a guy a big head, and it used to, but I was so humiliated by my encounter with Kristine that I felt like a big loser no matter how big of a man I was on campus.

It had been months since I had first been blackmailed by Kristine, and every day had been more humiliating than the day before it. I had achieved a sort of detente with my sister. She took great delight in my misfortune, but no longer added to it after I made sure all her friends knew that she now wore the pants in our family. I had been kind of an ass to her when my star had been rising, so I honestly didn't even really mind letting her get some payback on me.

I had even tried to make amends with Christian by talking with the football coach about switching over to the photographer that Christian worked at for all their photography needs. A big time high school football program needs a lot of pictures, and that would certainly be a big feather in Christian's hat at work. Coach said he would consider it, but was still being non-committal. I wasn't giving up though, and I hoped it'd get Christian to forgive me at least a little.

Friday came and all through the day, I was filled with dread. Sure enough the text from Kristine confirming they would meet me at Christian's place arrived on my phone at 3:30. Included in the text was the instruction that I had to be sure to shave really closely.

At six on the dot, I rang the buzzer to Christian's apartment. I was buzzed in, but when I reached the top of the stairs, I was surprised to see a young woman waiting there. I guessed she was in her early twenties. Her hair was dyed jet black. She had a tattoo of a scorpion on her left shoulder that was clearly visible in her white sleeveless top and gym shorts. This was a very attractive girl, possibly a model, but there was also something kind of unnerving about her look, which was a little too edgy for this town.

"Hi, you must be the sissy," said the woman. "My name is Karin. I am Christian's roommate."

"Hi, I'm not a sissy. My name is Ryan," I said extending my hand. She rolled her eyes and turned away walking into the open apartment.

"You're here to get pretty to go to a party to meet a boy," said Karin. "You've got a girl's hairstyle, a hairless body, shaped eyebrows, and manicured nails. You can act as macho as you want, but honestly I'm never going to think of you as anything but a sissy," said Karin.

"Where are Christian and Kristine?" I asked.

"They're out getting some last minute things for you," said Karin. "You're to start without them."

"Start how?"

"Your lingerie is in the bathroom. Have you ever worn a corset before?"

"N-no, of course not," I stammered.

"Then I'll help you tighten it. Let's go," said Karin leading me into the bathroom, which seemed overstuffed with product. There were tubes and bottles strewn everywhere, but on top of the sink I could see a white corset.

"You know, I can see you not being proud of it, but based on everything you're already wearing, the thought that you might have worn a corset isn't really all that far out there," said Karin picking up the corset.

"Strip down to your panties."

I did as she told me. I guess I was just getting used to obeying women. I actually felt more exposed in the flimsy pair of panties I was wearing than I

would have felt naked.

"You really are perfect for this," she mocked. "There is absolutely no noticeable bulge. Now turn around and let me get this on you."

If you have never worn a corset, words cannot express just what an element of torture it is. It should be pretty obvious than any piece of clothing that can take a guy with a twenty-eight inch waist and give him the same body shape and size as a woman with a twenty-four inch waist is going to be unpleasant, but I wasn't prepared for how unpleasant until Karin put the corset around me and began lacing it up my back.

"You don't have a lot of flab," said Karin.

"I'm going to college on a football scholarship," I said.

"I've seen some real fat football players."

"Not quarterbacks," I winced. "That's too tight."

"I haven't even begun to tighten it yet," laughed Karin. "Some big tough jock you are."

Once the corset was laced all the way up to the top, Karin had me grab the shower curtain rod and she began to tighten the laces.

"I can't breathe," I complained. "It's cutting off my air."

"Breathing is overrated," she mocked me. "You need to take shallower breaths."

She went as far as digging her knee into my back to get as much leverage as possible to tighten the corset. I was in agony. I kept trying to take deep breaths, but that was impossible. I began to feel like I couldn't breathe and I demanded. "Take this thing off!"

"I told you to take shallow breaths. That's your problem," she snapped.

"Just take it off," I repeated angrily. Her response was to take a small padlock and slip it into the eyelets at the back of the corset. It was now locked on.

"What the Hell did you just do?!" I yelled. As I flopped around wildly trying to rip the corset off of me, she left the bathroom. I didn't even notice when she returned until I was reaching around to try and undo the laces and felt something cold and metal lock on one of my wrists and then the other. I was now handcuffed.

"I make most of my money as a photography model, but I am a dominatrix on the side. Now are you going to be quiet or--."

"You sick and twisted bitch. Let me out of this immedi---," she shoved a large black rubber phallus on a strap into my mouth and then strapped it

behind my neck. I was now gagged and more humiliatingly, I appeared to be gagged by a rubber penis.

"I'll take that as a no," she said. "Now, you can sit on the couch quietly while we watch some television or I can show you how much fun I can have with a riding crop," she said sternly.

"Oh, I see you two have met," said Christian as he and Kristine walked through the door at six-twenty. He didn't even see the need to comment on my position.

Kristine just laughed at me saying, "You better get used to having a cock in your mouth girly boy. I hope he didn't give you any trouble, Karin?"

"None at all, the day I can't handle a little sissy bitch boy is the day I quit my job," she replied.

"We hate to undo your handiwork, but we have a lot to do to get Cinderella ready for her ball," said Kristine.

"Ball? I was thinking many balls," mocked Christian.

Karin helped me to my feet and withdrew the gag from my mouth. "I suppose I can turn you over to them. You're lucky," said Karin. "Some guys pay big bucks for the kind of treatment you just got for free. Now thank me."

When she released me, I just glared at her. I was pissed and I wanted her to know that, but she greeted my anger with laughter. "You are too precious," she said. "I'm glad I got to meet you."

"Okay, into Christian's bedroom," ordered Kristine. Both her and Christian were carrying shopping bags and that worried me.

"That corset really gives him the perfect shape," said Christian.

"Yeah, now for the rest," agreed Kristine.

I was dressed in a tight strapless pink dress, nude stockings and garter belt and a pair of pink sandals that matched my dress and were higher than I was used to with a four-inch heel.

"Hot pink is a good color for him," said Christian. "He's got the coloring for it and it really goes well with the blonde hair."

"I know, right?" replied Kristine as she finished dousing me in perfume. "Okay, I better explain a few things to you."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well, for starters your name is Cindy Ryan. I was going to call you Cindy Brady, but didn't for obvious reasons," she said.

"Aw, I really like Cindy Brady," said Christian.

"We're going to a party, but the big reason that we're going is so that you and A.J. Cameron can get to know each other," explained Kristine.

"A.J. Cameron? You mean the starting linebacker on Rockdale? That A.J. Cameron?" I asked nervously.

"The one and the same. You're lucky, he's quite a catch," teased Christian.

"We've played against each other for four years, he'll know who I am," I protested. "I don't want to get to know him."

"You need to ask yourself a very important question," said Kristine. "You're going to prom. There's no way around it. That's been my goal with you for half a year. This is your chance to make a good impression with A.J. and be his date--."

"I don't want to be his date," I interrupted.

"Or I can find someone else for you," she continued. "You have to ask yourself, though, do you think it'll be less humiliating for you if I have to find somebody else or do you think it'll be more humiliating."

"More," I mumbled.

"Exactly," she said. "So you had better impress him tonight."

"Oh good, we have an agreement," joked Christian.

The party was a typical house party not really anything special, but it was a party for Rockdale students, which both made me feel more awkward and put me more at ease because I was much less likely to be recognized. They were big rivals of ours and I felt certain that many of the students would have loved to know that Blue Valley's star quarterback was at their party.

Kristine and I walked in together and got a lot of attention. Kristine looked great in her black stretchy top and tight blue jeans, but I felt really overdressed for the party in my dress. I wasn't the only one in a dress, but there were only a handful of us.

"I'll take you to A.J.," said Kristine. "Remember smile big and act like you like him. If you don't do that, I promise you someone far worse."

"I know," I said. "I believe you."

"Good, then we're clear on it," said Kristine smiling and waving at people as we made our way through the crowd.

"How do you know all these people?" I asked Kristine.

"I've dated a few guys at Rockdale and I have a few friends that go here

too. Of course, I've never gone to prom with one of their students," she teased.

"I haven't either," I said. "Don't push your luck."

"Oh, you'd rather go with somebody from Blue Valley High?" she asked. "I could arrange that."

"No," I said sullenly.

"Good, let's take you to A.J."

She led me through the crowd looking for the footballer, but she didn't spot him until we made our way into the backyard. He was standing with a couple of friends by a small koy pond with a beer in his right hand. He was much taller than me, but he didn't look nearly as imposing in his sweater and khaki slacks. He cut quite a fearsome figure in his Rockdale football uniform.

"Hi A.J.," called out Kristine. "This is the girl I told you about."

"Hi Kristine," her replied looking me over from my high heeled shoes to my blonde hair. "So this is Cindy?"

"The one and only," said Kristine elbowing me in the ribs.

"Uh hi," I said nervously.

"Hi Cindy," smiled A.J. "Kristine has told me a lot about you."

"Well thank you A.J., I'm a big fan of yours," I replied.

"Really? Kristine didn't mention that you were a football fan. I thought you went to Blue Valley, though. How many games of mine have you seen?"

"Well whenever you play us," I stumbled. "And you know, I follow you in the paper and stuff."

"I like to hear that," said A.J. "We need to get you a drink."

"That's a good idea," chipped in Kristine, but I'm sure Cindy would like to dance first motioning to the big crowd of high schoolers dancing inside the house.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You're right. Would you like to dance?"

The look that Kristine was giving me left me with little choice than to agree that I would definitely love to. "Sure," I said eliciting a nod from Kristine.

Almost as soon as I learned to walk in shoes with heels, Kristine was teaching me how to dance like a girl. I suppose that it's only natural if you're training a guy to fulfill a woman's role at prom, you need to have him capable of dancing. I spent a lot of time in Christian's arms dancing around Kristine's basement. I knew what to do once he got me out on the floor. It was strange to think of myself as a girl dancing with a girl, but I certainly did my best to

act like it. He was a perfect gentleman and didn't let his hands wander too far.

"You have kind of a strong grip," he said noticing the way I was holding his hand.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Don't be," he replied. "I kind of like knowing you're there. Some girls just give you the wet fish."

"You're a good dancer," I said.

"Well if you like the way I dance," he said. "How would you like to go to my prom with me."

"Uhm--Well," I stammered before I saw Kristine spying us through the kitchen doorway. "I'd be delighted too."

He put his arms around me and kissed me full on the lips. I was startled, but kissed him back. I later found out that Kristine captured it all on her cell phone, just as she had pictures of us dancing earlier.

Aside from the pictures, Kristine got exactly what she wanted. She now had a prom date for me. I wasn't happy about it, but I also took her threat of a worse date seriously. When we left the party, she looked like she had just won the Super Bowl and I looked like I had just suffered a devastating injury that would forever ruin my football career.

My real preparation for the prom had begun. We had just under six weeks until the big night, and I soon learned that there was a lot that we needed to do before then. Kristine had made a calendar of all the preparations. The first thing on the agenda was dress shopping. Not only did Kristine take me to try on prom gown after prom gown, but she had made Erin from the hair salon my unofficial beauty consultant.

The two of them rejected dress after dress before finally found a cherry red floor length halter dress. Now you might think that as the dress was so long, it wouldn't be very sexy, but it was backless and shaped my butt in just the perfect way to make it look inviting. The one thing I was grateful for was that I couldn't wear a corset with it.

The dress was only the first step, though. Going to prom not only requires a fancy dress, but accessories as well. Kristine fell in love with a jeweled peep-toe pump. They were very sparkly and reminded me of Dorothy's ruby slippers from The Wizard of Oz. They also had a five-inch heel with a half-inch platform. That made them quite difficult to walk in, so I

had to buy another pair of shoes with a five-inch heel to practice in so that I could get used to walking in such high heels. I wasn't unhappy because with the long dress, it wasn't like the shoes were even very obvious, but by the time prom came around Kristine swore I'd be used to them.

I had to get my ears pierced so that I could wear nicer earrings for the prom, and we picked up some bracelets too. The halter top didn't lend itself to wearing any kind of necklace.

A couple of weeks before the prom, I received a call on my cell phone. I didn't recognize the number, but I figured I had nothing to lose by just picking it up. I expected that it would be a scam, but I was totally unprepared for the adult female voice on the other end of the line saying, "Hello, I'm calling from Rockdale High School. I'm looking for Cindy Ryan."

After an awkward pause I responded with my most feminine, "This is Cindy."

"Great I wanted to call and congratulate you on being named our prom queen for this year," she said.

I nearly dropped the phone. I started coughing and shaking. How was this even possible? "Yeah thanks," I said when I recovered a little bit.

"Are you alright?" she asked concerned.

"I think so, but wow I was not expecting this news," I said.

"Well, you deserve it. We want to get a picture of you and your court."

"My court?"

"Yes, the top four runner ups," she said. "Could you make it here tomorrow after school. You're one of two girls who won even though you don't go to Rockdale."

"I have practice after school," I lied.

"We really need you there," she pleaded.

"Okay, I'll be there," I responded before I could even think about how ridiculous my decision to go there was.

When I called Kristine and told her about the photo shoot, she didn't seem the least bit surprised that I had won Prom queen.

"That took a lot of work," she told me. "I said I had a bunch of friends at Rockdale. It really didn't hurt that you're going to the dance with the most popular guy in the school either."

"I can't believe you did that to me," I moaned over the phone.

"Believe it bitch," she taunted me. "Why do you think I had Christian take all those pictures of you?"

"What? Did you make a poster?" I asked.

"A poster?" she just laughed. "We made a couple of dozen. Face it princess, you're famous now."

"I can't believe you," I complained.

"If you're getting your picture taken though, you have to look right."

"I'm not showing up there in my prom dress," I said.

"Of course not, but I think you're going to be cutting your afternoon classes tomorrow," she said.

"Why?"

"I'll call Erin right now," she said. "You need to get over to her salon and have her get you ready. This picture is going to be very important. You wouldn't want to be an ugly prom queen, would you?"

So just as she had told me, I ran out of school the next day at noon. It wasn't like I'd get in any trouble. I hadn't even graduated yet and I was already slated to be our school's most famous alumni. None of this prepared me for going into Erin's clutches again. When she saw me she smiled a huge predatory smile.

"Hi Erin," I said trying to get on her good side.

"I'm afraid you're going to have more to explain to your parents when I'm through with you today," she replied. "Oh and hi."

"What are you going to do?"

"I was going to wait for the prom, but I'm going to put extensions in your hair and I'm sure your parents will be thrilled."

"Is that the only thing that will be obvious?"

"Yeah," she assured me, "but it will be enough. Let's get started."

She led me back to the deserted station at the rear of the store. There were a number of women getting their hair done, but on a weekday afternoon the salon was fairly quiet. "Do you want to be restrained this time?" she asked.

"No, that's alright," I said.

"Aw too bad. That was a lot of fun. I'm going to do your makeup and then the extensions and then I have an outfit that Kristine and I picked for you to wear for pictures," she said.

"Okay, let's just get it over with. I don't want anybody to see a guy in your chair getting his makeup done."

"I don't know how to break it to you, but with the sheet over you, you don't look like a guy."

She began by applying liquid foundation to my face. It felt cold to the touch, but I was getting used to seeing my face covered in makeup. When she was done, she definitely had me looking much better than Kristine or I had ever been able to achieve on our own. The smoky eyes, bright red lips, and flawless complexion she was able to achieve from her collection of cosmetics was truly amazing.

She took her time adding small pieces of blonde fibers that perfectly matched my own hair. It looked like there was a real art to figuring out what piece to put in what place, but when she was done I had a long full hairstyle that any girl at Rockdale would probably be very jealous of.

"I can't believe that's me in the mirror," I said.

"You should have been born a girl. You look better in dresses than you do as a guy any day. Now let's get you finished," she said. "Your outfit is in the backroom. We sometimes use it as a changing room. I'll be sure to keep the other girls out."

I was kind of expecting a slutty outfit when I walked back into the changing room, but in reality it wasn't too bad. They had pinked a pink shiny blouse and a short black skirt with nude hose and black pumps. I looked very much like your typical high school girl dressing up for a picture and, frankly, I guess that's what I was. I thanked her for work and left the salon with little time to spare. Feeling awkward as Hell trying to drive in the pumps, I put the car in gear and raced to Rockdale.

When I got to the school, the secretaries in the office were thrilled to see me and made a point of telling me that I was "such a pretty girl." I guess I was. They directed me to a wall just outside the office where the students in the prom court were congregating.

"And there's our queen now," said a man who I assumed was either the principal or a teacher.

A.J. approached me saying, "It's good to see you again, Cindy. I've been meaning to call you, but I've been really busy. I will make it up to you I promise."

"I understand," I said, but the truth was I was relieved. Going to prom on a male's arm would be bad enough. I didn't want a month of dates leading up to it. He gave me a hug and kissed me chastely on the cheek before taking me by the hand and walking me over to where they were taking our pictures.

I sat in chair in the middle and was given a sash to wear and had a tiara placed upon my head. The guys stood directly behind us, which meant that I

had A.J.'s big hands on my shoulders. I tried to be calm. I was literally the center of the whole picture.

After the picture was taken, A.J. congratulated me on winning saying, "I told everybody I knew to vote for you. You deserved it."

"Well thank you A.J. This is really an unexpected honor," I replied.

"I'll call you this weekend. Maybe we can go to a movie or something," he said.

"I'd really like that," I lied. If I could avoid any impromptu dates with this guy, I'd be much happier.

"I'll definitely call you," he said giving me a kiss on the lips. "I need to go work out, but I'll call you."

"Thanks A.J.," I said, still a bit flustered as he turned to leave. Unfortunately, as the group disbanded, I was left along with the Prom queen runners up.

"Hi, I'm Kelly," said a blonde girl.

"And I'm Sam," said her tall brunette friend. All four of these girls were beautiful and it was pretty clear to me that Kristine must have really pulled some strings for me to win.

"Hi, I'm Cindy," I said smiling weakly.

"Congratulations on winning," said Kelly. "It's pretty hard for a girl who doesn't even go here for school to win Prom queen. Well done."

"Thanks," I said. "I'm honored, really."

"You sure campaigned hard enough," said Sam. "You had posters everywhere I looked."

"I didn't really have that many," I said.

"Really? You don't think so?" she replied. "Because if you look, there's one right by the office."

I did look and I couldn't believe the poster. Christian had done an amazing job with the photography because I looked just as good as any of these girls. I was pretty sure that the caption was written by Kristine and it made me sound very playful and flirtatious.

"You really campaigned hard," agreed Kelly. "There was no rule that said you couldn't, so good job."

"I think your campaign definitely pulled it out for you," said Sam.

It was only now that I realized that both of these girls really had their claws out for me. If there was any crowning of the Prom queen or anything like that, I had better be ready because they'd probably be standing backstage

ready to dump a bucket of pig's blood on me. "I guess it pays to campaign," I said.

I made my way to the back parking lot and the car, happy to be far away from Kelly and Sam. As I got closer to my car though, I noticed three female figures leaning on it. This made me mad as I took pride in what I drove and kept it clean and waxed. The women had pantyhose on over their heads like movie bank robbers, and that surprised me. I figured they were up to no good and I had a sinking feeling that their plans involved me.

"Is this your car?" asked the tallest one who I figured was probably the leader. The dark stocking she had on over her face did nothing to hide her flaming red hair. I didn't respond and just kept coming towards the car. "Hey Prom queen, are you deaf or something? I asked if this was your car."

"Yeah," I replied. "Why?"

"It's a nice ride," she said. It was only now that I noticed that as she was talking to me her two friends were circling around behind me.

"I like it," I said reaching in my purse for my keys. I still wasn't used to digging for things in a purse and of course in order to find my car keys I had to take my eye off of the leader. That was all the opening she needed to grab me by the hair. She was shocked as some of my extensions came right off in her hand. She shoved me back to her friends who grabbed my and held me firmly.

"The fake ass bitch is wearing extensions," said the leader. "She's probably wearing a water bra too."

I was in a bit of panic mode. Yeah, I know that I'm about to be a college football player and these are high school girls that I'm dealing with, but they were tough girls and I now had a new concern. I didn't want them finding out that I had fake tits. I figured that was just the first step in them finding out my true gender, and I was not going to have that happen. She advanced on me and threw a punch right into my unprotected stomach. With the other girls holding me, I was defenseless and the punch made me feel nauseated.

That's when I noticed two more girls moving in on me. They also wore stocking masks, but they were dressed just like Kelly and Sam were dressed when I was talking to them in school.

"Why are you doing this?" I demanded. "Is this stupid Prom queen thing that big a deal?"

The response I received was from Sam who slapped me hard across the

face. It stung and I knew I had to do my best to fight off these girls. I had been brought up not to hit women though and they had no such restrictions about hurting me. They knocked me around pretty good. The three girls that Sam and Kelly had gotten to do this did most of the damage, but soon I was on the ground being kicked and begging them to stop.

"Did you bring the stuff?" asked Kelly.

"Oh yeah," said that redheaded girl as she held up a plastic shopping bag. "People must have thought we were nuts. Between the masks and this we nearly cleared out the pantyhose."

"Pantyhose? What are you doing?" I asked.

"You'll see," said Sam as she stomped down with her foot on my arm. The girls hauled me up and dragged me over to a basketball net.

The redhead pushed me right up against the pole holding the net and warned me, "Don't you fucking move an inch unless you like getting beaten."

As I stood there, the girls pulled pantyhose from the plastic bag and used them to tie me up to the pole. When they were done I could barely move a muscle.

"Well, that's better," said Sam shoving a pair of pantyhose into my mouth. "Just a few more touches."

The girls handed Sam another pair, which she used to tie the pair into my mouth effectively gagging me. I could make very little sound, and that's exactly how the girls wanted it.

With me effectively silenced, Kelly took a black *Sharpie* from the bag and began writing on my forehead while Sam drew on my cheeks. Eventually, one of the girls held up a mirror so that I could see and I realized that I had *SLUT* written on my forehead and a penis drawn on each of my cheeks.

"Now," said Sam. "You might want to cancel your plans for prom. I promise you if we get you alone at the dance, we'll make tonight look like a fun little game."

"We'll shave your head and make you drink toilet water," said Kelly. "Then we'll get mean."

I couldn't believe how psycho these bitches were over a stupid election. I ached all over worse than any football game I played that year. The girls laughed as they left me there tied to a basketball hoop in a deserted part of the school. I didn't think I could get loose on my own and I had no idea when or if anybody would find me.

After they were gone I tried screaming into my gag, but that made very little noise at all. It was probably five when they left me and judging by the setting sun, it had to be after nine when I saw a familiar car pull up. It was Kristine and in her passenger seat was Erin. In the backseat was my sister Dana.

"There he is," cried out Erin. "Somebody fucked him up good."

"Oh shit!" exclaimed Dana.

The girls rushed out and managed to untie me. I explained what happened and I was surprised to find Kristine incredibly apologetic.

"This wasn't supposed to happen," she said. "It could have happened to any other girl who had won that contest."

"I don't know what to do," I said. "I can't tell on them because they'll want to talk to my parents, and when they do, they'll find out that there is no Cindy."

"Are you hurt?" asked Erin.

"I'm bruised and battered," I said. "They were vicious, but mostly it's just my ego."

"You know, not showing up isn't a choice," said Kristine.

"I figured," I said.

"However, I will make sure that they don't bother you and I'll also make sure that they get theirs," Kristine vowed.

"That's something I guess," I said.

"Did you see A.J. in there?" asked Erin.

"Yeah, he seemed pretty happy to see me," I said.

"Excellent," said Kristine. "We want to keep him happy."

"I see they messed up your hair too," said Erin. "If we stop at the salon I'll take all the extensions out and you won't have to explain them to your parents. They'll go back in prom night, though."

"Take the deal," said Dana. "I can't imagine how dad would react to the extensions."

"Okay thanks," I said.

Erin unlocked the door and let us into the salon. It had long since been closed for the evening, and it was deserted and peaceful. She led me to her familiar station at the back of the salon and had me sit down.

"I wish I could have kept these in," said Erin. "It would have made it easier to get him ready for prom."

"It really wouldn't have made it easier," said Dana, "our dad would have

killed him."

"Yeah, we'll just make sure to get him ready a bit earlier on prom night, it's no big deal," said Kristine.

"We need to talk," said Dana.

"We do?" replied Kristine.

"Yeah, we do. I'll be the first to admit, I've really enjoyed what you've done to Ryan. It's been great to watch the big strong quarterback taken down a peg or two," said Dana, "but where does it end?"

I didn't bother opening my mouth, but I turned attentively to their conversation. It really wasn't like my sister to care about me like this. I listened patiently for Kristine to explain herself because I knew she'd never be open about her future plans with me.

"It's always been about the prom," said Kristine. "He'll go to A.J.'s prom with him, and that will be the end of it. The day after prom he can take off his makeup and heels and never have to wear them again."

"I will support you and do anything I can to help with that," said Dana. "I'll even run interference for Ryan with our parents, but if you try to make it more than just the dance, I will make things very unpleasant for you."

"Who are you to make demands?" snapped Erin.

"I'm his sister."

"It's alright Erin," said Kristine. "She's right. I set out to teach Ryan a lesson and so far I think I've been pretty successful. However, it's always been about training him for prom. I won't take this any further."

"Good," said Dana.

"We will make sure they don't do anything to you at prom too," said Kristine. "I just wish we knew who the girls were. I assume they were Rockdale students?"

"Yeah," I replied, "and they wore masks, but two of them were runners up to me in the Prom queen election. That's probably why they were so mad and I bet they were the ones behind the whole attack."

"That's great," said Kristine. "If we at least know who two of them are, we can take care of them."

"I just can't believe they were so mad about a silly little contest," sighed Dana.

"Believe it," said Kristine. "Besides, we did put a lot of effort into campaigning. Christian is a great photographer and we put all sorts of posters up encouraging people to vote for Cindy."

"Could posters really win a popularity contest like Prom queen?" asked Erin.

"Well, I imagine those girls weren't that well liked based on what they did to Ryan. Also, we had a huge word of mouth campaign and A.J. campaigned for her too. I wasn't taking any chances."

"Well, you did a good job," said Erin. "Prom queen is probably an accomplishment that Ryan never expected to add to his résumé."

"That's for sure," I said. With the last of the extensions removed, I got up ready to make my way home. "Can you please give me a ride back to my car?"

"Aren't you forgetting something?" asked Erin.

"Thanks for removing the extensions," I said.

"She means the marker," said Dana.

"Oh yeah." I looked in the mirror and it was pretty vile. The word *SLUT* was in two-inch long letters covering my full forehead and both of the cocks that they drew going to my mouth were very detailed and extremely disturbing.

"That's going to be tough to get off," said Kristine. "That's a lot of permanent marker."

"Nail polish remover gets it right off," said Erin, "and we have gallons of the stuff."

I was grateful for Erin's help, but I knew it wasn't going to be long until I'd be back in this chair getting ready for the most humiliating night of my life. The girls' threats didn't worry me too much because I'd be ready this time. Still, I could only imagine what Erin and Kristine had planned for prom night and that scared the heck out of me.

Quarterback Prom Queen 5
Kylie Gable and Claudia Acosta

When I told A.J. what happened, he was way past angry. I told him that Kristine and Kelly from my prom court were part of the group; he was able to figure out who the others well.

"I will kill them," he said. "You do not lay hands on my girlfriend and expect to get away with it," said A.J.

"Well...Thank you," I replied. I had not realized that he thought of me as his girlfriend up until that very moment. I didn't know how to process it so I tried to ignore the comment. "Just don't do anything stupid. I wouldn't want you suspended for prom."

"I won't miss it for anything," he said. "Now let's talk about this weekend."

This only complicated things. I'm sure he felt like he was neglecting me and felt guilty about me getting hurt, but now I had to set up dates where I had a chance to meet him there. Neither Erin or Christian had an apartment that looked like a family lived in it and I sure didn't want him coming around my house. I had several dates with him, but I always kept him at arms' length and for good reason.

Then prom day finally came around. It was a spring Saturday and I was up by six in the morning. It's not like Dana would have let me sleep in anyway. She was as curious as anybody how I was going to pull this all off. I had established a cover story with my parents weeks in advance that I was going to go camping with my friends. That way, I wouldn't have to worry about mom and dad wondering where I was late that night.

I was at the beauty salon and sitting in Erin's station by nine o'clock. She had a lot of work to do on me and I simply resigned myself to my fate. "I knew that I'd get you in here for those extensions sooner or later," she said. "Have you figured out how to explain them to your family yet?"

"No, I really haven't," I replied.

"I'll tell you what? I'll meet you tomorrow and take them out."

"Really?"

"Yeah, well, Kristine is letting you off the hook after today so it really wouldn't be fair to keep you wearing them. I do have a heart you know."

"Well, I don't suppose you'll take the dye out?"

"Seriously, this weekend is kind of rough with all these prom girls," she

said motioning to the rest of the salon. I had never seen it this packed and certainly not this early in the day. There were so many girls there getting updos and different hairstyles that you just didn't see walking down the halls of your high school on a typical day.

Things didn't even begin with my hair. I made sure I was smooth and well-groomed before arriving at the salon. I expected to be under Erin's watchful eye, but instead I was introduced to a nail technician named Cindy. She was a beautiful Korean girl and she obviously knew my whole story. I could tell by the way she had to suppress a giggle when she shook my hand.

She immediately went to work on my toes. Again, she must have known a lot about my situation because she knew my dress color well enough to match the polish to my dress. It seemed a bit obsessive to me, but Erin really liked the idea when we saw it.

"I like it, but I hope you'll make it really fancy," said Erin admiring Cindy's handiwork.

"I am going to do my most romantic prom nails for her," replied Cindy. "Rhinestones and hearts are just perfect for a prom queen."

My toes just had to be painted, though she did give me a full pedicure. My finger nails, on the other hand, were far too short for the glamour length that the girls had in mind. Cheerfully, Cindy applied silk wraps to my nails leaving me with a very pretty and convincing set of fake nails that extended well past my normal nails.

She had just finished up, when Kristine came in carrying a tray of coffees for the four of us. "You've really outdone yourself, Cindy. His nails look fabulous!" exclaimed Kristine.

Cindy just smiled saying, "I think they look great. I think we're done here, Erin."

"Thanks Cindy, you're the best," replied Erin appreciatively.

"Watching you work your magic on him is going to be so much fun," said Kristine.

"Thank you," said Erin. "I think we definitely made the right choice, but don't get so wrapped up in him that you don't allow enough time for yourself."

"I wouldn't dream of it," replied Kristine. "Though, I'm not too nervous. My real prom is at our school next week. I'm just going to this one so that I can keep an eye on our Cinderella."

"You wouldn't want her carriage turning into a pumpkin," agreed Erin.

Erin led us back to her station. As we went walked through the rapidly filling salon I asked, "Why didn't you do my nails?"

"I do nails princess, but Cindy is an artist. She did such an amazing job on your nails. Nobody would ever mistake your hands for being the slightest bit male now."

The salon was already packed and filling more rapidly. I recognized a few of the girls from my classes, but fortunately none of them recognized me. Fortunately, most of the girls seemed to be from different grades.

"Wow! Is this all for Rockdale's prom?" I asked.

"Hardly," she said. "There are like a half dozen proms nearby tonight."

"But I bet you are the only stylist that got to work on a prom queen so far today," chimed in Kristine.

"You know, I hadn't thought about it, but you're probably right," beamed Erin.

When Erin finally began on my hair, it was with a much greater level of concentration than she had used the last time that she had done it. She clearly wanted me to look absolutely perfect tonight. She was very careful with the placement of every single extension she used no matter how small or how well-hidden by the hair around it. She didn't finish until ninety minutes had passed. I even caught Kristine yawning as she watched my transformation. Still, she gave high marks to Erin for my newly long blonde hair, which was put up for the occasion

"I think I'm going to miss Cindy. We could have so much fun double dating," joked Kristine. I just rolled my eyes.

"I think she's got her mind on what A.J. is packing," taunted Erin.

"Well, if she plays her cards right, she might get to see it tonight," teased Kristine adding to my humiliation. I didn't find their joking around particularly mean spirited. The tone had changed a little bit. Maybe I was suffering from Stockholm syndrome, but I was beginning to feel some sort of fondness for the women who were feminizing me.

By the time Erin was done with me, my makeup and nails were flawless and my hair was the equal of anybody else's in the salon at that moment. I was still in the unisex clothing I left the house in, but despite my flat chest nobody would look at me and think I was anything but the young woman that I appeared to be.

After sitting like what seemed forever for Kristine to get nearly the same treatment that I did, we were finally ready to leave the shop. It was just

before three and our dates wouldn't be picking us up until seven.

As I drove Kristine to her house in my car, I noticed a change in her. She may have acted like this prom was no big deal compared to our school's affair, but she was beginning to get positively giddy now that her hair and makeup were done. Walking in the front door as I had done so many times in the past few months, I was surprised to find that we were not alone. "Hey girls, how was the salon?" asked her mom.

The shock of her being there made it difficult for me to even respond. Fortunately, Kristine quickly told her, "You know mom, a lot of sitting around and waiting."

"Well, you both look great," she replied.

Actually Kristine's mom was very attractive herself. I had never seen her before, but she was clearly in MILF territory. I guessed she was maybe forty tops and age had done nothing to diminish her beauty. She did look a lot like her daughter with the same natural coloring and big expressive eyes, but honestly I think the mom was prettier of the two even in her yellow yoga pants and black t-shirt.

"Thank you," I answered her still feeling uncertain.

"I'm going to leave you two to get ready, but if there is anything I can help you with, just let me know," she said.

Kristine led the way, dashing upstairs where we could finish getting ready in peace. Kristine had always struck me as such a serious girl, but this was a totally different side of her that I wasn't used to seeing.

"So, what do you think?" she said pulling a silver dress out of a garment bag and holding it up to herself. Unlike my ankle length dress, Kristine's gown showed plenty of leg. It was really sexy with jeweled spaghetti straps.

"That's quite a dress," I replied. "I don't suppose we could just get me a tuxedo and I could go as your date."

"I already have a date, silly," she replied. "Besides, I'd never get to show off Erin's handiwork and she did an amazing job on you."

Soon we were both stripped down to our lingerie. It was strange, but I felt more exposed sitting in front of Kristine in lingerie than I did in my birthday suit. For her part, she was simply breathtaking. I mean I guess I knew she was one of the hottest girls in the school, but up until that moment, I don't feel like I ever gave Kristine enough credit for her looks. They stacked up quite well with just about anybody in our school and I was sure she'd get a

lot of attention tonight too.

"Who is your date tonight, anyway?" I asked.

"Drew Manning," she replied.

"What?!" I exclaimed. "We're double dating with the quarterback of Rockdale. There's no way he doesn't recognize me."

"You are so wrong," she replied. "You don't exactly look like much of a dude right now. You even fooled my mother."

"That's different," I stammered. "Your mother didn't go to quarterback camps with me."

"She's got a great arm, you know," teased Kristine.

"That is so not funny," I sighed.

"I won't let anything bad happen to you. Even if he did figure it out, we've really hit it off and I'm sure he wouldn't want to disappoint me by telling people about you," she said.

"I can't believe this."

"I'm sure he won't know," said Kristine. "Actually, we should get ready. They're going to be here soon."

"The dance isn't until seven."

"Like my folks would let us go to prom without pictures," said Kristine. "Get real."

"Oh man, your dad was one of my coaches in Pop Warner," I said.

"Yeah, so?"

"I can't believe he's going to see me all dressed up for prom."

"It's not like he'll know it's you," assured Kristine.

"Yeah, but I'll know."

"You know, this is a punishment and I should be savoring every ounce of your humiliation because you totally deserve it, but I'm going to tell you, lighten up. It won't be all bad if you do. Now let's get those dresses on," insisted Kristine.

I was surprised just how long it took for us to get dressed. I mean think about it, women wearing a dress have one less piece of clothing than a guy in a shirt and pants, but somehow we primped and preened so much that neither of us was completely finished by the time Kristine's mom called up, "Girls! Your dates are here."

I nearly jumped out of my heels. I had a fight or flight response without anything to fight and nothing I could run away from.

"Calm down," insisted Kristine. "We're not going down just right now

anyway."

"B-but they're here," I stuttered.

"It doesn't matter," she replied. "Guys know that when they're dating a girl, if she's any good, she's worth waiting for and we are amazing."

"I guess, but what will they do?"

"You've dated before, I know you have," she replied. "They'll sweat on the couch awkwardly while my dad makes them feel miserable. Welcome to prom night in America."

"So what are we going to do?"

"Exactly what we were doing?" answered Kristine. "Besides, I absolutely won't let you walk down stairs before we freshen up your lipstick."

I puckered up while she unscrewed the top. It occurred to me how much this dance was changing things. I never wanted to do the things that she insisted I do to act and look more feminine, but now I was so scared that I would not pass with my date or even worse with Drew, that I did want my lipstick perfect. I wanted every little thing about me to be perfect and it was a weird head space to be in. I felt like Kristine was in an equally weird place in her mind too because she gave me a big hug before declaring us ready.

"One thing you need to know," warned Kristine. "This ends tonight only if you manage to convince us that you're totally in love with A.J. If I ever feel like you're just going through the motions, then you'll be a college football quarterback and Homecoming Queen."

"I'll be convincing," I said solemnly. Kristine had proven to be fairer than I thought she'd be, but I still had no desire to keep this charade up any longer.

As we descended the stairway into Kristine's family's living room, I could see the guys stand up as we entered. Both of them were looking at us in disbelief that we cleaned up so well. It was a strange feeling, but one I actually found myself liking. If I got through this prom without needing therapy I'd count myself as very lucky.

"Wow! You two look amazing!" exclaimed Drew.

"Yeah, I can't believe how good you two look," agreed A.J.

"It took them long enough," teased Kristine's father making a dad joke.

"Beauty takes time Frank," said her mother. "My baby is all grown up."

"Not in the sense you're thinking Drew," interjected Kristine's father.

"Dad!" she shouted in mock embarrassment.

"I am really digging that dress," said A.J. as he kissed me in greeting. "You look amazing the way it hugs your curves."

"I don't have curves yet," I teased him. Everybody's good mood was rubbing off on me I'm sure.

"I'm sure they want to get to the dance," said Kristine's dad. "If you want to take pictures, we ought to get those out of the way."

"Okay, don't rush me," said her mom. "Why don't you all stand over in front of the breakfront."

"We take all our pictures there," said Kristine.

"Because if there's one thing you'll want to remember on this night young lady, it's how good the family china looked," chimed in her dad.

"Frank, you're incorrigible," said her mom. "Now let's all get in close and say prom night."

"And then say shotgun," added Frank making another joke that nobody found particularly amusing. The boys at least chuckled politely.

Picture after picture were taken and Kristine's mom was sure to get just as many pictures of A.J. and me as she did of Drew and Kristine. I liked the fairness there and the way she was treating me like family even though we had never met before, but I really hoped all these pictures wouldn't come back to haunt me. We posed and preened. For the final picture, we all stood sideways. A.J. put his hands on my hips and I could feel his warm breath on the back of my neck. Drew and Kristine assumed the same pose standing next to us.

"Haven't you tortured them enough yet?" asked Kristine's dad.

"I think so," said her mom still beaming at seeing her daughter all dressed and made up. "Have a wonderful time everybody."

"And don't do anything that will make me hunt you down, boys. I hope we understand each other," he said.

"Don't worry," said A.J. "Coach would kill both of us if we were anything but perfect gentlemen."

"I'd get to you first," Kristine's dad interrupted.

"Dad, you are such a cliché sometimes," said Kristine kissing her father goodbye. There was a definite bond there. I was relieved my old coach didn't recognize me, but I wondered how he'd react if he knew what his daughter had done to me.

Kristine's parents followed us as we walked out to the silver limousine that the guys had rented for us. A driver stood by the door smartly attired in a

navy suit and hat. "I think I could get used to this," remarked Kristine.

"I'm glad you approve," said Drew. "Just stick with me baby and the world is going to be your oyster."

"Ew, they're like eating snot," she replied jokingly.

"It is very nice," I said to A.J. "Thank you for treating us."

"Well, I know how much money you girls put into looking nice for us. It kind of felt like the least we could do, you know?" asked A.J.

"I know," I said. He reached out for my hand just as Kristine was staring at me. I had no real choice but to awkwardly hold it. She had already warned me that I didn't have to let him touch my breasts and I certainly should protect my little secret down below, but she said that if he wanted to dance, or kiss, or hold hands, or anything else no matter how awkward, I was expected to enthusiastically agree. It still felt weird to be holding another guy's hand, but then again what didn't feel weird tonight.

Some schools hold their proms in the school gym. No matter how many balloons or streamers you hang from the ceiling, it still looks like a school gym. Some schools hold their proms at fancy downtown hotels. People only have one senior prom so they see nothing wrong with some lavish spending for a one time event. Rockdale seemed to be somewhere in the middle.

They weren't tacky enough to stick it in their own gym, but they also didn't want to bankrupt working class kids, many of whom were probably already trying to figure out how to pay for college. Rockdale had their prom at the Swiss Chalet banquet hall. It was probably a very nice place when the class of 1971 celebrated their senior year, but it sure had seen better days.

A.J. grasped my hand tightly in his and we walked inside. It was a weird feeling. I was terrified about where A.J. would want to take things, but just as nervous, I realized about the girls. I scanned the crowd and sure enough spotted Kelly and Sam there already. They were very pretty girls; there was no doubt about it. You don't make the Prom Queen's court without being both attractive and popular, but after my last encounter with them, I was in no mood for another.

I began to look nervously around the room for a red head. She was the one who had been the roughest on me in the parking lot, but I didn't even know her name. I kept thinking I spotted her only to realize that the girl I was looking at was too small or had the wrong shade of hair color to be her.

"Let's get to our seats first," said Kristine as we presented our tickets.

"Good idea," agreed Drew. "We can dance later."

The dance floor was mostly empty now anyway. We weren't exactly late, but a lot of people at the prom seemed to be arriving late or else there were going to be a lot of empty seats at the tables.

"I want you to relax and have fun tonight," said A.J. "I'm here now and I'm not going to let anybody hurt you."

"Thanks," I smiled. I was impressed that he knew exactly what was on my mind even if it did make me feel a bit bad knowing that he was a much better date than I had ever been. "I'll be fine."

When we got to our table, both Drew and A.J. held the chairs for us. I don't know if it was the dressing up or the expensive clothes we were all wearing, but the guys were in total gentlemen mode. There were two other couples at the table with us. Damn, I couldn't help but wonder if the girls were two of the ones that roughed me up. Cleaned up and without the pantyhose masks over their head, it was a very different experience encountering them here.

Both girls had black hair. The one who introduced herself as Parker had her long hair in a braid almost down to her butt. She wore a white dress with gold jewelry and it struck me that she was almost dressed as an ancient Greek woman would have. The other girl had a much more conventional updo and her D cup breasts seemed to be in constant danger of bursting free from her purple silk dress and putting somebody's eye out. She was introduced to me as Helen.

Helen's date was a even shorter than me. He was a hyperactive boy with shaggy blonde hair who must have been a good two or three inches shorter than she was. His name was Paul and he was on the football team with Drew and A.J. He was the kicker and punter. The other guy in the group was a large black kid named Derwin. He was an offensive tackle and he was almost as heavily recruited as A.J. was. He was a big kid at six-foot-four and he must have weighed three hundred pounds, but most of it was muscle so it didn't look too bad.

"Hey A.J.," said Paul. "I brought in a flask of the good stuff."

"That's cool Paul," said A.J. his mind clearly not on drinking at this point.

"So where do you go to school, Cindy?" asked Parker.

"I'm at Blue Valley," I said. "This is really my first time at Rockdale."

"Really?" said Helen. "You sure didn't have trouble getting the vote out. Congratulations on being elected Prom Queen."

"Thanks," I replied nervously. "I think it's more that people wanted to vote for A.J. as Prom King."

"Well you two are beautiful couple," said Helen.

"I can't wait until they crown you," said A.J.

"It seems like a really big fuss," I replied.

"Maybe, but you're worth it," said A.J.

"Why don't you to hit the dance floor?" asked Kristine.

As A.J. took my hand and led me to the dance floor, I was temporarily blinded by a flash going off. I looked to my right to see that Christian was the official photographer. I couldn't complain too much as I was lobbying the school to hire him for a job, but I knew there would be an awful lot of embarrassing pictures of me, if he was the one doing the shooting.

The first song they were playing when we hit the dance floor was a fast song. That might sound like a good thing, but I actually preferred the slow ones. The problem with fast songs is I really felt awkward trying to move my arms in the way that a woman dancing would. I was a typical bad dancer in that I wanted my arms glued to my sides.

A.J. was surprisingly not a bad dancer and he was either blissfully unaware or pretended not to notice just how terrible I was. It was almost a relief when the music changed to a slow song. I held my breath and stepped in close to him putting my arms around his neck.

This was a moment that Kristine, Christian, and I had spent a great deal of time practicing. After all, if you're going to practice for a dance, dancing is one of the best things to practice. I was taught that putting my head on his shoulder minimized close eye contact and would make it harder for him to read me, so that's just what I did.

I should have realized just how humiliating the pictures that Christian could get of me with my head on another guy's shoulder could be. As A.J. and I spun on the dance floor, I saw the big grin on Christian's face as he snapped picture after picture. Even Kristine couldn't resist blowing me a humiliating kiss. I'm sure Derwin had no idea why.

By the time we sat down again, we were tired. It took a lot to dance in those heels and I was giving it my all. I remembered the warning that Kristine gave me before leaving her bedroom, so I kissed A.J. when she was

watching. It wasn't a deep open mouth kiss, it wasn't even particularly passionate, but it was definitely romantic and I could tell by the way he returned it that A.J. was quite happy to receive it.

"You guys really make a cute couple," said Paul. "Now how about a drink?"

"Dude, he said he doesn't want one. Just back off," said Derwin rolling his eyes.

"No, it's okay," replied A.J. I think he was used to defending his little friend. He was already getting on my nerves in the very short time that we had been together. A.J. looked around carefully to make sure he wasn't being watched and put his hand out for Paul's flask.

As A.J. took a deep swig I warned him, "Don't drink too much now. I don't want you all sleepy or sloppy on me."

"It's just a little one," answered A.J., but there was something odd apparent after only a few minutes. It looked like he was holding his head up with his hand. He kept blinking his eyes.

"Are you alright?" Kristine asked noticing the same thing I was.

"I'm fine," he said, but his words came out slurred.

"What the Hell was in that?" asked Derwin.

"It's just Jack," he snapped. "Oh I know, he probably shouldn't have taken that big swig without anything in his stomach."

"Really?" asked Kristine exasperated at this obvious line of bull.

"No, it hits me hard on an empty stomach too," said Parker. "He probably just needs some fresh air."

"Yeah, let's go for a walk A.J.," I suggested.

"Do you honestly think that if he needs to be propped up, you can do it?" asked Wendy. "I mean no offense, but look at him. He's huge."

"I got him," said Derwin. "We'll get some air and come back later."

"Thanks Derwin," said Drew. "He never could handle his liquor very well."

Soon Derwin escorted A.J. outside. Derwin was a big strong guy and could handle even A.J.'s sudden lack of coordination.

"Just lay off that stuff Paul," said Kristine. "I sincerely doubt that that is just whiskey."

"Derwin's got it," said Drew. "He can handle anything. How about you and I dance?"

Kristine looked unsure of what to do, but when Drew offered her his

hand, she took it and allowed him to lead her out on the dance floor. She was so mesmerizing in that short dress that I felt like a complete fool for never noticing before.

"Hey, I need to go to the bathroom," said Wendy. "Would you two like to go with me?"

"Yeah, good idea," said Parker. The two girls got up and looked at me sitting there like they were confused by my lack of understanding of feminine hygiene rules. "Are you coming?"

I got to me feet and followed them to the bathroom. At least I thought that was our destination. However, as we walked further away from the ballroom, I became less and less sure. They led me up the stairs, which seemed odd and I know they noticed my hesitation.

"The bathroom is right through here," said Parker motioning to an old coat room.

"Are you sure?" I asked. "This really seems out of the way."

"Hello?" said Parker. "The women's room on the main floor is packed to the gills right now. I want to get some counter space."

"Yeah," agreed Helen. "You're kind of lucky that she knew where there was a quiet place where we wouldn't be jostled by every other girl."

"I guess that is a good thing," I reluctantly agreed and led the way through the dark cloak room.

No sooner did I step through to the other side of the cloakroom than I found the way in front barred by three girls. The one in the middle was a tall red head in a jade dress and I instantly knew that she meant trouble for me. She was flanked by Kelly and Sam. I tried to turn around and go the opposite way, but found my path blocked by Helen and Parker.

"Hi Cindy, remember us?" asked the tall red head as she advanced on me. I went to get into a fighting position, but Helen and Parker quickly grabbed my arms leaving me completely vulnerable and exposed to the redhead's thundering right hand hitting me square in the stomach and knocking all the wind out of me.

I thought I'd throw up and felt all the fight go out of me, but soon I saw the green sandal on her right foot connecting with my left temple. The force of the kick nearly spun me around and I dropped to the floor. Kelly and Sam moved forward and used clothesline to quickly tie my hands behind my back. They led me to an empty office. I offered no fight as I was shuffled down the hallway.

"One nice thing about being on the prom committee," said Helen flipping on a light switch, "is that I was able to check this place out. We're in a really old part of this hall that hasn't been used in years. Nobody is going to find you."

"Let's make sure of that," said the red headed girl. "Gag her good"

"Sure Tabitha," replied Kelly. At least I knew the redhead's name for all the good it would do me right now. My ankles were now lashed together and a wadded up pair of panties belonging to one of the girls was shoved in my mouth.

"Do you think we should expose her?" asked Helen lifting the hem of my dress up with her foot and exploding my panties.

"The guys will be here soon enough," said Parker. "Why not let them see what they're going to be fucking."

I mumbled into my gag and flopped around in protest, but I was too well tied and too well gagged to really effectively do anything about my situation.

"She likes that," mocked Tabitha. "Go ahead and pull down her panties if you want. No reason the team can't inspect the merchandise."

I flinched as Kelly reached for my panties and began to pull them down exposing me. I saw the puzzled look on her face followed by one of confusion. It only then dawned on her, "She's a he!"

"What are you blabbering about?" asked Sam looking down at my crotch area before exclaiming, "She's right! The Prom Queen is a guy!"

"I don't believe you." Tabitha crouched down to get a good look. "Damn! She is a guy."

"So what are we going to do?" asked Sam.

"We told her not to show up and she didn't listen. We told her the punishment would be terrible and it will be," said Tabitha.

"Yeah, she fucked up and she should pay the price," agreed Parker.

"But what about the guys on the football team?" asked Sam. "They're going to be pretty pissed when they find out they're not getting pussy."

"So let's not tell them and just have Mr. Prom Queen here suck them all off," suggested Helen.

"Yeah, problem solved," replied Tabitha. "It's kind of a dirty trick to play on the guys," said Sam.

"Fuck them," spat Tabitha. "I don't like half those jocks anyway. Serves them right getting a blow job from another dude."

"I suppose," agreed Sam reluctantly.

Tabitha reached down and grabbed me by the balls. "There are a bunch of guys who are going to be coming here to see you. You're going to entertain them by sucking them off. You're not going to scream and you're going to do to a good job. Do you know why? You're going to be a perfect little cock sucker because if we tell them what you really are, they'll beat the crap out of you. If you don't want that to happen and you're going to be a good little bitch, nod your head."

What could I do? I nodded my head. I tested my bonds hoping I could get loose before any of the bad stuff happened, but I had absolutely no luck getting free. The door swung open and in walked Paul.

"A.J. won't be bothering us. Am I too early?"

"No, you're just on time, actually," said Tabitha. "She's ready to go."

"She's tied up," observed Paul.

"So, you just need her mouth," replied Sam.

"You're sure she wants it?" asked Sam.

"You don't see her struggling, do you?" asked Tabitha. "You are such a wuss."

"You want me to do it right here? In front of all of you?"

"Unless you're chicken," taunted Kelly.

"You know there's like a dozen of your teammates that wanted some of this. If you're going to be a chicken shit step aside. I don't want them to have to wait for you," mocked Sam.

"Okay fine, I'll do it," said Paul. He undid his fly while Tabitha took the gag from my mouth. As he stuck it between my lips, I wanted nothing more than to bite down, but with the girls there and knowing my gender and with football players coming to fuck my mouth, it would be way too soon before I was recognized. I had nothing that I'd call technique. I just sucked on his cock and it didn't take a whole lot for it to grow hard in my mouth.

That's when something truly unexpected happened. Clumsily striding through the door was Christian holding his camera and looking very flustered. "I'm so sorry, I had no idea anybody was in here. I was just looking for a dark place to swap out my film."

"Get the Hell out of here, faggot!" barked Tabitha. "We're in the middle of something."

"I'm so sorry," said Christian as he stumbled out the door.

I continued sucking and soon Paul was grabbing the back of my head.

"Oh yeah, this girl is wild. She knows what she's doing alright."

It didn't take long for Paul to cum. I did my best to swallow it all so that I wouldn't have cum dripping down my face. I knelt on the floor in shame as the girls smirked down at my pathetic form. Sure enough, it wasn't even five minutes when two more football players entered the room.

"Have fun guys," said Paul. "She's got a very talented tongue."

"Who wants to go first?" asked Kelly.

"What the Hell is going on in here?!" demanded Derwin as he pushed in the door. Kristine was at his side and both of them were pissed.

"Hey Big D, you want next?" asked one of the other players.

"No, I want you shit heads out of here. I will kick all your asses!" roared Derwin. "This is fucking rape."

"Rape? She wanted it," insisted Paul.

Derwin grabbed him by the collar and said. "That's why you drugged her boyfriend and left her tied up on the floor."

Derwin threw the scrawny football player across the room and he hit the wall hard. Kristine ran to untie me. Tabitha and her friends didn't know what to do, but one look from Derwin let them know their gender might not be enough to stop him. They went scrambling out of the room too only to be met by Christian who was entering. Tabitha looked at him with a sneer of pure disgust. She knew she had been ratted out.

"A.J. is sleeping it off," said Christian.

"Yeah, that's how I left him. They roofied him," said Derwin shaking his head.

"Can you guard the door to make sure none of your teammates come in here, Derwin?" asked Kristine. "Then I owe you big time,"

"Sure," replied Derwin, "and if I see any of them, there will be Hell to pay."

"Those bitches," I complained. "They came after me again."

"I saw Paul come back this way after you guys did and I got suspicious," explained Christian.

"I'm glad you did man," I said. "Thank you for not looking the other way."

"You must really hate me right now," sighed Kristine. "It was never meant to go like this. At least you're off the hook. A.J. is going to be out of commission for the prom."

"Those girls are going to pay for this," said Christian.

"I can't tell on them. If I do, they'll be able to expose me."

"No, you can't tell on them," replied Christian, "but A.J. has a very serious complaint. The school has a zero tolerance policy on things like roofies."

"I better go tend to Derwin," said Kristine. "We both owe him big time."

"I can take you to my place so you can change before going home," offered Christian.

"With your roommate?" I replied. "I don't think so."

"So what will you do?" asked Kristine.

"I don't want to miss my crowning," I replied. "Let's just make sure Derwin makes sure Kelly and Sam aren't part of it."

"You're going through with it?" asked Kristine clearly surprised.

"Well I did earn it," I replied.

"I really am sorry," said Kristine.

"Well you can make it up to me next week," I said.

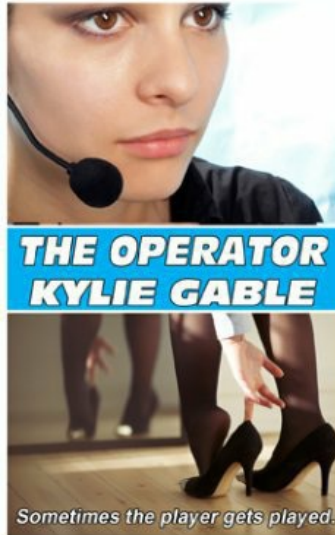
"How?" she asked.

"I need a prom date," I said. "I'll be wearing pants."

"I-I don't know what..." stammered Kristine.

"Just kiss him already," sighed Christian. It was the probably the best kiss I ever had. I'd been through Hell and it was largely at this girl's hand, but I couldn't deny my attraction to her. Now, I just wanted to plan how I'd make next week special for her and get out of these damn shoes.

THE END



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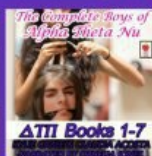
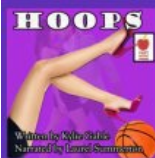


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