

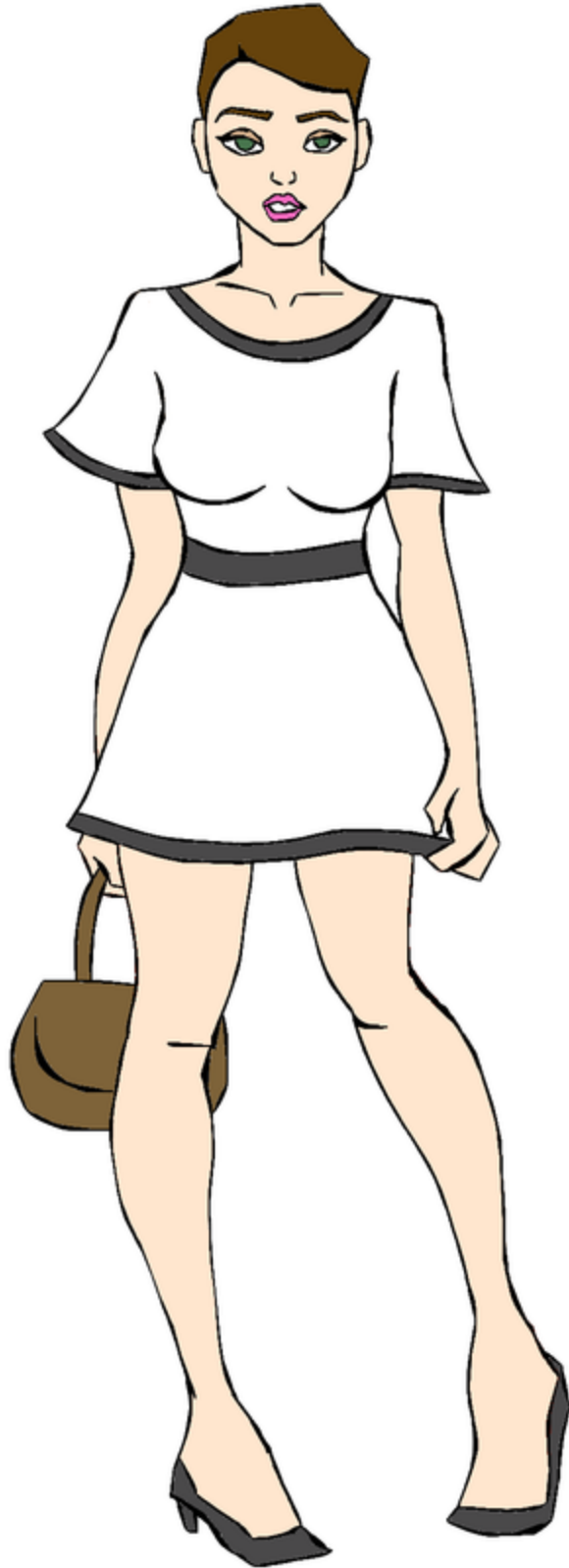
Benny "Pretty Boy" MacDonald had it all: looks, charm, and a hell of a right hook. At the tender age of nineteen, he was dominating the boxing circuit as an ultra-featherweight, using his blinding speed and quickness to make up for his small stature and lack of heavy hitting. Benny was good, and he knew it--perhaps too much so! After humiliating his former friend and long-time rival Patrick Ross in a taunt-filled three rounds, weaving around his heavier opponent and wearing him down with jab after lightning-fast jab, he told reporters that Ross "fought like a girl" and "wasn't man enough" to be in the ring with him.

A furious Ross responded by challenging Benny to a rematch in six months' time, the loser of which would have to show up to the opponent's gym... wearing a dress! Benny accepted without a second thought, and that was where things started to go wrong. As the months passed, the normally whip-thin Benny began to realize he was gaining weight around his hips and buttocks, and worse, he was losing muscle mass, as well! His gym's doctor discovered a hormone imbalance in his blood tests, but despite giving him a mountain of hormone pills and creams to treat his increasingly itchy chest, he told the young boxer that the only thing he could really do was wait it out.

Benny was still quick on his feet in the ring, but his punches were growing increasingly weak and on the mental side of things, his puffy nipples and widening hips were a huge blow to his confidence every time he looked in the mirror. When the much-anticipated fight with Ross rolled around, Benny chose to tape up his chest and wear a wrestler's leotard instead of going bare-chested. To his embarrassment, his rival only needed two rounds for the referees to reach a decision. Benny was simply too weak, and too lacking in concentration, to make a fair fight of it.

Now that he had lost, Benny was faced with the unbearable prospect of following through on the wager. He spent days moping, hoping Ross and the media would somehow forget about it, but every day spent delaying only made the inevitable loom larger. Finally, his girlfriend suggested something that sounded, at first, completely hare-brained: rather than showing up to Ross's gym looking like a man in a dress, so everyone could snap photos and laugh at him, she suggested a full-on makeover. With his fine facial features and slender, increasingly androgynous frame, she was sure she could make a passable girl out of him--and maybe even a cute one, at that.

"Nobody will bat an eye," she explained. "All you have to do is show up--there was nothing in the bet about announcing yourself! If nobody recognizes you, you can be in and out in a jiffy..."



Though he didn't much care for her assertion that he would look "pretty" as a girl, Benny had to admit that her logic was sound. So, after a few more hours spent being badgered and persuaded, he gave in and let her make him over. By the time he'd shaved his legs, plucked his eyebrows, had his hair, nails, and makeup done, and been stuffed into a frilly pink padded bra, matching panties, and a simple white summer dress, he had to admit that the young woman staring back at him in the mirror was, despite her short pixie cut, very attractive and feminine-looking. Of course, he denied it to the last.

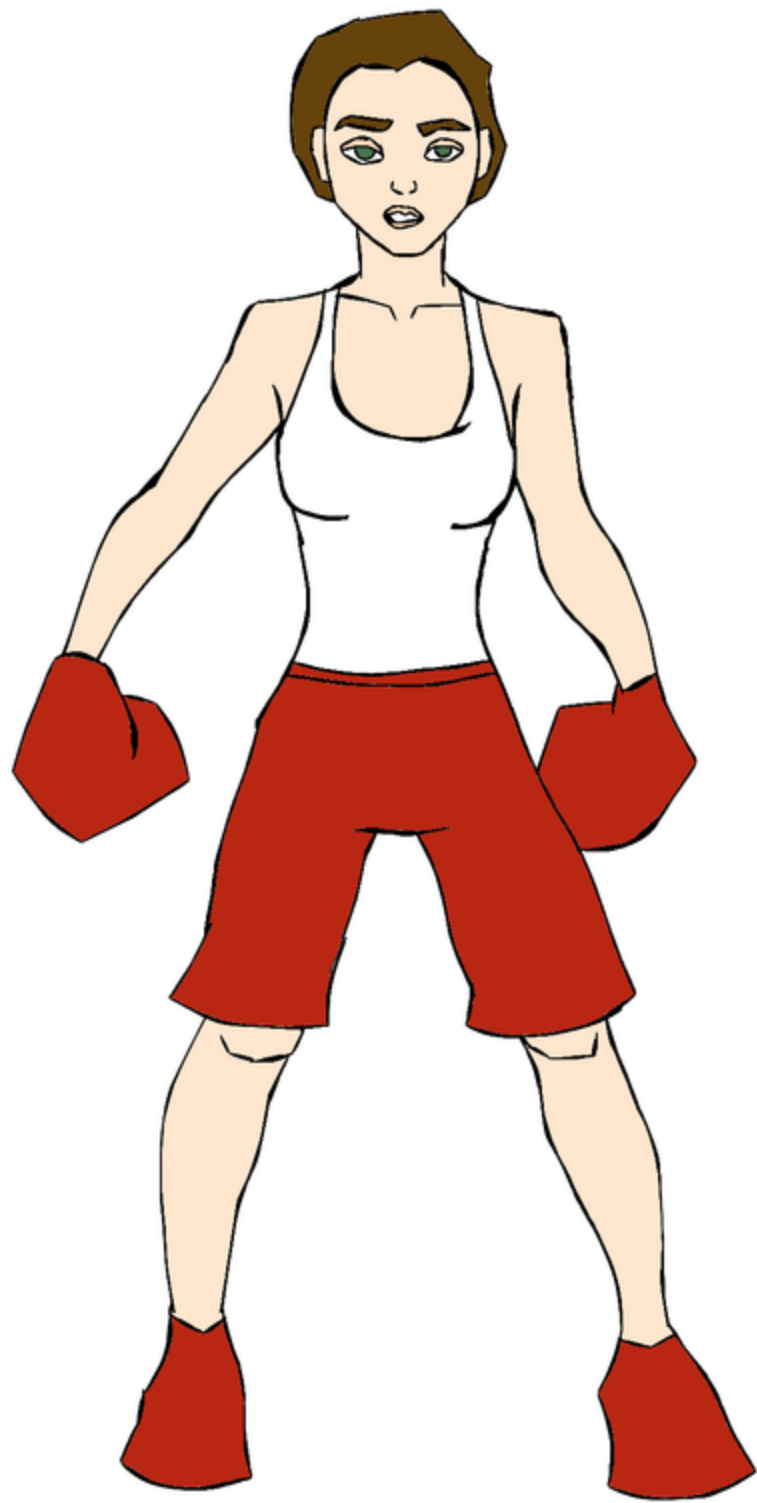
His girlfriend's plan worked, however, and for that he was grateful. Benny showed up mid-afternoon, carrying a purse and walking slightly awkwardly in a pair of kitten heels, but everybody assumed he was the wife or girlfriend of one of the boxers, and the only second glance he received was from a fighter checking out his legs! Both embarrassed and relieved, Benny took a picture to prove he'd been at the gym and sent it to Ross on the way home.

Though Benny had managed to avoid being humiliated in person, the picture circulated all over social media for the next month, making his life a living hell. Perhaps unsurprisingly, his girlfriend left him not long after. His hormone problem gave him all sorts of difficulty "standing to attention" in the bedroom, and besides, no girl wanted a boyfriend who looked cuter in a dress and heels than she did.

Not long after, Benny's boxing career fell apart completely. When he tried to enter his first competition since the humiliating rematch, he was handed a ban for steroid use! He tried desperately to explain he had been using hormone therapy on his doctor's orders, to rectify his hormone imbalance, but as far as the urine test was concerned, Benny had been using illegal substances while training, and that was that.

With all of his money going into treatments for his condition, Benny was soon penniless. Desperate to make some cash the only way he knew how, he turned to an underground boxing ring run by some very powerful and shady mobsters. Sure, Benny wasn't what he'd been even half a year ago, but he was still a cut above the low-life hoodlums who did their business in dirty basements and secret warehouses. Betting was the name of the game in the underground ring, and several mobsters were eager to cash in on a former superstar like Benny MacDonald.

With an expensive Cuban cigar in one hand, a drink in the other, and even an attractive blonde cocktail waitress named Lacy batting her eyelashes at him, Benny was feeling like his old up-and-coming celebrity self again as one of the biggest bettors in the city told him how much money they would make together. His first big fight was scheduled in a matter of weeks...



No matter how hard Benny trained, he couldn't seem to build any muscle, only managing to tighten up his curvy, feminine backside and slender legs and arms. When the night of the big fight arrived, many spectators, who had only seen Benny fight in his prime as a wiry nineteen-year-old, and only seen him recently in the baggy sweaters and track pants he had taken to wearing, were shocked at the boxer's appearance. With his slim shoulders, narrow waist, and shaggy hair, not to mention the budding curves, there was no denying it: Benny MacDonald looked more like a female boxer than a testosterone-fuelled phenomenon.

To his credit, he did manage to make a fight of it, using his old skills and agility, but it only took one wild haymaker from his opponent to break his nose, cheekbone, and put him out cold. When he woke up, Benny found himself in major trouble. The mobsters who had bet big on him were now out of their minds with anger over losing so much money, and not only that, but someone using the name B. MacDonald had wagered a significant amount on Benny's opponent. Believing Benny had taken a dive and played them all for fools, the mobsters issued an ultimatum: either they had their money back in three days' time, or he was a dead man.

Unable to convince them he had lost fair and square, and certainly had not placed a bet against himself, Benny was forced to go to the only person he knew with enough money to help him... Patrick Ross. While Benny's stock had plummeted, Ross's had only gone up, and he was now undisputed champion in his weight category and raking in the money from sponsorship deals and fights. Swallowing his pride and showing up on his doorstep was almost as difficult as showing up to his gym wearing a dress and heels, but more tribulations were in store for the hapless Benny.

"Pretty Boy MacDonald?" Ross demanded incredulously upon finding his former rival at his doorstep. "Is that you?"

Benny could hardly blame him for not recognizing him. His face had been beaten up so badly in the match that it was swollen as a puffer-fish and still covered in blood. As he explained his situation and humbly begged for help, Ross only shook his head sadly.

"That's way more money than I have access to," he said. "You really screwed yourself over, MacDonald. What the hell happened to your career, anyway? You're not in any kind of fighting shape, from what I can see." He reached out and prodded one of Benny's slender arms, feeling how soft his muscles had become. Once, Benny would have socked him right in the nose, but he could only hang his head in abject misery.

"If they find me, they're going to make what happened to my face look like a picnic," Benny said desperately. "Can you at least help me hide from them?"

Ross snapped his fingers. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "With your face looking like it is now, nobody's going to recognize you. And what if when it heals up, it looks even more different?"

"You mean plastic surgery?" Benny asked, frowning. "I don't think a nose job is going to be enough to disguise me, Ross."

"Not on its own," Ross grinned smugly. "But combined with a change of gender, I think it should do just fine."

As much as he hated to admit it, once the initial shock wore off, Benny realized Ross's idea wasn't as crazy as it seemed. Nobody who knew Benny MacDonald as a cocky, macho boxer would ever think of him stooping to disguise himself as a woman, and he had been careful to hide his increasingly feminized body from the public at all times. As for the nip and tuck, there was hardly a boxer alive whose face hadn't undergone some changes thanks to life in the ring, and he figured he could get it reversed once he was safely out of the woods, anyways.

"Alright," Benny finally agreed. "Just as a temporary measure. I'm sure they'll stop looking for me before long..."





No time was wasted booking Benny in for an appointment with a plastic surgeon who asked no questions, fixing his nose and shaving it down to a feminine little ski-slope before repairing the fractured cheekbone, making its twin higher and more defined to match the new shape. Benny didn't know why shaping and plumping his lips with collagen had been deemed necessary, but all the gauze in his mouth left him more or less unable to complain for the next several days.

While Benny recovered from his surgeries, Ross had one of his air headed girlfriends come in to teach the hapless young man the ins and outs of presenting himself as a pretty young woman!

"Patrick told me everything," the girl gushed. "It's so amazing that you really wanted to be a woman all this time, after acting so tough and manly all those years! And I'm so glad you felt like you could confide in him even though you used to be rivals in the ring! Don't worry, girlfriend, we're going to make up for all that lost time. You're going to be drop dead gorgeous when I'm through with you!"

When Benny complained to Ross after the first torturous session with high heels and makeup application, his complaints fell on deaf ears.

"Look, MacDonald, the more feminine you appear to be, the better for your disguise," Ross snapped. "If you mess up and give yourself away, you're not only putting your life in danger, but mine, too, for helping you. So you'd damn well better be as girly as she tells you to be, got it?"

And as it turned out, that would be extremely girly. Ross's girlfriend was delighted to have a blank canvass to work on, especially one with a pretty face, long, lean legs, and a waist perfectly capable of pulling off a size zero Gucci dress. She took any signs of reluctance or embarrassment as the last vestiges of Benny's misplaced male ego, which it was her mission to stamp out with luxurious lingerie, manicures, plucking, stiletto heels and short skirts, letting his "true" feminine persona shine through.

Increasingly frustrated, but unable to go against her wishes without jeopardizing his transsexual cover story, the former featherweight champ found himself undergoing training of a whole new variety, spending countless hours learning to blend his eye shadow, apply his lipstick, style his hair, shave his legs, match his lingerie, sit in a skirt and swish his hips in high heels. Ross took no small delight in watching his former rival mince back and forth in three-inch stilettos and learn to carry a purse in the crook of his arm, constantly badgering Benny to act more lady-like to ensure his disguise was air-tight.

When he was finally deemed passable, Ross's girlfriend took him to a public salon for the works: a humiliating and painful leg-waxing session, brow plucking to shape his eyebrows into dainty,

feminine arches, ear piercing that left him with sparkly silver studs in both ears, a manicure, pedicure, full makeup, and even hair extensions. Benny spent the whole process in a state of utter terror, certain he was moments away from being caught out as a man, but by the time they were finished, he realized there was absolutely no chance of that.

“Oh, my God!” Ross’s girlfriend squealed when she saw the finished result. “You look amazing! Girlfriend, you are way too hot to go by ‘Benny’ anymore.”

As he looked in the mirror, Benny was forced to agree. His time spent in recovery had sapped away anything left of his masculine muscles, leaving him with smooth, slender arms and legs, while the hormone problem had subtly changed the shape of his body, giving him curved hips, a tiny waist, and budding breasts—that, when stuffed into a padded push-up bra, gave him undeniable cleavage! His stylish purple blouse took advantage of that fact with its v-cut neckline, and paired with a tight black miniskirt and high heels to show off his freshly-waxed legs, Benny had the kind of body he’d once lusted over as a guy.

Meanwhile, his new hair extensions fell in a glossy, dark brown cascade down his shoulders, framing a beautiful face with a cute little ski-slope nose and puffy, collagen-enhanced lips. His makeup was perfect: smoky, sexy eyes rimmed by long, mascara-laden lashes, cheekbones accented with well-placed highlights, and his pouty lips now a tempting pink portal slathered with shiny gloss. He was utterly gorgeous, and the pretty picture was only enhanced by his sparkly silver earrings and long, pale pink nails.

When Ross’s girlfriend took Benny home and presented him as the new-and-improved “Bella”, Benny’s former rival was stunned speechless. Usually he had a smart remark for every occasion, but seeing the final result of all of the work that had gone into feminizing Benny left him momentarily without words. Worse, Benny recognized the look in his eye as Ross surveyed his new, feminine appearance: desire. Humiliated, Benny couldn’t keep eye contact, instead directing his gaze towards the floor through his long, fluttering black lashes.

Once they were alone, Ross, still ogling him up and down, told Benny that he planned to set him up in a small apartment of his own. “It’s obvious you’re passable as a woman, now,” Ross said. “So you’ll have a place of your own, and a job, too. I’ve been supporting you out of the goodness of my heart long enough.”

Benny gritted his whitened teeth, knowing full well that Ross had loved every minute of Benny’s forced journey into femininity. Despite that, Ross *had* saved his life. Benny was almost ready to

accept his rival's offer, and even swallow his pride to thank him for all his help... That is, until he pulled a skimpy red bikini out and handed it to him.

"What the hell is this?" Benny demanded, but he already knew, deep down inside, what was coming next. He recognized the "uniform" Ross had all of his ring girls wear when they strutted their stuff in between rounds.

"I told you it's time you earned your keep, Bella," Ross said cruelly, emphasizing Benny's new feminine moniker. "Are you going to accept my generosity or not?"

Benny's face flushed as he imagined himself prancing around the ring in stiletto heels and a bikini, waving his little number sign and flaunting his nearly-naked body for the testosterone-charged crowd. The last vestige of his male pride and anger flared up. Benny told Ross exactly where he could stick his offer, and was nearly out the door before his rival stopped him.

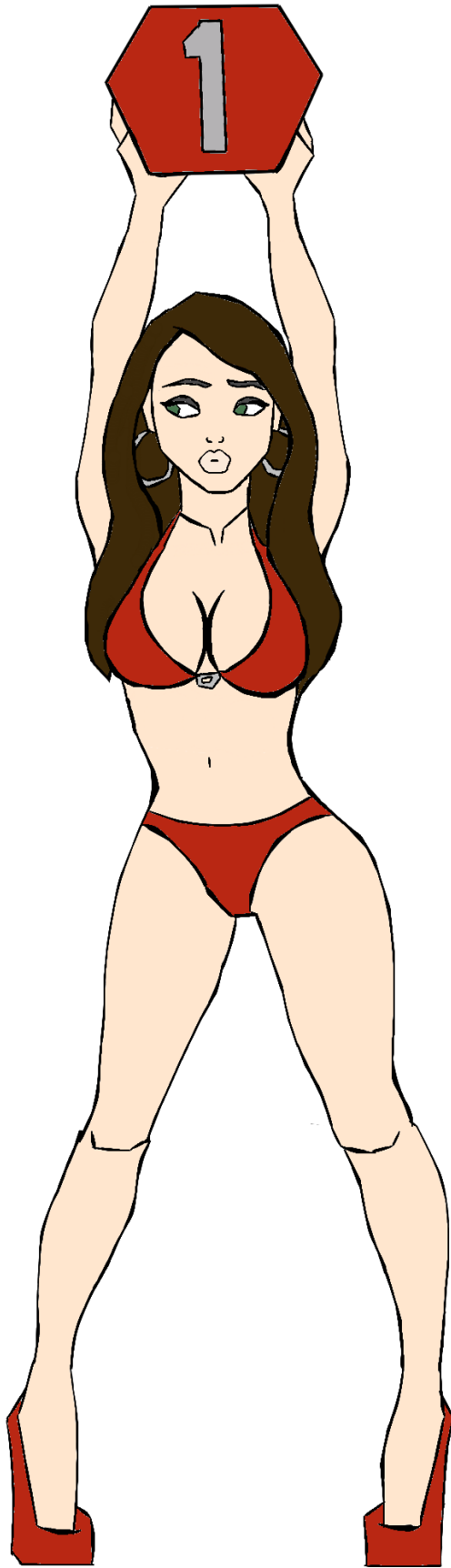
"Let me rephrase it for you," Ross said, grabbing Benny by his slender wrist and twisting him around. "You can either be one of my ring girls, or I can tell the mobsters exactly where you are. And I can only imagine how much fun they'd have with you looking like this."

All the color drained from Benny's made-up face as he considered that prospect. The sneer on Ross's face assured him he wasn't joking about turning him over to the mob. But was he willing to exchange the last of his dignity for his safety? If he took his chances and ran, how far would he get before there were mob enforcers after him, and how was he supposed to hold his own in his estrogen-weakened state, much less in a tight skirt and high heels?

"Well, what's it going to be?" Ross asked viciously.

Head bowed in shame, Benny slowly reached forward and picked up the bikini top, holding its strap between his long, sparkly pink nails.

"Good girl," Ross grinned.



Benny had harbored dreams of getting his mojo back and returning to the ring, but never, in his wildest nightmares, had he imagined it like this. Instead of lacing up his gloves and putting on his robe, Benny found himself preparing by doing his hair and makeup, teasing his long dark tresses with hairspray to create a sexy-messy look, then outlining his eyes with plenty of dark kohl and mascara to give him a smouldering, come-hither gaze and slathering his big pouty lips with a glistening pink gloss to catch the bright lights of the canvas. As he put on a pair of five-inch wrap-around stilettos and adjusted his deepening cleavage in the mirror, he saw no trace of Benny "Pretty Boy" MacDonald...only Bella, Ross's newest and hottest ring girl.

As he minced around the ring, swishing his hips and waving his little sign with a dazzling white smile plastered on his face, he could feel both fighters' eyes travelling lustfully up and down his slender body, and Ross then gave him a salacious wink that made his face burn. He wasn't even allowed to watch the fight itself, kept busy instead trying to sell season tickets or taking pictures with drunken fans, all of whom were eager for an opportunity to grope his scantily-clad breasts or buttocks. Where he once would have laid a man flat just for looking at him wrong, he was now forced to giggle, simper, and smile as fans fondled and propositioned him--Ross had made it clear that any other reaction would lose him his job.

And Ross also made a spectacle of "Bella" whenever he could, often playfully swatting his bottom as he wiggled his way out of the ring, and once even pulling him in for a "good luck" kiss, forcing his tongue between Benny's pretty lips and groping him thoroughly. That steamy display, televised as it was on national TV, made his girlfriend so angry that she left him, but Ross didn't care. Watching his former rival, who had once humiliated him in the ring, forced to scamper around in high heels and a bikini, was not only vindicating, but arousing. He already made sure Benny spent all his time tanning and dieting to look good in his swimsuit, and he had plans to get him a boob job soon, as well.

Seated in his corner, he glanced over to where "Bella" was waiting down below, staring wistfully at the boxers with a pout of misery on "her" full, luscious lips, no doubt remembering the career of a certain young boxing phenom mysteriously cut short. Ross grinned, wondering how long it would take his former rival to figure out that he'd been the one to pay off the doctor, pump him full of female hormones, and set him up to get in over his head with the mob. Benny MacDonald had been a good boxer, but he had never been particularly sharp.

The bell rang and Ross bounced to his feet, fists raised, but he knew he would never beat another opponent as thoroughly as he'd beaten Benny--after all, their rivalry had ended with a knockout!