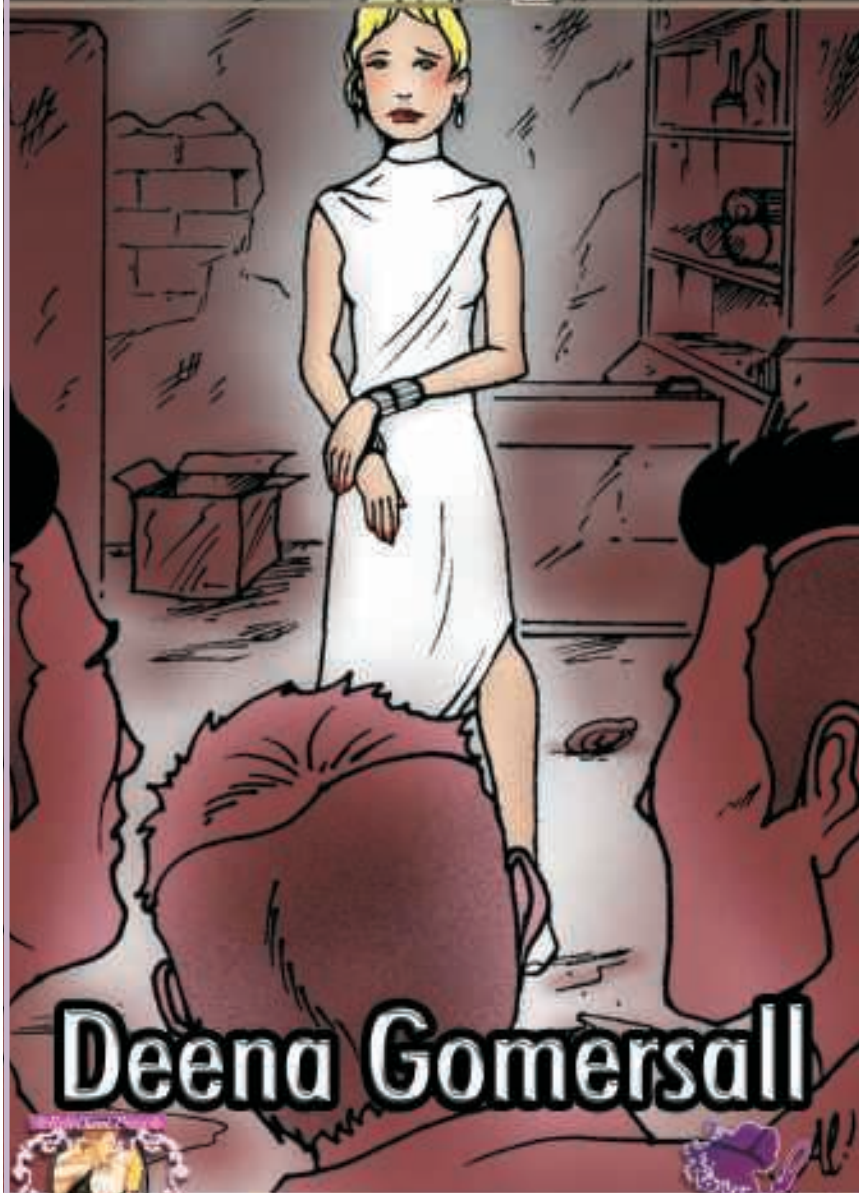


Team Spirit



Deena Gomersall



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

Team Spirit

By Deena Gomersall

(Batting for the other side)

Chris Jennings was texting his current girlfriend whilst he travelled on a service bus to a neighbouring city. He was a big Buffaloes fan and was on his way to see them play a game that would decide the championship against their biggest foes, the Titans.

It just so happened that the two best teams in the league came from cities just twenty miles apart. Chris had never missed a Buffaloes game since he was fourteen years old.

Now eighteen, he would travel to both home and away games alone, ever since his Dad's stroke which had left him unable to walk or stand for long periods. Chris never really made any male friends to go to games with, not even fellow Buffaloes fans, but he was very popular with the girls.

Maybe that was the reason for his lack of male pals... jealousy. Chris had a slim build and 'pretty boy' good looks, natural blonde hair that he wore long, usually in a pony tail. He had a pleasant nature, nothing like most of the youths from his neighbourhood, who were very rough. They looked upon him as not being macho enough to hang around with, a bit effeminate, although they knew he was not a 'fag' as he was never without a girlfriend, and he'd had a fair few.

The girls loved him; he got on with them and treated them with respect, he was non-violent, polite, considerate and caring and they liked the cute fresh-faced look he had.

Had Chris been more 'built,' he would have liked to have been a player of the sport himself but he did not have the body; no matter how he tried working out in the gym, he could never build muscle mass or put on weight.

Once Chris arrived at his destination, he quickly looked for other Buffalo supporters for protection in numbers; he didn't want to be targeted by Titans supporters as he was wearing a Buffaloes team jersey. There wasn't just fierce rivalry between the two teams, their supporters hated each other and often fought running battles.

A train carrying a few hundred Buffalo supporters had just arrived at the station and Chris slipped in with them as they made their way, chanting and cheering, to the stadium, a mile and a half out from the city centre.

The match was tense, it was never going to be anything else... the two teams had won eleven out of the past twelve championship finals between them and the Titans were the current holders.

As Chris was anticipating a miserable journey home, the Buffaloes, trailing by eight points with just five minutes to go, scored twice in quick succession... then the horn sounded... The Buffaloes had won, they were the new champions!

Chris was so happy he even joined in chanting at and taunting the Titans fans, many who were now quickly exiting their stands, not wishing to see the trophy presented to their great rivals when it should have been theirs.

The majority of the ten thousand Buffalo supporters who had travelled to the game remained in their own stand celebrating, long after the game was over. Chris celebrated too but he had the last bus of the day to catch back home and he had already stayed overlong. And so he made his way out of the ground to begin the one and half mile walk back to the city centre.

“Hey, Buddy!You there... the Buffaloes fan with the long hair...” Chris suddenly heard the voice shouting behind him.

Chris felt his blood drain and felt scared. The call had to be aimed at him; Titans fans had spotted him and were most likely going to rough him up. He carried on walking down the sidewalk.

He became aware of a blue convertible that was slowly drawing alongside of him as he walked. Without turning to actually look, he was aware of three faces staring at him from inside the car.

“Hey, Buddy... is you deaf?”

Chris was now in a dilemma. Should he just keep walking and ignoring them? Should he start running or should he turn and face them? He was scared of them giving chase and his running away might piss

them off more so that they really gave him a battering. He was not a fighter and hated violence.

He turned to look at them, three large, tough looking youths... staring and grinning at him. "S...Sorry, were you talking to me?" he asked in a shaky, small voice.

"Yeah man. How you getting back? Need a lift? Great game wasn't it? We are the champions!"

Chris instantly relaxed... they were Buffalo supporters and they were offering him a lift home.

"Oh...yeah, I could sure use one. I think I may be running late for my last bus," he replied with a smile.

The youth in the back opened the door for Chris to get in. He was shaven-headed.

"Hop in pal, I'm Brett, the guy driving is Wayne and the ugly ginger one is Josh," he was informed.

"Fuck you, man," Josh responded.

The driver turned his head to look at Chris. "We are planning to go to a bar for something to eat and maybe a few drinks to celebrate. Are you okay with that?"

Chris nodded. He actually felt good that he was being welcomed by a group of young males. Only socialising with girlfriends and their friends was okay, but he also felt he would like to have male friends too. If he made friends with these guys, maybe he could tag along to matches with them for next season? he thought.

Wayne set the car in motion but took a side road off the main road that led to the city centre. "May as

well avoid the town centre traffic and lights,” he explained to Chris.

Chris no longer knew the direction they were travelling in but Wayne was the driver and he seemed to know his bearings. After ten minutes, the car was being pulled to a stop outside a burger bar.

None of his three companions had any team shirt or insignia on, only Chris with his replica jersey. “I hope there are no Titan fans in here that may start causing trouble,” he suggested as he indicated his shirt.

“We’ve used this place before, it’s fairly quiet. Anyway, wear your colours proudly,” Brett suggested as he ushered Chris through the doors, following the other two.

At the bar, Chris decided it would only be right if he offered to buy the drinks for the three youths he had just met as a thank you for the lift, even though three drinks was going to cost a fair bit more than his bus fare home would have cost. It wouldn’t leave much money in his pocket after paying for them along with his own drink plus burger and fries, which he normally wouldn’t have bothered about. He didn’t want to feel the odd one out if he didn’t though... and he did wanted to make a good impression on the three men who had befriended him.

They all accepted Chris to buy beer but after the beers were consumed, Wayne offered to buy another round, followed by Brett dipping into his pocket and then Josh. Then Wayne bought a round again, this time refusing to let Chris buy.

As the three youths drank, they rolled up spliffs and offered one to Chris. Chris had never touched drugs in his life and no matter his desire to fit in and be one of the boys, he chose to say no to the offer.

“Whatever, man, it ain’t like it’s going to harm you; a bit of weed just relaxes you,” Josh informed him.

Chris hardly realised how time had got on as he struggled to finish his seventh drink. They had been in the bar for three and a half hours.

He had never been a heavy drinker and it was badly telling on him; his voice was slurred and his head felt heavy, though he tried to pretend he was sober as he didn’t want to come across as a lightweight to his new friends. He didn’t even consider the danger of how much Wayne, the driver, had drank when there was still the rest of the drive home to be done.

Drunkenly, he raised his almost empty glass. “To the Buthalows. We did it... we are the Champs.”

The others just grinned at him.

“Okay, let’s drink up and get on our way, it’s turned midnight,” Wayne, who appeared to be the oldest of the three, suggested.

“Turned midnight? Aw fuck! I was supposed to be calling in on my girlfriend after I got back. She isn’t going to be too pleased with me,” Chris announced with a stupid grin on his face.

“You’ll have to give her a call tomorrow morning after you’ve sobered up, buddy,” Josh told him, giving him a slap on the back as the three got up from their seats.

“Sobered up? I’m okay, I’m totally sober... maybe it’s just tiredness showing,” Chris responded defensively.

Soon they were back in the car and moving again. The motion of the car and the fresh air from the open top convertible soon had Chris feeling worse still and



there were two pull overs in order for him to be sick. Eventually he fell asleep in the car; his head slumped against Brett's shoulder.

>>*<<

Chris woke feeling dizzy and sick. As his head began to process things, he looked around a dimly-lit room. He realised he was not in his own comfy bed nor was he in his own home, then he worked out that he was on an uncomfortable, rough fabric covered sofa with a sheet of some description haphazardly thrown over him and which was now all tangled up.

Curtains were pulled together at the windows but the material was thin and let in enough light for him to look around... he was in some dirty, very messy room with litter everywhere, lots of discarded beer bottles and cans, empty or part empty, fast food trays and lots of clutter.

"Where the hell am I?" he thought to himself.

He looked in disgust at the state of the place. He lived with his middle class parents in a nicely furnished, spotlessly clean detached home on a pleasant, tree-lined street... he had never seen such a filthy room as this.

He sat and scratched at his skin as he started to remember the previous evening... the match, the ride home, stopping for burgers and beer. He remembered feeling drunk as they set off again but after that it was just a blank.

He rationalised that he must have passed out and, as he couldn't give his new friends his address, they must have put him up at one of their homes.

He found his way to the door, carefully stepping over the various things strewn on the floor. It was locked and there was no key, either in the door or anywhere nearby. He wasn't sure about going to wake the occupant of the home so he went back to the sofa and sat down.

He then decided it would be a good idea to phone his parents and his girlfriend, to let them know he was safe and well and that he would be home soon. However when he searched his pockets for his phone, it wasn't there.

He became concerned that he must have lost it in his drunken state. Maybe it had come out in Wayne's car. If so, he should be able to get it back.

Chris drew back the curtains to let more light in, but that only revealed even more mess. It seemed ages that he just sat thinking. The one good thing about all of this was that his team, the Buffaloes, were the champions again.

As he sat in silence, he suddenly heard a key being put into the door lock from outside and being twisted. Then fresh air filtered into the stuffy room, along with a teenaged girl. Chris knew it was wrong to label people without knowing them but, on first glance, his immediate thought was that the girl seemed common and was dressed in a rather slutty way.

As for the girl, when she noticed Chris for the first time she had a look of surprise on her face. "Who the hell are you?" she asked directly.

"Oh hi, my name is Chris. I believe I was put up to sleep the night after celebrating the Buffaloes win yesterday."

“Celebrating? Who in their right mind wants to celebrate those assholes beating us in the final?” she replied.

“Oh! I take it you are a Titans fan then,” Chris responded awkwardly.

“Yeah... everyone around here are Titans fans.”

“Well, perhaps,” he responded questioningly, “Though not whoever it is that lives here. I’m not sure who’s home it is; Wayne, Josh or Brett.”

For the first time the unfriendly look left Beth’s face and she actually giggled. “Well, let’s make it easy for you... none of them; they are all hard core Titans supporters... and they all live here together. It’s a four-bedroom apartment. I take it the lazy jerks are still in their pits?”

A sudden dread came over Chris. They were all Titans fans! But they had made out they were Buffalo supporters. Why had they done that? Why had they made friends with him and said they would run him home?

“Excuse me... where are we? I mean what city are we in?”

The girl looked at him in mirth. “Berkley, of course... home of the mighty Titans.”

“So, we aren’t in Sunnydale?”

“Nah, I just told ya... are ya thick? This is Berkley.” She began to grin as she worked out that her brother Brett and his two pals must be up to something devious.

Chris knew that things didn’t bode well for him. Obviously, now that he knew they were Titans fans

from Berkley, they meant him no good... otherwise why lie? And why didn't they just give him a beating if they disliked Buffalo fans, instead of buying him drinks?

It seemed there would soon be answers as movement was heard from above. His talking to Beth had disturbed at least one of them. Soon there seemed to be two bundles of noise and Chris thought he could hear talking.

Josh was the first down the stairs, wearing just a pair of jogging bottoms; his feet were bare, as was his chest which bore a large Titans team crest tattoo.

"Morning, Chrissie... how did you sleep?" he asked, looking at Chris and grinning as he scratched through the short ginger hair on his head.

"Good morning. Erm... thanks for putting me up but I have to go now. My parents will be wondering," Chris replied, trying to be as respectful as he could be.

"What, so fast? You should stay and have breakfast with us, buddy."

Chris was searching for a polite response when Brett came down the stairs, wearing an old T-shirt and jeans.

"Beth! I thought I heard your voice. What you doing here?" he inquired, totally ignoring Chris.

"I've come to collect some of my things that I leave here. But more to the point, what the fuck have you got a Buffalo scum fan here for?" Beth responded with a nod of her head towards Chris.

"We thought it may be fun to capture him. I don't know what we plan to do with him yet," Brett replied,

leaving Chris quaking at the conversation he was hearing. "I think Wayne'll have something lined up," he added.

Chris's pleas in asking to be set free were constantly ignored until Wayne came down. There was none of his friendliness of the night before.

"Mornin', Wayne. What do you have planned for this Muppet?" Josh asked his friend and self-appointed leader of the trio.

"He can clean up this shit hole for us for a start," Wayne replied, a cigarette hanging loose in his mouth and with an expressionless face as he glanced around the room. "It's about all that a Buffalo fan is good for, isn't it? Cleaning shit up?"

"If I do, will you let me go?" Chris asked, not prepared to argue against the suggestion and possibly infuriating the three youths.

"Depends on how good a job you do. I want all the rooms in the apartment cleaned, spick and span... including the John, the bathroom and bedrooms."

"What? That could take me ages," Chris gasped.

"Well, you had better get on with it then," Wayne answered, unfazed.

"Hey! Should I see if I can get him one of those French Maid outfits for him to work in?" Beth suggested jokingly, making Brett and Josh laugh. Chris became mortified in case they were being serious.

Wayne's expression never changed though. "Just get on with it, kid," he said, turning to where Chris was sat.

"I thought he could fry us up some breakfast first," Josh put in, patting his bloated belly.

Wayne looked thoughtful and rubbed at his whiskery chin. "If you can cook, get on with it. You can start doing the cleaning afterwards," he then told Chris.

"Okay, if you insist I'll do your breakfast and clean up," Chris told them, not daring to refuse, "but I think I have lost my phone in the back of your car. Would you mind looking for it, please, as I need to let my parents know I am safe."

"I've got your phone, kid. You'll get it back when I am satisfied with how clean the apartment is," Wayne told him directly.

"But they will be worried about me."

"That's none of my concern and the more you yap about it, the more time you are wasting and the later you will be," Wayne responded coldly.

Chris wasn't the best cook in the world but he knew how to fry bacon and eggs and warm up some beans. His making breakfast and the empty plates afterwards only created even more work for him to do. There was already a pile of stacked pans and plates by the side of the sink, some that looked as if they had been there for days. At least the roughs allowed him to eat some breakfast too.

Beth had already gone, having picked up whatever she had come for and Wayne and Josh left after an hour, leaving Chris alone with Brett.

The cleaning up seemed endless, just in the main room. Wayne returned briefly with a bundle of refuse sacks, then left again. By time four sacks were filled, the washing up all cleaned and put away and some

general tidying up, it was six-thirty in the evening. By this time both Wayne and Josh had returned.

"I've done the room as good as I can. Am I okay to leave now?" Chris asked in hope.

"Are you kidding me? You haven't dusted, polished or vacuumed... and that's just in this room. You have the kitchen floor to mop and clean, the toilet and shower still need doing and then our bedrooms. And I'm hungry so you should be planning on what to cook for our evening meals."

Brett and Josh grinned at Wayne's remark.

"But it's so late... it could take days to do everything you've just mentioned. If you want I could keep coming back until it's finished," Chris suggested

"Do you think I'm stupid? Once you leave we would never see you again. You stay here until everything is done. Alright?" came the firm response from Wayne.

"You can't just keep me here against my will, its illegal. You will get into a lot of trouble with the police," Chris replied, feeling he now needed to be brave and stand up to these thugs.

"Can't we? You wanna bet? We can do whatever we chose to do... unless you fancy fighting your way out of here?" Brett responded.

Chris knew he would just end up getting hurt if he attempted such a thing. He went quiet without further response.

"Nah, thought not. You're just a lily-livered Buffalo fan with no guts," Brett mocked, "Shouldn't he be starting cooking for us by now, Wayne?"

Wayne nodded with a grin. "You know where the kitchen is... get cooking. I get real angry if I have an empty stomach."

Dejectedly, Chris went to the kitchen and began doing as he was told. In his mind he decided he would wait for an opportunity to escape, or try getting hold of his phone to call his parents and the police.

This time he wasn't allowed to serve himself a plate of food. He was told if he wanted to eat, he had to have earned it. Instead he was allowed the left overs from the plates of his three captors.

A little later that evening, Chris was upstairs cleaning the toilet and bathroom whilst the three Titans fans sat drinking beer and watching an X-rated DVD.

"What are our plans for him upstairs?" Josh asked.

Wayne looked thoughtful. "I don't really know. I mean we had no clear cut plans for him when we brought him here. At first I was just going to ditch him out of the car miles from anywhere as a laugh until he got sick and passed out. The kid's right, though, holding him here against his will can get us into trouble. We've already done that to him now. If we set him free and he reports us, we could be done for. We may as well get shot for murder as for being a thief!"

"What? We are going to do him in?" Josh expressed in surprise.

"No, you asshole. I mean we could be in trouble already for holding him, so we may as well get our money's worth. Hold him for long enough and he may be so relieved to be free that he will keep his mouth

shut. Meanwhile, we have time to think up an idea of what to do.”

“The guy is a pussy, if we scare him enough, he wouldn’t dare say anything,” Brett suggested.

“Yeah, I think you are right so we may as well make use of him. We could have him keeping the house clean and cooking our food for days... maybe weeks. He won’t know the suburbs of Berkley nor does he know just where he is. He was out of it when he arrived so he couldn’t show the cops our location,” Wayne suggested.

That night saw Chris again sleeping on the worn and uncomfortable sofa. He was worried sick at what these youths may do to him and really concerned at the anguish his parents and his girlfriend Sarah might be feeling at his disappearance.

After everything was quiet upstairs, Chris stole around investigating. There were two doors, one at the front leading into the apartment and one at the rear leading into a yard. Both were locked both by a key lock and a deadbolt. The windows were all locked by keys. Unable to get out, he then just tried getting off to sleep until the morning.

>>*<<

The following day, Chris started on the boys’ bedrooms which were just as untidy as the living room had been. He also had to begin washing their clothes and bedding and get them dried and ironed. It was becoming clear to him that he wasn’t going to be getting out of this apartment anytime soon.

Drying the things he washed had its own difficulties. There was just one washing line outside in an unkempt back yard. The yard itself was surrounded

by an eight-foot tall fence and there was nothing outside which he could use to stand on and scale it. He was becoming more and more anxious as the day went on.

The stuff he put out on the line was drying slowly and he was probably going to end up needing thirty lines of clothes and bedding to dry. Meanwhile he was cleaning and cooking and the boys were just creating more mess and leaving dirty plates and cups about for him to clean.

As the day drew into darkness, Chris had had enough. "I'm not going to do anything else. I want to go home. It's going to take days of putting things out on the line to get them dried. You are constantly making mess for me to clean up and you will keep on having dirty clothes for me to wash. It will never end," he stormed.

"Hey, looks like the Buffalo bitch is having a hissy fit," Josh said, grinning, then emptied the can of beer he was drinking down his throat before letting the can drop to the floor.

"I mean it. You have had your fun with me, now I demand to be set free," Chris continued.

"You called it, pal. There is always going to be a daily mess, always going to be new things needing washing and meals needing making. That is why you are such an asset. Who the fuck is going to be doing all of that if we just let you loose?" Brett asked.

"Well you *kind of* managed before you brought me here, you can manage again. I'm not going to be your slave," Chris snapped back, though he had already discovered they did precious little for themselves and probably only did anything when it was absolutely necessary.

“Hey! Buffalo scum, you don’t get to call the shots around here. *We* do,” Wayne then angrily replied, getting out of the chair he had been sprawled out in. In just two paces he had reached Chris, holding him with his collar and shaking him menacingly.

Chris quaked and was scared, but he tried holding his ground. “You can hit me, give me a good beating but I’m not doing anything else. You can’t make me,” he said in a frightened voice.

“Boys, get the ping pong paddles,” Wayne then ordered as he dragged Chris across the room and threw him to the sofa. As he landed, Wayne rushed at him, held him down and forcibly yanked his trousers down to his knees along with his jockey shorts.

There followed a violent attack on Chris as Josh and Brett took turn in swiping the paddles down on Chris’s naked backside as Wayne held him down. Chris screamed out in pain as more and more hits on his bare flesh first began to sting, then to burn.

“Tell me you are going to be our little sissy slave and clean up the house without objection!” Wayne demanded.

“No, I won’t!” Chris cried, tears forming in his eyes.

More and more hits followed. “Tell me... tell me you are going to do as you are told.”

As much as Chris wanted to, to stop the pain, he stayed resolute. “No, I won’t.”

The thrashing continued until Chris could barely stand it any more.

“Tell me, you little bastard... tell me you are going to do as you are told and keep our house spotless.”

Finally, Chris could endure no more. "Okay... okay. I will, just don't hit me anymore."

A satisfied grin came over the face of Wayne. "Say it.... say you are going to be our sissy slave and clean up the house without objection," he demanded menacingly.

"I'll be your sissy slave and clean your house without any objection," Chris sobbed in total defeat.

"Be warned... if there is any further refusal, you will be punished twice as bad... and you will only be fed by us if we think you have done a solid day's work."

Chris nodded his understanding as he tenderly held his hands to his tortured bottom. In his head he thought how rich it was, them talking about doing a solid day's work when it was evident they were jobless layabouts themselves.

The following day Chris worked as hard as he could, which was not easy as his bottom was still so tender and sore. He did manage to get over a third of the washing dried and ironed, scrubbed the tiles of the bathroom and finish cleaning one of the bedrooms (Josh's) as well as making meals and washing up.

Meanwhile the boys were letting their clothes of the day mount up. Normally they would wear things, unwashed, for over a week but now that they had someone to clean for them, they were allowing the luxury of having two clean sets of clothes daily.

Brett and Josh had left the house for several hours during the day; Wayne remained in the house as Chris worked upstairs. Wayne then left himself for almost an hour, but there was no possible way of Chris getting out of the house. He did take the advan-

tage of looking through cupboards and drawers for his cell phone but it was nowhere to be found.

>>*<<

Three weeks had passed since Chris had been brought to the apartment. He had cleaned the entire place and had it spotless, he was also keeping up with daily cleaning chores such as washing, ironing, cleaning up after his three captors and doing all the meals.

During that time Brett's sister Beth had made a further two visits to the apartment as she would store things in an empty bedroom, which had a bed, but Chris was still being forced to sleep on the sofa each night. Beth found it hilarious that the three boys were keeping this Buffaloes supporter captive and forcing him to clean house for them.

Meanwhile, Wayne and the other two boys were delighted with what Chris had done with the apartment; however they were never going to compliment him or tell him how well he was doing. Instead they always found ways to keep him on his toes.

Chris was now certain that none of them held a regular job. They probably were receiving unemployment benefits but they must be doing something else to keep money coming into the house. He hardly dare think about what dodgy deals they may be doing each time two of them went out together.

Being held at the home for the three weeks and having cleaned the entire place, there was still no mention of his being released. Chris was now becoming extremely worried about ever getting out of the dump he was in.

“What are we going to do with Christopher? We’ve held him for weeks now. He’s done his job and we’ve had our fun with him but shouldn’t we be getting rid of him soon?” Brett asked as the three young men hung out in a café together.

“He’s registered as a missing person by the cops. We’ve allowed this thing to go way out of control, If we just release him, he is going to be questioned, no matter how we try scaring him into silence. They’ll come looking for us and we will be in deep shit. We can’t just let him go,” Wayne replied.

“So what then? What are we going to do with the little runt?” Josh joined in.

“I don’t know, man. I don’t have a clue. Safest thing for the time being is to keep hold of him until we figure something out. Meanwhile, housework is an ongoing thing and the kid is doing good. Nobody knows we are holding him.”

Wayne knew they had created a big problem for themselves but they were thugs, not killers. The easy option would be to dispose of him but they couldn’t do that. If they did and were caught, they could add murder to their list of charges.

Brett was uneasy about just keeping him. The longer they held him, the worse it would become but they couldn’t just hold him, keeping him captive indoors, indefinitely.

>>*<<

Beth had made one of her visits. This time it was just a social call and to see how her brother’s captive was going on. Chris was upstairs ironing again.

"I have to say one thing for him, he's done a good job of this place. You lot would still be living in a pigsty if it wasn't for him," she remarked.

Josh laughed. "Well at least it's presentable enough now to bring girls back here."

Now it was Beth's turn to laugh. "Girls? None of you have gotten a girl in ages. When was the last time you had a girlfriend, Josh?"

"I've been too busy to go out on the make," Josh replied, avoiding answering the question, "You have loads of friends, Beth, why don't you fix us up with some of them?"

"Because they are more choosy, they wouldn't touch you with a bargepole. You're a carrot topped loser," Beth retorted.

Brett and Wayne both laughed even though the remark was also aimed at them. "Josh could do with getting some relief from his pent-up sexual urges; he's tired of fucking his fist," Wayne remarked with a grin.

"Well then, why doesn't he use that sissy boy you are holding? He almost looks like a girl with that longish blonde hair, his pale almost hairless skin and pretty face," Beth responded. She wasn't into boys like Chris at all; she liked her men rough and ready.

Wayne and Brett fell silent whilst Josh looked put out. "Because I'm not a fag," he spat back, feeling insulted.

"Cool down, Josh, you moron. I ain't suggesting you have an affair with him, but you could butt fuck him. You don't look at the mantel shelf when you are stoking the fire, do you? And from behind you could easily just imagine he was a girl," she fired back.

"You're just sick, Beth," Josh told her.

"Yeah, whatever," she replied as she got up and adjusted her leggings, "Well, me and the girls have some good lifting to do. I'll be off and leave you dudes to wank yourselves silly."

>>*<<

Josh was still feeling miffed about Beth's comment from earlier and who better to take it out on than the Buffalo fan they were holding?

"Hey! Shithead! You reek... when did you last have a shower or wash your clothes?" he asked venomously.

Chris had been washing the others' clothes since they had captured him and hadn't dared to ask to wash his own. It was the same with showering or having a bath... he had just washed himself down with a cloth every time they were all out together.

"I haven't washed my clothes since I got here... I took it I wasn't allowed and I never expected to be here so long. I've been washing my hands and face though," he replied.

It was something none of them had even considered inviting him to do. "Go run a bath now and get your things in the wash while you are having it," Wayne told him, a cigarette dangling from his lips as usual.

"I have nothing to change into while they dry."

"Oh, for fuck's sake. I'll find you something to use. Anyway, I'm sick and tired of having to look at that Buffaloes insignia on your jumper. Just go, get out of

here and get yourself clean,” Wayne then responded irritably.

Whilst he was taking the bath, Chris’ captors were up to mischief. They decided it would be fun to destroy Carl’s Buffaloes top so they stopped the machine, then sprinkled caustic soda all over the clothes. That meant his pants were also destroyed along with the jersey.

Getting a bath felt great after three weeks, especially from all of the dirty cleaning he had done. Once he was finished, Chris put on the one thing that he had not loaded into the washing machine, his red boxer shorts. Even if Wayne had found him some clothing, he did not want to be wearing someone else’s underwear.

Chris came back downstairs and trundled into the kitchen to check on the wash. The three Titans fans all burst out laughing at him.

“Blow me... there’s nothing on you.” Brett told him, “I’ve seen more meat on a boiled egg!” referring to Chris’s slight frame. The other two fell about laughing even more.

“What do you expect from a Buffalo fan?” Josh chipped in. “And your skin is so pale. Do you even have any body hair?”

“Some,” Chris answered defensively, now feeling very conscious about his body in comparison to the other three well built boys. The truth was that puberty had not really kicked in with him yet so he hadn’t really grown much body hair nor did he need to shave often.

“You practically look like a girl...especially with that long blonde hair. Are you a gay boy?”



“No, I’m not. I have a girlfriend,” Chris replied sharply.

“You have a girlfriend? You should bring her around here and introduce her to some real men,” Brett remarked.

“I’ve never had any trouble getting girls...unlike some I could mention,” Chris then spat, becoming braver than he should’ve been now that his pride had been hurt.

“You need to shut your mouth or I’ll shut it for you,” Josh spat back. He had already been broadsided by Beth about his inability to get a girlfriend without a sissy-looking Buffaloes fan joining in.

Realising he had probably gone too far, Chris did just that and shut up., until Wayne threw him a garment he had found for him to wear.

“What’s this?” Chris asked in shock as he caught hold of what had been thrown at him.

“You needed something to wear didn’t you? You are too small and puny to wear something of ours; our things would just fall off you.

Chris looked at the garment. It was a very flimsy and flighty tunic style top with short flighty sleeves and a scooped, low neckline. It was covered in pink, white and green polka dots.

“I can’t wear this... it’s a girl’s top!” Chris protested.

“It belongs to Beth. It’s all there is so put it on, I don’t want to be looking at your naked skinny body all day long.”

“No, I’d feel stupid wearing this!” Chris responded, standing his ground.

“PUT IT ON!” Wayne demanded in a voice that warned not to mess with him.

Very reluctantly, Chris pulled the top over his head and let it sail over the top half of his body. It felt very soft and silky.

The boys began snickering at him, Feeling deeply embarrassed, Chris did the only thing he could do... he went off to the kitchen to get his clothes out of the washer, both to get away from their taunting and to get his things hung up and dried as quickly as possible.

“Oh No! What’s happened to my things?” came the wail from the kitchen as Chris saw what had happened to his clothes.

The Titans all rushed into the kitchen to see for themselves then fell about laughing as they saw the holed and shredded clothes that Chris was despondently holding up.

“You must have loaded the wrong detergents into the wash. Maybe you put some bleach in,” Brett suggested.

“No, I just used what I use for your things.”

“Well, maybe our machine doesn’t like your Buffalo supporter clothes,” Josh then mocked..

Chris felt like accusing them of having done something to his clothes, but didn’t dare. He just stared at his ruined things, wondering what he could do now. What could he even wear to get back home again once they’d finally had their fun with him?

"Don't worry... there are a few other things belonging to Beth you can use for now," Wayne told him.

"Hasn't she got some makeup in the spare room, too?" Josh asked Brett. "You would look better wearing that top if you looked more the part," he then said, turning to Chris, "Go put on some makeup."

Chris looked at Josh horrified. Surely he wasn't being serious? "Makeup? Wearing this is bad enough; I'm not putting on any makeup," Chris responded defiantly.

"Excuse me? We're not asking you. We are *telling* you," Josh spat back as his two mates came around Chris menacingly.

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Chris' ribs hurt from the beating he had just received at the hands of the three boys. He was far from good at putting on cosmetics but he did have some knowledge of what goes where from seeing girlfriends making their faces up. Feeling full of shame but not daring to refuse any further, his lips now sported red lipstick and he had eyeliner, much too heavy, applied around his eyes. He'd also had to fix false eyelashes to his eyelids which had been a very messy and time consuming thing to do before they had stuck on and were fairly straight.

With his freshly washed long blonde hair brushed out and his pale complexion and smooth skin, he actually did have a resemblance to a girl now.

All Chris wanted to do was hide away from his shame but he had nowhere to hide as his bed was the sofa and his bedroom was the living room. All three boys were stopping in tonight to watch porn films they had gotten from the video store.

For poor Chris it was only going to get worse. He felt too ashamed, especially with wearing the girl's top he had on and the makeup, to look at the television screen, but the three boys were making lustful noises whilst they watched. Chris even caught, from the corner of his eye, both Josh and Brett, stroking their hands over their groins.

Suddenly Josh had an idea. Recalling what Beth had said, he looked over towards Chris as if considering something.

"Hey, Chrissie! Get yourself over here and give me a blow job, I'm feeling horny as hell."

It wasn't just Chris who looked over in surprise at Josh, both Wayne and Brett also did.

"You are joking, aren't you, Josh?" Brett asked, "He's a dude, man! You gonna have a dude suck you off?"

"He looks more girl than dude right now... 'specially with those pretty painted lips. If I use my imagination, lips are lips and they'll all feel the same wrapped around my cock," Josh replied unashamedly.

Realising the seriousness of Josh, Chris started to panic. "No... No, not that, please. I'm not gay, I can't do that," he pleaded as anxiety started to fill him.

"Wasn't one kicking enough for you today?" Josh threatened. "Unless you want some more, you will do it."

Chris continued to beg and plead but, even though they found their friends request quite strange, Wayne and Brett supported Josh and got to their feet menacingly.

Almost hysterical and with tears streaming down his eyes, whilst still pleading, Chris was forced to go over and kneel before Josh who was pulling his pants down. He trembled and grimaced as he was pushed closer and closer to Josh's cock by Wayne from behind. It was revolting. He couldn't do such a thing, he didn't even know how to.

Yet he was equally scared of getting another beating from the three. Sobbing and still appealing to their better nature, he finally found the strength to touch Josh's cock with his tongue. Screwing his face up at the initial taste, he then hesitantly put his lips around the tip.

Thinking of the many times that girlfriends had pleased him in the same way, he tried to remember and follow their actions. As his mouth became accustomed to having a male erection inside of it, he managed to allow more and more of its length inside his mouth.

Both Brett and Josh encouraged and shouted instructions whilst Wayne went looking for a camera. The first thing that Wayne found was Chris' own cell phone. It would do and he began taking photos on it.

Chris had to continue with his vile duty until, finally, Josh erupted. The initial ejaculation went into Chris's mouth and he pulled away spluttering and crying, leaving ejaculate to spew over the top belonging to Beth and splash on his face.

"Next time you suck me off, Chrissie, you better take it all in your mouth," Josh told him amongst his gasps. It was a long time since he had blown a load such as that.

"Hey, Brett, do you reckon Beth could come over and do a better makeup job on Chrissie's face. I

mean, right now he kinda makes an ugly girl but he has potential.

"I'll ask her. She may do it 'cos she doesn't really like Chrissie," Brett replied using the name that Josh had just given to Chris... a name that was going to stick.

As Chris dejectedly rushed off to the kitchen to start washing his mouth out with water, Wayne showed the other two the photos and a video he had taken of the act on Chris's cell phone.

Chris was very tired the following morning, reliving the foul memories of the previous day and all that he had been forced to do, which kept him from falling asleep. He was now highly concerned about what may happen to him. Just what would the three ruffians force upon him next? How would he ever get home? He didn't even now have any of his own clothes to wear.

Because the top he had been given to wear had been covered in Josh's cum, which had now gone into the days wash and was the only clothing of Beth's that Wayne could find at the house, he again had to be naked from the waist up. That didn't stop the boys from telling him he had to re-apply the red lipstick from yesterday, also the eyeliner which this time, Chris managed to put on a little more carefully and a little less thick.

And that was the way Chris looked when Beth came calling around midday. He could have dug a hole and buried himself in it when she walked through the door with a friend of hers. Chris felt so embarrassed about having the lipstick and eyeliner on his face. He was just pleased that he wasn't wearing her top.

It was Brett who had phoned his sister following Josh's suggestion of Beth coming to do a makeover on Chris. She thought it was a hilarious idea and was quite happy to help torment her brother's captive just because he was a Buffalo fan. Her friend, Anne, who was no angel herself, had been fed the tale that Chris was actually a rapist who Beth's brother and his friends had caught and were holding him to punish him. She disliked rapists very much.

"Is that my lipstick he's wearing?" Beth asked on seeing Chris like that for the first time. "The red suits him but I should get him his own set of cosmetics 'cos I don't want him using mine all of the time," she stated.

Chris just looked at her but was too chagrined to speak and tell her he didn't want to wear makeup *any* time, never mind *all* of the time.

"He could do with some new clothes, Beth," Wayne announced, "Unfortunately his clothes got ruined in the wash yesterday and had to be thrown out. Any chance of helping him out?"

Beth smiled. She had a pretty good idea that whatever happened to his things, it wouldn't have been an accident. "Oh No! Did your lovely Buffaloes top get ruined?" she said sarcastically to Chris, then turned to Wayne. "Yeah, we will see what we can do when we go into town on Saturday," she told the eldest of the three Titans fans.

Beth and her friends went into the centre of the city every Saturday for a shoplifting spree. Over time they had gotten all the clothes, shoes, makeup and accessories any of them could ever need. This would make a chance to shoplift more purposefully again.

"You don't have anything that Chrissie could be wearing for now, do you?" Josh asked.

A glint came into Beth's eye and she smiled at the name they were calling him.

"You mean you want us to be nicking girl's clothes for him? Man, that's so cool," she replied. "I should still have a few of my things here, in a bag in the spare room," she then announced, making Chris swallow hard. He so wanted to shout and protest, refuse to be part of their games, fight them... but he couldn't and he knew he would only end up getting hurt again.

"Right. Chrissie, my friend Anne an' me are here to make you beautiful. So go sit in that chair and don't dare complain," she then demanded.

Chris looked over at the three boys appealingly but just one look was enough to tell him he would receive no support from them. Silently but reluctantly he seated himself where Beth told him and she opened up a makeup bag full of all kinds of cosmetics.

As Beth got to work on his face, Anne took off the spectacles she wore, gave them a cleaning, then grabbed for one of his hands. She was about to apply a bright red polish to his fingernails.

Chris felt he would die of shame but there was nothing he dared to do and no way of escaping this horror.

His ordeal seemed to last for an age. He had some kind of cream rubbed and brushed onto his face, eyeshadow, liner, and mascara all applied and of course, the red lipstick, which Beth decided he could keep for himself.

Beth then went upstairs to see what she had for the poor boy to wear and returned with a white top and something else. The something else turned out to be a black satin bra. She had Chris hold his arms

out so she could put them through the shoulder straps, she then adjusted and fastened the bra in the back. Chris felt his cheeks burning in total embarrassment.

The bra cups, with nothing to fill them, lay flat to Chris' chest as she pulled the back strap together and hooked the two ends; she then adjusted the shoulders to fit snugly on his frame.

Next Beth pulled the long-sleeved white top she was carrying over his head. The top was plain white and quite ordinary but it was also quite a thin material and the black bra could clearly be seen underneath.

Standing back to look over her handiwork, Beth was quite pleased. She wasn't fantastic at cosmetics herself but it was a much better job than Chris had been able to do and easily transformed the youthful face of Chris into a pretty girl once she had brushed his long hair into a more feminine style.

"I'll see about pinching some bra fillers next Saturday, too... and maybe a skirt for him," she said, looking at the flattened bra under the white top and his naked legs. And I'll ask Rosie if she will come over. She is an ace at makeup."

"When... when are you going to let me go home?" Chris asked in a small appealing voice. He hated what these people were doing to him and feeling so helpless and vulnerable.

"When we decide that you can," Josh spat at him, "You should be grateful, you are getting all of your food and clothes for nothing from us."

Chris just looked at him glumly. Grateful? He was working his socks off in the house and they hardly ever offered him anything to eat. He felt famished.

“Yeah, and it’s now time for you to start earning that food. My bedroom needs sorting out and yesterday’s clothes washing,” Wayne then ordered.

Chris was actually pleased to be able to go upstairs and out of sight of his tormentors. He began putting things away neatly and picking up the discarded clothing strewn around the bedrooms. With every movement of his hands, he caught glimpses of his shameful bright red finger nails.

Whilst Chris was upstairs, the three boys and two girls discussed the situation regarding Chris. Anne, still believing that the young boy was a rapist, was only too happy to come on board to help with his punishment. She’d had a friend who had been raped once and had seen how such an act had devastated her life.

“You know I work for that pharmaceutical company, Beth, distributing all kinds of medication to drug stores and doctors? Well, we get deliveries of things like female hormones. If you really wanted to punish the filthy swine, why not give him female hormones and make him grow a pair of tits? That would punish him,” she suggested.

This whole crazy affair had gone from extreme to extreme. The boys had only planned to hold Chris overnight and make him walk back to Sunnysdale the following morning, but they were intrigued with Anne’s idea.

“How do we get hold of those things then?” Wayne asked.

“Where I work we have a big storage warehouse in the yard where we store all the different kinds of drugs. I could tell you how to break in, give you door lock combination and how to locate the boxes of Estrogen pills. That’s if you’re up for it?”

Was this taking things a step too far for their captive? Each of the boys considered it, but there was something very intriguing to them about committing such a thing, especially on a Buffalo fan.

“We’ve already gotten ourselves in deep water,” Wayne spoke out, “with no particular plan on how to end this thing. It could be a right laugh watching him developing. He looks like a girl anyway. I’m up for it if you two are.”

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When Chris came back downstairs, Beth and Anne had gone and the three boys were playing games on the television. Chris had taken the top and the bra off (with some difficulty). He told the boys he had done so in order to keep them clean.

He noticed that Josh was looking at him in a funny way and so he tried to keep away from him. Josh was thinking how much more like a girl Chris looked now and, with the idea that they could make him grow tits, it was all giving him a strange, perverted excitement.

“Chrissie... I think I could do with some more of that mouth relief like you gave me yesterday.”

Chris looked in fear. “Do I *have* to?”

“Sure you do. We’ve discovered your worth in life. Now get over here.”

Wayne and Brett were silent but watching his reaction.

“Are you expecting me to be doing that horrible thing all the time?” Chris asked.

“Well, any time I’m feeling horny. Now hurry up over like I asked, or do you want me to get mad?”

It was clear to Chris that this was now going to be a regular demand. And what if the other two started demanding it too? No, he wouldn’t do it, he wasn’t gay and what they were forcing him to do was highly illegal. He had to stop this now before it got out of control and he became nothing more than a sex slave.

“No, I won’t. I’m not doing it. You can’t make me. You can beat me up, give me a good kicking, but you can’t make me do that. I refuse.” And he meant it. He was willing to get hell kicked out of him but he was not going to become some cocksucker to these animals.

Wayne suddenly got out of his chair and walked over to where Chris was sitting. Chris grimaced, waiting for a punch in the face or something like that... but it didn’t come. Instead, as he opened his eyes to look again, Wayne was holding his phone up in front of his face.

“You will do exactly what we tell you to do,” Wayne told him sternly.

From picking up Chris’ phone to take the photographs the previous evening, Wayne had searched through it. At last he had come up with an idea that would keep their captive quiet and prevent him from ever telling on them to the law.

Wayne showed some very graphic photos to Chris of him with Josh’s cock in his mouth. He also had a few more taken that day of Beth and Anne making his face up and painting his nails.

“You do just what we say, you little runt, or I start sending these photographs to all of your friends and family.”

Chris had never expected to be taken captive and have his phone taken from him. On his iPhone was stored all of his contacts, e-mail addresses, friends and family on social media sites such as Facebook. If those photos were sent out, he could never face anyone he knew, ever again... he would be too ashamed. Wayne had access via his phone to everyone he knew. He was beaten.

So for the second night in succession, Chris found himself on his knees in front of Josh. He hated himself for what he was about to do, he felt revulsion... but what else could he do? Josh even had Chris unbutton him and take his cock out and start wanking him with his small hand to cause an erection before again placing the cock in his mouth. Of course, Wayne took even more photos on Chris' iPhone. This time, Chris was forced to take all of the ejaculation in his mouth, causing him to choke until he could clear his throat by swallowing the thick cum.

For the next two days, Chris, mercifully, was more or less left alone from doing anything sexual but was still required to make his face up like a girl, the best he could, and to brush his longish hair into a more feminine-looking style. His fingernails remained red from the nail polish that Anne had put on them.

Chris had made the evening meal for his three captors and was starting to eat a smaller plate of food for himself when Beth arrived once again, this time with Anne and a new girl called Roxie. He hadn't expected them but it became apparent that the boys knew they would be visiting.

"This is my friend Roxie, Christopher. She works as a trainee beautician at a salon in town and she is going to go, step-by-step, to show you how to put on makeup. Okay?" Beth told him.

Chris just looked forlornly at the girl. He didn't want to learn how to put on makeup, let alone wear it. Why were they doing this to him? Forcing him to look like a girl? He was so unhappy.

"The girls are going to babysit you while we go out," Josh told him, picking up his leather jacket from a hook by the banister. "Do as they tell you and don't cause them any trouble," he warned.

Within ten minutes of the girls arriving, the three boys had left. Chris was told to sit still and pay attention to everything that Rosie told him and showed him, Beth and Anne then put on some soap opera on the television and left Rosie to it.

Rosie was a slightly plump but pretty girl but her attitude towards Chris was one of dislike. She had been fed the same story of Chris being a rapist and messing with young girls, so she had zero tolerance towards him.

For the following three hours, Chris had to endure Rosie putting on all kinds of makeup, taking it off and applying again, each time with instruction before making him try putting it on for himself. She also cut his hair a little so she could style it more girlishly; parting the hair in the middle and tying it back behind his head except for long entrails hanging by the side of his face on both sides.

Eventually the sound of Wayne's car was heard from outside and the three boys came in carrying boxes, taking them straight upstairs. Brett gave a 'thumbs up' sign to Beth before locking the door behind him, then followed his friends.

When the three boys came back down the stairs, they looked at Chris, approving of Rosie's work. Chris was bare chested again and his light-skinned hairless frame and slender arms already gave him a girlish appearance.

Rosie had plucked and shaped his eyebrows a bit and had applied heavy, sultry-looking eye makeup; the feminine-styled hair only enhanced his girlish appearance.

"Looking good, Chrissy." Josh told him with a hungry look on his face befitting a sexual predator.

"We haven't quite finished yet, we have brought him something to wear." Beth announced to her brother and friends.

Chris immediately thought they must have brought him some horrible girly clothing, he dared not think what. But he was wrong. Already topless, they had him remove the only lower wear he had, his red boxer shorts, revealing to the girls, much to his great embarrassment, his now exposed cock and balls.

They didn't stay uncovered for long though as the girls quickly attached a kind of leather harness thing over his penis and tied cords in the back. This was followed by them putting black fishnet gloves on his arms that came up to his elbows. Finally, from behind, a leather collar was fastened around his neck. He was left feeling like some kind of sex slave. The collar even had a metal ring attached at the front.

"Right guys, that's our job done for the day," Beth announced to the three boys, "She's all yours; don't forget you owe the three of us drinks for this. I'll bring Chrissie some new clothes when we have them on Saturday."

With that the three girls departed, leaving the boys looking over their feminised captive in a way that sent warning messages to Chris. He knew the looks didn't bode well for him and that he would be forced into doing something sexual that night. He wished he could just die.

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As usual Chris was first to awake in the apartment and he had to start his day by making breakfast ready for Wayne, Brett and Josh when they came down.

The first thing Chris did was to make himself a hot drink of coffee as his mouth tasted vile. As he had guessed, Josh wanted to be sucked off by his feminine-looking captive. Different from usual, though, this time Brett had gotten in on the act. Now that 'Chrissie' looked even more feminine, Beth's brother had become aroused as he saw his friend being sucked off and demanded the same. Now Chris was worried that soon he was to become a sex slave to all three of them.

Once his coffee had helped restore taste to his mouth, Chris began putting on the supply of makeup he had been left by Beth and warned he must now wear from first thing in the morning to the three boys going to bed.

He was living a nightmare, a total hell, and there seemed no end to it at all. He felt constantly humiliated, shamed, soiled and defiled but there was little he could do. He had tried everything he could to escape. Most of the time the house was occupied by at least one of them. And now he had the added concern that in just three days' time he was going to be given his very own female clothes to wear.

After an hour, the first of the boys came down. It was Brett. Wayne was the next.

“Here, take this,” Wayne told Chris, holding out a pill for him.

“What’s that for?” Chris asked suspiciously.

“Just take it when it’s given, moron. If you must know, it’s a vitamin pill, as you aren’t eating too much and you aren’t getting out for fresh air. You will need it to stop yourself from wasting away or catching some virus. Don’t tell us we don’t give you any consideration.”

Brett just sniggered as Chris held the pill in his fingers and looked at it.

“Take it! You need to be taking two of those suckers every day,” Wayne pressed.

Not daring to do anything other, Chris popped the pill into his mouth and swallowed it down with the last of his now cold coffee. Surely it wasn’t going to be anything harmful. They wouldn’t do *that*.

“Wouldn’t it just be easier to let me go home? You’ve had your fun with me. Or, if you intend keeping me here for much longer, can I at least phone my parents and tell them I’m safe so they are not worried? This is my twenty-fifth day here,” Chris begged.

“I’ve already contacted them, pretending to be you so they know you are alive and well,” Wayne answered.

Chris was shocked by the news that Wayne had contacted his parents. “You can’t have. They would know it’s not me by my voice,” Chris challenged.

"I didn't speak to them, dummy. I texted them using your phone," Wayne replied. "I first contacted them a couple of weeks ago and I have messaged them twice since."

Wayne pulled Chris' iPhone from his pocket and began accessing the text messages. Once he had found what he was looking for he began reading.

"Dear Mom / Dad. I kno u will b concerned and wondering where I am. I am ok. I hav things on my mind that I need 2 work out and I need 2 reinvent myself. Please don't worry. I will text again. Luv u both. Chris." he read

"I looked at messages you have sent to see your style of texting so I'm pretty sure I got it right," Wayne added.

Chris was even more shocked now. "You wrote that I need to reinvent myself and ask them not to worry? What kind of 'reinvent' myself? They must have replied. What did they say?"

"You keep on being a good girl and doing what we tell you and I will let you know their responses. Fuck up and they, and everyone else, will see just what kind of reinventing you are doing when they see the photos of you sucking dick whilst wearing makeup," Wayne answered callously.

Chris really felt upset that Wayne had messaged such a thing to his parents. The fact that he was texting such messages indicated to Chris that there was to be no release from his torment in the near future.

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Saturday afternoons were always special for Beth and her girl gang when they would choose the busiest times when stores were full to go out shoplifting. And they were no amateurs. One girl would lift items and, in case they were seen on CCTV, they would brush past another member and 'pass on' the stolen items. The second girl would drop the stuff into a shopping bag, then pass it to a third girl. The girls would rotate their order of action. Stolen items all went into cars parked nearby so that they could start again.

Some girls put clothing on in changing rooms, then covered them over with their own clothes; a few more daring girls would even wear new items out of the stores if there were no security tags on them. It gave the girls a buzz. Today and for the next few weeks, they were going to be aiming for things in the size of a certain captured rapist.

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Chris had been told to go get himself a bath again by Brett that Saturday afternoon. He had filled the bath up to about half-full and was soaking in it when Brett and Josh burst in on him.

"You need it hotter than that," Brett told the surprised Chris, without even testing how hot the water was. He turned on the hot tap and the bath water became hotter and hotter as the steaming water mixed with the water already in. It became very uncomfortable. Chris tried to get out as it was scalding him but Josh held his shoulders down and Brett prevented him from swinging his legs out.

"It's burning me!" Chris yelled but only when he seemed in real pain did they allow him to scramble

out from the very hot water. Chris' skin looked salmon pink.

"Why did you do that to me?" Chris asked miserably with tears in his eyes.

"Hygiene. We wanted to make sure you are really clean. Your skin looks a bit red. Use this cream, it will cool it down."

Chris didn't even look at the label; he just took the jar being offered by Josh and began spreading it on his body, mostly his legs and forearms. The cream did seem to start cooling his affected skin but after a few minutes, it was producing its own heat and was stinging.

The two boys just laughed as they now suggested he get under the cold shower to wash the cream back off now that it was becoming unbearable. Chris did just that.

Being a natural blonde, Chris' body hair was fine and sparse so at first he didn't even realise the cream had dissolved all the fair hair that there was and clumps of it were now washing down the plug hole. The cream had rendered his body totally hairless.

Later, it had become early evening and Chris had just collected the plates from the meal he had made so that he could commence washing up. The pain from the scalding water had subsided but his skin now felt totally weird. IT was hypersensitive, without the fine covering of hair he'd once had.

Five girls came though the apartment door, laughing and carrying an array of bags and boxes.

"Is that him?" one of the two new girls asked. She was blonde with shoulder-length curly hair and she sported nose and lip piercings.

“Yeah, that’s Chrissie,” Beth replied. “Hey Chrissie! Happy birthday, we’ve got you lots of presents.”

“It’s... it’s not my birthday,” he stammered from inside the kitchen.

“Well let’s pretend it is. Open all of your lovely gifts,” Beth responded.

Chris could have just died as the girls revealed what they were carrying by setting out everything on a table. Chris mostly noticed the clothing; there were two dresses, a pack of three panties, two bras, a packet of pantyhose and a pair of backless shoes. Other than that there were lots more makeup items, three bottles of perfume and different types of jewellery including earrings for pierced ears, nail varnishes, a brush and a box with two clear windows on top showing something plastic inside.

The girls, Beth, Anne, Rosie, Babs the blonde-haired girl, and the fifth friend Lexie who worked with Babs as a server in a coffee shop, all ushered Chris into another room, wanting to try the clothes on him. Chris had never felt such humiliation.

He was forced to strip and, as he did, Beth got her first look at his smooth hairless body with glee. “Right, you want a bra on first,” she stated as Babs began threading the straps of a white bra around his chest and over his shoulders.

“Now, you need these to give you some shape,” Beth again instructed. She began opening the oblong box and took out two fleshy-looking, wobbly things. “These are your new tits, Chrissie. They are breast forms made from a silicone gel so they move and feel like the real thing. These were very expensive, you lucky girl,” She stated as if she had paid out for them herself, as she placed a form in each bra cup.

Chris' face flushed bright red from embarrassment. At the same time, he was amazed at the weight that was now pulling him forward.

"You better wear these all the time or Brett will get angry with you. He likes big titted girls," she warned with a smirk.

Next they wanted him to put on the pantyhose. He felt totally mortified at having to pull such a flimsy, feminine garment up his legs. With his legs feeling as sensitive as they were, the soft nylon fabric began caused even more of a situation as the panty part was positioned.

Unable to prevent it, ashamedly, he began to get an erection. It wasn't because he was excited or turned on by the feel, it was more to do with the unfamiliar feeling of them and the psychological messages to his brain that he should not be wearing such things, and yet he was.

The girls had purposefully made him put on the pantyhose before panties to get such a reaction.

"Ugh! Look, the dirty pervert is getting off on wearing tights," Rosie scoffed.

"Yeah, can't keep his thing under control. That's probably why he goes out forcing innocent girls for sex," Babs joined in.

Chris looked at her aghast, wondering what she meant by that statement but Beth was already ordering him to now draw white cotton panties with a red hearts print, up his nylon-clad legs.

They chose for him to wear a dress which wasn't even a suitable day dress for a real girl. The dress had a low-cut back and was sleeveless with just one strap over the left shoulder. It was covered in silver se-

quins. To go with the dress were the shoes which he learned, were called mules. They had a 9.5cm. chunky block heel that had him off-balance when he tried to stand in them.

Of course Rosie was going to freshen his makeup for him and do his hair before they were finished. She warned that she was planning on returning the following day to give him another makeover and lessons in applying the cosmetics. Chris just sighed in despair.

Once he was declared ready, Chris was ushered by the girls back into the living room of the apartment to display himself before the boys. He hung his head in embarrassment and shame and fully expected the three boys to laugh at him and mock him... but they didn't. Looking up towards them, he saw them looking at him with those same hungry eyes. Even Wayne was looking him up and down in amazement, and he'd had nothing to do with him for sex, so far.

In a rather bizarre way, the only thing Chris could think of at the time was that he was merciful that the pantyhose the girls had put on him was a natural colour and he hoped the boys would not realise that he was wearing hose.

But Brett and Josh just continued looking at him lecherously; Chris knew he could safely bet money that at least one would want oral sex again that evening.

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Sunday morning was no different from any other morning. As none of the boys worked, they would come and go as they pleased, usually with at least one staying in the house. It would be a day of cleaning and cooking for Chris... except this day he knew

that Beth's friend Rosie was returning to give him another makeover and lessons on how to do things himself.

That was degrading enough but he also knew that the more Rosie made him look like a pretty girl, the more likely it was that he was going to get used like one and forced to suck cock.

The two girls turned up at the apartment just before midday with Rosie carrying a case full of makeup and Beth also carrying a bag. His three capturers took advantage of the girls being there to all go out together, probably on some shady deal or other.

Briefly, now that the boys were gone, Chris wondered if he could overpower the girls and make his escape. But Beth was a pretty rough tomboyish type of girl and with Rosie, he may just suffer the extra humiliation of having his ass kicked by two girls. Also he was a very timid type of guy. Further hanging over him were those photographs, ready to be sent out to all his closest friends and family.

"Sit over there so that I can get started," Rosie insisted, enjoying her opportunity to exact revenge on what she believed was a nasty perverted rapist.

Over the month that Chris had been held at the apartment, his nails had grown out and it was them that Rosie started with, cleaning them and using a file to shape them into horribly feminine ovals. Once done, she set about applying a bright glossy red polish to them. Why was it always red?

Chris already felt shameful but Rosie was far from being done. This time she wanted to paint his toenails too... in the same bright red. Chris didn't watch; he chose to look away as she worked.

Now that his already long hair had a further four weeks' length to it, Rosie began clipping and styling it into a more girlish style, one that would be hard for Chris to make less feminine in appearance. The hair-style was followed by a complete cosmetic makeover to his face which terminated in bright red lipstick to match his nail colour.

Even Beth couldn't believe the difference Rosie had made. Had she not known differently, she would have been convinced Chris was a natural young girl.

Chris couldn't get his head around what they were doing to him. Most Titan and Buffalo supporters would just beat each other up. While he had no desire to be badly beaten and hurt, it would be far better than what he was receiving. Why would anyone normal take someone who had done them no harm other than support an opposing team, hold them captive all this time and, worse, make a normal young man look like and dress like a girl?

"Don't you feel bad for what you are doing to me?" he challenged. "What you are doing to me is wrong and illegal, you know."

"Don't get started on what is illegal to me," Rosie stormed back, "What you do is illegal. You deserve everything that you get."

Chris was again stunned by Rosie's response. How can supporting your hometown team be illegal?

Beth didn't want the exchange to reveal that Chris was no rapist like Rosie believed so she quickly changed the subject.

"You don't get a say in what we do to you. If my brother and his friends want you prettified, then that's what we will do. Now just be grateful. We have

some new clothes for you to try on that we got hold of yesterday.”

When Chris saw the new dress they planned for him to wear, he almost died. The last was bad enough but this one was a white cotton sleeveless dress with a halter neck and the skirt of the dress was a RaRa design... not that Chris knew much about skirt designs.

There was also a pair of black shoes that had a slender three-inch heel. He had found the block-heeled mules awkward enough to walk in but these would be like trying to walk on stilts!

“I’m not wearing anything like that. I’m a guy, guys don’t wear dresses,” he almost sobbed in his torment.

“You better or the guys will be giving you a beating when they get back,” Beth warned.

“But the shoes... I would break my neck trying to wear them.”

Beth approached the fretting Chris and looked directly at him. “There is no reason that a guy can’t wear heels same as a girl does, it’s just a matter of learning and getting used to them... and you are going to practice all afternoon,” she said.

“*You* don’t wear high heels. I’ll bet you have never worn any,” he challenged as he looked down at her dirty pink and white sneakers.

“You’re right, I don’t. But I don’t have your long slender legs to justify my wearing dresses and heels, I’m good with sneakers and jeans...but, anyway, it’s not about me, it’s about you. Now come on and change, you have a lot of walking practice to do.”

Of course, as well as wearing the white halter dress, Chris had to put in the false breasts which he really felt uncomfortable with. They made him feel strange, as if he had real breasts and they tented out so noticeably in front. At least he was spared wearing pantyhose... his legs were smooth and hairless from the cream after yesterday's bath.

Poor Chris felt so effeminate wearing the dress with its floaty hem swishing around his knees... then he had to put his feet into the high heels. Again he felt like dying of shame.

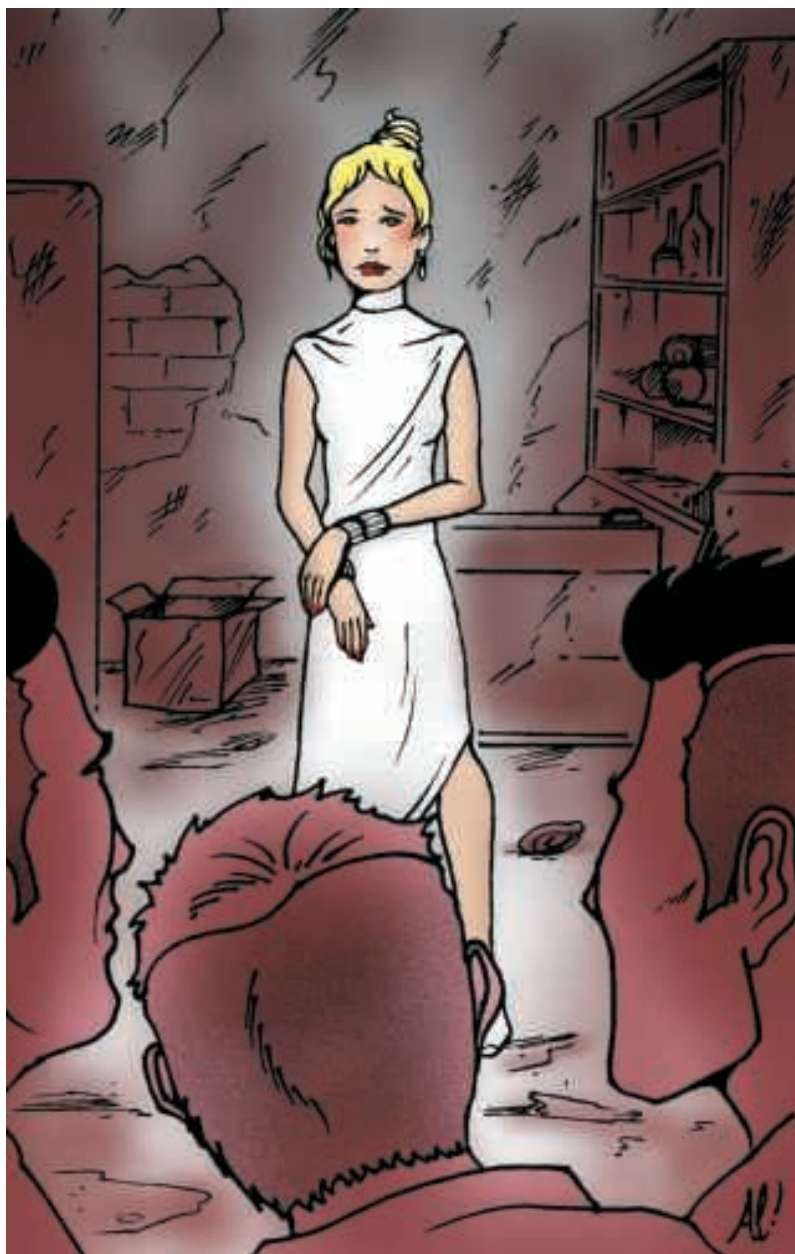
Standing and keeping his balance was extremely difficult at first. Once he had learned how to position his body to get his equilibrium, he had to learn walking in them. He was extremely ungainly and tottered a lot. It would take days of practice but that was what Beth intended. She planned to train him in heels until he could walk like a catwalk model.

By the time Wayne, Josh, and Brett returned, Chris' legs were screaming. He was using leg muscles he had never even used before and his calves and tendons were paying the price.

To his chagrin, Chris received wolf whistles from the boys and he knew that was not a good sign yet again; he could expect either Josh or Brett to demand a blow job later. He felt his stomach couldn't take any more churning from performing the disgusting act.

But he was surprised when in the early evening, after the two girls had gone, Wayne suggested the other two could go out and he would stay in and keep watch on their captive.

"Okay, it's just you and me, Chrissy." Wayne told the feminised youth after Josh and Brett had left the house. "Did you take your second vitamin pill today?"



Chris nodded the affirmative to Wayne. He'd had two pills per day for the past three days.

Wayne had been feeling concerned about himself recently. The young man they had picked up and held at the apartment *was* very pretty for a male and had lots of femininity about him: soft pale skin, long blonde hair and even his frame... but he was male... He wasn't even a gay male!

As they had slowly feminised him, Wayne had secretly been growing more and more attracted to this feminine, beautified youth and had even felt urges when watching Josh or Brett force the boy to give them relief with his mouth.

Seeing 'Chrissy' today, fully made-up and wearing the white dress and heels, Wayne had got an almost instant hard on and he couldn't understand why. This was not a girl! But Wayne had been turned-on. He needed release but he felt he couldn't be looking into Chris' face in order to get it.

"Lean yourself over that sofa arm, Chrissy," he ordered.

Chris was confused and unsure what Wayne wanted. "Huh! How do you mean?"

"Come on, just do it. Lean yourself over the arm of the sofa," Wayne persisted, raising his voice.

Slowly and unsurely Chris did as requested, looking back over his shoulder to see if he was doing what was asked. Wayne came up at the back of him, flipped up the skirt of Chris' dress, then began undoing his jeans.

"Oh, no! Not that. I beg you... please... don't do that," Chris began to wail with the realisation of Wayne's intentions. He'd had to put a penis into his

mouth numerous times and bring it off. But getting a cock shoved up his ass and fucked? That was something else.

But Wayne gripped Chris's neck roughly and forced the top part of his body down into the sofa. Wayne was quite a lot taller and much stronger than Chris was and seven years older than the eighteen-year-old. He easily held him down.

Wayne began fingering up Chris' butt in an attempt to lubricate the youth and then started to insert himself. Chris could do nothing to prevent it as tears rolled down his cheeks. The act was rough and didn't even last that long but it hurt Chris and made him sore. He felt Wayne's penis being thrust in and out of him and he felt his ejaculation, a feeling like nothing he had experienced before.

After Wayne was done, Chris just curled up into a foetal position and sobbed to himself. He felt violated and dirty but Wayne had his own demons. He knew what he had just done, no matter how feminine Chris looked, was a homosexual act and he was not homosexual... but he couldn't help himself.

"You don't tell anyone what has just happened here," he warned, "Not Brett nor Josh, or any of the girls... okay? It's just between us. You got that?"

Wayne left Chris sobbing as he went to the fridge and pulled out two cans of beer.

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Chris went off to the toilet after he had finished washing the dinner plates. As always now, although he only needed to pee, he sat down on the toilet seat in order to pass his urine. Beth had suggested to the

boys that 'She' had to be ladylike in her toileting at all times and the boys now enforced that.

To be honest it made life a little easier as he could no longer just pull down his zipper and relieve himself. Now he had to hitch up his dress or skirt and pull his pantyhose and panties down to his knees. And it was still a chore trying to balance on heels so sitting made things a whole lot easier.

It had been three days since Wayne had forced himself upon him. Since that time Wayne had not tried again. Josh had twice and Brett had once more demanded oral relief, however.

He was, though not willingly, starting to get used to the taste of cum in his mouth and having to swallow the thick goo.

As he sat there he began thinking to himself about how his family and girlfriend were, how they were reacting to his disappearance or the texts being sent by Wayne. He wondered what he had done wrong to have brought about such a terrible twist in his life. Each day was its own torment, its own living hell and he wondered when or how it would end.

It had been nearly five weeks since he had been taken; were they planning to hold him forever? Force him to be some feminised sex slave? Why couldn't they just go out and get girlfriends like any normal guy? Why do this to him?

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Saturday came around again. It had been five weeks since Chris had gone to watch the Buffaloes win the title. As he went around the apartment keeping it spick and span, Chris knew today was the day that Brett's sister and her friends would be out in the

town stealing things for him again... things he really didn't want.

"Do you just want sandwiches for lunch?" he asked all three of his captors who were lounging, legs up, watching the sports channel.

"Yeah, I'll have some of that ham that's left, and bring me a beer," Brett answered. Wayne also went with the ham whilst Josh wanted corned beef. All wanted beer. Chris went off to the kitchen, walking as well as he was able on his heels, to fix the snacks for them like some good girlfriend.

Once done, he made himself a sandwich and took it upstairs. The boys had finally allowed him to use the bed in the spare room and he lay upon it with his sandwich and a magazine. It was a girly magazine which Beth had given him. She had told him to read a romance story inside and look at makeup tips.

He was still in the bedroom when the girls arrived back, earlier than the week before, but it became apparent that they'd had a good 'shopping spree.'

"Where's Chrissie?" he heard Beth ask from downstairs.

"Upstairs."

"Good. We got a load of stuff for her this week."

There followed the sound of many feet coming up the stairs. "Ah! There you are," Beth greeted as she led the way in with six friends behind her. "We've had a great day for you. We got dresses, skirts and tops, bras, panties, shoes, pantyhose and stockings, jewellery and more makeup," she stated with glee.

Chris just made a slight movement with his mouth in response that may or may not have resembled a smile, just to pacify her.

A new girl with long black hair held in a high pony-tail was looking daggers at Chris which quite unnerved him. "Is that him? He doesn't look quite like I imagined he would," she said to the others as they began putting things away in cupboards without even showing him what they had brought. That is, until Beth went into her handbag.

"I got you these specially. You have very light facial hair but from now on you need to keep what grows taken off every day. That hair remover the guys gave you did a good job on your body hair but you need to keep your legs, arms and chest hairless, so use it in those places too," she told him as she handed him a can of shaving foam and a razor with five detachable blades.

"Do all of that first thing tomorrow, then find an outfit to wear. The guys will be watching to make sure you do."

"Why can't you get me any male clothes and stuff? Why are you making me have to look and dress as a girl?" Chris asked miserably.

"Because that's what the guys want you to look like. They aren't fags so they need you to resemble a female. Plus, if you ever found the opportunity, you'd be less likely to escape and try getting home if you were all dressed up as a girl."

"How long are you going to keep me held here?" Chris tried again.

"Hell, I dunno. Ask the guys, it's them that are keepin' ya here, I'm just bringin' things like I was asked." Beth then turned to her friends. "Right girls,

what say we go get some drinks down at the Paradise?"

With that, the seven girls all began filtering out of the room. The new girl who had looked him over gave him another long and unfriendly look as she followed the others out.

Once they had left his bedroom, Chris went to look at what else they had brought. Not even girl's jeans or leggings. It was all just feminine things like skirts. And three packs of pantyhose...all black he noticed to his dismay.

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The following morning, Chris feared what Beth had said about keeping any returning hair growth from his legs and that the boys would be watching. The hair on his legs had always been so light and sparse that the depilatory cream probably would have kept his legs hairless for a few more weeks but, nevertheless, first thing, Chris was in the bath and he finished by running the razor over his skin.

He had instructions now that, every day, he had to have makeup on and wear hose, heels and a skirt. That left him no choice but to put the black pantyhose the girls had brought him yesterday. He cringed at having to wear pantyhose at all, but their being so obvious, and black, really embarrassed him.

The truth of the matter was that Beth didn't even think of what was going through Chris's head. To her, hose was hose whether nude or dark. It definitely made the three boys notice though. They hadn't commented when Chris had worn the nude hose but now they all made little comments like "Looking sexy, Chrissie" or "Look at those legs!"

The day, other than wearing some new, even more feminine clothes, was the same as any other day since his capture. Washing and cleaning and cooking. It was while he was cleaning that he put a run in his new pantyhose. Had he been wearing nude or light-coloured tights it may not have been so noticeable but, being black, it was glaringly so.

“You need to start looking after the things you are given,” Wayne yelled at him as if it was some big deal, “Go change into a new pair... you look like a slut with runs in your hose.”

Chris was stunned by the reaction. Okay, he had run the hose, but it wasn't like they'd had to be paid for. And looking like a slut! That was rich when they *treated* him like one!

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The days of the following week rolled by. There was still no evidence of the boys releasing him and letting him go home. Wayne had told him he had texted his family one more time saying he was okay and still trying to work things out with his life. Both Josh and Brett had forced him into sucking them off a few more times but he had not been butt fucked by either. Only Wayne had forced that and not in the last few days.

He wondered if Brett's sister's gang would be stealing more things for him, come Saturday again. It wasn't that he wanted any more female wear, he just wondered.

Something new was bothering him on that day, too. Yesterday he had felt a strange tingling in both nipples. He'd expected it to just ease off but it was still there today... and really bothering him.

As he got dressed for the day, brushed his teeth and taken his vitamin tablet, he wondered if it may be the breast form inserts he had to wear in his bra that may be causing the tingling. Maybe it was a skin reaction or some chemical discharge from the silicone forms.

Chris sat to apply his makeup and thought the would mention it, either to Wayne and the other boys, or to Beth. If it was causing a harmful reaction he thought he may be able to get away with not having to wear a bra or the inserts again.

Saturday tended to be the day when he had to change and wash all of the bed sheets and turn the mattresses, a luxury the boys had not had before but which was now was a rule. Before they captured Chris it was something if the bedding was changed quarterly. Chris frequently bumped his chest painfully as he worked and decided to talk to Wayne.

“My chest is sore for some reason, Wayne. I was thinking it may be that my nipples are getting irritated from wearing a bra... or do you think it maybe those inserts that are causing it?”

Wayne smiled, he had an idea it was the hormone tablets that Chris was taking twice a day that was causing it, as if Chris was going through female puberty. He was hardly likely to tell Chris that, though.

“How should I know? I’m not a girl; ask Beth when she comes if you are having girly problems,” Wayne told him nonchalantly.

“I’m not a girl either. Would it be okay if I didn’t wear the bra until they stop hurting?”

“No, if anything the bra will help cushion them. Girls wear bras all the time and they never complain about their bras causing irritation. Those inserts

have a medical stamp, meaning they are safe to use. You need to keep dressing like all girls your age dress,” he responded.

“But I’m not a girl!” Chris repeated, probably a little more angrily than he should have done.

“Really! You keep telling yourself that every time you get dressed up all sexily and get your face all made-up so that you can suck Josh and Brett off.”

“What! I don’t do that because I *want* to... you *make* me do that,” Chris almost sobbed back, ashamed that he was being accused of wanting to do such a thing.

“Nah! I think you secretly like getting all dolled up like a girl, You are always smiling when you suck cock as though you really enjoy it... making those big doe eyes.”

Wayne was amusing himself but Chris felt ashamed and quickly left the room, tears welling in his eyes.

When the girl gang came back to the apartment a little later, they had indeed brought more things for Chris’s growing female wardrobe. It was always dresses and skirts but never jeans or slacks, even girls’ ones, not even leggings.

Wayne mentioned Chris’s problem to her... more to let her know something was happening with the female hormones than for any concern for Chris.

“Let’s take a peek,” Beth told him with the three friends who were with her looking on in interest.

“There’s nothing much to see. It’s just this irritating itch,” Chris told her, reluctant to bare his chest in front of the girls, “I was wondering if there may be a

leak from those things I have to put in the cups,” he suggested, avoiding calling them by name.

“What... your breast forms? No, they are one hundred percent safe. Had I not known you aren’t really a girl I’d have suggested that by the sound of it, your breasts are budding. Hey! Maybe you were supposed to have been born a girl. I mean, with your clear smooth skin and fine blonde hair...Ya never know, maybe you are just a late developer.”

Chris went red from the suggestion, especially when the three friends started giggling. He had always been keen to try and prove his manliness ...not be told he should have been born a girl.

“So, let’s take a look and see,” Beth then pressed again.

Reluctantly, Chris had to open his blouse and expose his freshly shaven-chest. Beth was almost disappointed that there was no sign of puffiness yet but she knew nature would have to take its course.

Among the things brought for him this time were another three pairs of shoes, including a red pair of court shoes with a four-inch stiletto heel.

“I’ll never be able to walk in those; I still wobble all over in those black shoes you gave me,” Chris informed her.

“That’s because you are not practicing enough. You aren’t even wearing shoes now,” Beth complained, staring down at Chris’ nylon-clad feet. “Starting tomorrow and all next week I am going to be calling in here and training you to walk in heels like you were a catwalk model,” she warned him.

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Beth was as good as her word and returned to the apartment the following day.

Chris was in both a semi-satisfied and unhappy mood. He was semi-satisfied as he found that among the horde of things brought to him yesterday he had a few more packs of pantyhose... and they were nude! He was only *semi*-satisfied by the discovery because, one, he didn't want to wear pantyhose of any colour, and two, these hose were sheerer than anything he had been given so far; ten denier it said on the packet and they contained something called elastain. He found elastain made the nylon cling even more to his legs, they were very silky to the touch and they had a sheen to them!

He was unhappy because that irritable tingling was still going on around his nipples. If he could he would go to a doctor about them but he knew he would never be allowed out and besides, what could he wear? He would never dare go outdoors dressed as a girl.

"Hey Chrissie, ready to start your walking practice?" Beth asked when she saw him.

"Not really," Chris answered truthfully.

It was going to happen, like it or not, but Chris had no idea what awaited him.

Beth insisted on doing Chris' makeup herself and brushing his hair out into a feminine style. She chose a dress for him, a black one which fell to halfway down his thighs. She also chose his shoes... the new red ones with the four-inch heels. Chris groaned when he saw them.

But Beth still had another trick up her sleeve for that day. She taped the shoes to his feet, going over the top of his foot and under the shoe a number of times with the sticky tape, on both feet.

Chris then had to walk up and down the room, turn and walk again, climb and descend the stairs, over and over again, for a whole hour and with the three boys watching. Chris only stopped practicing to make everyone lunch and even then he had to do so in the shoes.

At least he was able to sit down to eat and he rested his heels on the backs of the shoes rather than having the heels to the floor.

If Chris had thought his ordeal for the day was over, he was sadly mistaken as he had to practice again after everyone had eaten. Only this time it was much worse. They were taken him outside to practice walking on the street.

Chris begged not to have to go out but nobody was listening and both girls and Brett went out with him.

It was so humiliating. Chris felt he would die of shame every time someone came walking past but nobody seemed to realise he was a boy. Several smiled when Beth announced to them, "She's learning to walk in heels for the first time."

Chris had a moment where he actually considered calling out to those passing by, telling them he was being held against his will and forced to dress as a girl, pleading with them to help him. He didn't have the nerve to disclose that, though, and he was also worried that people may just think he was some kind of head case! After another hour he was taken inside without the call for help coming from him.

The same heel training was carried out throughout the following week, just as Beth had said it would be. Not only did he have to be able to walk, with good posture, but also walk quickly and run in heels. Each time the shoes were taped to his feet. The intensive training did work and by Friday he was walking as well as most females could in slender four-inch high heels. How much the back of his legs ached, though.

Because Beth was calling around each day she also used her time at the apartment to continue other feminine training such as applying nail polish more perfectly and more make-up tips. Beth also wanted Chris to start using some of the many facial and skin care products they had given him such as moisturiser, serums, eye creams and lip balms. She also wanted to ensure that Chris was sitting each time he went to the toilet.

All of this 'training' just continued to really annoy and anger Chris. Why should he have to do everything as a girl? Why must he dress as a girl and make his face up like a girl's when he wasn't a girl? It was bad enough being held somewhere against his will. He daren't try to oppose the situation any more, however, as he was truly scared about being beaten up or punished again.

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The weeks continued to roll by with no end still in sight either for his captivity or from having to constantly dress as a girl and progressively look like one. It was now eleven weeks to the day that Chris had been taken and held in the apartment in Berkley City.

Being a Saturday, Chris was expecting to be showered with stolen feminine items again. He wasn't

wrong, but this time he only received a few bottles of nail varnish, one dress and a pair of matching heels as the girls were needing to get things for themselves.

The dress was of a very light material and fell to two inches above the knees and had a three-quarter sleeve; it was in a light grey colour. Chris had now had to dress as a girl continuously for two months, so although the dress was very feminine, especially with the white lace panel over the breast to neckline, it was no longer such a big deal to him. A relief was that he didn't have to wear pantyhose with it, though putting his bare feet into the grey high heels began making the backs of his feet rub on the shoes.

What was less pleasant to him was that one of the girls, the girl with long blonde hair that he had seen once before and who turned out to be called Leanne, put a bonnet on his head. The bonnet had the word "Titans" stitched at the front.

"If you are living in this city, in this apartment, then you need to be supporting the Titans, not those pricks from Sunnysdale," she told him in an unfriendly manner.

Chris felt as though he was being unfaithful to his team by wearing the bonnet but at least he thought he could remove the hat after the girls had gone home.

That actually wasn't to be, as the three boys insisted on Chris keeping the bonnet on his head and wearing it for the rest of the day.

Three days later was Brett's birthday and Brett insisted that Chris be extra nice to him for the day.

"You looked kinda cute in that nice dress and those heels that sis and her friends brought for you on Saturday; wear them again for me today," Brett

told him with that hungry look on his face which Chris was now only too familiar with. "In fact, you looked so cute you can come and blow me for my birthday as soon as you are dressed and you have freshened up your makeup. Wear that shiny red lipstick Beth put on you on Saturday and I want you to hold my load in your mouth till I tell you to swallow, okay?"

Brett had been drinking quite heavily for his birthday and he was wanting some action from the girly-looking Chris.

Once dressed, Chris sighed as he got down onto his knees in front of Brett and, without protest, took out Brett's stiffening cock, worked it a little until it was fully erect, then took him in his mouth. It was only a matter of a few minutes before Brett came in Chris' mouth, then asked his feminised captive to part his lips to check.

As Chris did, Brett saw the pool of white cum sitting there. He smiled in satisfaction before allowing Chris to swallow it. Chris made a face as he did and almost choked.

Brett wasn't finished with Chris though. As soon as he felt he was able, he wanted an extra treat. Maybe he wouldn't have gone so far had he not been drinking, but he now wanted to fuck what appeared to him like a very sexy looking chick.

Chris had no choice but to comply and for the second time in his life he had a guy inserting his erect cock up his backside and begin fucking him. Chris thought it was going to be as painful as the last time and leave him sore for days. It did hurt a lot but it was nowhere near as bad as the pain before. To his amazement he even felt a pleasurable feeling and his

own cock stiffened as Brett's cock came into contact with his prostate.

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As Saturday came around again so did Beth... and with her came more things for Chris. He now had more clothes and shoes for his female wardrobe than he'd ever he'd had for his male one. Today there were leggings as well as the more usual dresses, skirts, and tops. Leggings were still leggings, an item only worn by girls but they were a relief from constantly showing his legs off in dresses and skirts.

Beth had also brought two new bras for him. One was underwired and of much heavier material than any others he had. Chris looked at the bra in dismay.

"I hope this material doesn't rub against me," he said to his tormentor, "My chest is still really sore, especially my nipples and it's causing some swelling," he lamented.

Chris, of course, was totally unaware that he had been taking hormone tablets for the past fifty-six days. Beth, on the other hand, was fully aware of the fact and her eyes gleamed with the news that Chris may now be starting to bud his own little breasts.

"Oh! I think I should take another look. Take off your blouse and bra and let me have a peek," she asked as if concerned.

Chris did as requested and revealed elongated nipples and a puffiness that was forming around the areola. Beth knew from her own breast development that they would be very sensitive. "Oh, they really do look sore. Does this hurt at all?" she asked as she squeezed the left nipple between her finger and thumb.

“Ouch! Yes,” Chris snapped, winching in pain.

“I’ll ask Anne if she has any cream in her shop that may help reduce the soreness,” Beth promised.

She had been ready for this moment. Anne had already informed her that they stocked an oestrogen-based hormone cream designed to aid in breast development! They would put the breast cream into an empty cold cream jar and Chris could contribute himself to his developing breasts.

“I would be really grateful if you would,” Chris told her appreciatively.

>>*<< Three Weeks Later >>*<<

As promised, Beth had brought some cream for the irritating tickling on Chris’s chest.

Not knowing its true nature, Chris began using it daily. The coolness of the cream alone seemed to help ease the tingling but his nipples were getting ever more sensitive and now there seemed to be even more puffiness below the aureole.

Chris had also discovered that the leggings that had been brought for him had not been intended for wearing inside the house—he still needed to wear sexy skirts and dresses for that. The leggings were for him to wear outside!

It had been decided that Chris needed to be getting outside for fresh air and, for the amusement of the gang, to reveal himself in female clothing. The amusement only went as far as watching Chris’ extreme embarrassment the first few times he had to walk through public places and pass people by,

scared senseless that everyone would see him as a boy dressed as a girl, causing him extreme embarrassment.

But the truth was nobody gave him a second glance for being a boy dressed as a girl. The only attention he received was admiring glances from young men as he did make a very attractive girl, not least because of his long, natural blonde hair. He was beginning to realise that fact, which at least made him feel less self-conscious.

When he went out he had to be accompanied by the boys or Beth and at least three of her friends, just in case he was stupid enough to try anything. Wayne provided extra reason to prevent him from either trying to escape or alerting people. He had written a new text in Chris' phone. It was to his parents but saved to the phone. Wayne showed him it.

The message read:

Dear Mom / Dad. I am writing you as I need 2 let u know I feel I have been living a lie all my life; I have not been living as my true self. I kno now that I feel I'm in the wrong body and shud have bin born a girl. I was scared u may disown me as I feel I need 2 become the woman I am and am planning on a having a sex change.

I am ok, please do not hate me.

Urs. Chrissy xxx

Wayne knew that Chris, being as shy and timid as he was, would not know how to handle the situation if his parents received such a message. Then there were the photos of him dressed as a girl sucking cocks, all to support the text and alienate him against his parents and friends.

So far, Chris had been led out three times; twice just to go out with the girls to the local stores to do food shopping and once for a walk around the park with Brett, Beth and Anne.

It was one Friday that they took him into the city on a bus, just for a casual walk around. Beth showed him some of the places they went to when on their shoplifting sprees. Although they were not planning on doing any today, they entered some of the stores for a look around and to ask Chris to point out anything he liked.

Chris, of course, didn't want anything female for himself but he did see things that he thought looked nice and mentioned them. In addition, both Beth and Anne made suggestions on what they thought would look nice on him.

Chris thought that would be all he would have to do. Although he now felt more confident about not being 'read,' he was still keen to get back to the safety of the house.

But the two girls were far from finished with him. They led him into a shop called Pearls & Curls which turned out to be the beauty parlour where Rosie worked. Rosie was expecting them and introduced Chrissy, whom her boss had not seen before, as one of her friends who had come in for her nails and an ear piercing.

Chris was shocked at what Rosie said but he only dared offer mild protest against having such things done to him in case he gave himself away.

Half an hour later, he left the beauty salon with his earlobes still with a numb kind of sting where each had been pierced twice. There was now a silver stud at the top and a small silver ring just below in each

lobe. The length of his finger nails had been extended with the use of intricately painted acrylic nails.

And the ordeal was still not over for him as, after calling in at a coffee bar, they then went into a tattoo artiste where they insisted he have the Titans insignia tattooed on his left shoulder. Now he was marked for life with a tattoo proclaiming him to be a Titans fan!

As they left for home Chris actually wept... not so much from the pain from the tattoo or ear piercings but because of his ordeal in general which was greatly enhanced, unbeknown to him, by the female hormones that now were coursing their way through his system and messing with his emotions.



It was now the 15th of December and Chris was well aware that he had been captive in the apartment for almost sixteen weeks; he was not aware, however, that for the past three months he had been taking daily doses of female hormones... hormones that were responsible for the irritation and swelling around the area of his upper chest.

Chris had been dressing as a girl ever since his own clothes had been destroyed thirteen weeks ago. During that time he had lost count of how many times he'd had to give oral relief to Josh and Brett and he had been butt fucked twice.

All of these things; the hormones, the dressing, making his face up to look like a girl and the enforced sex were all starting to have a psychological effect on him. He had become accustomed to dressing and looking like a girl, he had even become used to the taste of cum in his mouth. In fact he almost no longer

minded it; he had become resigned to living as a girl and to being held captive.

He was sitting in the apartment with just Wayne at home keeping a watch. Wayne was reading the sports section of the local paper about a player the Titans had signed for the new season.

Chris was sitting, legs crossed, wearing a short black dress and black ultra sheer pantyhose, thinking how good they felt on his smooth, hairless legs. The short dress and silky tights made him feel so sexy.

He looked across to where Wayne sat pondering over something, then he spoke.

“Wayne... don’t you like me?”

Wayne looked up from the paper. “Huh! What you on about?”

“I was just wondering. Don’t you like me?”

“I don’t dislike you. What makes you ask that?” he answered in a noncommittal way. The truth was, as Chris was becoming more and more female looking, Wayne was starting to become very attracted to the young feminised boy. That bothered him as he was no ‘fag.’

“Well, Josh and Brett are constantly wanting me to suck them off, but you never bother with me. Not since that one time when you...”

“I would rather that we didn’t talk about that. It was a mistake, I got carried away,” Wayne cut in.

“I can give you a blow job now if you would like...” Chris offered, “Nobody needs to know.”

Wayne looked at Chris in total surprise. He had always been forced to give sexual service against his will, he had always proclaimed not to be homosexual, yet here he was offering to give a blow job.

And Wayne would have loved to have said yes. He wondered if the hormones he was taking was altering Chris' mind. They were and they were making him feel sexy and horny at this moment "No. Just go and get me a beer from the fridge," Wayne said in order to move the subject on from what he really desired. He still couldn't get over Chris offering though.

Two days later Chris was actually wondering just what things he may receive from the girls after their 'Saturday shopping.' He was starting to realise that the more he conformed and acted like what everyone was trying to make him, the better they treated him.

He still had to do the cooking and cleaning and keep house, but he now ate what they ate, he had a bed of his own and he was being allowed to get out of the stuffy apartment on a fairly regular basis.

When Beth arrived, she had brought him a flowing, silky white, pleated dress. He went up to his room to try the dress on as Beth told the three boys that one of her friends, Leanne, had been caught by store security as she left the store with stolen goods. They had held her until the police came.

The conversation came to an abrupt halt when Chris came back down wearing the dress. He had put on a wide black belt around his waist to hold the dress in and accentuate his waist, his smooth hairless legs were bare and he had black high heels on his feet. He looked stunning!

He had even brushed out and girlishly styled his lengthening blonde hair and applied pink lipstick.

Whether he had meant it to be a turn-on for the boys or not, he had certainly achieved that. Without caring what the others may think of him, Brett took Chris up to his bedroom a little later to have anal sex with him for the second time. He was squirting his hot load deep into Chris, without a condom, within a few minutes of him starting.

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The days continued to go by; it seemed evident to Chris that he would not be released by the boys in order to be home with his family for Christmas. That greatly saddened him as Christmas had always been a special family affair, all the family got together and lots of presents were given out.

He had begged them to let him go home, promised he would not say a word about what they had done. He would roll with their story that he left home as he liked dressing as a girl. He even went as far as promising he would return to them after the Christmas period was over. He was sincere, so much did the occasion mean to him and how badly he was missing his parents...but the gang of three weren't buying it. No way would he return back to them. It was much more likely he would give their descriptions to the police.

Christmas Day was now just two days away. Over the past few months Chris had done everything that he'd been told to do, he had even begun to feel settled with his captors and they hadn't been nasty or beating up on him for a long time. He just yearned to see his Mom again... but would he ever?

Chris took himself upstairs and sobbed, he felt so sad and depressed. The last person he expected to feel any pity for him was Wayne, but Wayne came to

him and sat beside him carrying a four pack of beer which he intended to share.

Opening a can and passing it to Chris, Wayne spoke softly to him.

“You know, Chrissy, we never intended to keep you this long or take things this far. It wasn’t ever our intention to have you dressing up like this... as a girl,” he told him, illustrating with his hand what Chris was wearing after opening the ring pull on his own can.

“All we meant to do was keep you for a day here just as a laugh, capture a Buffaloes fan but it got out of hand, too far out of hand because taking you against your will was a crime. You probably wouldn’t have come looking for us with the cops if we had returned you to Sunnydale the following morning... but holding you for so long, the guys forcing you to do sexual things with them and me too. Man, we would be sent down for doing all that shit to you.”

“I... I wouldn’t tell the cops, honest,” Chris promised, still sobbing.

“We can’t trust you, kid. You’ve even been going outdoors now; you know the area where we live, what it looks like... we can’t take that chance.”

“So, if you can’t trust me, ever, what do you intend to do with me? How would I ever get home? And I’m sure you don’t want to be keeping me forever, buying me my food and stuff.”

“Look, I don’t know, okay? I honestly don’t. You are not expensive to keep and... well, you do earn your way by doing stuff in the house. Me and the guys even thought about trying to get you a job so you had your own money coming in.”

Chris looked at Wayne in surprise. "A job? Well I would need male clothes to start with. If I was going out to work and you can't trust my word, how do you know I wouldn't just run off back home as soon as I had the chance?"

"No, I mean keep you in character, get you a job with one of the girls, maybe working in the salon where Rosie works, or with Lexie and Babs in the coffee chop. They would tell their boss you were a transgender girl in transition."

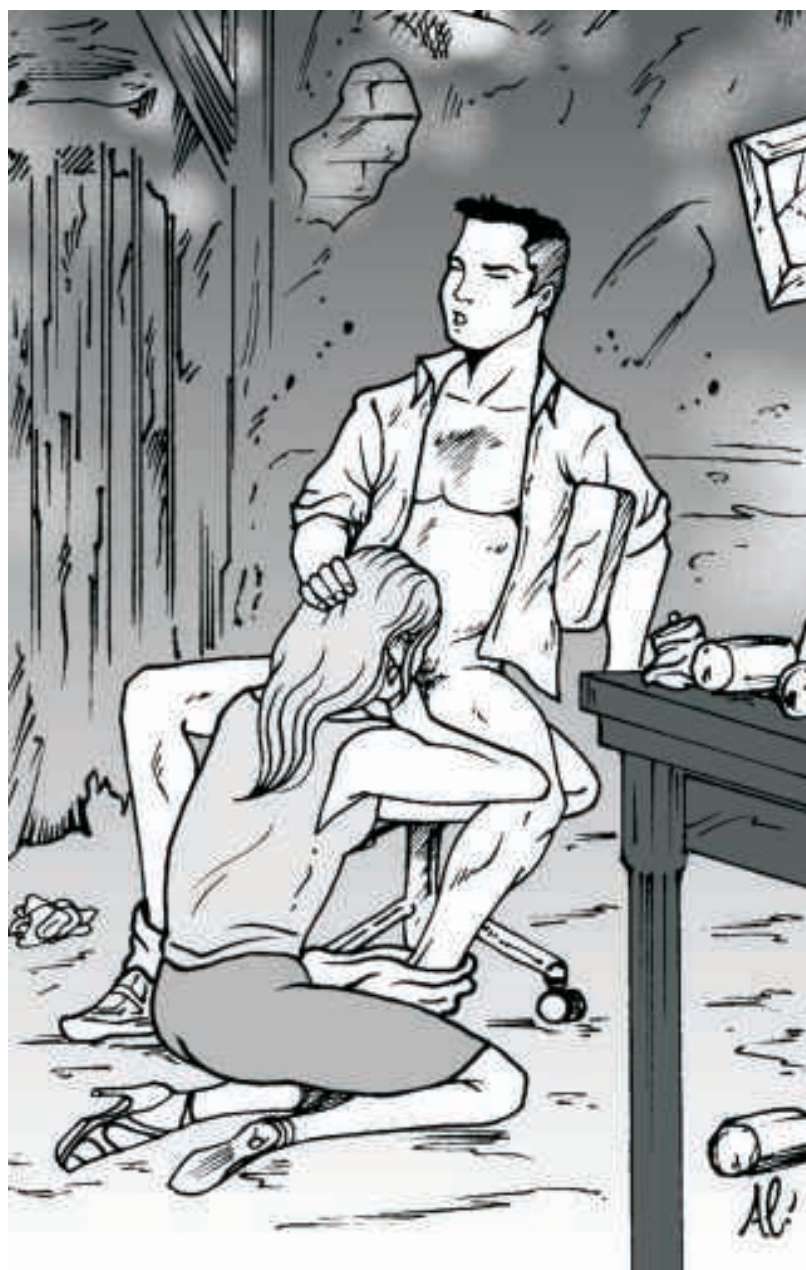
Chris had become used to presenting as a girl now and wearing female clothes, but going out to work as a girl..? Out in public with everyone thinking he was really a transsexual! That just left him feeling cold. He couldn't do that.

It wasn't a thing that Wayne or the others were going to force him to do, it was just an idea but Chris made it clear it would be too uncomfortable a thing for him.

The two sat talking until all four cans were emptied; it was the longest time that anyone had yet taken to talk with him, and that alone went some way to cheering Chris up. He had never gotten on with other males of around his age and it was nice to be able to sit and chat, whilst sharing a beer... the only thing was, he was now sitting and chatting with Wayne whilst wearing a skirt, hose and heels and with the shape of female breasts tenting out the feminine top he wore whilst wearing full makeup. It hardly made him feel like one of the guys ...and did Wayne even view him as one of them?

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With the following day being Christmas Eve it was also a Saturday, a Saturday when there would be the



last rush for Christmas shopping and all the stores would be packed. Beth was well aware of that fact and it made it all the harder for store detectives to be on the look out for shoplifters, especially ones as good at stealing as her gang were.

They were mostly looking to get presents for family and friends on this expedition but Chris was not forgotten either.

Wayne and Brett had gone out to get party food and a stock of beer to celebrate Christmas. Josh had been left in with Chris when the girls all returned to drop things off at the apartment.

“Got you boys a few Christmas gifts...” Beth told Josh as she let herself and six friends inside. “There’s a few things for you too, Chrissy, but you can’t open them till after midnight, ‘K?”

Beth passed Chris a few small packages and a larger, softer one which was obviously an item of clothing.

“You all coming to the party tonight?” Josh asked, hoping to get lucky with one of the girls.

“Yeah, I’ll be here. Lainey and Rosie will be coming too; the other girls will be with family or boyfriends,” Beth answered.

Josh frowned, he had tried to get off a couple of times with both those two girls and they had let him know, in no uncertain ways, that they didn’t fancy him, at all.

“What about you Tasha? Can’t you make it?” Josh asked Tasha, a very pretty coloured girl.

“Who me? Ah’m gonna be havin’ a good time with mah Boo, honey. You weren’t thinkin’ I might be get-

ting sexy widju, were ya? Ah'm way out of your league, baby."

The putdown had all the girls roaring with laughter and Josh's face turning bright red.

"Nah, I weren't thinking that at all. I have my own bit of hot stuff coming to keep me busy," he responded quickly and defensively.

"Oh, you got yourself a girlfriend at last?" Beth asked, "Where'd you meet her?"

"While I was out drinking downtown, last weekend. She's a real hot chick, miles better than any of you."

The banter went on for a few more minutes before the girls began leaving. At least the attack on Josh had gotten Chris out of the firing line and he was feeling happy at having been given a few gift-wrapped presents... even if they were stolen.

The party was set to start at eight and when Wayne and Brett returned with the food and drink, Wayne suggested to Chris that he get himself 'dolled' up' for the evening. It made Chris wonder if Wayne may now be showing an interest in him, especially after their chat of the day before.

With them having brought in lots of party food there was no need for Chris to be cooking or washing up so, at 6.45 PM, giving himself plenty of time, Chris went up to his room to start making himself presentable.

Sitting at a large dressing table mirror, Chris began by making sure his skin was smooth before adding concealer and foundation, He had become very

proficient at making his face up from the lessons taught to him by Rosie.

Chris applied lipstick and tweezered his eyebrows, pencilling them in a little to make them darker and more shaped. He paid extra special attention to his eyes, using light beige above and a silver on the lower lids. He then used pencil to form a crease, dark kohl pencil to outline the eyes, then thick mascara.

Once his face was made-up, Chris put on a black bra. He had no trouble in reaching around to fasten the back strap; he did take care, though, not to let the bra cups rub on his nipples before gently putting in the silicone breast shapes he used to fill the cups.

Searching through his drawer, Chris then took out a pair of fine denier black pantyhose and sat on his bed to draw them smoothly up his legs. Over the past couple of months he felt his legs had slimmed down, but they also seemed to have taken on more shape and his thighs had become rounder.

He finished off his dressing by slipping into a black satin skirt and a short-sleeved blue jumper and placing his feet into a pair of black four-inch stiletto-heeled shoes.

Chris checked himself out through a long mirror on the inside of his closet door and was happy with the image that he saw. Briefly he wondered if Wayne would approve of his selection and think that he looked sexy.

He pulled himself up fast at the thought. Why was he even wanting to look sexy and appealing for Wayne. Was it just from Wayne's friendliness towards him the day before or was it something more? The thought made him question himself. Was he getting too deeply into his girly role? And was frequently being forced to give the boys sexual relief altering his

mind? He had to admit that sucking a man's dick wasn't as repulsive as it was the first few times he'd had to do it; he had become used to it.

Chris made his way downstairs and blushed, with a smile, when he received some wolf whistles from the boys who were ogling the expanse of black nylon-clad leg he was showing from the short skirt he wore.

Even though party food had been brought in, Chris still had to warm some of it up in the oven. He was working in the kitchen at while the boys played music and began their drinking. Brett did thoughtfully bring in a can of beer for Chris to drink while he prepared the food.

It was eight-thirty when others began to arrive. Chris knew that Beth was bringing along some of her friends but he was shocked to hear different male voices. Some friends of the three boys had come along.

The thing that now concerned Chris was, did these new males know about him... and what he was? If they didn't know, would they be able to read him? He didn't want them to know and so he was prepared to act as girly as possible before them.

Chris became so nervous about being in the same room with young men he didn't realise that he had caught his leg on the oven door and now had a run up the side of his leg. Wayne hated him looking shoddy and he had ruined eight pair of tights already since Wayne had warned him about it.

When Chris finally went out to the living room to carry in the party food, he saw that it was quite packed. As well as Wayne, Brett, and Josh, there were Beth and four of her friends plus a new girl and four rough-looking young men.

The new boys stared at him, making him feel uncomfortable. Then he heard one whispering to Brett, "Hey, Man. I thought this person you were holding was a dude?"

"Yeah, he is a man. Pretty sick, isn't it? I mean that he can make such a sexy lookin' chick?"

"You ain't jokin', Brett. I wouldn't say no to a piece of that ass myself."

The comments had Chris rushing back into the kitchen to hide away. It didn't help that he was the only one there wearing a skirt. All the other girls were wearing slacks or leggings and trainers.

A little later, Beth and her friends came in to join him in the kitchen. With her was Rosie, Babs, Anne and a girl new to him, Lainey.

"Hey, what you hiding away in here for? You shy of Brett's pals? They're harmless," she told him, handing him a beer. Beth had started to warm a little to Chris now that he had become more feminine and had begun going out places with them.

It was a further four cans later that Chris joined everyone in the room; by now everyone had drank quite a lot. The alcohol was making Chris feel braver and he found that the new boys weren't planning on being mean or nasty to him. In fact they all individually spoke to him and asked him about himself.

Brett, by now, had made it with Rosie and they were in a corner making out. The new girl that Chris hadn't seen before had been brought in by Wayne, Chris, surprisingly, found himself feeling jealous about that. Two of the four new male youths had gone off with Babs and Anne.

The girl Josh had said he had met and was coming had been no more than fantasy and so it was just Chris, Beth and Josh, plus the youth who had inquired about Chris at first, Midge, and his friend who were now not paired up. Chris wasn't majorly attracted to the tough tomboy Beth but right now she looked quite okay. He was under the influence of drink and she was the only female left so Chris planned to try his luck on her... but Josh made a move on him first.

Just before Josh pulled Chris to him, it looked like Beth may even have been interested in the feminised boy over what males were left, but once she saw Josh claiming Chris, she went over to Midge to start flirting with him.

As the music blasted out, everyone in the room were now kissing and petting... except Chris and Josh. Josh was looking no further than to have his cock sucked. It struck Chris that none of the boys had ever really done anything sensual to him. He had never kissed a guy passionately or any other way, nor was he sure he wanted to. Something in the back of his mind, however, told him that it would be really nice, just for once, to have a show of affection from them for him rather than just being some sex toy to pleasure them.

If Chris was to ever kiss any other male, Josh was hardly likely to be the first choice. While everyone else in the room was getting passionate and affectionate, he just felt used, dirty and unloved. Christmas had always been a special occasion to him and he had always felt a part of the family and their warmth and love. He'd always had a girlfriend with him... but this Christmas he just felt so alone.

Josh was too selfish and too much enjoying the feel of Chris's lips around his cock as he was being

sucked off to notice the tear that trickled down the sad face of the feminised boy.

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Chris woke in his bed the following morning with a banging headache. How much had he drunk last night? And what had he done? As the fog cleared he recalled giving Josh oral relief. Again? But he couldn't remember much after that.

He became aware of a dullish pain in his right ear. Checking on it, he discovered he had a medium-sized hoop earring, around 30 mm, in his earlobe. He felt the left lobe to discover there was a hoop earring there too. Then he recalled that one of his Christmas gifts that he had opened had been the earrings. Lainey had put them in for him. He had been sleeping on the right one, having neglected to take them out when he went to bed.

He propped himself up in bed and took a drink of water from a tumbler as he tried recalling everything. He was pretty sure nothing else had happened after sucking Josh's dick, other than drinking lots and opening his few presents.

There was a whole lot of mess downstairs for him to clean up and he certainly didn't feel like it. First thing was to take some headache tablets, then start picking up all of the litter. There was empty beer cans, bottles, wrapping paper from presents, wasted food, Then there was the washing up of glasses and plates, then, finally, vacuuming the carpet of all the crumbs.

Brent was first down of the boys, followed by a very dishevelled looking Rosie who had slept the night with him. Wayne was next followed by Josh. All of them wanted coffee and all were still hung over,

One thing that had happened, though, was that they all talked decently to Chris. It was as if a magic switch had been turned on and he was now one of the group. From that day on he became more accepted as one of the gang rather than just a captive. It was what he had always wanted, to just fit in with a group or a gang instead of being a lone outsider. He never ever envisaged even for a moment, though, that he would only get there by portraying a girl.

It was in the evening that Chris stole away to his room and in secret wept, huddled up on top of his bed. He was happy that his captors were now being nice to him and treating him like one of them but he so badly missed his family, especially now that it was Christmas Day. Christmas when aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, his grandparents, sister and Mom and Dad would all get together.

In his mind he saw the faces of his Mom and Dad and his younger sister Janine. He so wanted to look at them again, for real... but would he ever see them again?

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The days continued to turn into weeks and Chris was becoming more and more familiar with presenting as a girl. It seemed so long since he had last dressed as a boy... seventeen weeks to be precise. Without knowing, he had been taking female hormones, daily, for a full four months, which was slowly altering him in body and in mind.

The breast area didn't irritate much now but his nipples could still tingle if knocked and he continued lavishing the soothing cream on them that Beth had given him. What was obvious now was the amount of conical shaped puffiness under the nipples. Even the

nipples themselves seemed longer and more prominent. It was all very evident to him but he felt too shy to talk anymore about them to anyone, not even to Beth.

Chris viewed them through the mirror in his room that he used to apply his makeup, looking direct and at various angles. It was almost as if he was growing breasts!

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>>*<< **Two months Later** >>*<<

Chris rushed through to his bedroom. He had just been ass fucked by Brett for the first time. Oh sure the guys were much nicer to him these days but he was still their sex toy and plaything. He was still there to get them off when they couldn't get a real girl.

Other than the two times with Wayne, though, he usually only ever sucked any of them off. Today Brett must just have been extra horny and had told Chris to bend.

There had been a bit of pain as it had been a while since the last time that Wayne had done such a thing to him, but what bothered Chris the most was that his own cock had become erect.

Obviously Brett's cock had hit the spot, causing the erection. Chris had not had any relief of his own since the day they had first captured him. The boys sure as hell never gave him any pleasure for himself. It was strictly selfish relief. He had felt wrong about bringing himself off, under the circumstances he was in and the way he now looked, but today he couldn't bear it.

As well as having an erection and a huge urge to relieve himself, Chris's breasts throbbed. It was a nice kind of throbbing that resonated throughout his body and added to the feeling in his penis. He had never experienced anything quite like it before.

And yes, he thought of them now as small breasts rather than his chest. They had continued to grow and were quite conical, standing out from his chest. He didn't understand why his chest had developed like it had... but it had. Luckily the bra and the inserts he wore hid the shameful fact away.

Now in his room, he soon had his tights and panties down to his knees and had wrapped his hand around his stiffened member as he began masturbating himself. And he didn't stop there. The feeling in his nipples was still there, driving him crazy so with his free hand he began tweaking and squeezing his left nipple.

Seven months without any kind of release and the sensation he was creating as he pulled at his elongated nipple soon had him orgasm in the most violent way he had ever known. He thought he would never stop oozing. The orgasm drained him of energy and he had to lie on the bed. He would clean up the cum on the floor later.

It was so satisfying and yet, he still felt the one missing thing... the touch and caring caress from another person. Even after all of the times he had to suck dick and the three times he had taken it up the arse, Chris still did not regard himself as being gay... but he really would welcome just a bit of care and affection towards himself when he was servicing the three boys. He was human, after all, and he did have feelings.



Two days later it was a Saturday and Beth was eager to take Chris out with her to the city centre again. Chris still dreaded going out as he was so scared of being seen as a male in drag, even though, inwardly, he knew, with his long hair, youthful face and wearing makeup, he looked very passable indeed.

He was allowed to wear a pair of girls sneakers which were mauve and pink-coloured with pink laces and golden spangling. He also wore tight-fitting jeans that had the knees out, and a blouse that Beth wanted him to tie, stylishly, at the ends to show off his belly.

Beth and two friends encouraged their charge to browse through clothes shops again, looking at skirts, tops, underwear and fashion shoes. The shopping was paused to have a coffee and a bite to eat in a small diner.

Once they had eaten, Beth told him that they were going to treat him as, unthought-of by him, the day marked seven months now since he had been taken by the boys and began living a new life. The treat was to be in Rosie's salon and she was expecting him.

"What is happening here?" he asked timidly. "You have already pierced my ears... twice!"

"You are getting a facial, you silly girl. We're getting rid of any dry facial skin with a peel and redoing your eyebrows. Rosie has been learning a new technique called threading and want to have a go on you," he was told. "Oh and no protesting or we will reveal loud and clearly that you are really a guy." Beth knew that threat would silence any protests from him.

So Chris found himself laying prostrate on a bench having a facial peel, followed by the 'threading' where cotton was used to yank out stray brow hairs and create a nice neat brow line. He was then given a full cosmetics makeover.

As on the previous trip to town, the ordeal was not over as Beth informed him he was going to be tattooed again. This time he would be given two tattoos; a rosebud and stem on his right shoulder and, yes, another Titans tattoo.

This time, to his horror, the tattoo was inked right across his chest in intricate feminine-looking lettering, each letter 10 mm high. The word was split into two with three letters over the top of each breast area, the right side forming TIT and ANS on the left.

And this time, the needle hitting the breast bone, hurt quite a bit. Chris was not a very happy bunny after he was taken back to the apartment following the ordeal. He was marked for life with another two tattoos. As bad as the ordeal was, though, it was overcast by a feeling of shame... shame that the tattoo artiste had looked at him and probably thought that he was a very undeveloped girl in the breast department. Was it wrong that he felt ashamed that he didn't have bigger tits when people saw his bare chest?

The tattooing turned out to be quite timely. With all that Chris had been going through since his capture seven months ago, he hadn't given any thought at all to his team and the approaching start of the new season. It turned out that the new season would begin on the following Saturday. He hadn't seen anything to do with the Buffaloes, let alone their new fixture list, but the Titans were playing away, against a team called The Eagles.

The three boys, although professing to be staunch Titans fans, hardly ever travelled to away matches unlike Chris had done with the Buffaloes. They just geared themselves up to watching the game on television with plenty of cans of beer at hand.

The Titans were firm favourites to win what should be an easy game for them and the Eagles were hardly in the contest. Both Josh and Brett thought it would add excitement to their viewing, and be good fun, if Chris was giving each of them a blow job, down on his hands and knees, as they cheered their team on. The idea was for Chris to have each one in turn on the verge of cumming and then, when the Titans scored, to bring them off.

Josh also thought it would be extra fun if Chris also cheered as the team scored. Shouting out “Yay! Go Titans!” with a mouth just loaded with cum, would prove quite difficult for Chris. It was the first time since Christmas that he felt he was being abused by the two boys.

Wayne didn’t join in with the fun of his friends; indeed he didn’t seem overly happy with how Chris was being treated, though he did not protest about it. The Titans won an easy encounter 36 – 12.

End of Part One