

Team Spirit

Part Two



Deena Gomersall



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

Team Spirit

Part Two

By Deena Gomersall

For the following six days Chris was basically left alone, though, of course, he was still dressing and making up as a girl and doing the house chores. It was the following Saturday that was going to cause a dramatic turn in his life.

On this particular Saturday the Titans had a home game against a much better team than the previous week, The Trojans. Wayne, Josh, and Brett were going to the game with a gang of friends and didn't want Chris being left unattended. They called on Beth to keep watch over him.

Beth had missed her usual shoplifting the previous weekend by taking Chris to the Salon and she was unhappy now about the suggestion of her babysitting Chris and missing a shoplift two weeks in

a row. It was a friend, Jenny, who suggested that they take Chris along with them.

As the boys liked to go out early on Game Day, have drinks in a local bar until it was time to go to the stadium, then drink some more after the game, Beth had plenty of time with Chris.

“As you know, Chrissie, me an’ the girls like to go out and do a bit of ‘shopping’ on a Saturday. I missed out last week but I don’t want to have to do the same this week, so let’s get you ready and you can come out with us.”

Chris looked stunned. “But, I thought you went...” he paused, not wanting to annoy Beth by accusing her of being a thief.

“Don’t worry, we will clue you in on everything. You could even be a dog out.”

“Dog out? What’s that?”

“Never mind, I need to get you ready. Don’t worry, you won’t be getting dressed as no hottie. We don’t like to attract attention.”

With that, Beth got to work on Chris, letting him apply his own makeup but supervising everything... including pricking out any stray hairs on his now long, thin eyebrows.

Chris was allowed to wear a shirt which was a red and white tartan. It was baggy. Chris was informed this was so he could slip small things underneath without them showing. He also wore a pair of blue jeans and the sneakers from the week before.

As Chris took off the top he was wearing to put on the shirt, Beth looked at the amount of breast growth he now had. Nothing emphatic, but certainly enough

breast tissue that a girl going through her early development stage would have.

Chris noticed her observation. "It still really hurts on my chest and you can see how swollen I have become around my nipples," he complained. "I think it's because I have to wear a bra and it is rubbing and irritating me."

Beth just smiled. "No, it isn't because of wearing bras or inserts, it's because you are growing tits," she confessed nonchalantly.

Chris looked bewildered. "What? How can I be developing breasts? I'm not a girl, I'm a guy," he replied.

"Because you are taking female hormones, stupid. You've been taking them for over six months," he was informed.

"What! You have been deliberately giving me something that will make me develop tits?" Chris said angrily, "mutilating my body, without my consent!?"

"The boys have done lots of things without your consent. Why make such a big thing about developing a pair of jugs?" Beth questioned.

"Because I am not a girl and when you have finally tired of me and allow me my freedom I want to go back to living as a guy. How can I do that if I have a pair of tits?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, it just helps with creating a girly image for you, for now. The hormones will develop small breasts only. When you stop taking them, they will disappear again. As you are portraying a female, I should guess you want to look as passable as possible so that you aren't recognised as a male, don't you?"

Chris was far from happy but the assurance they would just go again once he was not taking whatever they were giving him, helped to calm him down a little.

“And they won’t grow big... like yours?” he questioned.

“No, hormones only go so far. You probably won’t get much bigger than you are now,” Beth reassured.

In spite of the none-too-girly clothing, Chris looked just like a very pretty teenaged girl with his hair femininely cut, the narrow tapering eyebrows, brownish red eyeshadow, his lips coated in a pink gloss and wearing his large hoop earrings.

Before they were ready to go, three of Beth’s gang turned up to ensure Chris came along nicely and didn’t try bolting. One of the girls had a car and drove the five of them into the city where they met up with another six of the gang. Two cars were parked in the main shopping area.

“You go for small stuff, Chrissie, seeing as you are inexperienced. You off-load to either Tasha, Lainey or Babs. Got it? Be discreet. You can also mull around and see if anyone seems to be watching or following any of us. Plain-clothed store detectives will be on patrol in most of the stores,” Beth instructed the nervous young man.

Chris could feel his heart pounding. He had never stolen anything in his life and now he would be operating with a gang of shoplifters. He was scared about being caught and, worse, being caught and found out to really be a guy.

And so it began. The gang broke into two groups and Chris watched how quickly they took things, sometimes slipping them into bags, sometimes un-

der clothing and occasionally using the changing rooms.

Then he was told to start taking smaller items himself, things such as nail polishes, lipsticks, false eye-lashes. Once he had something, he would make his way to one of the three girls and drop the things into their shopping bags or pass on to another girl. It was all intended to confuse anyone watching.

The team had hit four stores and Chris, although still nervous, was getting into how the girls operated. That was probably his undoing as he stopped being over-cautious.

He lingered around a cosmetics section and was looking at an eyeshadow rack, strangely thinking that some of the colours would suit him. He picked up one of the boxes and popped it under his shirt.

Being successful, he decided to try and impress the girls by going for something larger. His next target was a rack of skirts and, pressing himself close to the hanging clothing, he pushed one of the skirts that he had taken off the hanger up the shirt, smoothing it as much as he could.

He immediately left the counter, saw Babs nearby and brushed closely past her, successfully handing her the polish and skirt before moving down to the front door of the store to go outside for a breather. Just then he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Excuse me young lady, would you mind coming this way with me?"

Chris looked around to see a woman who he judged to be in her mid-thirties. She was quite pretty and looked like any other woman in the store doing her shopping.

"Why?" he stammered.

The woman immediately produced a plastic card that bore her photograph and the words “Store Detective.” Chris was too scared to resist and he was gently manoeuvred over to an open side of the store and a small office.

Chris being led away had been seen by Jenny who quickly let other girls in the store know he had been taken to one side. Babs got herself close enough to the semi-open door of the office. Using her iPhone, she began recording the conversation that was going on within. The girls often tried to do this so that they could listen to what was said in case any of them were ever arrested and had to appear in court. With Chris, she also knew they would also have to explain things to the boys.

“I have been tailing you for a few minutes as I could see that you were acting nervous and hesitant while looking at some of the stores merchandise,” the woman informed him. “I believe I have seen you taken two items that have not been paid for. Would you allow me to frisk you and see if you have anything? If you refuse, however, then I shall hold you here until the police arrive.”

Chris’ heart was pounding but at least he knew he had offloaded the polish and skirt; he had nothing incriminating on him to worry about.

“Yes, if you insist. But I have done nothing wrong,” he mumbled.

The store detective believed otherwise and used her hands to feel for the stolen goods. When she felt nothing, baffled, she asked him to unbutton his shirt, which still revealed nothing. So sure that she had seen him, although it was obvious now that he did not have the skirt, she then asked him to unbut-

ton his jeans and lower them to his knees to search for the polish.

Chris was very hesitant but he was too scared to refuse. He gritted his teeth hoping nothing would be seen.

The trained eye of the detective, however, immediately noticed something she had not expected to see, in his panties.

“Yo...you’re a male!” she gasped.

Chris was too humiliated to say that he was a crossdresser. He wasn’t and he would feel too ashamed to tell her he was. Thinking fast, he went with what he believed to be a more acceptable explanation. “I...I’m transsexual. I’m transitioning. That is why I probably looked nervous. Shopping for girls clothes is still a bit embarrassing for me,” he told her with a deeply reddening face.

“Oh, my gosh! I am so sorry,” she immediately apologised. “I can clearly see that you haven’t committed any crime and I am honestly sorry if I have caused you any undue embarrassment. I’ve never come across such a situation before,” she went on, worried now that he may make a complaint about her.

“Uh, it’s alright; I guess you are only doing your job,” he gallantly told her.

“Still, you shouldn’t have been put in such a situation. If you give me your details, I will send you a store voucher to use on any item in the shop.”

Chris didn’t even know the exact address of where he was living and again said it didn’t matter. The detective, however, still wanting to avoid a complaint against her, left Chris for a few minutes. After a brief

chat with her manager, she brought Chris a voucher anyway.

After Chris was released, all the girls exited the store. They got in touch with the rest of the gang on their cell phones and they all rendezvoused by the cars. Beth was concerned about what had happened to Chris while he was in her charge.

“Actually, she was pretty good,” Babs explained. “She had the snoop apologising to her for her being a transsexual.”

“What made her believe that Chrissie was a transsexual?” Beth asked.

“That’s what he told her,” Jenny butted in. “He was smokin’ hot in there; nicked all kinds of stuff, even a skirt.”

Beth was amazed that Chris would have told anyone that he was transitioning to be a girl. She was even more interested when learning that Babs had captured his confession on her phone.

“I think you have done enough for today. You and I can go get a coffee at Lexie’s café while the others finish off the day,” she told Chris.

Beth went to a couple of the girls and, in a low voice, gave them some instructions. She then led Chris a couple of blocks down the road and into the café where her friend Lexie worked. Once they sat down, she wanted to know from Chris all that had happened.

Lexie joined them on her break and the three went outside where the two girls lit up joints. Beth held her joint to Chris and prompted him to take a drag.

“I don’t smoke. You know I don’t.” Chris told her.

“Yeah, ‘course I know but this isn’t really smoking. Its weed. You have had a bad shock; it’ll help you relax after your ordeal,” Beth pressed.

With pressure from them, Chris drew several times on each girl’s joint. His head felt funny and he almost felt like he was floating. It certainly relaxed him, he now felt like he hadn’t a care in the world.

“Because you have done so well today, you can join us for the evening too,” Beth told him. “After our Saturday shop we usually go for a drink and a dance at the Paradise Club. Because you did so well, you can be the star girl.”

“What’s the Paradise Club?” Chris asked, suddenly feeling cautious again. He didn’t like being outdoors and in danger of being exposed as a boy dressed as a girl at all. Going to some club where there would be lots of people definitely sounded dangerous.

“We go there all the time, we know the owner. It’s just an out-of-the-way bar where we can have a dance and get off our heads,” Lexie told him.

“Yeah, we usually go to Debbie’s house to get changed and go on from there,” Beth joined in.

“Get changed? What do you mean?”

“It’s a club, we aren’t going dressed in jeans and T’s. We wear something cool for dancing in, tank tops and skirts... little black dresses. You know. We all bring something that we can change into and store it in the trunk of the cars. ”

Chris would have been happy, if he had to go at all, to go dressed as he was. But he began thinking that if all the girls were wearing skimpy things he was going to look like the odd one out among them.

“But I don’t even have anything to change into,” he told them, hoping that would be enough for them to drop him off ‘home’ first.

“Don’t worry about that. I asked a couple of the girls to get hold of something for you before we meet up again,” Ruth informed him.



At the house of Debbie, a girl who had been on the shoplifting expedition, Chris found out what had been stolen for him to wear for the evening. All the girls, fourteen of them in all, who were going to the club, piled into Debbie’s home.

“We have got you this nice little number, Chrissie.” Vicky told him as she brought out a black dress that was topless and seemed small enough for a child to wear. It was obvious that Chris was going to be showing off a lot of bare skin such as shoulders and legs. To go with it were a pair of black sandals that had an ankle strap and the narrowest, four-inch stiletto heel he had ever seen.

Soon the girls busied themselves getting out of and into clothes, not seeming to care that there was a male among them. One or two that were quickest assisted Chris, one applying a light green eye shadow to his lids and another painting his hand and toe nails in the same colour. He then had the sandals slipped onto his bare feet and the straps fastened around his ankles to keep them secure.

One of the girls had a strapless Wonder Bra which she gave to Chris. It wouldn’t be obvious under the topless dress but it did gather up all the loose skin on his chest that he had been developing to form a surprisingly large amount of breast to go into the cups.

The cups drawn together formed a very realistic cleavage.

Most of the talk, as the girls dressed, was centred on all that had happened that day, and most of it was about Chris being held and taken into the office. They all seemed to have a new admiration for their newest member.

Before they set off, the girls began drinking alcohol and smoking joints to get themselves into a party mood. Of course Chris was expected to drink and smoke with them and the high he had felt earlier was renewed. It did help as he would have been as nervous as hell otherwise.

The girls all piled into four taxi cabs that had been booked and were waiting outside, laughing and talking excitedly, ready to set off to the club as the evening skies drew dark.

The Paradise Club looked quite uninviting outside. A former brick warehouse that had been transformed into a night club, it was down a poorly-lit side street and had graffiti sprayed all over the walls. The door into the club, which was iron, was painted light blue and rusting in parts.

One of the girls knocked and a window panel slid open, the door opened and a burly black guy let them in.

Inside, the lighting was quite dull. There were tables and chairs around the perimeter of a quite large dance floor, two bars on two sides and at the far end of the dance floor was the DJ's area where loud music was beating out.

The girls went straight to the bar. When served, some went to some empty tables whilst others went straight to the dance floor. Beth bought a cocktail for

Chris who felt quite nervous in such a packed place, dressed as he was and looking like he did. He felt like he was being looked at from all around with people reading that he was male. He was pleased that the lighting was so dull, apart from the beams shining onto the dance floor.

“If you are nervous about being dressed as a girl and being found out, don’t be,” he heard one of the girls saying to him. He looked to who was talking, it was Lainey.

“Look over there... those tables by the bar. Those four are all guys dressed as girls... lots of trannies get in here,” she continued.

Chris felt like saying to her that he was not a transvestite; they dressed as girls by their own choice. But he didn’t reply at all. The truth of the matter was he was likely dressing as a girl far more often than any of them as he had to do it all of the time. And now he knew that he was also growing tits., which none of those guys probably were.

Time went on and Chris had a number of drinks bought for him. It got to a point where he was the only one of the large group not to have hit the dance floor as the girls went at different times. Currently there were only three of them left at the table with him.

He was getting drunk from the alcohol and still high from the joints he’d had and was starting to feel braver and more carefree.

“Come on, it’s about time you had a dance,” Anne tried to encourage, getting up herself and pulling at his arm.

“I can’t... I can’t dance like a girl... especially in heels,” he appealed.

“Sure you can, or you can just stand and sway your body to the music. Come on,” she continued to prompt, joined by the other two, Babs and Vicky.

Eventually he was tugged and shuffled onto the floor. Once there, he began to have fun.

After a few records there was some joyous calling from girls over in one section of the floor. Chris could make out a large, shaven headed black guy who seemed as if he had no top on, surrounded by young girls.

“What’s happening over there?” Chris asked the party of girls.

“That’s Leroy, he’s a blast. He’s lots of fun and likes to get down and dirty on the dance floor,” Beth explained. “He’s a friend of ours. Come on, we’ll introduce you to him.”

The girls were all in high spirits and, whether he wanted to be introduced to a stranger or not, Chris found himself being pushed and pulled along by some of the girls. When they got near, Chris was in for a shock. The man wasn’t just topless, he was totally naked apart from a white T-shirt he had draped around his neck. He was dancing up close to a group of young girls.

“What the fuck! He’s naked!” Chris voiced as he looked at the man who had the largest cock dangling from between his legs that he’d ever seen. The man was also very muscular. “Surely he can’t be allowed to be like that in public... he’d get thrown out.”

Rosie laughed. “He’s the owner of the club. He does as he wants.

Beth pulled Chris’ arm again, tugging him even closer. Hey! Leroy,” she greeted.

“Hey Beth. How’s you doin’ girl?” The man returned, showing a set of firm white teeth. “An’ who’s this girl ya have with you? I don’t think I seen her befo’ in here.”

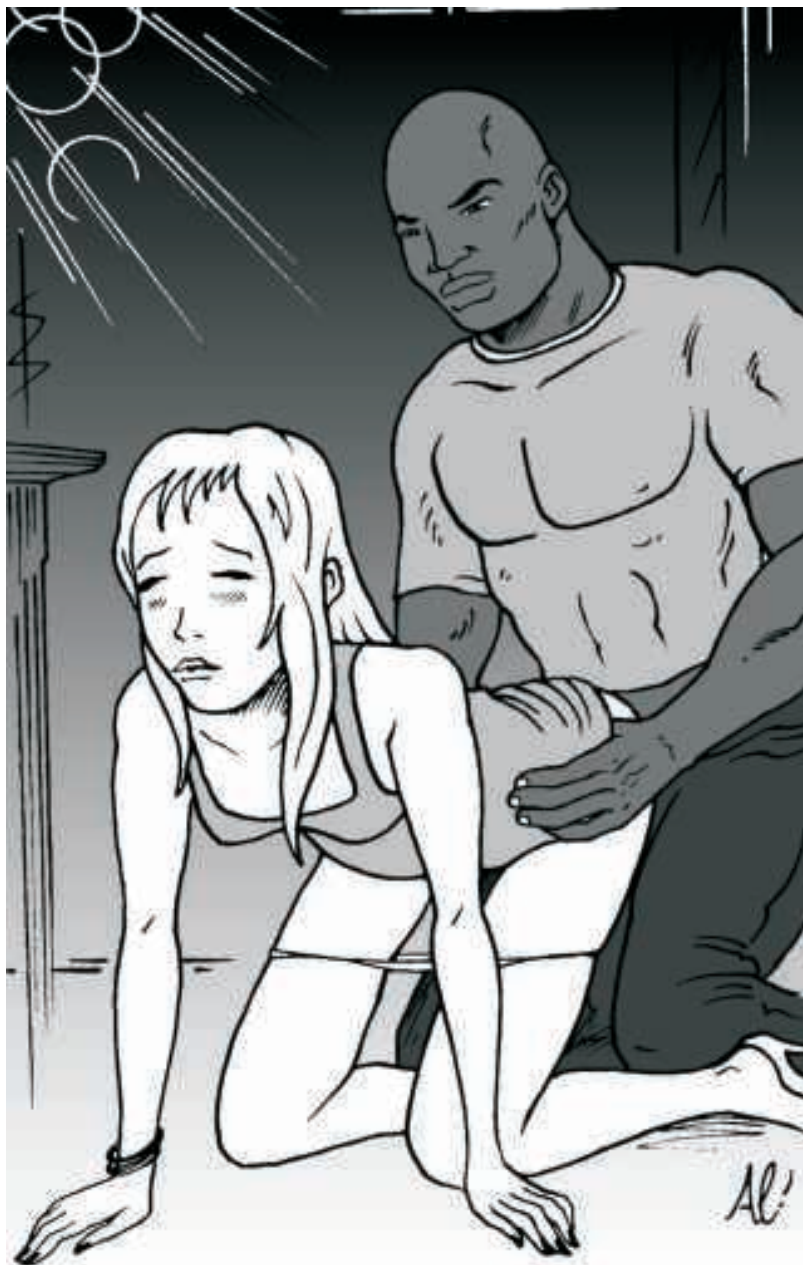
“This is Chris...tine, she’s new to our group,” Beth answered, elongating Chris’ name to a full girl’s name.

“Hi there, Christine. Com’ on and dance wi’ me,” Leroy invited as Chris felt himself being pushed forward from behind. Chris didn’t know what to do other than try moving awkwardly to the music. Leroy just grinned and moved closer so that their bodies were almost touching. Chris was aware of that big black cock swinging just in front of him.

“You should greet the Paradise owner properly, Chrissie,” Beth laughed, “...with a shake of your hand.”

Before Chris knew what was happening, Beth had grabbed his hand and placed it on Leroy’s cock, which was starting to erect. Chris felt his cheeks burning but Leroy just pushed into him. Almost without thinking, Chris found he had somehow wrapped his fingers around the massive cock.

Things happened fast from then on. Leroy actually moved in close to his face and began kissing him. The initial surprise from Chris quickly faded. Chris had always enjoyed kissing and getting such affection from girlfriends but, in the seven months since he had been taken, none of the boys had ever shown him any affection, just selfish sex relief for themselves. During the ordeal he had gone through he had always felt he needed just to feel loved and cared for. Now here was someone kissing him.



Chris, without thinking, responded and returned the kiss. The feeling was totally unlike any girl he had ever kissed as he felt the short fuzzy beard and moustache of Leroy tickling his face and sending a clear message to his brain that he was actually kissing a man. As they snogged, with his now conditioned mind, his hand still gripping Leroy's cock began wanking the large man off.

That's when the next shock came to Chris. While his mind was analysing that he was snogging with a fellow male and masturbating him on a packed dance floor, he felt someone else placing their hands on his hips from behind. His dress was lifted and his panties were being pulled down. Whoever it was then began inserting their penis in between his butt cheeks.

Chris was forced to place his hands firmly on Leroy's muscular shoulders as he began being pounded from behind. The strangest thing of all at that moment was that he felt feminine. He felt as if he was a real woman... kissing a man and masturbating him as he was being butt fucked! He could hear the sound of girls cheering and laughing but otherwise, he was lost in a world of his own.

And then the person behind was leaning over his shoulder, nestling his lips to his neck and sucking, which gave him the strangest sensation and made him shudder! It all seemed to be lasting an age.

Leroy then broke the kiss and asked the person behind if 'she was already broken in.' The voice, in a gruff Jamaican accent, said she was, causing Leroy to smile. This 'girl' wasn't a virgin.

Then, to his horror and surprise, Chris realised he had become erect himself. Was it his kissing or wanking a man that had excited him? If so, why? He

was heterosexual and such things should not excite him. Or was it from being butt fucked? He wasn't gay!

Chris' main horror, though, was caused by the fact that he was now revealing his true sex by being erect. If either of the black men realised, they may beat him to a pulp for deceiving them.

The man behind him certainly was aware of his true sex as Chris realised that the stranger had a hold of his cock as he continued pumping, piston-like, into Chris's rear and sucking his neck.

They both knew that he was really a guy. Shockingly, not only was he being accepted for it but the man behind was doing what none of the Titan's gang had ever done... he was considering Chris's own need for sexual relief.

As the man behind him continued driving his hard cock into his backside, Leroy pulled the topless dress and bra that Chris was wearing, down, freeing his small but budding breasts. Leroy then began to suck on each nipple, sending strange waves of pleasure unlike anything Chris had ever experienced before, through his body.

Then Chris felt himself about to explode. The man realised it too and wrapped a tissue around Chris' cock to catch the discharge. Chris gasped as he came but hardly had he finished his orgasm than Leroy wanted his own release.

"Don't make a mess on me dance floor, Christine," the man told him as he indicated Chris to finish him off with his mouth. With pressure from Leroy's large hands on his shoulder, Chris sank to his knees and obeyed. It wasn't as if he had never done such a thing before but with the bizarre situation he was in, having two men pleasuring him at once along with the

drink and the drugs he'd had, he was feeling strangely feminine... almost as if he was a real born girl. Chris began going to work on Leroy's cock, sucking and licking at it with the gang of girls he was with all watching in amazement.

Chris found his way back to the table feeling a whole range of different emotions. He felt weird, spent, and ashamed, and yet excited. He felt *different*. He wondered why he had done the things he had done. He had never kissed another man before and while he had been butt fucked and given oral to the three boys, he had never had a man masturbating him. He certainly had never had the two things together. He wondered if his seven months in captivity had psychologically changed him... made him prefer men? But he felt that was wrong as he knew he still fancied women and would have been interested, under ordinary circumstances, in most of Beth's friends.

As all these things invaded his mind and concerned him, Beth was talking to Leroy and Lucas, the man who had been behind Chris.

"I'm interested in yo' friend, Christine," Leroy was saying. "I have lots of punters comin' in here who like the chick with a dick. She seems more feminine than any of de girls I have workin' fo' me an' she is real pretty. Tell me about her."

"She lives with my brother," Beth replied.

"Oh, so she is already attached? Goin' steady with him?"

Beth laughed. "No, she just lives there; she isn't going out with anyone. She just gives him and his two friends some sexual relief sometimes."

“So she is used to givin’ blow jobs and offerin’ sex? I want her to work here fo’ me. All she has to do is treat my clients real nice... give them what they want. In return, I’ll pay good dollars for her,” Leroy explained.

“That’s not my call, Leroy. She kind of belongs to the three boys... but I’ll put it to them. I think they were talking of her earning money to pay for her keep,” Beth responded.



Back at the apartment at the end of the evening, Wayne was not in a good mood. The Titans had lost their game to the Trojans. They rarely lost a home game and it was only the second game of the season. He was also angry at where Chris was. Beth was supposedly ‘babysitting’ him. When Beth showed up with Chris in the early hours, Wayne was even angrier.

“Are you fucking mad? You took him out shop lifting with you? What if he had been caught? The whole thing would have come down on us... investigations made, the cops discovering we have been holding him against his will and feminising him! Fucking hell! Beth! I could have been looking at a long stretch in prison.”

“Christine was really good and she enjoyed it,” Beth tried explaining.

“I don’t care, you never play that stunt again, you hear? And what’s with calling him Christine now?”

“Oh it’s just something we came out with at the spur of the moment. Chrissie sounds too close to her own name and could also be boyish but Christine sounds more girly.”

“And how the hell did he come to have a huge fucking hickey on his neck?” Wayne demanded to know.

Beth began explaining about Club Paradise and what had happened there. That just angered Wayne more. “Leroy is thinking about employing her. She can start earning her keep,” Beth told Wayne earnestly.

“Whoever did the hickey had no right. That’s marking my property. It’s huge!” Wayne shouted, surprising Beth by his terminology of ‘his property’.

“Well, at least think about Leroy’s offer. Go and see him and, if you feel the need, complain about the hickey.”

Upstairs, a sullen Chris listened to all that was being said... with a pounding head from all the drink he’d had. He hadn’t even been aware he was sporting a hickey on his neck from some guy’s mouth.

Before putting his head on his pillow to settle down to sleep, Chris absentmindedly reached for the pills he was so familiar at taking. He then stopped as he remembered what those pills were actually doing to him. He felt angered that he was being given pills that were, essentially, mutilating his body without his consent. He pondered about stopping taking them, throwing them away. But then he thought more about it.

Okay, he had been unknowingly taking something that would develop female breasts but, as he was being forced to live and go outdoors as a girl, it would help with his disguise and prevent him from being read. Also, his captors had developed him so femininely that all Beth’s girl gang were now accepted him as one of their own. That was something he felt

he very much needed in his life, he was comforted by it. He wanted to embrace that, not lose it. With a shrug of his shoulders, he spilled a pill from the container into his hand and took it.

>>*<<

“So, you are Leroy?” Wayne asked.

“That’s me, mah man. I am the owner of dis joint,” Leroy replied, putting out his knuckles for a fist bump and a ‘street’ handshake.

Wayne was wary. Leroy was big and muscular and he had four of his guys perched on chairs close by, listening to the conversation.

Complying with the greeting, Wayne began talking. “Here’s the thing, man, Chris... uhm, Christine, who you met last night? Well, he’s kind of my property. I own him, look after him. I wasn’t too happy if I am honest, hearing about what went on with him last night. And that hickey, man. That’s marking him, y’know?”

Leroy grinned a white toothy grin. “You’re sweet on her, ain’t ya?”

Wayne blushed red. He was having a lot of internal difficulty trying to accept the fact that he really was developing feelings towards a feminised boy.

“Me? No way, man. I’m totally hetero, I’m not into boys,” he responded defensively.

“But Christine is hardly a normal boy. She’s very beautiful and has a decent womanly figure. Maybe if you referred to her as ‘she’ rather than ‘he,’ you may feel more comfortable with yo’ feelin’s,” Leroy answered, not accepting for a moment Wayne’s denial.

There was a pause in the conversation as Wayne weighed his feelings. Finally he spoke. "Okay... maybe you are right. Maybe I have started to feel for h...er. But I am not gay. I couldn't openly have something going between us, I can't have people see us together like we were a couple. I was thinking of trying to get some money together to get h...er a sex change," he stammered clumsily.

"And when are you thinking you can afford to pay fo' such a thing? That kind of surgery is expensive."

"I dunno, really. I guess it would take some time... but I can't let him go, free him...I need to keep hold of him for certain reasons."

"You mean fo' reasons such as you took her and feminised her against her will? I know everythin', man, Beth and I are friends."

For a moment Wayne seethed with anger with the knowledge that Beth had disclosed to anyone what had been done.

"Don' worry, mah man, yo' secret is safe with me. In fact, we can work with one another for the good of all. I told Beth I would like having Christine working here in mah club. She is hot and went down a storm las' night. The only thing is her titties, they is way too small."

"We've been giving... her hormones. She is starting to develop," Wayne replied.

"Starting to but she needs to have more... right now. You release her to work in mah club and I'll pay fo' her to have a boob job done, give her a nice rack. As her owner, you receive her pay. If you wanted, you could start savin' her pay to pay fo' her other surgery and I have contacts which would make it cheaper fo' you."

Wayne thought on the proposal. "It sounds like a good deal and I'd say yes if we can get her to work here for you... but she is never going to agree to a boob job."

"You leave that worry ta me, man. She's yo' property and will be my employee so I be her boss. Nobody said she has to agree on anything," Leroy responded with a smirk.

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Chris didn't have a clue why Wayne was taking him out for the evening and it was the first time he had been in Wayne's car since the day he had been kidnapped. He vaguely recognised a few roads as they drove down them. He certainly remembered the dingy side street once they were on it.

"What... what are we doing here, Wayne?" Chris asked, feeling a little worried about the possibly motive. He had heard how angry Wayne had been about Beth taking him there and wondered if he was going to have an altercation with the owner, with him there as evidence.

It wasn't until he saw Wayne and Leroy bump fists that Chris felt more safe. He still looked at the two wondrously.

"Here's the plan, Chrissie. You've already met Leroy and... well, Leroy wants to offer you a job working here. We talked some time back about you getting a job to pay your way in the home," Wayne began, turning to Chris.

"Well, yes but what would I be doing here?" came Chris' concerned response.

“Don’t cha worry none. You impressed a lot o’ my regulars when you came in yesterday. They like to see a pretty face. You can wait tables, collect glasses an’ generally just be eye candy,” Leroy explained, neither mentioning his bigger plans nor that some of his clients liked a pretty girl with an added extra.

Chris wasn’t convinced. It was such a seedy club and, now that he wasn’t under the influences of anything, he was feeling very embarrassed and uncomfortable, knowing that Leroy knew his secret... that he was really a boy, dressed as a girl.

“I will get a job to start paying my way, honest. There’s a chance I could work at the coffee shop with Lexie and Babs. Rosie even said she may be able to get me started as a trainee beautician,” he quickly offered to Wayne.

“Or you could just work here where a job is already on offer and where you will be offered good money for working,” Wayne countered. “When do you need her?” Wayne then asked Leroy, ending any further conversation with Chris.

Now that Leroy had put the idea of giving Chris bigger tits and the earnings going towards a sex change for Chris, Wayne was only too keen to have him starting as soon as possible.

“Let’s say this Thursday. That’s when my main nights begin at the club with Fridays and Saturday bein’ the busiest. Thursday will give the lovely Christine a chance to find her way around and get to know mah staff,” Leroy answered.

So it was agreed. Chris would be working at the Club Paradise in just four days’ time, as a girl... a girl that was there to entice the punters of the club.

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When Thursday came, Chris was filled with trepidation. He was going to be in a place full of people he didn't know, on his own, working as a female. Yet again he reflected on how he had come to be in this kind of mess. But he knew he needed to pay his way in the apartment... an apartment he had never had a wish to live in to begin with. He also knew he had to make himself look as female as possible so that the clubgoers would not see through his disguise... see that he was really a male.

A few hours before setting off, Chris took a long shower and passed a razor over his skin, something he'd had to do ever since he had been captured. He worked especially on his arms and legs which he knew would be the most on show, as well as his face.

In truth, now that he was aware he was taking female hormones, Chris had discovered he had less and less to shave. His beard had always been light and there was little hair on his body now. He had been taking the hormones for almost seven months now and, as well as lighter body and facial hair, he was developing breasts. Luckily they were not that large and shouldn't grow much more.

Once he had showered and shaved his skin, then dried off, Beth was at hand to ensure his hair and makeup was okay and to manicure and paint his nails using a clear glossy varnish.

Wayne was dropping him off at the club in his car and the door staff would be making sure he stayed inside until Wayne returned to collect him at the end of his night.

For the first night Chris was wearing a white short-sleeved blouse, thin enough to show the red

brassiere he was wearing beneath it and a flared chequered skirt plus a pair of high heeled strappy sandals that the girls had 'acquired' for him that had a central diamante strap. The sandals fastened around the top of his heel but the straps kept slipping down over the heel causing him to constantly bend to readjust them. This proved problematic in the club as each time he bent he had his bottom felt or slapped.

The night's work wasn't as bad as he had imagined. Though he did get chatted up a lot by amorous males, he was more or less left to get on with the job of collecting glasses, serving tables and even a little bit of bar work towards the end.

Leroy's goal, however, was to 'introduce' the new girl, Christine, and find out the level of interest in her. His punters would all know of Chris's real sex but, in Club Paradise, anything went and they really didn't care..

Leroy was glad to get lots of people coming to him through the night making inquiries on the new girl. When Wayne arrived to pick Chris up in the early hours, Leroy had a private word with him, away from Chris.

"So? How was the night for you?" Wayne questioned along the way back home.

"Not too bad. I had a number of guys groping me through the night but I guess I can cope with that," Chris replied honestly.

"I should imagine you can, you've had far more to cope with from Josh and Brett, haven't you? I've never really asked you but I'm taking it you have gotten used to doing things like cocksucking them now?"

Chris looked over at Wayne. "It's not something I can say I have ever wanted to do in my life. I'm male and heterosexual and I can't say I have gotten used to it, It's just something that has become easier for me to do," Chris answered.

"Leroy was pleased with you tonight and apparently you were a big hit with his customers. He said he would like you working there again tomorrow night. It's a busier night and you may have extra things to do," Wayne then told his travelling companion.

"I'm guessing I don't have too much of a say in it?" Chris suggested sulkily.

"Well, you have been living with us and eating our food for eight months," Wayne reminded.

"I never asked to. If paying for my food is a problem, you could always let me return to my parents."

Wayne just smiled without replying to the comment.

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When Friday came, so again did Beth and Rosie; they had new clothes for Chris to wear and Rosie herself wanted to help with Chris' makeup. Chris was told to shower and wash his hair plus fragrance himself.

Once he was dried, Rosie helped style his hair and worked on painting both his finger and toe nails as well as giving him elaborate eye makeup, using a glossy blue eyeshadow and a darker shadow blended out to the edges. plus false eye lashes. Chris applied his own lipstick from a bright red tube that Beth gave to him.

He was handed a garter belt and sheer black stockings to put on. He had never worn stockings before and had to be shown how to clasp them to the garter belt straps.

“Why am I wearing all this kind of stuff?” he asked Beth, “I didn’t have to dress up like this last night. I feel like a hooker,”

“Wayne told me we had to get you looking extra sexy tonight. Ask him why,” Beth nonchalantly answered as she helped his right foot into a pair of black open toe sandals with a slim four-inch heel and fastened the slim strap around his ankle.

Chris finished off dressing, wearing a tank top that Beth gave him which had ‘Babe’ written across the front in sparkly pink lettering and a short red skirt with a side split.

The skirt barely covered the stocking tops and made him feel cheap and embarrassed.

Once the two girls had done with him in the bedroom, Chris tottered downstairs to see Wayne and ask him the question which was concerning him. Wayne was undressed as he was about to get changed to drive Chris to the club.

Wayne marvelled at how sexy and stunning Chris looked but the satisfied smile on his face disappeared as Chris spoke.

“Why am I dressed up like some hooker, Wayne?” Chris questioned.

“Because you are working at the Club Paradise tonight.”

“Yeah, I know but I didn’t need to get dressed up like... this last night,” Chris continued emphasising his clothing with his hand.

“Well, tonight you are required to be attracting the clientele, for them to pay for you,” Wayne replied.

“What! Tell me you are joking? I’m not doing it. I’m a normal heterosexual guy, not some cheap whore. I refuse.”

“Heterosexual? Tell me, just how many times have you sucked Josh and Brett off since you have been here? How many times have you had a stiff cock pushed up your ass?” Wayne blasted.

“I don’t care. I was *made* to do those things, but I’m not going to allow some random strangers to do things to me,” Chris responded almost in tears.

“Oh I see. Miss Defiant. So I guess you want me to send those photos and videos of you to all your friends and family. Send the message that you are a tranny fag who wants a sex change.”

“Send them. I’ll tell everyone the truth, that I was forced into all of those acts and that I do not want to become a girl at all. They’ll believe me over you,” Chris continued to argue.

That defiance was enough for Wayne and he grabbed Chris by the throat and pushed him down hard into the settee, holding him there, firmly.

“Oh yeah? I have your very own confession on that matter right here,” he told the now frightened boy. Wayne picked his cell phone up from a nearby table and began playing it. Chris gasped as he heard his own voice conversing with that store detective who had caught him a few weeks before. One part especially resonated through his mind as he listened.

“I...I’m transsexual ...I’m transitioning. That is why I probably looked nervous... shopping for girls clothes is still a bit embarrassing for me.”

“You still want to tell everyone that everything was forced upon you?” Wayne asked. “Now stop fucking about. I’m taking you to the Paradise and you had best not let me down,” Wayne warned.

Chris’ mind was in turmoil. The first thing he was now thinking was how did that conversation ever get recorded? It had to have been one of the girls somehow. He had been getting on so well with them of late and almost felt like part of their little gang but everything now seemed false. They never cared for him at all if they could do that and give it to Wayne. Also, he knew he had started to like Wayne. Just why, he wasn’t sure, but he knew he’d developed feelings for him... but how could he have feelings for someone so hostile towards him? How could he have feelings for someone so bullying, someone who forced him into all of these situations? At this moment in time Chris just hated him.

Wayne drove the sulking and nervous young man across town, telling him he was going to see him indoors and that the staff would prevent him from leaving until he called to pick him back up in the early hours, like the previous night. There would be no need for staff to hold him indoors, however, as the last thing in Chris’ mind for him to do was be walking the streets, dressed as he was, looking like a hooker. He knew he would be safer indoors.

Wayne drew the car up outside of the dark foreboding door of the club. “Remember Christine, be a good girl and give the guys what they want,” Wayne reminded caustically as Chris swung his stocking clad legs out of the car and attempted to stop his

skirt from riding up to his backside as he settled his high heels onto the paving of the sidewalk.

For the first half-hour inside the club Chris was left alone again but as the club got busier, he began getting groped everywhere. He was even felt between his legs by people checking on his true gender, though nobody in the Paradise Club cared about such things. To them, anything went.

Beth and some friends turned up at eleven o'clock and encouraged Chris to drink some alcohol and join them for smoking a joint, which Leroy allowed, knowing it would help ease the feminised youth. It wasn't until turned midnight that things began to change.

"Christine, I got me some people that are interested in you. They been naggin' me all night for you, but I thought I would give you some space first," Leroy told him as he cleared some glasses from a table while some man was running his hand up and down his leg.

"Oh! What am I supposed to do?" Chris asked innocently.

"Go through the back," Leroy informed him, pointing over to a blue door which had an emergency exit sign above it. Chris had seen a few of the female staff wandering through there during the night and re-merge a good while afterwards. Chris had wondered if it was a staff break room, though nobody had informed him. "There are lots of bean cushions out there to get yo'self comfy," Leroy grinned.

With trepidation and nervousness, Chris wandered to the door; he had little choice but to comply with the request. On the other side of the door was a large storage space before the outer emergency exit door. There were large cushions scattered about and

around one were FIVE semi-naked black men standing and waiting.

“Yo, Christine. Com’on in. We been eyeballin’ you all night girl but Leroy kept tellin’ us to wait cuz you wuz new,” one of them invited.

“Yeah, come and join us, Christine. Don’you worry none, we don’t bite,” another spoke up, grinning.

Chris was then instructed to take his clothes off, though he could keep his shoes on as the floor was rough and uncovered.

He disrobed, feeling more nervous and embarrassed than he believed he had ever been in his life as he revealed, first, his small budding breasts, then his limp penis. That was his most anxious moment of all in case they were disgusted to see he was male. The five never batted an eye, revealing that they were well aware of what he was.

All five men had raging hard ons by the time they assaulted Chris, with one of them spreading his legs wide from the front and lifting him in order to push his penis into Chris’ now lubricated butt while another turned Chris’ head to have the traumatised youth give him head. A third on the opposite side waited to receive the same oral pleasure while the other two waited for whichever opening became available. Chris felt totally not in control of what was happening to him.

The poor feminised male tried to empty his mind from any thought and just get on with what he needed to do. It wasn’t as though this was new and he had never been forced into similar situations many times.

By the end of his ordeal, Chris had been butt fucked twice and given blow jobs to the other three

men. He was very tired and more than a little sore as he tottered out of the club to meet Wayne's waiting car at the end of his shift.

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Things went pretty much the same for Chris on Saturday evening.

Wayne was in a much better mood this time around before setting off. He'd heard from Leroy that Chris had 'given out' the night before and had done well. Plus, his team had beaten The Warriors away from home, which he, Brett, and Josh had watched on the sports channel.

Chris was again dressed like some tart and he was again just given usual bar duties. Then later that evening he was called on to provide sex to punters, earlier this time... 9:45. This time it was just one of the guys from the previous evening that was waiting. Three different men were also to use Chris before his night was through.

Leroy was more or less happy with the work, performance and acceptance from his new employee and all those who had enjoyed having sex with Chris had been mostly happy but four of the five men from the previous evening, and one from the current evening had complained about Chris' lack of breasts. They liked big girls, something to squeeze and play with. She-males with big tits were a massive turn-on for them.

At the end of the night Leroy asked to see Chris alone in a back room. He requested Chris to strip, sizing up the problem as he looked at Chris' somewhat small breasts. Though huge to Chris, they looked like those of a young girl starting to go

through puberty. Leroy didn't say anything, he just looked and did nothing more than rub his fuzzy beard.

“Okay Christine, get yo'self dressed again and you can go home. Thanks fo' the work you put in tonight,” he said without explaining the reason for his observations.

Chris looked quizzical, hoping for an explanation for why he'd had to reveal himself to his new employer, but he wasn't going to be offered one.

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Things went fairly easily the following day through to Wednesday with Wayne stamping his authority and telling both Brett and Josh they were not to use their captive for their own sexual pleasure anymore. He didn't want them using Chris nor was he overly happy about men at the club using him but that was going to be a means for him to complete the boy's transformation.

As Thursday came, so did the start of Chris' working at Club Paradise for the next three days. Beth and her friends were now filling his closet space up with lots of sexy and revealing outfits. Nylons had replaced pantyhose, either hold-ups or attached to garters, and he was building a collection of killer heeled shoes.

On the weekend the Titans were playing away to the Vikings, a team just twenty-eight miles away from Berkley city and the three boys had decided to drive over to the game, leaving Chris in the hands of Beth, who ordered a taxi to transport Chris, herself, and two of her friends to the club. For a former heterosexual young man, Chris was now getting used to

having cock either in his mouth or his butt hole. In fact, making love to a girl now seemed like some distant memory.

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“Are you okay, Christine? You look a bit down today,” Brett inquired the following Wednesday.

Chris indeed was feeling sad. Today was his birthday. He would normally be having lots of fun and looking forward to receiving presents from his friends and family. Of course, nobody at the apartment would concern themselves that this was his nineteenth birthday; they wouldn't care less, even if they were aware... and he had no contact at all with his family. He presumed they would be messaging him on his mobile but it would be Wayne that would read the messages and reply back to them, pretending it was Chris himself replying.

“I'm okay. I just have something on my mind. That's all,” Chris answered glumly. Brett just let the matter drop without further questioning and whistled to himself as he left Chris to continue cleaning the apartment.

“What do you guys want me to cook for the evening meal tonight?” Chris asked a little later that day when all three of the boys were in the room together.

“Don't worry about us; we're going out drinking with mates tonight,” Wayne informed him.

“Oh, okay,” Chris replied sullenly. Not only was his birthday totally overlooked, he would be celebrating it, home alone. Wayne and the other two boys just grinned at each other.

It was barely half an hour after the three boys had left that there was a knock on the door. Chris went to open it and was amazed to see Beth and seven of her friends standing there with bottles of wine and carriers.

“Surprise!” Beth shouted loudly with a big smile on her face. “Make way and let us in then, birthday girl.” Beth and the other girls all then filed into the apartment.

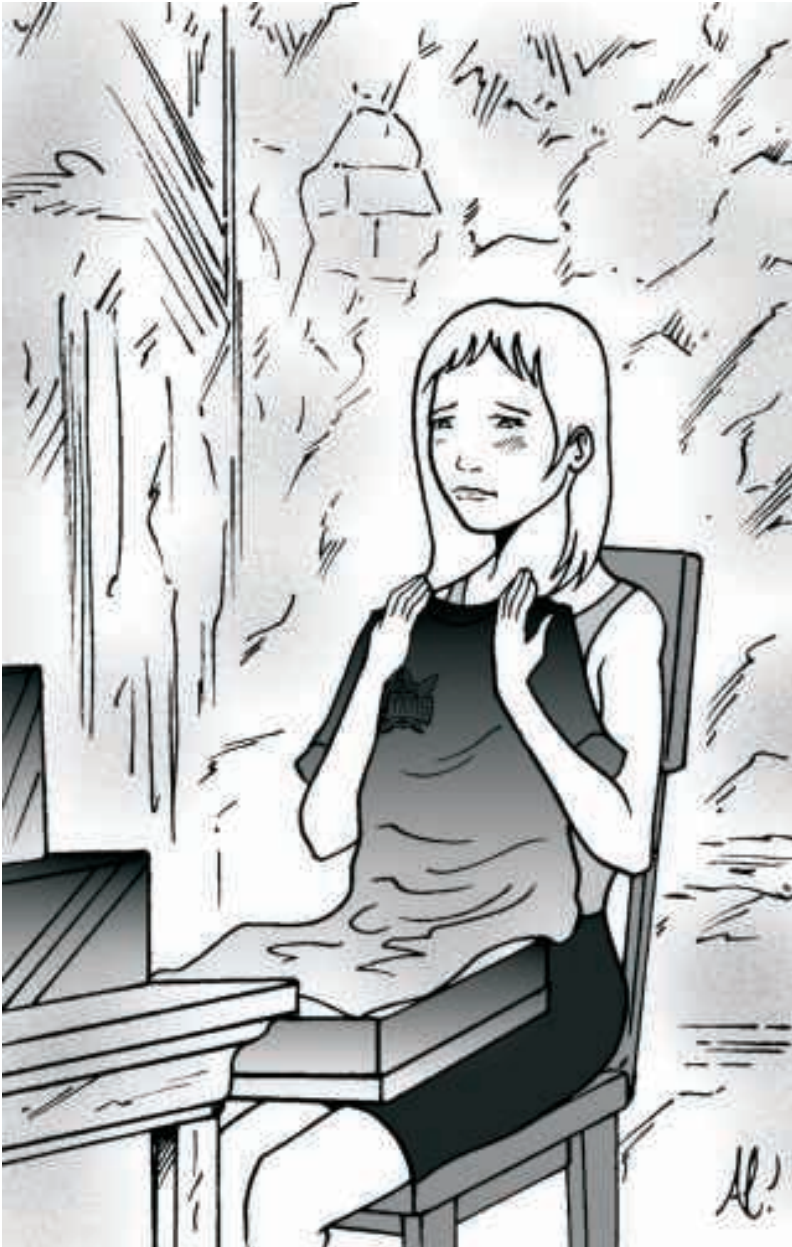
Chris just stood there, looking stunned.

“We know it’s your birthday, Christine, so were having a party for you. The guys didn’t want to join in with a house full of girls and said they would go out to give us some space.”

Chris discovered that the carriers the girls were carrying contained a number of wrapped presents, as well as party food. The gestures made him feel happy and accepted once again... so much so, he was prepared to forget about the taping-his-voice incident when he was being interrogated.

The packages were all girly, of course, and composed of makeup and nail varnishes, a black Chemise and robe set, false eyelashes, a pair of high-heeled sandals, two bras, three packs of stockings, a skirt and a nylon and lace top. Even the boys had wrapped a present which, when Chris opened it up, turned out to be a maroon and white coloured girls Titans supporters cardigan which had the team name badge and Trojan logo on the left side. Chris smiled ruefully at the present.

It wasn’t long before the party food was put on plates and bottles of wine were opened and poured into glasses. Music was put on which progressively



became louder as the night wore on and the drink flowed.

To treat him for his birthday, Rosie gave Chris a makeover whilst Babs and Lainey did his nails. Lainey filed and painted his fingernails whilst Babs did the toes. There was a time that Chris would have hated all of this being done to him but he had become so used to getting made-up as a girl that he actually enjoyed all of the pampering he was receiving.

As time drew on and both Chris and all of the girls began feeling the effects of the wine, they started dancing to the music and Chris just let himself go, dancing as the girls danced.

“You can be quite a lot of fun when you want to be, Christine,” Tasha complimented. “You should be made an honorary member of our gang.” All of the other girls cheered their agreement to the suggestion. Chris just blushed but inside he glowed.

At some point the party began to die down. Chris was feeling very drunk and had tried to make a pass at Lainey who simply told him, “Chrissie, you are one of us now, and I am not a lesbian.”

All of the girls prompted Chris to put on his silky nylon nightwear and saw him off to bed before they cleared up and all set off for their own homes. Chris was fast asleep before Wayne, Brett, and Josh returned.

The following morning Chris woke with a hang-over. He had no idea what the time was but the sunlight that streamed through the curtains penetrated his sore head painfully. It wasn't until he felt the soft material of the chemise which teased the sensitive nipples of his budding breasts that he was reminded of his party the night before.

Chris found the robe that went with the chemise and stole downstairs to find some headache tablets; he was confronted by all three boys who leered at the sight before their eyes.

“Wow, sexy! Looks like you had a good party last night,” Josh told him as his eyes were glued onto just how much breast Chris had developed.

Brett himself was marvelling at just how much the Buffalo supporter they had captured and taken in had transformed over the eight months that he had lived with them. All Brett could see was ‘Girl’ with Chris’s blonde hair so much longer now, the young breasts showing through the dark transparency of the Chemise, his makeup which had stayed pretty much intact through the night, long elegantly manicured and painted nails and toenails. Chris just blushed and hoped, with his churning stomach and pounding head, that none of the boys would be so turned on by the sight of him that they would want relieving.

“Leave her alone, guys, I’m claiming rights on Christine. She’s my girl now,” Wayne declared, stunning Chris. Previously Chris may have been relieved that he was being saved from the randy Brett and Josh, but he wasn’t overly happy at being ‘claimed,’ especially by someone whom he now disliked after the way Wayne had treated him two weeks previously.

By the time Chris had to get himself ready for working at the club that evening, he had pretty much sobered up but he was reluctant to have to go out knowing he would have to be providing sexual services again. How had his life ever turned into this nightmare?

Chris had to wear stockings again and chose a very sheer pair of almost nude ones. Other than the glossy sheen and the darker stocking tops, it looked like his legs were bare. These were held up by a red garter belt and a matching pair of frilly panties. Over this Chris wore a figure-hugging black miniskirt that fell to mid-thigh and a lacy white blouse. He knew full well he was dressed to lure men to him but he had little or no choice in the matter.

Chris decided to thread a pair of large hoop earrings into his pierced lobes and pulled his hair back into a high ponytail.

Leroy came out to meet Wayne's car on their arrival at Club Paradise and sent Chris inside while he leaned into the car and began a conversation with Wayne.

Chris was only fifty minutes into his shift when the first man was inquiring about him, a man who must have been in his fifties! To Chris this was a step down; although he had never wanted to, he had become quite used to sucking people off over the time he had been held by Wayne and the others... but at least those people were all more of his own age. Now he had someone thirty or even forty years older than him.

The older man wanted Chris to lay out, naked, on the cushions and face down after the man had stripped out of his own clothing. Chris had to elevate himself up on his forearms, then push his butt into the air for the man to gain entry into his backside. There was no foreplay nor anything else, it was just rough sex.

And with another three men also wanting him during that night, Chris left the club feeling used and degraded once again, a sex slave. He felt worthless and

his spirits were back to being as low as they had ever been.

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Saturday came and Chris believed he may get to hang out with some of his new girlfriends as the Titans had a home game with a team called the Trojans and he knew the boys would be going to it. He was surprised, therefore, when he was told he would be going to the game with them... and he could wear his new Titans supporters cardigan.

Chris had watched games against the Trojans many times, but always as a Buffaloes supporter. Now he was going to watch them as a supposed Titans supporter and cheer for the team that had always been his own team's greatest rival.

The day was cool and at least Chris was allowed to go wearing girls' black, flared pants, a black T-shirt under the Cardigan and a pair of low-heeled slip-on shoes. Chris wore only moderate make-up and brushed his lengthening hair back behind the ears. It was held with an Alice band that was maroon and white... the Titans' colours.

Even with little makeup; a light lipstick and mascara and wearing a pair of earrings, Chris still resembled a pretty girl.

The game was easily won by the Titans and, in spite of himself; Chris actually enjoyed the match, being a lover of the sport in general. He was required to scream out and wave his arms in the air each time the Titans scored, which made him feel a bit like a traitor to the Buffaloes.

In spite of his afternoon out at the game, after they had all returned and had something to eat, Chris was

still expected to dress up sexily for working at the club in the evening. Worse still, he found that Leroy wanted him to work again the following evening. That meant he would now be working there, for the enjoyment of men, four nights a week.

Chris was reaching the end of his tether. It had been bad enough being made to dress and live as a girl and giving his three captors sex but now he felt like nothing more than a cheap prostitute. He made his mind up... he had to escape their clutches and take his chances. The girls trusted him now. He hated the idea of doing it to them, now they had accepted him as one of their own, but he would slip them one time when he went into town. He had no money but he felt sure he could hitch back home to Sunnydale.

It would be a shock to his parents to see him but they would understand when he explained everything. He would tell them he had no desire to be a girl, that all the messages they had received were sent by the ones who had captured him, even the voice recording. Once he explained, they would understand and support their son. He had to do it... And soon!

At the end of the Sunday night at the club, Leroy and Wayne stood talking outside the premises while Chris sat waiting in the car. They talked for a good while and, at the end, Leroy handed Wayne something which he slipped into his pocket and they ended their talk with a fist bump. Chris assumed that Wayne had just received payment for all of his own hard work.

Back at the apartment, Chris couldn't wait to slip out of his heels and get into something more comfortable... his chemise and robe. As he cleaned the

makeup from his face with wipes, Wayne made him a drink.

“You’ve done well again tonight Christine,” Wayne praised him. “Leroy is very pleased with your efforts.”

“Really? Well, am I going to be allowed to receive any of the money I’m making? I know I’m paying for my food and keep here but it would be nice to have money in my purse,” Chris asked. He was hoping that, if he did have money, he could pay to get a bus back home rather than hitchhiking.

“You’ll get money eventually but don’t forget you have been kept here for eight months. That’s a lot to pay back,” Wayne answered.

“And I’ve been cleaning up this shit hole and cooking for those eight months, not to mention all of the sexual ‘favours’ I’ve been supplying,” Chris retorted bitterly as he took a sip of his drink.

“Yeah, yeah, I know; it will all be taken into account,” Wayne responded as he watched Chris drinking.

Chris had barely finished removing his makeup when he began to feel drowsy. Working at the club must be exhausting him, he thought. Stifling a yawn, Chris took another drink. “I think I’ll finish this and...” He yawned. “...go straight to bed. I feel really tired this morning.”

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Chris stirred and began to awaken, feeling discomfort and immediately realising things were not as they should be. He felt something wrapped around his face and he felt soreness there. His chest felt very tight, almost as if something was wrapped tightly

around it. Even his bed didn't feel right. The sheets felt quite rough.

He opened his eyes only to find a darkness. Something was covering them. He could feel something over both eyes.

“What the fuck has happened to me?” he mumbled to himself as his hand came to his face and felt the bandages that were there. It was then that he also realised his lips felt heavy, kind of swollen as he had spoken.

Next he felt to his chest; there was a tight wrapping of something around him. He felt as though he was in a semi-upright position and attempted to sit up more straight. That's when he felt a mixture of dull and sharp pain in his chest.

He tried to recall the last thing he could remember. Had he tripped and fallen in those stupid high heels he had been wearing? No, he remembered getting back to the apartment safely and talking to Wayne as he took off his makeup. Had Wayne lost his temper with him and beaten him up? Chris couldn't recall whether he had or not. He couldn't remember going to bed even though he had felt so drowsy.

“Ah! Good afternoon, Christine.” He heard a man's voice.

“Good afternoon? Where am I? What has happened to me?”

“You are in a hospital bed, recovering,” the voice replied.

“Recovering? Recovering from what, exactly?”

“You have had breast augmentation surgery and some minor face surgery.”

“What? What do you mean by breast augmentation surgery?” Chris asked, still concerned about how his lips felt each time they parted to speak. He believed he knew what the person was telling him but needed confirmation of his worst fears.

“Well, otherwise known as a boob job,” he was told, making his body go cold.

“I... I never asked for a boob job. You had no right to do such a thing to me.”

“We do have consent forms giving us the right,” the man said.

“Not by me you don’t. This is *my* body, nobody else’s. I’ll have this place shut down, I’ll sue you for every penny for malpractice. Get these fucking bandages off me now and you had better remove what you have done to me.”

“Well, let me first inform you that this is not an actual legal hospital. I am a qualified surgeon but I was kicked out of the profession after a job, which was not my fault, went wrong. I bought this place and began doing surgical procedures with a small team of nurses in order to make a living, I mostly do abortions. I’m no longer registered and nobody knows I still practice so you would not be able to make a formal complaint about me. When you are able, you will be picked up and taken back home without knowing who I am or where I practice.”

This was the second time things had been done to him against his will at a place he knew nothing about. “Who signed the consent forms?” Chris asked in a shallower, more questioning, voice. “And just how big are the things you have given me?” He then asked as an afterthought.

“The consent was given by a Mr. Wayne Dobson.” Chris sighed at the reply, “As for the size, when it all heals you will be an amazing double D.”

Chris cringed and his eyes began to sting as tears formed in them below the padding that was held secure with bandage. The game was up. Was there even any point in trying to escape now? He had believed if he could get home, he could explain everything but how could he ever explain having double D breasts? Especially when messages had been sent telling everyone he wanted to be a girl and there also existed a voice recording telling a woman he was transgender.

Everyone would firmly believe that it really was what he wanted, that he was making stories up to hide the guilt of wanting to change sex.

“So how long am I going to be kept here for?” Chris then asked.

“Not too long. I carried out the surgery first thing this morning. You need time to rest but you can be taken home this evening. But do not take the gauze wrapping off for a day or two. Get plenty of rest and do not do anything physical for at least three days. I am going to supply you with a surgical bra which you should wear to support your new breasts for a few weeks and some Oxycodone that will help numb the pain during the healing process.

“And what have you done to my face? It all hurts,” Chris then asked, fearing the worse.

“Minor surgeries. I carried out a small rhinoplasty procedure to shorten and slightly upturn your nose, lifted and widened your eyes and pumped a collagen base into your lips to make them fuller.”

Chris immediately had visions of looking like some of the celebrities he had seen with huge thick lips.

What did they call them? Trout Pouts. “So I am going to have big thick ugly lips,” he responded sorrowfully.

For the first time the man actually laughed a little. “No, don’t worry, I have done very little. I just made them a little fuller. They are now ‘kissable lips’ as Mr. Dobson requested. You will have black eyes and some facial bruising but this should be fully faded after about three weeks.”

Chris hated Wayne right now. He had done all of this to him. He wasn’t aware, however, that the request had come from Leroy and the surgery paid for with his money.

It was half past eight in the evening when Wayne came to pick Chris up. Chris had to be escorted to the car as his eyes were still bandaged and he couldn’t see. That helped ensure he would not be able to recognise the place he was leaving. Chris refused to talk to Wayne all the way home.

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22 Days Later

Chris still couldn’t get used to the weight or the feel of having double D breasts. They were constantly on view to him; even when looking forward, he could see them pushing out from his chest. He would never forgive Wayne for what he had done to him.

The one mercy was the surgical bra he had been given. It was cumbersome and quite heavy, awkward to fasten, but it did give much needed support for those things on his chest.

Picking up the surgical bra, Chris wrapped it around his chest, bringing the two cups together. The bra fastened in the front to prevent straining the

stitches from trying to hook a bra behind. There was one strap that fastened across the top, holding everything firmly in place.

Chris preferred the firm hold of the compression bra so that he didn't have to feel the heaviness of the breasts so much or their movement, even though the doctor had said that going braless would stretch the soft tissue and help with healing.

Once the bra was in place, Chris looked at his face. Like the bruising he'd had around his breast area, his facial bruising was now fading quite well and he knew he could cover the yellow-blue mark that was left with good foundation.

Looking into the mirror, Chris examined his face for what could be the hundredth time. The surgical alterations were fairly minor but obvious to him. His nose was decidedly more feminine, his eyes wider and sexier looking and his lips, as promised by the doctor, were just that bit thicker and more appealing. His face had gone from being a very pretty girly-boy-ish face to one of feminine beauty.

Chris sighed. How could he possibly go back to his former life now... like this? Before any of this started, people already thought he was too pretty for a boy or even mistook him for a girl. Now, with this face... and those tits... nobody would ever believe he was a boy.

He sighed again. But at least he had been left alone during his recovery. He neither had to work at the club nor clean the house, though he was still expected to do the cooking.

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It was two days later that it was decided he should be fit enough to return to working at the club. Wayne told him that he shouldn't wear the surgical bra as it

was too bulky and unsexy. The problem was, he was waiting for Beth and her friends to get hold of him some new bras that would fit his much larger breasts. That meant he had no choice but to go to the club braless.

Chris was hating how his breasts jiggled and bounced about in the skimpy top he was wearing. He also hated, with embarrassment, at how much they tented the top out and the nipples poked out suggestively. Worse of all, he hated how much attention they were receiving. Every single person he stood in front of had their eyes glued to his chest and talking to anyone eye-to-eye was an impossibility. Even Leroy was leering at his chest though he was also looking, admiringly, at Chris' face.

During the evening when Chris was required to get onto the dance floor to entice men into wanting to pay for him, Leroy came and danced with Chris himself.

"I know you isn't happy with what has bin done to you, Christine, but you has turned out incredibly. I'm constantly bein' pulled by people wanting ta take you around the back or just complimenting you."

Chris wasn't cheered by the comment. "You bet I'm not happy. It was bad enough having to dress every day as a girl, make my face up as a girl, live as a girl. I'm male! None of this should have happened to me," he wailed. "I hate Wayne for doing this to me."

"You hate him? I thought you were his girl?" Leroy asked.

"I'm nobody's girl. He doesn't own me. He and his friends just kidnapped me and made me into... into *this*," Chris retaliated angrily.

"Well, you know you could change all of dat. I fancy you, Christine, I really like you. I could take you from

him... make you my girl and I would take good care of you. You wouldn't need to be here earning," Leroy responded bluntly.

Chris hadn't expected that at all from the big muscular black guy and was stunned. Unable to respond verbally, Chris just looked at him open-mouthed as his brain went into overdrive.

'This is insane. As a guy, I always had the ability to attract all the girls. Now, seemingly, as a girl, I have the same magnetism in attracting the guys. But I was a guy myself and although I have been forced to have sex with men, I am heterosexual. At least, I always had been! Do I want another man taking over me? Do I want to be regarded as someone's 'girlfriend'? I'd love to escape, finally, from the clutches of Wayne, Josh, and Brett but would I simply be going from one situation into another?' Chris thought frantically.

'At least over the nine months I've been with them I think I have made some kind of bond with the three guys, I know them and know how to take them. Through them, I've made lots of girlfriends that make me feel accepted. I know nothing about Leroy or what I could be putting myself in,' Chris thought to himself.

"I, I'm flattered that you think of me in that way, Leroy but I don't know. It's a big step and you have to remember, that I don't want to be like this. Inside I really am a heterosexual guy," he finally replied.

"You *were*. I don't think you can either regard yo'self as a guy anymore, or say you is heterosexual. Yo' opinion may change in time. Go away and have a think about my offer. Be free, not forced. Think about what Wayne has just done to you," Leroy responded, "Meantime, I have a whole club full of horny men that

are eager to see the changes in you. It's time now you went around the back," he finished.

Leroy's demand to Chris was meant to try and emphasise what Chris could get free from but at the moment Chris was not thinking along those lines. His mind was in a whirl of indecision.



When Saturday came around, so, too, did a difference from the usual Saturday. The Titans were playing away to the Knights and the Knights were based at the coastal resort town of Radcliffe. The three boys had decided to go to the game and get some time in at the beach, booking themselves in at an overnight hotel and returning the following evening. Chris had never known them to go to an away match.

"Beth will be calling round to take you to the club. I've instructed her that you can go into town with her before working but under no circumstances are you to go around shoplifting with them. Is that clear?" Wayne instructed strictly before setting off to Radcliffe with Josh and Brett.

"Beth has got her own plans for this evening but Leroy will run you back home from the club once you have finished. He'll make sure you are safely indoors with the doors locked," Wayne continued.

It was the first time that Wayne had been strict with Chris since he had come out of the hospital. In fact he had tried to be nothing but nice... but that did not change Chris' opinion of him.

For Chris, the news was a major wasted opportunity. It would have been an enormous chance for him to escape and head home as he had been planning. Now, however, with the changes that had been made

to him, Chris no longer felt he could face either his parents or friends. Why couldn't this have happened before he'd been given breast implants?

Chris stayed indoors all day. He had dressed and got ready for Beth's arrival in the afternoon, Beth having already been out with her friends until early afternoon. The two of them went back into the city centre by taxi where they did some boutique browsing and had a milk shake before getting another taxi to the club. Beth took her leave quickly as she wanted to get home and changed for a date that she had.

"Have you had any more thought to dat proposition I put to you on Thursday, Christine?" Leroy asked soon after Chris had arrived.

"Not really. I guess I'm a bit afraid of leaving. They'll come after me and I do feel kind of safe where I am," Chris replied, not able to look Leroy in the eyes. He also feared this could be some kind of test concocted between Wayne and Leroy to see how trusted Chris could now be. The three boys had never gone off to an away game before, Beth conveniently had something on in the evening, unable to look after him and Chris had the image of Leroy and Wayne talking together outside the club before his surgery and bumping fists.

"Dobson asked me to run you back to yo' apartment when we are finished. You'll be lonely all by yo'self. You can come back to my place. I'll put you up fo' the night and run you back tomorrow morning. You can see what my place is like befo' makin' a decision," Leroy put it to him, then left him to chew over his offer.

It was true, Chris had never been left alone in the apartment by himself on a night and it would be quiet



and lonely there by himself. The boys were not planning on returning until the following evening... probably late evening.

So it was that Chris decided to take Leroy up on his offer and sleep at his home. And what a home it was! It was more like a palace than any house or apartment that Chris had ever been in. It was much larger and plusher than his parent's home in Sunnydale. It was obvious that Leroy made a lucrative living.

The house was very spacious with quality carpeting, expensive looking furniture, ornaments and big framed art on the walls. "Wow! This place is amazing!" Chris couldn't help expressing as he looked around.

"And this could be yo' home, Christine, if you choose. I promise to protect and look after you, treat you like you shud be treated, end yo' nightmare," Leroy told him, gripping his shoulders lightly.

Chris, as much as this seemed like a golden opportunity to him; getting out of working at Club Paradise and giving his body to dirty men for sex, living instead a good lifestyle in a beautiful home, was very hesitant about accepting the offer. His main wish was just to get back to his family, if he was able to go back to being who and what he was. Maybe that could still be possible. Breast augmentation could be undone... right?

"I know I don't care for him right now and they took me against my will, forcing all of these changes on me but I think I feel happy enough staying where I am. They don't treat me too badly now. Also, I'm sorry but I do not see myself as anyone's girlfriend," Chris told Leroy.

Leroy just looked, steadily, into Chris' face. "But Wayne also wants you to be his girlfriend. You know that. He wants you to be his perfect woman."

"I don't think so. Wayne wouldn't want someone like me as his girlfriend. He's straight. I mean, okay, he has been sexual with me but he would want a real girl to be with him," Chris responded.

"You better know dis. Wayne wants ta make you a woman... all woman. Does you think he just wants to stop at putting a pair of tits on you? He is saving all of da money you earn to pay for you to have sex change surgery," Leroy then spoke.

Chris' blood ran cold. "What! He wants to change my sex? No! He can't. I won't allow that. I don't want to be a girl. I don't want to lose my dick," he said terrified at the very thought.

"You didn't want those tits on yo' chest either but you still got dem. He will do exactly the same again to change yo' sex, if you stay with him," Leroy warned the now scared young man.

Chris was in turmoil. He had to escape Wayne's clutches at all costs if that was his plan.

"Why are you telling me all of this, Leroy? Why do you care about me? Wouldn't you want the same thing done to me?" Chris asked.

"I'm not like him. It is obvious I has taken a shine to you. I couldn't care less who or what you are. I'm bisexual, I have surrounded maself with gays and shemales at my club fo' years. I am not ashamed to have a shemale as my partner," the big man answered honestly.

"Look Christine, it's gettin' very late, almost half past three in da mornin'. I can make you a bed up

quickly in a guest room or you can share ma bed, with me. Get to know me, see that I respect you and dat I would look after you,” Leroy offered.

Chris had the opportunity to say no as the big man was not trying to force himself at all. What was really going through Chris’ mind right then, though, was the information that Wayne intended to force him into having a full sex change. At that point Chris was feeling very vulnerable and afraid. He felt he needed to feel protection; he needed some comfort from what he had just been told.

“You don’t have to bother making a bed up. I’ll share yours with you,” Chris replied in a soft voice.

Of course he fully expected that Leroy may want something from him that night and he didn’t fight it. He let Leroy take him, anally. Unlike what he was used to from the three boys or anyone from the club, Leroy was very gentle and caring with him and returned what Chris gave.

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As arranged, the following morning, after a good breakfast prepared by Leroy, Chris was run back to the apartment. Leroy handed Chris the keys that Wayne had given him; it was strange letting himself in and entering a quiet apartment. Leroy was supposed to lock Chris inside. After Leroy had left, Chris just sat on the sofa and contemplated the offer that had been made and dwelled on all that he had been told.

He was now alone in the apartment. He could pack some things and just leave, escape while he could, go back to Sunnydale and face his parents with this new body. Would they be angry or disappointed with him,

reject him? Or would they accept him? He was very hesitant about moving in with Leroy but scared now to stay where he was. He had to make decisions and those decisions could change his entire life... they could change him, permanently.

He was suddenly surprised when he heard Wayne's car pull up outside. He had sat where he was through most of the day, only moving to get a bite to eat or a drink. It was only five-fifteen in the afternoon; he had expected the boys to return much later. If he was going to do a runner, it wasn't going to be on this day anymore.

There was the sound of laughter, merriment and loud voices as the three of them let themselves in. It was obvious that they had been drinking.

"Hey! Christine is here waiting for us," Brett said loudly and drunkenly, "Have you missed us, Chris-sie?"

"Christine... you will never guess what hash happened," Josh then took his turn.

"Oh, don't tell me. The Titans managed to beat the Knights," Chris responded glumly and sarcastically.

"Nope, not even close, Chrisie. I mean, yep, we did beat the Knights but Wayne had a game of poker at a casino last night and... guess what? He won a shit load of money," Josh finished.

Chris looked over at Wayne who was by far the most sober as he had driven back. "Yeah, that's right. I couldn't go wrong last night," he confirmed.

"So how much money is a shit load?" Chris inquired.

“Let’s just say plenty enough... a lot,” Wayne replied evasively. “You don’t look very pleased for me. What’s eating you? Did you have a bad night at the club last night? Did Leroy get you back home okay?”

“Yes he did, thanks. I also let myself in and, as you can see, I’m still here so I didn’t need locking in,” Chris responded. He felt anger raging inside of him. He couldn’t keep what he had learned inside of him and, rightfully or wrongfully, he let it out. “I also learned something last night... about something you were planning.”

“Yeah, what’s that, then?”

“That you are not content sticking these great big tits on me, that you are also planning, without my consent, again, to change my sex too. You are saving my own money to pay for the surgery,” Chris blasted venomously. He knew it was the wrong thing for him to do. He had now warned them that he knew and wasn’t happy. They would be more watchful of him from now on... but he couldn’t help himself.

“Who told you that? Leroy?” Wayne merely asked, unfazed.

“Yes and he said I could go live with him to get away from you,” Chris continued; dropping himself deeper in, as well as Leroy, but his anger was loosening his tongue.

“Right. I see. Did he also manage to tell you that it was his idea for you to have breasts? He said your tits were too small to satisfy his punters, that they would pay more for you if you had bigger boobs.”

Chris was momentarily stunned. “What! You... You’re lying.”

“Oh yeah? Then tell me how, if it was all my idea, how did I manage to pay for it? It’s a costly operation and before you had it done, you had only worked at the club nine times. That would nowhere near cover it.”

As Wayne retaliated, Brett and Josh just sat and listened to the exchanges in silence, both surprised that Wayne was planning on changing Chris’ sex.

“You were in the car when Leroy handed me the cash. He said it was an investment and he knew this place where it could be done cheaper. Yeah, I’ll admit to the fact that I drugged you and took you there but it was Leroy who supplied the knockout drug. Son’t pass him off as a saint in all of this, he has his own agenda.”

What Wayne was saying and the way that he said it, convinced Chris he was telling the truth. But now what? There was going to be no knight in shining armour to take him away from this. Chris was being manipulated whichever way he went. Leroy had the money and the power. Could it be him that was lying and who intended to pay for Chris a sex change once he had him in his home? He certainly hadn’t been truthful, apparently, about being at the bottom of giving Chris a big pair of tits. Chris no longer knew what to think anymore.

“Anyway, you will be relieved to know that you won’t be working at that club anymore. I don’t want you working for him, or having to sell yourself. I was never in favour of that, but I just wanted you to help pay for your keep... I have won plenty of money now so that is no longer an issue,” Wayne then told the confused and upset young shemale.

Chris was definitely relieved about not having to work at the club anymore... more than relieved about

that. It would also take Leroy out of the equation. What he hadn't established was if it really was Wayne's intention to force Chris to have a sex change. Right now, he was too emotionally exhausted and perplexed to pursue the matter further.

True to his word, as the evening approached, there were no calls for Chris to get dressed up like a two-bit hooker to go working at Club Paradise that evening. In fact, Wayne, Josh, and Brett treated him like a normal human being and he was allowed to sit and watch television with them in comfortable clothes. Chris' mind didn't entirely switch off though. He pondered what he would be doing at the club right then and wondered what Leroy would be thinking about him not turning up there for work. Was Leroy really behind his getting a boob job? It seemed so.

The following morning Chris was allowed to sleep in a little; Wayne had pressed instruction on the other two to ease right off from him. But Chris was wakened by angry exchanges coming from outside the apartment. He slid out of bed, drew the curtains slightly, and saw Leroy in the street, arguing with Wayne. As quietly as he could, Chris opened the window a touch in order to better hear what was going on.

"I just don't want her working at your club anymore, man. It's that simple," Wayne was saying.

"Have you hurt her? She was afraid of coming home last night. If you have hurt her in any way, you will regret it," Leroy countered.

"Hurt her? Why would I hurt her? I've fallen for her, dude. I'm infatuated with her, which is why I don't want her working at your club any more, selling herself. I hear you were planning on stealing her away from me."

Chris smiled when he heard Leroy's concern for him. He wasn't so struck about Wayne's confession that he had fallen for Chris and that admission still held the concern that Wayne would be out to change him, fully, into a woman.

"Maybe I did, she would be well rid of you. But we had an agreement, man. I coughed up a heap of dough to feminise him. Putting that stack on him was expensive and I want my money back."

Chris felt pale as he heard Leroy's following words. So it was true, he *was* behind getting Chris a boob job.

"Chill, man, you'll get your money. I'll pay back every last cent you spent on it."

"And how you propose to do that? You didn't have the dough to pay for it yo'self weeks back, how come now? I want mah money back right away, man, if you is stopping Christine from earning it at my club."

"I've come into some money. Trust me, dude, I have more than enough to pay you back." Wayne replied.

Chris sank back onto the bed, more confused than ever, more distraught than ever. It seemed that everyone was bending backwards to make him into a girl, and there seemed no way out.

By the time Chris went downstairs from the bedroom, Wayne had gone out and there was only Brett sitting playing a video game. He was never very communicative when absorbed in a game so Chris just made himself some breakfast, then sat to eat it in silence, still in his chemise and robe.

Wayne returned mid-afternoon carrying bags, looking pleased. "Hey Christine, com'on over here

and sit on the sofa with me, I've been out and bought you some things... treating you for all you've been through," he said, sitting and tapping the sofa next to himself.

Chris found out that what had been bought were lots of female Titans supporters clothing. There were tops and skirts in the team's colours and bearing the team's emblem, all much more feminine than the cardigan he'd been given on his birthday.

"What's all this for?" he asked with a noncommittal expression.

"I thought you could start attending games with us, dress in the teams colours. Okay, I know you were a Buffalo supporter, but that's in the past. You live in Berkley now, you should support the best team in the league," Wayne began enthusiastically. Then his face became more serious.

"Look, I know we took you in against your will last August. I know you have lived a nightmare but you've grown from it and... and I have grown feelings for you, Christine. I'd like us to start going steady, you be my girl."

Chris was unsure how to respond to the outright confession. He certainly didn't want to inflame the situation. "Just one thing I want you to tell me honestly, Wayne. You avoided it last night. When Leroy said you wanted me to have a sex change, is that true?"

Wayne became quiet for a long moment, lost in thought, before speaking again. "You know how I am, Christine. I'm a straight guy. I know I have fucked you but I can't say I am comfortable with you having a cock between your legs. I'll pay for it being removed

with the money I made. I'll be with you every step of the way," he confessed.

"But I don't *want* to lose it. I'm not a real girl," Chris answered honestly.

"You'll get used to not having it; you will enjoy having a pussy, having proper boy-on-girl sex. You know from Beth that you are taking hormones. They will make you start thinking differently, make you feel just like a real girl. Trust me, then we can have a proper male and female relationship."

Chris decided not to go any further with the debate. It wasn't what he wanted. Given a choice, he wanted to go back to living and dressing as a male. But for now, he knew he would be safer and treated more kindly if he didn't outwardly oppose the idea. He needed to build trust and wait for a chance. "It's a big decision for me to make. Before I say yes, I need to think about it," he quietly answered.

For the next four days Chris found himself being treated as if he was officially Wayne's girlfriend. He had neither consented to that fact nor wanted it but Wayne was just taking it for granted that if he wanted Chris to be his girlfriend, then that was what she was.

In fairness he was looking after Chris well; he twice took the feminised youth out for a meal and once to the movies during the week. His heterosexuality was not at all shaken because, for anyone who saw them, he just had a very attractive girl in his company.

On that Friday, the Titans had a rare evening home game against the Broncos and it was now that Wayne expected 'his girl' to dress up like a sexy Titans fan. Chris wore a maroon and white satin tank top that showed off his pierced navel and a short

pleated skirt in the same colours together with nude-coloured fishnet tights and white high-heeled ankle boots.

To keep up the act, Chris feigned excitement each time the Titans scored. As they walked out of the stadium, he hung onto Wayne's arm like some doting girlfriend, though that was more in an attempt not to get swept away by the thousands of fans as they rushed to go home.

"That was a fantastic win wasn't it, Chrissie?" Wayne gushed. "That has put us in first place and we have another big home game next week."

Chris had lost any attention of what any team was doing since his capture, having so many things of his own to think about. He hadn't known that Titans were on top of the league or who they were playing next.

"Come on, I'll take you for a drink to celebrate," Wayne then suggested as he manoeuvred Chris towards a nearby bar. Wayne did fancy a drink but he was just as keen to show off the sexy beauty that was with him. After the cosmetic surgery, Chris really did have a beautiful female face.

On their return to the apartment, the newly lovestruck Wayne suggested that Chris slept in his bed with him. It wasn't what Chris really wanted to do but he didn't want to rock the boat and knew he needed to keep up a pretence.

"Well, because we've had such a lovely evening out together, okay..., but just for tonight/ I've gotten attached to my own bed. It's nice and comfortable," Chris agreed.

"So is mine but if you wish, I'll buy a new bed... *our* bed. How does that sound?" Wayne chuckled.

It left Chris wondering just how much did Wayne really win. If he won so much, then maybe he could easily afford to pay for sex change surgery. He knew he was going to have to be very cautious of anything he ate or drank.

Still uptight about having a girlfriend with a penis, as they settled into bed, Wayne suggested that Chris keep his panties on and just give him a blow job. Chris gritted his teeth, kept his cool and provided what Wayne wanted.

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In his arrogance, Wayne continued to regard Chris as his now loving girlfriend. Chris just continued to go along with that pretence until the right time came along for him to escape the gang's clutches.

The next weekend quickly came around again and, for the second successive week, the Titans had a home game. But this time Wayne wanted his girlfriend to be overboard with her Titans supporter look.

Beth, who was going along to the game with the boys and three of her friends, came over early, wearing the team colours, to help Chris get ready. Rosie was with her to lend a hand.

Wayne had instructed Beth to make Chris look very sexy and unquestionably a Titans supporter. He had hoped for Chris to wear lacy top hold-up stockings along with the short flared supporters skirt and to just wear a team colour support bra as upper clothing. Chris protested, complaining it would be too revealing and managed to persuade them to give him something a little less raunchy to wear.

Rosie painted each of Chris' long tapering fingernails with a maroon and a white stripe; she then coated Chris' lips in a maroon lipstick and applied a maroon eyeshadow to his lower lips with a stripe of white shadow above. As a finishing touch, Chris had maroon and white ribbons tied in his hair on both sides of his head.

Instead of the sports bra, Chris settled for a team colour bustier which held his ample breasts up and out enticingly but at least he didn't feel as underdressed as he would in just the bra. Instead of the hold-up stockings, Chris agreed on wearing sheer, glossy, honey-coloured pantyhose with the short pleated skirt. He wore black suede sandals on his feet that had six straps, including an ankle strap and five-inch-high chunky heels.

He still had no idea who the Titans were playing as the group of eight set off for the ground. It wasn't until they got close to the road to the stadium that Chris began to see posters advertising the game with captions such as 'Clash of the Giants' and that the top two teams in the league leaders table were facing each other before Chris realised it was The Titans Versus The Buffaloes!

Chris was going to see his own home team playing, as a rival supporter! Of course the group thought that the idea was hilarious.

And Chris was managing to attract a huge amount of attention from his looks and the sexy way he was dressed, receiving lots of cheers and wolf whistles from the home fans.

As they walked even closer to the stadium they had melded in with a group of another thirty or so young Titans fans who were drinking cans of beer and cheering their team name. They approached a much

smaller group of Buffalo fans who had travelled for the game and the Titans fans began heckling them. Chris felt a little bit awkward knowing his loyalty should be with the supporters from his home town but it was mostly friendly banter.

Chris got into the mood and began to lightly flaunt himself to the Buffalo fans by jiggling his breasts and pulling the top of his bustier down enticingly, enough to reveal the tops of the now larger and darker aureoles around his nipples.

More Titans supporters came along and began trying to intimidate the away fans and the banter started to become less friendly. Then three busloads of newly arriving Buffalo fans came around a corner and joined their fellow supporters; the teasing between the two groups began to become more hostile. The two sets of supporters had a history of fighting each other and as they began to square up for a fist fight. Wayne quickly grabbed Chris' hand to pull him away before things became ugly. The other six joined them.

Once they were in the stadium, Wayne reminded Chris that he should cheer every score made by the Titans and, to show his excitement, give him a kiss.

Chris did as he was requested and hid his real joy every time the Buffaloes scored. Ultimately, it was the Titans who came out as winners by the end of a closely fought match.

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The following week went without any major events happening. Chris was doing housework and cooking in the apartment, more because it was what he had now become accustomed to doing and it also gave

him something to while away his days. Twice, mid-week, he would be taken out by Beth to meet some of the girls in her group for a coffee and a browse around clothes stores.

That weekend there was no game for the Titans as it was the first round of the playoffs and the Titans, being a seeded club, weren't involved. It meant that all three boys were lounging around the apartment and wanting either coffee or snacks. The milk had run low and they were running short of bread for sandwiches so Chris volunteered to walk down the road to a convenience store.

Chris had not put on makeup that day but his face was now, with the longer hair and the cosmetic surgery along with the softening feminising affect of the hormones, which he had been taking for nine months, very passable as a pretty girl's.

He left the apartment wearing a pink shift dress, white tights and a black cardigan around his shoulders; on his feet he wore blue and grey sandals with a sturdy 2.5" heel.

A tall, well-built man was walking past at the same time as he left the apartment and he was looking at Chris with interest, Chris lowered his head to try and ignore the look.

"Hey!... 'scuse me, lady. I was just wondering, were you just visiting that apartment or do you live there?" the man called as he crossed over to where Chris was.

Chris became nervous and wondered if the man was trying to pick him up.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired nervously.

“I used to live there myself.” The young man announced. “Do Wayne, Josh and Brett still live there?”

Chris looked up at the man for the first time. He recalled being told there used to be four of them in the apartment.

“I, um... I live there,” he answered.

“Wow! Don’t tell me that you are going out with one of those jerk-off losers? I can’t believe any of them could pull a babe as pretty as you.”

Chris blushed at the compliment. “Oh, thank you,” he replied.

“Oh, I’m Richard... Richard Stephens... though you can call me Rick if you want.”

Rick was hoping for a response but when none came, he pursued, “And you are?”

“Oh, I’m... Christine, Christine Jennings... but you can call me Chrissie,” he answered with a friendlier smile showing on his face.

“Mind if I walk with you, Chrissie? I’d be interested in knowing how the guys are. Which one of them are you dating?”

“I’m only walking to the convenience store down the road, though you can walk with me if you like.” Chris would rather have replied that he wasn’t dating any of them but if Rick was a friend of theirs, he thought he had best go along with what he was supposed to be.

“I’m... I’m with Wayne.”

“Makes sense, you seem way out of the league of the other two.”

“I thought you were a friend of theirs? You don’t seem to hold much of an opinion of them,” Chris dared to challenge what Rick was saying.

“Maybe I shouldn’t say this, with you being Wayne’s girlfriend and all, but they are all a bunch of wasters. Yeah, I used to live there but all they ever did was turn the apartment into a dump and get themselves constantly in trouble with the law, plus they smoked weed and I can’t stand the smell of the stuff. I had a big argument with them and walked out.”

“Oh! I see,” Chris said in surprise.

“You look way too good for them, which is why I asked... unless they’ve cleaned up their act.”

“Well, it’s me that’s cleaned up their act for them... I have to clean the place.”

“You’re joking? Wayne gets a stunner like you and you clean the house? What’s wrong with that guy? He shouldn’t be letting you do it.”

Chris, for some reason, felt easy with Rick. Was he someone from outside the group who he could open up to, who may understand the nightmare he had been forced to live in.

“Letting me? I’m *made* to do it. They hold me against my will, I’m not really Wayne’s girlfriend, not anyone’s... he just treats me as though I am,” Chris quickly babbled.

“What do you mean makes you? Why don’t you refuse? Just walk away?”

“I can’t, honestly... I want to but I can’t,” Chris told him with hurt registering in his voice.

Rick stopped and brought Chris to a halt. “Whoa... Don’t get all upset. I don’t know what hold they have against you but you don’t need to be threatened by them. You don’t need to do anything they tell you to do. If you allow me to, I will help you.”

Chris looked at the man as tears formed in his eyes. “You wouldn’t be so keen to help me if you knew the truth.”

“Okay, maybe you have done something bad, maybe something really bad... but I’m not going to hold it against you. You still shouldn’t be forced into anything like you are telling me.”

“I haven’t done anything wrong... I’m just the victim. I don’t know if your offer is based on what you see in front of you... thinking I’m a pretty girl...” Chris paused, wondering whether to continue, whether to tell Rick the truth, “...but I’m not a real girl... I’m a guy; they made me like this for their own fun and pleasure,” Chris finally confessed and felt a sense of relief at opening up his secret to someone. He just didn’t know if he had done the right thing.

Rick looked totally stunned. “WHAT? You have to be kidding me? You are, right?”

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Chris sipped at a cup of coffee in the living room of Rick’s house. Rick had demanded that Chris not return to the apartment, having heard a summary of Chris’ tale. He had wanted to know more, he had wanted to know everything.

“That’s the most horrific tale I have ever heard,” Rick muttered at the end. “They picked you up offering a lift, then took you back to the apartment and held you against your will, started making you wear

female clothing, then fed you female hormones! If that isn't bad enough, they then made you have surgery to give you those... those... those boobs! And cosmetic surgery to your face. Then they have forced you into providing them with sex. I mean, damn! None of them are even gay!"

"Nor am I," Chris quickly countered as though insulted.

"We should report the matter to the police right away; get them locked up for a long stretch," Rick continued.

"No, I need to return there, I have nowhere else to live, all my clothes and things are there."

"Why not just return to your parents? They would be so relieved to see you after all of this time. If I know which is your room, I can get your belongings for you. I still have a key to the place."

"I can't just return to my parents... not looking like this. I would feel so ashamed," Chris sobbed, "I think my room must be the one that you used to use."

"I can go there tonight. You'll need your boys clothes so you can get out of that female stuff. As for where to live, you can stay here until we sort something out... if you can trust me, that is?"

"I don't have any male clothes anymore; just female... they destroyed the only male things I had. I do trust you, and thanks for the offer of putting me up." Chris said, meaning it. He suddenly felt very relieved knowing he was out of their clutches at last, though still feeling apprehensive in case they came looking for him.

"So, now that you are safe and don't need to go back there ever again, let's phone the police."



Chris was still hesitant. “No... there would be a big inquiry and there are others that would become involved, others I don’t want to be harmed. I don’t want the police knowing and I want to get back in touch with my parents in my own way and time,” he stated firmly. Although at first she had been hostile with him, Chris had grown to like Beth and her friends, they had accepted him. A police inquiry would almost certainly pull them in. Plus, where had all his female clothes come from?

“I’d let you wear some of my clothes but they would bury you,” Rick offered. He was six-foot-five, broad and muscular compared to Chris’ 5’8” slim build.

Chris realised that Rick just assumed he would want to quickly ditch the female clothing he was wearing and get back into male clothes. It was a very reasonable assumption. And why shouldn’t he, now that he was away from Wayne and the others?

“I may have a bit of a problem going back to male clothes anyway.” Chris gestured to his breasts. Inwardly, though, he wasn’t as eager to ditch the female clothes as Rick expected he would be.

Rick pulled a wry smile. “There’s some truth in that but I can get hold of some elastic bandage, that would help bind them down. Once you have your hair cut short, you’ll be back to looking male in no time,” Rick continued, hoping to cheer Chris up.

“Oh no, I won’t want my hair cut short... well maybe a bit shorter but I’ve worn my hair long since I was sixteen. I wouldn’t feel right with short hair,” Chris protested.



Trusting his home to a feminised stranger, Rick went off to work on Monday morning. Chris couldn't help but clean the place up; not that it was a mess like the apartment had been, he just tidied up a few things and washed the breakfast dishes.

When he returned home, Rick had a bag full of clothes he had picked up from a Goodwill store; jeans, sweater, T-shirts and a pair of barely worn sneakers. He had also bought a pack of socks and underwear, plus a roll of medical elastic bandage.

Chris couldn't believe the kindness he was been shown. "You didn't need to go spending all of your money on me," he protested.

"Don't worry about it, I make enough money to get by,. If you are really concerned, you can pay me back at some point, but I bought it to help you," Rick told him.

"Hey, you've tidied the house up a bit and done the dishes," Rick then smiled.

"Well, yeah... I needed to do something for your kindness; I haven't put anything where you won't be able to find it," Chris quickly informed him.

Rick laughed. "Well thanks, but you are my guest. I'm not going to treat you like those dirt bags. Go get yourself a shower and then you can try these things on. They should all be your size," Rick laughed.

Chris did just that in a sizeable wet room that had all manner of shower gels, shampoos and other toiletries, while Rick went into the kitchen to begin preparing an evening meal.

Stripping out of his dress and shoes, Chris looked for the switch to start the shower but couldn't find it and so opened the door to call and ask Rick.

"Can you tell me how to start the shower, Rick?" Chris called out.

Rick put the knife down that he was using to cut up vegetables and walked to the wet room. Greeting him by the half-open door was Chris standing, dressed in just bra, pantyhose and panties. Although Rick was straight, his eyes were immediately drawn to between Chris' legs. There was nothing there to be seen, it was as though Chris had no male baggage down there at all. The truth was that the hormones had greatly diminished what Chris had and what was left was soft, flaccid, and easily tucked away.

A second take at the double D breasts that were bursting over the bra and Rick had to think that this was one big put-on. Chris looked as good as any curvy, well-developed girl he had ever seen with a very attractive feminine face to match.

"I, er, it's... There's a cord just by the back of the door," he managed to babble as he became tongue tied.

Chris smiled a beautiful smile, "Thanks." and then went back into the wet room, closing the door.

That evening, after their meal, Rick apprehensively tried helping Chris to bind his breasts down with bandage to see how well it worked. He also helped cut off several inches of Chris' hair to bring it to shoulder length. Chris dressed himself in the sweater and jeans and cut down his long fingernails. It all made no difference to Rick though; all he could still see was a very pretty girl wearing boys clothes like so many young girls did.



Over the next two evenings Rick kept a lookout on the apartment where Chris had been held for so long, sitting and watching from his car. He had assumed that the three boys may start looking for Chris; not least because they would be worried he may blab to the police. That meant they would all be out of the apartment.

On the Wednesday night he was proved correct as he saw all three leave the apartment together. Rick wasted no time in letting himself in once they were gone and he quickly went to collect whatever he could from Chris's bedroom. As Chris had said, it was all girls stuff. Rick thought it would be no further use to Chris but he took everything. He also looked around the apartment for Chris' cell phone which Wayne had taken from him. He put everything into trash bags.

After several trips from the apartment to the trunk of his car, Rick was making his last foray when he heard a familiar voice.

"Ricky... Ricky Stevens! What you doing around these parts, buddy? Better still, what the fuck are you doing coming out of my apartment?" Wayne looked at a cardboard box containing some clothes and cosmetics that Rick was carrying.

"Collecting these for a friend," Rick replied, turning to the approaching man. "If you are wondering where Chris is, I've got him."

Wayne looked surprised. "Really? Well Christine is actually my property; I spent a lot of money on her so I think you had best return her."

“No mate, you don’t own him at all. I think you need to back off and leave him alone or you will find yourself in big trouble, man,” Rick responded.

Wayne became momentarily silent, pondering, and hesitant.

“Unless you want to try and make something of it? If so, come on over here and see what happens,” Rick challenged.

Wayne knew the bigger man was stronger and tougher than he was and he was too unnerved to rise to the challenge.

“You’ve made a big mistake. You haven’t heard the last of this, Stephens,” Wayne responded as he backed away a little, pointing a threatening finger.

“I better have, or you may end up serving time behind bars, once the cops know what you have been doing,” Rick stated before calmly walking over to the car and putting the box in the trunk.

Closing the trunk, Rick then walked back to where Wayne was standing. “Oh, I think you still have something belonging to Chris, don’t you? Hand me his phone, man,” he asked holding out his hand.

At first, Wayne tried denying that he had it until Rick threatened to search him, then he pushed his hand glumly into his pocket and brought out the phone. There were no further words spoken as Rick got into his car and drove away.

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Chris had looked through the things that Rick had brought back, though he already knew that there was nothing even remotely masculine amongst the

clothes. He would have to continue wearing things that Rick had grabbed from the Goodwill shop.

The two looked at messages that Wayne had been sending from Chris' cell phone. Chris was dismayed to see that messages had already been sent informing his parents that he wanted to have a sex change, photos of him dressing and the voice mail message recorded in the store.

"Wayne obviously did that out of meanness once you went missing," Brett suggested.

"No, the bastard has been sending these from months ago," Chris replied looking at the dates they were sent. Tears rolled down Chris' face as he read some of the replies received from the messages.

Dear Chrissy... your dad and I could never hate you. It is a shock to us and Dad is finding it hard to believe, even though we know you were never the manliest of young men, But we knew you were always attracted to and liked the girls, which is why it is hard to understand your decision. I think Dad was proud to think you were something of a stud.

Please come home. Don't be ashamed, we love you and miss you.

Mom xxx

"So, there you are, Chris. You can go home now. They are missing you and want to see you. They think you want to change sex and they are willing to accept it. You can tell them it was all wrong... that you don't really want to be a girl," Rick suggested.

"There have been no messages sent since I got these," Chris sadly replied, placing his hands to his breasts after wiping away tears. "How can I say it is not what I wanted when I have *these*? How can I face

Mom and Dad when I have a bigger rack than Mom has? And my face... my face has been so altered. I can't, Rick, I would be too embarrassed to face them. I get that you want me out of your hair. I'll move out as soon as I can, but I can't go back home."

"Hey, man. I never said I was pushing you out. You can stay here until we get something sorted out for you," Rick quickly assured him.

Among the things retrieved from the apartment were three boxes full of medication that Rick hadn't even looked at and had just put in with everything else. Chris was now free of Wayne, Josh, and Brett and could start returning to being male but he knew it was not sensible to come immediately off medication, so he took his hormone pills for the first time in three days.



On the Thursday Rick suggested eating out rather than cooking as he was working late, even though Chris had offered to cook a meal ready for him coming home. Rick invited Chris to join him, saying he would pay for both. "You get two meals for the price of one on a Thursday," Rick told his new housemate. "Obviously I've never taken advantage of the offer, living on my own, but I can now."

"What about girls? Don't you have a girlfriend?" Chris inquired.

"No, not for a while. I'm one of those who are unlucky in love and I've been hurt after being dumped more than enough times. I'm happy as I am at the moment. What about you?"

"Oh, I was seeing a girl before I was taken, but nothing serious. I've always had girlfriends. I could

never fend them off,” Chris replied with a smile before realising he wasn’t being diplomatic. “Oh, gosh! I’m sorry; I didn’t mean to come across as though I was bragging,” he added as an afterthought.

“It’s okay. Good on you. I guess it’s with your kinda feminine soft features, I’ve noticed some girls seem attracted to that, if not the polar opposite,” Rick responded.

The two had a good night out together and it was a pleasant change for Rick to have company. The only downside was that Rick noticed that they were attracting a few stares through the night, and not friendly ones. People were looking and making hushed comments.



When the weekend came, Rick told Chris he was driving to see the Titans playing away against the Sharks. Rick was also a Titans supporter but, unlike Chris’ three captors, he was a true fan that travelled to see his team, home and away. Rick never even contemplated that Chris was a Buffalo fan, having seen the tattoos on Chris and the array of Titans supporters clothing in among all he had brought back from the apartment. He didn’t even know that Chris came from Sunnydale.

You can come along with me if you like, Chris. I saw that you had a number of Titans supporters clothing in amongst what I picked up,” Rick offered, “Though I’m guessing that you won’t want to be wearing the team colours skirt or even that cardigan. I do have a supporter’s scarf you can wear, though,” Rick offered, believing he was doing Chris a favour.

Chris knew that he would be alone all day if he stayed back. It was a three and a half hour drive to the Shark's stadium; he really didn't want to be alone in case Wayne, Brett, and Josh had tracked him down and were waiting to pounce.

"Yeah, I'd like that," he accepted.

The day was good and the match was exciting. The Titans won. The only down side was that they had received some strange looks from fellow Titans fans and jeers and rude remarks from Shark supporters, thinking they were a gay couple. They even received looks when they stopped to eat on the way home, just like they had the other night.

Rick reasoned it was because Chris had been so feminised, especially with the cosmetic surgery that people seeing him just assumed he was gay. Because Rick was with him, they also assumed that they were a gay couple. In these parts, homosexuals were still pretty much frowned upon.

In the secrecy of his own mind he wished Chris still dressed and presented himself the way that Rick had first seen him. Then, everyone would presume he had a very attractive sexy girlfriend by his side rather than a boyfriend. He thought if only Chris dressed just for appearance sake, on times they went out together, it would simplify things. But that would be so unfair to Chris.

Rick was too thick-skinned to let it affect him much and abandon Chris to stop people from assuming he was gay himself. Poor Chris had been forced to be like that and it would be unfair to want him to continue that appearance just so that he could save face. He was a macho heterosexual but his attitude was that he wasn't going to be dictated by what shallow-minded people thought.

Chris had seen the looks from people himself, though. The subtle harassment continued through the following week whenever they went out together. It culminated in a group of youths shouting “Faggots” at them. He felt awkward because he was making Rick suffer just because he had shown him kindness and taken him in.

“Just ignore them,” Rick had said. “Words don’t hurt any. If they want to try making more of it, they will regret it.”

Rick’s words had the effect of making Chris feel very safe alongside this big man, a feeling he had never felt before... another man making him feel safe as though he was vulnerable and delicate.

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The next match up for the Titans was another home evening game on a Friday night, Titans versus the Cougars. Again, Rick invited Chris to come along in the belief that he was a true Titans fan.

Chris knew the two of them together was again likely to provoke some unwanted attention or abuse. “No, I think I will sit it out, Rick, but thanks for the invite anyway.”

“Why don’t you want to go? You have nothing else to do this evening,” Rick challenged.

“It’s because of... well, you know. People are assuming we are both gay. I can’t help the way I was made to look with my full lips and shaped eyebrows... but it’s unfair on you and someone may start some trouble.”

“Well, we can deal with it if it happens. Why people are so narrow minded, though, really bugs me. I

mean what if we *were* a gay couple, who would we be harming? I hate bigoted people who cannot let others be what they are. Com'on, I want you to go, it's going to be a good game. The Cougars are really playing well this year and it will be a lot of fun."

Rick won Chris over and Chris went to the bedroom he had been given to start getting ready. He was pleased that Rick was the kind of person not to let people affect him but he knew he would still feel guilty if Rick got any hassle or even beaten up because of him.

Chris sat in front of a mirror. He felt a twinge of excitement; he hadn't done this for nearly two weeks. He began brushing through his shoulder-length blonde hair, then picked up a pencil.

"Hey, Chris, are you nearly ready? You've been ages and I don't want to miss the start of the game or get a bad place in the stands," Rick called up to him.

"Coming," came Chris' voice.

Rick was taken back when Chris made his appearance. "What..! What are you dressed like that for?" he asked.

Chris was wearing his pleated team colour skirt with a pair of dark pantyhose and white high-heeled ankle boots. On top he wore the team cardigan with nothing underneath so that the V of the cardigan revealed full, ample cleavage. His face was fully made-up with sultry eyeshadow and glossy red lipstick. The only thing different from how he looked before was that his blonde hair was now a little shorter

"I thought it may make us less of a target." replied Chris apologetically. "I'll go change if you want."

Rick almost felt a sense of relief. “No, we don’t have time... but you shouldn’t do this just for me. I know what an ordeal it has been for you having to dress and live as a girl. I don’t want you making yourself uncomfortable,” he told Chris.

“I’m okay, really. I kinda got used to dressing like this over the past ten and a half months,” Chris assured his new friend. In actual fact, Chris was secretly revelling in the feel of being dressed as a hot girl again. He had been feeling uncomfortable in the male clothes that Rick had given him.

He had felt compressed and uncomfortable having his breasts bound tightly and sweltered wearing bulky sweaters to hide the bulge of them. Even male pants now felt too warm and restricting on his legs after being used to the coolness and freedom of wearing a dress or a skirt. Socks felt rough and scratchy compared to the softness of nylons and he didn’t even feel right anymore wearing shoes that were flat to the ground; he had become used to walking in heels. Chris felt liberated, though he wasn’t going to confess that to Rick.

Now, as the pair walked side by side to the ground, they were receiving stares of approval and looks of jealousy from men towards Rick. Chris even received a few whistles that made him smile.

“Tell me honestly how you felt having to dress as a girl again,” Rick asked after they had returned home that night.

Chris, who still hadn’t changed out of the things he had worn or removed his makeup, smiled. “Honestly, I felt fine about it. Yes, they forced me to dress as a girl and I had never done so previously, but like I told you, I got used to it. It was very embarrassing going out in public at first but once I realised nobody

was reading me as really being a male, I felt less nervous.”

“Still, I guess it had to be a relief dressing as a guy again, after I got you away from them assholes,” Rick pressed.

Chris didn't answer right away and chewed on the question before replying. “I think I actually felt more comfortable today than any time since I came here.” he finally confessed. “If you were comfortable with me doing so, I think I'd rather dress as a girl all the time and not have to strap down my breasts. It would save us from any abuse or confrontations. But you probably think I'm weird and would feel awkward and uncomfortable around me if I did.”

“No, not at all. Feel free to dress as you like, so long as you are okay with it,” Rick responded. Secretly he was feeling delighted to have that vision again which he had first seen around his home, and not to have people thinking he was gay.

And so Chris did. He had accumulated many more times the amount of girls wear as he'd received men's wear from Rick. He even enjoyed wearing his chemise and robe set on an evening, just to feel comfortable in.

Whether it was because Rick now felt easier with Chris looking like a girl than Chris looking like a gay young man in his company, he took Chris along with him for meals twice the following week and felt a sense of pride at having such an attractive looking woman in his company. He much preferred that people mistook Chris as his girlfriend than his boyfriend.

On the weekend the Titans were on the road again and again Rick intended to follow his team. Now that Chris had returned to dressing every day in female

mode, to feel more comfortable about it, he requested Rick to refer to him as Christine or Chrissie.

Rick had assumed that Chris would want to come along to the game. "We are playing the Trojans today. You'll probably remember that they beat us here early in the season. They are just beneath us, second place in the league, so it's pretty crucial that we beat them."

Owing to his capture and feminisation early in the season, Chris had lost track of much that was happening in the sport but he did remember the Trojans coming to Berkley and beating the Titans. It was the same day that Beth and her gang had taken him out shoplifting and then on to Club Paradise in the evening. It was the time that he had wanked Leroy, and Lucas had buttfucked him from behind.

"It's a heck of a long drive down to Kitson Springs and I don't look forward to making it all the way down there and back again in the same day. If it's okay with you, I have booked us in at a hotel for the night, two rooms, of course."

"I'd love to go for the drive and the game, but are you sure? You spend so much money on me and I am not paying anything back," Chris replied, feeling uncomfortable about Rick paying for him.

"I'm in a good job and there isn't much else I need to spend it on," Rick assured, "So, are you gonna come along? If so, you need to pack an overnight bag."

Apart from the twice he had gone out with Rick for meals, Chris had been stifling indoors all week. He really felt the need to get out of the house, have fresh air and some fun.

“Well, if you are sure, of course I’ll come. I’ll go start getting ready. Incidentally, if Titans and Trojans are the top two, where are the Buffaloes this year?”

“Oh, they are in fourth place. They had a bad start but they seem to be picking up ground now. I’m happy for them to stay where they are, though, aren’t you?”

“Hmm, I guess. I always enjoyed games between them and... us, though,” Chris commented, not feeling ready to let Rick know he was a Buffaloes fan.

Chris was ready by the time Rick wanted to set off. He was wearing a low-cut, short-sleeved top, his supporters skirt and his flesh-coloured fishnet tights and knee-high white boots; his face was fully made up, sporting the teams colours on his eyelids as Beth had done for him once.

In between listening to the car stereo, they talked a lot along the way and Chris learned much about Rick and of the fight he’d had with Wayne, Brett and Josh which led to him leaving the apartment plus lots of tales about the shady deals the three of them got up to. Rick was nothing like any of those three. Chris wondered why he had ever gotten to know and live with them in the first place.

At the game, Chris and Rick stood side by side in a packed stand to watch a thrilling game. It was a little like a tennis match with the Trojans taking an early lead, the Titans equalising only to fall behind again. Then with two good plays, the Titans got ahead, only for the Trojans to hit back. Chris was getting really into the game and feeling both tense and excited.

With six minutes to go, the Trojans had again taken the lead. Chris was willing the Titans team on and shouting each time they made an attack. Then

they scored the tie and both Rick and Chris began leaping in the air, arms waving with the rest of the Titans supporters and chanting, “Go Titans, Go Titans, Go Titans. GO!”

Then, inside the last minute, from nowhere, The Titans attacked and scored to win the game. Chris was thrilled, so thrilled he turned to Rick and leaped into him, throwing his arms around Rick’s muscular shoulders, wrapping his legs around him for grip and kissing him square on the lips.

Rick looked shocked. Chris immediately felt stupid. Rick was totally heterosexual and, in spite of his own appearance, Rick knew Chris was male.

“Oh! I’m sorry, I just got carried away,” Chris quickly apologised, blushing profusely.

“Uh, it’s... it’s okay, I guess. It was a pretty exciting finish, wasn’t it?” Rick replied, trying to brush the incident off. But the kiss had its effect on him. The lovely image in front of him even kissed like a girl, with such soft sweet lips. She even smelled like a girl.

“So... good win, buddy?” Rick continued, trying to clear unwanted thoughts from his head.



At the hotel, they found they had a problem. The previous guest had made a total mess of one of the rooms they had booked and because of the game, the hotel was fully booked.

“We have to close down that room until it is fully serviced, which won’t be until tomorrow,” the receptionist apologised. “However both the rooms you booked are double beds, if you don’t mind sharing? Or I can ring around other hotels nearby to see if they

can accommodate you,” she apprehensively suggested.

The receptionist just took it that she was booking in a male and a female but both Rick and Chris felt embarrassed about having to share a bed together; Rick because he knew Chris was a feminised male and he still had that kiss playing in his head; Chris because he knew Rick would be uneasy with the situation, though he had long since got over any trepidation of sleeping with another man, after all he had been put through.

After a number of calls, the receptionist had to tell them that all the hotels in the area were fully booked up. Rick decided they should just accept the one room and Chris nodded his agreement.

In the room, Rick found spare pillows and a duvet and offered to sleep on the floor.

“No! I can’t allow you to do that, not when it’s you that is paying for the room. I’ll sleep on the floor,” Chris offered.

“And I can’t let a girl sleep on the floor while I sleep in a bed,” Rick countered without thinking.

“I’m... I’m not a girl,” Chris gently reminded with a soft smile.

“Well, in comparison to me you are. You are more girlish than boyish.”

Chris blushed. “That’s because of the hormones I’m taking.”

“You are still taking them? Why didn’t you just stop so the effects would reverse?”

“They don’t reverse completely. I still sport D-cup breasts and I think it better that I look like a girl rather than a guy with tits.”

Rick’s expression became one of pity. “Those bastards! I guess they never thought through just what they were doing to you, ruining your life.”

“My life isn’t ruined, Rick. I’m alive and well. I have met you, who looks after me so much. I’m fit and healthy. Okay, they took my former life away from me but it’s not as though they took my arms or my legs. I still can live a normal life like this.”

After more arguing as to who should sleep on the floor, the two decided on a compromise. They would share the one bed.

Chris looked over to where Rick was standing. “I’m sorry for... for kissing you. You must have been traumatised having this feminised guy kiss you.”

“Nah! It was nothing. It felt nothing like having a guy kiss me. When you are like this, I don’t even see a guy. Even before, you still looked feminine... just in guy clothes,” Rick confessed.

The two of them began to undress for bed. Chris sat in front of the mirror to clean off his make up and brush out his hair. On a whim, he decided to keep the makeup on, believing a more girlish image may make Rick feel less uncomfortable. He then slipped into his chemise and robe.

Slipping under the sheets, Chris waited for Rick to join him so he could turn out the light. As Rick got under the covers and the light went off, Rick wanted to try show Chris he was not at all uneasy sleeping with him, so as to try sparing Chris’ feelings.

He leaned towards Chris and gently pressed his lips to Chris'. "Goodnight," he gently whispered.

Chris was surprised but returned the gesture. "Goodnight Rick, see you in the morning," as he too touched lips. "See you in the morning," Rick repeated, offering another short kiss.

The kiss was followed by another peck of lips, followed by another before the kisses held longer. Then, instead of a straight kiss, their lips rolled together and then there was the touch of tongues. Both of their breathing was now becoming heavier. It was Chris that stopped the kissing.

In a heavy but low voice, Chris asked, "Are you sure you want to continue with this?"

"Are you? You told me you weren't gay yourself," Rick answered in lowered tones.

"Well, I'm not... or I certainly didn't used to be, though after all that I have had to do over the months I don't think I can strictly call myself straight any more," Chris answered with a slight laugh. "But you really *are* straight."

"But when I am with you, I don't feel like I'm with a man. I hope you aren't offended by that? I'm attracted to you."

"No..." Chris replied before kissing him again.

Now it was Rick that broke away. "I want so badly to make love to you. I really am attracted to you... but I've never done anything like this before. I don't know what to do," he confessed with embarrassment.

"Then let me take the lead and show you." Chris pressed his lips heavily to Rick's and thrust his tongue into Rick's mouth as his right hand felt its

way to Rick's groin and his slim fingers wrapped around his growing member.

As Rick became fully erect inside Chris' warm delicate hands, Chris slid down the sheets, then slowly and deftly brought his face towards Rick's penis. He hesitated a moment to make sure that Rick was totally okay with what was about to happen, then gave a little kiss to the head.

Rick's mind was all over the place. Something was screaming inside his head that it was actually another man that was doing this to him, that this was a gay act. Another part of his brain was trying to wash that thought away. It didn't matter, Christine was the most sexy, beautiful, feminine girl he had ever been with.

As soon as Chris' soft lips enclosed around the solid organ and began sucking, Rick was lost; he had never felt anything so wonderful. "Are you sure you haven't always been gay? You are an absolute expert at giving blow jobs," he remarked in short laboured breaths.

"Quite sure. I was far more acquainted with licking out pussy... but I've had a lot of practice since then," Chris replied, taking his mouth away to speak before resuming.

As Chris worked Rick, Rick was in thought. Chris had been straight and yet he had been turned enough to not have any reservations about sucking a man off, he had adapted. He'd had to. Rick couldn't deny he was enormously attracted to his feminised house mate, both in looks and personality. He would love things to work between them. Could he also adapt? Nobody would think he was gay if he was out with Christine as they would see a male/female cou-

ple. And even if they did, so what? His happiness had nothing to do with anyone else.

Rick could feel himself getting close. He wanted to show Chris his feelings and consideration for him. From what he had been told, Chris had been used as a sex toy rather than being allowed to also have his own enjoyment.

He stayed Chris' bobbing head with his hands.

"What's wrong? Aren't you enjoying it?" Chris asked in concern.

"Very much so but I want to give you something to enjoy too. Turn on your front for me."

Chris couldn't believe what Rick was requesting; again he asked the question, "Are you sure?"

Rick was sure except he hadn't a clue on how to go about it. He had never taken a girlfriend doggy style or butt fucked, it was all new to him.

Chris quickly suggested that Rick moisten his fingers and work them into his crack to get some lubrication. It was difficult and not without a few giggles between them but finally Rick inserted himself and began pumping against Chris' full, rounded butt.

Chris felt his own secretion from his much shrunken cock just as Rick dutifully pulled out and sprayed cum all over his back. The feel of the cum hitting his skin surprised Chris.

"Why did you pull out?" he asked.

"You don't want me putting all that mess inside you," Rick answered.

Chris just laughed lightly. “Oh, you are so caring and considerate, Rick,” he said as the older man grabbed a towel and began rubbing Chris’ back clean.

Chris sat up and nuzzled into Rick. “You are so lovely, why couldn’t you have found me sooner?” he asked. Chris then tilted his chin and stretched his neck upwards to seal Rick’s lips with his own.

They sat propped up in bed talking for some time after that. Rick had confessed his feelings for Chris, even as he was, but added, “Have you thought about, you know, going all the way? I don’t mean to sound like Wayne but, well, you have lived for almost eleven months as a girl. You have those lovely breasts which would require surgery itself to get rid of and you are still taking hormones even though you don’t have to and they are keeping you feminine.”

Chris looked at Rick steadily. “You mean change my sex? I know it would be easier for you if I was a real girl, feel more natural if I had a pussy but I’m not a real girl, Rick. I’ve already told you I need to keep on the hormones until I can get rid of these...”

Chris then looked even more steadily at Rick. “But I would keep these and I would continue dressing and living as female just for you, if we were a couple and it made you feel more comfortable being out with me as female rather than male. However shrunken as it is, my cock is the last part of the old me and I don’t want to lose it, not even for you.

“Not even for yourself? So that you felt like a complete person and not a mix between two sexes?” Rick inquired.

>>*<<

Nine Weeks Later

Chris was nervous, he had never been as nervous.

“What do you think they will think of me? Do you think they will disown me? What do you think I should wear? Should I go casual in jeans and a T-shirt or do you think I should get more dressed up?”

“Relax, Christine. They will just be so happy to see you again I’m sure they really won’t care. You are a beautiful feminine flower. Show them that, dress up girly so that you are distinguishable from the old you. You don’t want to show them any links to your past and who you were,” Rick answered.

Rick had worked away at Chris trying to get him to make contact with his parents and family again. He knew that deep in Chris’ heart he wanted nothing more than to set his eyes on them again.

He had suggested to Chris to go along with what Wayne had started rather than opening up a huge can of worms. Say that he was transsexual and wanted to live as a girl but had decided not to go along with the final sex change surgery.

Chris had spoken to his Mom, a long and tearful talk. They had agreed upon a date for Chris to visit his former family home again. It was to be on the Monday, 29th of August, exactly one year to the day that Chris had disappeared from their lives.

Chris had also consulted a doctor and had been properly prescribed female hormones and anti[an-

drogen tablets so that he could have his health properly monitored. He had been registered as a non-transitioning transsexual.

“Oh, Goddamn it!” Chris protested as he sat in front of the vanity mirror putting on his makeup. His nervous fingers had again put a big splodge of mascara at the side of his eye. It needed to be wiped off, spoiling his foundation so that it too needed repairing in that spot.

“Just relax, honey, be calm and take your time,” Rick told him, putting a reassuring arm around Chris’ shoulders.

Eventually the makeup was perfect; Chris now just needed to get dressed.

Wearing a low-cut halter-neck pink satin dress that was short enough to show an expanse of smooth shapely legs adorned in dark hose, Chris held onto the side of the banister to put on his three-inch heeled shoes and pull the strap over his heel.

“How do I look? Am I okay?” he asked in a low soft voice.

“You look ravishing, honey,” Rick told him as he went to place his arms around him and give him a kiss. Chris turned his face so the kiss landed to the side of his mouth. “Not my lips, darling. I don’t want my lipstick spoiled.”

Chris’ last act before going out to join Rick at the car was to thread silver hoop earrings into his ears and then take a deep breath.



It was Rick that got out of the car and went to knock on the Jennings family door as Chris sat nervously inside. It was his Mom who answered and immediately Chris felt his heart go with emotion; tears welled up in his eyes. Mrs. Jennings looked at Rick beyond him, looking to the car.

Nervously, Chris opened the door and unsteadily climbed out, leading with a shapely, nylon-clad leg and placing a high-heeled shoe on the ground. "Mom!" was all that he could muster from his lips, waiting and hoping for a sign, any sign, of acceptance about how he now looked.

He saw the trembling mouth of his mother as she, too, began tearing up. "Chris, my beautiful child," she said as she held her arms out for him to run into.

Chris hugged his Mom tightly. As he opened his eyes briefly, he saw his father, walking on his crutches, approaching the open door. Mr. Jennings was doing his best to take in the total transformation of his former son.

"Dad!" Chris mumbled unsurely.

Mr. Jennings' face had been set but he managed to pull a smile and also offered an embrace. Chris' Mom released her son enough to guide him, with her arm over his shoulder, to where his Dad stood.

"Well, you've changed since I last saw you. I doubt I am ever going to get you to join me working at my automobile repair shop now or come hunting with me," he tried joking.

Last to come through the door, other than the family's pet dog that was wagging his tail in recognition

and yapping for attention, was Chris's younger sister, Janine.

"She smiled, then looked at her Mom. "It's not fair, Mom, she's got bigger boobs than I have," she mockingly complained.

Mom shot her a look but Janine continued. "So, looks like I've got myself a big sister at last to share things with," she said before also giving Chris a hug.

Chris was now feeling much easier. They had seen him and accepted him. There was just one more thing to do.

"Mom, Dad, this is Rick... my boyfriend," Chris introduced. Rick stepped forward and kissed both Mrs. Jennings and Janine on the cheek and shook Mr. Jennings hand. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am... Sir."

Mr. Jennings found it hard to work out what had gone wrong from his son being a real ladies man to now having a boyfriend but he figured he would get used to it... eventually.

Everyone went inside the house. Janine made Rick coffee as Chris and his parents walked out into the big back garden and strolled about, talking. Rick was pleased to see Mrs. Jennings with her arm around Chris' waist and his father with his arm over Chris' shoulder. He knew everything was going to be fine.

Chris was sticking to the story that he had left because he felt different and had felt too ashamed to tell his parents. Wayne and the others were never mentioned. Rick had already worked out how he was going to get the three of them into big trouble with the law to pay them back for what they had done. Chris also spoke highly about Rick to his parents and how Rick had come to his rescue when things were dark and difficult.

His parents were fully supportive of his decision to live as a girl but expressed their disappointment that Chris had never confided with them about his feelings.

Later, the family sat down to eat a roast dinner together at the table. Chris caught his dad looking thoughtfully at him.

“Is everything okay, Dad? You aren’t too disappointed in me, are you?” he asked with a sorrowful pout.

“You are my child and I love you whichever way you decide to go or what decisions you make in life. No I’m not disappointed in you. Well, except for one thing...”

Everyone at the table stopped eating and looked at Chris’ dad as he continued “I can accept you wanting to become a girl... but I cannot accept that you have become a bloody Titans fan.”

Everyone remained silent. Chris blushed furiously, until they saw the smile creeping onto Mr. Jennings’ face, then everyone burst out laughing.

The End.