

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black bikini, is sitting on the edge of a swimming pool. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. The pool has blue mosaic tiles and the water is a vibrant blue. The background is a dark, textured wall.

The beautiful game Part 2 By ds1000

After a bet between two old rivals, Milos found himself pretending to be a woman, playing football for a local women's team. But as Marko discovered the truth, Milos and Coach were forced to work for Marko at his club. But after months of plotting their escape, Milos and Coach were caught trying to escape, finding themselves at the mercy of the psychotic local gangster.

See what becomes of Milos in Part two, where it turns out he's not the only person forced to live pretending to be a woman. Will he escape and get back to his old life? Read on to find out.

Chapter 1 It never rains but it pours

A month after the failed escape, in a strip club in the seedy part of the city, Milos, now known as Candy Doll, shook his booty and worked his pole. This was his punishment, seven nights a week, dancing, and stripping, his only purpose to please a room full of rowdy drunk men. His old life now seemed like a distant memory these day, he felt completely numb inside having lost all hope of ever getting out of his situation, living in a nightmare, he seductively moved his body to the beat of the awful music and tried to block out the onlooking stares from the horny men below.



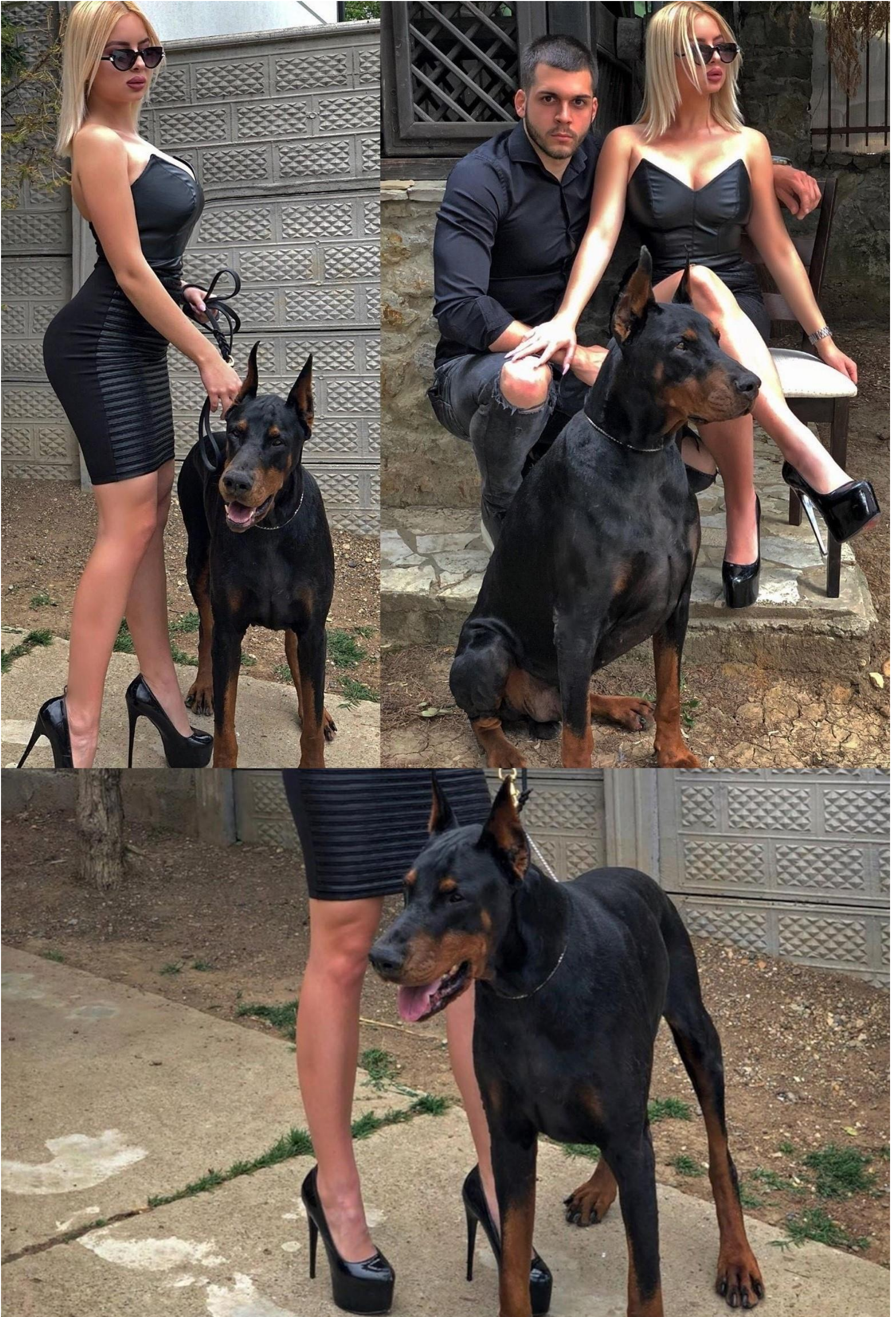
As he strutted and twirled night after night, he wondered what had become of Coach, he hadn't seen him since the night of the escape. He hoped he was OK, but deep down knew that he was probably not the case. He often thought back on the failed escape attempt and cursed himself for not being smarter and for not being better prepared. he knew exactly why it had failed as Marko, loved telling the story to his boys every chance he got. he would rejoice in the tale of how he had outsmarted his onetime rival, setting him up by planting the seed of the escape in his mind, talking about where he kept his car keys, letting him oversee

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the combination to the safe and the cherry on top, making Coach believe, he would be away every Thursday evening, giving him the perfect opportunity to bring it all together. Milos had heard the story many times and each time he felt just as stupid and angry as the last.

His new home was Marko's mansion, but he was treated more like a prisoner than a guest. Every day, he was forced to dress up in some demeaning outfit and be at the beck and call of Marko. He was also expected to be by his side at all times and had become nothing more than arm candy, a silent blonde bimbo that followed Marko about and obeyed his every command, and Marko could be cruel, always thinking up some new humiliating task for Milos to perform.

The latest task he was given was to look after Marko's dog, Brutus, Milos had to be with the dog at all times, when not at the club. He was tasked with feeding and bathing the huge muscley Doberman but by far the worst task, was having to walk the incredibly strong beast three times a day, it would be hard enough for anyone to direct the huge animal, but it was almost impossible doing it in tiny mini dresses and towering platform heels as the dog dragged Milos around as he stumbled along behind, gripping on to the lead tightly with his impractically long nails, desperately trying to keep his balance.



This was Milos' life now, day after day, a prisoner in his own body, no choice but to try and keep Marko happy if he wanted to stay alive until one night, he received a glimmer of hope.

With his feet aching and his legs sore having danced for hours on his pole, feeling sick to his stomach, being ogled, and lusted over by a bunch of horny men, Milos was given a short break to freshen up and get himself a drink. He was mincing towards the bar, on his ridiculously tall stripper heels, when someone approached him from behind.

"Milena Ivanovic, former star of the Tigers, the woman who singlehandedly won her team the cup, only to mysteriously vanish, working the pole in a seedy part of town, now there's got to be a story behind that".

Milos turned to see a short blonde-haired man in a crème-coloured suit. "Who are you and how do you know so much about me?" Milos asked

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. My name is Aleksander Petrovic, but please, call me Alek. I work for a small online news outlet and I want to hear your story Miss Ivanovic"

"My story, there's nothing to tell" Milos said, nervously.

"Well, we both know that isn't true now, don't we Miss Ivanovic? I don't know exactly what Marko Mitic, has over you, but I know something strange is going on here. I have a cousin that works in the cloakroom upstairs. She is a big football fan like me and recognised you the moment you started working here. Thinking you might be in some sort of trouble, she gave me a called" Alek said giving Milos a little smile, "I've been watching you for a few weeks now and what you're going through here is terrible, let me help you, Miss Ivanovic".

"I, I, I'm fine, you need to leave Alek, I don't want any trouble", Milos said worried as Olga, who had been staring at them the whole time they had been speaking, was now making her way over.

"As you wish Milena, but I'm not going to drop this, I will get to the bottom of what's going on here".

"The bottom of what?" Olga said, as she stopped next to Milos.

"Milena and I were having a private conversation, so if you wouldn't mind"? Alek said, as two large men came over and stood either side of him.

"Milena? there is no Milena here, this is Candy Doll and if you want to talk to her, you'll have to pay the going rate", Olga replied.

Vlad a large man, patted Alex down, found a wallet in his jacket pocket, took out an ID card and handed it to Olga. "Hey, you can't just take a man's wallet without his permission", Alek said.

"I just did, Mr Petrovic", Olga said looking down at the ID card, "A reporter I see. Well, there is no story here, just an honest club with honest workers, trying to make a living. Now, I suggest you mind your own business. If I ever see your face in this club again, harassing my staff, it may just be the last time anybody sees you, I hope I've made myself clear enough for you Mr Petrovic" Olga said looking Alek in the eyes with a very serious look on her face, "Vlad, please show Mr Petrovic to the exit".



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Vlad leaned forward to grab Alek shoulder. "I can find my own way out", Alek said as he moved out of the way of Vlad's hand, "I'm not going to drop this, I know something is going on here and I will find out the truth" Alek said, smiling at Milos before he turned to leave.

Milos looked at Olga sheepishly, "I don't know who he is, he just started talking to me".

"I know Candy Doll, don't worry but your break is over, now get back to the pole". Olga said sternly.

"What? but I've just come off it, I haven't even used the bathroom", Milos said shocked.

"Right now, Candy, before I give Marko a call". Milos slowly made his way back to the pole, cursing his luck at bumping into Alek the reporter.

Two weeks later, sat outside, on the little balcony outside the living room, Milos had a rare moment of alone time and was sat reflecting on what had become of his life. It was a cool if not a little chilly day, the sun was poking through the clouds, the birds were chirping, and he could see some children kicking a football about in a park in the distance. In other circumstances it would have been a lovely place to sit and relax, taking in the breath-taking views of the city and the mountains behind, but it was tough to appreciate in his current predicament as Milos' knew he would soon be taken to the strip club, where he would be treated like a piece of meat, by a horde of disgusting men, as he swished about and degraded himself until his legs lost all feeling. He felt so trapped, there seemed like no hope of ever going back to his old life, and lately as he sat out on the balcony the thought of throwing himself off often crept into his head. If the balcony had been a little higher, he probably would have hurled himself off already, but with it being on the third floor, he would probably just break a leg, but even that thought didn't seem too bad, at least he would get a few weeks break from the pole.

As a gust of wind blew in, sending a chill down his smooth waxed legs, Milos place his hands into the pockets of his fur jacket to stay, only to feel a piece of paper inside, quickly taking it out, he found a note. Glancing back into the living room he saw Olga lying on the sofa watching some reality TV show and not wanting her to see him read it, Milos stood up and moved into the corner of the balcony, out of sight of Olga.



Clutching the note in his colourful long nails, Milos read started reading it. "Milena, I know you are scared, but I promise I can help you, meeting up is a little difficult right now, but answer me this one question, are you being held against your will? Write your answer on the back of this paper and leave it in the pocket of your coat, next time you go to the club, it will get back to me.". The note was signed A, A for Alek he assumed. Taken aback by the note, Milos didn't know what to think, when was the last time he had worn this coat? He thought about the outfits he had worn recently and worked out that he had only worn this coat one since he'd met Alek at the club, and that was six days ago.

What was he going to do? Was it another trap? What would Marko do if he found out? But then again what was there left to do, Marko had already taken everything from him.

With nothing to lose Milos, took his handbag that was sat on a nearby table and located a lipstick, the same colour that coated his pouty enhanced lips, and wrote one word on the paper, "YES", he then carefully folded the paper twice before placing it back into the same pocket he had found it.

That evening, as he tottered into the neon lit entrance of his version of hell on Earth, Milos passed his jacket to a cute blonde girl in the cloakroom, she gave him a little nod and he returned the gesture, she then gave him a knowing look smiled and walked away to hang his jacket.

Hoping he wouldn't live to regret that decision, Milos descended the steep staircase to the club beneath, careful not to fall on his 6- inch platform pumps, but whatever was about to happen, for the first time in a long time, he had a glimmer of hope that perhaps his future wasn't going to be as dire as the one he had resigned himself to just a few hours ago.

Chapter 2 Out of the frying pan and into the fire

A week past and having excitedly checked his pockets each evening. upon getting his jacket back from the cloakroom, so far all he had found was empty pockets and a growing felling of disappointment as he started to think that perhaps Alek was all talk or had decided helping him would be too much hassle.

In the meantime, all the demeaning and soul crushing day to day activities he was forced to endure continued, walking Brutus, cleaning Marko's cars, gardening, and many more jobs and tasks, all whilst wearing tiny impractical outfits and sky-high heels.

Even more worrying for Milos, this week Marko seemed to be paying more attention to him than usual. It started off with the stares from afar, Marko had always kept an eye on him but in the last week or so, he had started watching him more often, gazing at him as he did his jobs and even while dancing the pole.

The next thing to change was when Marko asked Milos to join him for lunch at the table one afternoon. He had just been given leftovers in his room up until that point but now he was eating every meal with Marko as he tried to act nice as Marko made conversation.

After that Marko started inviting him along to business meetings and trips to the park, there as it seemed to make Marko look good and with his surgically enhanced body, he definitely looked the part.

It just kept getting worse for the feminised man, with things taking a turn for the worse a few days ago, when he was told to join Marko in the hot tub. Feeling very vulnerable wearing a little blue bikini, Milos was forced to give Marko's a massage.

To begin with working on his shoulders and back wasn't too bad but soon his hands were pushed lower and lower until he found himself stroking Marko's very erect penis through his trunks. Before he knew what was happening Marko had grabbed him and was kissing him passionately, rubbing his hands all over his body and untying the back of his bikini.

He let his mind wander as he tried to imagine he was somewhere else as Marko removed his top and played with his huge breasts and suckled on his nipples.

Bringing Marko to a climax, Milos looked away not wanting to think about what he had just done or look at Marko who was staring right at him with a beaming smile.

Milos hoped it would be a one off, but that was just wishful thinking as the hot tub sessions became a regular daily activity.

If it wasn't bad enough that Milos was being forced to provide sexual pleasure the devil himself, he also getting a feeling of deva vu, the last time Marko had started to pay close attention to him was when he and Coach were planning their escape. He hoped the timing was purely coincidental and not a sign that Marko knew about the note he had sent to Alek. He couldn't be sure either way but planned to be extra careful just in case.



The day started off badly, after waking up at 8am to walk Brutus, meaning he had only had about 4 hours sleep, Milos looked out the window to see it pouring down with rain. He went through his routine of getting dressed and doing his makeup before locating Brutus chained up outside. In the torrential rain his umbrella did little to keep him dry as the huge dog dragged him about as he tottered along behind looking utterly ridiculous. An hour later back in the house, soaked through and freezing, Milos entered the house, clutching his right hand to find Olga in the living room. She looked up as he entered, "Hm, not the best weather for dog walking", she said before noticing his hand, "What happened to your hand"? She asked not sounding overly concerned.

Milos looked down at his throbbing hand, "I fell and broke a couple of nails", he said.

He had always thought nothing of it, in the past when a girl said she had broken a nail but now having experienced it for himself, he had an entirely different feeling about it. Landing on his acrylic nail tips, which were bonded to his real nails, was exceptionally painful as his nails below cracked and tore.

Olga looked at him with what seemed like a touch of sympathy, out of character from her usual robotic character, "You go take a shower and warm up", she said, "then we'll fix up those nails".

Milos hadn't seen Sonja in a while, which was a good thing in his mind. The new football season was now well underway, and she was performing well for the Wolves and scoring lots of goals, so when she turned up mid-afternoon the sight of her was almost as painful as breaking his nails.

After a few hours of insults and degrading comments, Sonja had fixed his nails and even added some long blonde hair extensions, which she clipped and blended in to look natural.

As Milos sat on his back while Sonja refilled his eyelash extensions, he tried not to listen as she talked away and ran her mouth, "You know you're lucky really, getting pampered like this, if I was Marko, I would have just locked you away somewhere". She said smugly as Milos didn't respond.

"But I guess he likes you looking like a slut, after all that is all you are good for, right? you never were as talented as me when it came to football", she said as Milos fought back the urge to scream at her.

With the beauty session over, before she left, Sonja insisted, for old times' sake to pick out his outfit for the evening. She seemed to delight in pawing through all his skimpy outfits, making comments about how well they suited him and the thoughts he must induce in the minds of every man who saw him wearing them. She settled on probably the most revealing top in his collection, a small pink top with straps that criss-crossed across his chest, that would barely contain his enormous breasts. The rest of his outfit consisted of a pair of tiny white short shorts, that would no doubt hug his plump rear like a second skin, a little matching white jacket, and a pair of sky-high white platform sandals.

Entering the club that evening, he noticed Alek's cousin in the cloakroom. She nodded at him as she took his jacket as Milos' eyes lit up wondering if that meant a note would be waiting for him later that evening. She smiled at him before walking away with his jacket leaving him feeling almost naked in his tiny top, until he realised what a crazy thought that was. Soon he would be topless, up on his pole going through the motions, a fake smile plastered on his face as he wiggled and thrust his body to the beat of the club music.

At two in the morning, absolutely exhausted, Milos stumbled up the stairs ready to get out of the repulsive club. The blonde girl in the cloakroom, upon seeing him rushed off, she returned in the blink of an eye and handed him his jacket along with her trademark smile. Tonight, the smile was accompanied with a wink, confirming Milos' earlier thoughts, and filling him with a sudden burst of energy. He wanted to jump up and down, smile or show any kind of reaction but with Olga waiting for him by the door, he just mumbled a thank you and trotted off towards the car, waiting to take him home.

Stepping out onto the pavement with a click, the cold night air assaulted him in his revealing outfit, he pulled his jacket tight, using this as an opportunity to place his hands in the jacket pockets. The pockets were small, too small for his hand to fit in entirely, but enough to feel about. Unable to prevent a little smile forming on his lips, he felt a small piece of paper as he wiggled his acrylic claws along the bottom of his right jacket pocket. The ride back to Marko's mansion that followed was excruciating as he wanted desperately to take out the note and read the message, He instead tried to act natural, which meant pouting and looking miserable. Not wanting to appear suspicious in any way.

Back in the house, Milos went straight to his bedroom as he usually did after a long shift, he took his arms from the sleeves of the tight jacket, so he could reach in and carefully fish out the note using the tips of his long pink nails. With his heart beating and adrenaline flowing through his body, he quickly opened up the note with shaking hands. "We need to meet; I have to hear your story. People need to know what is happening to you. When and where can we see each other? I'm going to help you Milena, that piece of shit Marko is not going to get away with this, together we are going to put that vile criminal behind bars, where he belongs".

Just as he finished reading, the door to his bedroom flew open as Olga burst in. He quickly stuffed the note down the front of his shorts and put his hands on his hips. She gave him an odd look. "What are you doing it's time to sleep", she said.



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“Nothing, just getting some air, Ok I’ll get changed and take off my makeup”, Milos replied, trying not to look guilty, his mind completely focussed on the message tucked away in his satin panties. Olga grunted, nodded her head, and turned to leave.

Still shaking after the narrow escape, Milos decided to leave the note where it was for the time being, not wanting to risk Olga walking in on him again while writing his reply. Beside he needed time to think about how he was going to respond, finally being contacted again by Alek, filled him with hope but also worried him as he had no idea how they were going to find a time where they could meet up and talk.

The very next evening upon entering the club, Milos handed over his coat along with his reply to the smiling blonde cloakroom attendant. Written in red lipstick, it said, “Meeting is not going to be easy. He watches me wherever I go, the only time I am ever alone, is when I’m in my room at night, getting changed in the backroom of the club or when I use the bathroom”.

He had to wait four antagonizing long days for a reply as he again worried that Alek had given up on him. Perhaps he should have thought about his reply more carefully but even days later after thinking it over for hours on end, he still couldn’t think of a way to get away from the watchful eye of Marko or Olga to

When he finally received a reply, he was more than a little relieved even if the message wasn’t exactly what he wanted to see, it read, “It is a tricky situation, I tried to get into the club the other evening to see you but security on the door recognised me instantly. They roughed me up a little, threw me out and warned me about returning. But don’t worry I am not going to let you down; I promise, give me a little time, I’ll find a way to get to you”.

A week past with no further communication and to make matters worse, Marko was now giving him constant attention, not only had their time alone together escalated to even more demeaning sexual acts but he was also being pleasant and complimentary, asking Milos how his day was? or telling him his hair looked nice. It was almost as though Marko was treating him like his girlfriend, a thought that repulsed Milos and reinforced his desire to help Alek take him down,

Halfway through the next week there was a knock-on Milos’ bedroom door. After a few seconds expecting someone to just barge in on him, as they always did, he realised the person knocking was waiting for him to invite them in. Milos walked over and slowly opened the door to find Marko smiling and holding a bag “Candy, I hope I’m not disturbing you, can I come in”?

Milos was taken aback by at the question, nobody had ever cared about his privacy or his opinion in all the time he had been forced to live there “Oh, um, no, ah I mean yes, come in”, Milos said stuttering. Milos opened the door, walked towards his window before stopping to look at Marko. Marko followed him in, stopped in the centre of the room, smiled, and looked Milos up and down, sending a shiver down the feminised boy’s spine. “You’ve been a good girl recently Candy, and I think I’ve punished you long enough so tonight, instead of working, I’m taking you out to the best restaurant in the city. What do you say”?

Going out alone with Marko was not exactly top of Milos’ wish list, but with the alternative, a night of topless dancing and a most likely angry Marko, he accepted the offer. “dinner, err, sure”.

“Great, put this on and meet me downstairs in half an hour, I’m looking forward to it”. Marko said handing Milos the bag in his hand before leaving.

Opening the bag, he found a long red sparkly dress, covered in sequins with a slit up the right leg that finished mid-thigh. It was sleeveless, held up by two thin straps, and had a rather low-cut V design the front, meaning Milos was going to be showing a lot of leg and cleavage that evening. With his makeup already done, Milos slipped on the gown, touched up his face and found a pair of heels that matched the dress.



Thirty minutes later, Milos descended the central staircase of the mansion, carefully on his tall platform pumps. Marko waiting at the bottom eyed him up as he descended. Confused as to what was happening, Milos accepted a red rose from Marko that match his dress, and a kiss on his plump red painted lips.

Marko ran his hands slowly down the sides of Milos’ tight form fitting gown. “Very sexy, Candy Doll”, he said, as he took a hold of his hand and led him out to the waiting car.

Before entering the restaurant, Milos was asked to model for Marko as he took great delight in snapping picture after picture of Milos posing, Milos tried not to show his frustration or anger and like always gave Marko what he wanted.

After what seemed like forever, Marko was satisfied and escorted him inside where they were seated by the window.

The restaurant was very romantic, with its piano music and superb views of the city skyline as Milos thought about how amazing it would have been in the past to come here on a date, that is, if he were the one being accompanied by a beautiful blonde babe and not one himself.

Marko did the ordering and most of the talking. “So, Candy, I’m happy you have adjusted to your new life” Marko said, looking Milos in the eyes. “I’m a man true to my word, and I’ve decided to forgive you for trying to run away from me”.

Milos just sat there and looked at Marko, thinking this must be some sort of trick, as Marko continued. “From now on, you will no longer dance the on that pole, I’m moving you to my premier club where you will be the floor manager and number one hostess, you will show our most important VIP guests to their tables and make sure they are taken care of, this is a much more suitable position for my girlfriend”. The last

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statement caused Milos to choke on his champagne, spitting it back into his glass as Marko looked slightly angered by his reaction, "Unless that's not what you want"? boomed Marko.

Regaining his composure, "No, of course not", Milos said, now a little scared of the angry gangster in front of him. "I'd be honoured to be you girlfriend", Milos said, forcing the words out, feeling as though he was about to vomit." I just need to use the bathroom, is that OK"?

Marko smiled, "Of course my Doll, but don't be long".

Milos tottered across the crowded room as quickly as his 6-inch heels allowed, went straight into a bathroom stall, and threw back up the seafood starter he had just eaten.

After a moment to compose himself, he made his way over to the sink to freshen up, after splashing some water on his face and re applying his lipstick, he looked at his feminised image in the bathroom mirror.



The person staring back at him was the epitome of a living barbie doll as his mind still tried to process that he was looking at himself. He was no longer Milos Ivanovic, he was now Candy Doll, former pole dancer and gangster's girlfriend.

All his life he had cursed his luck at the hand fate had dealt him, wishing to be someone else, but in that moment, staring at the blonde bimbo in the bathroom mirror, spilling out of her form fitting sparky dress, balancing on tall impractical platform pumps, he would have done anything just to go back to his old self.

Life changed for Milos after that evening out with Marko, and not for the better, sure he didn't have to degrade himself every evening stripping in a steady neon lit hell hole, but instead he was forced to spend most evenings in Marko's bed as his personal plaything.

The only positive was that other men didn't look at him with lust in their eyes like they used to anymore, they started treating him with respect, as he now belonged to Marko and everybody knew it, but this came as little consolation for the evenings spent making full use of his pouty lips and being penetrated by the man he hated most in the world, the man who had destroyed his life and done god knows what to his friend and father figure Coach.

Chapter 3 – Did somebody call for a hero?

As much as Milos had despised his life as a pole dancer, if he were given the choice to go back, he in hindsight, compare to life now, given the choice he would happily go back. Marko was now treating him like his girlfriend, a very poorly treated one, and Milos hated it, with the sexual appetite of a horny teenager, Marko was never quite satisfied and with Milos acting as his personal sex doll, multiple times a day, he was forced to provide oral pleasure, be it in the club, the hot tub or anywhere else Marko demanded, this meant, apart from the times when Milos was working, he was expected to always be by Marko's side.



At least his job as a club manager was a massive improvement to what he had previously been forced to do, He had been moved to a much bigger club in a nicer part of the city, where the clientele were young party goers and not creepy sex pests. After being dropped off at the club, he was mostly left to do what he wanted, albeit under the watchful eye of Olga. The downside to the new club, was he no longer knew how to contact Alek, with his only connection to him, the cloakroom attendant in the strip club, no longer accessible.



After a few weeks getting used to his new role in life and a growing feeling of frustration and boredom, Milos decided to actually do some work while at the club, if nothing else it made the time pass quicker and it was actually a nice feeling knowing he had made somebodies night a little better, after all most of the people in the club didn't know it was owned by the devil, they were just out trying to have a good time.

The worst part of his new job was catering to all rich arseholes in the VIP section, which consisted of Marko's business associates and friends. Milos didn't like socializing with them but would do his best to smile and make sure they were taken care of, bringing them complimentary bottles of champagne, and arranging for the delivery of anything else they needed, drugs, girls, or anything else they desired.

On a Friday night around 11.30, dressed in a tight sparkly black mini-dress, black tights, and ankle breaking over the knee boots, that hugged his legs like a second skin, Milos stood by the entrance to the VIP section, greeting the guests as they arrived down the small staircase above him. He rocked gently from one towering shoe to the other, trying to ease the pressure on his aching feet. He could now stand and walk in heels all evening without stumbling or falling but that didn't mean he was immune to the pain they caused

Feeling a little tired that evening, having been kept up by Marko most of the previous one. Still nursing a hangover, from the previous night of drinking, he raked his long nails across the top of his scalp, through his long blond hair, enjoying the comforting feeling as he heard the familiar sound of clumpy footsteps descending down the metal steps in front of him.

As Milos, glanced up ready to greet the guest, his eyes were met with a rather intense looking figure, standing in the middle of the staircase, posing with one hand placed on her hip and staring right at him.

She was dressed in a pair of ripped jeans, a white T-shirt with the superman logo concealed by a small red jacket. On her feet were red open toe wedge pumps which she was clearly not accustomed to walking on that showed off her toenails, painted the same shade as her short fingernails. She had long black hair, that shined oddly in the light looking almost synthetic, and she wore minimal makeup apart from her red shiny lips.

There was something familiar and a little odd about this woman, but Milos smiled at her, the way he greeted all guests, the woman smiled back. She then made her way towards him, looking very awkward in her wedge heels as she gingerly navigated the final few steps, looking like she was about to fall.

Milos looked on as the woman stumbled towards him wondering if she had perhaps had a little too much to drink and whether or not, he was going to have to call over one of the bouncers to take her away.

She stopped right in front him and leaned in close as Milos got a nose full of strong flowery perfume. She whispered in a rather deep voice, "Milena, I'm sorry it took me so long to find you, it wasn't easy after you moved clubs".

Milos' mouth dropped open in shock, he recognised that voice, and now looking closely at the face in front of him, he also recognised that nose. "Alek"? Milos said in utter shock.

"Shhhh, not so loud, I'm trying not to be recognised", Alek said with a little smile.

"I don't understand, why are you dressed like this"? Milos asked.

"Well, it seems Marko has me banned from entering all his clubs, so having promised to help you, I needed a disguise. My cousin Anja, you know her from the cloakroom, helped me. I think she did a rather good job, but I'm not sure about these shoes", Alek said lifting his left leg to show Milos his tall wedge heels. "they are not the easiest to walk in".

"Yeah, they take some getting used to"? Milos said, feeling slightly overwhelmed that Alek had dressed up as a woman voluntarily to help him.

"Can we talk here", Alek said looking around.

"No, Olga will see us, you know, the woman that had you kicked out last time we spoke" Milos said as he spotted Olga about 20 meters away looking right at him, "shit, she's just spotted us, don't look, she's staring right this way".

Alek suddenly looked a little nervous, "what do we do"? he asked.

"Just act natural, like a woman trying her luck at getting into the VIP section, it happens all the time, in a second I'll turn you away, act a little upset when you leave, OK? I'll meet you in the ladies' room in ten minutes", Milos said



Alek nodded as Milos pointed and loudly said, "sorry Miss, this section is for VIP guests only, you'll need to leave". Alek threw his hands in the air, looking more comical than angry, before turning on his ramped shoes, stomping up the metal steps and stumbling away awkwardly into the crowd. Milos shook his head in disbelief, his uneventful quiet evening had just become a lot more interesting.

Ten minutes later, leaning against the bathroom counter, Milos rested his feet, as he watched Alek, stumble in through the door. Seeing him in the light of the bathroom was even more shocking than in the dim lighting of the club. His cousin hadn't done a bad job dressing disguising him, but close up it was obvious he was a man.

Alek locked the door behind him and spoke first "OK, we don't have much time before someone wants to get in here. Tell me what the hell is going on here? How did you end up in this situation"?

Milos took a deep breath, before telling Alek his story. He told him about Coach's bet with Marko, how he had been forced to work at the club and all of the other things Marko had forced him to do. He tried to give him as much detail as possible but left out the part about him being a man called Milos worried Alek might reconsider wanting to help him if he knew that part.

Upon hearing the story, Alek fell silent deep in thought as if something didn't quite add up. "What I don't understand is, why did Marko go after you, if it was Coach who made the bet? How are you connected to this"?

Milos didn't want to lie but came up with something that sounded plausible. "I don't know, he's a psychopath, perhaps it's because I scored all those goals and cost Marko the bet".

Alek seemed to buy it, "Yeah that makes sense, do you know what happened to Coach"? Alek asked. Milos fell silent for a moment as he started to tear up. "I don't know for sure, but I think Marko killed him".

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Seeing Milos in distress, Alek stepped over and wrapped his arms around him. He held him for around thirty seconds before someone tried the door handle. Upon discovering it was locked they started banging on the door.

“We can’t talk now, we need to meet another time, I’m here every day, but if you’re going to disguise yourself like this again, you might need to get some professional help, you look OK from a distance but up close it obvious you’re a man”.

“Really”, Alek looked disappointed. “I thought I passed”.

“Anyway, there’s no time for this now, hide in there and sneak out when I’m gone”, Milos said pointing to one of the empty stalls.

“OK, we’ll speak again soon, in the meantime keep your eyes and ears open for any incriminating evidence we can use against Marko, try to stay positive, you’re going to get through this Milena”, Alek said as his red lips smiled widely.

Milos watched Alek entered an empty stall and lock the door before he walked over and opened the bathroom door. Outside was an angry looking woman. “Why is the door locked”? demanded the woman.

Milos smiled “I’m sorry Miss, I’m the manager here, it seems we’re having some issues with the toilets tonight, some customers are reposting the toilets suddenly exploding and covering them with sewerage. Feel free to take your chances but, I’d recommend using the restrooms by the DJ booth”, he said. The woman looked absolutely disgusted with what he said, before turning and walking away.

With the coast clear Milos started making his way back towards his spot outside the VIP area only to accidentally catch Marko’s eye sat on a sofa directly opposite him. Marko waved his hand, indicating for Milos to join him on the sofa. He was greeted with a kiss on the lips as a hand cupped his left breast, giving it a hefty squeeze. “Pour yourself a drink doll and relax for a bit”, Marko said and then all but ignored him as he continued chatting with the two men to his right.

Milos folded his legs and stared at the bathroom door; he had just exited. Waiting for Alek to come out. He didn’t have to wait long before it opened, Alek poked his head out and looked around suspiciously as Milos glanced at Marko, who was luckily too busy chatting to notice the strange sight in front of him.

Finding the coast clear Alek pushed a strand of fake hair out of his face, straightened his little red jacket before staggering off across the room. “My god”, Milos thought as he watched the crossdressed man make his way towards the exit, “he’s going to get us both killed”.



Chapter 4 Motive

After the meeting with Alek, Milos once again had hope that one day soon, he might escape the clutches of Marko and return to some sort of normal life. After all, if Alek was willing to disguise himself as a woman in order to meet him, he must be fully committed to helping him, perhaps there was a way out of this situation yet.

In order to help get through the days, Milos came up with a scenario in his head. He imagined himself to be a spy sent to infiltrate Marko's empire and bring him to justice. He would listen carefully to conversations between Marko and his friends and make mental notes of anything unusual or incriminating. It felt good to have a secret mission that Marko didn't know about, he felt like James Bond, it's just a shame he looked more like a Bond girl.

It was another week before he got the chance to speak with Alek again. It was a Saturday evening and Milos had spent most of the day in a posh beauty salon, being pampered. Having his hair styled by a professional was a new experience for Milos and he had been nervous throughout, unsure of how to respond as the stylist nattered away, firing question after question at him. But with the alternative a date with Sonja, Milos wasn't going to complain. Now that he was officially dating Marko, he could request certain things and get certain privileges. The first thing he told Marko was how much he despised Sonja and asked to never see her again and to Milos' surprise, Marko said it was fine.

Sat in Marko's car outside the club, ready for what was surely going to be a busy Saturday night, Milos checked his reflection in the passenger's side mirror. His hair now reached almost down to his plump backside and this time the extensions were woven into his hair, meaning he couldn't just take them out at the end of the night. The woman at the salon had warned him it was going to take a lot longer to wash and care for his hair from now on, but with Marko requesting them, it was just going to be another annoyance to add to the long list of things he hated doing each day.

Milos stepped out of the car, in his tight satin mini-dress, and took a few tentative steps in his new heels. This new pair that Marko had given him didn't have much support around the toes, causing the front of his foot to slip around inside. Taking tiny mincing steps, he tottered around the front of the car and over to a waiting Marko, who held his arms open as Milos, reluctantly embraced him. The sloppy kiss and the fingers running along his outline of his thigh through the shiny material of his dress, caused Milos' stomach to turn, but he didn't resist, he just relaxed and surrendered, closing his eyes, and trying to imagine he was kissing a beautiful woman, albeit difficult with Marko's beard scratching his smooth face. Thankful as Marko released him, as the feeling of Marko's shaft pressing into his upper leg was more than a little disturbing.



Three hours later and drunk enough to have blocked the kiss from his memory, Milos was behind the bar checking to see if everything was OK, when from his left-hand side, a blonde girl spoke in a quiet voice "Milena, it's me Anja, from the cloakroom, do you remember me"?

Milos a little surprised to see her and looked at her puzzled, "Yes, of course Anja but what are you doing here"?

"Well, there was a job advertised for bar staff, so I applied, today is my first day", Anya said smiling.

"Wow that's great, having you here will be such a massive help", Milos said smiling

"That's the idea", Anya replied, "another pair eyes to watch Marko and see what he gets up to".

Milos took her hand and gave it a little squeeze, "Thank you Anja, it means a lot, but just be careful ok, don't talk to anyone else about this OK"?

"Of course, I know what's at stake, I'll be careful I promise" Anja replied sincerely, "Oh that reminds me my cousin is in the changing rooms at the back of the club".

"Alek is here"? Milos asked trying to control his sudden excitement as his heartbeat quickened, feeling adrenaline coursing through his veins.

"Yes, I let him in, Milena, you should go and talk to him before someone discovers him".

"OK, thanks Anja, I'll head back there as soon as the coast is clear, let me know if you need any help settling into your new job and one more thing, you better call me Candy from now on, we don't want to draw suspicion".

"Oh, sure, I'll remember and thanks for the offer to help I'm sure I'll take you up on it later", Anya replied as a customer approached and she headed over to serve them. With the conversation over Milos looked around, Olga was nowhere to be seen and Marko was up in his office, giving Milos the opportunity, he needed to sneak off and meet Alek.

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Milos quickly headed back behind the bar, still uncomfortable in his heeled sandals. Milos hoped Alek would have some good news for him as he made his way to the room the girl's used before work to change, it was the perfect place to meet, with everyone now on their shift they were unlikely to be disturbed.

Entering he spotted Alek immediately, pretty hard to miss sat with his legs up on the shiny red Sofa. Milos closed the door and stood looking at the crossdressed man.

Alek had definitely done some work on his disguise, he now looked a lot more convincing as a woman, his makeup looked like it had been applied by someone, who knew what they were doing, and his eyebrows looked as though they had been slightly shaped.

A smile formed on Alek's red lips as he lifted an arm up to make a seductive pose, "So what do you think of the look, better than last time? I've been practising"

"I can tell", replied Milos, impressed as he scanned his outfit, looking him up and down from the same tall wedge sandals, he had worn last time, on his feet to the short black and white dress, displaying a hint of cleavage peeking out through the deep v shaped top.

"So, any news"? Alek said getting straight to the point. Milos walked over and sat down next to him, as Alek swivelled his smooth legs out of the way.

"Nothing much I'm afraid, I've been listening out for information and trying to remember the faces of all the people he meets, but Marko is always so careful with what he says around me. How about you? Anything new from your end"?

"I've got a plan to get you out of here but to be rid of Marko for good, we need some evidence we can use against him. We can't let him get away with what he's done, he needs to rot in prison", Alek said in a serious almost angry tone.

Milos looked at Alek's perfectly made-up face and got the feeling there was something he wasn't telling him. "Alek", Milos said looking him in the eyes, "Tell me the truth, why are you really helping me, it can't just be out of the goodness of your heart, not many men would put on a mini-dress and high heels without a really good reason".

Alek paused and looked away for a moment before he turned back to face Milos once more. "OK, you're right and you deserve to know the truth. This is personal for me, have you heard of Roman Isamov"?

Milos looked at him oddly and nodded to indicate he had, Roman Isamov was the politician who had mysteriously vanished after doing business with Marko.

"Well, he was my father", Alek revealed. Milos gasped in shock, as it all suddenly made sense why Alek would go to such extreme lengths, willing risk his life to help him. He wanted revenge against the man who had murdered his father.

Seeing the shock on Milos' face, Alek spoke again "You understand now, right? Marko needs to suffer for what he's done" Alek said angrily, shaking his fist in the air before taking a breath, calming down and turning back to Milos, "but please know this Milena, although there's nothing more important to me than making Marko pay, I'm 100% committed to helping you too, we are a team now and the way I see it we both want the same thing".

They chatted for another ten minutes, bonding over their hatred of Marko and discussing their plans going forward until Milos noticed the time "shit, I've been here too long, I need to get back before someone comes looking for me. You should go too, are you going to be OK leaving without being seen"?

"I'll be fine, Anja showed me a side door, I'll just slip out through there. Keep digging around for information and I'll do the same, something is bound to turn up, Marko will make a mistake at some point and we'll be there to pounce when he does", Alek said.

The two cross-dressed men stood up on their heels and hugged before heading for the exit, Milos first to see if the coast was clear and upon seeing an empty corridor, he signalled to Alek.

"I'll see you soon OK, and remember, I've got your back", Alek said as he gave Milos' back a little rub before strutting off down the long corridor and out of a side door. Milos felt positive as he watched Alek's tight bottom sway from side to side as he walked confidently away down the corridor having quickly mastered his wedge shoes, Alek was going to get him out of there, he just needed to dig up some dirt on Marko and do it without getting caught.



Chapter 5 – The new girl

As hard as he tried, Milos just couldn't find any dirt on Marko. He had heard plenty of awful things while sat on Marko's lap as he talked business, but as he already knew, words weren't good enough, they needed something physical, tying Marko to a crime.

As he grew desperate Milos started taking more risks, like almost getting caught in Marko's home office exiting just as Olga walked around the corner asking him what he was doing, his heart in his throat, knowing if he had left the room a second or two later, he would have been caught. He told her he was looking for Marko, but no one had answered when he had knocked. Olga told him Marko was out as Milos made up some excuse about forgetting, but the look on her face scared Milos as he was sure Olga knew he was lying, the worst part was, he had found nothing incriminating in the office, most of the draws and cupboards were locked and the computer was password protected, without a key or a password, he wasn't getting in, and even if he did, he had no idea what to look for anyway.

As the weeks went by, Milos had heard nothing from Alek, sick of being treated like a living Barbie doll, something needed to happen soon, or he was going to have a mental breakdown. Was this his fate to live out the rest of his life as Marko's plaything? He thought to himself, standing outside the club as Marko snapped a few pictures with his phone. The funny thing was he no longer felt embarrassed or exposed wearing his revealing outfits, for Milos these clothes had become normal everyday attire, but what he couldn't get used to were the pre-work photo shoots that had started about a week ago and since then become a daily ritual, like tonight, wearing a skin tight pair of silver leggings, a short white crop top and his uncomfortable, hard to walk in, platform sandals, Milos posed as Marko told him how sexy he was, while snapping picture after picture on his phone, what he did with all these pictures Milos had no idea.



After turning this way and that, bending and twisting, trying to keep the wind from ruining his hair he had spent an hour earlier washing and straightening, Marko put down the camera signalling the end of the photoshoot. Milos' reward was a long passionate kiss, a squeeze to his bottom, Marko's erection pressing firmly against the stretchy fabric that encased his inner thighs and another night of work as the manageress of a nightclub.

It was a typical evening in the club as a few drunks needed to be kicked out after getting in a fight, someone vomited in the men's bathroom, and Milos strutted around in his stripper heels as the eyes of every man he passed was drawn to his plump bottom, on full display, gyrating from side to side with every step he took in his tight silver leggings.

A few hours into his shift, with his feet and ankles already aching Olga approached him while stood outside the club having a cigarette. He had always hated the idea of smoking but had recently taken it up, not because he enjoyed it but because it gave him an excuse to escape the club floor every so often, where he could take a few moments outside to gather his thoughts and get some peace.

"Finish that up, Marko wants you to take a bottle of champagne over to Mr Pavlovic's table", Olga said giving him a disapproving glare.

Milos sighed, "can't someone else do it? I've been rushing around all night; this is the first break I've had".

"He asked for you, you know he's one of Marko's VIP's right"? Olga replied in an annoyed tone.

"Yeah, yeah, I know, on my way boss", Milos said dropping the half-smoked cigarette to the ground and stumping it out under his stiletto heel.

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With a bottle of complimentary champagne in hand, Milos made his way across the floor of the VIP lounge. His destination a table of smartly dressed men in the corner, but halfway across the room he stopped in his tracks as on a chair in front of him, nylon legs crossed seductively was Alek. Seeing him there Milos panicked almost dropping the bottle of champagne as he saw who was sat opposite him on a brown leather Sofa, smiling and chatting away was Marko.

Milos not wanting to cause a scene, quickly regained his composure and tottered over to the table to deliver his champagne. He was greeted with a smile from a muscular man with a beard, "Thanks babe", he said as he gave Milos a little pat on the backside as Milos opened the bottle.

As he filled the glasses for the men gathered around the table, eying him up like a dog would a piece of steak, he glanced over at Alek, trying to work out if he were in danger, but as he looked on, he realised Marko looked happy.

Milos shook his head in disbelief as he watched Alek flirt with Marko, amazed by his appearance that evening, every time he saw him, he looked more and more feminine. His hair now looked much more natural as Milos wondered if he had bought a better wig or had gotten hair extensions.



His nails were now extended past the end of his fingertips. As Alek's dark blue acrylic tips glistened in the light, Milos looked down at his own long pink claws trying to grip the bottle of champagne without dropping it and couldn't believe anyone would voluntarily agree to the impractical extensions.

Milos looked away for a second to move around the table to fill the next glass, and when he looked back Alek was giggling to one of Marko's more than likely sexist jokes. He noticed how thin he looked, he had definitely lost some weight and the shiny black belt around his waist only emphasised his slim figure.

Looking back up at Alek's smiling face, Milos admired his makeup, it was light and minimal, a stark contrast from his own heavily made-up face, but it gave the impression of someone who knew what they were doing, someone who knew how to emphasise their best features without overdoing it.

It was clear that Alek had really committed to perfecting his disguise, as Milos was shocked once more, noticing his thinly plucked arched eyebrows that completely changed his whole look and screamed of femininity.

Stopping briefly to swat away a wandering hand that had placed itself on his inner thigh, Milos examining his outfit, which consisted of a long sleeve blue printed dress with a flower design, his long smooth legs were encased in a pair of black tights and zipped on to his feet were a pair towering black platform ankle boots.

He was pulled from his trance by a voice "Candy, Candy", said the moustachioed man as Milos looked down to see champagne flowing over the top of the glass he was filling, and on to the table beneath.

"Oh, shit, I mean, sorry sir, I'll clean that up straight away", Milos said annoyed with himself.

"That's ok doll, accidents happen, why don't you bring us another bottle while you're at it", the man said giving Milos a hard slap on his backside.

Angry and wanting to punch the man in the face, Milos smiled, "Yes, of course sir, I'll be right back", he said before quickly scampering away, before he did or said something he would regret.

Thirty minutes later, having just been to check in with the DJ to see if he needed anything, Milos looked over to see Alek stood leaning against the bar. Glad he

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was Ok and wanting to know what the hell was going on he trotted over, weaving his way through the dancing drunks like a pro on his painful footwear.

Stopping a few feet away, Milos was again stunned seeing how convincing a woman he made, looking him up and down not quite believing his eyes.

“I wondered when you were going to spot me, I thought maybe my makeover had you fooled”, Alek said with a chuckle.



“Alek, what are you doing, isn't this a big risky, what is someone sees you and why were you with Marko”? Milos said as he moved over to the bar, standing next to him but not looking directly at him.

“Relax, Milena, you don't have to worry, just think of me as just another woman out to party on a Saturday night, and you're just doing your job talking to one of the guests as for Marko, I'll tell you in a minute”. Alek said with a smile, “first we need to talk, we've both been searching for weeks now for something on Marko with no luck. I know you don't like the idea, but the only way forward is to get a look on Marko's office”.

“Alek, I can't, I told you, when I'm here Marko is usually in there and even when he's not, Olga watches me like a hawk”. Milos said, slightly annoyed having to explain this to him again.

“I know, I know, and I'm not asking you too. I've got it covered. Earlier in the week, Anja told me one of your bar girls quit. Well, I just interviewed for the job” Alek said to a surprised looking Milos who couldn't quite believe what he was hearing “I guess Marko took a liking to me I'm your new bar girl, I start tomorrow”.

“Shit, are you crazy, that was way too risky, what if he had recognised you? When I saw you two talking, I thought for a moment we had been caught.”.

“Oh, you saw”? Alek said looking a little embarrassed, “well you can't imagine how difficult it was to sit and flirt with that monster after what he did to my old man, having to smile and laugh at his awful jokes”.

Milos looked up at Alek, “I'm sorry Alek” he said, “that must have been awful, I don't know if I could have done that, if it's any consolation I think you're really brave, not many people would be willing to change their appearance so drastically, you look amazing tonight.”.

Alek's mood changed at the last comment, not looking as serious and striking a pose “I should hope so, I spent half of yesterday in the salon with Anya, I was pretty shocked with result, especially these brows but Anja insisted saying that if I was going to be up close with Marko, I needed to look as feminine as possible and nothing like my former self”.

“Well, you sure look different, so, what now”, asked Milos”

“Well, nothing crazy at first, we'll just keep observing but now I'm here we'll have a third set of eyes, if you include Anja, looking for dirt on Marko. No one will suspect me and when the time is right, I'll get up to his office and see what I can find.

“...thankyou Alek, I really appreciate you for doing all this, before you came along I had all but given up hope”, Milos said feeling a little emotional all of a sudden.

“Don't mention it, and remember this is personal for me too”, Alek said slamming the heel of his boot into the ground loudly, “that piece of shit, killed my old man, and he thinks he got away with it, well. I'm not going to let that happen”

“We'll make him pay, you and me together Alek”, Milos smiled

“Oh, and by the way, since I work here now, you better call me Hana”, Alek said looking a little embarrassed.

The beautiful game Part 2

“Hana”? Milos repeated

“Yeah, well I needed a different name, I thought about using Aleksandra, but it’s too close to my real name” Alek joked, “Hana was a girl I had a crush on in school, I always thought it sounded sexy”.

“OK, then Hana, I guess you better call be Candy, no one here calls me Milena, and I have to say if you were going for sexy you are pulling it off perfectly in that dress, but I have to ask, why pick a pair of shoes with such a high heel? Can you walk in those things”?

Alek shifted his weight from one leg to the other, “If I’m honest with you, they are killing my feet, but I can walk OK, as long as I watch where I put my feet and take small steps. They were Anja’s idea, she said Marko had a thing for girls who wear really high heels, and he did give me the job, so I guess she was right”.

Milos nodded, “well Hana, I guess I’ll see you at work tomorrow, nothing personal if I ignore you or order you about, I am your boss now”, Milos said, thinking about the high heel comment, looking down at his own skyscraper heels and thinking about all the pairs of heels Marko had bought him and insisted he wear.

“No problem, Miss Doll, I’m going to be a model employee”. Alek replied.

Milos groaned at the comment, “Please never call me Miss Doll again, Candy is bad enough”. Milos said as they both chuckled at the ludicrous situation, they found themselves in, two grown men stood by a bar of a trendy nightclub, in painfully tall high heels, made up and blending in as two sexily dressed women.

Chapter 6 – The truth

A month past by with a lot of talking but not much action as Milos and Alek tried to come up with a plan. His life was now like the movie Groundhog Day, waking up around midday, usually in Marko's bed feeling dirty and miserable. He would shower, go through the arduous task of doing his hair and makeup before picking out some revealing outfit designed to show off his surgically enhanced curves. Some days he would be invited to join Marko for breakfast but on others there wouldn't be time as he accompanied Marko for whatever activity he had planned that day.

The activities ranged from business meetings, where he was brought along as eye candy to flirt with the men in the room, to strolling through the park hand in hand acting like a loved-up couple. Milos lived in constant fear, never knowing what Marko was going to do or say as he struggled to work out Marko's intentions. Sometimes he was sweet and caring treating him like a princess, but other times he would be cruel and vindictive, acting as though he meant nothing to him but a pair of tits and ass. Whatever the activities were, they were never pleasant for Milos, forced to spend time with a man he detested. Every day ended the same way, with him being dropped off outside the club, where Marko would spend a good ten to fifteen minutes taking photos and barking orders at him as he posed seductively and counted the seconds until Marko grew bored, meaning he could enter the club and get away from him for a few hours of peace.



On a night five weeks after Alek or Hana, as he was now known, had been hired to work behind the bar, Milos and Marko arrived outside the club. He had spent the day at a pool party with Marko and apart from the first hour where he was forced to parade around in a tiny skimpy bikini fetching the guys drinks as they stared and ogled his body, the rest of the day had been quite relaxing, as soon as the men had started discussing business, they pretty much ignoring him, leaving him to lie out in the warm afternoon sun and relax, which he was glad of as tonight was going to be a stressful night.

They arrived just before 8pm, Marko parked in his usual spot and what followed was the usual photo shoot. Milos was wearing a tight-fitting orange mini dress with a pair of shoes; Marko had recently bought for him. Milos hated this pair of heels, they had an extremely tall platform, the straps covered with little butterflies that rubbed his feet. They were also extremely tacky, reminding him of the shoes he was forced to wear when he was back stripping on his pole.

Anyone looking on at the blonde posing in the car park, would have seen nothing but a slutty girl posing for her boyfriend as Milos to anyone who knew him, was now unrecognisable from the person he was twelve months ago. His body had been surgically altered to resemble a human barbie doll with an extreme hourglass figure, his long blond hair and porn star lips only emphasised the fact. On many occasions he had thought about, giving up and ending his life, but today he was glad he had held on, as today was the day he was going to make Marko pay.

With the shoot over, Milos knew the routine, he trotted over and gave Marko a passionate kiss but tonight Marko wouldn't be joining him inside as he was heading off to some mysterious meeting, giving Milos and Alek the opportunity to put their plan into action.

As he broke the kiss Milos looked Marko in the eyes and asked in a sultry voice "Are you picking me up later"?



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“Of course, Candy Doll, I’ll phone ahead to let Olga know when I’m on my way, it shouldn’t be too late”. Marko said as he took a big handful of Milos’ plump bottom and gave it a squeeze. “OK, see you later then”, Milos said turning to head into the club.

“Candy, wait up a minute”, Marko said, as Milos turned back suddenly a little worried. “Are you happy being my girl”? Put on the spot by the unusual question Milos had to think fast, “Of course baby, I love being your Candy Doll”, He said skipping back over and planting a kiss on Marko’s lips, feeling sick inside.

What followed was another passionate make out session, feeling Marko’s tongue invade his mouth. Pulling back, Marko took a hold of Milos’ shoulders looking him straight in the eyes, “I’m really glad to hear that doll, I know life has been tough for you this last year but I’m glad you’ve put all those silly thoughts of running away, behind you. I mean it must have been tempting, especially when that reporter showed up, putting ideas in that little brain of yours”, Marko said giving Milos an intense stare as Milos felt as though he was about to pee his panties.

“Reporter”? Milos gulped, “oh the guy that came to the strip club, I’d forgotten all about him, Olga threw him out right? Marko held his stare making Milos feel really uncomfortable, “You haven’t seen him since”? he asked.

“No baby and even if he did show up, I’m happy Marko, happy with you”. Milos was terrified as he peered into Marko’s eyes trying to not to shake. Was it happening again? Did Marko know his plan? Was this another warning, like the last time he and Coach had tried to get away.

“That’s what I thought Candy Doll, forget I said anything, now get your cute little butt inside or you’re going to be late for work”, Marko said as he gave Milos a hard smack across his backside causing a little squeal to leave his painted lips.



Milos, trotted over to the back door of the club, looked back seeing Marko standing by his car, gave him a little wave and entered the club. “shit, shit, shit”, he muttered to himself as he headed straight for the main floor, he needed to find Alek, they needed to abort their plan, Marko knew and was again warning him.

The club was still being set up before it opened at 9pm, the cleaning people were still preparing the room, the bar staff were filling the fridges and the DJ was testing his equipment.

Rushing into the room and onto the recently mopped dancefloor, Milos slipped on his towering shoes and almost fell, catching himself at the last second, and cursing having to wear such ridiculous shoes, he looked up to see Olga staring at him. He tried to act cool, giving her a little smile, Olga scowled at him and walked away.

Looked over at the bar, where he had expecting to see Alek setting up, he again started to panic, “shit, where is he”? he whispered, “think Milos think, where could he be”.

Remembering some of the girls liked to hang outside in the fire exit and smoke before their shift, calmly as he could, being extra careful where he placed his feet, not wanting to slip again, Milos went to take a look.

He heard the female voices and laughter even before he opened the door, stepping out into the dark dingy alley he found Alek sat on the steps with his cousin Anya and two other girls that worked behind the bar.

Even after working with Alek every day Milos was still surprised every time he saw him, at just how quickly he had adapted to life as a woman. Sat there amongst the girls he didn’t look at all out of place at all. He was now extremely thin compared to when Milos had first met him and had a nice feminine shape, that Milos guessed was due to padding. He was wearing a blue polka dot short-sleeve dress, its flared skirt resting on the upper thighs of his shapely legs.

His makeup was expertly applied, and his hair looked clean and healthy with the synthetic wig he had once worn having been replaced with sewn in

hair extensions, reaching his lower back. On his feet he wore a pair of extremely high blue platform pumps with a 6-inch heel and an open toe showing off his painted toenails beneath.

Alek saw the door open and looking up to see Milos looking flustered but before he could speak, Anja who had been sat next to Alek rubbing her ankle and complaining how uncomfortable her new shoes were spoke, "High Candy, want a smoke?"

"Not right now Anya, I need to speak to Hana". Milos said slightly panicked

"Everything OK boss"? Anja asked hearing the worry in the tone of his voice.

"Yes, nothing to worry about Anya, I just need to borrow Hana for a few minutes, I'll bring her right back," Milos said smiling as he turned to look Alek in the eyes, "Hana we talk in private for a moment please"?

Anja looked at Alek, not understanding what was happening, "Er, sure", Alek replied before turning to Anya "I'll be right back OK, don't worry, everything is fine".

Milos watched as Alek gracefully got to his feet, stepped down from his position on the stairs, straightened his skirt, and smiled, "lead the way boss", he announced.

Strutting along behind, Alek followed Milos back into the main room of the club, through the bar, down a corridor, entering a stairwell before being asked if he wanted to take a seat.

He gladly obliged taking any opportunity he could to rest his feet before a night of standing. Even after more than a month of working shifts behind the bar in heels, he still wasn't comfortable wearing heels as high as the ones he currently wore, but they were a part of his disguise and if wearing them meant getting closer to Marko and perhaps overhearing something important, it was a sacrifice he was willing to make.

"Milena, what's happened"? Alek said as soon as Milos closed the door behind him.

"It's Marko, he knows". Milos said in a panic.

"Knows what"? Alek replied sounding worried as he pushing his skirt down between his legs.

"About the plan, he knows", Milos said taking a step forward.

"What! Are you sure? Calm down and tell me what happened", Alek said, now genuinely concerned.

"He just dropped me off outside, everything was normal at first like any other day, but as I turned to leave, he became super serious, and he mentioned you".

"Me, as in Hana"? Alek said shocked.

"No, you as in Alek the male reporter, he mentioned the time you visited the strip club and talked about how he was glad I hadn't tried to run away with you". Milos said placing his hands on his head.

Alek looked puzzled for a moment like he was thinking before standing up and walking over to Milos, "is that all? He said placing an arm around him

Milos now shaking fell into Alek's arms, "Yes, but you don't know him like I do".



Alek held him tightly,” Ok, let’s just calm down and think for a minute, do you think you might be overreacting a bit? it’s probably just a coincidence, you’re just nervous about tonight, it’ll be OK, the plan will work”, Alek said, trying to convince Milos he was worrying about nothing.

“You, don’t understand, this happened before” Milos said now sobbing, “he warned me that night too, the night, the night we got caught and Coach, he... you know”, Milos said breaking down in tears.

The pair just stood there for a minute, while Milos let it out as Alek held him close. When he calmed down a little, Alek looked down at him and smiled at Milos who had mascara lines running down his cheeks and panda eyes. “Milena, you don’t have to do this you know? No one is forcing you, but I’m not sure we’ll ever get another chance like this one”, Alek said, showing Milos the key to Marko’s office he had taken off a security guard earlier that evening.

“I’m scared Alek, I don’t want to be responsible for anyone else getting hurt, I don’t want to have your death on my coincidence too”, Milos said still visibly upset.

“Hey, I’m a big boy, well normally”, Alek said, smiling and looking down at how he was dressed, “I can make my own decisions, you don’t need to worry about me”, he said as he gently brushed a blonde lock of hair from Milos’ face.

There was a moment’s pause, as time seemed to move in slow motion as Alek slowly moved his face towards Milos’. Their lips touched briefly, as Alek pulled back a little, almost to see if it was OK to continue. There was a moment’s pause before Milos lunged forward smashing his plump lips into Alek’s, the kiss was full of passion as hands began to wander, exploring each other’s bodies, until Milos quickly pulled away, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have done that”, he said.

“It’s OK, Milena, I was the one who kissed you first”, Alek said smiling.

“But you don’t understand, I’ve not been entirely honest with you”, Milos said looking down at the stripper heels, strapped to his feet, his heart racing.



Alek, took a hold of his shoulders and in an encouraging voice said “What is it Milena, tell me? You can trust me?”

Milos hesitated for a moment, before he blurted out, “I’m not Milena Ivanovic, I’m Milos Ivanovic, I’m a man, that’s the reason Marko was so angry and punished me, I’m the reason Coach is dead”, before breaking down in tears once more.

A stunned Alek didn’t know what to say, the news hit him like a bombshell as he found it almost impossible to believe the ultra-feminine creature in front of him was actual a man like him. But as he thought it through in his mind and snippets of interactions and conversations, flooded into his head, small things that had seemed odd or out of place at the time, now made perfect sense. He took Milos in his arms and again just held him until Milos was ready to tell him the whole story. Over the next few minutes Alek discovered how Milos had ended up playing for the Tigers, How Marko had discovered the truth, and the utter hell he had been forced to live through over the last year.

After listening to Milos speak, careful to not interrupt, he now hated Marko even more than he had previously. He stroked Milos’s hair and gave him a little peck on the cheek. “I think you’re incredibly brave to have not given up hope, and knowing about your past doesn’t change anything, I still want to help you get out of here, I still want Marko to pay and I don’t regret the kiss we just shared”, Alek said.

“Really, I thought you would be angry”? Milos relied pulling back to see if Alek was being sincere.

“Angry? I’m furious, but not at you, I’m angry at the scumbag Marko, he’s going to pay for what he had done. But not tonight”, Alek said shaking his head and brushing a strand of hair from in front of his face, “go and wash your face and freshen up your makeup, the plan’s on hold for now but don’t worry, we’ll get another opportunity soon enough”.

Milos nodded with a newfound respect and admiration for Alek. When he had met him all those weeks ago, he had thought he was all talk, that he would just let him down like everyone else in his life had always done. But looking at him now, stood there confidently in his flowing blue dress and tall heels, Milos knew he was different, he was someone he could depend on, a true hero.

Chapter 7 – An unexpected encounter



Alek gave Milos a look of concern as he minced on by followed closely by Olga.

Having impressed everybody at the club, since he started working there Alek had been given a promotion. His job title hadn't changed, he was still a barmaid, but instead of serving drinks from behind the bar on the main floor, he now delivered them to waiting guests at their tables in the VIP section of the club.

Working the VIP section was something all the girls working at the club considered to be a better job, working less hours for more money, but it came at a cost. The women of the VIP section were there to please, they would dress in the sexiest of outfits and were told to move about the floor mingling and flirting with the guests.

Again, to Milos' surprise Alek had adapted like a fish to water, not looking out of place at all, flirting with the men like a pro and putting on little dance shows with the other girls that worked there, like he was doing at that moment, stood in front of a table of high rollers, twisting and posing as the men at the table grinned and clapped.

The little black dress he wore hugged his padded body, his hair and makeup were looking better than ever, and balanced on one foot, as he lifted the other, his painted toenails were clearly visible through the open toe of the platform pumps, he had no trouble walking in.

Walking by Milos gave him a little smile to try and let Alek know everything was fine. It wasn't unusual for Marko to call him up to the office for a quick mid shift blow job, but it was odd that Olga was coming with him.

Alek turned away not wanting to look suspicious and turned back to continue flirting with the table of guests. He placed his hands on the hips of the girl in the pink dress in front of him, rubbed his hands along the outline of her buttocks and smiled seductively at the table of men, as Milos turned exiting the room and made his way up to Marko's office.

In the privacy of the back corridors, Milos turned to Olga, "Is everything Ok"? He asked.

Olga looked at him, "OK? Why would things not be OK"? She asked in return making Milos feel nervous.

"Err... no reason, it's just, usually when I'm called to see Marko it's alone". Milos said regretting starting a conversation with the cold reserved woman.

"I know as much as you, Marko wants to see you and he told me to come along, he's the boss, I do what I'm told". Olga replied, walking on ahead indicating that the conversation was over.

Milos followed her up the stairs admiring Olga's shapely figure and toned legs, she was a beautiful woman and Milos wondered what she was doing working for Marko, she was always so cold and miserable, and in all the time Milos had known here, he realised he knew nothing about her or her past.

Olga knocked on the door as Marko shouted for them to enter in his deep booming voice. Milos entered first and shuffled over slowly on his tall white platform pumps to in front of Marko's desk. Olga walked over to a Sofa on the side wall and took at seat, crossing her legs, waiting for her next order.

Marko who had not moved from his chair behind the desk just stared at Milos who was desperately trying not to look nervous, "There you are my doll, how has you're evening been"? Marko said with a smile.

Trying to act natural, Milos brushed a strand of long blonde hair from his face and smiled, "I'm doing fine babe, is everything Ok"?

The beautiful game Part 2

“Yes, why are you feeling guilty about something”? Marko asked. Marko’s intense glaze was more than a little disturbing as Milos conjured up an answer, “guilty”? “he gulped”, “did I do something wrong”?

There was a moment of silence, as Milos’ leg threatened to shake as he locked his muscles in place by pushing his heels down as hard as he could into the office floor.

Marko then smiled, “I guess not, now come over here and give daddy a proper welcome”.

Milos let out a sigh of relieve as he bounded across the floor, plopped himself down on Marko’s lap, never so happy in his life to be kissed by him. Breaking the kiss Marko looked down at Milos in his arms, gently stroking his smooth thigh, “I want you to go get your coat Doll” Marko said,

“Are we going somewhere”? Milos said batting his long eyelashes and looking up into Marko’s eyes.

“Not us but you, you’re going to meet an old friend”, Marko said, giving his thigh a squeeze.

The nervous feeling returned as Milos tried to work out what was going on, “who am I meeting”? he asked.

“Bojana”, Marko replied, “she took it hard when you betrayed us, trying to escape but now she wants to meet up and rebuild your relationship”.

A stunned Milos didn’t know what to say, he just stared at Marko with his mouth open, “what wrong”? Marko asked, “do you not want to see her”?

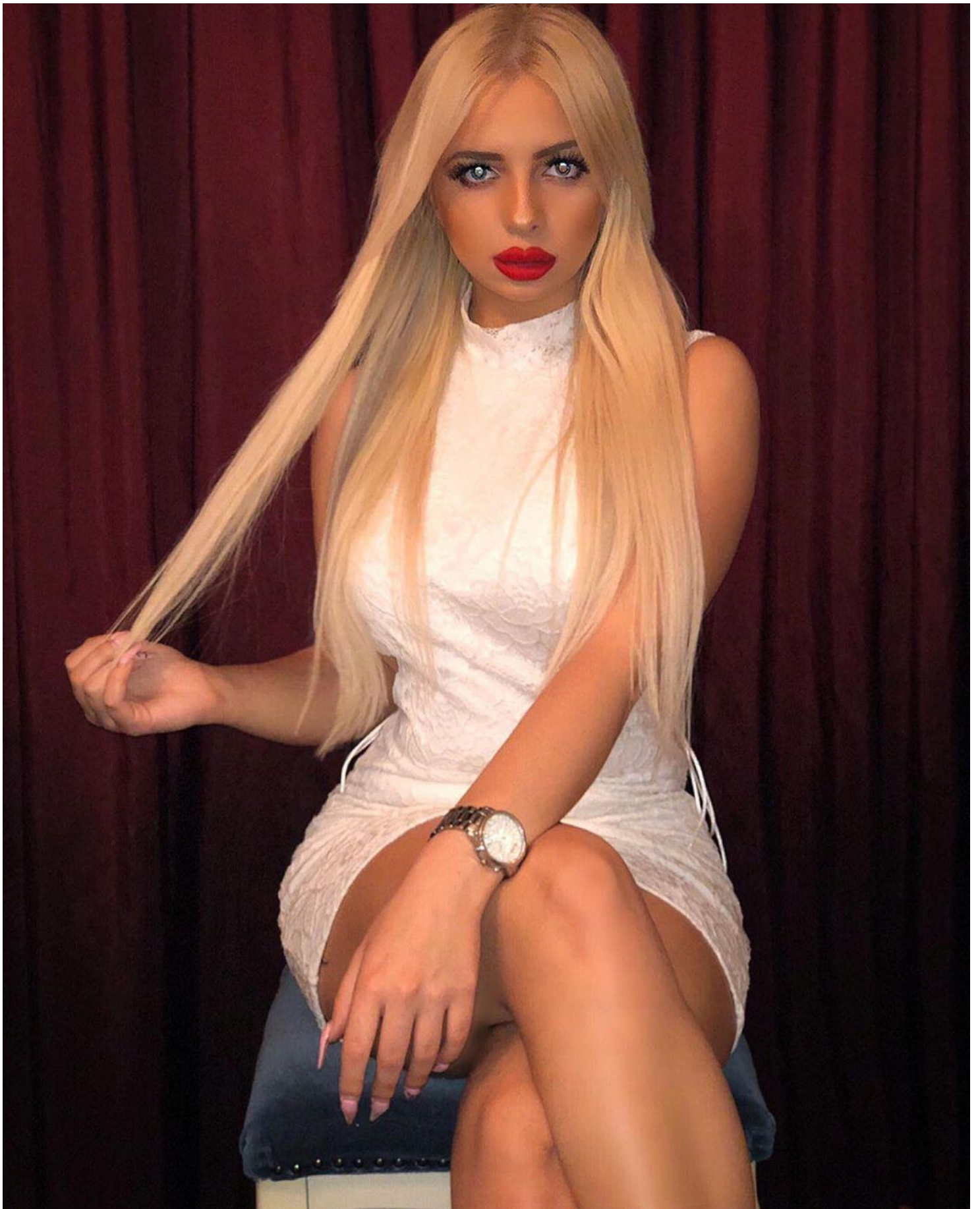
“No, I mean Yes, of course I want to see her, I’m just surprised”, Milos replied as he forced a smile.

Marko gave him a peck on the lips, “good girl”, he said, “Olga will drive you; I’ll see you at home later”. After one last passionate kiss, Milos left the room with Olga.

They headed to the changing room where Milos was told to collect his handbag and anything else he needed as Olga went off to finish a few jobs before departure. As he sat legs crossed on a little stool, playing with his hair waiting for Olga to return Milos was a bag of nerves thinking about what was about to happen.

Worst case scenario Marko was lying and something awful was about to happen and best-case scenario he was about to meet up with Bojana, who most likely hated him. It had been months since they last saw each other and she had been so angry finding him in the parking lot that evening, she had seemed genuinely hurt.

A few minutes later, Olga returned with his coat and led him out of the back door and into a waiting car. They drove through the city as Milos stared out of the window deep in thought. Perhaps it wouldn’t be so bad seeing Bojana again, Milos thought to himself, they had spent a lot of time together before the failed escape and although Milos had always been wary of her, keeping his guard up, he couldn’t deny, they had had some fun together. Before she had come along his life had been a living nightmare. In fact, for as long as he could remember his life had been one shitty situation after another but for a brief time, hanging out with Bojana things had been better. It’s not like he would have chosen voluntarily to dress as a woman and hang out in a nightclub, but sad as it was apart from Coach, Bojana had been the only friend he had ever had.



They pulled up outside a fancy hotel by the river and a door man ran over to open the door. Milos carefully got out, keeping his dignity intact and not flashing the door man a glimpse of his lacy pink panties. It was a pleasantly warm evening as Milos decided to leave his coat in the car.

Entering the hotel, a click from his heels announcing his presence, as almost every head in the room turned to stare at the leggy blond in the white mini dress. “This way”, announced Olga, leading the way toward the lift as milos looked around in awe at the fancy interior of the hotel. The lift ascended to the roof opening outside the entrance to a rooftop bar, “OK, you’ll find her in there”, Olga announced.

“You’re not coming in”, Milos asked feeling nervous about entering an unfamiliar place dressed as he was. Olga narrowed her brow, looking irritated by the question, “I’ll wait in the lobby and come and get you when it’s time to leave, now hurry up, she’s waiting for you”.

The beautiful game Part 2

Taking a deep breath, Milos placed his long pink nails on the surface of the heavy glass door and slowly pushed it open. He was greeted by the sound of soft piano music and people chatting and having a good time. He took a few steps forward before he was stopped in his tracks as a waiter stepped in his path, “can I help you Miss”, he asked.

“Uh, I’m meeting someone here”, Milos stammered

“Can you tell me their name please”, asked the waiter as he stepped over to a small desk and opened a little book.

“Bojana Mitic”, Milos said. The man looked up from his book upon hearing the name looking Milos up and down, “Miss Doll, correct? Yes, we’ve been expecting you, please this way”. He said leading the way to the outside seating area.

Milos following the man outside as they weaved their way past the people sitting on their outside tables enjoying a drink and the pleasant evening air. He spotted Bojana the moment he stepped outside; she was sat on a comfy looking sofa by the far wall. She was dressed in a short black skirt, a white summary top and a pair of strappy heeled sandals. As he approached, his breathing became heavy and his palms became sweaty, thinking about what he was going to say.



Stopping in front of the table Milos looked down as Bojana glared up at him, “Hi Bojana, I...I...”, he stuttered. Bojana placed a long salmon coloured acrylic nail in front of her red lips shushing him, “Sit down Milena and order a drink”, she said.

The waiter who had walked Milos over asked what they would like to drink and Bojana ordered, “bring us a two vodka and sodas and lots of ice”, she said in a sultry voice.

“Yes, Miss, coming right up”, the waiter said before leaving the two of them to sit in an awkward silence.

Any nerves Milos had evaporated a soon as Bojana spoke, “I forgive you Milena”, She said as a wave relief washed over Milos’ body.

“I’m sorry”, Milos said, “It wasn’t you I was trying to get away from”.

“I know”, Bojana replied, “at first, I was angry with you, I felt betrayed when you tried to leave, but I’ve had time to think things through now, and if I were in your situation, I probably would have done the same thing”, she said.

“I wanted to tell you”, Milos said, “I wanted to say goodbye, but I was couldn’t be sure if you’d tell Marko, you know what he is capable of”.

Bojana breathed a heavy sigh and smiled, lowering her head, “I understand and yes I know exactly what he is capable of”.

“If you know what he’s done, why don’t you go to the police”? Milos asked.

“Ha, the police, my brother may be a monster, but he’s the only family I’ve got, I could never betray him like that”, Bojana said her tone suddenly changing to become very serious”.

Milos placed his hands on his thighs nervously, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that.

Bojana closed her eyes and took a deep breath, “It’s ok, I’m not angry, but you need to understand, I am also held captive like you, well, not exactly like you, I have more freedom, but I am still restricted in what I can do and who I can see. If my brother doesn’t approve of something, I can’t do it, end of story”.

“I’m sorry”, Milos said, “it can’t be easy for you”.

Bojana smiled taking Milos’ hand, “I’ve missed you Milena”, she said with a smile.

Smiling Milos squeezed her hand, “I’ve missed you too”, he answered genuinely.

The drinks arrived shortly after and for the next few minutes they chatted about the last few months, he learned Bojana had been away visiting a friend in Paris and told Milos all about the wonderful places she had visited. Feeling relaxed and enjoying catching up with Bojana, Milos built up the courage to ask the one question he needed an answer too, so with Bojana having just finished telling him an amusing story about a missing handbag and a strange taxi driver, Milos approached the subject, “Bojana, can I ask you something”? he said sheepishly.

The beautiful game Part 2

Noticing the serious look on Milos' face all of a sudden, Bojana nodded her head. "What happened to Coach"?

Time seemed to stand still as Bojana thought about how to answer. She took a deep breath before pointing her acrylic tipped finger towards the river behind her, "I'm sorry", she said lowering her head.

Milos breathed heavily, a mixture of emotions flooding his brain, deep down he knew Coach was dead but having it confirmed was another thing all together as he slumped over, and tears formed in his eyes. Bojana shuffled over and put her arm around him, "Tell me about him"? she said.

Milos looked up, "He wasn't a saint, he had his issues, but he was kind, he cared about people, he saved me", he said sobbing.

Bojana stroked his hair and comforted him, "You don't have to respond to this, but I know you're going to try to escape again, I can't blame you, just be careful, Marko has a way of knowing everything that goes on inside his clubs. If you do manage to get away, run, get out of Serbia and never come back".

"Will you help me"? Milos asked looking up with teary eyes. Bojana took a hold of his head and gently wiped away the black makeup stains from under his eyes, where his mascara had run, "No", she replied, "but I won't stand in your way either, but this conversation never happened, right"? Milos nodded not entirely sure he could trust her but after everything he had been through, he didn't really care what happened to him anymore.

For several hours they chatted away, enjoying each other company. Without telling her everything, Milos was thankful to be able to have an honest conversation with someone other than Alek, not that he didn't love talking to Alek but recently it was all very serious and heavy as they plotted the downfall of Marko and tried to work out how they could get away safely, talking to Bojana was different, she understood what it was like to live with Marko and with a few vodka's in her, she spilled the beans on her brother as Milos realised she hated him almost as much as he did.



The evening ended when Olga appeared, in front of their table with a puzzled look on her face. "It's time to go Candy, Marko called, he wants you home". She said as Bojana glared at her.

Bojana leaned over and gave him a hug, kissing him on the cheek, "We'll hang out again soon OK"? she said as Milos took in the scent of her perfume, he had missed her and catching up tonight had been one of the best experiences he'd had in a long time.

"Definitely", he responded, returning the gesture with a peck on her cheek.

Standing up slowly a little tipsy from all the vodka, Milos' lips formed a little pout as he looked out over the river one last time, as a feeling of anger washed over him.

He had always loved being by the river, its peaceful nature had always helped him think when he had felt lost, but knowing what he knew now, that was another thing Marko had taken away from him, as each time he looked at it from now on, all he would think about was Coach and how his remains were down there somewhere on the riverbed.

He gave Olga a fake smile, "Ok, ready", he said, his game face back on, the fun was over, it was time to make Marko pay.

Chapter 8 – A spanner in the works

As Milos stood scanning his surroundings, he wondered where he was. After another afternoon at the salon, getting his hair and nails done he was starving. It was a surprise when Marko texted while he was having his hair curled, it said he was sending a car to pick him up once he was done. So, after taking a moment to look over his very familiar feminine image in the mirror, taking note of how good his hair looked, and the ridiculously length of his new acrylic nails, which he planned on filing down to a more manageable length once he got home, he thanked the team of women who had been working on him and jumped in the waiting car.

He was dropped off outside a bar, the whole front side open for people to sit and have drinks while taking in the magnificent view of the river behind him. Not sure if Marko expected him to get a table and wait, Milos took out his phone and tried calling him but with no reply, he sent him a message instead, “just arrived, are you almost here”?



After a moment of hanging around feeling awkward, waiting for a reply as he kept catching the men sitting around taking secret glances at his legs, trying to be sneaky by not alerting their wives and girlfriends, a man approached, “Hi beautiful, what’s your name”?

Still feeling embarrassed every time he had to say his name aloud, Milos answered the confident young man eyeing him up, “hi, I’m Candy Doll, I’m supposed to be meeting my boyfriend here Marko, Marko Mitic, have you seen him”?

The man went as white as a sheet as his eyes darted up from Milos’ breasts to his eyes, “Ah, I’m sorry, I didn’t realise you were the boss’ girl, please I meant no offence”.

Milos sighed, “so, do you know where he is”?

“Er, no Miss but I know he’s on his way, can I get you a drink while you wait”?

“OK, fine, I’ll take a water, thanks”, replied Milos annoyed at having to wait, his feet aching from walking around on his 6-inch heels all day.

As the man quickly walked away, Milos looked around for somewhere to sit but before he could decide, he jumped as a strong arm wrapped itself around the midsection of the red satin dress he was wearing. “Don’t you look beautiful today my Doll”, Marko said before brushing Milos’ curls to one side, taking a hold of his left hand and kissing him on the neck.



Milos just stood there as Marko spun him around and kissed him deeply, caressing his body through the silky material of his dress, not caring one bit about the tables of people behind them trying not to stare.

When Marko released him, he felt dizzy and stumbled slightly, Marko caught him and led him over to a nearby table to sit down.

“Hey Davos, bring my doll some water will you”, Marko shouted as a man near the bar quickly sprang into action.

“Are you OK”? Marko asked looking genuinely concerned.

“I’m fine”, replied Milos, “but why did you bring me here”?

Marko smiled, “what do you think of the place, do you like it”?

Milos looked around, it was nice enough, he had seen nicer places, but it did have a great view. “It’s nice I guess”. He replied.

“So, you like it, great. Well, I just bought it and you are going to run it for me”.

Milos was speechless, was Marko being serious, him run the place, why? The timing couldn’t be a coincidence, with his and Alek’s plan so close to being put in to action.

Marko took his hand, “What’s wrong? I thought you’d be pleased I remember you telling me you liked it by the river”, he said with a smirk.

Milos again didn’t know how to respond, was this a test or just a cruel joke, did Marko know what he and Bojana had spoken about, did he bring him here to see if he would react, after being told he was going to run a bar next to the river where he had dumped Coach’s body.

Milos thought back the anger and the tears, “That’s so thoughtful of you Marko, I love the idea thank you”, Milos said as he leaned across the table and gave him a kiss, and as his tormentor’s coarse beard scratched against his soft skin, he wondered if it was possible to hate anyone more than he despised Marko in that moment.

Luckily for Milos, the kiss was interrupted by Davos bringing over the glass of water, Marko thanked him but looked slightly annoyed at his poor timing. Milos took the glass awkwardly with his long nails before taking a few sips, leaving a red lip stain on the rim of the glass.

“I want you to start on Monday, we’re going to gut the place and redesign everything, I trust your opinion, do whatever you feel is best”.

“Me, decorate the place, but I know nothing about decorating, are you sure I’m the right person, you know I’m happy in my role at the club.

“And you do a great job there”, Marko replied, “but this place is going to be a real gold mine, once we do it up, it just needs a woman’s touch”, he said, again smirking.

Milos was now panicking inside, if he had to start working here in three days’ time, he would no longer be in contact with Alek, destroying all of their plans. “Baby, are you sure about this, won’t you miss me not being near you each evening, if I’m here I won’t be able to visit you in your office anymore for our mid evening breaks”, Milos said feeling sick inside for saying the words aloud, but it was the only thing he could think of, that might make Marko reconsider.

Marko smiled, “oh don’t worry about that doll, I’ll be here most days overseeing the project, we can just make our mid evening playtime out afternoon playtime”. Milos smiled weakly, it seemed Marko had made up his mind he knew nothing he said would change it.

The beautiful game Part 2

Later in the club, Milos waited for a quiet moment to talk to Alek and the opportunity arose around 10pm. Alek had been posted on the back entrance to the VIP section the one the really exclusive guests used, the ones that wanted to enter and leave the club without being seen.

He was stood on the steps in a pair of painful looking open toe stiletto pumps, wearing one of the promotional costumes that Marko liked the girls to wear on occasion. His long freshly waxed legs were on full display and he looked every inch the sexy hostess he was pretending to be.



“Evening boss, how are you doing”? Alek said as Milos approached.

“Hana, we have a problem”, Milos said after looking around to see if anyone was listening.

A look of concern appeared on Alek’s face, “What is it? What’s wrong”? He asked.

“Marko wants to move me to work at another club”.

“What? when”? Alek asked stepping down carefully from the middle of the small staircase where he had been stood.

“Monday”, Milos stated.

“Monday”, Alek repeated, “no, that can’t happen we have everything planned for next week can’t you change his mind or delay it somehow”?

“I’ve tried, there is nothing I can do, he’s made up his mind”, Milos exclaimed.

Alek brought his right hand up to his head and started stroking through his silky hair with his long white nails and paused for a moment to think, “we have to do it tomorrow”.

“Do what tomorrow? The plan? Are you sure it’s not too risky”? Milos asked.

“We have no choice, it’s far from ideal and we’ll have to improvise a little, but it can be done”, Alek said looking a little unsure of himself.

Milos nodded, “Ok, how should we...”, Alek cut him off, “let’s talk later, someone’s coming”.

Milos turned around to see a man approaching, “OK, thanks Hana, now back to work”, Milos said keeping up appearances.

“Yes boss”, Alek replied stepping back up to his position on the steps as the loud sound of heels clanging on metal steps rang out.

As Milos walked away, he turned to look at Alek, now in conversation with the man, “good evening honey”, the man said with a smile.

“Are you on the list honey”? Alek purred pushing out his padded chest and flashing the man a smile.

It still amazed Milos, how easily Alek could slip in and out of the character of Hana, but just as well, he thought, or surely, they would have been caught by now and who know what would have happened to them, but there was no time for such thoughts now, there was much more important things to be concerned about, and if everything went according to plan, soon they would be free, and Marko would be eating some just desserts.

Chapter 9 – Alarm bells

With his heart pounding Milos, looked up at the flashing neon sign of the nightclub, the place where he had been forced to work for what seemed like an eternity as he tried to think back to what his life had been like before and struggled. It had been long blonde hair, bouncy breasts, impractically long nails, skimpy outfits, and sky-high heels for as long as he could remember but with a little luck, tonight all that would change.

“Candy doll, what are you staring at? Will you hurry up?” hollered Marko from the entrance to the club.



“Sorry baby”, Milos purred, “I’m coming”, he added as he tottered up to the club entrance on his stripper heels and placed his inch-long nails into Marko’s outstretched palm.

Marko squeezed his bottom through the thin material of his cut out baby blue mini dress, eliciting a little squeal and Kissed Milos passionately on the lips.

Coming up for air, Marko looked Milos in the eyes and brushed a hair away from his face, “you look so sexy tonight doll, I’m not sure I’m going to make it through the night, why don’t you come and see me in my office in an hour or so, and we can have a little fun together”?

“Of course, Marko”, Milos said automatically, knowing that if all went to plan, Marko would have other more pressing concerns.

“Good girl”, Marko replied and after another playful smack on the bum, he led Milos down the steps and into the club.

The beautiful game Part 2

Walking onto the main floor, later than usual that evening, as he and Marko had been out for dinner beforehand, the Saturday evening party was already in full swing, the music was blaring and clubgoers were dancing and having fun. Milos headed to the VIP section passing Alek on the way and giving him a little nod, Alek nodded back, indicating everything was still going ahead, all he had to do was wait. He went around some of the tables collected a few glasses, smiled, and chatted a little making sure the guests had everything they needed.

Time seemed to tick by slower than usual as he tottered about, delivering drinks, and stopping for the occasional chat. He did his best to stay calm and flirt a little, it was expected but everyone was respectful they all knew he was Marko's girl, and as such, no one dared cross the line or lay a finger on him. Olga was there as usual, sat near the bar sipping her drink and occasional glancing over to see what Milos was doing, he would smile every time he caught her eye and would get a scowl in return.

Almost an hour after arriving with Milos wondering when Alek was going to make his move, he suddenly jumped as a siren started blaring out over the club. He was expecting the piercingly loud alarm but actually hearing it surprised him and hurt his ears. As the music stopped and everyone started to panic, it was time to move, he quickly left the VIP section and tottered over to the DJ booth in the main floor as quickly as he could in his uncomfortable sandals, he gave the DJ some instructions, and he turned on the microphone speaking to the room, "ladies and gentlemen, please stay calm and make your way to the nearest exit".

As Milos watched as a mass of angry and confused people pushed and shoved their way to the exit, he stepped down from the booth and headed towards the bar, where the bar staff looked just as confused as the guests, they had never experienced the fire alarm going off before and didn't know what to do. Milos told them to evacuate along with the rest of the people and after a moment's hesitation they headed towards the exit. Milos quickly ducked behind the bar and into the back corridors of the club, a few people passed him along the way to the exit and he commanded them to evacuate.

He found Alek just where he said he would be, he looked beautiful in his stretchy yellow dress, revealing his slim figure with a cut out design that showed off his tanned smooth skin beneath.



He stood with one elbow resting against the wall, one high heeled pump off the ground watching as Milos quickly approached, "Wow I didn't know it would be so loud", Alek shouted over the alarm.

"It's an alarm what did you expect"? Milos replied jokingly, "do you know what you need to do"?

"Yeah, as long as Marko leaves his office, I should be able to get in and out and get what we need".

"Don't worry I'll make sure he leaves", replied Milos, "do you remember the safe code Bojana told me"?

"0509, right"?

"Yeah, now wait here for a few minutes, I'll go up and get him out of there", Milos said as he passed Alek and headed up to Marko's office.

Bursting in through the door, Milos found Marko behind his desk, drink in hand like nothing was happening, "Marko, what are you doing, we have to go outside", Milos screamed.

Marko looked up annoyed, "Calm the fuck down will you, do you see any smoke"?

Milos pretended to look frightened, tottering over to Marko's side, he got down on his knees, a familiar position, and took Marko's hand, "Marko please, one of the staff said they saw

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flames coming from one of the back rooms, is it really worth the risk, please come out with me, just in case”.

Marko sighed, “fine, let’s go”, he said getting up and lifting Milos to his feet with ease, he looked him in the eye, “I thought you’d want to see me burn”? He laughed.

“Please, can we just go”, Milos said pulling on his arm.

Waiting outside Milos was a nervous wreck as he stood with Marko, stroking his side. 45 minutes later, the fire engines had been, checked the building and had given the all clear, allowing the angry and impatient clubbers back into the club.

Marko who had been strangely quiet throughout led Milos back into the club. At the bottom of the stairs Milos went to let go of Marko’s hand, but his vice like grip didn’t let up, “where are you going doll”? he asked.

“Back to work”, Milos answered, “I was going to check to see if everything was OK”.

“Oh, they’ll be fine, let’s go up to the office for a bit, we are overdue some quality time together”.

Milos faked a smile and nodded his head, knowing better than to argue. One last time he told himself as they made their way towards the office, Alek would have hopefully found something incriminating in the safe and would be halfway to the police station by now.

Outside his office Marko stopped and turned to Milos, he put his hand under his chin and gently lifted his head. Milos looked up as Marko’s expressionless face moved towards his, he parted his lips ready to receive his kiss. With his eyes closed he tried to block out the thought of who he was kissing as his nostrils filled with the smell of strong aftershave and hard liquor.

Pulling away Marko stared down at him, “you know, it’s a real shame things had to work out like they did tonight”, he said, and before Milos had a chance to work out what he was talking about, Marko flung open the door to his office and pushed Milos violently through. He stumbled on his ridiculous shoes and lost his balance, hitting the ground hard.

When he looked up, his heart stopped. There was Alek sat on the sofa, and leaning against the desk was Olga, she had a gun in her hand, and it was pointed straight at Alek.

Marko closed the door and walked up to the large window facing the club floor beneath, looking out at the people dancing below, like the fire alarm had never happened.

“Oh, Candy, Candy, you don’t learn, do you? Marko said without turning as Milos lay on the floor shaking. “I gave you a second chance and you betrayed me again”.

Milos in a moment of bravery, pulled himself to his feet, “A second chance are you serious, a second chance for what? To be a prisoner, a sex slave”?

Marko turned and chuckled, “Yes, what else is someone like you good for, I wasn’t the one who forced you to dress a woman, you did that to yourself”.

Milos stood there stunned, “You’re sick, you’re a sick murdering psychotic son of a bitch”, Milos screamed running at Marko flailing his arms.

Marko batted him away easily, sending him tumbling back to the ground, “Hey, leave her alone”, Alek shouted.

“Ah yes, the hero, the washed up reported who thought he could play dress up and not be caught, do you think I didn’t know it was you working her, Hana”, Marko scoffed, “this is my club, I see and hear everything that goes on here, all your plotting and scheming, all the crying over your father, he was a pathetic loser just like you”.

“You killed him, admit it”? Alek screamed jumping to his feet but stopping a few feet from Marko’s desk as Olga cocked the trigger of the handgun, pointed at his head.

“Yes, right here in this office as a matter of fact, it’s quite poetic really, as this will be the place you die too, enough of this nonsense, Olga, kill them and take the bodies to the river”.

Olga nodded before slowly making her way to the centre of the room, the loud clicking of her heels almost as loud as Milos’ heart beating in his chest. She stopped in from of him lying on the ground, with Alek stood behind, she pointed the gun at his head and looked down at him with her usual expressionless face.

She cocked the trigger once again, Milos shaking on the floor, closed his eyes. He heard Alek shout no, before a thunderous sound, louder than anything he had ever heard, left his ears ringing. It was quickly followed by a second, the sound of glass shattering, a third shot, and then a large thud as something heavy hit the ground. The music below stopped, and the room erupted in screams.

Milos opened his eyes slowly to see Olga pointing the gun above his head, turning around slowly he saw Alek stood there with as stunned expression on his face, a broken window and Marko laying below the broken window, with half his head missing. As the clubbers below panicked and hurried towards the exit. for the second time that evening, Milos turned back and watched as Olga dropped the gun to the floor and looked at him blankly.

“I don’t understand”, Alek said regaining his composure, “why did you save us”?

Olga looked at him, eyeing him up, “why you ask? That’s simple, I hate that bastard with every fibre of my being, he deserved a bullet, and it was way overdue”.

Milos gingerly picking himself up from the floor. “But if you hated him so much, why did you torture me for so long”, he asked.

Olga smiled, “I’m sorry, but there was nothing I could do, Marko controlled me just like you, well not exactly like you, you see you came to Marko already dressed a woman, I was forced to become one as a punishment”.

Alek and Milos looked at each other to see if they had heard her correctly before looking back at Olga, as if they were seeing her for the first time. It was shocking to think she was also a man just like them, but not completely unbelievable given the circumstances.

As they looked at her standing there, they started to notice small details they hadn’t noticed before like her large hands and prominent jaw line, Olga was also almost six foot tall even without the six-inch heels, she currently wore, but until that moment they had never even considered she was a man.

“My name is Ozren Sabic, I used to be Marko’s driver, until one day I tried to go to the police after I saw him murder someone right in front of me”, He paused to readjust his skirt, “I was young and stupid, word got back to Marko and well, this was his punishment for me, a life of servitude. I was knocked out and when I woke up, I was unrecognisable from my former self, the sick fuck has a kink for turning men in to women, he gets off on it, it’s why he kept you two around for as long as he did”.

After a moment of silence as all three feminised men just stared at each other, Milos broke the silence, “I’m sorry you had to go through all that Ozren, but thank you for ending this, Marko got what he deserved after murdering Coach and Alek’s father”.

“I know”, Ozren replied, “I’m sorry”.

“What? You saw him kill them”? Alek blurted out, “you have to tell the police”.

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Ozren smiled, "I wasn't there but I heard him talk about disposing of the bodies", he then stood up walked over to a painting on the wall and removed it, he punched a code into the safe beneath, before walking over to a chair on the side of the room, he straightened his skirt and plopped down, onto the comfortable looking seat, crossing his legs at the knee.



"The police will be here soon, I'm sure, there is evidence in there of corrupt real estate dealings and blackmail, there's also the gun he used to kill both the men you refer to. He weighs the bodies down and dumps them in the river, down by the steel mill, tell the police to send down divers".

"Why are you telling us this? What are you going to do? Alek asked Ozren.

"Well, I'm not waiting for the police, I'm going to get out of Town, start living as a man again", Ozren said.

"Thank you Ozren", Milos said, "you saved our lives".

"Well, perhaps you'll do the same for someone else one day", he said getting to his high heeled feet, "So long Milos, no offense but I hope we never meet again".

With that Ozren strutted from the room, leaving Alek and Milos looking at each other, in a state of shock at what had just transpired.

Chapter 10 – Back where it all began

A year later, Milos sat outside the training ground of the Tigers. What a crazy few years it had been, but as he sat there feeling the warmth of the afternoon sun on his skin, he was at peace with it all.



After the events that transpired that evening in the club, the police had arrived to find Milos and Alek huddled together on the sofa with Marko's body still lying in on the floor in front of the window. Over the next few weeks, there was a major scandal as politicians and government official were arrested and charged with corruption. After being questioned by the police and agreeing to testify, Milos along with Alek were released without charge.

Their story became front page news across the country as everyone wanted to hear the story of how a seemingly ordinary football player had got wrapped up in one of the biggest scandals the country had ever seen. Right at the start their had been an opportunity to tell the truth about who he was, to tell the world he was Milos the orphan boy who had got caught up in the crazy plans of Coach and Marko, but for some reason he kept quiet letting everyone believe he was Milena Ivanovic, It just seemed easier to go along with it and as time went by, and the invitations to appear on talk shows and radio stations came flooding in, it became more and more difficult to reveal the truth.

Six months on and he was now player manager of the Tigers about to start a new season and in honour of Coach's memory, he was determined to lead the Tigers back to glory by winning the cup once again.



As he sat on the steps daydreaming, he had to admit, life wasn't too bad, he was a local celebrity, more so than before, and he was doing what he loved again, playing football.

Milos was brought out of his daze by a figure standing in front of him.

"uh hum, is this a bad time"?

Milos looked up to see a familiar but surprising face, "Alek, what are you doing here? And wow look at you"?

"Hey, Milena, nice to see you too, my name's officially Hana now and you don't have to look so shocked".

"Sorry, I'm just a little surprised, I didn't expect to see you looking so, so"

"so"? Hana asked.

"So beautiful", Milos said.

"Yeah, I tried living as Alek again for a while after everything that happened, but it just didn't seem right, so after while I realised, I prefer living as Hana".

Milos smiled, "That's great Hana, you should do what makes you happy"

"Exactly", Hana replied, "and you? Are you happy"?

Milos thought for a moment before smiling, "you know, I think I am".

There was a brief pause in the conversation as Milos got up from his step, "Love the boots, by the way but I don't know why anyone would choose to walk around in heels that high all day though, it's flats for me these days".

Hana giggled, "what these things"? Hana said leaning against a wall and grabbing one of her heels in her manicured hand, "to be honest, I hardly even notice I'm wearing them these days, and besides a girl's got to look her best, right"?

Milos chuckled, "You always were a natural, so have you come to try out for the team, I could use a new left back".

"Ha, very funny, I'll leave the football to you, but you will be seeing a lot more of me from now on".

"Really how so", Milos said interested.

"I've got a new job, sports reporter for the gazette, I'll be covering all your games this season".

Milos smiled, walking up and giving Hana a hug, "it's great to see you, I've missed you".

"I've missed you too Milena, so how about a tour"?

"Of course, follow me, we can start with the new Dejan Kolorov stand we're building, thanks to all that television money they gave me.

THE END

