

The beautiful game
Written and illustrated
by ds1000



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24 images

After corruption has tarnished the reputation of the men's game, the people of rural Serbia have embraced women's football with open arms, making it the most popular and watched game in the region.

This is where Dejan Kolorov, known to all as Coach, along with his trusty companion Milos, two men willing to go to extreme lengths to bring glory to their team the Tigers.

But with both men trying to out run the demons of their past, foolish decisions are made that set Dejan down the path to ruin, and forces Milos into the role of Milena Ivanovic, media sensation and star striker of the team.

Will our protagonists make it to the end of the season without Milena's true identity being discovered? And how will Milos cope with the changes to his body with a bitter and scornful teammate left in charge of his makeover?

Read on to find out.

Chapter 1 – A new beginning

“Good evening, Coach”.

“Good evening”, Dejan replied cheerfully as he strolled by one of the groundsman.

Breathing in deeply, Dejan Kolorov, known to most people simple as Coach or the coach, inhaled the fresh, sweet-smelling air, filling his lungs and smiled. It was the start of a new season, anything once again felt possible, and he couldn't wait to get stuck in.

Hobbling slowly up the old, cracked pathway, Dejan looked around, it was an almost perfect summer evening, the birds were chirping, and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the surrounding trees.

With each step he could feel his excitement building, as each one brought him closer to the old training ground, he had only been away for a few weeks, but to him, it had felt like a lifetime.



For Dejan, football was his life and had been for as long as he could remember, he lived and breathed for the game and rarely thought about much else.

Spotted and signed up to his local team at the age of eight, everyone who had seen him play had earmarked him as a superstar of the future, even dubbing him the Serbian Pele.

He seemingly had the world at his feet, and it was a surprise to no one when at the age of eighteen, he got called up and capped for the national team, going on to make fourteen further appearances, scoring nine goals in the process.

But that was a long time ago, his playing days were now well and truly behind him, forever remembered as a tragic tale of unfulfilled talent as his career was cruelly snatched away from him by injury.

Forced to retire at twenty-one, led to depression, and with Dejan's medication of choice being a bottle of vodka, it soon led to alcoholism. For five years, his life had spiralled out of control, as he went about hurting and pushing away everyone who cared about him.

Now aged thirty-two, and going on six years sober, Dejan was still slowly piecing his life back together. A big part of that was his role coaching a local football team, nicknamed the Tigers.

Being a part of the game again was what he needed to stay on the straight and narrow, it gave his life purpose, and in truth had saved him. He no longer woke up in the morning and reached straight for the bottle to try and drown out the pain, these days he woke up with optimism, as each day he went about trying to make amends for all his past mistakes, determined to be a better person.

Stopping briefly, to place a discarded can of soda in the bin, Dejan looked over at the city in the distance. It was a fairly small city for the number of people who lived there, and not really remarkable in any way, except for when it came to football, women's football to be specific.

With the local men's league full of corruption and match-fixing, the local people had turned their attention to the women's game. In the last five years, its popularity had grown exponentially, to a point where it was now watched weekly by thousands of paying spectators.

With the support, came the attention of the media, the girls in these teams were now household names and local celebrities, appearing in magazine articles, and constantly being asked to make public appearances on local TV and radio stations.

The season as always would end with the cup final, where after a long season of battling it out to make the playoffs, the best four teams from the league would play each other for the opportunity to appear in the showpiece final match, where thousands of cheering spectators would turn out to cheer on their heroes.

Dejan's goal was clear, train hard, work together as a team, and lift the cup.

Entered the old building, long overdue some investment, the cracks in the walls showing the building's age, Dejan stopped to examine a picture hanging on the wall, it was the team photo from the start of last season.

He smiled as he thought back, it had been a tough year with the team battling throughout. He couldn't fault their effort, but with a lack of quality in the final third, the team had ultimately finished the season in a disappointing 6th position, missing out on the playoff once again.

After doing a few odd jobs and making a few phone calls in his office, Dejan headed outside for the start of training. The girls were already stretching and warming up as Dejan made his way towards Milos, who was waving and smiling at him.

Milos and Dejan made an odd couple, but having worked together for a few seasons now, they complimented each other well.

The story of how they met was an unusual one, with Milos having just shown up one day at the training ground and asking if he could help out.

Taking pity on the boy, stood in front of him, wearing torn filthy rags, his incredibly thin frame, in serious need of a good meal, Dejan found him a job collecting the footballs from around the pitch, in return for a hot meal and a few dinars (the local currency).

Milos grateful for the opportunity, returned the next day and the one after that, and as Dejan continued to find him little jobs in return for something to eat, Milos soon became a permanent fixture of the place and a valued member of the coaching staff.



Milos, having grown up in a local orphanage, had never met his parents or experienced the feeling of being loved, always feeling alone in the world, that is, until he found the Tigers.

kicked out at the age of sixteen, he'd found himself living on the streets, begging, and stealing just to stay alive.

When he'd wandered into the Tiger's training ground that day a few years back, he was expecting to be turned away, but instead, he had found the kindness of a stranger, a chance in life, and a home.

As time went on, Dejan started involving Milos in the training sessions, and to his surprise, he discovered that the skinny runt of a boy was an incredibly talented football player.

The way he struck the ball was so pure, generating a massive amount of power for someone of such small stature. But the boy didn't just have power, he had the accuracy to go with it, seemingly able to fire shots into the top corner of the net from 30 yards out at will. Milos reminded him of himself at that age, in fact, with the right training, he could have been even better than he ever was.

Wanting to help the boy, Dejan made some calls, using some of his old contacts to arrange some trial sessions at a few professional clubs. Unfortunately, all the clubs came to the same verdict, Milos was a very technical, quick, and talented player with a deadly accurate shot, but at only 5 foot 4, he was just too short to play professionally.

A month later

With the season underway, there was a real feeling of positivity surrounding the club. For the first time in their history, the Tigers had won all six of their opening games, and the local media were getting carried away, saying it might finally be their year.

Dejan, on the other hand, was staying grounded, he had heard it all before and knew the upcoming game that weekend was going to be their first true test. They were playing their fierce rivals the Wolves, the team that had won the league for the past four years in a row.

The away fixture was going to be extremely tough, The Wolves were sponsored by some local businesses, who pumped crazy amounts of money into the club, as a result, they could pay their player a much higher wage, compared to all the other mostly semi-professional teams in the league, meaning they could attract all the best players in the area.

Besides the mammoth task ahead of the team, Dejan also had a personal stake in the game. The Wolves were managed by his nemesis, Marko Mitic, an old teammate from back in the days when he was playing professionally.

In those days, they had both competed for the same position in the starting line-up, but it was clear to everyone that Dejan was the much more talented player.

As time went by, Marko grew jealous of Dejan's ability and natural talent, his rage building every time he watched him from the substitute bench or had to listen to the manager of the team heaping praise on the golden boy.

The culmination of all his anger and frustration boiled over one day on the training pitch. The horrific tackle, which would forever live in the memory of anyone who witnessed it, ending Dejan's career and forcing him to spend the next few months in the hospital.

In that one moment, Marko had taken everything from him, ruining his life, stealing his dream, and leaving him a permanent limp.

In the early days, the nightmares were a nightly occurrence, they were less common these days, But Dejan would still occasionally wake up in a cold sweat, seeing the image of Marko's evil smiling face looking down at him, as lay on the ground clutching his shattered ankle.

Marko had gone on to have an average career, but without the necessary drive or talent, he retired early, investing his money into a local nightclub. But where he had been an average footballer, it turned out Marko was a natural when it came to business.

He now owned, a string of bars and clubs throughout the city and over the years, he had gained a reputation as a bit of a gangster and someone not to cross, the stories of corruption, bribery, and people disappearing frequently thrown around.

Marko was a busy man, but even with all his other commitments, he always made time for his team, the Wolves, and loved nothing more than to get one over on his old teammate Dejan.

Stood on the side of the pitch Dejan and Milos watched as the girls trained, "Hey Coach, I really think we're going to beat the Wolves this year", Milos said smiling.

Dejan looked over and slowly nodded, "perhaps Milos, perhaps, but everything needs to be perfect, we need to fight for every ball and be rock solid in defence".

"We'll win, I just know it", Milos replied enthusiastically, "we've been training the new formation all week, and even if we do concede a goal or two, we have Sonja".

Without wanting to say it aloud, Dejan quietly shared Milos' feeling of optimism. In the past few seasons, Marko and his team had always come out on top during their encounters and just loved to rub it in his face afterwards, but this year could be different, this year Dejan had a secret weapon, he had Sonja, the goal machine.

From the moment she arrived, in the pre-season tryouts, she'd just oozed confidence, and from the moment they gave her a ball, everyone instantly knew they had found a superstar.

Sonja was quick, athletic and had an eye for goal, everything the team had been missing. On the downside, she wasn't the most likeable of characters, in fact, she

was a complete bitch, but that was something Dejan and the team could put up with, she was by far the best player in the team, perhaps the whole league.

If there had been any doubter to her ability, they had now well and truly been silenced. Sonja, playing as the Tigers main striker, had already racked up ten goals in the first six games, running rings around the opposition players and firing the Tigers to the top of the league, leaving the media raving about her performances.

“Woah, did you see that? She’s amazing”, Milos announced, after watching Sonja glide past four players and smash the ball into the back of the net.

Dejan allowed himself to smile. With Sonja looking so sharp and hungry, he for once, allowed himself to dream, perhaps, just perhaps, for the first time ever, his team might actually stand a chance this year.

Chapter 2 – Haunted by the past

With his heart still thumping in his chest, and the exuberant chants of the away fan ringing in his ears, Dejan punched the air in celebration, he felt on top of the world, and if he was able, he would have jumped for joy.

Having congratulated his team and sent them off to the changing room to shower and change, Dejan entered the narrow corridor that joined the pitch to the main building. Two reporters awaited him, ready to ask his thoughts on the game and get some quotes for their match reports.

Entering the dimly lit tunnel, Dejan saw a silhouette on the far side near the exit, and instantly knew who it was, it was his arch-nemesis Marko Mitic, leaning against the wall and blocking his exit.

“Hello Dejan, how is the leg old friend”? A smirking Marko asked as Dejan limp up.

Dejan felt his blood boil, stopping to stare into the eyes of the man who had destroyed his footballing career as he felt a dull ache in his leg which was always with him.

On the outside Dejan remained calm, as today he had the bragging rights, his team had won, Sonja had scored a hattrick and had almost singlehandedly won them the game.

“Don’t waste your time worrying about my leg, Marko, if I were you, I’d be spending my time doing a little more training, what was the score again today, 3-1, was it not”?

Dejan could tell he’d hit a nerve; he could see it on Marko’s face. “My team are champions, they are born winners, this was nothing but a blip”, Marko said, sounding very agitated, “just you wait, at the end of the season you will be watching on like everyone else as we make history, lifting the trophy for a record fifth straight time”.

“We’ll see about that, first you’ll have to catch us, and with Sonja in my team, we won’t lose many games. You don’t have anyone even half as good as her”, Dejan said, again seeing the anger on Marko’s face.

“That confident, are you little Dejan? Well let’s bet on it then, ten million dinars (£70,000) says that my team wins the cup this year or are you scared to put your money where your mouth is”?

“A bet, oh no, I won’t bet with you”, Dejan replied, not wanting to get involved.

As much as he despised the man, Dejan knew Marko was dangerous, he had heard the rumours of the dodgy deals and people disappearing, plus Dejan didn’t have anywhere near that sort of money even if he sold everything he owned.

“Ah, same old Dejan, all talk, you are pathetic, you are weak”, Marko said laughing, “weak in the mind and the body, go on, limp back to your loser team and leave me be”.

Dejan felt something snap in his mind, he'd had enough, he couldn't stand there any longer and be insulted by the man that ruined his life, and at that moment, he made a rash decision, one that would change his fate forever.

“Ok, you want to bet, fine, let's bet”, Dejan spat, “ten million dinars says my team wins the cup this year, and on top, how about the losing manager resigns and walks away from their team and football forever”?

Dejan had shocked himself with that last comment, not really sure where it had come from, but it felt good seeing the look of surprise on Marko's face.



Marko seemed to think for a second before the smile returned to his face, “I agree to your terms”, Marko replied, extending his hand to seal the bet with a handshake, "we have a deal".

From the moment he walked out of the stadium that day, Dejan regretted his decision, it wasn't that he didn't believe in his team, it was just now he was constantly worried that Sonja might get injured or get poached by another team, after

all, everything depended on her maintaining her goalscoring form throughout the rest of the season.

With the stress and worry came the sleepless nights as Dejan's mental health started to slowly deteriorate. It soon became apparent to the people around him that something was wrong as the light-hearted fun father figure they all knew, began to shout, and bark orders at them, snapping into a furious rage over something as small as a misplaced pass in training.

Milos, who spent the most time around him, bore the brunt of his erratic behaviour. It seemed no matter what he did these days, Dejan felt the need to lecture him, telling him daily, how he was not taking his role seriously enough and that he was letting the team down with his lack of focus.

Milos took the lectures to heart and started avoiding Dejan where possible. He just couldn't understand what was wrong, yes, he may come across as a little relaxed at times and perhaps he liked to party when training was over, but he was a typical red-blooded nineteen-year-old boy, surrounded all day by a group of young women, he couldn't help but show off and try to impress them, and at the end of the day, the team was winning.

Three weeks later

As Dejan arrived at the training ground, he looked around and felt a rage building inside, the team should have almost finished stretching and warming up by now, but instead, they were all stood huddled around in the centre circle laughing and joking.

Storming over as fast as he could, Dejan was ready to give his team the hairdryer treatment, telling them how unprofessional this type of behaviour was. But as he approached, the girls suddenly went silent, and all turned to face him.

“Hi Coach, we're so glad you're finally here, we've found a new player for the team”, Katerina, the team captain announced cheerfully, “she's a bit of a tomboy, but you should see her play”, she added as the whole group erupted into laughter.

Dejan was confused, wondering what the hell she was on about until suddenly the group parted in front of him and a very embarrassed looking Milos stepped forward to stand next to Katerina.

Just like the other girls, he was wearing the Tiger's kit, and on his head sat a long blonde wig flowing over his shoulders and reaching his waist. Stood there next to the larger stockier frame of Katerina, the lynchpin of the team's defence, Milos looked rather small and feminine.



Dejan was lost for words as he glared at Milos who almost looked as shocked as him. Failing to hide his anger, Dejan looked Milos up and down as his eyes narrowed.

Scanning up past his skinny legs, Dejan's eyes stopped on Milos' chest as he almost choked noticing the two protruding lumps, sticking out from the front of his shirt thanks to the bra strapped tightly around his chest and the rolled-up football socks filling the cups.

Standing next to Katarina, a girl he had dated a few times, with the fake blond hair tickling his blushing cheeks Milos felt ridiculous. He could see Coach was about to explode into a fit of rage and tried to pre-empt it.

“Uhm... I'm sorry Coach, I kind of lost a bet, it was just a bit of fun, I'll go change right away so we can get on with training”, he said lowering his head, feeling ashamed to be seen dressed as he was by the man he looked up to like a father.

Seeing the rest of the team glaring at him, Dejan took a deep breath and calmed down a little, “It's OK Milos, or perhaps for today, I should call you Milena”, he announced with a smile, “come on, why are you all still standing around, let's train, we've already missed ten minutes”.

Everyone except Milos cheered, who looked stunned by Coach's reaction but having expected to be screamed and yelled at, Milos felt a sense of relief as he allowed himself to be dragged off by the rest of the team to begin the day's training.

Taking his normal position on the side of the pitch, Dejan wasn't exactly thrilled with the foolish distraction to the training session that evening, but with team spirit high, he didn't want to risk ruining it over a little joke. He just needed to keep the momentum going, the team were still on top of the league, having kept their winning start to the season going, but more importantly, they were now seven points ahead of the Wolves and looking unbeatable.

Milos felt a little out of place at first taking part in training instead of shouting instructions from the sidelines, but as time passed by, he began to relax and enjoy himself.

It didn't take long for everyone else to forget Milos was out there with them as they focused on getting to grips with the tactics for the game that weekend. But one person who was constantly aware of his presence was Dejan, and not because of the way he was dressed, as distracting as that was, the boy was a magician with a football at his feet, making everyone else look like a bunch of amateurs.

He had forgotten just how much of a natural talent the boy was, reminded from the moment Milos touched the ball, picking it up on the halfway line only to dribble past three defenders with ease before curling a pinpoint accurate shot into the top corner.

This continued for the rest of the training session, the boy was untouchable, with his low centre of gravity and turn of pace, Milos could skip past his defenders effortlessly, making him unstoppable with the ball at his feet.

"What a waste of a talent, if only he was a real woman, we'd win the league with ease", Dejan thought, as he imagined the mind-blowing strike partnership, he could form playing Milos alongside Sonja.

The next day around noon, having been summoned to Dejan's office, Milos lightly knocked on the door.

"Come in", came a shout.

Entering the room, Milos looked around seeing Coach behind his desk, the light shining in through the small dusty window behind him, leaving his face shrouded in darkness.

"You wanted to see me, Coach"? Milos asked nervously, feeling as though he was about to be told off.



“Take a seat Milos”, Dejan replied, pointing to a worn looking chair on the opposite side of his desk.

Milos slowly closed the door and walking over to take a seat. There was a moment of silence as he fidgeted awkwardly, feeling a spring pressing uncomfortably into his backside, “Err... I’m really sorry about yesterday, Coach, it wasn’t my idea, it was just the girls having fun”.

“I know Milos”, Dejan said staring Milos right in the eyes, forcing him to look away, “do not worry, I have no problem with fun, but I need your help”.

“Of course, Coach, you know me, I’ll help however I can, what do you need from me”? Milos said eagerly.

“Well, I know you are young and are just having a little fun, I remember what that was like, but this is a crucial stage of the season for us, we all need to focus”, Dejan said pausing to let the words sink in. “I’ve noticed recently you’ve been spending a lot of time with the girls, partying and playing, I just wanted to remind you how important this year is for the team, this year we have a real opportunity to finally lift the cup, but only if everyone, including you, are 100% focused, do you understand what I’m telling you here”?

Milos having listened carefully to the words looked up. "Yes", he said nodding, "I understand Coach, I guess I could spend a little less time partying, I want you to know, there's nothing I want more than to help the team win, I'm willing to give everything I've got; you know how much I appreciate everything you've done for me, right? The last thing I want to do is let you down".

Dejan smiled. "Thank you, Milos, you are very important to the team and the part you play will be crucial if we are to have a successful season, I'm counting on you, if we work together, I'm certain this can be a special year".

Seeing Coach smile Milos joined him, "you can count on me, Coach, I won't let you down, I promise".

Chapter 3 – A promise broken

As he answered his phone, seeing the words caller unknown, Dejan hadn't expected anything good to come from the call, but the news he received from the nurse he spoke to, made him feel weak in the knees and want to throw up.

The details were vague, not helped by Dejan struggling to listen in his state of shock, but one thing was clear, a number of his players had been involved in a car accident and Sonja was one of them.

Faster than he had moved in years, he almost ran to his beat-up old car and raced to the hospital, breaking the speed limit almost all the way there and completing the usual 20-minute journey in half that time.

On arrival, he found the nurse who he had spoken to earlier on the phone and listened once more as she listed off the players involved in the accident and what injuries they had suffered.

Katarina, his captain had broken her arm and his central midfielder Jana was in with a suspected concussion and broken ribs.

Dejan nodded as the nurse spoke, trying to take in the information as she rattled it off quickly before she started talking about Sonja, the news he had been waiting for but dreading.

It was worse than he feared, her injuries were not life-threatening, but it sounded as though she was in a lot of pain, the doctor suspected ligament damage, which if true would end her season.

Dejan asked if he could see his players but was told they were either in with the doctor or family members, so not knowing what else to do, he found an empty seat in the waiting room and sat with his head in his hands, feeling lost and confused.

He waited for what seemed like hours, his mind imagining the worst until finally, the nurse returned and told him he could speak to Milos if he wanted.

"Milos"? Dejan announced in shock, "Milos is here"?

"Yes", the nurse replied, "I did say his name earlier, he was driving the car".

"Please, show me where he is", Dejan announced, he couldn't believe he'd missed the information earlier but now he knew, he needed to know if he was alright and perhaps get some answers about what had happened.

Dejan followed the nurse down a long corridor before entering a crowded ward. She led him over to a corner bed separated from the rest of the room by a thin curtain.

Pulling back the curtain, Dejan winced as he saw Milos propped up in bed, he looked terrible. A huge bandage covered most of his face and his eyes looked glazed over and distant.

"My god, Milos, are you ok? what the hell happened"? Dejan asked in a concerned voice while moving towards the foot of the bed.

Milos slowly looked over, his eyes trying to focus. "Coach, you are here, I... I'm so happy to see you", Milos announced in a spaced-out voice", there was a bright light, a bang a huge bang, where am I? Am I going to be ok"? he added clearly confused and groggy from the medication.



"You are in the hospital Milos, and yes you are going to be ok", Dejan replied calmly, "can you remember anything else about what happened"?

Milos looked around in a daze, "bang, it was so loud", he said shaking, "Coach, my head feels funny, I feel so sleepy".

"Perhaps it was too soon to visit, we should let him rest now", the nurse said intervening, "Milos has had quite the traumatic experience".

Realising he wasn't going to get much sense from the boy in his current state, Dejan decided to take the nurse' advice, "ok, try to get some rest now, Milos, close your eyes and go to sleep".

He watched as Milos closed his eyes and quickly fell into a gentle slumber.

As Dejan left the ward, returning to the waiting room, he did something he hadn't done since he was a child, he prayed, wishing Milos and the girls a speedy recovery, that is until he was invited in to speak to Katerina where he heard the full details about the accident.

Hearing about what really happened, Dejan's calm concerned demeanour sudden did a180 as a rage like he hadn't felt in years engulfed him.

Katerina's explained how in an attempt to impress her, Milos had, after drinking half a bottle of vodka, stolen a car, and convinced them all to go for a joyride. Drunk and inexperienced behind the wheel, Milos had lost control of the vehicle after taking a corner too quickly, veered onto the wrong side of the road, swerved to miss an oncoming car, and slammed into a tree.

Over the next few months, the Tigers' form nosedived as the Wolves week by week closed the gap at the top of the table before eventually passing them. After the shock of the accident and without Sonja's goals, the team were a shell of their former selves, having lost all but one game in her absence, claiming a solitary point in an uneventful 0-0 draw against the team rock bottom of the league.

Having ruptured a ligament in her leg and undergone surgery to repair it, Sonja was now in physiotherapy regaining her strength. She was recovering well and was already walking, but the doctors had warned she was very unlikely to play football again that season.

The other two girls involved in the crash, Katarina, and Jana, were in a better place, now back in the training and slowly being reintegrated into the first team. But things were looking grim for Dejan with the Tigers, now fourth in the league table and dropping like a lead balloon.

Depressed and angry, Dejan fell victim to the voices in his head and after another low energy training session, he retreated to his office where he opened a bottle of vodka, he had been staring at for the past few days, before ripping off the lid and drowning his sorrows. After all his years of struggling to stay sober, he had finally given in.

As he swigged from the bottle, part of him felt guilty but that feeling was quickly overwhelmed by a feeling of pleasure. Every swig felt as though he was being reacquainted with an old friend, a friend that didn't treat him very nicely, but one he loved, nonetheless.

The drinking inevitably became a daily occurrence as Dejan's world came crashing down around him. Without Sonja it all felt so hopeless, there was no way his team could defeat the Wolves, he would lose the bet, have to quit football, and need to magic up 10,000,000 dinars or risk ending up like one of the victims in the gruesome tales people in the city told involving Marko.

A few weeks later on a typical midweek evening with Dejan already halfway through a bottle of vodka, he was slumped in his chair when he heard the little knock on his office door.

Not wanting to talk to anyone, he tried to ignore it, but the visitor was persistent, knocking again, this time much louder, and upon receiving no reply, they tried the handle to find the door unlocked.

"Get the hell out of here, I don't want to see anyone, especially you", Dejan screamed, seeing Milos standing in the doorway.

It had been two months since Dejan last laid eyes on him, and he couldn't help but notice how different he looked. After the accident, where Milos had collided heavily, face first with the car steering wheel, he had needed surgery to rebuild his shattered nose and broken cheekbones.

"Are you deaf? I said get out", Dejan screamed, wanting the boy out of his sight. After discovering the truth about the accident, Dejan was so angry, he had banished him from the club, telling him to leave and never show his face again.

Milos ignoring the request and walked into the dimly lit room, trying not to breathe in the stench of mould and sweat that made him want to retch. He had expected the hostile reception, but what Milos hadn't expected was to find Coach, 30 pounds lighter, and knocking back a bottle of Vodka like it was water.

"Coach what are you doing? No please, you can't be drinking again", Milos said panicked, "what about all those stories you told me? you said the drink destroyed you, don't you remember all the struggles you went through to put your life back together".

"It's too late for that Milos and this time it's you who have destroyed my life, you and your stupidity," Dejan announced loudly, slurring his words.", do you even realise what you have done? I warned you about this, now I'm going to lose everything, my team, my career, perhaps even my life".

"Coach please, I know I was stupid, I'm so sorry, but I don't understand, why do you have to quit the team? What do you mean lose your life"? Milos replied confused.

"Ha", Dejan said taking another large swig from the bottle, "well if you must know, take a seat, here have some vodka", he added passing over the bottle.

Milos grabbed the bottle and took a mouthful, and after hearing about the bet with Marko and what was at stake, he needed another, "oh my god, I had no idea, why didn't you tell me"? He asked shaking his head.

Dejan snorted, "I guess, we both have regrets, huh", he said taking the bottle back.

"This is my fault, there must be something I can do to make this right, please Coach, I'll do anything", Milos pleaded.

"There is nothing you can do, Milos, not unless you can find me another Sonja", Dejan said placing the bottle back to his lips but spilling most of the liquid down his stubbly face and filthy shirt, "you can leave now; you know where the door is".

"Please Coach, I feel terrible, I should have been the one injured that night, not Sonja, If I could change places with her I would", Milos whined, "please just tell me what I can do".

Putting down the bottle, Dejan looked over at Milos studying his new face carefully, with his altered nose and rounded face he looked a little effeminate.

Perhaps it was the vodka coursing through his veins or perhaps it was due to not sleeping more than a few hours a night for the past month, but in that moment Dejan had an idea, a crazy idea of a desperate man but one that just might work, "you know Milos perhaps there is something you can do", he said with a smile.

The team had watched Dejan deteriorating over the last few months, his behaviour becoming more and more erratic, so, when he turned up to training one evening, announcing that Milos was joining the team and everyone was to call him Milena from then on, they thought he'd finally lost his mind. But after three wins from the next three games where Milos tore apart the opposition teams, scoring 14 goals in the process, they started to come around to the idea.

Not wanting to get caught and thrown out of the league, Milos was even looking the part after Dejan had arranged for him to move in with Sonja and her housemates, who had helped transform him into a fairly convincing woman.

Sonja, understandably, wasn't too happy about the arrangement with Milos having driven her into a tree and left her with a horrible unattractive scar on her leg. In fact, she couldn't stand the sight of him but with the promise of a hefty sum of money, if the Tigers won the league, she had reluctantly agreed to help out.

Dejan had picked Sonja, thinking she would be the perfect person to help Milos adapt to his new role as Milena. In his mind, everything fit just right. Sonja, along with her housemates, had studied a cosmetology course at a local college a few years back and with their fourth housemate having just moved out, there was even a spare room available.

The day Milos turned up at the apartment with his small solitary bag, containing everything he owned in the world, he was blown away by his new spacious home, barely believing his eyes as he was given a quick tour of the place.

Having grown up in the orphanage and spending the last few years either on the street or on a tatty old sofa at the Tiger's training ground, Milos had never had a room of his own before and was overwhelmed with excitement even if it was decorated a little effeminate for his taste.

But his excitement didn't last long as he soon discovered this new luxury way of living came at a price as his new housemates and former beauty students wasted no time at all getting to work on his makeover.

He had been in the apartment barely five minutes before he was practically dragged into the bathroom and told to take a long soak in the bathtub, already filled and almost overflowing with bubbles.

The strong flowery scent from the water invaded his nostrils, making him sneeze as he nervously climbed into the tub with all three girls watching. Sonja then handed him a pack of disposable razors and told him to shave off every hair below his eyebrow, only leaving after showing him her shaving technique and telling him to go slow to avoid cuts.

Out of the bathroom, wearing the robe left for him, Milos felt odd as he was given a more in-depth look around his new bedroom, his body felt so different without hair, and he didn't like it.

Opening the wardrobes and then the chests of draws, the girl took delight in showing Milos what was inside, they had been filled full of women's clothing and undergarments, some left by the girl who used to live there, the rest having been donated by his three new housemates.

Alongside the wardrobes that covered the entirety of one wall, his eyes were drawn to the comfortable looking bed, noticing that his bag had mysteriously vanished from where he had placed it earlier, but before he had a chance to ask about it, he turned to look over at Sonja who was clicking her fingers and telling him to focus.

She was standing by a vanity, covered in unfamiliar bottles and powders, and telling him he would soon know the name of each on every one of the foreign items as they would teach him how to apply them to his face like a pro.

Picking up a bottle of moisturiser, Sonja handed it to Milos, "rub this all over your body twice a day, once in the morning, and once before bed", she commanded, "you can start right now, but first put these on", she added handing him a pair of pink panties and a matching bra that felt slippery to the touch.

Refusing once again to give him any privacy, the girls watched giggling as an embarrassed Milos, disrobed, and slipped on the panties as fast as he could. But little did he know, his embarrassment had only just begun as one of the girls, reached into his new pink underwear, grabbing his manhood before roughly tugging it back between his legs, leaving him shocked, uncomfortable, and completely flat in the front of his new pink panties.

Next came the bra, and once fastened tightly around his chest, two fleshy mounds were added to the cups, slightly sticky on one side, helping them to stay in place.

The overall result was messing with Milos' mind as he stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror. With his shaved body and feminine underwear, he looked freaky, a man's head on a scarily realistic looking woman's body.

Sonja snapped him out of his daze by telling the girls to help him get dressed while she went to the living room to finish setting everything up.

The outfit he was given consisted of a pink vest top with a round neck, a denim miniskirt, that exposed most of his newly shaved legs, and a knitted jacket that ended around mid-thigh.

Reluctantly Milos got dressed as the girls helped him with his new feminine outfit before handing him a pair of 3-inch cork wedge sandals and told him to put them on.

"Why do I have to wear heels, when you three are all wearing flats"? Milos asked, staring down at the alien shoes in his hands like they were about to bite.

"Sonja said you need the practice, take it up with her if you're not happy", replied Katya, one of his new housemates, before she took the scary-looking sandals from his grasp and slipped them on his feet. Milos didn't fight her and just watched in amazement as his feet settled into an unfamiliar arched position.

Heaved up onto his wobbly legs, he was led out of the room and towards the living room, swaying, and stumbling the whole way, trying desperately to balance on his new ramped shoes.

As he tottered into the room on his unfamiliar footwear, Milos gulped, stopping dead in his track seeing the makeshift salon laid out around a bright pink sofa. The table next to the sofa was covered with enough brushes, tools, and cosmetics to open a small shop, and across the cushions lay strands of long realistic looking hair.

In the centre of all the terrifyingly girly items sat Sonja who was looking up at him from the sofa with a sadistic look on her face, “make yourself comfortable, Milena”, she announced, “we have a lot of work ahead of us”.



Chapter 4 – The makeover

For the next few hours, Milos sat in a complete daze as the three young women buzzed around him working. At first, having so much female attention was nice, that is, unless he started to think about what they were doing to him.

First on the agenda was his hair, still damp from the bath, Sonja wasted no time at all in combing through his shaggy locks, roughly pulling through the knots making Milos groaned in discomfort.

Once satisfied, she swept his hair back and sectioned it into parts as Milos watched worried as she picked up the first of the long scary looking hair extensions from the sofa and started going about attaching it to his head.

For what seemed like an eternity, he watched fascinated and a little apprehensive as the strands of fake hair on the sofa slowly disappeared and the weight on top of his head increased as Sonya wove in each piece, firmly attaching it to his own hair.

While Sonja worked on his hair, the other two girls were busy working on his nails, one on his hands and the other on his feet, as his uncomfortable sandals were removed making him wonder why he had had to wear them in the first place.

It was a relaxing experience, as Milos let the girls work, telling himself that plenty of men got manicures, occasionally looking down to see the girls, trimming his cuticles, cutting away some dead skin, or filling his nails.

Smelling the polish, Milos had a moment of panic, as he tried to argue that it wasn't necessary. Unfortunately for him, the girls were having none of it, and after threatening to paint his nails bright red, he reluctantly allowed them to continue with the original light pink shade they had chosen.

As he watched Sonja pick up the last strand and felt her attaching it to his head, he was relieved the ordeal would soon be over, his mind now switching from worry to curiosity as he wondered what he would now look like. But the big reveal would have to wait as the girls were far from done with him.

Marched to the bathroom once more, he was told to sit on a stool they had placed in front of the sink. He tilted his head back and closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of the warm water and Katya's finger rubbing across his scalp, that is until he smelt another strong chemical smell and jerked up in protest.

He was pushed back down and told to relax as she explained that she was just making everything look the same colour.

After rubbing in the solution and wrapping something around his head, Katya left, leaving him staring up at the ceiling with his head in the sink and the foul smell of the hair dye assaulting his nostrils. After what seemed like an eternity, she returned to rinse his hair, and after giving it a quick blow dry, he was taken back to the living room.

As he entered, Sonja and the other girl, Sara smiled, making him feel incredibly uncomfortable. Lowering his head didn't help as a cascade of long brown hair flowed over his shoulder.

Through the masses of hair, he saw ten sparkly pink toenails beneath a pair of long smooth legs emerging from a short denim skirt, the sight made him grimace as he still couldn't believe he had agreed to Coach's crazy idea.

"Take a seat, Milena", Sonja announced pointing to his previous position on the sofa.

"Are we not done, yet"? Milos asked in astonishment.

"Done! of course not", she replied with a huge smile on her face, "it's time for the real transformation to begin".

Milos sighed, slowly making his way over to the sofa before sitting down, lifting his knees, and placing his arms around his smooth ankles, "can I at least see what you've done to me"? He said feeling very vulnerable.

The three girls looked at each other before Sonja spoke, "sure, I don't see why not", Sara, go fetch a hand mirror".

As Sara left the room, Katya approached. Sitting down next to him, she started brushing through his long hair before producing two clips and securing one on each side of his head just behind each ear.

Returning with the mirror in hand, Sara passed it to Sonja, "are you ready"? she asked.

Milos nodded before watching the mirror being thrust in front of his face. He gasped at the sight he was presented with, still not used to his surgically altered face and now with all this hair, he looked so different, so girly.



“Not a bad start, right”? Sonja said chuckling, “you’re definitely convincing enough to play for the team and fool anyone watching, especially in a league full of tomboys like ours”.

Milos looked up, “start”? he repeated, looking confused, “what else are you going to do to me”?

“Well, not too much more today”, Katya said moving over to sit beside him, “but I think you’ll agree, those caterpillars need to go”, she added, whipping out a pair of tweezers and smiling.

In the days that followed, Milos found it incredibly tough to adapt to his new life as a woman, as the daily lessons on how to speak, move, and behave were almost unbearable, forcing him to change every habit and mannerism he had ever learnt.

At least when at training with the team or playing in matches, things were better. With the wins on the pitch continuing, Milos soon became a popular figure amongst his teammates as they quickly accepted him as part of the group and thanks to his goal-scoring prowess, even started idolising him.

The problem was, the more comfortable and popular Milos became, the angrier and more demanding Sonja became. As the weeks passed, she started to despise him, not only had he recklessly endangered her life but now in her mind he was replacing her as the star of the team as she came to the realisation that nobody missed her or talked about her anymore.

One evening in the apartment while looking at the hideous scar running down the side of her leg and massaging her aching lower leg, Sonja broke, as she experienced rage like never before “how is this fair”? She screamed, picking up a vase of flowers and hurling it into a nearby wall watching it smash into a thousand pieces, “Why does he get to walk away from that accident scot-free when it was all his fault”?

She hadn’t even wanted to get in the car that evening, she had been talked into it by Katarina and now here she was, scarred for life, as Milos got cheered and praised each weekend, loved, and adored by a rapidly growing fanbase, “he needs to be shown that there are consequences to your actions”, she thought, “If he wants to be a show-off, I’ll make him one, I’ll make it, so everyone is talking about him”.

The next day, hell-bent on revenge, Sonja informed Milos, that to help with his training, from that day forward, she would each week be introducing a new rule, and made it clear he was expected to follow.

Milos tried complaining to Coach but he wouldn’t listen, he just told him that Sonja knew what was best and to do whatever was needed to avoid anyone finding out their secret, he then reminded him that he had agreed to help and that whatever Sonja was doing, was working as the team had been playing some of the best football he had ever seen.

Milos was left devastated by the news and worse still this left Sonja with free reign to do whatever she wanted to him, able to now take full advantage of the situation to punish him for his past discretions.

The first thing to change was his diet. Milos' meals were reduced to tiny portions leaving him forever hungry. They now consisted of mostly fruit and vegetables, all meat and carbs were banned with water being the only liquid he was allowed to drink.

Next, he was forced to do 100 squats every morning and every evening, as Sonja watched and commented. This left him in a constant state of pain with his glutes and upper legs constantly burning from the excessive exercise. This became routine and worryingly as the weeks passed, he couldn't help but notice his backside starting to take on a more rounded feminine shape.

Week three's rule was to practice makeup application. For hours on end each day, Milos would sit watching YouTube makeup tutorials, carefully selected by Sonja as he was forced to listen to the brainless girls on the screen and struggled to replicate their slutty over the top looks.

But like all the challenges, Milos tried not to complain, he put his head down and rose to each new challenge. After a few weeks of practice, he was able to replicate and apply the most dramatic of looks with ease. Sonja didn't seem impressed, telling him that now he was capable of painting his face, he was to always have it painted, even in the house, just in case someone called around and recognised him as a fraud.

The rules and routines made no sense to Milos, he thought they were ridiculous and unnecessary, not to mention Sonja's reasons for implementing them, but even so, Milos persevered. He had promised to help Coach to make up for what he had done and not wanting to let him down a second time he suffered through as one thing kept him going.

For the first time in his life, he was being given the opportunity to play football week in week out for a real team. Every week he would step out in front of a stadium full of supporters who cheered and sung songs for him and it felt amazing.

He also knew the season wouldn't last forever, it would be over in a few months, so as bizarre as the situation was, Milos vowed, if possible, to try to enjoy his moments out on the pitch living out his dream of being a real football player.

On a Saturday evening a few weeks later, after a thrilling game of football, watched by a cheering crowd, Milos walked off the pitch with the match ball and to a standing ovation having scored four goals and single handily won the Tigers the game.

Back in the dressing room, the girls all celebrated and showered him with compliments. With this latest victory, the Tigers had climbed back up the league and were now once again in the playoff places.

Sonja who didn't seem as happy as everyone else, only in the dressing room as Dejan still wanted to include her in team activities, suggested a girl's night out to celebrate the victory. Loving the idea, the other girls started cheering and arranging to meet at a local bar later that evening, Milos just stared at Sonja quietly shaking his head, he wanted nothing more than to go home and relax but the sadistic smile on her face told him he'd be going along for the ride.

Later that evening at the apartment, Milos was feeling very self-conscious as he stood in front of the mirror having just snapped a picture of himself in the tight-fitting uncomfortable outfit he would be wearing out that evening.

This week's rule introduced by Sonja was to upload at least three pictures per day to an Instagram account she had created for Milena. This was not only embarrassing but a bit of an inconvenience as Milos kept forgetting, but at least this rule made some sort of sense after Sonja explained how suspicious it would seem if anyone searched for Milena and failed to find any social media presence.

Looking at his reflection once more he couldn't take his eyes off his feminized reflection. He had spent the last hour applying his makeup and straightening his long hair. He was now studying the image before him and desperately searching for any signs of the boy he had seen all his life but to his dismay, in his place now stood a dark-haired young woman, dressed up and looking like she was ready for a night of partying.

Sonja who was stood behind him told him to take one more selfie as he tried to steady his shaking hand, now extremely nervous about leaving the apartment. He had of course been out plenty of times dressed as Milena but that evening it felt different. It was going to be a whole new experience walking the city streets dressed as he was, knowing the local men were going to like what they saw.

He was wearing a tight black turtle neck sweater, covered with little white dots. The sweater itself, was in his opinion, a size or two too small, showing off a strip of bare skin around his waist, not helped by the padded bra beneath, the material wrapping snugly around them tenting out the front and clearly showing the outline of his fake bosom beneath.

Around his neck, it felt wet and sticky from the copious amounts of perfume Sonja had doused him in as the pungent floral scent threatened to choke him with each breath he took.

When Sonja first produced a pair of jeans for him to wear, he was shocked. But having squeezed his feet in the leg holes and somehow forced the restrictive material up and around his ever-expanding rear end, he wondered if a skirt might be more comfortable. With the restrictive acid-washed denim tightly hugging his legs, he could hardly move. He also couldn't understand why girls wore jeans that looked damaged, with more than a little skin on display though the designed horizontal rips across his thighs.

He knew walking wasn't going to be easy that evening as he wobbled slightly on his wedge heeled boots, already feeling his calves strain and the pressure on his manhood, which had been tucked back tightly between his legs as he dreaded the thought of having to use the bathroom later that evening.

Mincing and stumbling about in his restrictive outfit and wedge boots, Milos got quite a bit of attention out on the streets as he found it almost impossible to keep his balance. He had practised wearing heels in the apartment, but it hadn't prepared him for the streets of Serbia, as he avoided manhole covers, stepped up and down curbs, and traversed uneven ground, each threatening to send him toppling over.

Sonja showed no signs of sympathy as she wobbled along herself, struggling to keep up with the rest of the team, telling Milos that if she could manage in her much taller heels, having only just come out of surgery, he could too.



Arriving at a local sports bar amongst the posey of excited women, Milos got quite a bit of attention as people recognising him, came up to say hello. It seemed Milena's goal scoring antics had given rise to quite a few news articles recently making him the talk of the town,

Everybody who approached congratulated him on his impressive form, and either wanted to have their picture taken with him or buy him a drink. Of course, Sonja encouraged the attention from his fans, especially as most were young men after more than a little conversation and a selfie.

As the night drew on and the drinks kept flowing, the constant stream of men that surrounded Milos started to get a little bolder, as he was forced to brush away wandering hands trying to touch his hair and stroke his arms and lower back.

Flustered and losing his patience Milos had had enough and spotting Sonja by the bar he tottered over on his now sore feet, “Sonja can we please go home soon”? he pleaded, “it’s been a long day and people keep touching me”.

Sonja laughed, “go home! no way, the nights still young, so suck it up princess, it’s not my fault you’ve become a local celebrity or that your booty looks too good in resist in those painted on jeans”.

Milos looked at her stunned “But, you picked this outfit, and you were the one who made me do all those squats, that has made my bum swell up like this”.

“Stop your bitching, we’re here to have fun” she announced angrily, “it’s bad enough I have to babysit you all day every day, can’t you let me enjoy one evening in peace without having to listen to your incessant complaining, now fuck off, will you? I’m busy”, she added before turning back to chat to the tall dark-haired man she was trying to convince to take her home that evening.

Milos feeling angry and frustrated stomped across the bar and straight out of the door. By the time he had calmed down enough to think straight, he was a mile up the road. He now found himself alone, cold, with no money and with his feet screaming at him. Regretted his decision to leave, he considered going back.

But with it being almost as far to his apartment as it was back to the bar, he reluctantly trudged on. Slowly, he made his way home and with each painful step, Milos reflecting on his traumatic evening. He had never realised just how different it was for young women on a night out in a bar.

That evening, he developed newfound respect and appreciation for what women went through and had to put up with on a night out, along with a growing hatred of drunken young men.



Chapter 5 – Adapt to survive

Sonja never did apologise for the way she spoke to Milos in the bar that evening, and in her quest to torment him further she used the fact that people were now recognising him to justify the continued changes to his lifestyle and body, telling him there would be even more scrutiny over his identity, meaning he would need to work twice as hard to make sure Milena looked the part.

There were numerous facial treatments, where he was forced to sit through smelly masks, peels, and even laser treatments, leaving Milos' face silky smooth and completely hairless. Milos wasn't too bothered at first as he had never had a lot of facial hair or had the urge to grow a beard, but he did find it a little frustrating how thanks to Sonja that option had been taken away from him.

His ears were pierced, and wearing earrings and jewellery became a daily norm. For Milos, the constant jingling and jangling whenever he moved took quite some getting used to, as a man, he hadn't even worn a watch but now thanks to the weight and the clanking of his bracelets and earrings whenever he moved, he was constantly reminded of their presence and his feminization at the hands of Sonja.

The introduction of these changes were inconvenient and more than a little annoying, but they were something Milos could cope with in his quest to make amends for the car crash. That is until one morning, sat on the pink sofa in the apartment living room, Sonja announced that his nails needed some attention if he was to keep up with current trends. She got to work immediately, filing, clipping, and trimming his cuticles.

Having had his nails done many times before Milos was used to the attention but when Sonja produced a set of long clear nail tips and started glueing them to the end of each fingertip, he started to worry.

He watched in a trance as she applied some gooey white material over the top of the tips before spreading it out, taking a lot of care to make sure it was even.

His hand was then guided into a strange looking device with a blue light as Sonja started work on his other hand. Milos tried asking her what she was doing but after being snapped at a few times, Milos quickly realised, Sonja was not in the mood to talk.

When she announced him done, Milos looked on in a state of shock as he carefully twisted and turned his hands in front of his face, his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

His hands now sported ridiculously long that extended what must have been more than an inch beyond his fingertips ending in a rounded tip.

Milos slowly waggled his fingers watching as the acrylic material shimmered in the light. His heart quickened as he stared down at the monstrous claws that had essentially rendered his hands useless and noted how they weren't all the same colour, most were black, but a few nails had been coloured an off pink colour with some design painted on top.

“Admiring my work, I see”, Sonja announced with a smile, “they’ll take a little getting used to, but they are so fashionable right now, perfect for a celeb like you”.

“Sonja aren’t these a little impractical to play football”? Milos said gasping as he held up his hands to show her his claw-like nails, trying to imagine how he was going to be able to do all the day-to-day activities, he had taken for granted with his shorter nails.

“Don’t be silly, you’ll be fine, it’s football, you can’t use your hands, you’re not the goalkeeper”, Sonja replied smiling towards the other girls who had entered the room halfway through his manicure making them burst into a fit of giggles.

Milos on the other hand was less than impressed by her stupid answer, “Yes, but what if...”, he was interrupted, “shush, it’s done now, you just need to get used to them, Sonja announced, “I bet by the end of the day you won’t even notice them, we all have acrylic tips and we get by just fine”, she added as she, along with other girls, lifted their hands and wiggled their fingers to show Milos their own extended nails, albeit much shorter nails.

Milos was a frustrated figure as he fumbled his way through the rest of the morning. After trying to remove a nail and feeling a sharp pain, he tried to do as little as possible worried he was going to rip off his actual nail below. But some things were unavoidable like using the bathroom.

With his nails extending so far past the end of his fingers, getting in the way of everything, what used to be a trivial exercise, one worthy of little thought, had now become a complex series of mind-bending puzzles.

Flushing the toilet or washing his hands was now almost impossible, undoing his jeans took five minutes as he tried to figure out how to grip the zipper and unfasten the button, even opening and closing the door was now a chore.

Feeling frustrated and fed up, Milos planned to spend the rest of the day alone in his room. Unfortunately for him, Sonja had other ideas as she barged into his room, “Millie, go take a shower and find something cute to wear, we’re going into the city to pick up a few things”.

“Well, I won’t be much use then will I? “Milos shot back sarcastically, holding up his hands, “I can’t pick up anything with these”.

“Ha...ha, very funny, now get going, we haven't got all day”, Sonja replied, giving him a look that said don’t you dare argue with me.

After struggling to undress, Milos jumped in the shower. The warm water felt nice on his hairless skin, and as he washed his long brunette locks, with his nourishing floral-scented shampoo, he found the first and perhaps only positive to having long nails.

Raking them along the top of his head and massaging his scalp felt amazing. It was so relaxing, he could have stayed there all day but like almost everything else in his life he enjoyed, Sonja wasn’t going to allow it, banging on the door, bringing him back to reality and telling him to hurry up.

Back in his room, he ran into more problems caused by his long acrylic talons. He couldn’t apply his makeup. If it were up to him, he would have just left the house without wearing any but knowing Sonja would scold him, he asked her for help. Sonja agreed immediately as though she had been expecting the question and quickly got to work painting his face.

When he gazed into the mirror seeing the finished look for the first time, Milos was far from happy, “is she trying to make me look like a whore”? he thought to himself while grimacing at the heavy makeup plastered to his face, more suited to a nightclub than a Tuesday afternoon out shopping.

He turned to look up at Sonja ready to complain, “now not a word of complaint from you”, Sonja said cutting him off, “if you think you can do better, you’re more than welcome to start over”.

For a moment even with his claw-like hands, Milos considered it, but knowing it would more than likely just make Sonja angry resulting in some cruel punishment down the line, he took a deep breath and bit his tongue.

For the next 20 minutes, Milos sat by the vanity wearing just his silky underwear in total silence as Sonja straightened his long hair with a pair of flat irons before walking over to his wardrobe and selected an outfit from his ever-expanding collection of girlie clothes. He watched through the mirror as she placed a pair of black stretchy leggings on the bed, followed by what looked like a white short-sleeved shirt.

“Ok, so before you start complaining again, I’ve picked you out an easy to wear outfit, while you adjust to your new nails”, Sonja said smiling at him through the mirror, “no buttons or zips, so you should have no problems slipping it on, the shirt ties around the midsection if you’re wondering”, she added while placing a chunky fake jewelled necklace around his neck.

“Thanks, I guess”, Milos mumbled, still staring at his heavily made-up face.

“Oh, cheer up, it wasn’t my idea to dress you up as a woman, I’m just doing what I can to help you not get caught”, Sonja said tilting her head to one side.

Milos sighed, “I just don’t understand why I have to be such a girly girl; the rest of the girls on the team don’t wear this much makeup and they definitely don’t have nails like these”, he replied holding up his nails once more.

“Are you serious right now”? Sonja announced loudly, “the rest of the team aren’t crossdressing men, you have to look more feminine than them, so no one thinks even for one second that you are anything other than the woman you appear to be, don’t you see that? Do you want to get caught? What will happen to Coach if people find out your true identity”?

Milos closed his heavily made-up eyes, feeling the heaviness of his mascara drenched lashes and sighed once more, “ok, I get it, I do”, he replied, lowering his head not having the energy or the strength to argue with her.

“Good, now get dressed and meet me out in the Livingroom, I need to get ready myself, oh, and before you whine about not being able to fasten your shoes, don’t worry, these are slip-on”, Sonja said with an evil grin, as she picked up the patent platform pumps, Milos had been forced to wear for the last week or so, while he practised walking in higher heels.

Ten minutes later, Milos trotted awkwardly into the living room, the loud clicking sound echoing from the floor with every tiny mincing step he took a constant reminder of the feminine prison he now found himself trapped in.

The other two girls barely looked up from their television show as he entered but gave him a quick compliment on his outfit as he plopped himself down on the sofa feeling exhausted already and they hadn't even left the house yet.

Doing his best to avoid watching the mind-numbingly boring show on the TV, Milos fidgeted to try and find a comfortable position to sit in his tight pants. He still couldn't believe Sonja was making him wear these shoes for their outing. Not only would he stand out on a Tuesday afternoon but the longest he'd ever managed to wear these feet crippling shoes was an hour in the apartment with its flat smooth floors.

Shuddering as he recalled the intense ache of his calf muscles and the throbbing of his toes after taking them off that day, Milos knew he was in for an uncomfortable afternoon.



Three hours later.

Having been dragged from shop to shop, navigating uneven pavements, and going up and down, what seemed like every set of steps in the city, Milos had lost all

feeling in his toes. His feet were now pulsating with a hot sharp stabbing pain as he hobbled along behind Sonja trying to keep up and not fall.

Seeing Sonja stop to look in a shop window, Milos tottered up and tried once again to convey to her just how much pain he was in, "please, Sonja, I can't feel my feet anymore, what if I fall and break an ankle" he moaned, "if I hurt myself, I won't be able to play for the team anymore, what will Coach say about that"?

Sonja turned slowly with an annoyed look on her face, "fine, you big cry baby, you win, one more stop and we'll head back home", she said in an angry tone, "now you know how women feel, forced by men to wear uncomfortable shoes, all in the name of fashion, now stop complaining and suck it up princess, ten more minutes and we'll head back".

Easy for her to say, thought Milos, looking down at Sonja's comfortable looking trainers but deciding to keep the thought to himself.

Flash, flash, flash, the bright lights from in front of them catching them off guard and momentarily blinded the pair. Milos putting his head in his hand wondered if this day could possibly get any worse as he spotted a man with an expensive-looking camera snapping pictures.

Sonja tutted before taking a step forward, "how dare you take our picture without asking you cockroach", she screamed, "now get lost, before I shove that camera up where the sun doesn't shine". The man looked terrified, apologised for disturbing them before quickly scuttling away.

turning back to face him, Sonja smiled, "I guess you really are a celebrity now, Millie, isn't it a good thing we've been working so hard on your disguise"?

The coming Saturday, the Tigers had an important game. Thanks largely to Milos, the team had fought their way back up the league and today faced the team directly above them. Their opposition were a good team with a solid defence, but if the Tigers could come away with the victory, they would leapfrog them into second place.

It was a dull first half with few chances created by either side. Milos was having a quiet game, playing with his new nails, felt uncomfortable and awkward not helped by the opposite team taunting and calling him names in the hope of putting him off.

The second half played out much like the first and with the fourth official indicating there would only be two further minutes of added time, Dejan watching from the sidelines shouted out some words of encouragement to his team.

The words seemed to have an instant impact with Milos deciding to show everyone who had been taunting him all game, exactly what he was capable of.

With the score still tied at nil-nil, the opposition team had the ball and were attacking with pace, having thrown everyone forward sensing they could find a winning goal.

The ball was out on the right-wing, in possession of the muscular opposition winger who ran past the left-back like she wasn't there. Cutting inside she looked ready to unleash a shot on goal as the whole stadium held their breath expecting to see the

net bulge. And if not for Katerina, it probably would have, throwing herself in front of the ball to block the powerful shot.

The ball now loose, flew up into the air as the crowd strained their necks to follow it. It seemed to be in the air for what seemed like an eternity before it finally came racing back towards the Earth.

Milos who was standing just inside his own, having come back to help the team defend, watched the ball as it dropped rapidly towards him. Spotting the clock on the large scoreboard out of the corner of his eye and seeing mere seconds remaining, he wound back his foot for a speculative effort on goal.



As the ball dropped over his shoulder, Milos leaned in and swung his body towards the ball. Striking the ball on the volley his connection was pure.

The entire stadium gasped as the ball flew like a missile towards the opposition goal. The trajectory was straight, and the ball didn't waver at all from its path as the scrambling opposition goalkeeper had no chance of saving it, even if she had been on her line.

The ball almost broke the net as the crowd roared, jumping wildly from their seats having just witnessed one of the best goals of all time. Mobbed by his teammates who piled on top of him, Milos missed the referee blowing the final whistle to bring the game to a close. The Tigers had done it, they had won the game.

After the celebrations died down a little, his teammates hoisted Milos onto their shoulders and carried him from the field to a hero's exit as the crowd chanted Milena over and over again.

Trying to take it all in Milos felt on top of the world. It felt like all his dreams had come true, but little did he realise, with that goal, he had opened Pandora's box as every media outlet in the country would now know his name.

Back in the changing rooms, the celebrations continued as the team sang and danced as Milos enjoyed the attention he was receiving. After a few more minutes of celebrating, Milos slipped away and went looking for Coach.

He'd been wanting to speak to him for the last few days about the situation with Sonja and thought today, with everyone in such a good mood, it might be a good time to approach the subject.

He found the door to his office open but gave it a gently knock anyway. Dejan, who was sat behind his desk stood up upon seeing Milos, almost ran across the room and gave him a huge hug, "wow, Milos, what a goal, I've never seen anything like it", he said gripping him tightly.

"Thanks, Coach, I didn't really think about it, I just hit it", Milos said enjoying the embrace and glad to see Coach happy for once.

"Well, it was spectacular, come take a seat", Dejan said as pulled away and pointed towards his desk.

He sat down and after watching Milos take his place opposite, he offered him a drink as a worried look appeared across Milos' face.

"Ah...don't worry, I meant a soft drink, you know water or something", he said to reassure him, "I'm off the alcohol again now, I've been sober for seventeen days. I have to admit, it got bad again there for a while but thanks to you Milos, I'm back on the straight and narrow again", he added with a warm smile, "now what brings you in here? Why aren't you celebrating with the girls"?

Noticing how happy and how much healthier Coach looked, Milos suddenly had second thoughts about threatening to quit the team, like he had intended to, when he made his way over to the office, instead, he decided to try a different tactic.

"Well, you see Coach, it's Sonja, I know you told her to help me with this disguise", he said lifting his hands and moving them down his body slowly to emphasise his point, "the thing is, she might be taking things too far and jeopardising everything".

“Go on”, Dejan said, as Milos noted the concerned look on his face and felt happy that his tactic was working.

“Well, recently she’s been forcing me to go out drinking in the city where people are recognising me and taking pictures, there is even talk of going out to a bar later tonight!” Milos exclaimed, emphasising the last word and sure that Coach would put a stop to it as one of the team rules was no drinking or nights out during the season.

Dejan paused for a second, “you know Milos, perhaps I’ve been a little uptight in the past, team spirit has never been better, and we have won every game since you joined the team”, he said before pausing once again as Milos looked stunned by the words coming out of his mouth.

“You know what, I’m going to change the rule, in fact, tonight I’m going to throw you a party here at the club”, Dejan announced loudly, “tonight, all food and drinks are on me, you deserve it for what you’ve done recently”, he said standing up”, thank you, Milos, for all you’ve done recently”, he added putting his arm around him and walking towards the door, “I really appreciate your sacrifices and tonight to show my gratitude, we party”.

“A party, are you serious? Coach’s throwing a party”? were the surprised comments heard throughout the changing room as the news spread quickly.

Sonja walked over and stood above the bench where Milos was sat still shocked from the announcement, “So, Millie, I hear Coach is throwing you a party tonight, how wonderful”.

“Er... it’s not like that Sonja, it’s not just for me, it’s for the whole team”, Milos said feeling nervous seeing her grinning face looking down on him.

“Oh, don’t be so modest, you just scored the goal of the season and won the game, of course, it’s your party, now let’s get off home, so we can get our special girl ready for her big night”, Sonja said with an evil glint in her eye.

Four hours later.

Milos was back at the football ground albeit it dressed rather differently. The hours after the game now seemed like a blur to him having rushed back to the apartment, where the girls went into overdrive, glamming him up ready for the party.

Standing outside the football club on his wobbly legs, he could hear the faint beat of the music from inside the building and shivered as a large gust of wind blew up his short dress, tickling his legs.

His slender legs refused to budge as he looked down shaking his head. He still couldn’t believe he wearing a dress out in public, or anywhere for that matter. It was his first time wearing one, having refused point-blank up until now.

The feeling of having his smooth hairless legs covered only by a pair of shiny nude coloured tights exposed to the elements was more than a little strange. He was used to wearing shorts, but the open bottom of his dress made him feel different, vulnerable.

The skin of his legs beneath felt so smooth and sensitive as the swish of his thighs rubbing against each other as he walked, and each gust of wind sent a shiver down his spine in what was a very distracting feeling.

He was once again perched atop the painful 6-inch platform pumps, he had worn on the night out in the bar. By now he was starting to get used to the feeling of having to walk around balancing on his tiptoes after Sonja had forced him to wear these shoes almost 24 hours a day in an effort to adapt to higher heels.

But even after walking up the old uneven path from the car without tripping once, Milos still felt nervous, knowing it would only take one false step to send him toppling off the ankle-breaking death traps loosely attached to his aching feet.



Out of the main door stepped Teodora, one of his teammates, as Milos knew it was now too late to back out. Spotting him standing there the girl smiled and waved before making her way over to greet him.

Trotting up the perilous path to meet her halfway, Milos was extra careful where he placed the thin stiletto heel of each shoe.

He was greeted with a hug and an air kiss, "wow, Milena, you look gorgeous tonight, are you sure you're really Milos under there"? The girl joked.

"Hi Teodora, you look nice yourself", Milos answered blushing, "yes it's definitely me, even if I have to pinch myself sometimes to believe it".

"I know, I'm only teasing you, but seriously you look really beautiful, I love your dress and those shoes, how do you walk in them"? She said stepping back to get a good look at him.

"With difficulty", Milos replied while brushing a long curled piece of hair from in front of his face, "to be honest with you, I'm still not sure how I even made it up here without falling".

Teodora giggled, "Well, I'd say you look like you were born to wear them, shall we go inside"? She announced, linking her arm through his, "everyone will be really excited to see you".

Teodora was right, the whole room stopped and turned as Milos tottered in through the doors. All together they cheered loudly and gave him a round of applause to welcome him to the party.

The night actually turned out to be more fun than Milos initially thought. All night people wanted to chat with him. It was strange but as Milena, he received more praise and attention in one evening than Milos had had in his entire life.

The only thing that stopped him from fully enjoying the evening were his torturous heels, and after a few hours, the pain became unbearable, forcing him to find a seat to rest his throbbing feet.

But sat watching the room of people having fun, Milos didn't feel upset or annoyed, instead, he began to reflect on what had become of his life and for the first time since becoming Milena, he thought that perhaps life as her, wasn't so bad, given that it was only temporary.

Having grown up without a family, Milos had always been alone and left to fend for himself, but now he had the Tigers. The team had given him something he had never had before, a home, a place to belong, and he was determined to do whatever it took to keep it.

The team partied late into the night with more than a few events that would lead to stories that would be told for years to come.

Milos spent the rest of the evening sat watching, but even so, nothing could ruin his mood, not his aching feet, his flimsy outfit, the scowl on Sonja face every time he looked her way, or even the awkward conversation with Coach after he came over to join him and didn't know where to look. He was living in the moment and in that moment, life was bizarrely, pretty good.



Chapter 6 - Her true colours

In the weeks that followed, Milos tried to forget about what had happened, deciding to put all his energy towards helping the team succeed, and if that also meant, for the time being, learning how to live life as Milena Ivanovic, star striker and local celebrity, that's just what he would do.

He followed all of Sonja's instructions without complaint, which meant dressing in the clothes she chose, completing his daily squats, and keeping to his low-calorie diet, which was having quite a noticeable effect on his body as he continued to lose weight at an alarming rate.

Sonja on the other hand was far from happy with Milos' new attitude, she used to enjoy watching him squirm and complain, it had given her great satisfaction. Now, it seemed no matter what she did, he just went along with it, showing little to no emotion in the process.

Determined to get a reaction from him, Sonja decided to see how far she could push him, first by making him change his nail colour daily, a tedious task she was sure he'd hate, but to her surprise, Milos just got on with it without any fuss.

She next emptied his wardrobe of all pants and removed all the shoes with anything less than a stilt-like heel, but again Milos never uttered a word in protest, he just wore the clothes left behind and got on with things.

As Sonja continued trying to embarrass and humiliate Milos, the other girls in the apartment started to distance themselves from her. They didn't like or agree with the way she was treating him, telling her on multiple occasions that she was taking things too far.

Her friends turning against her, just made Sonja angrier, adding to her reasons to hate Milos, now blaming him for taking her friends away from her. But as bitter and angry as she was, looking down at the front cover of the newspaper over breakfast, one morning, really sent her over the edge.

Looking back at her, smiling, and posing was Milos. The picture was accompanied by an article that talked about him being an inspiration and a hero, someone all local young women should look up to and aspire to be like.

She grabbed the paper, tore it in half and flung it across the room, "it should be me, not him" she screamed, "he's stolen it from me".

At that moment, Sonja made a plan to destroy him whatever the cost, starting with his reputation and public image.

A few days later, she put the first stage of her plan into motion, informing Milos that he needed to experience a proper girl's night out, and that meant dressing up and visiting a nightclub.

Stood in front of his bedroom mirror, Milos had a bad feeling about the night ahead. He knew girls who went out dancing to clubs normally dressed up, but the girl in the mirror looking back at him, wearing a black PVC mini dress that hugged her body like a glove, sky-high heels any normal person would struggle to even stand in, and

with his face caked in makeup, he knew he was going to draw a lot of unwanted attention that night.

Entering the living room, concentrating on the placement of his feet, and swinging his little handbag, Milos' thoughts consumed by the tight restrictive tugging feeling of the rubbery material on his bare thighs as his tiny PVC dress clung to him with each mincing step he took.

As he walked, he was forced to roll his hips and ass from side to side seductively, it was the only way he was able to move on his towering heels if he wanted to avoid falling straight on his face, his heavily painted face that was bothering him more than anything else that evening.

After a trip out with Sonja the previous day, it had taken all his willpower to remain calm and not scream after he was left with long thick eyelash extensions, which now fluttered in front of his face and felt extremely heavy drenched in mascara.

The other surprise of the day and perhaps the most shocking was when he was shown his reflection in the mirror, only to be greeted by pair of plump balloon-like lips, twice their original size thanks to being pumped full of collagen. They still felt strange and numb and currently slathered in bright red lipstick gave him a very exotic adult look.



“Oh, look at you”, Sonja announced with a smile as Milos trotted up, “we're going to have to watch you, you're going to drive all the boys wild tonight, in that sexy dress you little slut”.

“Thank you, Sonja, I like your outfit too”, Milos replied looking her dead in the eye and smiling, having realised a while back that the best way to get back at her was not to react the way she wanted, and right now he could see she was fuming.

Sonja rolled her eyes, “whatever”, she said flicking her hand towards him, “it’s time to go, don’t forget to put some condoms in your purse, a dirty little whore like you is bound to need them”, she added standing up and clearly annoyed as she stomped towards him.

The four girls took a taxi to the club and barely spoke on the journey with Milos taking the time to reflect on how he had ended up in his current predicament, wasn’t he just supposed to play football? he kept asking himself.

How had he ended up having to sit through painful weekly waxing sessions, his face never without a coat of makeup, and his daily hygiene and haircare routines getting longer by the day?

He looked down at his bare legs, his skin had taken on an unnatural orange colour from all the fake tan that had been rubbing into it and his PVC skirt riding high up his thighs. He reached down to adjust it but quickly failed and gave up, his nails, once again getting in the way, making everything so much more difficult.

He had somehow let himself be transformed into Sonja’s human Barbie doll at her beck and call to dress up and humiliate whenever she wanted.

But as he sat in the back of the taxi, squished in the middle seat between Sara and Katya, worried about the night ahead, Milos vowed not to let it break him, in a few months everything would go back to normal. He just had to hold on until then, besides, he'd made a promise to Coach, he just had to find a way to put up with Sonja until then and focus on helping the team win their remaining games.

The night in the club didn’t start off too badly. Once inside, Milos and the other girls quickly ditched Sonja and went straight towards the dance floor to let off some steam.

Watching the girls dance around in their skimpy outfits, Milos tried his best to imitate their body movements, rocking his body from side to side in time with the beat, and swaying from one high heeled pump to the other.

That evening, the girls were in a flirty mood as they danced around Milos, running their hands over the sleek material of his dress and down his smooth legs. The attention was driving him crazy as he felt the girls run their hands down his sensitive body and after a few minutes, he was getting really turned on, which was a comfortable experience with his penis strapped tightly between his legs. Making an excuse, Milos tottered off toward the bathroom to cool down.

When he returned, Sonja had found the group and had even bought them a round of drinks. Not wanting to look ungrateful, Milos accepted the Vodka and orange and sipped away through the straw.

It wasn't long before the room started to spin, suddenly finding increasingly it difficult to keep his balance in his towering high heel pumps. Panicking Milos stumbled away from the group to try and find somewhere to sit.

As he pushed his way through the crowd of people dancing, he couldn't understand what was happening, he knew his tolerance for alcohol was not what it once was, but even so, he had only had two drinks.

The rest of the night was a blur with only partial memories. He could remember being surrounded by men as he desperately pushing away hands as they ran all over his body before falling into the arms of some random man who spun him around for a sexy dance.

He remembered the feeling of the man's scratchy beard nuzzling into his neck and the stranger's erection grinding itself against his rubber-clad buttocks.

He woke up in his bed the next afternoon still dressed in his clubbing outfit, lifting his pounding head to see makeup stains all over his pillow. rolling over he leaned down, to try and unbuckle the straps holding his heels from his screaming feet. His body ached all over and he felt as though he was about to throw up.

It was the worse hangover he had ever experienced and as a result, Milos spent the rest of the day in bed not wanting to admit to himself what he knew to be true. He didn't want it to be true, but he just couldn't come up with an alternative explanation as to what happened. His drink had been spiked and all signs pointed to Sonja as the culprit.

Wondering how to approach the subject, Milos decided just to come right out with it, asking Sonja straight to her face. She responded by calling him crazy and telling him he just had too much to drink before changing the subject.

Milos left the conversation with a strong suspicion she knew more than she was letting on but with no definite proof, he decided to try and move on, being extra careful with his drinks in future and especially around Sonja. After all, he knew from past hardships, dwelling on the experience as painful as it was, wouldn't help. he just wanted to move on focusing on the good things in his life and the ones he could control.

Over the next few weeks, Milos ignored Sonja as much as he could. Unlike most of the other girls on the team, who needed to supplement their meagre salary from the football club with another job, Milos was unemployed, allowing him to spent most of his time either in the gym or out on the pitch practising.

He enjoyed his time at the gym as could use it as an excuse to get away from Sonja and the out of the girly outfit for a few hours.

After only a week, Milos could already see a difference, his endurance had improved, and he felt fitter and stronger than he had ever been before. The only problem was these weren't the only changes he had been noticing lately.

His hips and ass were definitely getting bigger, giving him a rather sexy looking booty especially in his tight yoga pants gave him a particularly disturbing womanly figure.

He initially put the change in the shape down to all the squats and sprints he was doing but when he noticed his chest becoming a little puffy and his nipples become enlarged and tender, he knew something was wrong.

On was a Saturday evening and after another big win, Milos stood in his room about to leave for yet another torturous night out clubbing. The team had won 9-3 that afternoon with Milos having scored an incredible eight of the goals, impressive even by his recent high standards. The win had left the Tigers only two points behind the Wolves with the media tipping them to reclaim top spot before too long.

Sonja as usual had picked out his outfit for the evening and having put on the tight sparkly halter top, skin-tight mini skirt, sheer tights, and tall platform pumps, he gazed at the reflection of the stranger in his bedroom mirror.

He shook his head watching his perfectly curled blonde hair flutter around his heavily made-up face, the latest change to his appearance, making him look even more feminine and giving Sonja even more ammunition in her name-calling. Dumb blonde, plastic Barbie, and bimbo now common names used to refer to him.

He was interrupted by a knock on the door. Expecting it to be either Sara or Katya as Sonja wouldn't bother knocking, Milos made his way across the room on his elevated shoes, noting how comfortable they actually felt due to their taller platform front.

Flinging open the door Milos gasped in surprise, it wasn't Sara or Katya or even Sonya but Coach, stood outside his bedroom door and looking almost as shocked as him.

For a moment, they both just stared at each other, Milos surprised as Coach had never visited him at the apartment before, feeling extremely embarrassed to be seen all dolled up in his clubbing gear.

Dejan surprised to find Milos in full makeup, dressed up like the girls he saw hanging outside the clubs in the city. He felt very awkward having to remind himself that the leggy blonde in front of him was actually Milos, the orphan boy he had taken in, as his eyes began to wander.



“Milos, sorry, I mean, Milena, can I talk to you for a second”? Dejan said looking him up and down, his eyes lingering just a little too long on Milos’ long nylon encased legs.

“Err... sure”, Milos answered, embarrassed and trying to cover his breasts with his arms, “what’s up Coach”?

“Well, we might have a problem, can I come in”? Dejan asked.

Milos nodded and stepped to the side, allowing Coach into his room. He watched as Coach moved the stool from in front of his vanity and positioned it in the centre of the room, “please, take a seat”, Dejan said taking charge as always and pointing towards Milos’s bed.

Sitting awkwardly on the stool, Dejan watched as Milos himself awkwardly sat down, carefully positioning his plump rear down onto the mattress before tugging on the sides of his tiny skirt, which was short enough to be a belt. Giving up, Milos instead placed his hands between his thighs to stop his panties from showing as Dejan gulped before quickly looking away.

Feeling extremely awkward, Dejan decided to get straight to the point. “So, the thing is, as you already know, lately you have caught the attention of the media”, he said before pausing.

Seeing Milos was listening, he continued, "you see, not only are you probably the best player to have ever played in this league, hell perhaps any woman's league, with all the nights out, the way you look, and dressing like a... err...", Dejan paused once more. seeing the look on Milos' face and not sure how to finish his sentence. Instead, he pulled out his phone and showed Milos a picture from a popular news website that specialised in celebrity gossip.

If Milos hadn't felt humiliated enough before, he now felt ten times worse as he carefully took the phone from Coach, trying not to poke him with one of his long acrylic nails decorated with shining fake jewels.

He peered down through his thick lashes seeing the headline, "Milena Ivanovic, sexy striker has a sexy stroll in the city", and gasped.

He read on, "Milena Ivanovic star striker of the Tigers, sexes it up in her latest set of raunchy outfits. The 5'4 goal machine is not afraid to show off her alluring figure as she goes about her daily business wearing in outfits most people would consider clubwear at a push".

Milos having read enough, scrolled down to see two pictures that accompanied the article. In the first, he was sitting on a set of steps wearing the obscenely short black dress that barely covered his backside. The top portion showing an ample amount of cleavage and paired with his suede over the knee boots and heavy makeup, he looked completely out of place in the middle of the day.

The picture was quite old, but he remembered it being taken. He and Sonja were about to leave on one of their many shopping trips and having gone on ahead to get a few minutes of peace away from her, he was sitting on the steps outside their apartment.

The man appeared out of nowhere and just started taking pictures of him while asking him where he was going. Milos remembered telling the man he was going shopping and after a few more question the man left leaving Milos to go about his day in his uncomfortable and impractical outfit.

The second picture was a more recent one. It was from a night out in the city, and he was dressed to impress. He was wearing a stretchy blue mini dress that showed off his blossoming feminine curves. His thighs shined due to the sheer tights encasing his long sexy legs and the look on his face gave away the fact he'd had quite a few drinks that evening.

Day by day, the number of people following him around and taking pictures had steadily increased to the point, where now, no matter where he went, the media always seemed to find him, it was almost as if someone was tipping them off as to his location.

Humiliated and embarrassed Milos passed the phone back to Coach and brought his hand up to cover his face. There was a moment of silence, before he spoke, "Coach, this is not my fault, I told you about Sonja, she's always bossing me about me, I'm not allowed to choose what I wear!"

Dejan sighed, "yes, this is my fault, I should have paid more attention but with the team winning and everyone getting along so well, I took my eye off the ball. I'm sorry

Milena, I should have listened to you”, he said scratching the side of his head, “but still I need to ask for your help one more time”.

“What does that mean”? Milos replied annoyed.

“Well, this new image of yours is bringing us a lot of attention that we could do without right now”, Dejan announced, “with us being so close to the end of the season, what if someone starts poking around into your past and finds out who you really are”?

Looking angry, Milos threw his hands into the air, “I never wanted to look like this, it was Sonja, I kept telling you, she’s crazy, look at me! look at this outfit she’s making me wear out tonight! look at this hair! this body! these nails! Do you have any idea how hard it is to live with nails this long”? he said before staring at Coach with a sad pouty face.

Dejan again didn’t know where to look as he once again reminded himself who the sexy woman with the killer body in front of him was, “it’s too late to go back and change things now, we’re in too deep, we need to play the hand we’ve been dealt”, Dejan replied in a calm voice but inside feeling guilty over what he had allowed Sonja to do to the boy.

As Milos lowered his head, Dejan continued, “earlier today, I received a phone call from an editor of an online magazine, they want to write an article about you, a sort of rags to riches piece, they also want you to do a photoshoot”.

Milos’ head shot up and his mouth dropped open, “What a photoshoot!”, he exclaimed loudly, “no way, Coach, please, I can’t do that, I agreed to play football, I don’t want to be a model”.

“I had no choice but to agree, I’m sorry”, Dejan said apologetically, “we can’t have them snooping around and asking questions right now, it’s best to work with them so we can control what information goes to print”.

Seeing Milos visibly upset, Dejan moved over to the bed and placed his arm around the feminised boy.

“When will this end, coach”? Milos asked in a sad voice, looking up into Dejan’s dark eyes.

“Soon, I promise”, he answered stroking his fingers through Milos’ soft blonde hair”, “I need you, Milena, just a few more months then things can go back to normal, I promise, that is unless that psychopath Marko has me killed before then”, he joked.

“Please, don’t say things like that”, Milos said pouting.

For a moment, the pair said nothing as they each stared deeply into the other’s eyes, Dejan holding him tightly.

Losing himself in the moment Milos moved his head slowly towards Coach.

Dejan watched in slow motion as Milos’ plump glossy red lips made their way towards his, he closed his eyes, before quickly opening them again and pulling away, “I should go”, Dejan said flustered, jumping to his feet, “I have to be up early in the morning and it’s getting late”.

“Um.... Late, yeah, of course”, Milos replied embarrassed, seeing the clock on the wall that said it was just after 7 pm.

“Right, I guess I’ll see you in training then”, Coach said unable to look him in the eye, “don’t worry about the magazine shoot right now, I’ll take care of everything, everything will be ok, I promise”.

And with that Coach was gone, leaving Milos sat on the bed feeling incredibly stupid and more confused than ever.



Chapter 7 – A star is born

Six days later and the day Milos had been dreading had arrived. Wearing a tight pink dress that exposing his shoulders and strained to contain the breast forms stuck to his ever-expanding chest, Milos sat on the living room sofa in deep thought.

Having just arranged, not for the first time, the hem of his short dress that slid around the top of his shapely legs, threatening at any moment to expose his silky pink thong, Milos straightened the tops of his thigh-high boots, making sure to tie the knots tightly behind each leg to avoid them slipping down his shiny nylon covered legs.



For the last week, Milos had been given a crash course on how to be the perfect model, told that everything about with appearance and attitude would need to be immaculate if he was to avoid being outed as a man in front of the camera.

For days it felt as though he had done nothing else as he was shown how to stand and sit in a variety of girly poses, how to angle his head and body, what to push out and what to suck in, and where to place his hands.

He had endured another makeover session at the hands of the girls, where another layer of fake tan had been slathered on and his eyebrows had been shaped and arched, to his dismay, to look even more feminine.

But if that wasn't bad enough, telling him that the camera would see things the human eye wouldn't, he was taken once more to have a little work done on his face. He still hadn't gotten used to the changes caused by the first trip, but with the addition of a new shot of collagen in each lip to accompany the fillers in his cheeks and around his eyes, Milos hardly recognised himself.

Seeing himself for the first time, the results were scary as he reached up and poked his plump top lip with a long acrylic nail. It felt firm and completely numb like the rest of his face. The knowledge that the feeling to his face would return soon and that his lips would soften up over the next few days, gave Milos little comfort as he worried how he was ever going to get back to his old life when this was all over with the lips of an adult film star.

Back in the living room, Milos looked surprised to see Coach standing over him. Daydreaming away hadn't heard the door or Sonja letting him in. "You look... erm... nice", Dejan said looking a little uncomfortable.

"Thank you", Milos replied sheepishly getting to his high heeled feet, "shall we go"?

"Err... sure, after you", Dejan said stepping to the side as Milos sashayed past on his tall boots. He tried not to look but couldn't help glancing down, instantly becoming memorised by Milos' long blonde hair bobbing up and down just above his plump backside swaying from side to side as he crossed the room like a runway model.

Stopping in the doorway, Milos turned to look back, flicking his long hair over his shoulder in a seductive way. Seeing Coach still standing in the middle of the room and pursed his thick glossy lips into a pout, "are you coming or what"? he said sounding slightly annoyed but looking awfully cute.

"Err...yeah... sorry, I was just distracted for a sec.... ah never mind, I'm coming", Dejan replied, embarrassed to have been caught looking and suddenly wondering if Milos' lips had always been so large.

The drive to the studio was an awkward one as the pair sat in almost complete silence, neither wanting to approach the moment in the bedroom a week earlier and glad the radio was playing to break the tension slightly.

After arrived at their destination, on the other side of the city, Dejan was shown into a room where he could wait, with Milos taken away to have his hair and makeup styled. He was introduced to two women; one there to prepare him for the photoshoot, and the other to interview him.

Once changed into the robe provided, the women wasted no time getting to work with the makeup artist trying different coloured foundation on his face as the

interviewer wasting no time chit-chatting, asking him a tough question about his childhood straight off the bat.

Having discussed what to say at length with Coach, they had decided it best to just tell the truth. The truth was easier to remember and would sound more genuine and sincere, Milos just had to remember to use feminine pronouns and not slip up, calling himself Milos instead of Milena.

Having heard his story, the two women seemed genuinely shocked to learn of his tough upbringing in the orphanage, with the makeup artist even stopping briefly to pat him on the shoulder and tell him how brave he was.

He had laid it all out there telling them about the daily intimidation and bullying, how he had never felt safe or had anyone to rely on, that is until he had met Coach who had given him a home at the Tigers and saved him from a life on the streets. The woman lapped it up, calling Milos an inspiration and praising Coach for his kindness.

While the makeup artist applied long thick fake lashes over his already extended lashes, Milos was asked what his goal-scoring secret was. He explained that he had spent most of his time growing up outside in an effort to escape his depressing existence and it was on the streets that he had started hanging out with some older boys who were always playing football.

Being shorter and weaker than the other boys had meant he couldn't outmuscle them, but instead, he learnt to become really skilled at controlling the ball and shooting from range. Milos also went on to talk about training and working with Coach on a daily basis had how he had helped to hone his skills and become a more tactically minded player.

The woman interviewing him, seemed really pleased with his answers, telling him the readers were going to love his story and his special connection with Coach. Milos wasn't sure what she'd meant but with his hair and makeup done and the interview over, it was on to the wardrobe department with very little time to dwell on the comment.

entering the changing Milos hadn't really known what to expect, having never been in a situation like that before, however, whatever image he previously had in his mind, couldn't have prepared him for the outfit that awaited him, almost choking as he eyed the masses of fabric that was to be his outfit for the shoot.

Even after wearing tight mini-dresses and tiny miniskirts exclusively for months, the dress in front of him just screamed girly girl, making him want to turn around and run from the room.

With a bright light shining straight in his face, a camera flashing, and a man barking orders at him, Milos felt completely out of his comfort zone and quite frankly a bit ridiculous as the shoot got underway.

Worse still when he was given a football and was told to do some tricks, normally an easy task for a player as skilled as him, but in his pink prom dress with its huge poufy skirt, that was easier said than done. He could hardly breathe in the tight restrictive gown and with the skirt of the dress flaring out from his tiny waist

swallowing his legs in its soft fluffy material, he couldn't see his feet never mind the ball.

The heavy dress looked like something straight out of a gipsy wedding. The top part was extremely low cut and thanks to the back of the dress fastening in a corset-like fashion, his puffy chest, free from his breast forms after the makeup artist removed them, had been forced upwards to look disturbingly like a very real pair of breasts.

Feeling like a complete sissy with Coach watching on from the corner of the room with his arms folded across his chest, Milos tried for a third time to give the photographer what he wanted.

They really wanted an action shot for the cover, a picture of Milos kicking the ball, an almost impossible task thanks to the ridiculously tall platform pumps strapped to his feet.

The shoes would have been bad enough by themselves, being difficult to stand in and almost impossible to walk on, but with his vision also obscured by the giant layers of his skirt, it was no wonder he had already missed the ball twice.

But third time was a charm for Milos as he made clean contact with the ball, sending it flying across the studio eliciting a loud cheer and a round of applause from everyone looking on.



As the editor watched the slightly awkward looking girl hobbling from the stage on her monster heels, he couldn't help but feel intrigued. She was vastly different from how he had imagined her to be, coming across as very humble and surprisingly timid, vastly different from the usual fame-hungry whores that graced his studio.

As Milos disappear from the room in his giant rustling gown, the editor smiled. The magazine had been following the Tigers throughout their up and down season and recently all anyone could talk about was their new star player Milena Ivanovic, who had come out of nowhere and in half a season already smashed the league's all-time record for goals, he just knew the article was going to gain a lot of traction.

Her image of being a party girl and the fact she wasn't shy to show off her body was great for directing people towards their site but now having met her and heard the story of her childhood and how she had been saved by her football coach, he knew he had the makings of a great story on his hands.

The online article came out a few days later and as an angry and jealous Sonja stared at the pictures of Milos in his prissy pink gown and read through the positive comments accompanying them she felt like screaming.

Her dream had always been to become famous and craved, more than anything, the celebrity lifestyle Milos was well on his way to achieving. Once again, in her mind, he had stolen it from her as she should have been the one out on the pitch every weekend, scoring goals as the crowd chanted her name.

Instead, she was still going through rehabilitation and physiotherapy, only recently starting to run again. Not being able to train had also caused her to put on a lot of weight over the last few months and paired with the nasty scar running down her previously beautiful legs, she once again vowed to get her revenge.

As expected the response to the article was overwhelmingly positive. Milena Ivanovic was now the talk of the town as photographers and her growing number of fans, camped outside the apartment and the Tiger's training ground, just on the off chance of getting a glimpse of her as she left.

Local businesses wanted Milena to endorse their products as the phone was suddenly inundated with an overwhelming number of calls, all inviting Milena to do a radio interview or a photo shoot.

The strange thing was, instead of hating the attention, Milos was actually starting to enjoy it. All his life, he had been ignored, everyone treating him like a piece of garbage or someone to be pitied. Suddenly, everyone was saying hello to him and actually wanted to talk to him and get to know him.

He of course knew it was Milena and not Milos they all wanted to talk to, but that didn't sour things too much as he enjoyed the attention, even if he still worried that people were going to eventually discover his true identity, often imagining the scandal that would occur if anyone ever discovered that their new idol was actually a boy being forced to live her life.

Not wanting to ruffle any feathers, Dejan agreed to all the interviews and photoshoot, which meant, over the next few weeks, Milos became incredibly busy, trying to juggle his responsibilities with the team as well as all the public events he needed to attend.

It was a busy and strange time for everyone but as long as the team was winning and Milos continued to bang in the goals, Dejan knew he could see things through to the end of the season even if the media were trying to spin his and Milos' relationship making it out as if there was some kind of romance between the pair.

With no choice but to embrace his new fame and determined to make it to the end of the season and along the way, help the Tigers to their first-ever league title, Milos persevered but that didn't make things easy.

As standing in his way, was Sonja, always making everything so much more difficult than it had to be, making unnecessary decisions, and changing his body in ways he worried couldn't be undone.

Lately, there had been times where he struggled to leave his bedroom as facing Sonja and her barrage of insulting comments was just too much to bear. The worst part was, Coach just couldn't see or perhaps didn't want to see the truth, with Sonja always acted so cute and innocent around him, it was disgusting how fake and vile she was, it made him feel sick.

Standing in his room, looking at his reflection in the mirror, Milos had reached breaking point. He pouted as he gazed at the image of a stereotypical blond bimbo looking back at him, she looked like she was ready for a night on the town but in reality, the fancy outfit was just normal everyday attire, the kind of clothes Milos was regularly forced to wear around the apartment.

Moving his head slightly, he watched as the girl mimicked him, her long blonde hair sweeping past her shoulders and reaching down to her extremely thin waist. Stood, as usual, on a ridiculously tall and fancy pair of pumps, she swayed from side to side.

Blinking Milos felt a gust of air on his cheeks, caused by the huge thick eyelashes obscured part of his vision, constantly in the way and a distraction in front of his eyes. Pushing his lips together he stood there in awe of his enormous pouty lips, lips that made men stop and stare where ever he went while he rushed by dreading to imagine the thought going through their minds.

Examining further down his body, a thought crept into his head, a thought he had been having a lot lately and he just could shake it.

He had, of course, noticed his body changing over the last few months but up until now, he had tried to convince himself it was down to his diet and exercise with the changes reversing themselves as soon as he went back to his old lifestyle.

However, lately, his chest had continued to expand to form undeniable breasts, his hips and backside jutted out from his thin waist, and his emotions were all over the place.

After searching the internet, he could only find one explanation that explained his transformation into a rather voluptuous and sexy looking woman, someone had been feeding him female hormones! And there was only one suspect.

Tottering into the living room on his gold sparkly heels, Milos found Sonja on the Sofa watching some sappy Romcom, "Ahum", he said clearing his throat.

"What do you want slut? I'm trying to watch this", Sonja said, her eyes glued to the screen.

Milos grabbed the remote and turned off the TV before sitting down on the Sofa, "We need to talk, and can you please stop with the slut comments"?

Sonja looked puzzled, not used to the usually obedient Milos talking back to her, "well I call it as I see it and wearing that slutty dress and clown makeup, what else am I supposed to think, would you prefer whore"? She said laughing.

"I'm wearing this dress because you picked it out, and I did my makeup the way you suggested, perhaps it says more about your character than mine, and what the hell is your problem anyway? why do you always have to be such a bitch"?

Sonja went red in the face, looking as though she was about to explode. Stopping herself, she took a deep breath and turned, "Well girl, you're a celebrity and influencer now, this is how those airhead bimbos look, you're supposed to stand out, women should be jealous of you and men should want to take you home and fuck your brains out", she said chuckling loudly, " I'm just helping you get there, I didn't start this, you're the one who wanted to play dress up and to join a woman's football team".

Milos shuddered at the thought of being intimate with another man. "Cut the shit Sonja, you're loving this, you have humiliated and degraded me day after day from the start, going way beyond what was necessary for this disguise", Milos replied forcefully, "I mean look at my figure, this is not normal, what have you done to me you fucking cow"?

Sonja's face suddenly changed, "so, you want to know the truth, do you? fine, I fucking hate you, you piece of shit whore", Sonja screamed, "You drive me into a tree, disfigure me, take my place on the team and you think I'm going to just smile and be your friend, you needed to be punished, and as much as you look like some trailer park barbie, right now, I'm not done with you yet, princess".

"I knew it, you fucking psycho, I suppose that blackout in the club was you too"? Milos spat.

"Oh, you mean the little something I slipped in your drink, you really let your slutty side out that night, pleasuring all those men", Sonja replied with an evil grin, "you should really be more careful with your drinks, you know. But I wouldn't expect a dumb bimbo like you to notice, I mean, I've been putting birth control pills in your food for months and you had no idea"? she added chuckling loudly once more.

As the sound of Sonja cackling, ripped through his ears like a tsunami, Milos lost it, launching himself across the sofa, his arms swinging wildly.

Sonja screamed but realised too late what was happening, allowing Milos to get a good few swipes at her face with his acrylic claws before she had time to lift her arms in defence.

The other two girls, having heard the commotion from their rooms, ran out to find Sonja screaming and trying to defend herself as Milos dressed in a sparkly sequined mini dress, that had risen up to his waist, sat on top of her, letting out months of frustration as he swiped wildly at her bare arms.

It took both of them to pull an enraged Milos away, who had caused quite a bit of damage ironically due to the very nails Sonja had forced upon him.

Cowering on the sofa, with her wet red face and arms scratched up, the two girls held Milos back as Sonja quickly got to her feet sobbing, "you'll pay for this, you bitch", she screamed as ran from the room terrified.

Realising what he had done, Milos broke down in tears himself, running from the room and towards the safety of his bedroom.

Feeling overwhelmed with emotion after what Sonja had just revealed, he needed to put an end to the ridiculous charade that had become his life. He just couldn't do it anymore, no longer and caring about the team or his promise to Coach, he just needed it all to stop.

Picking up his phone he quickly wrote a message and sent it to Coach. It read "I'm done Coach, I quit the team" or that's what he had tried to type, there were more than a few typo's, due to him shaking with adrenaline and the length of his impractical nails.

Thirty minutes later, there was a knock on his bedroom door, and when no answer came it was followed by another. On the third knock, Milos slowly got to his feet and trudged across the room to open the door, knowing who it would be.

Once again an awkward-looking Dejan stood in his bedroom doorway, looking at him with a worried expression on his face, "Milena, what has happened? What is wrong"?



“What’s wrong? Milos spat, “look at me! look at what I’ve become! I look like some cheap prostitute”, he added waving his hands wildly in front of his tight sparkly party dress.

Taking a second to compose himself, Dejan hunched down his shoulders, “look, Milena, I know this has been tough on you, but I want you to know how much I appreciate all you’ve done, I really can’t thank you enough, the accident may have been your fault but by becoming Milena, you have saved my life”.

He paused for a second noticing the anger in Milos' eyes and changed tact, "We are about to make the playoffs for the first time ever, there are only a few weeks left now, after that, Milena can retire, and we can all go back to normal", Dejan added, hoping his words would once again sway the feminised man who lately needed to be regularly reassured.

“Tough? you don’t know what tough is”, Milos screamed, “Why don’t you try living your life in tiny little dresses, constantly staring at you like a piece of meat, terrified that someone is going to see a bulge that shouldn’t be there? Or how about having to constantly wear uncomfortable and impractical high heeled shoes, worried that you are about to fall over with every step you take, or how about you try to cope with ridiculous nails like these, making even simple tasks impossible”.

Dejan looked on shocked by the emotional outburst but remained quiet, letting Milos get everything off his chest.

"I agreed to play football, Coach, not all this, why did you let Sonja do this to me? That bitch has been force-feeding me female hormones for months, look at my body, she's turned me into a freak", Milos shouted as he leaned forward to push Coach away.

Seeing Milos losing his balance, Dejan sprung forwards, opened his arms and pulled him in, wrapping his arms tightly around him as Milos struggled angrily. After a moment he stopped fighting and relaxed into his arms where he started to sob quietly.

"I'm sorry Milena", Dejan said soothingly as he gently rubbed the small of his back, "I knew you were having to deal with a lot of changes, but I didn't realise it was causing you so much pain, and as for Sonja she has a lot of explaining to do". He added in a commanding voice.

Pulling back slightly, Dejan placed his index finger under Milos' chin and gently lifting his face, "I want you to know, you don't look like a cheap prostitute, in fact, I think you look beautiful".

Milos's sad bloodshot eyes looked back as his lips began to quiver. There was a moment where time seemed to stand still as the pair gazed into each other's eyes, both wanting the same thing but both too nervous to make the first move before Milos jutted forward.



As Dejan felt Milos' pillowy red lips smash into his own, there was a brief moment of hesitation until he turned the logical part of his brain off, giving in to his animal urges and started passionately kissing him back as he gently ran his hands down Milos' sparkly party dress towards his voluptuous backside

Suddenly becoming aware of his erection, poking painfully against the front of his tight jeans, Dejan pulled away, "Err...Milena...Milos...I...err...I think maybe I should

go, are you going to be OK”? Dejan asked feeling a mixture of excitement, fear, and worry.

Feeling rejected Milos looked down at the ground and slowly nodded his head as a tear rolled down his cheek.

Dejan gave him an awkward pat on the shoulder before backing slowly from the room, checking once more that he was ok from the doorway, before making his escape.

Throwing himself on the bed, a thousand emotions hit Milos all at once as he felt lonely, frustrated, and humiliated but the overriding one was anger.

Why had he just kissed Coach? He wasn't a girl and Coach had always been like a father to him. Was he turning gay?

It was all too confusing for the young, feminised man, he had always been attracted to women but no matter how many times he told himself, it was wrong, deep down inside, some part of him had felt at peace in Coach's arms and felt deeply aroused by the kiss.

Coach has always been there for me when everyone else was so cruel, he thought slamming his hand into the pillow-in his mind he had just ruined everything, how was he ever going to look Coach in the eye again, after what had just done.

Chapter 8 – A sting in the tail

Feeling completely lost, Milos shut down. He felt like an empty shell of a person, each day going through the motions but inside feeling completely numb.

His teammates could tell something was wrong with him as he leisurely took part in the training sessions barely breaking a sweat, but no matter what they tried, no one could get through to him.

He still kept up appearances as Milena but wasn't putting in as much effort into his hair and makeup, going for a more minimalist look, mostly wearing jeans and flat shoes.

The media, who still followed his every move, instantly noticed the change, and started writing stories about a possible breakup between him and Coach.

When the playoff semi-final arrived, everyone in the city was buzzing. The Tigers walked out to a packed stadium, with people coming from miles around to watch the Tigers and their star player Milena Ivanovic.

The game was to be played over two legs, with the tie being decided on penalties if necessary. Their opponents that day would be Novi Sad City, a solid team with good players, and a team known for their strong defence, but with Milena Ivanovic up top, the Tigers were still billed as comfortable favourites.

The problem was, Milos just didn't care anymore. As the first leg kicked off, he just walked around the pitch, barely touching the ball, or breaking a sweat and after 40 minutes, the crowd started to turn on him, booing each time the Tigers passed him the ball only for him to just kick it away to nowhere in particular.

At halftime with no other choice, Dejan substituted him, and the Tigers went on to lose the game 2-0. He knew all wasn't lost, with a second leg still to play but with Milos like this, Dejan knew his team was very unlikely to break down Novi Sad's stubborn defence and that something had to be done.

After the night in the apartment, having felt very conflicted and confused about the kiss, he had decided to keep his distance from Milos at least until after the playoffs. He had tried talking to Sonja and had given her a piece of his mind, telling her just how disgusted he was with her behaviour. Threatening to throw her off the team, she had broken down in tears and promised to change. Against his better judgement, Dejan decided to give her one more chance, he was a big believer in second chances, and with her promising to treat Milos with respect from then on and to put the team first, he had left it there.

The Novi Sad result had thrown a spanner in the works though, and with his life and the fate of the team's season on the line, Dejan knew he had to have a heart to heart with Milos to clear the air.

Not really knowing how to approach the subject, he sent him a text message, inviting him out to a quiet bar that evening so they could talk. He knew a bar was perhaps not the best choice of venues, being a recovering alcoholic, but in his mind, a public

place they both knew, might be less awkward and less intimate than meeting in Milos' bedroom once again.

Receiving the text, Milos wasn't exactly thrilled about the idea of going out to a bar but with the kiss always at the forefront of his mind lately, he needed to face his fears, as his life right now was unbearable.

Dejan arrived first at the bar, a place the team sometimes used for special occasions. He ordered an orange juice and took a seat by an empty table against the far wall.

Sitting back, he took a sip of his juice and tapped his fingers to the beat of the catchy pop song that played through the speakers on the wall but the longer he waited the more impatient he grew.

Nervous and rehearsing what he wanted to say in his head, he scanned the half-empty room and subconsciously critiqued each woman, who didn't in his mind hold a candle to the beauty of Milena. Staring over each time the front door opened and a person walked in, he would hold his breath hoping it would be her.

This went on for the next fifteen minutes, until finally, in stepped a blonde, dressed all in black. She stopped to look around the room with her heavily made-up face, her pouty red lips held tightly pursed and her massive dark lashes fluttering away.

Milos not sure why he had dressed up that evening, nervously scanned the room, trying to spot Coach, before locking eyes with him sat on the other side of the room.

Seeing Coach give him a little wave, he set off across the room on his tall over the knee boots, his hourglass figure and sexy walk attracting every male eye as he passed.

Dejan joined them in staring, mesmerised by the sexy blonde vixen about to join him, having completely forgotten she was the same homeless boy he had taken in all those years ago.

Stopping in front of the table, Dejan stood up to greet him. There was an awkward, half-hug half pat before Milos took off his fur coat and placed it on a nearby chair, next to his sparkly silver handbag. After smoothing the skirt of his dress beneath his plump behind, Milos sat down opposite Dejan.

A waitress appeared and asked Milos what he would like to drink, recommending the cocktails as they were half off for the next hour.

Milos opened the menu and placed a long pink nail next to one of the names at random, not caring what he chose as Dejan ordered another orange juice.

The waitress complimented Milos on his choice before hurrying away leaving the two of them sat in an awkward silence.

"Err... you look nice tonight", Dejan said trying to make small talk.

"Thanks", Milos replied in a monotone voice before quickly looking away.



Dejan continued to try and start a conversation, but it was tough going, getting only short or one-word replies as it was crystal clear, Milos was upset with him. It was a relief when the waitress reappeared with their drinks, giving them a momentary pause in the awkwardness.

Thanking the waitress, and waiting for her to move out of earshot, Dejan decided he would have to be the one to bring up the topic, that neither of them particularly wanted to talk about.

“Uhm... about what happened that night I came to see you, you don’t have to feel embarrassed, these things happen”, Dejan said softly, “you were upset and there is nothing wrong with being gay”, he added nodding his head.

“I’m not gay”, Milos replied angrily and a little too loudly, as a few nearby people turned to look. “I... I ... It’s hard to explain”, he added lowering his voice, “you were just being so nice to me and.... it’s just... err... nobody is very nice to me these days, I’m sorry, coach”.

“No, I should be the one apologising, I’m sorry Milena, I should never have put you in this situation, I was the one who made that stupid bet with Marko. I was arrogant and irresponsible, I should have been the bigger person and walked away, I let you down”, Dejan said looking across the table with pleading eyes before continuing.

“It’s no excuse but after what happened, I just get so angry whenever I’m around him. For the last few years, every time our teams have met, he always seems to come out on top and he just loves to rub my face in it. When we started the season so strongly this year, with Sonja looking like she was going to be the answer to our prayers, I let myself get carried away, I just wanted for once, to come out on top but then the accident happened”, Dejan said taking a deep breath and lowering his eyes.

Not knowing what to say, Milos continued to listen as for the first time in as long as he had known him, Coach was bearing his soul.

“I took it out on you when really, I was the one to blame, that was wrong of me”, Dejan said reaching across the table, taking Milos’ hand, and rubbing it gently, “I’m so sorry, Milena”.

Milos allowed Coach to continue holding his hand, “I was stupid too, I never should have taken that car, you have always been so good to me, Coach, taking me in when no one else gave a shit. You gave me home, a purpose in life, and I risked it all to try and impress a girl if only I could turn back the clock”, Milos said, really looking at Dejan for the first time that evening.

Dejan stared past the voluptuous dark lashes and into the heavily made-up eyes opposite him and smiled, “I’m also sorry I made you live with Sonja, I knew she was a cold-hearted person, but I didn’t realise she was so sadistic, I was selfish and turned a blind eye to what you were going through, I only cared about the team winning but not anymore, screw the consequences, as of this evening, if it’s what you want, Milena Ivanovic has retired from football.

Milos was stunned, again he was stuck or words, there was nothing he wanted more than to put this girly nightmare behind him and go back to his old self, but at what cost? What would happen to Coach if he did? Would he ever see him again?

“What about you, how will you pay back Marko”? Milos asked.

Dejan smiled, “well, I guess I’m retiring from football too, and with no way to pay and not wanting to find myself in a shallow grave, I’ll probably skip town”.

“No”, Milos stated loudly, “you can’t leave, the team needs you, I need you!”, he added in a sad voice, “you don’t have to leave we could still win the cup”.

“Maybe, but that’s not your concern anymore”. Dejan replied, letting go of his hand and taking a sip of juice.

Knowing he might live to regret it but feeling an urge to help Coach, Milos made a decision that would change his life forever. “No, it is my concern, and I won’t allow it, Milena is going to see this season through to the end, she will play in the second leg and once we beat Novi Sad, the Tigers are going to lift the cup”.

A smile slowly appeared on Dejan's tired-looking face, "Are you sure"?

"Positive", Milos answered with a nod.

"Thank you, Milena, I owe you my life", Dejan said sincerely.

It was Milos' turn to smile, "well, I guess we're even now then, aren't we"?

Having cleared the air, the pair chatted for the next few hours, just like they used to. It was the first time Milos had had any fun in months and as the drinks flowed, he relaxed and forgot about how he was dressed or who he was supposed to be.

At the end of the night, Dejan drove him back to his apartment and walked him to the door. They hugged, holding the embrace for a little longer than two friends normally would before Dejan lifted his head and kissed him on the forehead.

"Everything is going to be alright, Milena, in just over two weeks, this will all be over, one way or another. Are you going to be OK, staying here until then"?

"I'll be fine", Milos replied feeling safe in Dejan's arms, "Sonja has been staying out of my way recently, and besides where else would I go"?

"Well, if anything happens, call me straight away", Dejan said in a caring voice.

"I'll be fine, goodnight Coach", Milos said stepping out of his arms and kissing him on the cheek.

"Goodnight Milena", Dejan replied feeling his heartbeat quicken.

It was the day of the final. The Tigers vs the Wolves and as Milos walked out onto the pitch to be greeted by the packed stadium crowd cheering and holding banners with his name, he was feeling calm and focused, knowing everything would be over after that day

With a renewed sense of purpose, the Tigers, thanks to Milos, had won the second leg of the semi-final against Novi Sad city, 5-1 with Milos bagging all the goals in a woman of the match performance.

The final itself was probably the toughest match either side had played all season, with a lot of yellow cards and bad challenges. There weren't a lot of goals, but when the final whistle blew, the Tigers had done it, they had beaten the Wolves 2-1, with none other than Milena scoring both the goals.

The scenes after the match were of pure elation as the team celebrated their first-ever league title as the crowd once again chanted Milena's name over and over.

kissing the cup with his pouty lips, Milos felt a massive sense of relief and joy. He had never won anything in his life, and on top of that, he knew now Coach would be ok.

As he revelled in the celebrations, taking it all in, Milos looked around and felt a little guilty having deceived all the watching people by pretending to be a woman, what would they do if they knew Milena wasn't real.

But on the other hand, he also felt proud of himself, it had been a tough season and he had overcome every obstacle thrown at him to score the goals the team needed.

Seeing a banner with Milena's name across it, he smiled knowing everything he had done out on the pitch had been done not by cheating but with his own skill and ability. No, he wasn't going to feel guilty, he was going to enjoy the occasion and the celebrations especially, as of that moment, Milena Ivanovic was officially retired.

"We did it, Coach", Milos said, as Dejan appeared to give him a big bear hug.

"No, you did it, Milena, you saved me and just look around you, look at the happiness you have brought to all these people", Dejan said, pointing towards the crowd, who saw him point and cheered loudly in response.

"It is rather wonderful". Milos said grinning.

"It is, and did you see Marko storm off down the tunnel at the final whistle? He's probably thinking about his retirement speech as we speak, good riddance, the game will be better off without him".

To celebrate winning the league the girls on the team wanted a party. And with Milos agreeing to one last night as Milena, Dejan announced he would hire out a local sports bar for the evening with all drinks paid with his winnings from Marko.

With it being his last night as Milena, Milos decided to go out with a bang, the girls had decided on a pink theme, and he was more than happy to go along with it. So, after finishing all the press conferences and media interviews, Milos headed home to get changed.

Choosing a pink dress, he did his hair and makeup one last time and picked out a pair of platform wedges, which in his opinion were still sexy but not so tall they would be a burden, he might have been dressing up one last time, but he was done with high uncomfortable heels, he never wanted to wear another pair as long as he lived.

Dejan picked Milos up around 7.30, complimented him on his outfit which made him blush, before driving them to a bar where the rest of the girls were already partying and drinking.

The party was a wild affair with everyone letting loose and enjoying themselves after a hard-fought season that had ended with the Tigers claiming their first-ever trophy. Everyone was in a great mood as they laughed, joked, and retold stories about the crazy season they had just been through together.

Towards the end of the night, tipsy from all the drinks, Milos found himself sat on a tall stool, chatting with Dejan.

“So, I have to say I’m going to miss Milena, are you sure you don’t want to sign up for another season”, Dejan said playfully, “I don’t know how we are going to replace you”.

Milos smiled, “perhaps you could put on a dress and come out of retirement, the team does need a backup goalkeeper”, he joked back.

Dejan erupted in laughter, “ha, now that is a sight nobody wants to see, but fair enough, I guess you must be looking forward to getting back to normal”?

“You have no idea, first thing tomorrow, I’m soaking off these nails in some acetone and shaving my head”, Milos said looking down at his hands and the long pink nails sprouting from the end of his fingertips.

“Yeah, you have mentioned once or twice, how much you hate those nails”, Dejan chuckled, “but is there any part of you that is going to miss being Milena”.

The mood changed a little, becoming slightly more serious.

“Well, if I’m being honest, I will miss playing football every week and the crowd chanting my name. I’ll also miss the time we spend together”, Milos said as he looked down at his tanned smooth legs.

“What do you mean”? Dejan said confused, “we’ll still spend time together”,

“Oh, I know, but it’s not the same”, Milos said feeling embarrassed, “it's just that you look and treat me differently as Milena, it feels... feels nice”,

Dejan gulped, not sure if he wanted to have this conversation, “hey, listen, hold that thought for a moment, ok?, I need to visit the men’s room, do you want me to grab you another drink on my way back”?

“Err... sure, I’ll take another vodka and cranberry”, Milos said, watching Coach climb down awkwardly from his high stool thanks to his bad leg.

“Coming right up, beautiful”, Coach said, picking up Milos' glass and departing towards the bathroom, the comment making him smile.

As Milos sat there alone, he started having second thoughts, with a weight having been lifted from his shoulders, and still not quite believing believe the crazy plan had actually worked, he wondered if he would miss the attention he got as Milena.

It was a confusing and strange set of emotions, for months all he had thought about was getting back to his old self and now had the opportunity to return to that life, a life without restrictive outfits, tiresome daily beauty routines, and best of all no Sonja, he knew he was going to miss being part of the team and the strange new relationship that had grown between him and Coach.

Deep in thought, Milos sensed a presence looming over him, looking up expecting to see Coach returning with his drink, his face dropped.



It wasn't Coach, it was the last person in the world, he had expected or wanted to see, it was Marko.

Approaching without saying a word, Marko sat on the stool vacated by Coach and lit up a cigarette, after taking a long drag, he looked Milos up and down, "I've got to hand it to you, you had me fooled", Marko said shaking his head, "dam you look good, really convincing, it's hard to believe you're a boy under that tight little dress".

A stunned Milos didn't know what to say but tried to think fast, "err... I think you've made a mistake, I'm Milena Ivanovic".

"No, no, there's no mistake, sissy boy, the only mistake was trying to cheat and deceive me, and know this, there's nothing I hate more than to be cheated", Marko

replied in a profoundly serious tone, “now the question is, what am I going to do with you”?

Terrified Milos looked around the room trying to locate Coach as Marko laughed, “Oh are you looking for Dejan, hoping he’ll come and save you? That’s not going to happen I’m afraid, my boys have already grabbed him, he won’t be coming back”.

“Please, don’t hurt him what do you want, Marko”? Milos said in a quivering voice.

“Oh, how sweet, thinking about his wellbeing before your own, well what I want doll face, is for you to stand up slowly and walk towards the exit, you’re coming with me”.

“What”? I can’t”, shrieked Milos terrified.

“We can do this the easy way or the hard way, but if you cause a scene, who knows how many of your teammates, will get hurt or worse”, Marko replied calmly.

Looking around at his friends dancing and having fun, Milos knew he had no choice. Stepping down from his stool and onto his angled feet and smoothing out his dress.

“Good decision”, Marko replied, “now, ladies first”, he added pointing towards the exit.

Trying to catch someone’s eye but failing as everyone was too drunk to notice, Milos shuffled towards the exit, with Marko closely following behind. What was he going to do? What could he do?

Walking into Marko’s club the next day, escorted by the huge scary looking man, Milos felt sick to his stomach. He had spent the night in what he could only describe as a cupboard on a thin blanket on the floor, unable to sleep, his imagination had run wild imagining all the horrible things Marko was about to do to him and Coach.

With his eyes feeling dry and uncomfortable still covered in the makeup from the night before, Milos spotted Coach sat by the bar. He had taken a beating and he looked terrible, his nose bloodied, and sporting a painful-looking black eye.

On the table in front of him, sat a glass of whisky, as Milos knew, Coach had once again returned to the drink, but then again, in their current predicament, who could blame him.



Milos slithered over, dragging his painful feet, sore from the straps of his wedge sandals as Marko appeared from behind the bar with an evil grin plastered across his face, "welcome to the party doll face", he announced, "Dejan, look who has come to join us, be a gentleman and pull out a stool for our sexy guest".

Marko watched on as Milos smoothed out his skirt, carefully placed his voluptuous rear on the edge of the barstool and awkwardly hoisted himself up to join Dejan by the bar.

“Well, I have to say, you make one sexy bitch”, Marko said, causing Milos to look down in shame, “so, Milena Ivanovic, media sensation is actually Milos Ivanovic, the orphan boy who used to clean the toilets at the Tigers clubhouse”, he said before erupting into laughter and clapping his hands, “this is priceless. What? aren't you going to deny it, tell me I'm wrong, like last night”? Marko continued.

Seeing both Dejan and Milos looking down in an unresponsive manner, he lowered the tone of his voice, “well I'm glad you're not, as it would be rather undignified of me to make you strip down to prove it, even if the boys would get a kick out of it”.

Milos looked over at Coach who failed to react.

“Besides, I already know the whole story anyway”, Marko continued, looking over at a large woman stood nearby, “Olga, bring her in”, he announced.

For the first time since Milos arrived, Dejan showed some emotion as his brow narrowed and his lip curled, Milos just stared open-mouthed as Sonja strutted in confidently.

“You complete bitch”, Milos screamed “I'm going to kill you”, motioning to get down off his stool but stopped as a man stepped in front of him.

“Sonja, how could you”, Coach said angrily, shaking his head.

Sonja walked behind the bar and kissed Marko's on the cheek without saying a word.

“It shouldn't be that surprising”, Marko announced, “Sonja here has ambition you see, she wants to go somewhere and associating with a bunch of cheats and losers like you, is not going to do her reputation any good. Next season, she will be playing a starring role for the Wolves as we rightfully reclaim our title, not that you two will be involved”.

“Listen, Marko, we can talk about this, I get it, we bent the rules”, Dejan said leaning forward”, let's call it a forfeit, I'll get you your money, I'll report it to the league, you'll get your trophy, just let us leave the city, you'll never have to see us again,”.

“Oh no, little Dejan, that isn't going to happen, you have cheated me, my team, the league, and every supporter who spent their hard-earned money to come and watch your cheating side”, Marko calmly announced, “I don't want your money, you've made a fool out of me, and I don't like being made to look a fool. Now, you will face the consequences of your actions, your days in football are over, you both belong to me now, I own you”, he declared menacingly.

Dejan moved his arm in front of Milos, “listen, Marko, come on we can work something out, it's me you have the issue with, leave the boy out of it, he was just doing what I asked him to, you can do what you want to me, just let him go”, Dejan pleaded.

Milos looked shocked, realising what the coach was saying.

“Oh, isn’t that sweet, Dejan do you have a little crush on the sissy boy”? Marko said clapping, “this just keeps getting better and better, you know, I was just going to sell him off to a contact of mine but now I’ve changed my mind, Milena here is going to become one of my girls; she’ll work at one of my clubs entertaining the clients and you Dejan, will watch it all from a comfortable seat at the bar while drinking your life away”. Marko said with an evil grin on his face as he gave Sonja’s bum a little squeeze making her squeal.

“Marko, you can’t”, Dejan yelled, “surely even you are not capable of such cruelty”?

Marko slammed his fist into the bar, silencing him and causing Milos to jump, “oh, I can, and I will, that is unless you’d both prefer to end up in the same place as Roman Isamov”? he said glaring menacingly across the bar.

Milos and Coach looked at each other in stunned silence; they both knew the story of Roman Isamov, it had been all over the news at the time of his disappearance. Roman had been a corrupt politician rumoured to have been doing business with Marko, everyone had heard the rumours about what had become of him, and everyone including the police suspected Marko of killing him. With no evidence, the case had been gone nowhere, but here Marko was, essentially confessing to murder.

“Oh, don’t pout, my dear”, Marko said looking over at Milos, “you’re going to love working for me, you’ll get to doll yourself up every day and flirt with all my most exclusive guests, isn’t that every sissy boy’s dream”?

Milos put his head in his hands and started to cry. Suddenly in a fit of rage ready to rip Marko’s head off, Dejan launched himself forward and over the bar

Marko saw him coming and easily sidestepped the flying man, watching as he fell to the floor in a heap. Two huge men were on him in a flash, hoisting him to his feet before another man stepped forward and started throwing punches into his face and gut. Dejan groaned in pain.

“Stop, please”, Milos screamed, “ don’t hurt him, I’ll do what you want”.

Marko raised his right hand, and the men stopped their assault. lowering his hand, he took hold of Sonja's who by now looked shocked herself at the scene unfolding before her, “ok, enough fun for one day”, he said clicking his fingers, “get them out of my sight”.

End of book one