

The Beautiful Game

Part 2

TG Tale by ds1000



36 Illustrations

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Part 2 of 2

Written and illustrated by ds1000

(36 Illustrations)

Things take on a slightly darker tone as we conclude Milos' tale. With the cat now out of the bag, and with Marko out for blood, Milos' is left to live with the consequences of his actions as his feminization is pushed to new extremes.

But all is not lost, as a mysterious man enters the frame. A man willing to go above and beyond to help our protagonist even don a dress himself. As it is revealed, Alek has other motivations driving him.

Will our story have a happy ending? Will Milos ever get back to playing the beautiful game? Read on to find out.

Chapter 1 – Working girl

Two months had passed since the terrifying conversation with Marko at his club and Milos was still feeling the after-effects. It was the beginning of August and instead of having spent the last few weeks going through pre-season with the team, increasing fitness levels and getting the girls ready for the season ahead, Milos was stood in Sonja's apartment staring at his surgically altered body in the mirror.

It had taken a long time to come to terms with what Marko had done to him, both physically and mentally, and even now he couldn't get used to the image of the curvy blonde looking back at him in the mirror.

He now had a body that wouldn't look out of place on the front cover of an adult magazine and staring at his body, he knew his old life was over. He was no longer Milos Ivanovic, football coach, he was now stuck as Milena Ivanovic but not Milena Ivanovic the footballer superstar, that wouldn't have been so bad and his current predicament, he would have given almost anything to go back and adopt that life once more.

Having just finished applying his makeup for the evening, Milos examined his face with a blank emotionless expression, his swollen blood-red lips shining thanks to a generous coating of lip gloss and his eyes looking wide and doe-like framed by feathery mascara laden lashes.

The surgeries hadn't completely altered his facial features, but they definitely made them look softer and more delicate giving him an almost doll-like appearance.

As much as he hated what Marko had done to his face as Milos looked down to examine his outfit in the mirror, he shook his head and felt a wave of emotion that made him want to burst out in tears.

His tanned and toned arms and shoulders were completely bare which only drew the eye towards the huge beachball like bouncy mounds beneath his tiny floral-patterned top. Gone were the days of padded bras as the massive implants, always at the forefront of his thoughts, jiggling and constantly pulling his body off balance. an ever-present reminder of what he had lost.

Breathing in and then out he watched wide-eyed as the massive amount of cleavage on display above the sweetheart neckline of his top heaved up and down in time with his breaths.

The top Sonja had picked out for him was also extremely short finishing just above his navel where his exposed, scarily thin waist looked back at him.

Scanning down further, the large shiny buckle of his tight black suede skirt caught his eye before his eyes continued down watching as the skirt curved outwards following the lines of his enlarged backside thanks to the butt implants. At this point, the sight of his busty hourglass figure wasn't new to him but even so his reflection each time he looked in the mirror never failed to shock him.

Having seen enough, Milos spun away from the mirror, feeling the familiar arched position of his feet inside the clumpy gold and white wedge pumps he had slipped on for the evening. Seeing his phone on the vanity, he snatched at it like a bird of prey catching a mouse with his long acrylic nails.

For whatever reason he was now required to send Marko a picture every couple of hours, perhaps to keep tabs on him or perhaps he just got off on it, Milos had no idea, but what he did know was that he didn't have a choice in the matter.

After snapping a few selfies, he opened the gallery to choose the best one, stopping on one picture, in particular, taken a few days earlier by Sonja, and went red with embarrassment.

In the picture, he stood nervously trying to imitate the sexy pose he had been shown. In his mind, he just looked awkward and embarrassed perched on a pair of sky-high pumps, dressed in what he was told was a dress but in reality, was more like a long top or sleepwear as it hardly even covered his panties and left his plump backside completely exposed.



Milos pouted and shook his head in disgust as a mass of blonde hair cascaded over his shoulders and fell in front of his face. Brushing the hair back over his shoulders, he quickly skipped past the picture and located the one's he had just taken. Not in the mood to examine them and chose the best one, he just selected the first one he came across and sent it to Marko before tottering over to his little seat by the window where he often sat staring out on the city beneath.

He was still in his old bedroom in Sonja's apartment as Marko had at least allowed him to remain living there, but perhaps it would have been kinder to move him somewhere else like the other two girls who lived there, having been told to pack up their things and move out.

He now lived with Sonja, and another woman named Olga who Marko had moved into chauffeur him about and keep an eye on him in case he decided to run away, not that he had anywhere to go, dreading the thought of going back out on to the street looking like he now did.

Sonja was still her bitchy awful self, constantly reporting back to Marko if he did the slightest thing she didn't approve of. She had just started training with the wolves after fully recovering from her injury and loved nothing more than to rub Milos' nose in the fact any chance she got, talking about how fun training was and how much she was looking forward to the season ahead.

Milos just tried to ignore her, he was now essentially a prisoner in his own life with no say in what he wore, did, or the places he went. he knew from experience, arguing with Sonja just made things worse so he had resigned himself to just do what she wanted, spending the rest of his time hidden away in his room.

That is unless he was working as each evening at 6 pm sharp, Olga would appear in his room and tell him it was time to leave before proceeding to drive him to Marko's club to start his shift, where he would spend the evening either walking the club smiling and flirting with the customers or more likely, be forced to sit as Marko or one of his goons brought over a random stranger to sit and chat with him. Of course, these men didn't just want to chat, as their wandering hands went wherever they

pleased, fondling, and playing with Milos' surgically enhanced body especially after a few drinks.

As the bright summer sun danced across the building tops beneath, Milos let out a heavy sigh, it was almost time to leave and the thought of another torturous evening in the club made him once again consider throwing himself from the window and ending it all.

He knew what awaited him, the darkly lit room filled with smoke and noise, people grabbing and leering at him in his skimpy outfit and worst of all, the sight of coach propped up by the bar as he was fed drink after drink until he fell off his stool, the thought of it made him feel sick.

Coach was now a shadow of his former confident self. A frail skeleton of a man who was forced to watch on as Milos trotted around the club, degraded, and molested by Marko's guests. Just imagining his haunting dead eyes following him around, just as much a prisoner as him made him shudder.

to get through the nights, Milos drank heavily and took whatever drugs he could get his hands on, which wasn't difficult in Marko's clubs. High as a kite, he could at least forget where he was and what he had become.

For anyone looking in at his life from the outside, the question of why he hadn't tried to escape might have confused them. for Milos, the thought was constantly on his mind, but it also terrified him especially after discovering early on that disobeying or talking back to Marko came with a price.

He still recalled a night, during his first few weeks working at the club when a customer had grabbed at one of his breasts, still tender at the time from the surgery, Milos had responded by slapping the man hard across the face.

That was a mistake, he was dragged out to a back room and screamed at before as a punishment he was forced to finish his shift topless. After apologising to the man, he was made to sit on his lap for the rest of the evening in the centre of the room as the man fondled and played with his sensitive nipples as everyone else watched on.

The experience had been traumatic, to say the least, but to make matters even worse and to really humiliate him, Marko then dragged Coach over from his position by the bar and made him join in.

Milos still had nightmares of that night, sat there with tears streaming down his face as his former mentor and hero played and suckled on with his erect nipples before being thrown to the ground where two burly men kicked and beat him to within an inch of his life as Milos screamed at them to stop.

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Arriving at the club around six-thirty, Milos carefully descended the steps and walked out onto the empty dancefloor. With the club not opening its door until seven, Milos had some time alone, well apart from Olga's watchful eye following him around the room, never letting him out of her sight for a second.

Finding a spot in the corner out of the way, Milos sat down to hide until the customers started pouring in.

He was deep in thought, having just downed some pills, when he noticed someone approaching, bringing him back to reality. Jumping to his feet, Milos stood to attention as his tormentor Marko Mitic approached.

“Good evening, doll”, Marko announced looking him up and down, a sly smile crossing his lips, “you look as gorgeous as ever tonight”.



“Thank you, Marko,” Milos replied forcing a smile but on the inside feeling a burning hatred.

“Are you ready for opening”? Marko asked.

“Yes, I’m ready”, Milos replied in a deadpan voice.

“Excellent, I have an important client coming by later tonight, I’ve told him all about you and he’s looking forward to meeting you”.

Milos didn’t respond, he just kept smiling.

“I’m sure I don’t have to remind you of what is expected of you, show him a good time”, Marko said once again looking Milos up and down.

“Of course, Marko”, Milos answered, “I’ll make sure he has a wonderful evening”.

“Good girl”, Marko replied nodding before turning to leave.

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A few hours later, Milos was walking the floor and greeting the customers, one of the many little tasks expected of him in a typical evening, when he noticed Olga heading for the bathroom.

Seizing the opportunity, he quickly made his way over to the bar, where he found Coach slumped on his stool, halfway through a bottle of Vodka still bruised and swollen from a recent beating.

“Are you OK”? Milos asked quietly approaching the bar.

Coach looked up slowly, so malnourished that the bones of his skull stuck out prominently through his unhealthy-looking skin, he smiled making Milos recoil slightly at the sight of his broken yellowed teeth, “Milena, you shouldn’t be talking to me”, he replied, “it’s not safe for either of us”.

“Coach, we have to get out of here, this is all a nightmare”, Milos said, his voice full of emotion, “I can’t do this anymore, we need to do something”.

“Shhhh, keep your voice down”, Coach replied as his eyes darted around the room nervously, “ok, we don’t have long before someone notices us talking, but I might have an idea”.

Milos felt a wave of excitement hit him for the first time in months, “an idea to escape this place”? he blurted out, “how? Tell me”.

“Shhhh, calm yourself”, Coach said, again looking around cautiously, “I’ve been planning a way for us to get away from here, but I just need a little more time to iron out some of the details”, Coach said slurring his words.

“More time, like how much more time? I don’t know how much longer I can live like this” Milos replied with pleading eyes.

“You have to be strong Milena, we may only get one chance to escape, and everything needs to be perfect, be patient, I’ll let you know when the time is right, do you trust me”? Coach said trying not to stare at Milos’ tiny top, struggling to contain his impressive breasts.

“Of course, I trust you” Milos replied, grimacing slightly looking at Coach’s bruised face and missing teeth, “can I help in any way”?

“Yes, keep an eye on Marko and his goons, try to find patterns, look for times when they are busy or distracted”, Coach answered, “but right now you need to get back to work, we can’t be seen talking”.

“Ok Coach”, Milos said nodding, “we’ll talk again soon, I’ll watch them like a hawk”.

“Hang in their kid, we’ll be out of here soon, and this will all be but a distant nightmare”, Coach said reaching over and giving Milos’ hand a brief squeeze.

As he watched Milos, wiggle away before disappearing into the crowded dancefloor, his huge backside swaying from side to side in his form-fitting mini skirt, Dejan slumped back onto the bar and felt guilty, he didn’t have a plan or any idea how they might escape but had felt compelled to comfort his young friend.

Picking up his glass of vodka, he down the rest of his drink before slamming the glass down onto the bar angrily, “I have to do something”, he thought to himself,

“Milena is relying on me and for my own sanity we have to get out of here, I need to start working on a plan right away”.

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From that moment on, Milos’ observed everything around him and tried to remember every name he heard in the hope it would be a vital bit of information to aid Coach in his plan to escape but as the days passed nothing really stood out, no patterns were emerging and as he watched Coach night after night sat by the bar drinking himself to death it all started to seem so hopeless.

On a Saturday night, a few weeks later, Milos was stood on the edge of the dance floor wearing a skin-tight black dress, that showed off all of his feminine curves.

Scanning the room, he saw Coach slumped against the bar, having had one too many vodkas, Marko’s goons were all in the VIP section, drinking and joking about, and Olga was sat in her usual spot, never too far away and keeping a watchful eye on him.

Looking to his left he noticed a blonde-haired woman once again staring at him, she had been looking at him all evening and it made him nervous. Who was she and what did she want? Did she work for Marko? Was she yet another person sent to spy on him?

Milos didn’t have long to wait to find the answers to his questions as an hour later while on a break, he made his way to the ladies’ room to use the toilet and freshen up. Exiting one of the cubicles, there she stood, hands-on-hips and looking right at him.

Milos stopped in his tracks and stared blankly at the absolutely stunning woman who just oozed confidence. she was dressed to impress from her skin-tight snakeskin top to her perfect legs wrapped in a tight PVC mini skirt, “who are you”? Milos asked, “and why have you been staring at me”?



“Oh, sorry”, the woman replied, stepping forward on her tall over the knee boots and extending her hand, “I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable, I was just watching you work, I’m Bojana, Marko’s little sister”.

Milos stood there unsure of himself before extending his hand and placing it limply in Bojana’s.

“Oh, don’t look so worried Milena, I’m not here to cause you trouble, in fact, I’m a huge fan of yours, I used to love watching you play football”, Bojana said giving his hand a shake and smiling, “but that’s our little secret, ok? don’t tell Marko I was secretly supporting the Tigers he’ll have a fit”, she added before giggling.

“Thanks, I guess”, Milos answered in a glum voice”, but I think my playing days are behind me now thanks to your brother”.

“Yeah, what a shame”, Bojana replied shaking her head in a disapproving way, “my brother always takes things and destroys them, I’m sorry for what he has done to you but perhaps I can help”.

“Help? help how”? Milos said warily.

“Well, this place is so boring sometimes”, she said lifting her hand and twirling a piece of blond hair around one of her long red nailed fingers, “I thought, perhaps you and I could hang out? We can drink and party and if you’re with me, my brother won’t bother you, what do you say”?

“Are you sure? your brother seems like he wants me to suffer” Milos said, not really sure what this woman’s true intentions were.

“Oh, don’t worry about him, if I ask him nicely, he’ll do whatever I want, I always get my way, now come on, let’s get some drinks and hit the dance floor girlfriend”, Bojana said excitedly, placing her arm around Milos’ waist.

Led by Bojana, Milos exited the dingy old bathroom and was taken towards the dancefloor, he couldn’t help but feel that things were going to end badly. He had just met this woman and didn’t know if he could trust her, but one thing he did know was that Marko was the devil incarnate, so what did that make his sister?

Chapter 2 - The great escape?

“Say cheese, bitch”, Sonja announced, holding up her phone to snap a picture.

Pressing one of his extended nails into his puffy red lips, Milos held his pose, knelt on the pink apartment sofa. A tight denim miniskirt rode high on his pantyhosed thighs, struggling to contain his voluptuous backside, and a tiny boob tube top that barely contained his impressive chest threatened to slip down at any moment.

After meeting Bojana at the club, things had improved slightly for Milos, although he was still expected to spend his evenings flaunting his surgically enhanced body at Marko's nightclub, at least on nights where Bojana was around, he could forget his miserable existence for a few hours and just have fun, dancing and drinking like a normal person.

Life away from the club on the other hand was still a living hell, with Sonja treating him like her own personal dress-up doll and servant. His days were spent struggling to do the cooking, cleaning, and housework around the apartment while dressed in impractical clubwear and sky-high heels, the only clothes he owned now as every outfit in his closet consisted of skin-tight outfits and shoes with towering heels.

Each day went by at a snail's pace with Milos in a zombie-like state, his eyes vacant and distant, and his body on autopilot just going through the motions.

This was his reality now, day after day of being ordered about by Sonja, his only rest bite coming in the form of a photoshoot every few hours.

Decked out in a humiliating outfit, picked out by Sonja, Milos would strike an emasculating pose and try to let his mind go blank. When done, he was forced to choose the best picture and send it off to Marko, only to receive some derogatory comment in return, complimenting him on his boobs or ass.



Still holding a grudge, Sonja continued implementing had also continued implementing her house rules, and now without Coach around to keep her in check, the ones she came up with were crueller and more sadistic than ever.

There was the rule that prevented him from sitting down unless he was posing for a picture or sleeping and if that wasn't bad enough, another of Sonja's rules, banning Milos from using the apartment elevator, now forced him to tackle nine flights of stairs each time he needed to enter or leave the building. As a result, his feet and legs were always in a constant state of pain, something he had learnt to accept as being a normal part of his everyday life.

To keep himself sane, Milos got through his interactions with Sonja by imagining her being killed in some cruel and horrific way. Imagining her being set on fire, pushed into a woodchipper, or his personal favourite, torn apart by a pack of wolves after falling into their enclosure at the local zoo.

When he wasn't thinking about Sonja meeting her demise, Milos focussed his efforts on aiding Coach with his plan to escape, dreaming of the day where he would finally be free. The problem was that didn't seem likely to happen anytime soon. Coach still wouldn't tell him about his plan and night after night, Milos would watch the drunk skeleton of a man deteriorate further as started to wonder if he was even capable of coming up with a plan these days, never mind implementing it successfully.

but Milos tried not to think that way as it did him no good to think such negative thoughts, he wasn't ready to give up on Coach just yet, hoping the man he once knew, the man who had saved him from a life on the streets and given him a home, was still in there somewhere.

Their interactions had been fleeting over the last couple of weeks, but every time they spoke, Coach reassured him they would be out of there soon, so for now, Milos was prepared to wait, going through his daily dress-up sessions, apartment chores, entertaining punters at the club or dancing the night away with Bojana.

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A few weeks passed without much changing until one evening as Milos sat on what had become his usual spot in the club, dolled up and dressed all in white, he was given a glimmer of hope.

High as a kite, having taken a handful of pills and copious amounts of alcohol, Milos stared blankly across the room feeling woozy, acutely aware of the material of the sofa gently caress the smooth tanned exposed skin of his back.

Trying to get comfortable, he kept shifting in his seat and readjusting the position of the soft white fur material draped over his shoulders, his legs swishing loudly as his sheer white tights brushed against each other.



He felt very exposed, but that was nothing new, sat there in his short white dress that was mostly see-through with its cut-out mesh compartments, designed to show off his impressive cleavage and toned midsection.

With the beat of the music pounding in his ears and his feet aching as usual, squashed inside a pair of tall white six inch-pumps, Milos tried to think of an excuse to not to have to walk another lap of the club.

“Milena”, a voice said from behind, making Milos’ head swivel around as a cascade of blonde hair flew wildly through the air.

Coach stumbled up, leaning against the back of the sofa to keep his footing, “Milena, we’re getting out of here kid, get ready”, he said slurring his words, “we’re leaving tomorrow”.

Milos felt a wave of euphoria wash over him, “Oh thank god, I can’t take another second of this”, he gasped, “what’s the plan”?

“I can’t give you all the details right, now, there’s no time”, Coach replied rocking his body back and forth, “but I’ve got it all mapped out, tomorrow is Thursday, right? Meaning Marko will be out like he always is on a Thursday, that’s when we make our move”.

“What do I do”? Milos asked enthusiastically.

“Just do what you usually do until 10.30, act natural and don’t arouse suspicion, I’ve been watching for weeks now and by 10.30 all of Marko’s men will be off the club floor and up in the VIP section”, Coach said before paused for a moment to look around the room in case anyone was watching.

“Tomorrow night, you’re going to complain about stomach pains, especially to Olga”, Coach said miming the action and holding his stomach, “every hour or so you need to run to the bathroom, lock yourself in a cubicle and sit there for about 20 minutes or so, at 10.30 on the dot, make sure you head back to the bathroom and make sure Olga sees you”.

“What!”, Milos gasped, “why would you want her to see me”?

Coach smiled, which wasn't a pretty sight with both his front teeth missing, "By that point, she will have given up following you, and it should give us a small window of time to make our escape".

"You've thought a lot about this," Milos said, sounding impressed, "but are you sure it will work"?

"It'll work, it has to", Coach replied, "now listen, we don't have much time, once you're inside the bathroom, lock one of the cubicles, so that if anyone does come in to look for you, they'll think you're inside, here take this", Coach said, placing a small key in Milos' palm.

Milos looked up surprised, "Is this for the cubicle? He asked while trying to ball his hand up into a fist but struggling due to his long acrylic tips getting in the way, "how did you get this"?

"I took it off one of the cleaning people a few days back, no one has noticed it's missing, now put it somewhere out of sight", Coach announced in a proud voice.

"Err... ok", Milos said, pausing for a moment before reaching inside the top of his dress and slipping the key inside next to his left breast.

Looking back up, Milos felt a little embarrassed seeing Coach staring at the top of his dress and his enticing cleavage, "ahem", Milos announced loudly, watching Coach's face shoot back up and turn red, "so after I've locked the door, what then"?

"Yes, the door", Coach said regaining his chain of thought, "on the far wall there's a window, you need to climb through it".

"What! That window's tiny and it's like six feet off the ground, I'll never get through there", Milos announced in shock.

"It is a bit small, but you need to get through it, it's the only chance we have", Coach said nodding "you can do it, I believe in you, once you're on the other side find the stairwell, the parking lot on the third floor, I'll meet you there with a car and we'll get the hell out of here and never look back".

There was a moment's silence as the two men looked at each other said, before Milos spoke, "wow, you really have thought this through", he said smiling, "but where will you get the car"?

"Don't worry about that, you just make sure you make it to the roof, I'll take care of our ride", Coach said smiling back at him, "One more day and we'll be out of here, kid, stay strong", he added before struggling to his feet and limping away.

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After a restless night, tossing and turning, and a day spent cleaning the oven wearing a tight little mini skirt and ridiculously high heeled boots, Milos was waiting in his room for Olga to take him to the club when the door swung open.

"Hey, slut we need to get a picture for Marko before head off to the club to flaunt that sexy body of yours and flirt with all the boys", Sonja said, bursting into the room, phone in hand.

Milos didn't respond, used to her cruel comments at this point. Turning to face her, he put one hand on his hip and brought the other up to cup his right breast, striking a pose.

Sonja started to lift the camera but suddenly stopped as a frown appeared on her face, "Why are you wearing those pants? What happened to the skirt you were wearing earlier, the one that matched that top"?

Milos had been expecting the question, knowing Sonja would notice that he had changed out of the skirt she had picked out for him that morning, in preparation for his climb out of the window later that evening.

"Erm... I'm sorry Sonja, I got it covered in grease earlier while cleaning the oven", he lied, "I wasn't sure what would go with this top, but then I remembered something you once said about black going with everything, I thought maybe these pants, would look good with the rest of the outfit".

Sonja looked confused for a second as Milos wondered if the mention of the advice she had once given him, would be enough for her to allow him to wear the pants out tonight.

“Hmm... I did say that didn't I”? Sonja replied smugly, “I guess you can wear them; they do make that big bubble butt of yours look spectacular”, she added with an evil glint in her eye before lifting her phone once more to eye level and starting to snap pictures.

As Milos posed, he felt great but tried not to show it on his heavily made-up face, it was a small victory but a victory nonetheless, he just wished he could have thought of an equally good excuse to avoid wearing the towering thigh-high boots tightly compressing his legs.

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A few hours later Milos sat on the lap of some greasy haired man. He stunk of alcohol and cigarettes and his large muscular arms, covered in tattoos, were pawing all over Milos' body. Having a random stranger molesting him was nothing new for Milos, in fact, it was a pretty common nightly occurrence but tonight, stone-cold sober the experience was almost unbearable.

Time seemed to stand still as he focussed his attention on the large clock on the wall behind the bar, watching the seconds tick by as the man, with his hand having slipped through the opening in his tiny top, rubbed his erect nipple between his thumb and forefinger and kissed the side of his neck. “Only two hours to go”, he thought to himself, “I can do this”.

Sticking to the plan, Milos had faked an upset stomach all night, rushing off to the bathroom every hour or so. Olga had followed him on the first two occasions, but on the third and fourth visit, just as Coach had suspected, she'd just left him to it.

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Returning after his fifth trip to the bathroom, Milos looked up at the clock once more, wishing the time away, “45 minutes to go” he thought, trying to psych himself up before returning to the roaming hands of Lazar, his drunken sleazeball companion for the evening.

But as he approached his Sofa, Milos wasn't greeted by the foul-smelling pervert sat there when he left 20 minutes earlier, instead, in his place sat a much more pleasant but worrying sight.

The first thing he noticed approaching his seat was a tall multicoloured platform ankle boot dangling from a pair of lean sexy legs crossed above the knee. Scanning up further, Milos was greeted with a lot of exposed skin, with the woman's only piece of clothing being a small white playsuit that looked more like a bikini, barely covering her private area.

The red-haired girl turned, looked straight at him, and smiled.

“Hey. There you are girlfriend, I was waiting for you”, Bojana said running her fingers through her recently dyed hair.

“Oh, hey”, Milos said not expecting to see her, “what happened to the man that was sat here”?

“Oh, he's long gone, I've told Marko to stop making you sit with his perverted clients, man I'm pissed, wait till I see him”. Bojana said looking angry.

“Gone, really, oh”, Milos said looking around, suddenly worried that his plan to escape might be crumbling away in front of his eyes.

“Hey, I can get him back if want”, Bojana said pouting, “I thought you'd be more pleased to see me”.

“No, no, of course, I'm happy to see you and I love your new hair colour, it really suits you”, Milos said trotting over to greet her with a hug, “sorry I'm just a bit grumpy today, I've got this really bad stomach, I've spent most of the evening in the bathroom”.

“Eww, too much information girl”, Bojana replied pulling a face, “but hey, now that I’ve got rid of that scumbag, you can relax with me for a while, come on sit down, let’s catch up”.

"Do you really like this colour"? Bojana asked as Milos plopped himself down next to her, "I wanted it to be a more of a vibrant red, but it’s come out a bit ginger, don’t you think”?

Milos and Bojana chatted for a while, talking about fashion and makeup brands until it was time for action. As the large hand on the bar clock dropped to the lowest point in its revolution, Milos looked up at Bojana and grabbed his stomach, “oh, sorry, gotta go again, be back in a minute OK”? he groaned, climbing to his elevated feet before taking off towards the restroom in an awkward stumbling motion.

People stopped to look as Milos tottered by pushing people out of his way, but that was the point as he caught Olga out of the corner of his eye, look up, shake her head before returning to look down at her phone.

Entering the dingy bathroom with its flickering red light, Milos eyed the window on the far wall and sighed before being startled by a toilet flushing.

Hearing the click of a lock, a cubicle door flung opened and out stepped a drunk woman. she looked at him oddly before stumbling over to the sink. Thinking fast, Milos joined her in front of the mirror.

Raking his colourful fingers through his straight blonde hair, Milos tried not to look at the girl next to him, reapplying her lipstick, not wanting to start a conversation.

For what seemed like an eternity, the pair stood side by side, the girl occasional glancing in his direction as Milos stared straight ahead at his feminine reflection, wondering if there would be any way to reverse all the changes that had been forced upon him after he escaped, knowing that the huge breasts sat on his chest, the round bubble butt that jiggled whenever he moved, and his ultra-feminine face with its alluring features and huge pouty lips would probably be with him for some time.

He wanted more than anything to believe there was a way back, a way to reclaim his old self, but as the girl next to him finish up and exit the room, he decided that he

could worry about that later, first he had to get away from Marko and this god-awful club.



Without wasting a second, Milos trotted over to inspect the small window and sighed once more, knowing that getting through wasn't going to be easy.

The window was at least six feet above the ground and even in his tall platform boots, he still couldn't see the ground on the other side.

Looking around the room for something to stand on, he spotted a rubbish bin near the sinks, used to discard paper towels, and made a beeline for it.

Grabbing the plastic handle, Milos tipped it upside down, spilling its contents all over the bathroom floor before repositioning it below the window.

Ready to attempt the climb, he suddenly remembered that he hadn't locked a cubicle door. Swiftly, he clicked his way over to the cubicle furthest from the exit, took the key Coach had given him from inside of his tiny top, being careful not to scratch a nipple with one of his long nails and locked the door.

Placing the key back in its fleshy hiding place, Milos teetered back over to the upturned bin, carefully placed his right boot atop, took hold of the window frame with his long pink and yellow claws and heaved himself up into a crouched position atop the black plastic tub.

Wobbling and trying not to fall, he pushed the window open as far as it would go before peering down nervously at the drop on the other side. With no way to get through gracefully, he knew the fall was going to hurt, seeing the hardwood floor of the corridor on the other side, but at this point, he was willing to do just about anything to escape the living hell that he was forced to endure every day and a few bruises weren't going to stop him.

Placing both arms through the small opening, followed by his head, Milos pushed off with his feet. It was a tight fit as he tried to squeeze his humongous breasts through the tiny opening, his sensitive nipples becoming erect as they rubbed painfully against the wooden window frame, causing shivers to run up and down his jiggling body.

Huffing and puffing and worried he wasn't going to fit, Milos gave it everything he had, until something suddenly gave way, sending him tumbling through the window. He let out a little scream as he fell the six feet, rolling his body in the air to avoid landing on his head before landing with a heavy thud on the other side.

A little dazed and sore but determined to keep moving, Milos pushed himself to his leather-clad knees and using the wall to help, wrenched himself back up onto his heeled feet.

Looking around to get his bearings, he looked up and down the long corridor, usually off-limits to staff. Luckily, it was empty, but he did wonder for a second if there were cameras, not that it mattered at that moment because if all went to plan, he would be long gone before anyone saw the footage.

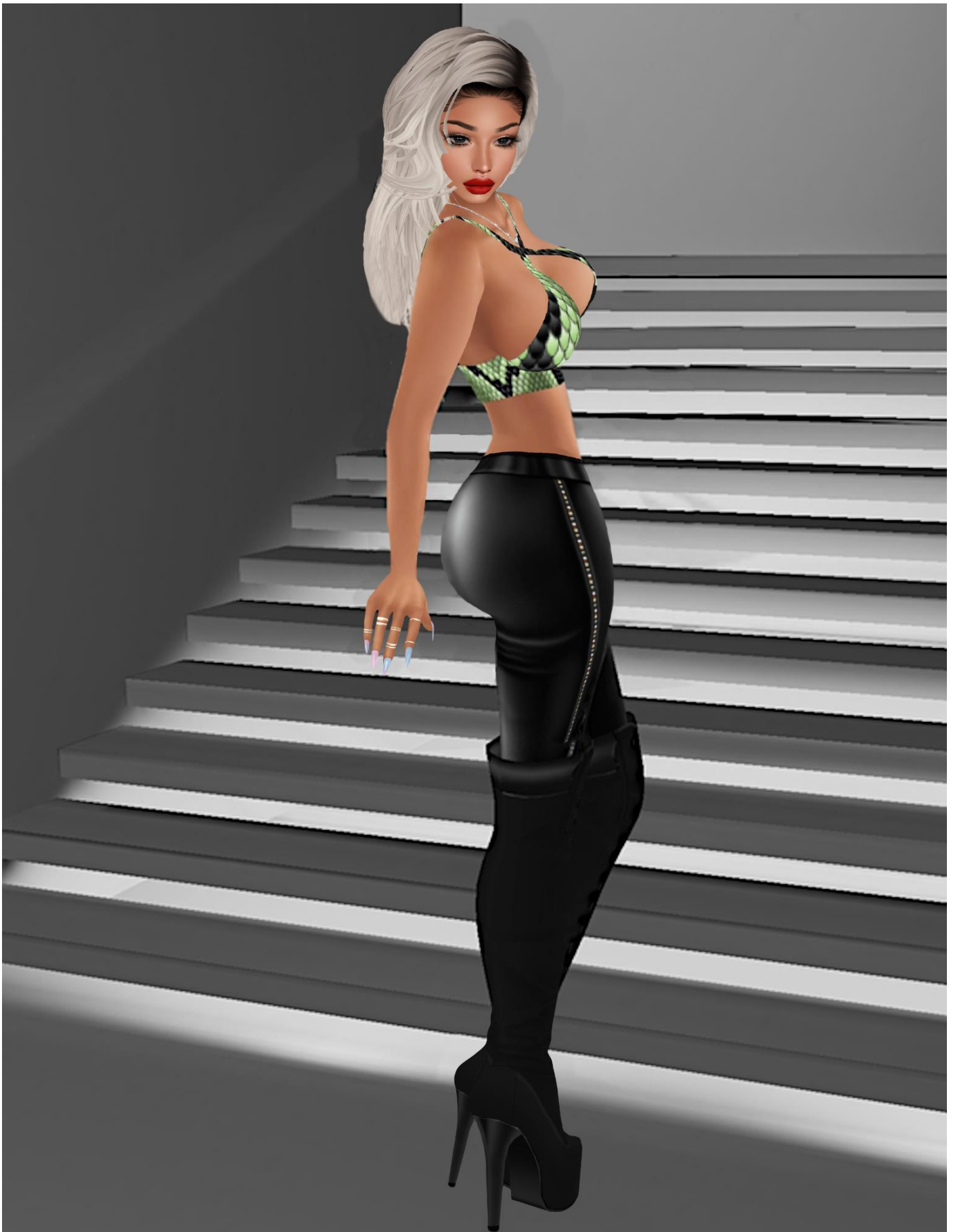
With his heart beating furiously in his chest, Milos tiptoed down the corridor, located the staircase and pushed open the heavy door.

With the door closed behind him, he stopped for a moment to catch his breath, suddenly feeling a pain in his leg after landing on it pretty hard after tumbling through the window. Stepping forward his leg threatened to give out on him but with his veins coursing with adrenaline, he limped his way up the first couple of steps towards freedom.

Three flights of stairs were the only thing left to overcome, then his nightmare would finally be over, "I can do this", he repeated in his mind, knowing he could make it having climbed three times as many flights of stairs every evening to reach his apartment thanks to Sonja and her awful rules.

It was slow progress in his impractical shoes and throbbing leg, but one step at a time, Milos edged his way closer to freedom but just as he reached the second floor, he suddenly heard a terrifying noise from below.

A door had opened and now he could hear footsteps coming his way. Panicked, Milos set off scrambling up the remaining steps as quickly as possible, but it was no use, the person ascending the steps was moving too quickly as heard the footsteps drawing closer. Knowing he had been caught, Milos turned to accept his fate.



But not all was lost as the head of Coach came into view.

“Milena, we need to abort”, he announced loudly, placing his hands on his knees to try and catch his breath, “I was about to go into Marko’s office to steal the car keys

when I noticed him sitting inside. I don't know why he's here, but we need to get back to the club floor before some notices us missing".

"No, no, I can't go back", Milos screamed, grabbing his head, and pulling at his long blond hair, "we're so close, please, there must be another way".

Coach climbed the remaining steps that separated them and opened his arms for Milos, who fell into them before starting to sob, "you must be strong now, Milena, I promise you, we'll get another chance but if we leave now, how far do you think we are going to get without a car and you in those boots? Next Thursday, we will try again, the plan will work, we just need Marko to be out of his office".

Milos looked up into Coach's eyes and pouted. There was a moment where time seemed to stand still, the pair staring lovingly into each other's eyes before Coach brought his head forward, slammed his lips against Milos'.

The make-out session was hot and heavy as Coach ran his hands down Milos' hourglass figure, reaching down to caress his bottom as Milos let out a little moan.

Out of breath, Coach pulled away, reaching up with his hand and placing it on Milos' cheek, "I love you, Milena, I am going to get you out of here, I promise, can you wait one more week for me"? he asked, gently stroking the feminized boy's cheek.

Milos looked up at Coach and gave him a weak smile. "I can wait, I'll wait for you".

"Good girl", Coach replied, wiping away a dark mascara-soaked tear, "now come on, let's get you back, I'll help you back through that bathroom window, remember to fix your makeup before you head back out there", he added in a soothing voice, "just hold on for one more week, then we'll be free".

Chapter 3 - An unexpected admirer

A little sore over the next few days, Milos tried to stay positive as he counted down the days until his next escape attempt.

The first few days were fairly typical, awful but typical, that is until Monday evening when halfway through his shift something unusual happened.

Having spent the last hour listening to some old businessman complain about his job and his wife as had he faked interest and tried to avoid the man's wandering hands from pawing over his exposed skin, Milos looked up to see Marko walking over.

"Get lost", he announced with a click of his finger as the man quickly scuttled away.

Sitting down, Marko scooted himself across the sofa to the point where their legs touched, giving Milos a sickly feeling in his gut.

"How is my little doll tonight"? Marko said patting Milos on his nylon clad thigh. Knowing what was expected of him at this point, Milos turned to look him in the eyes and smiled, "I'm great. How are you, Marko"?

"Oh, you know same old", Marko replied tilting his head to one side, "listen, I've been thinking lately, and I've concluded that perhaps I've been a bit harsh on you, my sister seems to like you a lot, and perhaps I've been taking my problems with Dejan out on you".

Milos didn't say a word, he just looked on with confusion, trying to work out where the conversation was leading.

Marko smiled, lifting his hand from Milos' thigh to place it on his shoulder, "I get it, you don't trust me, if I were you, I wouldn't either after the way I've treated you, but I will make it up to you, starting tonight, tonight you will join me up in the VIP section, where no one will touch you, you have my word".

He then proceeded to stand before extending his hand for Milos to take, "come, let's go", he said in a soft-sounding voice.

Accepting his hand, Milos was helped to his high heeled feet and led across the room, wondering the whole time whether it was some kind of trick, but with little choice in the matter, he minced along next to his captor up to the restricted area of the club.

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An hour or so later, Milos was more confused than ever. For the last hour, he had sat next to Marko on a comfortable leather sofa as the normally cruel man chatted and joked like they were old friends. He was acting like a perfect gentleman, keeping his promise of keeping his hands to himself.

At around ten-thirty, Marko received a call and after a brief conversation, he turned to look at Milos, “I’m sorry, doll, but I have some business to attend to, we’re going to have to end our evening here”, he said before taking Milos’ smaller manicured hand in his own, lifting it to his lips and kissing him on the back of the hand.

“Do you want me to go back to work”? Milos asked, feeling slightly disappointed, a feeling that confused him.

“No, I will have Olga drive you home”, Marko replied with a nod, “you get some rest, I’ll see you tomorrow”.

Marko then turned and walked away, leaving Milos alone on the sofa feeling completely baffled, “why is he being so nice to me”? He thought, “what does he want”?



=====

Talk about sending mixed messages, the next evening, Marko all but ignored him for the entire evening, barely looking in his direction or uttering a word. For Milos, this

meant a return to his usual duties, entertaining strangers, droning on about their dreary lives as they fondled and caressed his feminized body.

The previous evening now seemed like a drug-induced dream, and as the evening wore on, Milos started to wonder whether he had actually hallucinated it, he was pretty high, but surely could he have really imagined the whole thing? It was a worrying thought, but he decided not to dwell on it, after all, there were now only two days separating him from his long-awaited freedom, that was all that mattered.

=====

On Wednesday evening, just before he started his shift, Marko approached Milos once again to invite him up to the VIP section. This time they weren't alone as Marko was hosting a table of guests but similarly to the last time, Milos was treated with dignity and respect as the other men around the table chatted, joked, and never once laid a hand on him.

Full of surprises, around 12.30, Marko offered to drive him home. This again seemed completely out of character but with the tempting offer to leave the club early, Milos eagerly accepted the offer.

A few minutes later, a man appeared with Milos' warm fur coat, he handed it to Marko who proceeded to help Milos slip it on, his hands lingering just a little too long around Milos' slim waist, Making the feminised man feel very vulnerable in the presence of the much larger Marko.

With his arm around Marko for support, Milos minced out of the room and down the stairs to the main club floor. A little uneasy on his feet, the result of the night drinking hard liquor, he was led past a worse for wear looking Coach, who looked up with a worried look on his face. Milos flashed him a quick smile to let him know everything was alright and quickly looked down in shame. Before he knew it, he was off the main floor and tottering down the back corridors of the club.

After a short walk, they turned a corner and arrived in front of a lift. Marko took out a key card to unlock the door before pressing the button for the third-floor parking lot.

After a short awkward journey, the doors opened with a ping. Stepping out gingerly, Milos paused to take in his surroundings, feeling the cool night air circle around his exposed midsection, and up the tiny skirt, moulded to his backside.

He was stood in the very place that he had been so close to reaching the previous week, and if all went well, the same place he would hopefully be standing the following evening, ready to leave this life of hell behind for good.



Realising Marko had stopped to wait for him, Milos quickly tottered over, linked his arm through Marko's elevated arm and apologised for spacing out.

Marko didn't seem to care and instead started telling some story about the expensive car he was leading them towards. Milos didn't hear a word as he was more focused on keeping his footing in his intoxicated state, carefully placing one numb foot in front of the other, trying desperately to keep his balance atop his sky-high pumps.

Just as they reached the car, Marko stopped and released his arm, "before we go let's get a quick photo for the collection", Marko announced.

Milos feeling relieved that it was only a photo he wanted, turned almost automatically, twisting his leg to show off his shoes, and stuck out his PVC covered backside, hearing the material creak from the pressure of his voluptuous behind stretching the tiny skirt to its limits.

"Wow, I love how your arse looks in that skirt my little doll, and those legs of yours are absolutely gorgeous", Marko said, as he snapped a few photos on his phone, grinning away.

"You know, if I were you, I would have tried to escape by now, perhaps try to make it up here to the car park and steal a car", Marko announced as he casually continued to take pictures.

A cold chill ran down Milos' spine as his heart suddenly felt as though it was going to burst right out of his chest. Did Marko know about the plan to escape? Was this his way of telling him that he knew?

Milos struggled to think straight, but luckily before he could come up with some silly answer, Marko tucked his phone back into his jacket pocket and walked back over to join him.

"Of course, I'm glad you haven't, I'm starting to like having you around", he said giving the feminized man a little pat on the backside, "it would be a real shame if I had to dispose of you", he added, running the fingers of his other hand through Milos' silky soft hair before leaning in and kissing him full on the lips.

With his eyes wide in shock, Milos stood petrified like a statue as Marko attacked his inflated lips and invaded with his tongue.

When he finally pulled back, Milos wanted to punch him in the face and throw up all over the concrete floor but instead, he did neither, he just stood there wobbling, and grinning like an idiot.

=====

With his mind racing, almost as quickly as the outside city streets passed by, Milos barely said a word as Marko raced back towards Milos' apartment. He couldn't stop thinking about Marko's cryptic warning, imagining all the terrible things he was capable of. Part of him wondered if Marko was really driving him home at all and if instead, he was being driven out to the woods to be buried in some shallow grave.

"No, Marko might be a Masochistic sociopath, but he is too smart to actually kill me himself", he thought hopefully, "If I was about to die, it would be one of his goons driving right now", he told himself, trying to calm himself down.

Milos breathed a sigh of relief as the loud sports car pulled up outside his apartment building.

Turning off the engine, Marko turned to face him, "come on", he said with a smile, "let me walk you up".

=====

Nervous but in a way glad to avoid his usual trek up the nine flights of stairs in his painful 6-inch heels, Milos stood next to Marko in the lift as it made its slow ascent.

Entering the apartment, they barged in on a rather shocked looking Sonja on the sofa with her feet up watching TV. Ever the loyal servant, she leapt to her feet to welcome him, sending a box of cookies flying across the room, "oh, hi Marko, I

didn't expect to see you tonight, sorry about the mess, I'll have Milena do a quick clean and fetch us some drinks, please come in".

"Not tonight Sonja", Marko barked shutting her down, "if you want the apartment cleaned, do it yourself, it's Milena I want to spend time with".

A stunned Sonja nodded slowly, looking like a wounded puppy as she watched Marko lead Milos through the room and into the bedroom.

"So, this is your room", Marko announced upon entering the room, "a bit small for my tastes, but I guess you have everything you need, right"?

Still not sure if Marko was being genuine, and still worried that this whole acting nice routine was some kind of test, Milos was careful with his answer, "yes, I've got everything I need, thank you".

Nodding, Marko walked over to stand in front of a large floor to ceiling mirror on the far wall, one of many installed around the room, "come, here my doll, let's take a picture together", he said extending his arm.

Milos cautiously approached the smiling man who upon arrival wrapped his arms around his waist, spinning him around to face the mirror, "now that's what I call a beautiful couple", he said with a chuckle.

Suddenly realising he was expected to take the photo and trying to distract from the awkward position he now found himself in, Milos delved into the pocket of his soft fur coat, fished out his phone, and snapped a few pictures while Marko held him tightly from behind.

"You know, Milena, I've been thinking about you a lot lately, you really have blossomed into a gorgeous woman", Marko said, running his hands down the feminised man's sides.

Tensing up, Milos felt a hand locate his buttocks before strong fingers started to gently trace along the crack of his bottom through his PVC skirt.

"Turn around and get down on your knees, doll face", Marko suddenly announced, his tone suddenly sounding more forceful.

Milos hesitated, “what? My knees, why”?

“Do it”, Marko commanded, “I won’t ask again”.

Shaking like a leaf, Milos slowly turned around, bent down, and took up a position on his knees facing Marko.

Looking up with his bottom lip trembling, Milos dreaded what was about to happen as he looked up at Marko with a pleading look.

“My shoelace has come undone, you wouldn’t mind fixing that for me would you, doll”, Marko announced, his smile growing wider.

Still shaking but mighty relieved, Milos reached out with his long-nailed fingers and fumbled around with the shoelaces, eventually tying them in something that resembled a knot. When done he continued to look down, staring at Marko's shiny leather shoes, too terrified to move. The next thing Marko said surprised him.

“Milena, I want you to be my girl from now on”, he announced after placing his index finger under Milos' chin and gently lifting his face to meet his gaze, “but I’m not going to force you, if you’re want to be my girl and experience all the perks that go with that life, it has to be your decision”.

“I... I...”, Milos stammered, unsure of what to say.

“It’s ok, take a day to think it over, doll, tomorrow is Thursday and I’m going to be out of town”, Marko replied, running his fingers gently through Milos’ hair, “I’ll be back on Friday; you can give me your answer then”, he added before extending his hand and helping Milos back to his tortured feet.

“Goodnight beautiful”, Marko said, giving Milos one last peck on his inflated lips, “I’ll see you in a few days”.

Left stood in the centre of his room, still shaking like a leaf, Milos turned to face the mirror. What the hell was going on? Was Marko being genuine? Could this nightmare get any worse? where some just some of the thoughts racing through his mind as he looked upon his half-naked reflection.

He had to admit, he did look kind of sexy, in a slutty bimbo sex doll kind of way, perhaps Marko really had fallen for him? The thought made him shudder, “No, don’t get distracted”, he told himself, “tomorrow night I’ll be out of this place for good, I need to stay focussed”.

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At 10.30 on the dot, the next evening, Milos was once again stood in the dingy club bathroom, ready for escape attempt number two.

Tonight, there would be no safety net, no fake illness to cover his tracks, it was make or break and he knew it. He had managed to chat briefly with Coach earlier in the evening, telling him about the events of the previous evening and what Marko had said. Coach reacted badly to the news and tried to call everything off, he knew Marko and expected a trap.

It took a lot of convincing, but Milos eventually persuaded him to go ahead with the plan, he knew the risks and was prepared to take them, not able to bear another moment living the miserable life that had been forced upon him.

Positioning the bin in front of the tiny window, he knew time was of the essence, Olga had probably already noticed him missing and would be in shortly to look for him.

landing heavily on the other side of the window, this time on his back, Milos scrambled to his feet and made a run for the stairwell. Quickly through the door, he started his ascent, cursing his luck for ending up in the same ankle-breaking boots as the previous week.

One step at a time he climbed the three flights of stairs before emerging out of breath in the car park above. A huge smile crossed his plump lips as he breathed in the cool night air before looking around as a feeling of dread washed over him.

Coach should have been there by now, but he was nowhere to be seen. Panicked and shivering from the cold night air, Milos realised he needed somewhere to hide, hoping Coach was going to come through for him.

Seeing a spot that looked promising, he set off across the deserted parking lot, dreaming about the first thing he would do, when he was free.

With the sound of his beating heart and the loud clicking sound of his uncomfortable boots pounding in his ears, across the eerily quiet room he went, until suddenly an unwanted terrifying noise stopped him in his tracks.

The lift to the parking lot pinging loudly behind him announcing the arrival of someone. A feeling of utter devastation washed over Milos as he turned, knowing he had nowhere to run. He watched in slow motion as the doors to the lift opened, a small part of him hoping to see Coach emerge.

“Miss, Ivanovic, I think you had better come with me”, Olga announced loudly, crossing her arms across her impressive chest below a cold emotionless face.

Scared to death, Milos turned made a run for it, stumbling in blind panic across the concrete floor, like a baby deer on a frozen lake. He knew it was futile, but he had to try and get away, that is until he was stopped once more by Bojana stepping around the corner and blocking his path.

“Oh, Milena, I’m so disappointed with you, I thought we were friends, but now you’ve gone and ruined it”, she said, placing a hand on her hip and shaking her head in a disapproving way.

“Please, Bojana, I am your friend, please just let me go”, Milos pleaded falling to his knees.

“Sorry Milena, that’s not going to be possible, besides how are you planning on leaving without that drunkard friend of yours”?

“Coach, where is he? Is he ok”? Milos cried.

“That bumbling fool, broke into Marko’s office and made so much noise half the club heard him, he’s being held downstairs”, she said shaking her head, “now, you need to come with us, Marko isn’t going to be pleased when he gets back”.

Defeated, Milos allowed Olga to take a hold of his arm and lead him back towards the lift which took him back down to the club where he was dragged into a store cupboard and locked inside.

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Cold, hungry, and about to have a nervous breakdown, Milos pounded on the door and begging to be let out but no matter how much noise he made, no one came to his rescue.

“What had he ever done to deserve this”? He thought as he slammed his sore fists into the solid wooden door, sure, he had broken a few rules while playing football for a woman’s team, but did he really deserve to live out the rest of his days as Marko’s bimbo doll plaything, that was provided he wasn’t about to be murdered.

After hours of pounding on the door in vain, his hands now red and bruised, and his voice hoarse from screaming, Milos gave up hope. The last remnants of a fight had finally left his exhausted body as he slumped to the floor resigning himself to the depression fact that Marko had won.

=====

With the sun peeking through the small slit of a window above him, Milos shivered, it had been a long miserable night, huddled amongst the brushes, mops, and various other cleaning products to try and stay warm.

When the door finally opened to reveal Olga standing over him, Milos began to shake, he had been screaming all night for someone to let him out but now that it was time to meet his fate, he no longer wanted to leave.

The tall intimidating Olga reached in and handed him a bottle of water, which he snatched from her grasp and quickly gulped down to parch his dry throat.

“Mr Mitic, will see you now, put your boots back on and follow me”, Olga said in her deep monotone voice.

Locating his discarded boots, which wasn't difficult in the tiny room, Milos slid them up his freezing fishnet covered legs before hauling himself up onto his wobbly legs.

“Come”, Olga ordered, turning to leave, and expecting Milos to follow.

The first stop was the bathroom where Milos was allowed to empty his bladder before being given a makeup bag and told to fix his face.

In an almost robotic manner, Milos cleaned away the smeared and ruined makeup from his expressionless face before, applying the familiar beauty products until Olga was satisfied. “Much better, now you're ready to see Mr Mitic”, she announced with a nod.

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Outside Marko's office, Olga gave the door a heavy thump, before waiting for Marko's deep voice to call out, allowing them to enter.

Olga pushed open the heavy door before looking at Milos who was stood rooted to the spot like a statue. Giving him a heavy shove, Milos staggered into the room before falling to his knees. Looking up his mouth fell open seeing Marko sat on the far side of the room with a psychotic look on his face. scared for his life, Milos quickly backed up only to be halted by a wall to his back.



“Thank you, Olga, leave us now”, he boomed.

“Of course, sir”, she replied with a nod, before leaving them alone in the room.

“Milena, Milena, my little doll, what am I to do with you”? Marko announced, shaking his head in an over-exaggerated way, “I gave you a second chance after you tried to run away the first time, was my warning in the car park not clear enough”?

Milos looked up, “So, you did know”?

Marko smiled, “of course I knew, this is my club, I know everything that goes on in here”.

“And you were going to just forgive me and forget all about it”? Milos said trembling.

Marko paused, picked up a glass from the table to his right, “what I said to you the other night was true”, he said before taking a sip of his Vodka, “you’re very attractive, and I had become quite fond of you over the last few months”.

“Why are you speaking in the past tense”? Milos blurted out.

Marko ignoring the question continued, “you could have lived a life of luxury by my side and even saved your precious Dejan to boot”, he announced taking another sip from his glass, “but instead you took the predictable and foolish option, I do hate it when I’m proven right sometimes”.

“Coach, where is he? What have you done to him”? Milos stated loudly as a tear ran down his cheek.

“If I were you, Doll, I’d be more concerned with my own wellbeing right now, forget about Dejan, you will never see him again, he is gone”, Marko said bluntly, staring Milos down.

Milos started to sob, but having cried all night, he didn’t seem to have any tears left, “What are you going to do with me? If you're going to kill me, just get it over with, I don't care anymore”? Milos screamed out.

Marko narrowed his eyes, “kill you!”, he replied in a menacing tone, “what do you think I am, a monster? No, I have a much more appropriate punishment in mind for you, and who knows, if you’re a good girl, perhaps in time I might even forgive you”.



Chapter 4 - It never rains, but it pours

Three months after the failed escape, in a strip club somewhere in the seedy part of the city, Milos, now known as Candy Doll, shook his booty and danced the night away. This was his punishment, seven nights a week, dancing, and stripping, his only purpose in life now, to please a room full of rowdy drunken men.



Inside he felt completely numb, having lost all hope of ever getting back to how things used to be. He was trapped in a nightmare he couldn't wake from, one where night after night he was forced to gyrate his plump backside back and forth to the beat of the awful techno music blaring out, feeling the weight of the massive

implants pulling on his chest, all the while trying to keep his footing on his slick dance podium, perched atop a pair of towering platform heels, and trying to block out the lecherous looks from the horny men below.



Leaning down for some creep to place a note inside the waistband of his tight thong, he felt the man's fingers linger before reaching down and giving his bottom a squeeze. Milos didn't react, instead, he let his mind wander, wondering, like he often did, what had become of Coach. He hadn't seen him since the night of the escape and feared the worst.



He desperately wanted to believe he was ok, and that one day they would see each other again but deep down, he knew it was probably not going to happen.

Thinking back to the failed escape attempt he cursed himself for not being smarter, for not seeing the signs, and for not being better prepared.

Milos knew exactly why the plan had failed; he had heard Marko tell the story many times. Nothing seemed to please him more than to rejoice in the tale of how he had outsmarted his onetime rival, setting him up by planting the seed of the escape in his mind, talking about where he kept his car keys, letting him oversee the combination

to the safe, and for the cherry on top, making him believe he would be away every Thursday evening, thus giving him the perfect opportunity to bring it all together.

Away from the strip club, Milos now had a new home, taking up a room in Marko's mansion, and as a result, there was rarely a moments rest bite from his torment. His days were almost as bad as his evenings in the strip club, each day forced to dress up in some demeaning outfit before following Marko around like some lost puppy, expected to always be by his side, just a silent blonde bimbo, arm candy for Marko to flaunt.

If that wasn't bad enough, Marko these days was nothing but cruel, taking a note from Sonja's book by constantly thinking up new humiliating tasks for Milos to perform. Like looking after his dog, Brutus.

Milos was now tasked with feeding and bathing the hulking great Doberman but worse by far was having to walk the incredibly strong mutt twice a day. A tough task for anyone given the brute strength of the animal but made almost impossible, tottering along on towering platform heels, with huge beachball size breast obscuring his vision as Brutus dragged Milos stumbling along behind, frantically trying to keep hold of the lead with his impractically long nails, desperately trying to keep his balance.

This was Milos' life now, a depressing existence, to say the least, day after day, a prisoner in his own body, trying to keep Marko happy for fear of punishment, that is until one night while working his shift at the club, he received a glimmer of hope.

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With his feet aching and his legs sore having just danced for two hours straight, being ogled, and heckled in front of a leering crowd, Milos was finally given a short break to freshen up, use the bathroom, and get himself a well-needed drink.

Mincing towards the bar on his ridiculously tall stripper heels, his eyes downcast to avoid slipping on the slick drink-soaked floor, someone approached him from behind.

“Well, if it isn't, Milena Ivanovic, former star of the Tigers, the woman who singlehandedly won her team the cup last year before mysteriously vanishing”, a man said from behind.

Milos turned slowly to see a short blonde-haired man with a scruffy beard, wearing a cheap worn-out looking suit, “fancy finding you dancing here, in this part of town, now there's got to be a story behind that”?



“I think you’ve got the wrong person”, Milos replied, knowing Marko would be angry if he spoke to the man for too long.

The man smiled, “no, I’ve done my research, Milena, I know who you are, I’m here to help”.

“Who are you and how do you know so much about me”? Milos asked cautiously having had his interest piqued.

“Oh, I'm sorry, I should introduce myself”, the man said extending his hand, “My name is Aleksander Petrovic, but please, call me Alek, I work for a small online news outlet, and I want to tell your story”.

“My story, there’s nothing to tell”, Milos said, looking around nervously.

“Well, we both know that's not true, don’t we, Milena? I don’t know exactly what, Marko Mitic, has over you, but I know something strange is going on here”, Alek said with a smirk, taking back his hand which Milos had ignored.

“And who told you this”? Milos asked having to shout slightly as a new brain pounding track that had just started up.

“I have a cousin that works in the cloakroom upstairs”, Alek answered, also having to shout, “she’s a big football fan like me and recognised you the moment you started working here. She saw how you were being treated and wanted to help, that's why she gave me a call, I’ve been watching you for a few weeks now and what you're going through here is terrible, please, let me help you”.

“I... I... I’m fine really, I don’t need your help”, Milos stated again nervously looking around the room, “thank you for your concern, Alek, but I need to go, I don’t want any trouble”, Milos added worriedly having just caught sight of Olga, who was looking right at them.

“So, you are in trouble, you just admitted it”, Alek replied with a smile, “please just give me five minutes of your time, I’ll get to the bottom of what’s going on here”.

“The bottom of what?” Olga announced as she approached from behind.

“That’s none of your concern”, Alek stated, having to look up at Olga who towered over them, “Milena and I are having a private conversation, so if you wouldn’t mind”? Alek added gesturing for her to leave just as two large men appeared behind him.

“I think you're mistaken, sir”, Olga replied in her calm monotone voice, “there is no Milena here, this here is Candy Doll and if you want to talk to her, you’ll have to pay the going rate”.

Vlad, one of the bouncers grabbed Alek roughly from behind as the other man patted him down before delving into his pocket and pulling out a wallet, “hey, you can’t just take a man’s wallet without his permission”, Alek shouted as the bald-headed man holding his wallet took out his ID card and handed it to Olga.

“I think I just did, Mr... Petrovic”, Olga said, looking down and reading his name from the card, “a reporter I see, well, there is no story here, just an honest club with honest workers, trying to make a living.

“If this is an honest club, I’d like to spend some time with Candy Doll here, how much for 30 minutes”? Alek replied, staring Olga down.

Olga smirked, reaching into Alek’s wallet, and taking out all of his cash, “it looks as though you only have enough for five minutes, Mr Petrovic”, she replied, “And you’ve already used that up I’m afraid”.

Alek lunged forward but was grabbed by Vlad, “this is robbery, I want to speak to the manager”? Alek shouted.

Olga seeming unfazed kept a hold of the ID card and the cash before passing Alek’s wallet back to him, “I’m afraid the manager is out right now and you’ve overstayed your welcome, Mr Petrovic”, she announced, “time to leave and If I ever see your face in this club again, harassing my staff, it may just be the last time anybody sees you, I hope I've made myself clear enough", Olga added looking Alek in the eyes with a very serious look on her face, “Vlad, please show, Mr Petrovic to the exit”.

The other bouncer stepped forward and joined Vlad in restraining Alek, “I’m not going to drop this, you know”, Alek screamed as he was dragged away, “I know something is going on here, you haven’t seen the last of me”.

Milos looked over at Olga sheepishly, “I don’t know who he is, Olga, I promise, he just started talking to me”, he said before lowering his eyes.

“I know, Candy Doll, don’t worry about it, but look at the time, break’s over, time to get back to work”, Olga said sternly.

“What? but I’ve been dancing for hours, I haven’t even used the bathroom, yet”, Milos said shocked.

“Move, Candy, before I give Marko a call”, Olga commanded.

With a heavy sigh, Milos shook his head before slowly making his way back over to his podium, cursing his luck at having bumped into Alek the reporter.

=====

Two weeks later, sat outside on the small balcony outside the living room, Milos had a rare moment alone. It was a slightly chilly evening with the sun having just set and, In the distance, he could see some children kicking a football about in a park, playing on even though the light had faded. Milos yearned to join them as he thought back to how life used to be, a life he had taken for granted and not appreciated.

In other circumstances, his seat out on the balcony would have been a lovely place to sit and relax, taking in the breathtaking views of the city before him and the mountains in the distance. But it was hard to appreciate such things in his current predicament, soon he would be interrupted by Olga and driven to the strip club, where he would spend the evening being treated like a piece of meat, swishing about, and degrading himself in front of a horde of repulsive men until his legs lost all feeling.

He felt so trapped, all hope of ever going returning to his old life was long gone, and lately, as he sat out on the balcony the thought of throwing himself off often crept into his head.

If the balcony had been a little higher, he probably would have already hurled himself off, but being on the third floor, he knew he would most likely just end up breaking a leg, but even that idea didn't seem too bad lately, he could at least get a few weeks away from the club.



A sudden gust of wind blew in, sending a chill down his smooth waxed legs. Reaching over, Milos picked up his little fur jacket from the far end of the chair and slipped his arms through the sleeves, careful not to snag one of his nails on the inside lining.

As another gust blew in, Milos shivered before pulling the little jacket tightly around his upper body and placed his hands into the pockets to try and stay warm.

Feeling a piece of paper between his fingertips, his hand shot back out in surprise, looking down he found a note.

Glancing back into the living room to check on Olga, he saw her in her usual spot, lying on the sofa watching some action movie. Trying to act natural, Milos turned his body slightly so she couldn't see what he was doing.

Clutching the note between his colourful acrylic nails, Milos started to read. "Milena, I know you're scared, but I promise I can help you. Meeting up is a little difficult right now, but answer me this one question, are you being held against your will? Write your answer on the back of this note and leave it in your pocket next time you go to the club, it will get back to me".

The note was signed A, A for Alek, Milos assumed.

Taken aback by the surprise note, Milos' mind went into overdrive, thinking about the last time he had worn this coat, and how the note could have found its way into his pocket. Thinking about the outfits he had worn recently, he only remembered wearing the coat once since the night he'd first met Alek at the club, that was six days ago.

A series of thoughts came stampeding through his head. "Can I trust him? Is it another trap? What will Marko do if he finds out?"

The thoughts were terrifying, but then again what more could Marko do to him? He had already taken everything from him. With nothing to lose Milos, reached into his handbag, sat on a nearby table, located a lipstick and in the same colour that currently coated his pouty enhanced lips, he wrote one word in block capitals, "YES".

Looking over his shoulder once more to check on Olga who seemed oblivious to what he had just done, Milos carefully folded the paper twice before placing it back into the same pocket that he had found it.

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An hour later as Milos tottered into the neon-lit entrance of his own personal version of hell, he passed his jacket to a cute blonde girl in the cloakroom who nodded her head and gave him a wink. Returning the nod, the girl smiled before walking away to hang up his jacket as Milos suddenly remembered Alek saying he had a cousin that worked in the cloakroom, this must be her, and this is how he was going to be able to communicate with Alek.

Carefully descended the steep staircase into the club beneath, making quite the racket in his 6-inch platform sandals, Milos wondered if he would live to regret the decision he had just made. He knew it was a possibility as things never seemed to go his way, but in that moment, he didn't care. For the first time in a long time, he could see an alternative future ahead of him. A brighter future, one in which he wasn't trapped in a life of servitude. Whatever happened next, he was willing to accept the consequences.

Chapter 5 - Out of the frying pan and into the fire

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

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

Even more, worrying for Milos, recently Marko seemed to be paying closer attention to him than usual, started off with a few lingering stares from afar. Marko had always kept a close eye on him but in the past week or so, he seemed to have a strange look in his eyes, a look of lust.

Then the changes began, small at first, like Marko asking him to join him for lunch at the table where up until that point, he had just been given leftovers up in his room. After the initial invitation, Milos was now eating all his meals with Marko at the dining room table, treated like a pampered princess as he forced himself to act nice and make small conversation.

Marko then started taking him along to business meetings, where he would sit next to him in an indecently short skirt as the other men there took sneaky looks at his legs and cleavage. Milos hated being the centre of attention and looking like some surgically enhanced Barbie doll for all these wretched men to lust over, but in a way, it did beat cleaning the oven or walking Brutus.

The little touches from Mako were inevitable, starting with a little pat on the bum here and there, leading to little stolen kisses, finally coming to a climax when he was invited to join Marko in the hot tub.



Feeling awfully vulnerable, wearing only a tiny white bikini that exposed almost all of his forcedly femininized body, Milos was told to give Marko a massage.

Taking a deep breath and trying not to shake, he began with his shoulders and back, but it soon became clear, Marko was after something more. Soon Milos' hands were being pushed lower and lower until he found himself stroking Marko's very erect penis through his trunks.

At this point, Marko grabbed him and started kissing him passionately, his hands wandering all over Milos' body, making short work of untying the back of his bikini and releasing the girls.

Milos tried to let his mind wander, imaging himself as a fly on the wall, separating himself from the steamy scene that was unfolding.

With his top removed, Marko started playing with his Milos' huge sensitive breasts, suckling on his large nipples as he tried to suppress his moans of pleasure.

It didn't take long for Marko to lose his shorts and knowing what was expected of him, Milos let his head be guided down until his plump lips were wrapped around the man's engorged hard-on.

Forced to keep his eyes open and looking straight up at his captor, Milos bobbed his head up and down, trying not to choke as the rock-hard member pushing its way down the back of his throat.

After what seemed like an eternity, warm jets of salty liquid pulsated into Milos' mouth, spilling out over his face and breasts. With Marko finished, Milos looked away in shame, not wanting to think about what he had just done or look up at Marko who was staring down at him with a beaming smile on his face.

From then on, the hot tub sessions became a regular bi-weekly activity, but worse still he was now spending most nights sleeping in Marko's bed. Being Marko's plaything was now to be part of Milos' punishment, as he was called upon whenever his captor wanted satisfying, usually expecting much more than the horrendous blowjob in the hot tub.

The whole experience was pure hell for Milos as not only did the thought of having to provide sexual pleasure to the devil himself disgust him, but he also felt guilty and confused with part of him actually feeling some sort of pleasure himself during the sexual acts. After all, it was the first time he had ever had someone play with his feminised body and after so long without any sexual relief his body was going rogue on him.

=====

It was a terrible start to the day, having to wake up at 8am to walk Brutus after only four hours sleep, Milos looked out the window to see it pouring down with rain. Going through his morning routine, he got dressed, did his makeup before going down to greet the excited Brutus.

The slobbering great mutt, happy to see Milos bounded towards him almost knocking him off his high-heeled feet, and after struggling to clip the lead around his neck, they headed out for their morning 2k walk.

In the gale-force wind and torrential rain, Milos' umbrella did little to keep him dry as the huge dog dragged him tottering along behind looking utterly ridiculous.

An hour and a half later, soaked through and freezing cold, Milos returned to the house clutching his right hand. Olga who was up and sat in the living room looked up as he entered, "hmm, not the best weather for dog walking", she quipped before noticing his hand, "What happened to your hand"? She asked not sounding overly concerned.

Milos looked down clutching his throbbing hand, "I fell and broke a couple of nails", he said, feeling ridiculous as he said it stood there soaked to the bone dressed in clubwear.

In the past, he had always thought nothing of it, when a girl said she had broken a nail, but now, having experienced it for himself, he had an entirely different perspective.

The accident happened after a heavy tug from Brutus where on the slippery surface he had lost his footing, tumbled over and landing on his acrylic nail tips. Bonded to his real nails beneath, it had been exceptionally painful.

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

=====

Milos hadn’t seen Sonja in a long time, which was a good thing in his mind, so, when she turned up mid-afternoon at Marko’s house, the sight of her was almost as painful as breaking his nails.

After a few hours of insults and degrading comments, Sonja had repaired his broken nails before applying a new set of acrylic tips.

While there, she also refilled his eyelash extensions. Milos again just lay back trying not to listen as she talked on and on, running her mouth, “you know you’re pretty lucky really, getting pampered like this, if I was Marko, I would have just made you live with that mutt you like walking so much”. she said as Milos bit his tongue and didn’t respond.

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

With the beauty session over, Sonja insisted, for old times’ sake, to pick out Milos’ outfit for his evening date with Marko. The news he was going out that evening was a surprise, having thought up until that moment, he’d just be spending the evening working in the club as per usual.

Leading him up to his room, Sonja seemed to delight in pawing through all his skimpy outfits, making comments about how well they suited him and the thoughts he must induce in the minds of every man who saw him wearing them.

She settled on a long red gown with a long slit running all the way up the left leg. It was sleeveless, with a large diamond-shaped section cut out in the front, obviously designed to show a lot of cleavage.

Milos had seen the gown before but never dared to wear it, wondering for what possible occasion he would need it, tonight as it seemed, was to be that occasion.

With Sonja's help Milos wriggled his body into the gown before leaning down to slip on the ridiculously tall pair of pumps, Sonja had placed by his feet.

Raising himself carefully to a standing position, Milos almost fell straight back onto his bed. He could feel the strain in his ankles threatening to buckle under him as the frankly ludicrous heels he was now wearing made him feel ten feet tall. He tried moving and managed to take a few tiny mincing steps, like the dress, he had seen this pair of shoes in his collection many times but never dared to wear them.

=====

Thirty minutes later, Milos descended the central staircase of the mansion, trembling nervously on his tall platform pumps to find Marko waiting at the bottom eyeing him up.

Confused as to what was happening, Milos accepted a red rose from the smiling Marko who greeted him by pulling him close and kissing him passionately on his plump glossy red lips.

"Very sexy, Candy Doll", he said, as he ran his hands slowly down the sides of Milos' tight form-fitting gown. He then took a hold of Milos' hand tipped with a set of long red acrylic nails to match his dress and led him out to the waiting car.

Their destination was a fancy restaurant in the centre of the city, but before entering, Milos was first told to stand in front and pose. Marko proceeded to take out a camera before taking great delight in snapping picture after picture of an uncomfortable looking Milos.

As the camera flashed in his face, Milos tried not to show his anger or frustration, instead, like always, he just gave Marko what he wanted.



After what seemed like forever and with Marko finally satisfied, he was escorted inside, where they took up a seat by the window.

The restaurant, by most people, would have been described as romantic, with its ambient piano music playing and superb views of the city skyline. Milos thought about how amazing it would have been, to be there under different circumstances, perhaps where he was on a date with a beautiful blonde babe instead of being one himself.

Marko did the ordering and most of the talking, “so, Candy, I’m happy you have adjusted to your new life”, he stated like it was a fact while looking Milos right in the eyes across the candlelit table, “I want you to know, I’m a man true to my word, and I’ve decided to forgive you for trying to run away from me”. Milos just sat there staring at Marko sceptically, thinking that it must be some sort of trick.

Marko continued, “from now on, you will no longer degrade yourself by being a dancer, I’m moving you to my premier club where you will be the floor manager and number one hostess, you will show our most important VIP guests to their tables and make sure they are taken care of, this is a much more suitable position for my girlfriend”.

The last statement caused Milos to choke on his champagne, spitting it back into his glass as Marko looked at him slightly angered by the reaction, “unless that’s not what you want”? He boomed.

Milos quickly regained his composure, “no, of course not, Marko”, he replied, suddenly intimidated by the angry gangster sat across from him, “I’d be honoured to be your girlfriend”, he added, forcing out the words and feeling as though he was about to vomit, “I just need to use the bathroom, is that ok”?

Marko smiled, “Of course my little doll, but don’t be too long, ok”?

Milos tottered across the crowded room as quickly as his towering pumps would allow, and after somehow not tripping over anyone or anything, found himself in a bathroom stall throwing back up the seafood starter he had just eaten.

Stumbling over to the sink to freshen up, he splashed some water on his face before re-applying his lipstick and looking at his feminised image in the bathroom mirror. The person staring back at him was the epitome of a living Barbie doll. His mind still found it difficult to process that the image he saw when looking in the mirror was actually his own reflection.

Reality hit him in that moment like a sledgehammer. No longer was he Milos Ivanovic, and he probably never would be again. He was now Candy Doll, a former exotic dancer and gangster's girlfriend.

All his life he had cursed his luck at the hand fate had dealt him, wishing to be someone else, but at that moment, staring at the blonde bimbo in the bathroom mirror, spilling out of her form-fitting red gown, and wobbling on her tall impractical platform pumps, he would have done just about anything to return to that simple life he once had.

=====

Entering the club a few weeks later, depressed and resigned to his new role, Milos' eyes lit up she passed over his coat to the blonde cloak room attendant. It was her, Alek's cousin. For a moment he couldn't believe it, now in a new club on the other side of the city, Milos had thought his means of contacting Alek had been severed, but here she was smiling at him.

Milos handed over his coat and received a nod and a wink in return. His eyes lit up once more as she walked away to store his little jacket, hoping, and wondering if that meant a note would be waiting for him later that evening.

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At two in the morning, with his shift finally over and feeling absolutely exhausted, Milos stumbled up the stairs, ready to get out of the repulsive club. The blonde girl in the cloakroom, saw him coming and rushed off to fetch his jacket. She returned in the blink of an eye and handed him his tiny white jacket, that in truth, did nothing to keep him warm or cover up the tiny pink top he wore beneath.

Again, she winked at him as she handed him back his jacket, almost confirming in Milos' mind that a note would be waiting for him, filling him with a sudden burst of energy. He wanted to jump up and down, smile or show any kind of reaction but with Olga waiting for him by the door, he just mumbled a thank you and trotted off towards the car waiting outside.

Stepping out onto the pavement with a click, the cold night air assaulted his half-naked body from all angles. using the opportunity, Milos pulled his jacket tightly around his upper body and placed his hands casually into his pockets.

The pockets were small, too small for his hand to fit in entirely, but large enough to feel around. Wiggling his long acrylic claws along the bottom of the pockets, he fought the urge to smile, feeling a small piece of paper between the tips of his fingers.

The ride back to Marko's mansion that followed was excruciating. Milos desperately wanted to take out the note and read its contents. But instead, he waited patiently biding his time and trying to act natural, which meant pouting and looking miserably out of the window.

Back in the house, Milos went straight to his bedroom as he usually did after a long shift. Running over to the far side of the room by the window, he quickly reached into his pocket and fished out the note.

With his heart beating and adrenaline coursing through his veins, he opened the note with his shaking hands, it read, "Sorry for the delay, things got a little complicated after Marko moved you but I'm working on a way in which we can meet. Is there any time you can slip away for 5 minutes? I'm going to get you out of there Milena. That piece of shit Marko is not going to get away with this, together we are going to put that vile bastard behind bars where he belongs".

Milos had just finished reading the final sentence when his bedroom door suddenly flew open. Seeing Olga burst in, Milos quickly stuffed the note down the back of his skirt before looking up at the imposing woman.



“What are you doing? It’s time to sleep”, Olga said, giving him an odd look.

“Nothing”, Milos replied, trying not to look guilty, “just getting some air”, he added before turning to open the blinds on the window behind him.

Olga grunted, nodded her head, and left the room, leaving Milos shaking after his narrow escape.

Letting out a heavy sigh of relief, Milos felt the note pressing against his right butt cheek inside his frilly pink panties, but as uncomfortable as it was, he decided to leave it where it was, for the time being, not wanting to risk Olga walking in on him again while he was writing his reply. Besides, he needed time to think about how he was going to respond. Finally, being contacted again by Alek had filled him with hope once more but it also worried him. He had no idea how they were going to meet or if this man was even capable of helping him.

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The very next evening, Milos handed over his coat to the smiling blonde cloakroom attendant. His reply written in red lipstick read, “Thank you for not giving up on me but meeting up is not going to be easy. He watches me everywhere I go. The only time I am ever alone is when I’m in my bedroom at night, getting changed in the back room of the club, or using the bathroom”.

Milos had to wait four antagonizing long days for a reply, each one worrying that Alek might have given up on him. The words he had written also played through his mind on repeat as he obsessed about the way it had gone across. He wondered if he should have perhaps thought more carefully about the wording, but even after thinking it over for hours on end, he still couldn’t think of a way to get away from the watchful eye of Marko or Olga.

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

Chapter 6 – Did somebody call for a hero?

Circling the club before opening to see if everything was in order, Milos took a moment to reflect on the changes that had happened in just the last month.

He had despised his life as a dancer, but given the choice, would he go back? Maybe! As demeaning as it had been, wiggling his body for a group of rowdy horny men, it was probably better than being Marko live-in girlfriend and personal sex doll. With the sexual appetite of a horny teenager, Marko never seemed satisfied. Sometimes called upon several times a day, Milos was always standing by to provide oral pleasure, jump in the hot tub, or anything else Marko commanded of him.

Picking up a dirty ashtray, Milos clicked his way towards the bar on his tall platform pumps, “at least this new role as floor manager is bearable”, he thought to himself, thinking back to all the wandering hands, he would have to fend off in a typical evening.

The new club, he had been working at for a while now, was much bigger than the last, and in a much nicer part of the city. The clientele here were mostly wealthy young party-goers, difficult to please but a welcome change from the creepy sex pests of old.

In fact, recently, Milos had decided to try a bit harder to do a good job in his new role. If nothing else, it made the time pass quicker and it pleased him to know, he had made somebody's night a little better. After all, the guests didn't know the club was owned by the devil, they were just out to have a good time.

It was a pretty easy job, but the worst part, by far, was having to satisfy all the rich arseholes that piled into the VIP section every evening. The room was usually filled with Marko's business associates and friends, a group of people Milos hated to socialize with. But as floor manager, he would do his best to smile and make sure they were taken care of, bringing them complimentary bottles of champagne, and arranging for the delivery of anything else they needed, drugs, girls, pretty much anything they desired.

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Later that evening, at around 11.30, the club was in full swing. Dressed in a rather revealing sparkly black mini-dress and teetering on a pair of patent leather platform pumps, Milos stood by the entrance to the VIP section, greeting the guests as they arrived.



He rocked gently from one towering shoe to the other, trying to ease the pressure on his aching feet. These days, Milos could walk around in the tallest of heels all evening with barely a stumble. All onlookers would marvel at his grace and skill but that didn't mean he was immune to the pain they caused.

Feeling a little tired that evening, having been kept up by Marko most of the previous night, Milos raked his long nails across the top of his scalp, dragging them through his long blond hair, closing his eyes for a moment to enjoy the comforting feeling.

Hearing the familiar sound of clumpy high heeled footsteps approaching, Milos opened his heavily made-up eyes to see an awkward-looking woman descending down the steps in front of him.

The woman looking very unstable on her feet as she slowly navigated the remaining few steps. Arriving at the bottom, she looked up with an intense look on her face and struck a pose.

Milos just stared at her, dressed in a pair of ripped designer jeans and a blue T-shirt with the superman logo, half concealed by a red blazer. The colour of the blazer matched the tall wedge pumps strapped to her feet, a pair of shoes she was clearly not accustomed to walking in.

Pursing her shiny red lips, the woman just stood there as though she wanted Milos to say something. Milos just continued to stare at her, noticing the odd shine from her jet black hair, making it look almost synthetic.

Milos smiled at the odd woman, the way he greeted all guests, thinking there was something very familiar about her. The woman smiled back before stepping forward a few steps, stumbling awkwardly on her wedges, looking likely to fall at any moment.

“Great, another one who has had too much to drink”, Milos thought, looking over to see where the bouncers were, in case he needed to have her taken away.



“Good evening, miss”, this is the VIP section, is your name on the list”? Milos said greeting her.

Stopping right in front of him, the woman leaned in close, giving Milos a nose full of strong flowery perfume. “Milena, I’m sorry it took me so long to find you, it wasn’t easy getting in here you know”, the woman whispered in a rather deep voice.

Milos’ mouth dropped open in shock, he recognised that voice, and now looking closely at the face in front of him, he also recognised that nose, “Alek”? He gasped in utter shock.

“Ssshhh, not so loud, what’s the point of disguising myself like this if you're just going to announce who I am to the whole room”, Alek said, bringing his index finger up to his painted lips.

“Sorry, I’m just a little shocked to see you dressed like that, why are you dressed like that”? Milos asked looking him up and down once more.

“Well, Marko has me banned from entering all his clubs, but having promised to help you, I needed a disguise”, Alek said as though it was a completely normal logical step to make, “My cousin Anja, you know her from the cloakroom, helped me. I think she did a rather good job, but I’m not sure about these shoes”, Alek said lifting his left leg to show Milos his tall wedge heels. “they're not the easiest shoes to walk in”.

“Yeah tell me about it”, Milos replied shaking his head, “perhaps you should have gone for something a little shorter, heels that high take some getting used to”? Milos said, feeling slightly overwhelmed by the situation unfolding in front of him.

“Anja said, I’d take smaller steps if I wore these ones”, Alek said looking around, “anyway, enough about my shoes, can we talk”?

“No, not here”, Milos announced nervously, “Olga will see us”.

“Olga”? Alek repeated, looking around.

“You know, the woman who had you kicked out last time we spoke in person”, Milos said, turning to see her on the other side of the room, and she was looking right at

him, “shit, she’s just spotted us”, he said turning back to face Alek, “don’t look, she’s looking right this way”.

Alek suddenly looked a little nervous, “what do we do”? he asked looking down towards the ground.

“Just act like a woman trying her luck at getting into the VIP section, it happens all the time. In a second, I’ll turn you away. Try to act a little upset as you leave. I’ll meet you in the ladies’ bathroom opposite the main bar in about ten minutes”.

Alek nodded as Milos pointed and loudly said, “sorry miss, this section is for VIP guests only, you’ll need to leave before I get security”.

Alek threw his hands in the air and screamed, looking more comical than angry, before turning on his ramped shoes, and stomping away loudly up the little staircase.

Watching Alek stumbling away into the crowd, Milos shook his head in disbelief, his uneventful quiet evening had just become a lot more interesting.

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Leaning against the bathroom counter, Milos was resting his feet as Alek stomped in through the door.

Seeing him in the brighter light of the bathroom, Milos shook his head in disbelief. In truth, Alek’s cousin hadn’t done a bad job in dressing him up, but close up, it was obvious he was a man.

Alek locked the door behind him and spoke first “ok, we don’t have much time before someone wants to come in here, tell me what the hell is going on here? How did you end up in this situation”?

Milos took a deep breath, before telling Alek his story. He told him about Coach’s bet with Marko, how he had been forced to work at the club and all of the other things Marko had forced him to do. He tried to give him as much detail as possible but left

out the part about him being a man called Milos, embarrassed but also worried that Alek might reconsider helping him if he knew that part.

Upon hearing the story, Alek fell silent, he looked deep in thought, his face hinting at his confusion, “that's awful, Milena, I'm so sorry this happened to you, but there is just one thing I don't understand, why did Marko go after you? If it was Coach who made the bet, how are you connected in all this”?

“I don't know, the guy's a psychopath, perhaps it's because I scored all those goals that cost him the bet”, Milos replied, not meaning to but sounding a little angry.

“Yeah, I guess you're right, sorry if I upset you”, Alek quickly replied, “do you know what happened to Coach”? He added continuing with his questioning.

Milos fell silent for a moment before starting to tear up. “I don't know for sure, but I think Marko killed him”.

Seeing Milos in distress, Alek stepped over and wrapped his arms around him. He held him for around thirty seconds, comforting him before they broke apart hearing someone trying the bathroom door handle. Discovering it was locked, they soon started banging on the door.

“Time's up”, Milos said looking towards the door, “we need to meet another time, I'm here every day, but if you're going to disguise yourself like this again, you might consider getting some professional help, you look ok from a distance but up close it's obvious you're you”.

“Really”, Alek said, looking disappointed. “What gave me away”?

“You're too stiff when you walk, and your wig looks too shiny, but for me, it's the nose that gave you away”, Milos blurted out, “anyway, there's no time for this now, hide in a there and sneak out when I'm gone”, he added, pointing to one of the empty stalls.

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

With Alek hidden away in one of the stalls, Milos walked over and opened the bathroom door to be greeted by an angry-looking woman giving him an evil look, “why is the door locked”? she demanded.

Milos smiled, “I’m sorry miss, I’m the manager here. It seems we’re having some issues with the toilets tonight; some customers have reported them exploding and covering them with sewerage, feel free to take your chances but I’d recommend using the restrooms by the DJ booth instead”.

The woman looked absolutely disgusted with what he said, before turning and walking away huffing and puffing.

With the coast clear, Milos exited the room, planning to head back to his spot outside the VIP area, only to accidentally catch Marko’s eye who just happened to be sat on a sofa directly opposite the bathroom door.

With a wave of his hand, Milos was beckoned to join him. He was greeted with a kiss on the lips and Marko’s hand cupping his left breast, giving it a hefty squeeze.

“Pour yourself a drink, Candy Doll, relax for a bit”, Marko said, placing his arm around the feminized man and pulling him in close.

Milos folded his legs and stared at the bathroom door, waiting for Alek to come out. He didn’t have to wait long as thirty seconds later; Alek poked his head out and looked around suspiciously. Luckily Marko was too busy telling a story to notice.

With his eyes wide and breath held, Milos watched as Alek pushed a strand of fake hair out of his face before straightening his little red jacket. He then stepped out, tripped, and almost knocked a woman clean over. To keep Marko from looking up, Milos reached out with his hand and started to stroke Marko’s crotch. It seemed to do the job as Marko, groaned before continuing with his story.

“My God”, Milos thought as he watched the crossdressed man apologise to the woman before quickly staggering off across the room towards the exit, “he’s going to get us both killed”.



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After the meeting with Alek, Milos once again had hope that one day soon, he might escape the clutches of Marko and return to some sort of normal life. After all, If Alek was willing to disguise himself as a woman just to meet, he must really be committed to helping him.

In order to get through the following days, Milos came up with a scenario in his head. He imagined himself to be a spy, sent to infiltrate Marko's empire and bring him to justice.

Listening more carefully to conversations between Marko and his associates now, Milos felt like James Bond, that is until a stray strand of blonde hair fell in front of his face, or he caught sight of his feminized in a reflective surface with him looking more like a Bond girl than 007 himself.

Sticking to his task, whenever possible Milos tried to make mental notes of anything unusual or incriminating, writing down each evening in a note to Alek, anything that he felt could help him get out of there.

Life continued on like this for the next two months or so. Lots of notes were exchanged with bits of information overheard going one way, and encouraging words coming back the other, but as far as a face to face meeting or a plan, nothing had come to fruition.

=====

Stepping out of the car, his body jiggling wrapped in a tight satin mini-dress, Milos took a few tentative steps on his new heels. This new pair, that Marko had recently bought him, didn't have much support around the toes, causing the front of his foot to slip around inside. Taking tiny mincing steps, he tottered around the front of the car and over to a waiting Marko, who held his arms open for Milos to reluctantly embrace him.

The sloppy kiss and the fingers running along the outline of his thong panties made Milos' stomach turn, but he didn't resist, he just relaxed and surrendered. Closing his eyes, he tried to imagine he was kissing a beautiful woman, albeit difficult with Marko's beard scratching his smooth face and the feeling of the man's growing shaft pressing into his upper leg.

Three hours later and now tipsy enough to have blocked the kiss from his memory, Milos was stood behind the bar checking to see if the bar staff needed anything, when from his left-hand side, a blonde girl spoke in a quiet voice, "Hi Milena, it's me, Anja, from the cloakroom".

Milos looked puzzled, "Oh, hi Anya, what are you doing down here"?

"Well, there was a job advertised for bar staff, I applied, and Marko just hired me, I'm to watch for the rest of tonight to learn the ropes", Anya said, smiling.

"Wow, that's great, having you down here will be like having an extra set of eyes", Milos said, smiling back.

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

Milos took her hand and gave it a little squeeze, "thank you, Anja, it means a lot that you and your cousin are prepared to do all this to help me, just be careful ok"?

"Of course, I know what's at stake, I'll be careful, I promise" Anja replied sincerely, "oh and speaking about my cousin, she's waiting for you in the old changing room at the back of the club".

"She"? Milos asked, his eyes squinting.

Anja giggled quietly, "well, she's really been working hard to look the part, you're words really struck a chord last time you two met, but you better go and see for yourself, before someone discovers her".

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

“Oh, sure thing, Candy, and thanks for the offer to help, I’m sure I’ll take you up on it at some point”, Anya replied, “anyway, I better get back, good luck”.

Alone once more, Milos looked around. Olga was nowhere to be seen and Marko was up in his office, giving him the perfect opportunity to sneak off and speak to Alek.

Ducking quickly behind the bar, Milos slipped through a side door that led to the back of the club. Clicking down the back corridors, with his new high heeled sandals still bothering him, having not had a chance to break them in yet, Milos hoped Alek would have some good news for him.

Entering the room, where Anya said he would be, Milos spotted Alek immediately. In truth, he was pretty hard to miss leaning back with his legs up on the sofa. Milos quickly closed the door before turning to stare at the crossdressed man with his mouth ajar.

Anja was right, Alek had definitely put some work into his disguise, he was a much more convincing woman now. His makeup suited his skin tone and his eyebrows looked as though they had been shaped a little to compliment his face shape.

The same tall red wedge shoes, he had worn last time, were still strapped to his feet, but this time he had paired them with a stretchy pair of wet look leggings and a red knit top with the shoulders cut out.

A smile formed on Alek’s plumper than before looking lips, “so what do you think of the new look? Better than last time, right”?



Milos was lost for words, and it wasn't just because of Alek's nicely put together outfit. He couldn't help but stare at his face, "your nose, it looks smaller", he blurted out.

Alek smiled, "yeah, well after what you said last time, I had it shaved down a bit, I've never really liked how it looked anyway", he said, lifting his hand up to his face before touching the end of his new nose with a black-tipped fingernail, "so, any news"? he added, changing the subject.

Milos walked over and sat down next to him, watching as Alek swivelled his sleek looking legs out of the way, "nothing much I'm afraid, I've been listening out for information and trying to remember the faces of all the people Marko meets, but he's always so careful with what he says around me. How about you? Anything new from your end"?

"I've got a plan to get you out of here, but to be rid of Marko for good, we need some evidence we can use against him. With it we'll make him pay for what he's done, That fucker is going to rot in prison, where he belongs", Alek shouted angrily.

Looking over at Alek, Milos got the feeling there was something he wasn't telling him. "Alek", Milos said looking him directly in the eyes, "tell me the truth, why are you really helping me? I mean, I appreciate it, it's just not many men would dress up as a woman to help a complete stranger without a really good reason, never mind getting surgery".

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

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

"Well, he was my father", Alek revealed, causing Milos to gasp in shock. Suddenly it all made sense, the reason why Alek was willing to go to such extreme lengths, the reason he was willing to risk his life. He wanted revenge, revenge against the man who had murdered his father.

Seeing the shock on Milos' face, Alek spoke again "You understand now, right? Marko needs to suffer for what he's done", Alek said angrily, shaking his fist in the air before taking a breath.

Calming down a little, he turned back to face Milos, "but please know this Milena, although there is nothing more important to me than making Marko pay, I'm 100% committed to helping you too, we are a team now, and the way I see it, we both want the same thing".

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

"I'll be fine, Anja showed me a side door", Alek said nodding, "keep digging around for information and I'll do the same, something is bound to turn up. Marko will make a mistake sooner or later, and when he does, we'll be there to pounce".

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

"I'll see you soon ok, and remember, I've got your back, Milena", Alek said as he gave Milos' back a little rub before strutting off down the long corridor.

Milos shook his head as he watched Alek's tight bottom sway from side to side as he strutted confidently away down the corridor, having quickly mastered his wedge shoes. But with the shock of Alek's makeover waring off, Milos couldn't help but feel excited. Inside, he just knew Alek was going to get him out of there, he just needed to dig up some dirt on Marko and not get caught doing it.

Chapter 7 – New girl in da club

As hard as he tried, Milos just couldn't find any dirt on Marko. Granted, he had heard plenty of awful things while sat on his lap while he talked business, but words weren't going to be enough. He needed something physical that would tie Marko to a crime.

As the weeks went by, Alek had again gone radio silent with the last note sent over two weeks ago. This led to Milos becoming more and more desperate, and in his desperation, he started taking more risks. Like almost getting caught in Marko's home office, exiting just as Olga walked around the corner. With his heart was in his throat, she asked him what he was doing. He quickly made up an excuse about looking for Marko, knowing full well he was out.

Olga most likely knew he was lying, with the worst part being, he had found nothing incriminating in the office. Most of the draws and cupboards were locked, and the computer was password-protected. Without a key or the password, he knew full well, he wasn't getting into either.

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Used to being treated like a human Barbie doll at this point, Milos stood outside the club, having just driven up with Marko, in his fancy sports car. He no longer felt embarrassed or exposed wearing revealing outfits, like the outfit he wore that evening. These types of clothes had long ago become normal everyday attire for him, but what he couldn't get used to were the pre-work photoshoots that had started about a week ago and now become a daily ritual.

After turning this way and that, bending and twisting, trying to keep the wind from ruining his hair, that he had spent over an hour on earlier, Marko finally lowered his phone, signalling the end of the photoshoot. Milos' reward was a long passionate kiss and a squeeze of his bottom while feeling Marko's erection pressing firmly against him through the thin silky material of his tiny dress. As per usual, Milos

didn't react, he just rode it out until it was time to totter off to start another shift as the floor manager of a sleazy downtown nightclub.



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

A few hours into his shift, with his feet and ankles throbbing, Milos was sat by the bar, drinking a strong vodka cocktail, and taking a well-earned rest when Olga approached.

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

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

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

"Yeah, yeah, I know, on my way, Boss", Milos said, giving her a sarcastic salute.

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With a complimentary bottle of champagne in hand, Milos minced across the floor of the VIP lounge. His destination, a table of smartly dressed men in the corner, but halfway across the room, he stopped as something unusual caught his eye.

On a chair, by the far wall, sat a woman. Her long nylon legs were crossed seductively, and her ample cleavage was spilling out of the top of her tiny strapless animal print dress. Opposite sat Marko, smiling, and chatting. There was nothing unusual about Marko sat with a beautiful woman, it happened all the time, but what was unusual was the way the woman was looking and smiling at Milos. There was something very familiar about her that he just couldn't put his finger on.



Quickly regaining his composure, Milos trotted over to deliver his champagne. He was greeted with a smile from a bearded muscular man, “thanks, Babe”, he said, giving Milos a little pat on the backside as he proceeded to open the bottle.

With the cork popped, Milos moved as gracefully as he could around the table to fill the glasses of the men hungrily eying him up like a dog would a piece of steak.

Glanced back over at the woman sat opposite Marko, he saw her flirting heavily, leaning over to touch his knee as she giggled away at one of his terrible jokes.

Moving around the table to fill the next glass, Milos looked towards the stunning woman's smiling face, for some reason, he just couldn't stop staring at her. Her makeup was expertly applied with pink shadow blended behind long dark lashes that framing her large almost black eyes. This woman gave off the impression of someone who knew how to emphasise her best features without overdoing it, not the usual airhead slut Marko hung out with.

Returning to pouring the next glass after pausing briefly to swat away a wandering hand that had found itself onto his inner thigh, Milos found his eyes drawn back to the woman once more. This time he examined her outfit, she looked so comfortable wearing the tiny dress moulded to her thin frame. Milos imagined her to be equally as comfortable strutting around on the towering black ankle boots dangling from the end of her sleek nylon clad legs.

“Candy, Candy”, screamed the moustachioed man, pulling Milos out of his trance, “what the hell are you doing, you stupid bimbo”? Looking down Milos saw the reason for the shouting. Champagne was flowing over the top of the glass he was filling, and onto the table beneath.

“Oh, shit, I mean, I'm terribly sorry, sir”, Milos said apologetically, “I'll clean that up straight away”, he added, feeling annoyed with himself for getting distracted by the mysterious woman.

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An hour passed and having just checked in with the DJ to see if he needed anything, Milos was heading towards the bar. He was weaving his way through the dancing drunks like a pro on his painful footwear, when he suddenly spotted her again, the woman from earlier.

She was staring right at him, and as he approached, she stepped over to block his path.

“Were you going to just walk by without saying hello, Milena? That’s awfully rude, you know”? The woman announced with a cheeky grin on her face.

“Alek, oh my god”! Milos shrieked, louder than he had intended recognising his voice, “what have you done to yourself”?

Alek chuckled, “I guess by your reaction, I’ve perfected my disguise”, he said opening his arms wide.

“Are those real”? Milos asked with his mouth hanging open in shock while looking down at Alek’s ample cleavage.

Alek nodded, “If I’m going to work here, I need my disguise to be perfect, I can't risk being found out for yours and Anja’s sake”.

“Wow... what you're working here”? Milos said shaking his head confused, still unable to comprehend that the stunning woman in front of him was actually Alek.

Alek smiled again, “Anja mentioned a few weeks ago that one of your bar girls quit, what you saw earlier was my interview, I guess Marko liked me, I start tomorrow”.

“My god! you’re crazy, what if he'd recognised you”? Milos exclaimed.

“Well with these new extensions in and these coloured contact lenses, I don't even recognise myself, I had you fooled right”? Alek said, tossing his long black hair across his shoulders, “not that it was easy doing what I just did, you can’t imagine how difficult it was to sit and flirt with that monster after what he did to my old man”.

“I’m sorry Alek”, Milos said pulling a sympathetic face, “I can't imagine how awful that must have been for you. If it’s any consolation, I think you’re really brave, not many people would be willing to change their appearance so drastically. Oh, and you look amazing by the way”.

Alek’s mood changed hearing the last comment, “well I should hope so”, he said striking a pose, “I spent half of yesterday in the salon getting tortured”.

“So, what now”? Milos asked stepping forward slightly.

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

“Thank you, Alek, I really appreciate you for doing all this. Before you came along, I had all but given up hope”, Milos said, feeling a little overwhelmed and fighting the urge to hug the feminised man.

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

“We’ll make him pay, you and me together Alek”, Milos said nodding.

“That we will, Milena”, Alek said smiling, “oh, and by the way, since I work here now, you better call me Hana”.

“Oh... ok then, Hana, you better call me Candy Doll”, Milos said with a sigh, "no one here calls me Milena”.

“A sexy name”, Alek announced jokingly.

Milos pouted, “you’re one to talk, looking like that”, he said, scanning down Alek’s slim frame, “why pick a pair of shoes with such a tall heel? Can you even walk in those things”?

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

Milos grunted, knowing it to be true, “well Hana, I guess I’ll see you at work tomorrow, nothing personal if I ignore you or order you about, I guess I'm your boss now”.

“No problem, Miss Doll, I’m going to be a model employee”, Alek replied, turning to leave, and striking a pose.



Milos groaned at the comment, “please, never call me, Miss Doll again. Candy is bad enough”! He announced.

The pair looked at each other for a moment before starting to chuckle loudly at the ludicrous situation they found themselves in. Two grown men stood in the middle of a nightclub, in painfully tall high heels, done up with perfect hair and makeup, and blending in as two sexily dressed women.

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Five weeks later.

Having spent the day at one of Marko’s pool parties, forced to parade around in a skimpy bikini fetching and carrying drinks as all the guests stared and ogled his body, Milos felt exhausted as he arrived at the club on Marko’s arm.

They parked in his usual spot and what followed was the usual photoshoot. Wearing a tight-fitting peachy pink mini dress, paired with a pair of extremely tall platforms covered in thin straps that rubbed his feet, Milos went through his repertoire of poses.

Anyone looking on would have seen nothing but a slutty looking woman, posing for her boyfriend. Not a soul would have guessed that the woman in front of them, with her extreme hourglass figure, surgically altered to resemble a porn star with the lips to match, beneath it all was a man called Milos. But on the inside, Milos was still himself.

The last year had been a tough one, to put it mildly, with multiple occasions where he had thought about giving up and ending it all. But he had held on, and today was going to be the first step in a plan to make Marko pay.

With the shoot over, Milos knew the routine, trotting over to give Marko a passionate kiss. As they broke apart, Milos looked Marko in the eyes and asked in a sultry voice “Are you picking me up later”?

“Of course, Candy Doll, I’ll phone ahead to let Olga know when I’m on my way, it shouldn’t be too late”, Marko said as he took a big handful of Milos’ plump bottom and gave it a hefty squeeze.

“Ok, see you later then”, Milos said, turning to walk towards the club.

“Candy, wait up a minute”, Marko announced, worrying Milos as he slowly turned back around to face the man.

“Are you happy being my girl”? Marko asked randomly.

Put on the spot by the unusual question, Milos had to think fast, “Of course. Baby, I love being your Candy Doll”, he said, skipping back over and planting another kiss on Marko’s lips, inside feeling as though he was about to throw up.

After a short make-out session involving a lot of tongue, Marko took a hold of Milos’ shoulders and looked him straight in the eyes, “I’m really glad to hear that, Doll, I know life has been difficult for you this last year but I’m glad you’ve put all those silly thoughts of running away behind you. I mean it must have been tempting, especially when that reporter showed up, asking questions, and putting ideas in that silly little brain of yours”.

“Reporter”? Milos gulped, “oh, you mean the guy that came to the strip club? I’d forgotten all about him”, he added, looking around trying to act ditzy, “Olga threw him out, right”?

Marko held his stare making Milos feel incredibly uncomfortable, “you haven’t seen him since, have you”? he asked sternly.

“No, Baby and even if he did show up, I’m happy Marko, I'm happy with you”, Milos said, trying to sound genuine but on the inside absolutely terrified.

His mind raced, “Is it happening again? Does Marko know about the plan? is this another warning, just like when we tried to get away before”!

“That’s what I thought my Candy Doll, forget I said anything, now get your cute little butt inside or you’re going to be late for work”, Marko said, giving Milos a hard smack across his backside, making him jump up in the air and scream.

Trying not to grimace, feeling saw from the hard smack, Milos strutted over to the back door of the club. Before entering, he looked back over at Marko, standing by his car, and gave him a little wave, “shit, shit, shit”, he muttered to himself as he headed straight for the main floor, "I need to find Alek".

Inside, the club was still being prepped for opening, the cleaning crew were mopping the floor, the bar staff were filling the fridges with bottles, and the DJ was testing his equipment.

Rushing into the room, Milos almost slipped on the slick floor, catching himself at the last second, and cursing, having to wear such ridiculous shoes. Looking up, he came face to face with Olga, staring at him from across the room. Knowing he needed to act natural, he straightened his dress and gave her a smile and a wave. She looked at him oddly for a moment before scowling and walking away.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Milos looked over towards the bar as his heart sank, “shit, where is he”? he whispered to himself, “think Milos, think, where could he be”?

Suddenly remembering that some of the girls sometimes hung out in the alley out back, smoking and chatting before their shift started, Milos calmly as he could, set off to take a look, this time, being extra careful where he placed his feet.

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Having heard female voices laughing before he even opened the door, Milos stepped out into the dingy alley, and to his relief, saw Alek sitting on some steps with his cousin Anya, and two of the other girls that worked behind the bar.

Seeing Alek sat there chatting, Milos smiled and shook his head. Even after working with him every day for weeks, Milos still found himself stunned every time he saw the feminine looking man. It really was quite incredible just how quickly he had adapted to life as a woman.

Sat there amongst the girls, he didn't look at all out of place at all. His makeup was expertly applied, his jet black hair looked clean, and his mannerisms were indistinguishable from the other three women sat around him.

Looking up, Anja saw Milos looking over at them before nudging the others, who quickly looked up, ready to greet their boss.



“Hi, Boss, want a smoke”? Anja said smiling.

“Not right now Anya, I just need to speak to Hana, could you girls give us a second”? Milos said, looking at the other women to indicate he wanted them to leave.

“Everything ok, Boss”? Anja asked hearing the worry in the tone of his voice.

“Yes, nothing to worry about, Anya, I just need to borrow Hana for a few minutes, she’ll meet you inside soon, “Milos said, smiling as he turned to look Alek in the eyes.

“Come on girls, breaks over”, Anja announced, “let’s get back inside”.

Milos watched as the other women stumped out their cigarettes and got to their heeled feet. They then stood up and smiled at him as they passed, their eyes clearly showing their annoyance at having their break cut short.

Anja and Alek stood up last and approached Milos, “you want me to stay too”? Anja asked stepping forward after the other women were out of earshot.

“No, it will look too suspicious if you stay”, Milos said, looking over his shoulder, “you go back inside and keep an eye on Olga, we’ll fill you in later”.

Anja nodded before leaving Milos stood there facing Alek who was adjusted one of his shoes.

“God, these shoes are too tight, they’re rubbing my feet raw, I knew I should have gone for a size up”, Alec said looking up at Milos, “what’s going on anyway? Has something happened”?



“It’s Marko, he knows”, Milos said, panicked.

“Knows what”? Alek asked, standing up straight and sounding concerned.

“About the plan, he knows”, Milos said, his eyes now wide with fear.

“What! Are you sure? Calm down and tell me what's happened”, Alek said, leading Milos over to the steps, he had just been sat on moments earlier.

After awkwardly sitting down in his tight dress, and somehow not flashing his panties Milos took a breath and told Alek what had transpired out in the carpark.

“Me? he asked about me, as in Hana”? Alek said confused.

“No, you as in Alek, the male reporter, he mentioned the time you visited the strip club, saying how glad he was that I hadn’t tried to run away with you”, Milos said placing his head in his hands.

Alek placed an arm around a shaking Milos, “ok, let’s just calm down and think for a minute, is it possible that you're overreacting a bit? it could just be a coincidence, and you’re probably nervous about tonight, It’ll be ok, I’m just going to slip in and out, no one will see me”.

“No, you, don’t understand”, Milos said forcefully, “this happened before”. A tear slowly rolled down his cheek. “He warned me that night too, the night we got caught, the night... Coach... you know”, Milos added before breaking down in tears.

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

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

“Hey, I’m a big boy”, Alek said before smiling and looking down at how he was dressed, “well normally anyway. Listen, I can make my own decisions, you don’t

need to worry about me”, he said as he gently brushed a blonde lock of hair from Milos’ face.

There was a moment’s pause as Alek slowly moved his face towards Milos’. Their lips touched briefly before Alek pulled back a little almost to see if it was ok to continue.

Lunging forward, Milos smashed his plump lips into Alek’s or the briefest of kisses before Milos quickly pulling back, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have done that”, he said looking away embarrassed.

“It’s ok, Milena, I was the one who kissed you first”, Alek said smiling and stroking his back gently.

“But I’m not what you think, I haven't been honest with you”! Milos mumbled.

Alek placed an arm around his shoulders, “Whatever it is, you can tell me, you can trust me”, he said in an encouraging voice.

After a moment's hesitation, Milos turned, “I’m not Milena Ivanovic, My name is Milos Ivanovic and I’m a man! That’s the real reason Marko was so angry and punished me! I’m the reason Coach is dead”! He blurted out before breaking down in tears once more.

A stunned Alek didn’t know what to say, finding it almost impossible to believe that the ultra-feminine creature next to him was actually a man like him. But as he thought it through in his mind, a few snippets of interactions and conversations came back to him. Small things that had seemed odd or out of place at the time, now made perfect sense.

Hugging Milos tightly, he let him know it was ok and waited until he was ready to tell him the story.

Sat outside on the step that evening, Alek finally discovered how Milos had ended up playing for the Tigers, how Marko had discovered the truth, and the utter hell he had been forced to live through for the last year or so.

After listening to Milos speak, careful to not interrupt, Alek stroked through Milos’s hair softly and gave him a little peck on the cheek, “I think you’re incredibly brave to have not given up hope, you're amazing”.

“You’re not angry at me for lying to you”? Milos asked pulling back slightly to see if Alek was being sincere.

“Angry? I’m furious, but not at you, I’m angry at that scumbag Marko, he’s going to pay for what he's done if it's the last thing I do”, Alek said grinding his teeth, his hatred for Marko somehow having gone up a level. “But not tonight”, he added, shaking his head, and brushing a strand of hair from his face, “go wash your face, Milena, and freshen up your makeup, we’ll hold off on the office raid for tonight, there will be another opportunity soon.

Milos nodded, with a newfound respect and admiration for Alek. When he had met the cocky reporter all those months ago, he had misjudged him, thinking he would just let him down just like everyone else in his life had always done. But looking at the beautiful man next to him, smiling confidently in his tight blue dress and sky-high heels, Milos knew he had been wrong about him. Alek wasn't going to let him down, he was someone he could depend on, a true hero.

Chapter 8 – A series of unexpected events

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

A month had passed, with the feminised men, biding their time and waiting patiently for another opportunity to infiltrate Marco's office.

During that time, having impressed, Alek, or Hana rather, had been given a promotion. The job title hadn't changed, he was still a barmaid. But now instead of serving drinks from behind the main bar, he delivered them to the waiting guests at their tables in the VIP section of the club.

As everyone knew, working the VIP section was a double-edged sword. It may have been more money for fewer hours worked, but that came at a cost. The women of the VIP section were there to please. Dressed in the skimpiest of outfits, their job was to move from table to table, where they would mingle, flirt, and keep the money rolling in.

To Milos' surprise, Alek had adapted to the role like a duck to water. Teasing the VIP's like a pro, even participating in the little dance shows with the other girls. Just like he was at that very moment, stood in front of a table of high rollers, twisting and posing as the men grinned and clapped.

Going through the moves of the routine, designed to be as provocative as possible, it was impossible to tell the difference between him and the other beauties surrounding him. With a little black dress hugging his slim athletic body like a second skin, and his hair and makeup immaculate done, he looked like a model.

Strutting by Milos gave Alek a little smile to let him know everything was alright. After all, being called up to Marko's office mid-shift for some stress relief, as Marko referred to it, wasn't uncommon. It was strange that Olga was accompanying him though.

Not wanting to arouse suspicion, Alek turned away and went back to focus on entertaining his table of guests. Placing his hands on the girl in front of him, he ran his hands along the outline of her buttocks as he smiled seductively at the table of excited looking men.

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In the privacy of the back corridors, Milos turned to face Olga, “Is everything ok”? He asked, trying to act calm.

Olga looked at him and squinted, “yes, why wouldn’t things be ok”? She replied, looking at him suspiciously.

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

“I know as much as you, Marko wants to see you and he asked me to join you. He’s the boss, I just do what I’m told”, Olga replied, walking on ahead, indicating that the conversation was over.

Milos followed her through the corridor and up the stairs, admiring her shapely figure and toned legs. She was taller than your typical woman but beautiful non the less. Milos wondered what she was doing working for Marko, she always looked so miserable and annoyed, and in all the time he'd known her, he realised, he knew absolutely nothing about her past.

Standing outside a large wooden door, Olga knocked loudly. Almost instantly, Marko called out from inside. His deep booming voice, telling them that they had permission to enter.

With Olga stepping to one side, Milos entered first, shuffling over slowly on his tall leopard-print platform pumps to stand in front of Marko’s desk. A floor to ceiling window would normally be visible behind him, allowing Marko to view the club floor beneath. Although tonight, the drapes had been drawn, obscuring from view.



Sat behind his desk with his arms folded, Marko waited for Olga to take a seat on the Sofa, before looking up at Milos and smiling. “There you are, my little doll, how has you’re evening been”?

Trying to appear relaxed, Milos brushed a strand of long blonde hair from his face and smiled back, “I’m doing fine, Baby, is everything ok”?

“Why are you feeling guilty about something”? Marko asked, his glaze intensifying as he stared into Milos’ heavily made-up eyes.

More than a little disturbed, Milos pouted. “Guilty”? Did I do something wrong, Baby”?

There was a moment of silence as Milos’ leg threatened to shake. Locking his muscles in place, he pushed his stiletto heels down as hard as he could into the office floor to steady himself.

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

Milos let out a quiet sigh of relief before bounding across the floor and plopping himself down in Marko’s lap, never so happy in his life to be kissing him.

Breaking from the embrace, Marko looked down at the feminised man in his arms. “I want you to go and get your coat, Doll”, he said, while gently stroking Milos’ smooth thigh.

“Are we going somewhere”? Milos asked, batting his long dark eyelashes.

“Not us, you”! Marko answered, giving his thigh a squeeze, “You’re going to meet an old friend, Olga will drive you”.

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Pulling up outside a fancy hotel by the riverfront, a valet ran over to open Milos' door as another went around to take the car keys from Olga. Carefully, Milos swung his legs out, trying to keep his dignity intact, and not flashing the man a glimpse of his lacy pink thong.

With the clicking of high heels on the polished marble floor, announcing their presence, almost every head in the hotel lobby turned to check out the tall stocky woman and her leggy leopard clad companion.

Over to the lift, they trotted before ascending to the roof, where the doors opened to reveal the entrance to a swanky rooftop bar.

“Ok, you’ll find her in there”, Olga announced.

“Find who? and are you not coming with me”, Milos asked, feeling unnerved and anxious being in an unfamiliar place, in his skimpy little dress.

Olga narrowed her brow, looking irritated by the question, “You’ll know when you see her, I’ll wait in the lobby until you’re done”.

Exiting the lift, Milos took a deep breath before placing his long acrylic nailed fingers on the surface of the heavy glass door and slowly pushed it open.

Greeted by the sound of soft piano music and people chatting, he took a few steps forward looking around and wondering how he was ever going to find this mystery person.

“Can I help you Miss”, a snooty looking waiter asked, stepping in front of Milos.

“Uhm.. yes, I’m meeting someone here, but I don’t know their name”, Milos stammered, feeling ridiculous as the words left his mouth.

The waiter looked Milos up and down, turning up his nose. “I’m, sorry, miss, but we run a respectful establishment here, you can’t do your business in here”!

It took Milos a moment to realise what the waiter was talking about. But when the penny dropped, he was left in a state of shock. “Oh no, you’ve got the wrong idea, I’m not a prostitute”, he shrieked, casing a few nearby heads to turn.

The waiter looked unconvinced, “ok, then please, tell me your name and I’ll see if you have a table booked”, said the waiter, stepping over to a small desk and opening a little book.

“Candy Doll”, Milos murmured, wanting to die from the humiliation.

“Ha, not a prosti.... The waiter's sentence trailed off as he found the name in his book and his attitude suddenly changed.

“Outside table, with a view, I’m sorry for the earlier accusation miss, I hope you can forgive me, this way please”, the waiter said, smiling and leading Milos outside.

Not wanting to make a fuss, Milos following the man outside, weaving his way past tables of people enjoying a drink and the pleasant evening air.

Halfway across the patio area, like a deer in the headlights, Milos froze as he caught sight of the person he was meeting, it was Bojana. Sat directly in front of him, dressed in a short black skirt and sheer summery top, she lifted a manicured hand and beckoned him over. With his breathing became laboured, and his palms sweating, Milos thought about what he was going to say to her.

Before the failed escape attempt, he and Bojana had spent a lot of time together. He’d always been wary of her, keeping his guard up, but he couldn’t deny, they also had a lot of fun together.

Bojana had appeared in his life when it was a living nightmare, and for a brief time, hanging out with her, made life slightly more bearable. Granted, under normal circumstances, he would have never voluntarily chosen to dress as a slutty looking woman and hang out in a nightclub. But sad as it was, apart from Coach, Bojana was probably the best friend Milos had ever had.

Stopping in front of her, Milos looked down through his thick lashes as Bojana glared back up at him. “Hi Bojana, I... I..”, he sputtered.

Bojana, placing a long fire-engine red coloured acrylic nail in front of her lips, shushed him, “Sit down Milena and have a drink”, she said patting the chair to her left.

“Bring us two vodka and sodas and lots of ice”, Bojana announced in her sultry voice, looking up at the waiter who was still hanging around.

“Yes, Miss, coming right up”, the waiter answered before leaving the two old friends to catch up.



Turning her body to face Milos, Bojana crossed her legs and smiled, “I forgive you Milena”, she declared as a wave of relief washed over Milos.

“I’m sorry, too”, he replied, “It wasn’t you that I was trying to get away from, you know”?

“I know, Babe”, Bojana sighed. “At first, I was too angry to see it, I felt betrayed when you tried to leave, but now that I’ve had time to think things through, if I were in your situation, I probably would have done the same thing”.

“I wanted to tell you”, Milos blurted out, “I wanted to say goodbye, I just couldn’t be sure if you’d tell Marko or not, you know what he is capable of”?

Bojana bowed her head, "I understand all too well", she said in a sullen voice.

"If you know about the things he's done, why do you put up with it, why don't you go to the police"? Milos asked waving his hands around wildly.

"I can't", Bojana replied forcefully, looking back up, "my brother may be a monster, but he's the only family I've got, I could never turn him over to the police"! Bojana stated, her tone suddenly changing to become more serious sounding.

Milos rubbed his thighs nervously, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that", he said apologetically before looking away.

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

"That can't be easy for you", Milos replied, having never realised before.

Bojana reached over to take Milos' hand, "I've missed you Milena", she said with a smile, "can we be friends, again"?

Smiling back, Milos squeezed her hand, "I'd like that, I've missed you too", Bojana.

The drinks arrived shortly after and for a few minutes they chattered away. Milos learned how Bojana had spent the last few months in Paris visiting a friend as she rejoiced in telling him about all the wonderful places she had been and the things she had done.

Feeling more relaxed, Milos finally built up the courage to ask a question, one he desperately wanted to know the answer to. Waiting for Bojana to finish telling an amusing story about a missing handbag and a peculiar taxi driver before, approached the subject. "Bojana, I need to ask you something"? he said sheepishly, "I'm not sure if you'll want to answer but I have to ask"

Noticing the serious look on his face, Bojana nodded her head. "You want to know what happened to Coach, right"?

Milos slowly nodded, amazed at her psychic ability to read his mind.

She took a deep breath before pointing her acrylic tipped finger towards the river behind her, "I'm sorry", she said shaking her head, "he's gone".

Milos almost choked as a mixture of emotions flooded his brain. Deep down, he knew Coach was dead but having it confirmed was just so final. His body slumped back slowly onto the sofa as tears formed in the corner of his eyes.

Bojana shuffled over and put her arm around him, "he was important to you, tell me about him"? she said, stroking through his hair in a comforting manner.

Milos looked up and smiled weakly, "he wasn't a saint, that's for sure", he replied, wiping a tear from under his eye", he had his issues that's for sure. But he was also kind, he cared about people, he saved me".

For the next few hours, the pair chatted away remembering how much they enjoying each other company. They talked about Coach, Marko, the club, complaining and reliving past events.

As the evening drew to a close, Milos had come to realise just how much Bojana hated Marko. He got the feeling, although she would never betray her brother. She would also probably look the other way if she ever found out about his plan to escape.

The evening ended with the arrival of Olga, "time to go home, Candy, Marko just called", she stated bluntly, making Bojana glare up at her.

"Ok, ready", Milos responded, getting to his feet, and giving Olga a fake smile. The fun was over, it was time to put his game face back on.

Wobbling slightly on his tall heels, probably not helped by all the vodka's he'd drunk, Milos looked out at the lit-up river below them. He'd always loved the river; its peaceful nature had always helped him think. But after the information Bojana had divulged earlier, that, like a lot of other things in his life, was now gone. Just another thing to add to the list that Marko had taken from him.

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Scanning his surroundings, Milos wondered why he was there. After another afternoon of pampering at the beauty salon, getting his hair and nails done, he had received a text from Marko to meet at this location.

Picked up by the car and dropped off outside a random bar by the river, Milos was starving after barely eating all day. The last thing he wanted to be doing was standing around in his painful shoes waiting for Marko.

The bar itself was situated in quite a pleasant location, with its front, facing the magnificent view of the river. Not sure if Marko expected him to get a table or just wait outside for him, Milos took out his phone and tried to call. After getting no answer, he sent him a message instead, "I've arrived, are you almost here"?

Waiting on a reply, Milos hung around for a moment, feeling very awkward in his tiny red dress, and fancy red heels. The wing-like decorations on the sides of his torturous footwear drawing more than a few second glances.

It also didn't help his nerves that every time he looked around, he caught the eye of some man, taking a secret glance at his legs. Some trying to be sneaky and not alert the woman with them, but others were much less subtle.

"Hello beautiful, what's your name"? A bald-headed man wearing sunglasses announced, approaching from inside the bar.

Still ashamed every time, he had to say his name aloud, Milos acknowledged the huge man towering over him. "Hello, I'm Candy Doll, I'm supposed to be meeting my boyfriend here, his name's Marko, Marko Mitic, have you seen him"?

Hearing the name, the man gulped, his face turned pale, and his eyes quickly darted up from Milos' breasts to look him in the eyes. "Ah, I'm sorry, I didn't realise you were with Marko, please, I meant no offence. I'm Davos, the owner, please take a seat, I'll get you a drink, anything you want, on the house", Davos said looking flustered.

"Fine, I'll take a water, thanks", Milos said, liking the idea of being able to sit down and take the pressure off his throbbing feet. But before he had the chance, the previously confident Davos, looked behind Milos and turned away sharply.

Eager to see what the man was so frightened about, Milos turned on his heels to see Marko approaching, holding a single red rose.

“A beautiful flower for a beautiful woman”, Marko announced, making Milos sigh and bow his head out of pure embarrassment.



Presenting him with the rose, Marko stepped forward and kissed Milos on his shiny red lips, caressing his body through the silky material of his dress, not caring one bit about all the people gawking at them.

When Marko finally released him, Milos felt a little dizzy. He stumbled slightly before Marko wrapped his arms around him.

“Hey Davos, bring my Candy some water, will ya”? Marko shouted, causing the bald-headed man to spring into action.

“Are you ok”? Marko asked, looking genuinely concerned as he helped Milos over to a nearby table.

“I’m fine, please don’t fuss”, Milos replied as he was helped into his seat. “Why have you brought me here, Marko”?

Taking up a seat opposite, Marko looked around and smiled, “well, what do you think of this place, do you like it”?

Milos scanned the room once more; he had seen nicer places. “It has a nice view, I guess”, he answered in an emotionless voice.

“So, you like it, great”, Marko announced, clapping his hands together, “That’s good because I just bought the place and you’re going to run it for me”.

Milos was speechless. Was Marko being serious? Him, run the place, but why? The timing seemed very convenient. Could it really be a coincidence?

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

Milos again didn’t know how to respond, was this a test or just a cruel joke? Did Marko know what he and Bojana had spoken about at the bar? Did he bring him here looking for a reaction?

Milos fought back the anger and the tears, “that’s so thoughtful, Marko, I love the idea, thank you”, he said before leaning across the table to give him a kiss. His tormentor’s coarse beard scratching against his soft skin as he wondered if it was possible to hate anyone, more than he despised Marko at that moment.

Luckily for Milos, the kiss was interrupted by Davos bringing over the glass of water. Marko thanked him but looked annoyed by the man's poor timing. Milos on the other hand was grateful for the interruption. Grasping the glass awkwardly with his long-nailed fingers, he took a large gulp to wash his mouth out.

“I want you to start next week, we’ll gut the place and redesign everything. You chose the décor; I trust your opinion. but, go easy on the pink, hey”! Marko teased, chuckling at his little joke.

Milos bit his tongue and smiled, “me! are you sure I’m the right person? I don’t really know anything about decorating, and I’m happy in my role at the club.

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

Milos panicked inside, if he was forced to work here, he would lose contact with Alek, destroying all of their plans. “Baby, are you sure about this? Won’t you miss me? if I’m stuck here, I won’t be able to visit you in your office for our relaxation sessions”, Milos purred, rubbing Marko’s knee, and feeling dirty for acting so desperate.

Marko smiled, “oh don’t worry about that, Dollface, I’ll be here every day overseeing the project, we can just make our evening relaxation sessions into afternoon playtime”.

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That evening, in the club, Milos waited for a quiet moment to talk to Alek alone. At around ten o' clock he found his opening.

Having been posted at the back entrance to the VIP section, the one used by the really exclusive guests who wanted to come and go without being seen, Alek stood, lifting one shoe off the ground before changing to the other.

Knowing it was unusual for Milos to approach him mid-shift, Alek gazed at him confused as he strode across to him.

As he approached, Milos smiled, admiring once again, just how feminine Alek looked in his strappy platform pumps, he must have been in pain, having been stood there for hours.

The heels matched his dress, a promotional costume from the brewery, that Marko liked the girls to wear on occasion. A pale pink, frilly little number, designed to display every inch of the wearer sexy legs.



“Evening boss, is everything ok”? Alek asked, looking around nervously.

“Hana, we have a problem”, Milos announced, his voice filled with dread.

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

“Marko wants to move me! He wants me to work at another location”!

“What? When”? Alek asked, gingerly taking a step closer.

“Next week”, Milos stated, shaking his head.

“Next week”! Alek repeated, probably louder than he had intended. “No, that can’t happen, the plan is set. You need to change Marko's mind or delay it somehow”.

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

Alek paused for a moment to think, bringing his right hand up to stroke through his long silky hair with his long shiny nails. “We have to do it tomorrow”, he announced confidently, when he finally spoke.

Milos looked shocked. “Do what tomorrow? The plan? We can’t! it’s not too risky”!

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

Ok, but how should we...”, Milos started speaking but Alek cut him off. “Hey, someone’s coming, let’s talk later, ok?”.

Looking over his shoulder, Milos saw a man approaching, “Ok great, thanks Hana, now get back to work”, Milos ordered loudly, trying to keep up appearances.

“Yes boss”, Alek replied, stepping back to take up his position by the door.

As he tottered away, Milos caught part of the interaction Alek had with the man.

“Good evening, Handsome. Are you on the list”? Alek purred.

It still amazed him, how easily Alek could slip in and out of being Hana. Scary in a way, but also a good thing. If Alek wasn’t such a good actor, surely, they would have been caught by now. But there was no time for thoughts like that now. There were more important things to worry about like seeing through their master plan. The one where Milos would finally be free to live his life, and Marko would be getting his just desserts.

Chapter 9 – Till death do us part

With his heart pounding in his chest, Milos looked up at the flashing neon sign above the entrance to the nightclub, hoping it would be the last time he ever had to lay his eyes on it.

Letting his mind wander, Milos thought back to what life had been like before working there and struggled. For as long as he could remember, It had been long blonde hair, bouncy breasts, impractically long nails, skimpy outfits, and sky-high heels. Imagining himself dressing like a man again tomorrow felt a little strange.

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

“Sorry baby”, Milos purred, “I’m coming”. Tottering over to the entrance on his stripper heels, he placed his inch-long nails into Marko’s outstretched palm.

Marko responded by squeezing Milos’ bottom through the thin material of his slinky mini dress before leaning in to kiss the feminised man passionately on the lips, eliciting a little moan.

Coming up for air, Marko looked Milos straight in his dark made-up eyes and brushed a hair away from his face. “You look so sexy tonight, Doll, I’m not sure I’m going to make it through the evening without one of your little visits. Why don’t you come and see me in my office in an hour or so? We’ll have a little fun”.

“Of course, Marko”, Milos answered almost automatically, knowing that if all went to plan, Marko would have other more pressing concerns in an hours’ time.

“Good girl”, Marko replied, giving Milos another playful smack on the bum before leading him down the perilously steep staircase and into the club.

Having been out for dinner beforehand, It was later than usual as Marko and Milos entered the main floor that evening. Inside, the Saturday night party was already in full swing. The music was blaring, and the clubgoers were dancing and having what seemed like the time of their lives.

With Marko heading up to his office, Milos made his way towards the VIP section, passing Alek on the way and giving him a little nod. Alek nodded back, indicating everything was still going ahead as planned. All Milos had to do now was wait.

=====

Time seemed to tick by slower than usual that evening as Milos buzzed about, delivering drinks, and stopping for the occasional chat with a regular. He did his best to stay calm and flirt a little, something that came as second nature these days. Milos always told himself that flirting with the customers was expected and just part of the job. But in truth, there was a part of him these days, that got a thrill from the attention. Especially as everyone knew he was Marko's girl, and as such, no one dared cross the line or lay a finger on him.

Olga was there, as per usual, sat near the bar sipping her drink, occasionally glancing over to see what he was doing. Catching her eye now and again, Milos would smile. Each time, receiving a scowl in return.

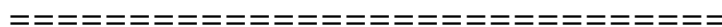
Looking at the clock, Milos notes that almost an hour had passed since he first arrived. Worried he was about to be beckoned up to Marko's office any minute. Milos wondering when Alek was going to make his move. When suddenly, he almost jumped out of his skin as a siren started blaring out over the club.

He was expecting the piercingly loud alarm but actually hearing it, hurt his ears. The music stopped, and all the lights came on. With everyone starting to panic on the dance floor, Milos knew it was his time to move. Quickly, he left the VIP section and minced over to the DJ booth in the main room. He gave the DJ some instructions before turning on the microphone to speak to the guests. "Ladies and gentlemen, please stay calm. There is no need to panic. Please make your way to the nearest exit".

As the mass of angry and confused people pushed and shoved their way towards the exit, Milos carefully stepped down from the DJ booth and headed towards the bar.

Arriving, he found the bar staff looking just as confused as the patrons. Having never experienced the fire alarm going off before, they didn't know what to do. Milos told them to evacuate along with the rest of the people, and after a moment's hesitation, they all hurried off towards the exit.

With everyone distracted, Milos quickly ducked behind the bar and into the back corridors of the club. A few people passed him along the way as he shouted at them to hurry.



Milos found Alek just where he said he would be. Looking beautiful squeezed into a form-fitting yellow dress. its cut-out design showing off his tanned smooth skin beneath and highlighted his slim feminine figure.

Stood leaning against the wall, with his fingers in his ears, Alek watched Milos approach. “Wow, I didn’t know it was going to be so loud”, he shouted over the racket of the alarm.

“It’s an alarm, what did you expect”? Milos yelled back, jokingly. “Do you know what you need to do”?

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

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure he leaves”, replied Milos. “Do you remember the safe code Bojana told me”?

“0509, right”?

“Ok, good. Now wait here for a few minutes, I’ll go up and get him out of there”, Milos said, smiling at Alek, “wish me luck”.

=====

Bursting in through the door, Milos found Marko behind his desk, drink in hand like nothing was happening, “Marko, what are you doing? we have to go outside”, Milos screamed, “there’s a fire”!

Marko looked up annoyed, “calm the fuck down, will you? Do you see any smoke”?

Milos tottering over to his side pretending to look frightened. Getting down on his knees in a familiar position, he took hold of Marko’s hand. “Marko please, one of the girls said they saw flames coming from the back rooms! Is it really worth the risk? Please come out with me, just in case”.

“Fine, let’s go”, Marko answered with a groan before getting up and lifting Milos to his feet with ease. “You know, I thought you'd have preferred to see me burn”? He said, laughing.

“Please, can we just go”? Milos replied, tugging on his arm, and ignoring the comment.

=====

Stood outside freezing, with Marko's hand stroking the small of his back, Milos waited forty-five minutes for the firefighters to check the building.

When the all-clear signal was given, Marko, who had been strangely quiet throughout, led Milos back inside as the annoyed clubbers gave out an ironic cheer.

Arriving at the bottom of the stairs to Marko's office, Milos tried to pull his hand away. But Marko’s vice-like grip didn’t let up. “Where are you going, Doll”? he asked, squeezing his hand tightly.

“Back to work”, Milos stated, feeling very apprehensive, “I was going see if everyone is ok”.

“Oh, they’ll be fine. Why don't we go up to the office for a bit? We are overdue some quality time together”.

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

Stopping outside his office, Marko turned to face Milos. He put his hand under the smaller man's chin and gently lifted his head. Milos, forced to look up, was powerless to resist as Marko’s expressionless face approached with parted lips. With his eyes closed, he felt the man’s lips roughly press against his own as he tried to block out the thought of who he was kissing, and the strong smell of aftershave and hard liquor filling his nostrils.

Pulling away, Marko took a hold of Milos' shoulders and gazed down at him. "You know, it's a real shame things had to work out like this", he announced, his eyes filled with rage.

Then, unannounced, before Milos had a chance to consider what was happening, Marko flung open the door to his office and flung Milos violently through. Stumbling on his ridiculously tall shoes, Milos lost his balance, tumbled towards the ground, and landed with a heavy thud.

Dazed and confused, Milos looked around slowly before his heart stopped. His breathing quickened as he looked on in horror to see a nervous-looking Alek sat on the sofa fidgeting. Sensing another person in the room, Milos swivelled his head to discover the reason for Alek's uneasiness. Leaning against Marko's desk with a gun in her hand, was Olga. Her face was devoid of emotion, and she was pointing the barrel of the gun straight at Alek's head.

Closing the door calmly, Marko strolled over to the large window that looked down on the dancefloor. "Oh, Candy! Candy, Candy. You never learn, do you? Marko announced, without turning. "I gave you a second chance and you've gone and betrayed me again"!

Shaking with nerves but overcoming them, Milos dragged himself to his feet. "A second chance! are you fucking serious"? He screamed. "A second chance at what? To be a prisoner, a sex fucking slave"? Fuck you, Marko! You fucking piece of shit"!

"I see you've finally found your backbone, Princess", Marko announced as he turned around clapping. "But have you looked in the mirror recently, boy? What else is someone like you good for? Remember, I wasn't the one who forced you to dress like a woman. You did that all by yourself".

Milos stood there shaking with anger. "You're sick, you're a sick murdering psychotic son of a bitch", he screamed at the top of his lungs, charging at Marko with his arms flailing. Seeing him approach, Marko batted him away with ease, sending him tumbling back to the ground.

"Hey, leave her alone", Alek shrieked from the sofa.

“Ah yes, who could forget the hero! The washed-up reporter who thought he could play dress up and not be caught. Do you really think you had fooled me, Alek! Marko scoffed. “This is my club! I see and hear everything that goes on here! All your plotting. All your scheming. All the crying over your dead father. You're pathetic just like your old man”.

“You killed him, admit it”, Alek cried, jumping to his high-heeled feet but stopping as Olga cocked the trigger of the handgun in her hand.

“Yes, shot him dead, right here in this office”, Marko announced grinning. “It’s quite poetic really as you will die in the exact same spot”.

He stepped to the side slightly. “Well, as fun as this has been, I've had quite enough of this nonsense, Olga. Kill them and take their bodies to the river”.

Olga moved to the centre of the room. The slow rhythmic clicking of her heels, almost as loud as Milos’ heart threatening to break out of his chest.

Olga pointed the gun at Milos’ head and stared down at him with her lifeless eyes. She cocked the trigger as Milos closed his eyes preparing himself for the end.

Milos didn't want to die, but at that moment, after everything, he had been put through, he was somehow at peace with the idea.

The room fell silent before a series of loud noises rang out in quick succession. The first being a male voice screaming out the word, "no". It was swiftly followed by a thunderous bang, louder than anything Milos had ever heard that left his ears ringing. A second bang shook the room, then a third, followed by the sound of glass shattering. The final sound was something heavy hitting the ground with a thump.

The music cut out as the sound of screams erupted out from the club floor below. With the partygoers running for the exits for the second time that evening, Milos slowly opened his eyes, surprised to still be alive.

Above him stood the statuesque Olga, still holding the gun in her extended hand but now pointed above his head.

Behind him, Alek was stood shaking with a stunned expression on his face. The window was broken window and below it lay the bloodied body of Marko with Marko half his head missing.

Hearing the gun drop to the ground behind him, Milos turned once more to see Olga flash a smile at him.

“I don’t understand”, Alek announced, “why save us”?

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

Milos gingerly picked himself up from the floor. “But if you hated him so much, why did you torture me for so long”? He asked while straightening his dress and rubbing his knee.

Olga smirked. “I’m sorry for that but there was nothing I could do. You see, our situations are not so different. You may have come to Marko dressed as a woman, but I was forced to become one as a punishment”.

Alek and Milos glanced at each other to see if they had heard her correctly before turning back to look at Olga with their mouths gaping.

It was hard to believe, but not implausible given the circumstances. Looking her over slowly, Milos noticed a few small details, he had failed to notice before, like her large hands and prominent jawline. Olga was also tall for a woman, easily over six foot tall, even without the six-inch heels she usually wore. The clues were all there, but until that moment, he had never put the pieced them together.

“My name is Ozren Sabic. I used to be Marko’s driver, that is, until one day I tried to go to the police after seeing him murder someone right in front of me”.

Pausing to readjust his skirt, Ozren took a deep breath. “I was young and stupid. Word got back to Marko, and well, this is my punishment, a life of servitude without my dick”, he said closing his eyes and inhaling deeply.

Alek looked listened as he continued his story. “It all happened so quickly, I was knocked unconscious, and when I woke up, my body was unrecognisable from my

former self. It seems that sick fuck had a kink for turning men into women! He got off on it. That's probably the reason he kept you two around for as long as he did".

The room fell silent for a moment as all three feminised men struggled for something to say until Milos broke the silence. "I'm sorry you had to go through all that, Ozren, but thank you for ending this. That monster deserved what he got. He murdered Alek's father, Coach, and who knows how many other people".

"I know", Ozren replied, "I'm sorry about Coach and your father Alek".

"Did you kill them"? Alek blurted out, not really wanting to hear the answer.

Ozren bowed his head. "No, Well, I didn't pull the trigger, but I helped dispose of the bodies".

The room fell silent once again before Ozren turned and clicked across the room. He stopped in front of a painting on the wall, removed it before punching a code into the safe beneath. The safe clicked open before Ozren walked back across the room, plopped himself down onto the comfortable-looking chair, and crossed his legs above the knee.



“The police will be here soon”, Ozren stated, “There is evidence in that safe of corrupt real estate dealings and blackmail. There’s also the gun Marko has used to kill dozens of men. All their bodies were weighed down and dumped in the river, down by the steel mill. Tell the police to send down the divers”.

“Why are you telling us this? What are you going to do? Alek asked Ozren, with a confused look on his face.

“Well, I’m not waiting for the police”, he announced. “I don’t want my parent hearing my story on the news. I’m getting out of town and starting over again as a man, penis or no penis”.

“Thank you, Ozren”, Milos said, wanting to run over and hug him but thinking better of it, “you saved our lives”.

“Well, perhaps you will do the same for someone else one day”, Ozren said, getting to his high heeled feet. “Well, so long, Milos. No offence. but I hope we never meet again”. With a final smirk, Ozren strutted from the room, leaving Alek and Milos looking at each other wide-eyed, trying to work out what the hell had just happened.

Epilogue – Back where it all began

Resting on a bench near the Tiger's new training complex, Milos took a few deep breaths, tired after his jog. It was the one year anniversary of the infamous night where Marko met his demise. What an eventful year it had been, but as Milos sat, feeling the warmth of the afternoon sun on his skin, he was at peace with it all.

In the weeks that followed Marko's death, there had been one major scandal after another, as a string of politicians and government officials were arrested. Marko's safe, as it turned out, was a treasure trove of evidence. Containing dozens of documents and photos, showing some very powerful people doing some things they shouldn't have been.

Milos and Alek were questioned by the police but eventually released without charge. Their story became front-page news across the country. Everyone wanted to hear the story of how a seemingly ordinary footballer had gotten wrapped up in one of the biggest scandals the country had ever seen.

Right at the beginning, there had been an opportunity, to tell the truth. To tell the world that he was Milos, the orphan boy who had gotten caught up in the crazy schemes of two bitter rivals. But for some reason, Milos kept quiet, letting everyone continue to believe, he was Milena Ivanovic. It just seemed easier to go along with it, and as time went by, and the invitations to appear on talk shows and radio stations came flooding in, it became more and more difficult to reveal the truth.

Six months after the incident, Milos was offered the job as player-manager of the Tigers. He hesitated at first but with overwhelming support for him to take the position, he agreed to go back to his old team. Now, with a new season about to begin, in honour of Coach's memory, Milos was determined to lead the Tigers back to glory by winning the cup once again.

Daydreaming while looking up at the clouds drifting across the crisp blue sky above, Milos had to admit, life was actually pretty good. Living as a woman hadn't ever been a future he could have envisioned for himself as a young man, but he was rich, a local celebrity, and he was doing what he loved, playing football.

“Uh-hum, is this a bad time”? A voice announced, bringing him out of his trance.

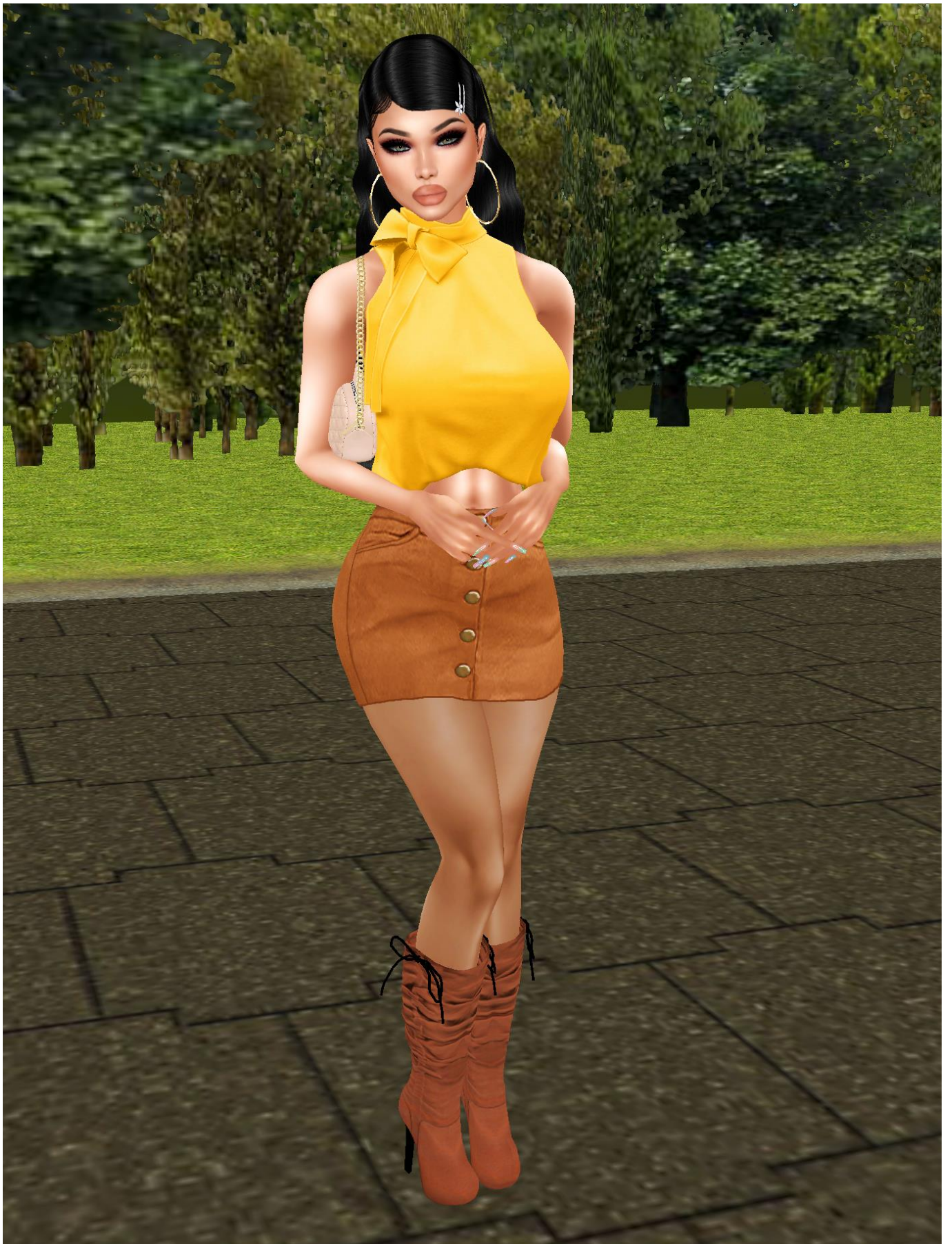


Milos glanced up to see a familiar but surprising face. “Alek! What are you doing here? And wow, look at you”!

“Hey, Milena, nice to see you too. Please, call me Hana. That’s my official name now”, Hana said, pouting, “And you know, you don’t have to look so shocked”!

“Sorry”, Milos stuttered, “I just haven’t seen you in months, I’m just a little surprised. I didn’t expect to see you looking so...so...”

“so...”? Hana asked, tilting her head.



“So beautiful”, Milos blurted out, smiling.

Hana smiled back. "I tried living as Alek again for a while. But after everything that happened, it just didn't seem right. I guess I've always felt different from other boys. Living as Hana just seems right".

Milos stood up and hugged her, "That's great, Hana, you should do what makes you happy".

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

Milos thought for a moment before nodding, "you know, I think I am", he replied before there was a brief pause in the conversation.

"Hey, love the boots, by the way", Milos announced, looking down at Hana's fashionable footwear. "But I don't know why anyone would choose to walk around in heels that tall, all day. These days, it's flats all the way for me.

Hana giggled, "what these things"? She answered, lifting up a leg and grabbing one of her ankles with a manicured hand. "To be honest, I hardly even notice I'm wearing them anymore, and besides, a girl's got to look her best, right"?

Milos chuckled. "You always were a natural in heels. So, what brings you down here anyway? Have you come to try out for the team? I could use a new left-back".

"Ha-ha, very funny", Alek joked. "No, I'll leave the football to you, but you will be seeing a lot more of me around here from now on".

"Really? How so"? Milos asked, intrigued.

"I just got a new job", Hana announced. "Sports reporter for the gazette. I'll be covering all your games this season".

Milos hugged Hana once again. "Congratulations, Hana, that's amazing news. And It's really great to see you. I've missed you".

"I've missed you too, Milena", Hana squealed, squeezing Milos tightly. "So, how about a tour of the grounds"?

"Sure, but I'm still getting used to the place myself after all the construction work", Milos announced. "That TV money came in real handy. How about we start with the

new Dejan Kolorov memorial stand we're building? It's going to be fantastic when completed".

The End