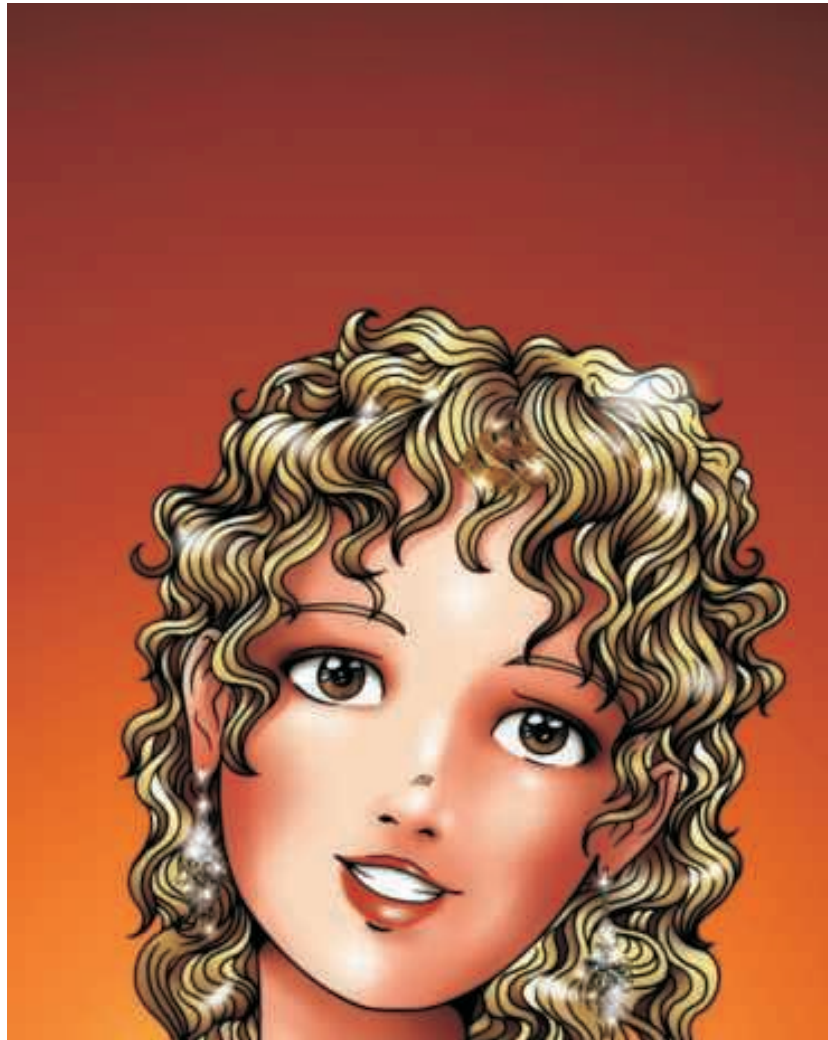




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Destined to be Samantha

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# Destined to Be Samantha

**By B.C.**

*At every turn in Sam Kent's life, he was tricked, forced, coerced, or ordered into dressing as a pretty female. by his best friend Heather, then by school bullies, then his co-workers. His own parents thought that what he truly wanted was to be their beautiful daughter. Sam could never get anyone to listen to his side of things.*

In the quiet little community of Cedar, in the Great Lakes region, two families moved in within the same month. The first was the Hess family: Jack Hess, his wife Julie, his daughter 12-year-old Heather and their son, Bill, 11. The Hess' moved into one of the two new homes on Parker street.

Just two houses down the street, the Kents moved in only days later. They were Tom Kent, his wife Kathy, their son Samuel, 12, and his 10-year-old sister, Katie.

In a matter of days, Heather and Sam became good friends. They were in the same class in school and were introduced to the rest of their classmates on the same day. They were dubbed the "New Kids" by the other kids in the school. As school had already started, they them felt embarrassed as they stood before everyone and were asked to tell their names and where they had moved from.

Even at this young age, Heather was a very beautiful young lady. She was and already showing signs of developing into a very shapely young woman. She had long auburn hair and a flawless complexion. Her eyes were a greenish blue, and she had full pouty lips. She was also self-confident and outgoing.

Sam, on the other hand, was timid and shy, on the small size for a boy his age. With his small frame and longish hair, some had even mistaken him for a girl. He got picked on many times although he tried hard to fit in by joining the sports teams at school. He got to play very little, usually only if the team was way ahead or way behind, and then only for the last couple of minutes of the game.

As the years passed, Heather became more and more beautiful and also more popular. Sam just couldn't seem to get a break. He never bulked up or grew taller or stronger. The one good thing in his life was his friendship with Heather. They grew closer each year; she always encouraged and tried to make him feel better about himself. They walked to school every day, year round; they studied together and hung out when not in school. Both got good grades, although Heather's were always among the top in their class.

Heather never turned her back on Sam. Because she always stuck up for him, Sam got invited to parties and get-togethers. Heather always said if Sam wasn't invited, she wouldn't attend either.

By the time they reached high school, Heather was a real knockout. It seemed as if she was asked out by every guy in the school district. She had a body every girl envied and every guy wanted to be make love to. After many dates during which she had to constantly fight off the guy she was out with, she much preferred the comfort of her lifelong friend, Sam. She never had to worry about Sam trying to take advantage of her. Heather could just relax and be herself around Sam no matter what they were doing.

Heather had no idea that she was the main character in Sam's dreams and fantasies. He was too shy to ever make a move on his friend. Sam had loved Heather from the very first moment he laid eyes on her at the age of 12, when they had both just moved into the same neighborhood. He never dreamed that she could ever think of him as anything but a friend and pal. He could never get up the nerve to ask her out as a date.

There weren't that many other kids their age in their neighborhood; it became commonplace to find them together at one house or the other. Their parents thought nothing of them coming and going and even occasionally spending the night together.

By the time that they were eighteen and in their Senior year, Heather was tired of the guys who dated her; they all seemed to only have one thing on their minds. Heather, being six months older than Sam, had gotten her drivers license first, so she drove them wherever they were going. Her father bought her a brand new Mustang convertible for her eighteenth birthday. She would pick Sammy up and off they would go. He would do anything to please her, so they always did whatever Heather wanted to do. They would go to the beach and lay under the sun. They went to movies or shopping; sometimes they just went for a drive or out for a burger.

Sam always felt a little embarrassed because Heather's folks had money so he'd try to get her to do things that didn't cost money. She'd tell him not to worry about it. She got a pretty good allowance and always seemed to have enough cash. Plus, she always had the four credit cards her Dad had given her.

Heather never rubbed her money in Sammy's face. She knew that Sammy never wanted to take advantage of her generosity. She actually liked spending money on him, knowing that he didn't have much. She realized that she was blessed to come from a family of wealth.

They joked and laughed and teased each other all the time but they were open and honest and learned to know each other's likes and dislikes. This made them grow even closer.

The guys in school didn't give up on trying to hit on Heather by any means, but she tried to turn them down gently. Seeing her always spending time with Sam made the jocks and macho jerks in school wonder what she saw in this little wimp of a guy. "Why don't you go out with a real man, Heather, instead of that little shrimp?, I'd show you how a real man treats a woman." a football player called out to her in the school hallway one day. She would try to ignore the jerks but it was starting to happen too frequently.

Heather couldn't help herself. Finally, one day she replied to one big mouth, "What would a jerk like *you* know about being a man? There's a lot more to being a man than muscle and a big mouth. Sam here is more of a gentleman than any of you big oxes," she told him. "You could all learn a lot for him. Catcalling and hollering in the hall at a girl won't get you many dates, so go do what ever it is you Neanderthals do with each other and leave us alone," she said in anger.

Heather and Sam walked away, leaving the muscle guys trying desperately to come up with a comeback. Heather said to Sam, "And they wonder why I don't want to date any of those jerks? Believe me Sammy, you really are more of a man than any of them will ever be."

One night soon after that incident, Heather and Sam were in her family room, watching movies. Sam was sitting on the floor. Without even realizing she was doing it, Heather began to play with Sammy's long hair, rubbing and combing her fingers through his long locks.

"I know, I know! It's time to get a haircut. This is probably the longest it's ever been in my life. My Mom told me my Dad said I have to get it cut, because I'm looking more like his daughter than a son lately," Sam said.

"Don't you dare cut your beautiful hair! I mean it, Sammy, I love your hair just like it is. It's taken you well over a year and a half to get it like this. You can just keep it in a ponytail when your Dad's around. I will tell your Mom that I'm the one who wants you to keep it this way. Shoot, lots of guys these days wear it this way, even longer," Heather told him.

Sam drifted back off into the movie, not really paying attention to what Heather was doing. She picked up a brush and began brushing Sam's long hair. It took awhile to get all the tangles out, but soon it was smooth, full and shiny. She brushed it back and gathered it in one hand high on the back of his head. She slipped a scrunchie off of her wrist and wound it twice around his hair at the top back of Sam's head. Then she brushed the high ponytail more, fanning it out and letting it fall down to touch the back of his neck and the top of his shoulders.

Sam was in Heaven. No one had ever done this to him before; it felt wonderful to have someone brush his hair and touch his head. It gave him goose bumps all over. He wasn't aware of the high pony tail she'd put his hair in; he only knew that being touched like this was relaxing and felt wonderful.

As Heather looked at the back of Sam's head, she was suddenly struck with what she thought was a great idea. "That's it! You look really great like this. We are going to go to the annual costume party next month at my Dad's country club, and you are going to win!" she exclaimed.

"What party? What are you talking about, Heather?" Sam said. As he turned to look at her, he felt his new ponytail swish around and brush his neck and the side of his head. He put his hand up and felt the high girlish ponytail. He jumped up and looked into the big wall mirror. "Very funny, Heather. Yeah, this is just what I need for my image. Are you *trying* to get me beat up?" he asked. "Come on, undo this, will you?" he asked her nicely.

"No. I really like it. It looks really sweet on you. You have nice thick hair and you should really take better care of it," Heather told him. "Do you wash it with a good shampoo and conditioner?" she asked, running her hand through the long ponytail.

"I guess so. I use whatever my Mom buys for me," Sam replied.

"Well, you need to use a really good shampoo and conditioner from now on, not any old cheap crap you get on sale. I will pick you up some when I go shopping," she told him.

"You don't need to do that, I have enough shampoo at home. Now please undo this before your folks come in here and see me like this?" he asked again. No sooner had he gotten the words out of his mouth when Heather's mom walked in.

"Are you spending the night, dear?" Julie asked, looking at Sam. "Why, it's Sammy...or is it Samantha?" Julie laughed good-naturedly.

"Hi, Mrs. Hess. No, it's Sam. Heather was just messing around and put my hair in a ponytail," Sam said defensively.

"Doesn't it look really cute, Mom? Sammy wants to cut his hair off. I told him I'd be very mad at him if he does. I want us both to dress up for the Halloween costume party at Daddy's club next month. I think we can win that top prize," Heather said.

"Yes he does, honey. Sammy looks adorable and would easily make a cute girl for Halloween. He has the right body for it," Julie told them.

"Gee, thanks a lot, Mrs. H. That's just what every guy wants to hear. I've already got a complex a mile high. Please don't give Heather any more ideas, she's got enough crazy thoughts on her own," Sam said, blushing.

"OK, honey. It's about time to call it a night, you two, so if you're staying the night, Samantha, the guest room is made-up and ready," Mrs. Hess said, grinning ear to ear.

Before Sam could reply, Heather picked up the phone and called Sammy's Mom. "Hello, Mrs. Kent, this is Heather. Mom said Sam could stay over and spend the night in the guest room. Would that be OK?" she asked with a happy voice.

"I guess so as long as your parents are there and they say it's OK. Thank you for calling, Heather." Kathy Kent said.

The two stayed up and watched another movie. Heather had Sam sit in front of her on the floor. She undid the ponytail and began brushing out Sam's hair again. This time she combed his hair into three equal sections and began putting them into a French Braid. "There, now you can sleep with it like that and not wake up in a big tangled mess," she told him.

"Come on Heather, that's enough. Please take it out or undo it or whatever you call it. I'm already embarrassed that your Mom came in and saw me like this once," Sam said.

"Don't be such a big baby. Remember, I'm the one that's been standing up for you, telling people that you are a real man. Mom knows we were just joking around and having a little fun. But, I *was* serious about the Halloween party at Daddy's club. It will really be fun and you could win the two thousand dollar first prize. I want to practice different looks until the party. It's only six weeks away."

"I don't know, Heather. I just don't feel right about this," Sam said. "If anyone from school saw me, I wouldn't be able to live it down."

Heather went into one of her patented pouts. In all the years Sam had known this little beauty, he could never resist her puppy dog pout. "PLEASE..." she whined. Then she moved over and hugged him. She kissed his ear, cheek and nose. Then for the first time ever, she kissed him right on the mouth. She looked into his eyes and said. "Please, Sammy. For me. It will be fun and we'll fool everyone there. Nobody will know it's you," she said and kissed him again.

"Alright, alright, I'll do it, but, I don't have a good feeling about this. I think we are playing with fire," Sam said.

"Great, it's going to be just great. You'll see," Heather said and kissed him yet again. "We will have to start practicing right away so we can perfect our costumes. I *know* we will win. That money can all go towards your college education," she said.

Sam started spending even more time at Heather's house. Heather would try a multitude of different hairstyles on Sam, looking for the one that best suited his face and size. She washed his hair many times using a top of the line salon shampoo and conditioner. She started having him use a lip balm to keep his lips soft and moist. It was but it also had a collagen cream in it. As he used it every day, it began to cause his lips to become fuller, giving him that bee stung look.

She snuck some of her Mom's hormones and gave them to Sam, mixed into his food and drink. She reasoned to herself that while she didn't want to cause any major changes in his body, maybe a light dose would delay any facial hair growth. The changes were slow and very subtle.

Then one night as they left school, Heather drove towards town. She pulled unto the mall. "What are we doing here?" Sam asked.

"Just another little detail to get prepared for the costume party, We are going to get your ears pierced, my treat. Your hair will hide it, but we have to get it done now so that they will have time to heal. That way you will be able to wear either hoops or dangle-style earrings with your costume. Trust me, I'm doing you a favor. You don't want to have to wear screw-on ear rings for more than a half-hour. Believe me, they are torture. Besides, like I said, I'm paying, so enjoy," Heather said.

"I don't know, Heather, piercing is kind of permanent, isn't it? I thought this was just a costume party, you know, dress up. It's not supposed to be so realistic," Sam said nervously.

"No, they aren't permanent. Once you leave them out for a couple of weeks, the holes grow closed. Don't give me that look, Sam. Almost every guy in the school has pierced ears now. The difference is the type of earring you put in. Now because you are doing all

this for me," she stopped and kissed him on the lips long and tenderly. "I'm buying you some diamond studs," she said.

"Heather, you don't..." Sam started. Heather cut him off with another big wet kiss.

"I know I don't have to buy you diamond studs but you're my best friend in the whole world and I *want* to do this for you," she told him.

"But that's a lot of money for just one night," Sam offered.

"Who says it's just for one night?" Heather smiled. "Come on, Sam, we want to win that first prize money." She took his hand and pulled him into the store. "Don't be such a big baby. It doesn't hurt and it will look really cool on you," she said.

Once inside, Heather took over. "Yes, my boy friend wants to get his ears pierced and I'm treating him. We'd like to see some quarter-carat diamond studs," Heather said. The part about being her boyfriend got Sam's attention. He looked up at Heather with hope in his heart. The part about the quarter-carat diamond studs got the sales lady's attention.

"Right this way, please. Would you like to pick them out, Honey" she said, looking right at Sam.

"No, thank you, I wouldn't know the first thing about what to look for. I'll leave that up to Heather," Sam replied. Debbie, the sales lady, and Heather walked over to the big glass showcase. Sam sat in the big piercing chair and waited for them to come back.

"Debbie, I want the diamond studs put in as a second piercing just above the piercing in the bottom lobe. You don't need to tell Sammy we are doing two in each ear. The poor dear is already so afraid he would probably faint," Heather told her, smiling.

Heather picked out a beautiful diamond stud set and a plain gold stud starter set and handed Debbie her Visa Card. "This is a lot of money to spend on a boyfriend. Do your parents know you are doing this?" Debbie asked her.

"Thank you for your concern, Debbie, but, this is my own money, not my parents'. Sammy there doesn't know this yet but he is going to be my husband eventually so I feel that it's an investment in our future," Heather smiled again confidently.

As they walked back to where Sam was sitting and waiting on them, Debbie removed the tape she had put on Sam's earlobes to numb them when she pierced his ears. Sam had no idea what to expect. As it turned out, it didn't really hurt at all since Debbie had numbed his earlobes first. Before he even knew it was done, she gave him a hand mirror and held his hair back out of the way so he could see what she'd done. As Sam looked at his reflection in the mirror, he was shocked and a little upset. Heather hadn't said anything about double piercings but what could he do about it now? The little studs were already fixed through the new holes in his ears. This was more than he had bargained for.

Debbie gave Sam a sheet with instructions for caring for his new piercings. She told him to rotate the studs at least three or four times a day. When they got back to the car, Sam started to complain to Heather about his new multiple piercings. She put a finger on his lips and then quickly replaced her finger with her lips. Then he felt her warm, wet tongue tracing his lips. "Your lips feel really dry and chapped, Sammy. Where is that Chapstick I got for you?" she asked.