



Reluctant Press presents:

Destined to be
SAMANTHA 2

B C



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Destined To Become Samantha 2

By B. C.

Once in Heather's room, Sam froze when he saw what Heather had laid out on the bed next to the snow white wedding gown. There was a tiny white silk thong and a long white corset that looked very small and had its own garter straps attached. There was also a silky white cami with spaghetti straps and a pair of white silk stockings along with what looked like skyscraper pumps, which were actually only 3" spiked heels.

Next he saw the head piece and veil and finally the wedding gown itself. It was a long full skirt, full of lace with a very narrow waist which gave the gown an hourglass shape. The top had a deep plunging front, sure to show plenty of cleavage from his fake breasts. The puffy short sleeves would cover his shoulders only.

"Well don't just stand there staring, let's get going," Heather told him. Sammy slowly removed his top and skirt, followed by his bra and panties. He turned his back to Heather and quickly pulled on thong panties. He pulled himself down and back, forcing his testicles back up into his body cavity to hide them, as Heather had instructed him. Then she wrapped the corset around his midsection and had him lean forward so she could fit his realistic breast forms into the cups of the attached bra top of the corset.

Next, Heather began to hook the catches in the front, then she started pulling the laces tight. Over and over again, she pulled the laces getting the corset as tight as she could before tying them off. Then she started all over again.

Sammy felt like his stomach and chest were in a vice and it would crush him if she didn't stop. By the time Heather was satisfied that the corset was tight enough, her brother Billy walked in and whistled at Sammy.

"Wow, you look incredible. Here, let me help," he said.

Before Sammy could object, Billy pulled the laces in almost another inch. Sammy could barely bend over now. Heather rolled the stockings up his legs and attached them to the garter tabs. Next she pulled the little cami over his head, being careful not to mess up his hair or makeup. She had Sammy step into the dress and pulled it up into place. Sam put his arms through the arm holes. Heather buttoned all the tiny buttons up the back of the beautiful gown, then adjusted the puffy sleeves on his shoulders. She had him step into the 3" high-heeled open-toed sandals so he could get used to them before leaving for the club.

"OK, let's check you out now. Your ear rings are beautiful, your headpiece is in place, your necklace is on. You have your dainty watch and fake diamond bracelet, your rings. Oh, we can't have a bride without a wedding ring," Heather said. She took out what looked like a huge diamond engagement ring and matching wedding band. "Don't lose these! They are real and they were my Grandmother's. She wanted me to wear them someday," she told poor Sammy who was numb.

Next Heather pinned his veil to the head piece and inspected his long red shiny oval fingernails, then his makeup before pronouncing him ready to go.

"Practice walking in your higher heels while I dress, Samantha. I'll only be a couple of minutes," Heather ordered him before disappearing.

She returned 10 minutes later dressed in a man's Tuxedo, complete with cummerbund and bow tie, with gloves and a top hat. Her hair was tucked up under the hat and her light make up was neutral. It was an attempt to tone down her femininity, an impossible task as she was a natural beauty. There was nothing unfeminine about Heather Hess.

"Well, shall we go, my beautiful bride? Our reception is about to begin," Heather said holding her arm out for Samantha to loop her delicate feminine hand through.

Just then Billy came into the room, dressed in a tux, with tails and top hat. He, too, looked like a groom about to be married.

"Samantha honey, there are no words to express how beautiful you look tonight. You will surely put even the real women to shame with your beauty. You'll be the envy of all the women and drive all the men crazy. Shall we go, madam?" Billy said, holding his arm out towards Sammy.

"What the hell do you mean, Billy Hess? You promised this was all over if we went to the party tonight," Heather said

"Yes, I did say that but I meant that after tonight it will be over. I'll give you all the pictures and files then and only then. I fully intend to have a dance or two with the beautiful Samantha here. She's going to act like she's my girl which will give me more credibility as a pretty cool guy. I'll sure to get dates from the ladies in my school when word gets out, that I dated this beautiful woman," Billy smiled.

"I'll keep my part of the deal. You two just keep yours and tomorrow you'll get all the pictures and files. This will all be over with. You'll look back on this someday and have a good laugh. Now, shall we go, ladies? The night's a wasting," Billy said. "Oh, Heather, you won't need your car keys. I've ordered a big limo for tonight," he said.

As they walked out the driveway, the driver opened the door of the stretch limo and the three of them got in, Samantha in the middle. All too soon they were at the club and the door was opened for them to get out. Just as Billy had hoped, many mouths fell open and everyone stared at them...mostly at Samantha, as they walked in together arm-in-arm. They looked for all the world like two grooms and one beautiful bride, as Samantha had one arm looped through Billy's on one side and Heather's on the other.

Billy had arranged beforehand for a couple of friends to keep his sister Heather busy and out of his way so he could have Samantha all to himself. Billy paid the three guys \$200.00 to keep Heather busy on the dance floor.

Tim, Dave and Jeff met him as they walked in. The three guys' eyes almost popped out when they saw Samantha.

"Hey Guys! This is Heather and this beauty is Samantha, my girl. Heather, meet Tim, Dave and Jeff, They'll be your escorts," he told his sister. Tim was staring at Samantha but he took Heather's hand and pulled her to him.

"Come, let's dance, honey," he said.

Heather pulled her hand back "No thank you!" she said.

"Heather, go dance with the nice man," Billy said sternly, giving her a very meaningful look. "Our deal is not over until morning, so don't make me give Mom and Dad this envelope full of pictures in my vest pocket! Hey, there they are now, coming right over to us!" Billy pointed and waved.

"Hi, kids. We wondered where you two were. Oh. My. God. Sam...antha! Is that you, honey? I can't believe my eyes! You're so beautiful, darling. You really make a breathtaking bride," Mrs. Hess said. Mr. Hess just shook his head.

"Mom..." Billy started, putting his hand in his breast pocket, as if he was getting the pictures out.

Heather turned red in the face. She grabbed Tim's hand and said, "Let's dance, Tim." And off they went.

"You kids have a wonderful time," Mrs. Hess told them. She and Dad began to make their way across the room.

"OK, Sammy honey, you're on. Okay it up and make me look good, I want you to pretend you really like me. You already have half the guys in this room drooling. Smile and act like you are really happy to be with me," Billy told Sammy.

The music switched to a slow song. Billy pulled Samantha in close to him, dropping one hand down onto her well-formed behind. She started to push his hand off her ass when he reminded her of the pictures and the consequences of not playing along with him. Billy took advantage of her vulnerable position. He kissed her neck, then her ears. Samantha's perfume was driving him nuts. "Sam...", Billy said. When she looked up into his eyes to see what he wanted, Billy pressed his lips to hers, softly at first, then with more passion.

Sam attempted to pull away, but Billy held her firmly and mumbled, "Sammy, you'd better make this look good and realistic," barely taking his lips off of her lips.

Slowly, Sam gave into Bill's demand and began to return the kiss out of fear of exposure. As the kiss continued, Sam got more and more turned-on, lost in the heat of the moment. She could smell her own perfume and taste her own lipstick. With eyes closed, she could feel the soft sensation of Bill's lips on her own. Suddenly she was aware of Billy's tongue tracing her lips and pushing its way into her mouth. A chill ran down Sam's spine; her poor mind was *so* confused and mixed-up. Sammy knew that this shouldn't feel so exciting and good but it did and nothing Sammy could do right now could change that fact. Without even realizing that she'd done it, Samantha had put both arms up around Billy's shoulders and clasped her hands together behind his neck. She swayed and floated around the dance floor, guided by Billy's body against her own. Bill's hands were cupping Sammy's firm behind. She felt a funny inside her belly, as a fire was building within both of them.

As a young man, Sam had very little experience in the area of physical contact with another human being, male or female. This current situation was beginning to stimulate every nerve ending in his entire body. He didn't know what to do or how to handle this new wonderful feeling coursing through his body. Samantha's body began to responded to the stimulation. She was beginning to crave these emotions being awakened within him.

Finally the song ended. Sam continued to hold onto Bill's neck as they stood there in a full embrace, unaware that the music had stopped.

"Samantha honey, the music stopped. Gee, you really *are* getting into this now, aren't you?" Billy said, kissing her on the lips and taking her hand to lead her over to the tables where refreshments were set up. While Billy was getting them a drink, Sammy sat down and looked out onto the floor to see Heather dancing. She was with Jeff now; he was holding her tight. The three guys had not let her off the dance floor all night. They had been taking more and more liberties with Heather as the night went on. Samantha saw that Heather was having to constantly fight off their wandering hands. Then she saw Billy walk over to the dancing couple. He said something in Heather's ear, then walked away to get the drinks.

After Bill left, Samantha could see Jeff kissing Heather on the mouth and feeling her all over her body. Heather wasn't fighting him anymore, and Sammy knew what Billy must have told her. Just then, a guy walked up behind Samantha who was still staring at Jeff fondling Heather rather boldly. He tapped her on the shoulder and told her that Billy had asked him to bring her over to where he was waiting with their drinks.

The guy was dressed as Batman. She couldn't see his face but having no reason to suspect anything foul about him, she stayed in character and said, "By whom do I have the pleasure of being escorted to rejoin my date?" Sammy smiled at him.

"Sorry, I'm Jack. You, my beautiful lady, I must say, are one really hot-looking bride. Shall we go?" he said, holding out his arm. Sammy put his hand through the loop and minced across the floor.

Jack led Sammy through the crowded dance floor and out to what Sammy thought was a patio. As they passed through the doors, Sammy saw two other young men but no Billy, or anyone else for that matter. The patio wasn't very well-lit but she could see that one of

the men was dressed as the Green Hornet and the other was dressed as Batman's partner, Robin.

"Where is Billy? It doesn't look like we are supposed to be out here," Sammy said, suddenly becoming suspicious of the three young men behind the masks. "I want to go back inside, guys," Samantha said, moving towards the door. Suddenly she noted that there was no handle on that side of the door. Warning lights flashed in her mind as the Green Hornet jumped in front of the door, blocking Sammy's path.

"What do you guys want? I don't have any money, credit cards or anything valuable on me. My purse is inside at our table," Sammy told them.

"Don't worry, pretty lady, we don't want your money. We just want to get to know you and have a little fun," Batman said.

"We heard Billy say that you like to have fun with the boys. We heard you love to give blowjobs. Funny thing, we really love to *get* blow jobs so we figured we could make you happy and you could make the three of us really happy too. What do you say?" Robin said, grinning.

"I'd say you were misinformed. I don't do any such thing. Whether you know it or not, I'm not a girl. I'm a guy. I have the same parts as you," Sammy said nervously.

"Oh, come on! Billy wouldn't lie to us. He knows we would beat his dumb ass half to death if he did. You don't need to be shy or bashful with us, honey. Just do what we hear you do really well and you will walk away without any problem. If you want to do this the hard way... well, let's just say that you are going to do it anyway, only it might not be as pleasant for you if you don't cooperate and try to enjoy it," Batman told her, holding her arm tightly and squeezing hard.

"You'd better let me go! I'll scream and everyone will come running over here!" Sammy warned them.

"I don't think so, sweetie," Robin said. He grabbed her, put both arms around her from behind and held her tight while the Green Hornet shoved a ball gag into her mouth and secured the strap behind her head. Next they pulled both of Sammy's arms behind her back, completely overpowering her. Sammy felt the cold metal of handcuffs as they clicked shut on her wrists, making her powerless to fight back or scream for help.

"Let's bring her down to the caddy shack. There's nobody around out there and I know how to get in," Batman told the others.

They pulled poor Sammy across the lawn, over the practice putting green and into the empty caddy shack. Sammy did everything he could to get loose but couldn't pull away from them. Once inside, the boys locked the doors, but didn't turn on any lights that might have drawn attention to them. An overhead yard light just outside the caddy shack's window gave off enough light for them to see what they wanted.

They forced Sammy to her knees and Jack moved in front of her. He undid the drawstrings to the tight pants of his costume and lowered them to his ankles. Tim removed the ball gag from her mouth. Sammy screamed as loud as she could. Jack slapped her hard across the face, knocking Sammy over on the floor; she couldn't balance with her arms still cuffed behind her back.

Jack grabbed Sammy by her long hair, pulled her to her knees once again and pulled out a huge knife. He pushed the button and the long shiny blade snapped into place.

"You don't want to mess with us, doll face. One more stunt like that and I'll cut off your ear and hand it to you. I think you know that I'm not fooling around," Jack said and pressed the big knife to her throat. It wasn't hard enough to cut her but was hard enough to scare Sammy and almost make her wet her panties.

"For acting ungrateful and trying to make trouble, I think you should ask Jack here nicely if you could have the honor of giving him a blow job," Jake said, pressing the knife against her throat.

Sammy wasn't sure whether they would really cut her or not but she couldn't gamble with her life. She looked up at Jack with tears in her eyes and mumbled, "May I please give you a BJ?"

"You'll have to do better than that, honey. I can't hear you," Jack said. Sammy said it three more times, louder each time. The last time she almost hollered, "May I *please* give you a BJ?"

"What's that? You want to suck my cock?" Jack said, teasing the poor youth. "You better say it correctly or Jake here is going to make it impossible for you to wear your earrings any more."

"May I *please* give you a BJ, Jack?" Sammy said.

"That's *not* how he told you to ask. Come on, you know what Jack wants to hear from you," Tim said, as Jake caused a tiny dot of red to appear on Sammy's neck from the point of the knife. "Now ask him again!" he ordered.

"Can I...I mean *may* I suck your cock?" Sammy said, wiping the tears from her eyes, afraid if he didn't do as ordered, they might kill him right now.

"Well, seeing as how you asked so nicely, and because I've heard how very good you are at it, I guess you can suck my cock. If you do a real good job, honey, nobody's going to harm a single pretty hair on your head. You just make old Batman happy and everything is going to be just fine," Jack smiled. "Come here, my little beauty and give us a kiss. Show me you are going to like Batman," he ordered.

Sammy slowly rose up to look into the masked face of the man in the Batman costume. Jack put his arms out and pulled Sammy to him. Their lips

met softly at first, then Jack hungrily nipped and bit Sammy's lower lip and pressed harder against the shiny red full lips. Sammy's mind was reeling. His brain was churning with mixed signals of fear. Even though he didn't want these feelings, passion and sexuality entered his thoughts uncontrollably.

He felt something warm and wet slide over his mouth, trace his lips, then slowly push between his lips and seek out his tongue. Before his poor mind could sort out what was happening, Sammy felt strong hands on his shoulders, pushing him down onto his knees in front of this man dressed as Batman.

Batman (Jack) undid his belt, lowered his pants and underwear to his ankles and stepped out of both. Then Jack sat back down and spread his legs. "There you go, my little beauty, it's all yours now. Enjoy!" he told Samantha.

Sammy swallowed hard, then licked his lips and slowly moved forward, his mind set on getting this over with without getting his throat cut. Whether they'd really kill him or not, they had scared him enough to cause him serious doubt. He couldn't gamble with his life at stake. He began to lick Jack's growing member, getting it all wet and slippery. From there, Sammy's mind blanked out. His lips, tongue and mouth took over and did as Jack instructed him to do.

At one point, Jack reached down, put his hands on either side of Sammy's face and lifted his face up until their eyes met. "Yeah, that's it, my little beauty. You're doing great but I want you to maintain eye contact. Oh yes, just like that. I want to look into those sexy green eyes while you suck my big hard cock. Make love to it. Oh baby, you really *are* good at this. I heard you really got into this," Jack told Samantha.

This continued until with little warning, Jack tensed up, grabbed the back of Sammy's head and pushed himself deep into Sammy's mouth. He shot his milky load of salty manseed against the back of Sammy's throat. It came so hard and fast that Sammy had no choice but to swallow as fast as possible.

Finally Jack stood, pulling his pants back up. Sammy thought it was over at last. He just wanted out of there. Jack pushed him back down onto his knees again and called Tim (Robin) who had been standing guard at the window of the caddy shack. "Not so fast Angel. You surely are not going to send my friends Robin and the Green Hornet away with a case of blue balls, are you? You're not that kind of a cocktease, are you? You really have them all worked up from watching you suck my big cock with that beautiful mouth of yours," Jack said smiling. He motioned Tim over in front of the kneeling Samantha.

Sammy was made to perform the same sensual task for Tim and Jake, including asking for their permission to pleasure them.

Just when Sammy thought this nightmare was coming to an end, Jack lowered his pants again and ordered Sammy to do him a second time. Sammy's mouth and jaws were becoming stiff and his knees were really sore as well. Suddenly Jack sat down on the floor, forcing Sammy onto his hands and knees. Just as Jack slid his fully erect penis into Sammy's mouth again, Sammy felt someone behind him lift up the back of the wedding gown and start pulling down his panties and girdle. Sammy tried to get up but was held hard and fast by Jack's strong hands.

"No honey, you just deep on doing what you're doing right to Batman," Jack said, pointing to his penis. "You've been a good girl so far. Let's not ruin it over just giving up a little piece of ass for a couple of America's superheros," he told the teary-eyed, frightened youth.

"Holy Shit! Jack, you are *not* going to believe this!" Tim said as he pulled Sammy's panties down, exposing a small shrunken penis and two tiny balls. "Our little beauty here is a HE!" Tim said in shock.

"You're shitting me, right?" Jack said, pushing Sammy's bright red lips away from his cock. "Stand up, bitch and lift up your gown," he ordered.

Slowly, with tears flowing down his face, Sammy reached down and lifted the front of the wedding gown, exposing himself to his three tormentors.

"I'll be damned, our friend wasn't kidding. When I first saw her tonight, I thought for sure he'd been bullshitting us. I wouldn't have ever believed it in a million years if I hadn't seen this with my own eyes," Jack said, pulling a bottle of whiskey from his back pocket. He took a long pull from the bottle and swallowed. Then he just stood there, staring for what seemed like forever before finally reaching out his arm and saying, "Here, drink. You're going to need this, honey.

"You want to be a woman, that's cool. Now we are going to treat you like one and make you truly feel like one," he said, really scaring Sammy. "Go on, drink!" he yelled. The frightened young Sammy reached out with shaking hand, took the bottle, pressed it to his pretty red lips and took a big sip.

"Oh shit..." Sammy coughed and spit as the warm liquid burned his mouth and sore throat.

"Go on, honey, keep drinking because you're going to need it, you beautiful little fairy," Tim ordered. Sammy finished off the pint and was beginning to feel quite light-headed.

"OK, honey, get your sweet ass back down here," Jack ordered. A frightened and half-drunk Sammy crawled over and took Jack back into his mouth. Suddenly he felt his gown being lifted again but this time, he felt someone's spit-covered fingers touching his tight back passage. Whoever it was kept wetting their fingers with spit and using that to lubricate the entrance to his ass. Jack slapped Sammy's face when he tried to turn and see what was happening back there.

"You just concentrate on this, you little faggot," Jack ordered and pushed himself deep into Sammy's throat, causing him to gag. Before Sam knew it, he felt the fingers replaced with a huge hard cock. He screamed out in pain but was muffled by Jack stuffing his cock in his mouth and holding it there. Sammy felt like someone had just jammed a log up his ass; it felt as though it was about to split him in two.

Tim slowly pushed himself deep inside of Sammy, then stopped and held still for several moments. Sammy's muscles tightened and gripped the large penis in his ass, causing Tim to moan in pleasure and move in and out, back and forth. It hurt like hell for a couple of minutes, then little by little, the pain turned to pleasure.

Against his will, Sammy began to moan. Then Jack began to rock back and forth in Sammy's mouth. Sammy's mind and body turned against him and began to enjoy this disgusting act of raw lust.

This continued until each of the three superheros had taken a turn with poor Sammy from each end. Then they cleaned themselves up, pulled on their pants and left the building, leaving Sammy lying on the floor. He was too sore and ashamed to get to his feet and leave. He didn't know what to do or where to go in this condition. He didn't have any money for a cab and he was too sore and afraid to walk all the way home. He wasn't even completely sure where he was, as he'd never been to this club at night before.

As he stepped outside slowly, he could see the lights of the country club off in the distance, about the length of a football field away. "No wonder no one could hear me screaming," he said to himself. It seemed as though it took hours to waddle up the long hill back to the clubhouse, as each step caused pain in his sore rear end. Sammy was twenty yards from the front door when Heather burst through the door and came running towards him.

"Oh my God! Sammy, where have you been? You scared the hell out of me. I've been looking everywhere for you," she said throwing her arms around him.

"Ow," Sammy said, pulling free from her embrace, crying with a mix of pain and relief at finding her still there. "Heather, they... they raped me. They raped me bad," he said with tears flowing freely down his cheeks.

"Oh my God! Who? Billy and I have both been looking all over for you for almost two hours now. I even called your house to see if you had gone home. You had me worried sick. I'm so sorry, Sammy. Could you see who did this to you? What did he do?" Heather asked with real concern.

"I don't know. They had costumes on and never revealed their faces, and it was dark. There were three of them, all dressed up as superheros" He cried again, remembering the awful details of what took place after that.

Just then, Billy came running up to them. "Thank God you found her, I mean him. Where were you?" Billy asked, looking at Sammy.

Heather punched Billy hard in the arm. "You Bastard! You were supposed to be watching Sammy and taking care of him," She said and retold the story Sammy had just told her.

"Holy shit! You've got to be kidding me. That guy dressed as the Green Hornet asked me to show him where the cash bar was. When I came back and looked for Sammy, she was gone. I never saw the Green Hornet again after that," Billy said.

Sammy then told them what they did to him out in the caddy shack, every nasty detail, as best as he could remember.

"Sammy, we have to get you to a doctor," Heather said when she saw blood on the back of his legs and gown. "Billy, go get Daddy, right now," she ordered her brother.

"I'm so so sorry, Sammy, this was never supposed to happen. I hope you don't think we had anything to do with this, honey."

"NO! I *can't* go to the doctor. I'm too embarrassed, and I can't let your dad see me like this. Didn't you see the disgust in his face when he saw me at your house earlier tonight?" Sammy said, shame all over her face.

"Honey, you don't have a choice. You might be hurt seriously down there and you have to get help. I'm no doctor but I know that you have to go and get checked out. This could be serious," Heather said.

Just as Heather finished speaking, Mr. Hess came running out the door. He came right up to Sammy. "What's going on? Are you alright, Sammy?" he asked. The pain, humiliation, embarrassment and fear were more than Sammy could take. He passed out cold, falling to the ground.