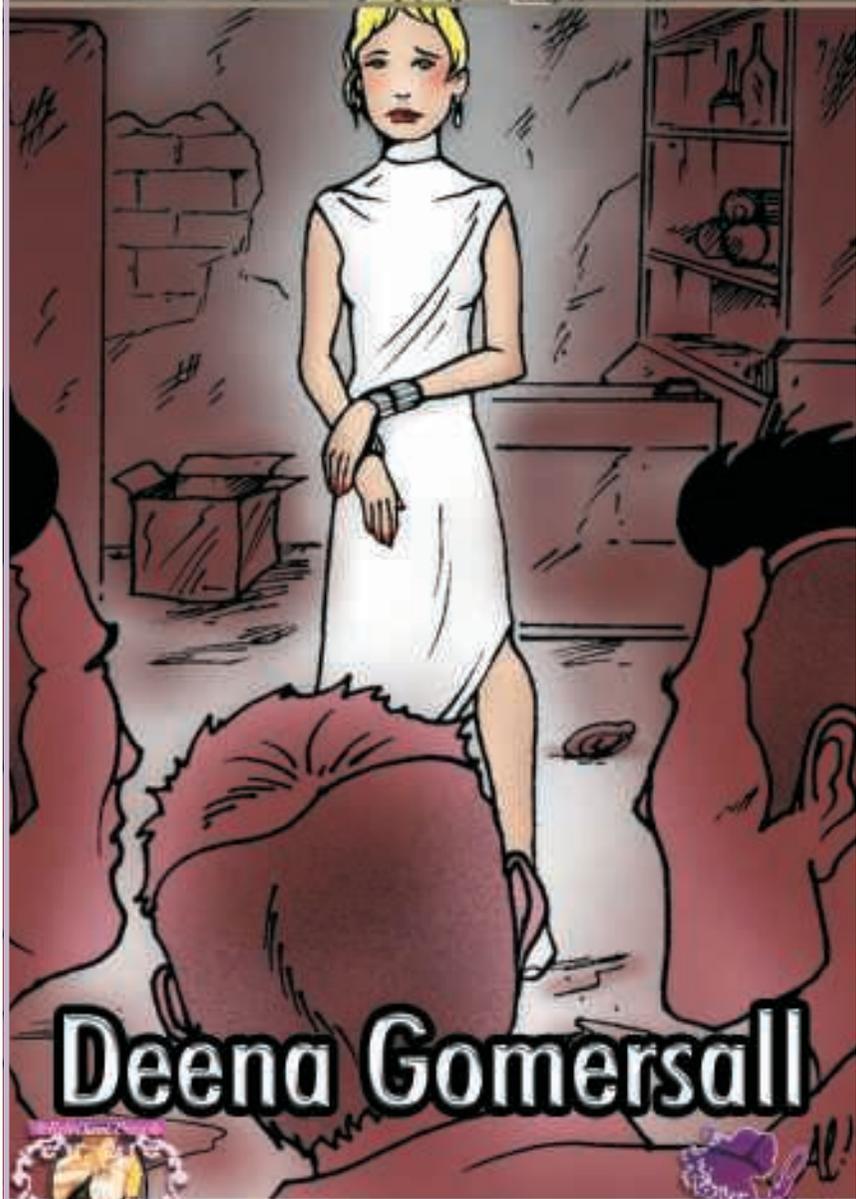


Team Spirit



Deena Gomersall



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

Team Spirit

By Deena Gomersall

(Batting for the other side)

Chris Jennings was texting his current girlfriend whilst he travelled on a service bus to a neighbouring city. He was a big Buffaloes fan and was on his way to see them play a game that would decide the championship against their biggest foes, the Titans.

It just so happened that the two best teams in the league came from cities just twenty miles apart. Chris had never missed a Buffaloes game since he was fourteen years old.

Now eighteen, he would travel to both home and away games alone, ever since his Dad's stroke which had left him unable to walk or stand for long periods. Chris never really made any male friends to go to games with, not even fellow Buffaloes fans, but he was very popular with the girls.

Maybe that was the reason for his lack of male pals... jealousy. Chris had a slim build and 'pretty boy' good looks, natural blonde hair that he wore long, usually in a pony tail. He had a pleasant nature, nothing like most of the youths from his neighbourhood, who were very rough. They looked upon him as not being macho enough to hang around with, a bit effeminate, although they knew he was not a 'fag' as he was never without a girlfriend, and he'd had a fair few.

The girls loved him; he got on with them and treated them with respect, he was non-violent, polite, considerate and caring and they liked the cute fresh-faced look he had.

Had Chris been more 'built,' he would have liked to have been a player of the sport himself but he did not have the body; no matter how he tried working out in the gym, he could never build muscle mass or put on weight.

Once Chris arrived at his destination, he quickly looked for other Buffalo supporters for protection in numbers; he didn't want to be targeted by Titans supporters as he was wearing a Buffaloes team jersey. There wasn't just fierce rivalry between the two teams, their supporters hated each other and often fought running battles.

A train carrying a few hundred Buffalo supporters had just arrived at the station and Chris slipped in with them as they made their way, chanting and cheering, to the stadium, a mile and a half out from the city centre.

The match was tense, it was never going to be anything else... the two teams had won eleven out of the past twelve championship finals between them and the Titans were the current holders.

As Chris was anticipating a miserable journey home, the Buffaloes, trailing by eight points with just five minutes to go, scored twice in quick succession... then the horn sounded... The Buffaloes had won, they were the new champions!

Chris was so happy he even joined in chanting at and taunting the Titans fans, many who were now quickly exiting their stands, not wishing to see the trophy presented to their great rivals when it should have been theirs.

The majority of the ten thousand Buffalo supporters who had travelled to the game remained in their own stand celebrating, long after the game was over. Chris celebrated too but he had the last bus of the day to catch back home and he had already stayed overlong. And so he made his way out of the ground to begin the one and half mile walk back to the city centre.

“Hey, Buddy! ...You there... the Buffaloes fan with the long hair...” Chris suddenly heard the voice shouting behind him.

Chris felt his blood drain and felt scared. The call had to be aimed at him; Titans fans had spotted him and were most likely going to rough him up. He carried on walking down the sidewalk.

He became aware of a blue convertible that was slowly drawing alongside of him as he walked. Without turning to actually look, he was aware of three faces staring at him from inside the car.

“Hey, Buddy... is you deaf?”

Chris was now in a dilemma. Should he just keep walking and ignoring them? Should he start running or should he turn and face them? He was scared of them giving chase and his running away might piss

them off more so that they really gave him a battering. He was not a fighter and hated violence.

He turned to look at them, three large, tough looking youths... staring and grinning at him. "S...Sorry, were you talking to me?" he asked in a shaky, small voice.

"Yeah man. How you getting back? Need a lift? Great game wasn't it? We are the champions!"

Chris instantly relaxed... they were Buffalo supporters and they were offering him a lift home.

"Oh...yeah, I could sure use one. I think I may be running late for my last bus," he replied with a smile.

The youth in the back opened the door for Chris to get in. He was shaven-headed.

"Hop in pal, I'm Brett, the guy driving is Wayne and the ugly ginger one is Josh," he was informed.

"Fuck you, man," Josh responded.

The driver turned his head to look at Chris. "We are planning to go to a bar for something to eat and maybe a few drinks to celebrate. Are you okay with that?"

Chris nodded. He actually felt good that he was being welcomed by a group of young males. Only socialising with girlfriends and their friends was okay, but he also felt he would like to have male friends too. If he made friends with these guys, maybe he could tag along to matches with them for next season? he thought.

Wayne set the car in motion but took a side road off the main road that led to the city centre. "May as

well avoid the town centre traffic and lights,” he explained to Chris.

Chris no longer knew the direction they were travelling in but Wayne was the driver and he seemed to know his bearings. After ten minutes, the car was being pulled to a stop outside a burger bar.

None of his three companions had any team shirt or insignia on, only Chris with his replica jersey. “I hope there are no Titan fans in here that may start causing trouble,” he suggested as he indicated his shirt.

“We’ve used this place before, it’s fairly quiet. Anyway, wear your colours proudly,” Brett suggested as he ushered Chris through the doors, following the other two.

At the bar, Chris decided it would only be right if he offered to buy the drinks for the three youths he had just met as a thank you for the lift, even though three drinks was going to cost a fair bit more than his bus fare home would have cost. It wouldn’t leave much money in his pocket after paying for them along with his own drink plus burger and fries, which he normally wouldn’t have bothered about. He didn’t want to feel the odd one out if he didn’t though... and he did want to make a good impression on the three men who had befriended him.

They all accepted Chris to buy beer but after the beers were consumed, Wayne offered to buy another round, followed by Brett dipping into his pocket and then Josh. Then Wayne bought a round again, this time refusing to let Chris buy.

As the three youths drank, they rolled up spliffs and offered one to Chris. Chris had never touched drugs in his life and no matter his desire to fit in and be one of the boys, he chose to say no to the offer.

“Whatever, man, it ain’t like it’s going to harm you; a bit of weed just relaxes you,” Josh informed him.

Chris hardly realised how time had got on as he struggled to finish his seventh drink. They had been in the bar for three and a half hours.

He had never been a heavy drinker and it was badly telling on him; his voice was slurred and his head felt heavy, though he tried to pretend he was sober as he didn’t want to come across as a lightweight to his new friends. He didn’t even consider the danger of how much Wayne, the driver, had drank when there was still the rest of the drive home to be done.

Drunkenly, he raised his almost empty glass. “To the Buthalows. We did it... we are the Champs.”

The others just grinned at him.

“Okay, let’s drink up and get on our way, it’s turned midnight,” Wayne, who appeared to be the oldest of the three, suggested.

“Turned midnight? Aw fuck! I was supposed to be calling in on my girlfriend after I got back. She isn’t going to be too pleased with me,” Chris announced with a stupid grin on his face.

“You’ll have to give her a call tomorrow morning after you’ve sobered up, buddy,” Josh told him, giving him a slap on the back as the three got up from their seats.

“Sobered up? I’m okay, I’m totally sober... maybe it’s just tiredness showing,” Chris responded defensively.

Soon they were back in the car and moving again. The motion of the car and the fresh air from the open top convertible soon had Chris feeling worse still and



there were two pull overs in order for him to be sick. Eventually he fell asleep in the car; his head slumped against Brett's shoulder.

>>*<<

Chris woke feeling dizzy and sick. As his head began to process things, he looked around a dimly-lit room. He realised he was not in his own comfy bed nor was he in his own home, then he worked out that he was on an uncomfortable, rough fabric covered sofa with a sheet of some description haphazardly thrown over him and which was now all tangled up.

Curtains were pulled together at the windows but the material was thin and let in enough light for him to look around... he was in some dirty, very messy room with litter everywhere, lots of discarded beer bottles and cans, empty or part empty, fast food trays and lots of clutter.

“Where the hell am I?” he thought to himself.

He looked in disgust at the state of the place. He lived with his middle class parents in a nicely furnished, spotlessly clean detached home on a pleasant, tree-lined street... he had never seen such a filthy room as this.

He sat and scratched at his skin as he started to remember the previous evening... the match, the ride home, stopping for burgers and beer. He remembered feeling drunk as they set off again but after that it was just a blank.

He rationalised that he must have passed out and, as he couldn't give his new friends his address, they must have put him up at one of their homes.

He found his way to the door, carefully stepping over the various things strewn on the floor. It was locked and there was no key, either in the door or anywhere nearby. He wasn't sure about going to wake the occupant of the home so he went back to the sofa and sat down.

He then decided it would be a good idea to phone his parents and his girlfriend, to let them know he was safe and well and that he would be home soon. However when he searched his pockets for his phone, it wasn't there.

He became concerned that he must have lost it in his drunken state. Maybe it had come out in Wayne's car. If so, he should be able to get it back.

Chris drew back the curtains to let more light in, but that only revealed even more mess. It seemed ages that he just sat thinking. The one good thing about all of this was that his team, the Buffaloes, were the champions again.

As he sat in silence, he suddenly heard a key being put into the door lock from outside and being twisted. Then fresh air filtered into the stuffy room, along with a teenaged girl. Chris knew it was wrong to label people without knowing them but, on first glance, his immediate thought was that the girl seemed common and was dressed in a rather slutty way.

As for the girl, when she noticed Chris for the first time she had a look of surprise on her face. "Who the hell are you?" she asked directly.

"Oh hi, my name is Chris. I believe I was put up to sleep the night after celebrating the Buffaloes win yesterday."

“Celebrating? Who in their right mind wants to celebrate those assholes beating us in the final?” she replied.

“Oh! I take it you are a Titans fan then,” Chris responded awkwardly.

“Yeah... everyone around here are Titans fans.”

“Well, perhaps,” he responded questioningly, “Though not whoever it is that lives here. I’m not sure who’s home it is; Wayne, Josh or Brett.”

For the first time the unfriendly look left Beth’s face and she actually giggled. “Well, let’s make it easy for you... none of them; they are all hard core Titans supporters... and they all live here together. It’s a four-bedroom apartment. I take it the lazy jerks are still in their pits?”

A sudden dread came over Chris. They were all Titans fans! But they had made out they were Buffalo supporters. Why had they done that? Why had they made friends with him and said they would run him home?

“Excuse me... where are we? I mean what city are we in?”

The girl looked at him in mirth. “Berkley, of course... home of the mighty Titans.”

“So, we aren’t in Sunnydale?”

“Nah, I just told ya... are ya thick? This is Berkley.” She began to grin as she worked out that her brother Brett and his two pals must be up to something devious.

Chris knew that things didn’t bode well for him. Obviously, now that he knew they were Titans fans

from Berkley, they meant him no good... otherwise why lie? And why didn't they just give him a beating if they disliked Buffalo fans, instead of buying him drinks?

It seemed there would soon be answers as movement was heard from above. His talking to Beth had disturbed at least one of them. Soon there seemed to be two bundles of noise and Chris thought he could hear talking.

Josh was the first down the stairs, wearing just a pair of jogging bottoms; his feet were bare, as was his chest which bore a large Titans team crest tattoo.

"Morning, Chrissie... how did you sleep?" he asked, looking at Chris and grinning as he scratched through the short ginger hair on his head.

"Good morning. Erm... thanks for putting me up but I have to go now. My parents will be wondering," Chris replied, trying to be as respectful as he could be.

"What, so fast? You should stay and have breakfast with us, buddy."

Chris was searching for a polite response when Brett came down the stairs, wearing an old T-shirt and jeans.

"Beth! I thought I heard your voice. What you doing here?" he inquired, totally ignoring Chris.

"I've come to collect some of my things that I leave here. But more to the point, what the fuck have you got a Buffalo scum fan here for?" Beth responded with a nod of her head towards Chris.

"We thought it may be fun to capture him. I don't know what we plan to do with him yet," Brett replied,

leaving Chris quaking at the conversation he was hearing. "I think Wayne'll have something lined up," he added.

Chris's pleas in asking to be set free were constantly ignored until Wayne came down. There was none of his friendliness of the night before.

"Mornin', Wayne. What do you have planned for this Muppet?" Josh asked his friend and self-appointed leader of the trio.

"He can clean up this shit hole for us for a start," Wayne replied, a cigarette hanging loose in his mouth and with an expressionless face as he glanced around the room. "It's about all that a Buffalo fan is good for, isn't it? Cleaning shit up?"

"If I do, will you let me go?" Chris asked, not prepared to argue against the suggestion and possibly infuriating the three youths.

"Depends on how good a job you do. I want all the rooms in the apartment cleaned, spick and span... including the John, the bathroom and bedrooms."

"What? That could take me ages," Chris gasped.

"Well, you had better get on with it then," Wayne answered, unfazed.

"Hey! Should I see if I can get him one of those French Maid outfits for him to work in?" Beth suggested jokingly, making Brett and Josh laugh. Chris became mortified in case they were being serious.

Wayne's expression never changed though. "Just get on with it, kid," he said, turning to where Chris was sat.

“I thought he could fry us up some breakfast first,” Josh put in, patting his bloated belly.

Wayne looked thoughtful and rubbed at his whiskery chin. “If you can cook, get on with it. You can start doing the cleaning afterwards,” he then told Chris.

“Okay, if you insist I’ll do your breakfast and clean up,” Chris told them, not daring to refuse, “but I think I have lost my phone in the back of your car. Would you mind looking for it, please, as I need to let my parents know I am safe.”

“I’ve got your phone, kid. You’ll get it back when I am satisfied with how clean the apartment is,” Wayne told him directly.

“But they will be worried about me.”

“That’s none of my concern and the more you yap about it, the more time you are wasting and the later you will be,” Wayne responded coldly.

Chris wasn’t the best cook in the world but he knew how to fry bacon and eggs and warm up some beans. His making breakfast and the empty plates afterwards only created even more work for him to do. There was already a pile of stacked pans and plates by the side of the sink, some that looked as if they had been there for days. At least the roughs allowed him to eat some breakfast too.

Beth had already gone, having picked up whatever she had come for and Wayne and Josh left after an hour, leaving Chris alone with Brett.

The cleaning up seemed endless, just in the main room. Wayne returned briefly with a bundle of refuse sacks, then left again. By time four sacks were filled, the washing up all cleaned and put away and some

general tidying up, it was six-thirty in the evening. By this time both Wayne and Josh had returned.

“I’ve done the room as good as I can. Am I okay to leave now?” Chris asked in hope.

“Are you kidding me? You haven’t dusted, polished or vacuumed... and that’s just in this room. You have the kitchen floor to mop and clean, the toilet and shower still need doing and then our bedrooms. And I’m hungry so you should be planning on what to cook for our evening meals.”

Brett and Josh grinned at Wayne’s remark.

“But it’s so late... it could take days to do everything you’ve just mentioned. If you want I could keep coming back until it’s finished,” Chris suggested

“Do you think I’m stupid? Once you leave we would never see you again. You stay here until everything is done. Alright?” came the firm response from Wayne.

“You can’t just keep me here against my will, its illegal. You will get into a lot of trouble with the police,” Chris replied, feeling he now needed to be brave and stand up to these thugs.

“Can’t we? You wanna bet? We can do whatever we chose to do... unless you fancy fighting your way out of here?” Brett responded.

Chris knew he would just end up getting hurt if he attempted such a thing. He went quiet without further response.

“Nah, thought not. You’re just a lily-livered Buffalo fan with no guts,” Brett mocked, “Shouldn’t he be starting cooking for us by now, Wayne?”

Wayne nodded with a grin. “You know where the kitchen is... get cooking. I get real angry if I have an empty stomach.”

Dejectedly, Chris went to the kitchen and began doing as he was told. In his mind he decided he would wait for an opportunity to escape, or try getting hold of his phone to call his parents and the police.

This time he wasn't allowed to serve himself a plate of food. He was told if he wanted to eat, he had to have earned it. Instead he was allowed the left overs from the plates of his three captors.

A little later that evening, Chris was upstairs cleaning the toilet and bathroom whilst the three Titans fans sat drinking beer and watching an X-rated DVD.

“What are our plans for him upstairs?” Josh asked.

Wayne looked thoughtful. “I don't really know. I mean we had no clear cut plans for him when we brought him here. At first I was just going to ditch him out of the car miles from anywhere as a laugh until he got sick and passed out. The kid's right, though, holding him here against his will can get us into trouble. We've already done that to him now. If we set him free and he reports us, we could be done for. We may as well get shot for murder as for being a thief!”

“What? We are going to do him in?” Josh expressed in surprise.

“No, you asshole. I mean we could be in trouble already for holding him, so we may as well get our money's worth. Hold him for long enough and he may be so relieved to be free that he will keep his mouth

shut. Meanwhile, we have time to think up an idea of what to do.”

“The guy is a pussy, if we scare him enough, he wouldn’t dare say anything,” Brett suggested.

“Yeah, I think you are right so we may as well make use of him. We could have him keeping the house clean and cooking our food for days... maybe weeks. He won’t know the suburbs of Berkley nor does he know just where he is. He was out of it when he arrived so he couldn’t show the cops our location,” Wayne suggested.

That night saw Chris again sleeping on the worn and uncomfortable sofa. He was worried sick at what these youths may do to him and really concerned at the anguish his parents and his girlfriend Sarah might be feeling at his disappearance.

After everything was quiet upstairs, Chris stole around investigating. There were two doors, one at the front leading into the apartment and one at the rear leading into a yard. Both were locked both by a key lock and a deadbolt. The windows were all locked by keys. Unable to get out, he then just tried getting off to sleep until the morning.

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The following day, Chris started on the boys’ bedrooms which were just as untidy as the living room had been. He also had to begin washing their clothes and bedding and get them dried and ironed. It was becoming clear to him that he wasn’t going to be getting out of this apartment anytime soon.

Drying the things he washed had its own difficulties. There was just one washing line outside in an unkempt back yard. The yard itself was surrounded

by an eight-foot tall fence and there was nothing outside which he could use to stand on and scale it. He was becoming more and more anxious as the day went on.

The stuff he put out on the line was drying slowly and he was probably going to end up needing thirty lines of clothes and bedding to dry. Meanwhile he was cleaning and cooking and the boys were just creating more mess and leaving dirty plates and cups about for him to clean.

As the day drew into darkness, Chris had had enough. "I'm not going to do anything else. I want to go home. It's going to take days of putting things out on the line to get them dried. You are constantly making mess for me to clean up and you will keep on having dirty clothes for me to wash. It will never end," he stormed.

"Hey, looks like the Buffalo bitch is having a hissy fit," Josh said, grinning, then emptied the can of beer he was drinking down his throat before letting the can drop to the floor.

"I mean it. You have had your fun with me, now I demand to be set free," Chris continued.

"You called it, pal. There is always going to be a daily mess, always going to be new things needing washing and meals needing making. That is why you are such an asset. Who the fuck is going to be doing all of that if we just let you loose?" Brett asked.

"Well you *kind of* managed before you brought me here, you can manage again. I'm not going to be your slave," Chris snapped back, though he had already discovered they did precious little for themselves and probably only did anything when it was absolutely necessary.