

A Hard Debt to Pay



B C



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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A Hard Debt to Pay

By B C

Clarkston was a quiet little Midwest town most of the year but come fall on a Friday night, it was far from that. That's when the Panther football team brought everyone in the surrounding area out to the school football stadium, both young and old. This community loved their football and all the young men who played there. Legends were made at Clarkston and the players were treated like gods. Every young boy worth his salt dreamed of making the Panther football team.

If you made the starting team you had to be good because the competition was fierce. If you did make it, you'd better be on your game because there were usually 3 deep waiting to take your place. It didn't hurt either that every girl in school wanted to be on the arm of a starter for the Panthers.

Brice Benson and Allen French were lifelong friends and grew up in Clarkston. They played midget football, little league, junior high and now high school football together.

This was to be their senior year and everything was going their way. Brice was the starting quarterback in his Junior year and was in line for state honors and a free ride scholarship to just about any school he wanted. His best friend Allen was a starter his Junior year and was also looking to get a free ride at a major college.

Brice had been dating Becky Robbins for two years now; just about every girl in the school was jealous of her and would love to be in her place on his arm. It didn't seem fair to some girls that not only was Becky one of the most beautiful girls in their school, she also had a 4.0 G.P.A and was captain of the Cheer-leading squad. She had a winning smile and was always kind and happy, it seemed.

Allen French also dated a cheerleader by the name of Alice Green. She was a dark-haired beauty and also at the top of her class, grade-wise. As you might guess, Alice and Becky were also best friends and had been since grade school. Both were from well-to-do families. Without being snobs about it, they set the standards for style and dress in the school now that they were Seniors. It seemed every girl wanted to follow their lead and dress like them.

The four friends were inseparable. They did almost everything together. Brice's family didn't have the means that Becky's family did and that was one big reason why the football scholarship was so important to him. His friend Allen's family was also quite well-to-do like Becky and Alice's families. The Robbins and Greens and Frenchs all belonged to the same country club and vacationed in exotic places each year. Becky always told Brice that his family's relative poverty didn't matter to her and that he was going to be successful and rich someday himself. She was always lifting him up and encouraging him.

The previous summer, Becky talked her dad into letting Brice come with them on vacation to Hawaii. They had to beg his parents to agree to let him go. They were proud people and didn't want to seem like they couldn't give their kids everything they wanted. In the end they let him join them. The young couple snuck off every chance they had to be alone and make out in the beautiful tropical paradise.

Brice didn't want to lose his conditioning so he was up every morning and out running miles along the beach. Running in the sand built up his leg strength and endurance. Becky would run with him in the afternoon after a swim and they'd have fun on the towels taking in some sun. They would often get each other pretty hot and worked up but Becky told him over and over that she wasn't ready to go all the way as she'd promised her parents she'd wait. Brice didn't ask her to break her promise as he knew that it was important to her. He was still a red-blooded All-American boy, though, and had the desire to sew his wild oats. He wasn't proud of the fact but a couple of times he sewed a few of those oat with a girl in his neighborhood.

She was older than him and she liked the slick young jock but didn't want a relationship with the younger boy. She taught him all he knew about sex and pleasing a woman. That's what kept him from pushing Becky, every time he really need to blow off steam, Ronda was willing and more than able to take care of that need.

That summer was one to remember for Brice Benson. After that world class vacation, for the rest of the summer he and Allen worked out every day together, training for the upcoming season. The four of them spent many nights together hanging out and growing even closer.

The town had a way of making the Panther boys feel bigger than life and above the rules for the rest of the kids. Even the deputy sheriffs would sometimes look the other way when they found them partying out in the fields or down by the lake.

Becky and Alice both did their best to keep their guys from indulging in those 'grassers' as they were known but they couldn't keep them completely sober all the time.

Finally school was back in session and Friday night was the first game. The team won and once again Brice was the hero and was awarded the game ball. He threw for four touchdowns and ran for another. Allen had a good game too and caught two of those touchdowns. It seemed that he and Brice were always on the same page. They worked on their own trick plays all the time and used one of them to win the day for the Panthers.

Becky and Alice lead the cheerleaders and ran out to hug their respective heroes after the game ended. A big celebration party was being held at the home of one of the player's. His parents were gone for the weekend. The boys showered and dressed, then picked up the girls and headed out to the party. Becky warned Brice about drinking and driving and what Coach would do if he found out.

They hung out, had a few beers and danced and partied until around eleven as the girls had to be in by midnight. Allen was driving tonight so they stopped by the lake and made out for a while. Becky knew just how far to let Brice go and he always stopped when she told him it was enough. The boys dropped the girls off and went home themselves.

Week Two was more of the same. It was an away game. Brice was on fire and set a new school record

with six passes for touchdowns and Allen had three of them himself. When the bus got back and the boys showered and dressed, the girls were waiting in Becky's car. Her dad had given her a new BMW Convertible for her birthday. They again found the gang at a party and hung out, just like the week before.

This time everyone wanted to toast Brice's record setting game. He had more to drink than he should have. When they parked at the lake, he tried to go farther than second base and Becky needed extra strength to curb his advances. For a moment she wanted to go farther herself but the thought of breaking her promise to her parents gave her the willpower to stop.

Allen and Alice were quite content in the back seat but didn't get too carried away. Alice loved Allen and their parents were very close. She knew that one day that they would probably marry and have a family of their own. She sometimes let Allen take a few liberties with feeling her up under her bra and panties but she always stopped him there. Only on one occasion did she ever touch his manhood.

That night Brice had a case of blue balls and called Rhonda when Becky dropped him off at home. She told him to come on over. She met him at the door in a shorty night gown, looking very good to the young stud.

"What's the matter? Did your little rich girl turn you away again with a case of blue balls, honey? Well, come on in and let's see if Rhonda can't make it feel all better, baby. We can't have the star quarterback so horny that he can't go to sleep and get his rest, now can we?" she said smiling and motioning him in with her index finger seductively.

He reached out and tried to touch her ample bosom but she pushed his hand away and said, “Easy there, Big Boy, a girl likes to be romanced a least a little bit. Give me a kiss and let us have a little drinky poo first,” she teased.

She took him into the living room and got them both a drink. He’d already had too many but Rhonda gave him a shot and they toasted to his success that night. Later he didn’t remember anything after that. It was 10:30 the next morning when Rhonda finally woke him up. He didn’t know what hit him as he was sore everywhere. Even his ass hurt.

“Come on, champ. I’ve got breakfast ready, can’t have you all weak and broke down. We have a tough game coming up this next week, you’ll need your strength. Especially after last night. Man, you were something else, lover,” she said.

“Rhonda, what the hell did we do last night? Or what did you do to me is more like it. I swear even my ass hurts bad this morning. It almost feels like you stuck something up it,” he said. When she looked at him, shrugged her shoulders and smiled, he panicked and yelled, “Damn it, Rhonda! You didn’t, did you?”

“Oh no, I wouldn’t do that...unless you asked me to, honey,” she said and turned away almost laughing. Under her breath she whispered to herself, “And you did, honey”.

“Damn, I didn’t hurt this much after the game last night. I feel like I was ridden hard and put away wet. I just vaguely remember doing it in almost every room in the house and I’m not sure but maybe even out on the front porch. Woman, you are like a tornado when you get cranked up and going,” he said.

“Yep, that just about covers most of the places we did it. That’s what I love about you young studs, you have such fast recovery times. You can go all night long and come back for more,” she said

“Well, I won’t be coming back for more today as my whole body hurts. Are you *sure* you didn’t butt fuck me with something?” he asked. He thought he saw her smiling and kind of thought he saw her putting away a long black double-ended dildo.

“Oh shit!” he said to himself, “Surely she didn’t put that up my ass,” he said, reaching back and feeling the tenderness in his backside.

That next week in school the guys all strutted their stuff in the halls as everyone patted them on the back and praised them for their effort. They wished them well this coming week. The boys were feeling pretty good about themselves and were bordering on cockiness.

All the girls gushed and openly flirted with them as they passed in the halls or sat by them in class. It was enough to give a guy a big head having just about every girl in school, including some of the teachers, all but offering themselves up as sacrifices to the conquering heroes. It was enough to drive a guy to distraction. The coaches worked to get their attentions every afternoon after school. They put it to them and drove them hard. The boys were so tired and whipped after practice that they didn’t have such big heads, for a while anyway.

Friday night meant Game Three. It was a home game against a tough Dansville team. Brice had played against their quarterback John Turnbolt since pee wee football. This was to be John’s night as he outdid Brice and the Panthers were behind by 10

at the half. The coach ripped them all a new behind at halftime and made some changes.

“Brice, you look like shit out there tonight. Are you OK, son, or do I need to put McLean in?” Coach said.

“I’m OK, Coach. I wasn’t picking up their blitz package. I got it now,” Brice said but, despite his confidence, he struggled in the 3rd quarter. The defense played unbelievably and got the ball back 3 times for the offense. Dansville knocked down pass after pass. With only a minute left, Clarkston drove the ball down and the running back saved the game with a 45 yard TD.

After high fives and showers, the two met the girls and headed for another party. The boys talked about the game and the girls talked about the boys and girly things.

“Man, I sucked tonight and almost cost us the game and our hope of going undefeated,” Brice told them.

“You aren’t Tom Brady. You can’t do it all on your own and this is a team game. We didn’t give you much time to see your receivers. Their line was the biggest we’ve seen all year and they’re strong as oxen,” one of the offensive linemen said.

Brice still thought he should have done better. He didn’t whine or brood about, though. He eventually hooked back up with Becky and they partied down with the rest of them. Sometime during the night, someone slipped something into Becky’s coke. Brice thought she was acting a little hornier than usual. He and Allen drank a little too much also and were feeling no pain when they thought it would be a good idea to go to the lake and make out.

Brice and Becky were laying on a blanket, really getting into it, when Alice tried to tell them that they needed to go. Somehow they had all lost track of time and it was already after 1 AM. Brice could see that Becky was in no shape to drive so he took the keys and they started off down the road.

They'd no sooner gotten back on the blacktop road when a carload of boys from Dansville roared up alongside. They blew the horn and yelled out, calling them sissies and cowards and challenged them to race.

Brice knew that he should just slow down and let them go but the competitive nature of his being couldn't stop his foot from mashing the pedal to the floor and roaring down the road with them side-by-side.

They raced for 3 miles until they came around a bend. All of a sudden, a car was coming the other way. The Dansville car tried to cut in, forcing Brice to the side of the road. The car slid into a turn and the vehicle flipped, rolled over twice, and slammed into a tree sideways.

Both girls were thrown from the car as they had been cuddled up to the boys and didn't have their seat belts on. God was with them as they didn't hit anything solid or surely they would have died. As it was, they were both bruised and broken badly. Alice broke her right arm and left leg and a couple of ribs and Becky broke both legs and collapsed her right lung. Both girls lived but were in a lot of pain and would be laid up for some time. Their injuries would be slow to heal and they'd have to give up all of their extra-curricular school activities for the foreseeable future.

Both boys were unconscious but survived with mild concussions and minor cuts and bruises. If the car had hit just one foot one way or the other, one or both boys might have been dead. The officer on the scene said it was a miracle that any of them lived. He said they must have had guardian angels watching over them that night for sure.

When Brice finally woke up in the hospital, the soreness from his last night with Rhonda was nothing compared to what he now was feeling. The nurse helped him into the bathroom and he relieved himself. As soon as he was awake enough to remember what happened, he rushed to the desk and asked about Becky and the others.

He found her room but she was sound asleep. Her legs were in traction and her arm was in a cast. "Oh my God! What have I done?" he said out loud. Mary Robbins, Becky's Mom, got up from the chair she was sitting in over in the corner.

"I'll tell you what you've done, Brice Benson. You almost killed my daughter, that's what you almost did. How could you? We trusted you with our most precious thing in the world and you almost took her from us forever. You are going to pay for this young man, you just wait and see. You hot shot football players think you can do whatever you want and not worry about the consequences. Well, instead of playing football and going to college, you might be ending up in jail. We'll see how you like that," she told the boy, scaring the hell out of him.

"I'm so very sorry, Mrs. Robbins. It all happened so fast. The car coming at us blinded me and the car passing us forced us off to the right. We spun out and lost control. Believe me, I love Becky and would never do anything to hurt her. I'd trade places with her if I

could. I'm so sorry," Brice told the still frightened and upset mother

"You may think that you're sorry now but before this is all over with, you are *really* going to be sorry. I'm so mad right now that I can't even think straight so we'd best stop right here. We'll sort this out when things calm down and I know that Becky is going to be alright and make a full recovery.

"You realize that you've taken away her cheerleading and all her other school activities by getting behind the wheel and being over the blood alcohol limit. I suspect the Sheriff will be calling on you as soon as it's safe for you to leave the hospital. Such a waste! You had something really special going for you, Brice, and you are going to lose it all because of one bad choice," Mrs. Robbins told him.

Suddenly Becky moaned and then called his name. "Brice...is that you? Are you alright?" she asked "What about the others?"

He ran to her side and said, "Yes, you and Alice took the worst of it. Allen and I were just bruised up and had a few little scrapes and cuts. Oh my God, I've never been so afraid in my life. I'm so sorry, Becky. I'd die if you'd been killed."

"All right Brice, it's time that you left and go back to your own room now, she needs sleep and quiet now," Mrs. Robbins told him.

Very sore and hurting, the two boys were released the next day. Just like Mrs. Robbins had predicted, the Sheriff was waiting at the hospital door for them. Even though Allen wasn't driving, he was also over the blood alcohol limit and underage on top of it. They were both taken down to the jail and held until they were taken to the courthouse later that day

where they stood before the judge. Both were charged with underage drinking, driving while intoxicated, and reckless endangerment. Brice pleaded guilty to all three while Allen, not being the driver, pleaded guilty to two charges.

The judge set bail. Their families came and paid it and took them home. As you can imagine, it wasn't a very happy ride home. While they thanked God that the four of them survived, the boys' relatives really laid into them. Allen's family were highly respected in the community and didn't like the bad image this cast upon their family name.

Brice, on the other hand, got an earful all the way home. "You realize that you just pissed away your future for one night of partying. No more football hero, no free ride scholarship. You might just as well plan on working some low-level job for the rest of your life, you dumbass kid. Honestly, I thought that you had more smarts than that," his dad told him

"Dad, I'm sorry. I know that I really screwed up but poor Becky is still in the hospital with badly broken bones so football seems a little less important right now. I'll work and get a walk-on somewhere if I have to. What's going to happen to me with the law? Am I going to have to get a lawyer or something now?" he asked.

"No, you both pleaded guilty so you'll just go back for the judge's sentencing in a couple of weeks. Until then, you don't leave the house except for school."

Monday morning, Brice and Allen were both called into the coach's office. "You two boneheads just let your teammates down and maybe cost us a championship. Clean out your lockers and clear out. There's no place on this team for either of you anymore," he told them.

The rest of the day was harsh. Kids stared at them, whispered behind their backs and turned away, shaking their heads. Nobody offered any sympathy to them.

Brice wanted to go to the hospital and see Becky but her parents told him to let her be. saying that it would be best to let her rest and he should find other friends to hang with.

Then a couple of days later, things took a turn for the worse. Becky developed complications and died suddenly, sending her parents into hysterics and pain beyond belief. This would change everything. The whole town was up in arms over this terrible event and wanted these athletes punished severely.

A week went by and finally Brice and Allen went before the judge for sentencing. The judge was about to send them to a Juvenile Delinquent Center and possibly prison for murder when Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. Green asked to speak.

They told the judge that had what might be a better way of punishing them and setting an example to the rest of the football heroes who think that they can drink and party and risk others' lives and get away with anything they want. Perhaps they should be made to take the place of the girl whose life had been disrupted and the one whose life was ended.

They said the two boys should have to literally become girls for the next year or however long it took for Alice to recover and be able to lead a normal life again. After all, the Cheerleaders were going to be short two girls, including their captain. When the other jocks saw their two big stars walking the halls

in skirts and heels, maybe they would think twice about drinking and getting behind the wheel and risking others' lives.

“Are you suggesting that these two boys be made to wear girl clothes and walk around as boys in dresses and pretend to be girls?” the judge asked.

“No, your honor. We are saying that until Alice Green heals and can resume her life normally, Brice Benson and Allen French should for all practical purposes *become* girls themselves all day, every day and in every way possible. They should only wear girl clothing. They should be made to join the cheer team and take Becky's and Alice's places. They should have to change their school classes and everything.

“Perhaps they should be dropped a grade and have more time to learn how to be girls. They could bring up a couple of the JV girls to Varsity cheerleading and the two new girls would be able to have time to learn cheerleading on the JV team,” Mary Robbins told the Honorable Judge Karen White. “My daughter has been taken from me. I think that Brice should be made to take her place and become my daughter.”

“Mrs. Robbins, I see where you are going with this. These athletes have been put up on pedestals for way too long and skated through life, being given special treatment at everyone else's expense.

“However I'm not sure the law would allow me to take the Bensons' child away from them...even though that's what I'd like to do to teach these two the consequences of their actions,” the judge said.

“Then how about joint custody of some sort. He could live at home a week, then live with us a week. I'd insist the he be in girl mode 24/7. That would be more justice than rotting away in jail somewhere and

learning to be a career criminal,” Mary Robbins said. She had given this a great deal of thought.

The judge called for a recess of one hour. She went to her chambers, looked up some legal precedents, then made her decision. She agreed with the Robbins and rather liked the idea.

Back in court, she told the boys to rise. “Because of this awful tragedy causing the death of a beautiful young lady, it is within my rights to send you to prison for a long period of time. Mrs. Robbins has suggested another option which I’ve decided is a just punishment for your crime. Now nothing can stop the pain you’ve caused or replace their daughter but this is my decision. Brice Benson and Allen French, for the next 4 years, you are sentenced to take the place of the two girls.

“You will be forbidden to wear any male clothing during this time. Brice Benson will be known as Britney Benson Robbins and Allen French will be known as Ally French Green. You will each live one week with your biological families, then the next with your new families. I will be sending someone from the court to follow up and make sure you are following these instructions to the letter. if I find that you are not fully living as females during this time, I WILL have you sent to prison for 6 years,” the judge said.

The faces around the courtroom were a sight to see. Everyone was shocked and couldn’t believe what just happened. Brice and Allen stood there, unable to comprehend what the judge just said. Their minds were spinning a hundred miles an hour. Only weeks ago Brice thought he’d be part of the state football champs in football with a full ride to the college of his choice, maybe even a shot at the pros. Then his thoughts changed to worrying about prison and being raped and beaten. Now this judge just told the world that he was to become a...GIRL.