

# Team Spirit

## *Part Two*



# Deena Gomersall



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Love,

Ms. Chrissie  
*Editor in Chief*

# **Team Spirit**

## **Part Two**

**By Deena Gomersall**

For the following six days Chris was basically left alone, though, of course, he was still dressing and making up as a girl and doing the house chores. It was the following Saturday that was going to cause a dramatic turn in his life.

On this particular Saturday the Titans had a home game against a much better team than the previous week, The Trojans. Wayne, Josh, and Brett were going to the game with a gang of friends and didn't want Chris being left unattended. They called on Beth to keep watch over him.

Beth had missed her usual shoplifting the previous weekend by taking Chris to the Salon and she was unhappy now about the suggestion of her babysitting Chris and missing a shoplift two weeks in

a row. It was a friend, Jenny, who suggested that they take Chris along with them.

As the boys liked to go out early on Game Day, have drinks in a local bar until it was time to go to the stadium, then drink some more after the game, Beth had plenty of time with Chris.

“As you know, Chrissie, me an’ the girls like to go out and do a bit of ‘shopping’ on a Saturday. I missed out last week but I don’t want to have to do the same this week, so let’s get you ready and you can come out with us.”

Chris looked stunned. “But, I thought you went...” he paused, not wanting to annoy Beth by accusing her of being a thief.

“Don’t worry, we will clue you in on everything. You could even be a dog out.”

“Dog out? What’s that?”

“Never mind, I need to get you ready. Don’t worry, you won’t be getting dressed as no hottie. We don’t like to attract attention.”

With that, Beth got to work on Chris, letting him apply his own makeup but supervising everything... including pricking out any stray hairs on his now long, thin eyebrows.

Chris was allowed to wear a shirt which was a red and white tartan. It was baggy. Chris was informed this was so he could slip small things underneath without them showing. He also wore a pair of blue jeans and the sneakers from the week before.

As Chris took off the top he was wearing to put on the shirt, Beth looked at the amount of breast growth he now had. Nothing emphatic, but certainly enough

breast tissue that a girl going through her early development stage would have.

Chris noticed her observation. "It still really hurts on my chest and you can see how swollen I have become around my nipples," he complained. "I think it's because I have to wear a bra and it is rubbing and irritating me."

Beth just smiled. "No, it isn't because of wearing bras or inserts, it's because you are growing tits," she confessed nonchalantly.

Chris looked bewildered. "What? How can I be developing breasts? I'm not a girl, I'm a guy," he replied.

"Because you are taking female hormones, stupid. You've been taking them for over six months," he was informed.

"What! You have been deliberately giving me something that will make me develop tits?" Chris said angrily, "mutilating my body, without my consent!?"

"The boys have done lots of things without your consent. Why make such a big thing about developing a pair of jugs?" Beth questioned.

"Because I am not a girl and when you have finally tired of me and allow me my freedom I want to go back to living as a guy. How can I do that if I have a pair of tits?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, it just helps with creating a girly image for you, for now. The hormones will develop small breasts only. When you stop taking them, they will disappear again. As you are portraying a female, I should guess you want to look as passable as possible so that you aren't recognised as a male, don't you?"

Chris was far from happy but the assurance they would just go again once he was not taking whatever they were giving him, helped to calm him down a little.

“And they won’t grow big... like yours?” he questioned.

“No, hormones only go so far. You probably won’t get much bigger than you are now,” Beth reassured.

In spite of the none-too-girly clothing, Chris looked just like a very pretty teenaged girl with his hair femininely cut, the narrow tapering eyebrows, brownish red eyeshadow, his lips coated in a pink gloss and wearing his large hoop earrings.

Before they were ready to go, three of Beth’s gang turned up to ensure Chris came along nicely and didn’t try bolting. One of the girls had a car and drove the five of them into the city where they met up with another six of the gang. Two cars were parked in the main shopping area.

“You go for small stuff, Chrissie, seeing as you are inexperienced. You off-load to either Tasha, Lainey or Babs. Got it? Be discreet. You can also mull around and see if anyone seems to be watching or following any of us. Plain-clothed store detectives will be on patrol in most of the stores,” Beth instructed the nervous young man.

Chris could feel his heart pounding. He had never stolen anything in his life and now he would be operating with a gang of shoplifters. He was scared about being caught and, worse, being caught and found out to really be a guy.

And so it began. The gang broke into two groups and Chris watched how quickly they took things, sometimes slipping them into bags, sometimes un-

der clothing and occasionally using the changing rooms.

Then he was told to start taking smaller items himself, things such as nail polishes, lipsticks, false eye-lashes. Once he had something, he would make his way to one of the three girls and drop the things into their shopping bags or pass on to another girl. It was all intended to confuse anyone watching.

The team had hit four stores and Chris, although still nervous, was getting into how the girls operated. That was probably his undoing as he stopped being over-cautious.

He lingered around a cosmetics section and was looking at an eyeshadow rack, strangely thinking that some of the colours would suit him. He picked up one of the boxes and popped it under his shirt.

Being successful, he decided to try and impress the girls by going for something larger. His next target was a rack of skirts and, pressing himself close to the hanging clothing, he pushed one of the skirts that he had taken off the hanger up the shirt, smoothing it as much as he could.

He immediately left the counter, saw Babs nearby and brushed closely past her, successfully handing her the polish and skirt before moving down to the front door of the store to go outside for a breather. Just then he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Excuse me young lady, would you mind coming this way with me?"

Chris looked around to see a woman who he judged to be in her mid-thirties. She was quite pretty and looked like any other woman in the store doing her shopping.

"Why?" he stammered.



The woman immediately produced a plastic card that bore her photograph and the words “Store Detective.” Chris was too scared to resist and he was gently manoeuvred over to an open side of the store and a small office.

Chris being led away had been seen by Jenny who quickly let other girls in the store know he had been taken to one side. Babs got herself close enough to the semi-open door of the office. Using her iPhone, she began recording the conversation that was going on within. The girls often tried to do this so that they could listen to what was said in case any of them were ever arrested and had to appear in court. With Chris, she also knew they would also have to explain things to the boys.

“I have been tailing you for a few minutes as I could see that you were acting nervous and hesitant while looking at some of the stores merchandise,” the woman informed him. “I believe I have seen you taken two items that have not been paid for. Would you allow me to frisk you and see if you have anything? If you refuse, however, then I shall hold you here until the police arrive.”

Chris’ heart was pounding but at least he knew he had offloaded the polish and skirt; he had nothing incriminating on him to worry about.

“Yes, if you insist. But I have done nothing wrong,” he mumbled.

The store detective believed otherwise and used her hands to feel for the stolen goods. When she felt nothing, baffled, she asked him to unbutton his shirt, which still revealed nothing. So sure that she had seen him, although it was obvious now that he did not have the skirt, she then asked him to unbut-

ton his jeans and lower them to his knees to search for the polish.

Chris was very hesitant but he was too scared to refuse. He gritted his teeth hoping nothing would be seen.

The trained eye of the detective, however, immediately noticed something she had not expected to see, in his panties.

“Yo...you’re a male!” she gasped.

Chris was too humiliated to say that he was a crossdresser. He wasn’t and he would feel too ashamed to tell her he was. Thinking fast, he went with what he believed to be a more acceptable explanation. “I...I’m transsexual. I’m transitioning. That is why I probably looked nervous. Shopping for girls clothes is still a bit embarrassing for me,” he told her with a deeply reddening face.

“Oh, my gosh! I am so sorry,” she immediately apologised. “I can clearly see that you haven’t committed any crime and I am honestly sorry if I have caused you any undue embarrassment. I’ve never come across such a situation before,” she went on, worried now that he may make a complaint about her.

“Uh, it’s alright; I guess you are only doing your job,” he gallantly told her.

“Still, you shouldn’t have been put in such a situation. If you give me your details, I will send you a store voucher to use on any item in the shop.”

Chris didn’t even know the exact address of where he was living and again said it didn’t matter. The detective, however, still wanting to avoid a complaint against her, left Chris for a few minutes. After a brief

chat with her manager, she brought Chris a voucher anyway.

After Chris was released, all the girls exited the store. They got in touch with the rest of the gang on their cell phones and they all rendezvoused by the cars. Beth was concerned about what had happened to Chris while he was in her charge.

“Actually, she was pretty good,” Babs explained. “She had the snoop apologising to her for her being a transsexual.”

“What made her believe that Chrissie was a transsexual?” Beth asked.

“That’s what he told her,” Jenny butted in. “He was smokin’ hot in there; nicked all kinds of stuff, even a skirt.”

Beth was amazed that Chris would have told anyone that he was transitioning to be a girl. She was even more interested when learning that Babs had captured his confession on her phone.

“I think you have done enough for today. You and I can go get a coffee at Lexie’s café while the others finish off the day,” she told Chris.

Beth went to a couple of the girls and, in a low voice, gave them some instructions. She then led Chris a couple of blocks down the road and into the café where her friend Lexie worked. Once they sat down, she wanted to know from Chris all that had happened.

Lexie joined them on her break and the three went outside where the two girls lit up joints. Beth held her joint to Chris and prompted him to take a drag.

“I don’t smoke. You know I don’t.” Chris told her.

“Yeah, ‘course I know but this isn’t really smoking. Its weed. You have had a bad shock; it’ll help you relax after your ordeal,” Beth pressed.

With pressure from them, Chris drew several times on each girl’s joint. His head felt funny and he almost felt like he was floating. It certainly relaxed him, he now felt like he hadn’t a care in the world.

“Because you have done so well today, you can join us for the evening too,” Beth told him. “After our Saturday shop we usually go for a drink and a dance at the Paradise Club. Because you did so well, you can be the star girl.”

“What’s the Paradise Club?” Chris asked, suddenly feeling cautious again. He didn’t like being outdoors and in danger of being exposed as a boy dressed as a girl at all. Going to some club where there would be lots of people definitely sounded dangerous.

“We go there all the time, we know the owner. It’s just an out-of-the-way bar where we can have a dance and get off our heads,” Lexie told him.

“Yeah, we usually go to Debbie’s house to get changed and go on from there,” Beth joined in.

“Get changed? What do you mean?”

“It’s a club, we aren’t going dressed in jeans and T’s. We wear something cool for dancing in, tank tops and skirts... little black dresses. You know. We all bring something that we can change into and store it in the trunk of the cars. ”

Chris would have been happy, if he had to go at all, to go dressed as he was. But he began thinking that if all the girls were wearing skimpy things he was going to look like the odd one out among them.

“But I don’t even have anything to change into,” he told them, hoping that would be enough for them to drop him off ‘home’ first.

“Don’t worry about that. I asked a couple of the girls to get hold of something for you before we meet up again,” Ruth informed him.



At the house of Debbie, a girl who had been on the shoplifting expedition, Chris found out what had been stolen for him to wear for the evening. All the girls, fourteen of them in all, who were going to the club, piled into Debbie’s home.

“We have got you this nice little number, Chrissie.” Vicky told him as she brought out a black dress that was topless and seemed small enough for a child to wear. It was obvious that Chris was going to be showing off a lot of bare skin such as shoulders and legs. To go with it were a pair of black sandals that had an ankle strap and the narrowest, four-inch stiletto heel he had ever seen.

Soon the girls busied themselves getting out of and into clothes, not seeming to care that there was a male among them. One or two that were quickest assisted Chris, one applying a light green eye shadow to his lids and another painting his hand and toe nails in the same colour. He then had the sandals slipped onto his bare feet and the straps fastened around his ankles to keep them secure.

One of the girls had a strapless Wonder Bra which she gave to Chris. It wouldn’t be obvious under the topless dress but it did gather up all the loose skin on his chest that he had been developing to form a surprisingly large amount of breast to go into the cups.

The cups drawn together formed a very realistic cleavage.

Most of the talk, as the girls dressed, was centred on all that had happened that day, and most of it was about Chris being held and taken into the office. They all seemed to have a new admiration for their newest member.

Before they set off, the girls began drinking alcohol and smoking joints to get themselves into a party mood. Of course Chris was expected to drink and smoke with them and the high he had felt earlier was renewed. It did help as he would have been as nervous as hell otherwise.

The girls all piled into four taxi cabs that had been booked and were waiting outside, laughing and talking excitedly, ready to set off to the club as the evening skies drew dark.

The Paradise Club looked quite uninviting outside. A former brick warehouse that had been transformed into a night club, it was down a poorly-lit side street and had graffiti sprayed all over the walls. The door into the club, which was iron, was painted light blue and rusting in parts.

One of the girls knocked and a window panel slid open, the door opened and a burly black guy let them in.

Inside, the lighting was quite dull. There were tables and chairs around the perimeter of a quite large dance floor, two bars on two sides and at the far end of the dance floor was the DJ's area where loud music was beating out.

The girls went straight to the bar. When served, some went to some empty tables whilst others went straight to the dance floor. Beth bought a cocktail for

Chris who felt quite nervous in such a packed place, dressed as he was and looking like he did. He felt like he was being looked at from all around with people reading that he was male. He was pleased that the lighting was so dull, apart from the beams shining onto the dance floor.

“If you are nervous about being dressed as a girl and being found out, don’t be,” he heard one of the girls saying to him. He looked to who was talking, it was Lainey.

“Look over there... those tables by the bar. Those four are all guys dressed as girls... lots of trannies get in here,” she continued.

Chris felt like saying to her that he was not a transvestite; they dressed as girls by their own choice. But he didn’t reply at all. The truth of the matter was he was likely dressing as a girl far more often than any of them as he had to do it all of the time. And now he knew that he was also growing tits.., which none of those guys probably were.

Time went on and Chris had a number of drinks bought for him. It got to a point where he was the only one of the large group not to have hit the dance floor as the girls went at different times. Currently there were only three of them left at the table with him.

He was getting drunk from the alcohol and still high from the joints he’d had and was starting to feel braver and more carefree.

“Come on, it’s about time you had a dance,” Anne tried to encourage, getting up herself and pulling at his arm.

“I can’t... I can’t dance like a girl... especially in heels,” he appealed.

“Sure you can, or you can just stand and sway your body to the music. Come on,” she continued to prompt, joined by the other two, Babs and Vicky.

Eventually he was tugged and shuffled onto the floor. Once there, he began to have fun.

After a few records there was some joyous calling from girls over in one section of the floor. Chris could make out a large, shaven headed black guy who seemed as if he had no top on, surrounded by young girls.

“What’s happening over there?” Chris asked the party of girls.

“That’s Leroy, he’s a blast. He’s lots of fun and likes to get down and dirty on the dance floor,” Beth explained. “He’s a friend of ours. Come on, we’ll introduce you to him.”

The girls were all in high spirits and, whether he wanted to be introduced to a stranger or not, Chris found himself being pushed and pulled along by some of the girls. When they got near, Chris was in for a shock. The man wasn’t just topless, he was totally naked apart from a white T-shirt he had draped around his neck. He was dancing up close to a group of young girls.

“What the fuck! He’s naked!” Chris voiced as he looked at the man who had the largest cock dangling from between his legs that he’d ever seen. The man was also very muscular. “Surely he can’t be allowed to be like that in public... he’d get thrown out.”

Rosie laughed. “He’s the owner of the club. He does as he wants.

Beth pulled Chris’ arm again, tugging him even closer. Hey! Leroy,” she greeted.



“Hey Beth. How’s you doin’ girl?” The man returned, showing a set of firm white teeth. “An’ who’s this girl ya have with you? I don’t think I seen her befo’ in here.”

“This is Chris...tine, she’s new to our group,” Beth answered, elongating Chris’ name to a full girl’s name.

“Hi there, Christine. Com’ on and dance wi’ me,” Leroy invited as Chris felt himself being pushed forward from behind. Chris didn’t know what to do other than try moving awkwardly to the music. Leroy just grinned and moved closer so that their bodies were almost touching. Chris was aware of that big black cock swinging just in front of him.

“You should greet the Paradise owner properly, Chrissie,” Beth laughed, “...with a shake of your hand.”

Before Chris knew what was happening, Beth had grabbed his hand and placed it on Leroy’s cock, which was starting to erect. Chris felt his cheeks burning but Leroy just pushed into him. Almost without thinking, Chris found he had somehow wrapped his fingers around the massive cock.

Things happened fast from then on. Leroy actually moved in close to his face and began kissing him. The initial surprise from Chris quickly faded. Chris had always enjoyed kissing and getting such affection from girlfriends but, in the seven months since he had been taken, none of the boys had ever shown him any affection, just selfish sex relief for themselves. During the ordeal he had gone through he had always felt he needed just to feel loved and cared for. Now here was someone kissing him.