



Reluctant Press

Forced To Change

B. C.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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FORCED TO CHANGE

Allen's Story

By B C

Allen Evans sat wondering how his world had fallen apart on him, in the course of only a couple of months. So much had happened so fast. He was barely able to recall everything that had happened to him. Or how he ended up, as he appeared today, a lovely and beautiful looking young “lady”. It was as if the whole world caved in on him all at once.! Things kept happening, faster than the human mind could process them.

It all started the day of the accident. Allen was a normal 16 year-old boy. with a normal family and friends and a normal lifestyle. He loved sports and outdoor activities of all kinds. Allen was not blessed with a macho he-man physique, but was small-boned, small-framed and wiry! He didn't have one ounce of fat on him, anywhere. He wore his hair almost shoulder-length as did many of the young male friends he went to school with. Sometimes from the back, it was easy to mistake Allen for a girl, because of the thin, small body and longer than normal hair.

It was a Saturday night. Allen had been watching a movie, when the police knocked on his door. His Mom and Dad had gone out to dinner and dancing for the evening. While driving home, a drunk driver lost control and swerved into the Evans' lane and hit them head-on. Both died instantly. Poor Allen was devastated. The police took him to the hospital , sedated him and kept him over night; he was treated for shock.

The following day, it was determined that Allen's Aunt would take him in. Donna Brown was his mother's sister and his only immediate family. Donna and her 17 year-old son Danny, lived alone in a little town across the state.

The adjustment period was not all that smooth, as Allen and Danny were very different young men! Many times, over the first couple of months, Donna yelled at Danny, who was always getting into a mess or one kind of trouble or other. “Why can't you be more like your cousin Allen? He is sweet and kind and polite, and well-mannered and he helps me around the house all the time! You know, you could learn a lot from him,” she scolded.

Well, this only made Danny develop an immediate dislike for Allen. No one wants someone else's behavior thrown in his face constantly, especially a damned goody-two-

shoes like Allen. Danny never had to share his home, his Mother, or anything in his life for that matter, before Allen came along. So to get even, he began to plot to push the blame on Allen for everything that he did. The more he blamed things on Allen, the more he felt as if he was getting even.

Donna didn't believe Allen was doing any of these things at first. But as Danny skillfully plotted and planned and planted evidence against Allen on a daily basis, she began to doubt Allen's innocence. She began to punish Allen. At first, it was extra house work and chores. Then she grounded Allen. On more serious issues, she spanked him soundly. One weekend, Danny had embarrassed Allen over and over, until Allen was ready to blow his top. The lady at the library started in on him, after Danny followed him into the library and knocked over a whole shelf full of books, right by Allen. Allen, frustrated and angry, got into a shouting match with the Librarian. It caused such a scene that the security guard had to come in and subdue Allen. When Aunt Donna finally got there, she was told how rude and filthy-mouthed Allen had been with Ms Dunn. He'd called her several bad names. Donna was surprised and embarrassed. First of all, she had to be called down here. Second, she was shocked that Allen would talk to an adult, let alone a woman, with that type of language. She took Allen home, after making him apologize to Ms Dunn. When they got home, she took him over her knee and spanked him with a leather belt. Then she sent him to his room. An hour later, she entered his room, marched him into the bathroom, and ordered him to spread a pink cream all over his body. After 15 minutes had passed and Allen's skin began to tingle and burn a little, Donna ordered him into the tub. There, she rinsed the cream off. Allen was more than a little concerned as, along with the pink cream, every hair on his body came off. In all of his life, he couldn't remember ever feeling this naked. Donna took him into the bedroom she'd fixed up for Allen. There lying on his bed was a pile of clothing that he'd never seen before. Instinctively, he knew they were not his clothes. Donna then informed him, that as punishment for his wild outburst and verbal attack on Ms Dunn, he would be dressed as a teenage girl for the rest of the week. "Maybe that will teach you to respect women in the future," she told him. And with that, he was put into a very pretty dress, had his face made-up, his finger nails and toe nails shaped and painted a bright red. She styled his long hair and made him sleep in a shorty night gown that night also.

This only made him further withdraw and become more subdued and submissive. Without even knowing it, he became more and more emasculated. He just did as he was told and didn't fight back or complain.?

As this continued week after week, Donna began to like Allen dressed as a "daughter". She truly enjoyed the company of a sweet young lady. Allen was slowly becoming the daughter Donna had always wanted.

Danny loved teasing Allen when Mom dressed him up like a sister. He could tell that Allen was afraid of him. He liked having that power over Allen. Allen began doing anything Danny asked, out of fear of Danny beating him up, or turning Allen over his knee and spanking him which Danny seemed to get a big kick out of. Danny got a little carried away. After reading a couple of books on TV's and TS's, he felt he'd have even more control, if he could break Allen's spirit completely, by turning him into a girl, via hormones. Very carefully, Danny got hold of some female hormones. He began giving

Allen hefty doses in secret, each and every day. No one other than Danny knew about this. He'd fix this little goody-two-shoes! He tried to get him in trouble and it looked to him that Mom was turning him into a girl and still seemed to like Allen better and spend more time and attention with him!

Allen didn't have very many friends, only a couple of guys and two girls in school. Alex Reed was one of those boys. Alex couldn't explain it, even to himself. He and Allen were not very much alike. They were, physically, almost complete opposites. Allen was small and introverted, Alex was big and self-assured. He was 6 ft. 2 in. tall and 190 lb. He was confident and outspoken at times and quite popular. But for reasons even he couldn't answer, he genuinely liked Allen. He couldn't put his finger on it, but, he enjoyed spending time with Allen, and he loved the deep conversations they got into. Plus, Alex liked Allen's sense of humor and unassuming attitude. Many girls in school went out of their way to try and get him as a boy friend. He dated several of them but ultimately decided he didn't want a serious relationship at this time. Alex really liked girls; he just felt this was the time in his life to be free and single. So it was that they became friends.

Alex was also one of the biggest jocks in their school. One night after football practice, Alex was driving home! He thought he recognized Allen walking on the side of the road. Allen had gotten in trouble for something Danny really had done. He had to stay after school and, as a result, missed the bus. Alex pulled over and picked him up.

"What's up Allen, you miss the bus?" he asked. "Yes, I had to stay after school, in Mr. King's class, for something I didn't do, but got blamed for. My Aunt will be upset with me, when I finally get home!" Allen replied.

"Hop in. I'll give you a ride. Hey, if you'd like, we can stop and call her. Ask if you can come over for dinner. I need some help with our History assignment. We could discuss it and work on it together," Alex said to the surprised young man!

Allen was again surprised when Aunt Donna said it would be OK. So they got to Alex's house and after introducing Allen to Mrs. Reed, they went to Alex's room to work on their homework until dinner was ready. After completing the homework, they sat and talked. Alex asked "What's the deal with Danny? I've seen him a couple of times, getting on your case pretty good."

"Oh, he just gets off picking on me. He's the reason I had to stay after school today! He likes to play the tough guy!" Allen told him.

After dinner, Allen got up, thanked Mrs. Reed for a wonderful dinner and helped clear the table. "You could learn some manners from your friend here, Alex. Seems that someone has raised him properly. It's very nice to see a young man with respect and manners in this day and age!" she said.

Alex then drove his friend home! "Thanks for the help, see you in school tomorrow," he said as he dropped Allen off at his home! "Thanks for dinner and the ride home Alex, see you tomorrow," Allen said, waving at his new friend.

When Allen got inside the house, Aunt Donna was waiting. She just stood there, hands on hips and staring at him. "Well, is there anything you'd like to tell me about school today?" she asked. "Why no, Aunt Donna, school was fine," Allen replied

“Then why did you have to stay after school?” she asked. (Danny already told her, that little snitch, Allen thought to himself.) “Oh yes , that. I’m sorry Aunt Donna, it was just a case of mistaken identity. I was in the boys room when someone threw a fire cracker in there and ran out. It scarred the you-know-what out of me and I ran out. As I came out of the door, I ran into Mr. Fry, coming in to see what happened. He thought that I did it because no one else was in there. (Actually, Danny waited patiently for Allen to go in there. He’d planned this all day.)

“I told him, Mr. Fry that is, what happened and he kept me after school, to ask more questions. A couple of other kids came by and told him they saw somebody running out just as the noise happened, but they didn’t know his name. I guess he believed me, because he let me go after only a few minutes, but by then I’d already missed the bus.” Allen did his best to explain.

“I just don’t know anymore, Allen. You seem so sweet and kind and thoughtful. You don’t appear to be a trouble maker. But lately, every single time there is trouble or a problem, you’re right there, right in the middle of it all,” she said, shaking her head. “I think maybe you need some quiet time. I think maybe spending the whole weekend as Alicia will make you think about what you’ve been doing lately,” said Donna.

“But Aunt Donna, I’m not doing anything. It isn’t fair, Plus this isn’t right, dressing me up as a girl. I’m a boy, I’m almost a man, for goodness sakes! What would anybody say if they ever saw me? It’s been hard enough for me to make friends here as it is. Something like this would ruin my life forever. I didn’t want to ever say this to you, but it’s Danny you need to be getting after, not me. He has resented me coming here since day one and has been doing everything possible to get me in trouble!” There I’ve said it, he told himself. “Plus, I really wanted badly to attend the football game tomorrow night at school!” he said.

“So, now you’re going to blame others for your actions. I’m very disappointed in you, Allen. I’m going to have to think about all of this. You had better think about not getting in trouble every five minutes then. You’re such a sweet young person, and if you want to be thought of and treated as such, try avoiding troublemakers,” she said.

He gave a sigh of relief. “Yes Ma'am. Thank you, Aunt Donna,” he said and walked over, raised up on his toes, kissed her goodnight and went to his bedroom, thinking this was all over now.

Danny stood just out of sight , listening carefully! “Damn it, the little weasel talked his way out of that one!” he said to himself.

The next morning, Danny waited until Allen walked out to catch the bus. He slipped into Allen’s room and messed up the bed, which had already been properly made. He threw some clothes around in a mess and dumped some papers on the floor by Allen’s desk. Next, he took some of his Mom’s panties, a bra, some nylons and one of her good skirt and blouse sets she wore to work and put them under Allen’s bed, leaving just a little bit showing. Then came his masterpiece. He’d picked up a book about transsexuals and put it in Allen’s desk drawer, but didn’t close it all the way. Finally, pleased with himself for being so cunning and clever, he slipped out unnoticed and ran to catch the school bus just pulling up.

At school, Alex found Allen and they stood, taking. Word had leaked out among the kids that Danny threw the fire cracker in the wash room and got Allen in trouble. Alex asked Allen if he was going to the game tonight. Allen said he thought so. "Good, a bunch of the kids are getting together afterwards at Tami Souters'. Do you want to go?" he asked. Allen hesitated "I...I'm...I'm not sure, Alex, Isn't this usually just the players and their girl friends? I don't want to make trouble," he said. "Hey, you're a classmate and friend and if you're with me, there will be no trouble," Alex said. "I want some of the other kids in our class to get to know you, You are a great guy and a good person, don't go selling yourself short. Give them a chance to meet the Allen I'm getting to know," Alex said to the very surprised, but flattered, young man."

Then, just as Allen started to turn into his classroom, he thought he just barely saw Alex grab Danny and pull him around the corner into another hallway. He quickly moved to the corner and, quietly, stood listening. He peeked around the corner to see Alex, holding Danny against the wall by his throat with one strong hand and warning him. "I don't know what you're all about. Or what you're up to, scumbag, but I'd better not catch you picking on Allen ever again. I know you've been trying to set him up and get him in trouble for some strange reason, but it stops today. You'd better knock it off, and I mean now! He's a really neat guy and a damned good person. You'd see that for yourself if you weren't such a dope. You're missing a chance to have a really good friend! People like Allen don't just come along every day. In spite of all the terrible things he has had happen to him, he is still a very caring person, a warm, sensitive really good guy. If you weren't such a jerk, you'd see that for yourself. You and your Mother are really all he has in the world; he cares about you and talks good about you, even after you've done all you can to screw him over. Well, I'm warning you right now, LAY OFF!" Alex warned . He let go of Danny "Now beat it, before I change my mind. And wise up, will ya."

Allen was scared and shocked at the same time. Nobody had ever stood up for him before. For that he was flattered, but now he was worried. Danny would be really embarrassed and pissed-off and take it out on him.

The rest of the school day was quiet. A couple of times, Allen was sure, Danny was staring at him, with daggers in his eyes. He could almost see the wheels turning. What would Danny do now? he wondered.

As Allen walked in the door after school, Aunt Donna was waiting again. "I guess our little talk did no good at all. Is that the case, Allen?" his Aunt Donna said in a not-so-pleasant tone.

"What do you mean, Aunt Donna? Sure it did and I'm trying to stay away from any troublemakers," he offered, not really knowing why he felt so guilty.

She stood and took him by the ear, pulling him into his own bedroom. "What do you call this?" She pointed to the pig sty that his room now appeared to be.

He was completely shocked; he knew he'd left his room spic-and-span. It looked awful now. What a mess! Why was someone setting him up like this? And who was doing it? Danny was at school with him. "Aunt Donna, I don't know what to tell you, but I promise you I made my bed and cleaned my room completely before school today.

Someone is trying very hard to discredit me in your eyes for some reason. I'm sorry, but I believe that it might be Danny!" Allen stated flatly.

Now she thought she had him. She knew that *she* didn't do this to his room and Danny was in school all day along with Allen and they left this morning on the bus together, so it sure looked like Allen did this and was blaming Danny to cover up. "Allen, Danny hasn't been home all day. So now, you're not only getting to be a problem child, but you're lying on top of it. I won't tolerate that in MY home. I won't have a liar or a thief in my house," she told him sternly. "So, seeing how you seem to behave so much better as Alicia, you've just earned yourself the whole weekend as Alicia," she told him.

"But Aunt Donna, I'm not lying, I never leave a mess and I didn't do this! Please believe me," he pleaded.

"Allen, getting in trouble is bad enough, lying about it to make yourself look good is worse and only makes me more disappointed and mad at you! This weekend will give you time to evaluate your behavior and think about what you have done," Aunt Donna said.

"Go ahead then, don't believe me if you don't want to, but I won't let you dress me up as a girl and make a freak out of me," he said defiantly.

"Is that right? Well, let me tell you something, young lady. This is *my* house, *my* rules and you are now *my* child, until you are of age. So you'll do whatever I tell you to do, period!" she warned him. With that, she grabbed his arm and pulled him up and over her knee. She pulled his pants down and literally tore his underwear off, exposing the two twin, white globes of his ass. She then began to spank his bare ass, each whack leaving a red hand imprint on the fleshy white skin. Allen was truly shocked at her strength. She continued until he lost his fight with his pain and strong will. He started sniffing, then sobbing and finally, he just let go and bawled like a baby.

Finally, when he thought she would never stop, she pulled him to his feet. "I love you too much to let you turn into a rough, tough problem child," she scolded him. She pulled him into the bathroom and pulled the rest of his clothes off. She stood him up and rubbed a smelly depilatory cream all over his tiny, thin body. Everywhere but on his head. She ordered him to stand still until she told him to move.

Donna sat there looking at the young boy with big sobbing tears running down his cheeks. She noticed how sweet and soft and almost girlish his facial features were. His whole body for that matter, but particularly his face; it was too pretty to be a boy's face. He looks so much like his mother, she thought. Then as she looked down, she was shocked. His breasts were quite swollen! Very noticeably so. Why hadn't she noticed this before? There was no mistake, his breasts were growing. "Come here, Alicia," she ordered. "What on earth have you done to yourself?" she asked, cupping one of the tits in the palm of her hand. It surprised her even more as it filled the cupped hand and was very firm! (Actually, it was the work of 8 weeks of strong female hormones, Danny had been busy, treating him with it daily, unbeknownst to anyone.)

"I haven't done anything, Aunt Donna. My chest has been swollen up a little over a week now and quite sore. I thought I pulled a muscle or bruised something wrestling with Danny a couple of times," he told her.

The color drained from his face. His worst fear was coming true. He knew something wasn't right lately. A couple of weeks ago he'd begun to feel soreness in his chest from time to time. Then last week, an itching started bothering him. It started just under each arm and traveled to his nipples, which, by the way, had begun to get darker and larger almost daily.

Donna, told him to step into the tub. She adjusted the water temperature and turned the shower hose on. She sprayed his body, washing the cream down the drain, along with all of Allen's body hair!

Donna washed him herself, again feeling and examining the shocking mounds of flesh now hanging from Allen's chest. She still could not imagine how she'd not noticed this before. She washed his long sandy brown hair, rinsing it and then shampooing it a second time, before adding a cream rinse with conditioners. She toweled him dry and dusted his body with a fragrant body talc. She helped him step into a pair of pink silk panties. Then she wrapped a towel around his long hair, twisted it, flipped it up and tucked the corner into the pile on top of his head. She left the room and returned moments later, carrying a small pink bra. "You're going to be needing one of these from now on. This has been around here for years. Left over from a swimming party. It will have to do until we can get you some of your own," she said, looking up into the frightened, tearstained eyes of frightened young Allen.

With that, she pulled the bra onto his arms and up into place, cupping the young perky breasts. She closed the snaps in back and adjusted the straps to give the most support. Even though confused and bewildered, Allen's chest stopped hurting as soon as the bra was in place and hooked, giving support to his new breasts.

Next, she sat Allen down and started plucking several eyebrow hairs out. She actually plucked more than she intended in an effort to even up the thin arched lines over each eye. Then she filed and shaped both his finger nails and toe nails, before painting them a bright shiny red and adding a second coat as soon as they dried. As he sat waiting for the nails to dry, she went to work on his very first makeover, starting with his beautiful eyes. She colored his very feminine arched eye brows, then added dark eye liner to his top and bottom eye lids. She added a pinkish shadow to his upper eyelids. Then she applied a lip pencil to trace his full pouty lips before painting on a red lip cream with a brush, filling in the lines and adding gloss. She finished his makeup with a little blusher, which she added to each cheek.

Before she started on his hair, she got a needle out, then sterilized it before putting some ice on each ear and piercing Allen's ears, not once but twice. Then she inserted a pair of small diamond studs in the upper hole and a small gold hoop in the lower hole of each ear. It was over before he could object to the feminine additions to his body.

Donna then brushed and blew dry his shoulder-length long hair. She scribed a line across the top front, combed the hair forward and cut straight across at eye level, forming perfect bangs. She continued to brush and dry the rest of his long hair. Then she pulled it back tight and put it in a ponytail, high on the back of his head. She banded it there, then put blue and gold ribbons around it (their School colors) and tied a bow. Next, she fanned the hair out wide and brushed it out, letting it fall down his back. Donna took out her hot curling iron and added several long bouncy curls to his

hair. Next, she took Allen into his bedroom. He'd still not seen himself in the mirror yet.

On his bed was a blue pleated miniskirt and a gold hand-knitted pullover sweater. Donna first pulled on a silky cami, followed by panty hose. Then the sweater and skirt. Next, she brought out some lacy little white socks and a pair of black flats with a strap across the top which buckled on the side.

She pulled Allen to his feet and walked him to the mirror. Nothing on earth could have prepared him for the feelings and thoughts which flooded his mind as his eyes focused on the reflection in the mirror and his mind tried to grasp what the eyes were seeing. He was speechless, to say the least. He could barely comprehend the vision of feminine softness that stared back at him.

By the time all of this amazing transformation took place, it was 6:30 PM. It was at this time, while Allen was still trying to adjust to this confusing and shocking event, that Aunt Donna brought on an even bigger shock.

"Well, don't you look absolutely beautiful! I just knew that you would, you really exceeded my expectations. Oh well, we'd better hurry or we'll be late!" she said matter-of-factly.

"Late? Late for what? Oh no! Please, Aunt Donna, please don't tell me we're going to leave the house with me looking like Miss Suzy Cheerleader!" Allen pleaded with her.

"OK," Donna said, playing him. He sighed in relief. "Here, you can wear this jacket and here is a purse with your I.D. and personal things," she said, smiling. "Let's get started or we'll miss the kick off. And didn't you mention your boy friend plays on the team? Plus, I think I remember you mentioning a party after the game at someone's house?" she teased him, watching for his reaction. He looked pale and drained, as if he was about to pass out. He was having trouble breathing.

"I...I...I can't move. I won't go. I'd rather die!" he flatly stated, holding on to the arms of the chair defiantly.

Donna was patient and calm. She thought for a few moments, then slowly walked over and pinched each of the very tender and sore nipples on Allen's breasts between her fore finger and thumb. She began to apply lots of pressure. He yelled out, immediately. "Ouuuuuuuuuuuuch!"

She continued the assault on the tender tips. "Get up and get moving or I'll pinch the little tips right off!" she warned him.

Fear and pain filled his mind and brain. He slowly got to his feet against his own will and moved towards the door. When they were on the front porch, Donna closed and locked the door behind them. It was a cool fall evening. Autumn filled the night air. Donna held the jacket open for Alicia and he slowly put his arms into the sleeves. "There now, you look adorable! Let's hurry. If you're too late, it will be like making a grand entrance to the fancy ball. People all staring as they must move or stand to let you in!" she teased. "Come Alicia, get a move on. Don't make me hurt your tender little titties any more tonight!" Donna warned.