Not According to Plan: But if you’re lucky it might work out anyway…

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Oh god… why did I have to doll myself up like this? A wig should’ve been enough, so why did I have to choose extensions that perfectly blend with my own hair? Water balloons or a even pair of balled-up socks would’ve done the trick, so why the heck did I have to go and buy these fancy-ass breast forms that look and feel so real?

All I wanted to do was walk around the block… so what was the point of shaving my legs and going to all that trouble with my makeup? Why was it so goddamn important to look like a genuine girl? Sure, you don’t wanna be outed as a guy wearing women’s clothing, but it was nearly dark and there was no one around. Just stroll down the street, do a little window shopping, like I’m a salesgirl on her way home from work, then straight back to the apartment and no one’s the wiser. I didn’t need to go to all this trouble, to become this much of a woman. I wasn’t planning to talk to anyone, much less let them pull me into a van, gag me and tie me up like this. That was so not the plan.

Now what am I gonna do? These guys think I’m a real girl. They gagged me before I could say anything. Probably wouldn’t have believed me anyway; I sound kinda femme even when I’m not wearing pantyhose, a short skirt and a cute pair of Moschino pumps. Oh hell… they’re gonna find out sooner or later, right? Why else would they take me if it wasn’t to… Jesus, they’re going to… I can’t believe this… I’ve never even done it as a guy and now I’m gonna…

Maybe… is there a chance… they won’t be able to tell? This thing I glued between my legs is supposed to allow intercourse, but does that mean it’ll feel like a real juicebox? Maybe it will if they’re in a hurry. Or if they like doing it back-door, maybe they won’t even notice…

I could tell them I’m having my period. That might put them off—at least from normal sex, but they’d probably go deep throat on me instead. Could I really do that? Suck a guy off? I guess if my life depended on it. Lots of real girls do it.

Maybe I should pretend to be totally into whatever they want me to do. That might make them less likely to hurt me, and more likely to let me go after they get what they want. I do look like the kind of girl who’s into kinky stuff, so all I have to do is make it sound real.

It might not be so bad. They’re in good shape and pretty clean-cut, so as long as they treat me like a regular woman—

Surprise! Happy birthday, bro! I’ll bet you didn’t see that one coming, did ya? These guys are buddies of mine from the team. Everyone knows you cross-dress, so I figured this’d be a fun way to get you to the party. I knew you’d never dare to dress up for us on your own, but we’ve all been dying to meet your better half, so for the rest of the night we’re just gonna pretend you’ve always been a girl and go from there. Hey, whaddya know… I got me a pretty little kid sister now!

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