

To The Loser Goes...



Annie Warren

A "Young Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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To The Loser Goes...

By Annie Warren

Who can say where the follies of Man come from or where they will lead? Even though I took part in one of those follies, it is definitely not for me to try to answer that question, for I am neither a philosopher or a sage. It changed things not only for me and for my high school, but also probably even for my city... for a long time to come. I'll tell you what I can about it and what happened. Some I heard from rumor, some was told to me, some was "on good authority," but for the most part it just happened to me and those involved in my life. But, to tell this tale of the race, and more so the racer, we must go back a number of years, back to when I was a junior at West High. It starts in folly and hasn't ended yet, at least not for me. But, now... the tale.

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No one, it seems, goes through an academic career without being involved at some level or other in some sort of school rivalry somewhere along the line (unless your school does not participate in any inter-school “extracurricular” activities). If at some time in your life you got loaded up with “school spirit,” then you will most likely also have taken an active part in some aspect of them too. For sure, rivalries between high schools are nothing new. In the ‘big leagues’ (i.e. college) they are called “competition” or some such where each college has its “main competitor” (read here “arch rival”). But for high schools the levels of maturity are lower (as you’d expect); at least, I would suppose so in terms of the students.

For high schools it is no longer “just” plain competition between schools but is this almost war-like sort of thing where two schools constantly try to top each other, where neither really gains nor loses a thing other than their prestige in their own eyes. To the world at large, it is nothing more than a whole bunch of silliness of a petty nature played out by “children” over trifles. Within the schools, however, nothing could be more serious. . .

But rivalries are always heightened when the schools are in cities that lie adjacent to each other,

close enough that even the city governments dispute city limits between them. Then it can become a case of “civic pride” or “civic disgrace” (for the losers). Then it is also that a rivalry can become almost as serious a business as the party system in politics. Whole cities can get behind *their* schools and root them on to victory (or gnash their teeth and shake their fists, if they lose). Remember, these are “city” reactions... based on KIDS...

Such was the case that we shall look at. In our city was East High and in our close neighbor’s (like city limits right next to city limits) was West High. Naturally these aren’t the real names, nor are the other names. Shame, whether real or imagined, can be a fearsome thing! Now, I won’t say that these two schools were the only high schools in the area, but they were the largest and were, to put it mildly, arch rivals by their own choice.

Rivals in high schools generally tend to say “we are better” (said equally strongly on both sides, of course). You’ll hear it echoed whenever the members of the two opposing sides, or sometimes even just allies thereof, get together. It is sort of reminiscent of the Montagues and Capulets in *Romeo and Juliet*, only here it was school wide, including the faculty, stem to stern, pillar to post. Got the picture? So then, what was the root? How did this particular incident start?

In this case, simply stated, the offending statement or dare rose originally from some of the athletes, spread somehow to coaches, and eventually got to the principal and then in some inexplicable manner managed to make its way to the respective school boards. Each level it climbed, the more strongly it was put and, of course, the more resolutely. Thus it was that when it came out in the board meetings, it then got to the press who, eager to get a good story on a drab day news-wise, fanned the fires to an even hotter flame. Each town had its own newspaper, each of which carried its own version. All conditions were ripe for disaster, one way or the other.

The final result of the name calling and all was in the form of a bet, a bet on, of all things, "sissiness." And, to make things worse, it was not in terms of a wager on a football game or a baseball game or even on basketball or hockey. It was on a track and field event. How dumb can you get?

The result of the bet was to be a sort of winner-take-all. The flames of this "competition" had been fanned to a fever pitch, so much so that not only did the whole school get into the "spirit" but both communities managed to emotionally invest in it to a surprising degree.

So, the winners would, as you would expect, take the accolades, but what about the losers? What was the heroic, manly spur for each of the teams to do so much better than the other? Remember, this is track and field where the spindly, the small (but fleet of foot or agile) usually congregate. These aren't the bulky football players nor the muscular baseball nor the tall basketball players. Are you ready for the silliest of sillies? The team, the WHOLE team, that lost were to be designated as "official sissies" and had to wear dresses as a sign of their "true nature."

Now, how is that for a macho he-man type spur to get the necessary "above and beyond the call of duty" drive? How it got by the feminists at school, I'll never know. The feminist faction should have called an abrupt stop to the whole fracas and shut it all down! Instead, they, along with the rest of the school, faculty and students, seemed to have been swept up in the wind of rivalry, perhaps thinking for sure that it was the other team that was going to have to face that factor and not our beloved team. Thus they did nothing to counter the actions that were to take place. They just never seemed to realize how much of an effrontery it was to the women to have this put-down of a team couched in pseudo femininity! But it did, and they were stuck with it afterwards.

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You kind of have to live in smallish communities to know how these things can happen. And so it stood — with the whole school and the community as a whole seemingly also in on the bet. The coaches taunted us as a bunch of weak girls, even occasionally pointing out the physiological differences in strength and such. Maybe that is where the feminists got their licks in or at least the thinning of the stereotypes that were being thrust at us. A lot of the girls seemed to taunt us too, despite the inherent sexism of the whole farce. Julia, my steady girl friend, taunted me personally by finger curling my long light brown, almost blond hair, saying how cute it would look in curls. I told her to knock it off, we weren't going to lose.

She smiled at me, saying that I shouldn't be too sure of myself. Actually she was following instructions, so to say, that had been put out in the school paper to "help the team" have a bit more drive! She had already gotten together several what she called "cute outfits" in my size. The girlfriends of the team members had been instructed to do so by the school paper. It was to be up to the mothers of the members, if any member did not have a girl friend, to do this preparation. I had even heard that some of my loner teammates' mothers were actually giving their

sons the extra “drive” by borrowing clothes from some of their friends! With the school spirit running as high as it was, this was an effective “lever” to try to get the team to “cooperate,” should there be any reticence on their part to put out maximum effort. It was just one more point of pressure to try to drive the team members into action above and beyond what they were already putting out.

With the taunting, public and private, collective and individual, the team naturally tried extra hard. We heard that East was doing exactly the same thing with the same tactics. Anything we published in our paper was mimed by their school paper; likewise, any additional spur published in theirs would show up the next day in ours. Then they would show up in the communities’ papers. The phrase “mass psychosis” might be applicable here. It would be a set of contests not to be missed.

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How did I get into all of this? Well, as you no doubt have already figured out, I was on the track team. I was the star runner of the team, the anchor-man, so to say. I was on the varsity first string team even though I was just a junior. I was small with excellent coordination and, above all, speed. I was the

key that they knew they could rely on, and I had the confidence to match theirs!!

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The track meet was set for a Friday and, as promised, it was good. The teams were actually very closely matched. The lead went back and forth in a seesawing motion with members of both teams exerting themselves often to the edge of total exhaustion! At the beginning of the last event, the whole works was tied up. This match would really settle it, or if I were to lose, it would go to them. But, this was my race.

I'm sure some of you have had pressure applied to you, but try to imagine the pressures that were on me! The team, the school, yeah, the whole community were watching me closer than a flock of hungry birds who all simultaneously spot one succulent worm crawling out of its hole. And it would all have been ok had it not been for an accident, a slip. It could have happened to anybody but it happened to me, and therein starts the rest of the tale that brings me to where I am now.

The contest was between their best runner, a varsity senior who really was very good, and me. We were out ahead of the rest of the runners and I was comfortably ahead of him when it happened. I still

don't know just what really happened. Was I pushed? Was I tripped? Or did I just make a dumb blunder? All that I know is that somehow my foot came down wrong and I felt shooting pains run up and down my leg which collapsed, sending me tumbling to the ground very unceremoniously! Their best runner, I forget his name, then went on past me. He was good enough to make it an easy win for them.

Needless to say, I was out of the running. And... our arch rivals won that race and with it, the whole match. I had managed to crash and burn, as it were, on the field of combat. And in crashing I had not only lost the race but, in the eyes of everyone there it seemed, had lost the war. At the time, however, I was not thinking of such aspirations as winning or losing any race, I was writhing in pain on the field, as the team aid man came up to me. My right leg was afire with pain. Where it did not hurt, it seemed to have become numb!

What I didn't know was that the school doctor and principal, chums and "loyal" sports boosters from way back were conferring about me at that moment. They had sat in a box together to enjoy the win but now were livid with anger. The result could be summarized in the doctor's comment. "The sissy blew it. If he wants to be a sissy, then we'll take him to the hospital for an examination and make him a

real one!” The principal nodded emphatically in agreement adding, “Right, George. I’ll back you all the way!”

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Meanwhile, I was taken off the field on a stretcher. I was in serious pain. I didn’t care what had happened at that point; all I wanted was to relieve the pain in my leg. When I finally saw the doctor, I was in the infirmary. He examined my leg briefly and none too gently, concluding that there was a possible fracture and that he’d have to take me to the hospital for x-rays to be sure. Thus, while still in pain since he did not give me anything, I was hustled off to the hospital, put in a hospital gown, and pushed around on a wheelchair to the x-ray department where I ended up staring at a blank wall in some remote, boring waiting area.

I waited there for an awfully long time, of course lengthened by the pain. When Caligula finally came back to me, a nurse wheeled me into an examination room. Hanging the x-rays up on a lighted panel, he then pointed to various patches of gray in them, pointing out a hairline crack (that I couldn’t see) and something about ligaments. He named several that I could neither remember nor recognize. The result of it all was that I was to be put into a foot

cast for a period of 6 weeks along with some daily medications, pain killers and muscle relaxants to begin with. He did something behind my right hip that felt like a shot but was not, I'm sure. It felt altogether strange and stung for a while. Only much later did I learn that it was some kind of an implant.

He followed that with some shots that made me go more or less numb. At least I did not care about anything anymore for a while. I was reduced to a bag of bones with no will, desire, or purpose. While I was in this state, he put the cast on my leg. In applying it, however, he arched my foot rather severely to such an angle that in essence I would be walking on my toes within the cast, if I tried to walk on that leg. The toes, however, were bent forward, as if I actually were on tip toe, and protruded through an opening that he left at the end of the cast. I could feel the freedom of my toes, but could not see them. Finally, at the very end of the cast below my toes he put on a sizable rubber "foot" that increased the length even further. Soon the plaster was set and from just below the knee to my pointing tippy toes was a solid, rigid mass of plasticized bandages.

During this time, whenever he talked to me, he addressed me as "my dear" or "young lady." Normally that would have upset me greatly, but in the state of mind that I was in and out of, nothing mat-

tered. He continued his examination, taking an inordinate amount of time with my ears.

As I was beginning to come out of it (slowly), who should show up but Mom. Oddly, she had some of her nightwear with her. My hospital gown was summarily removed after I pulled up a very lacy pair of pink panties. The gown was replaced by a very lacy, filmy, full-length night gown. It was followed by an equally filmy and lacy peignoir. That again was followed by a pink house coat with three-quarter lace-trimmed sleeves. It reached only about to mid thigh, leaving much filmy lace hanging out below it. Still in a muddled state of non-mind, wearing my mother's nightgown, peignoir, and house coats, I was put into a wheelchair with my leg held straight out and with that lacy gown fluttering all about, visible for all to see. Most of the people we passed looked and some looked again in a double take. In this state I was wheeled down the hall and out to our car where I was installed with the immobility of the cast and all, in the back seat.

By the time I got home I was still far from being myself; I wondered greatly at what was going on. There, waiting for my arrival and to help me get out of the car was Julia, my dear girlfriend Julia. I could have been really embarrassed to be seen by her in Mom's lacy lingerie and house coat but I didn't yet really care; besides, I had no choice in the matter.



When she opened the car door, she greeted me with a cheery “Hi!” as if my present clothing was nothing out of the ordinary and that all she wanted to do was help me to the house. They practically had to carry me in. At that point I could not really walk. When my left foot was flat on the ground, the foot end of the cast was off away from it at a crazy angle, too far away to bear any weight. If that foot was down, then my other foot had to be on tip toe to even reach the ground, an awkward position at best.

But it was into the house with me and to bed with some more medication after removing the house coat and the peignoir but thankfully not the gown what with Julia there. Oh, Julia and I had had heavy petting sessions and knew all about each other’s bodies, but not with Mom present! The medication was a sedative that put me to sleep, to sleep off whatever it was that the doctor had given me to put me under and away from reality.

Around dinner time, I was awakened by Julia. After the short nap, I was now much more clear-minded though still confused, and told that I would have to keep moving so that my muscles did not deteriorate. When I said I could not walk in the cast, Julia’s simple solution was to produce a woman’s left high-heeled pump with at least a four-inch heel. She applied a pedisock to my foot; then the shoe slipped easily and firmly onto it. It

gave my ankle a strange angle but fit reasonably well, all things considered. Mom put the peignoir back on me. It gave me a limited additional coverage but seemed to be all that I could put on since none of my usual clothes seemed to be anywhere in sight.

I clambered out of bed and stood awkwardly for the first time since the accident. They held me at first but then released me when I found that I could stand, albeit wobbly. Moving, however, was another question. Instead of a crutch, they gave me a cane. I found that with their help, the cane, and the high-heeled shoe which evened out the difference between the cast and my left foot, I could move reasonably well. Besides the dulled pain and the awkwardness and the lingerie (if all of that were not enough), the thing that bothered me most was that they only referred to me as “Nancy,” no matter what I said about it.

The first thing that I had to do was go to the bathroom. That was an experience—or set of experiences. In the bathroom I looked in the mirror and found out why the doctor had spent so much time with my ears. While I had been in the stupor, he had double pierced them, placing some studs with large, very evident balls of bright colors in the holes. I had not felt them or thought of feeling for them but could not miss seeing them now. I also knew that

anyone else who looked at me would not be very likely to miss them!

The second experience was using the commode. Julia left us at that point (thank goodness). Mom told me that whatever I did in the bathroom I must do sitting down, to avoid any chance of accidents. It was awkward but by putting my cast up on the bathtub or off to one side I could sit reasonably well. All in all it was an awkward as well as an educational experience, but I was successful though embarrassed. My mind was now functioning but still somewhat muddled. Like walking through a light fog, you see everything but not clearly!

After eating, I had a long practice session with the high heel and the cane to increase my freedom and mobility. It was odd, to say the least, looking down at the pointed toe of my high-heeled shoe on the one side and the white of my cast on the other foot. Julia and Mom were there to help and give suggestions. I then went back to bed where I was given more medication and fell sleep, leaving them to discuss me and my plight and, more importantly, my immediate future.

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On Saturday when I awoke, it was really strange. I was in pain, couldn't move my foot, and

yet felt the softness of the gown I had slept in. I was still tired, like I hadn't had good night's sleep. So I lay there, trying to reconstruct all that had gone on the day before, but with difficulty. Finally, after the third or fourth go-through, Mom came in and got me up.

Although I was an invalid, I was given no real rest. The harsh realities, the results of my accident, as well as the fact that my accident had lost a school-wide (if not city-wide) bet, were beginning to set in

All of my usual clothes had simply disappeared as if they had never existed. In their place were some girl's clothes; skirts, some very feminine blouses, some colorful dresses, and a whole bunch of soft nylon underwear. Mom explained that since **I** had lost the meet (not our *team* but *me*; I *personally* had lost the meet), that I had to do my part in the fulfillment of the bet. She said all of that with a wide grin, adding that she now had a chance to see what it would have been like to have had a daughter instead of a son and that she was going to take *full* advantage of it.

Julia had supplied most of the clothing. By the terms of the bet, I was to be fully dressed as a girl and there was no way out of it. As it was, it would either be that or be naked. Certain allowances were to

be made for the fact that my one foot was in a cast. This allowance was granted partially due to the fact that my cast was toe pointing. It meant that my one “free” (and functional) foot was allowed to be clad in a luscious (Julia’s term) high-heeled shoe, a “bonus.” There was a bit of jealousy in that the heel of my shoe was higher than highest that she or any of the other school girls could wear to school. The principal, in consultation with the doctor, of course, had mandated that that was what I was to wear. He had passed it on to my mother shortly after the race so that she would have time to get the proper shoes. Well, you can’t buy just one.

Since I couldn’t go naked and was still very awkward with that foot cast, Mom assisted me as I dressed for the first time in those alien clothes. For sure, I rued the making of that idiotic bet in the first place, but we low-level peons don’t have much to say about such “higher echelon” decisions. But, since it had been lost, I knew that we would have to pay the debt. Besides, it was for only a week anyway, right?

I finally got up. Beside my bed I found a high-heeled slipper that fit me and my cane. Mom supervised my walk to the bathroom as I seemed to be wading through that sea of lace of the gown and peignoir. There I repeated the previous night’s activities, awkward though it was. When I went back out

into my bedroom, there she was waiting for me with my togs for the day. I had to take off the peignoir and the gown and the last vestige of cover, the panties beneath. I was awkwardly naked.

I know she's my Mom, but it was embarrassing to be naked before her. She first put on an extremely tight waist nipper, a cincher that drew my normally slender male waist strongly in even further than what I had considered to be its normal minimum girth. She then helped me pull up a pair of lacy, pink, extremely feminine panties to cover my nakedness. On top of this she then put on a "shaping" panty girdle. It was also very tight but had padding at my butt and hips to give me the contours that a girl has and a boy doesn't. It also compressed any trace of my boyness to invisibility. When I protested, she said that it would make the clothes fit more naturally and would also eliminate any problems of my maleness showing in any of the tighter skirts. It had two garters on the left; the right ones had been removed.

She opened up a package of nylons and put one on my left leg, showing me how to bunch it up and roll it onto my leg. When it was securely attached to the garters of the padded panty girdle, it felt quite strange, especially when I moved my leg and felt the hose adjust itself up and down my leg. Fitting on the

black, shiny pump with the four-inch heel, she was done with my lower half.

I balked seriously when she held up a bra and started to put it on me. When she saw that she was not going to succeed, she gave me a stern, no-nonsense lecture on what had gone before, what I had done, and what was expected of me. I was beaten back, so to say, and allowed the dressing to continue.

She threaded my arms through the bra straps, hooked it in back, then adjusted the shoulder straps. To give it the proper shape, the cups were stuffed with cotton and my flat chest suddenly bulged forth. Next came a slip, a full slip with an awful lot of lace. It fell to mid-thigh, ending just below the top of my hose. Over all of this came a dress. I wanted very much to protest, but knew that any and all protests would fall on deaf ears. The dress was sleeveless with a V neckline. At my shoulders some of the straps of my lingerie showed but Mom simply and deftly tucked them under the shoulder straps of my dress. It was dark red with a lot of soft cloth that moved very easily. When I looked down, I saw the two mounds on my chest, the billowing of the dress's skirt and, if I moved one out, one or the other of my feet but not both at the same time. Fulfilling the bet, I had been dressed as a girl. But it did not end there.