

*Caught between a rock and a
high-heel
A tg tale by ds1000*



41 Illustrations

Caught between a rock and a high heel

Illustrated TG tale of crossdressing and feminization

Written by ds1000

41 Artistic Images by ds1000

Kieron Walsh, a nomadic soul searching for a place to belong, unexpectedly begins on a journey of self-discovery and metamorphosis when circumstances compel him to adopt the role of an office girl. Cloaked in short skirts and towering heels, Kieron transforms into Kiera, a surprisingly convincing woman. As he delves into the uncharted territory of femininity, his calculating boss, Mr. Watkins, cultivates a dangerous infatuation. Mistaking Kieron as a transgender woman, Watkins pushes him further down the road to womanhood.

As Kieron's alter ego Kiera carves a place in his consciousness, he confronts love, deception, and the intricacies of identity. Entangled in a complicated bond with a woman named Becca, Kieron grapples with the challenge of self-realization while pursuing a sense of belonging in this captivating TG tale of love, power, and transformation.

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Chapter 01

With a sidelong glance at the bar, Kieron found himself contemplating whether it was too soon for another drink. Normally, the young Irish lad with a penchant for a good time wouldn't hesitate, especially given it was a free bar that evening. However, Mimi had already made some remarks, and he didn't want to risk pushing her buttons further.

The captivating woman in the little red dress clinging to his arm that evening was Mimi. While not officially his girlfriend, they were currently living together. Kieron had encountered her during his travels in Italy, and although he typically steered clear of older women and relationships for that matter, Mimi's alluring physique and financial stability were hard to resist. Meanwhile, Kieron's own finances were less than stellar. A seasoned traveller, in the past year, his nomad existence had taken him from farm work in Australia to housesitting in Mexico, but with the inheritance from his late grandfather had long been squandered on drugs and partying, he had found himself at something of a loss. Desperate, he had appeared at Mimi's doorstep, red rose in hand. They'd been inseparable ever since even if the arguing had become a daily event.

Feeling Mimi's elbow prod him through the oversized suit borrowed from her brother, Keiron saw her eyes lock onto someone across the room. "Hey, that's my boss," she murmured in his ear. "She's coming over. Be nice and don't embarrass me, okay?" Her voice held a hint of tension.

"I'm always nice," Kieron drawled in his thick Irish accent, draping his arm around Mimi's shoulder. "Women love me. Mi ma always says that I'm a born charmer."



"Just don't say anything..." Mimi whispered urgently, only to be cut off by the arrival of her boss, Malory.

"Malory!" Mimi exclaimed, stepping forward to greet the woman with a friendly hug. "You look stunning tonight. I adore your shoes—so chic!"

"Why, thank you, Mimi. That's very kind of you," Malory, Mimi's direct supervisor, responded. "And who is this dashing young man? I didn't know you were dating again."

"Well, I... um..." Mimi stammered, but was interrupted.

"Kieron Walsh," the young Irishman declared, extending his hand. "Glad to meet ya. Great party you be having here. That wine is top-notch."

Kieron's self-assured demeanour piqued Malory's curiosity. She shook his hand with a hint of reservation and decided she wanted to learn more about her underling's mysterious new boy toy. "That accent—Irish, am I right?" she asked, a smile gracing her ruby-red lips.

"Yes, ma'am," Kieron replied with a smile, addressing the elegantly dressed brunette before him. "Born and raised."

"I knew it!" Malory declared with a triumphant grin. "I've always had a knack for recognizing accents. It's a gift. Northern Ireland, right?"

"Well, Irish is a pretty easy one to spot," Kieron quipped, chuckling loudly without noticing Malory's shifting expression. "Southern Ireland, actually - the country itself. Just outside Cork, if you're familiar?" His laughter halted abruptly as Mimi jabbed him in the ribs, this time with more force.

"So, you're quite the wine aficionado, are you?" Malory asked, her tone now sharp. "Do you have a favourite?"

"Nah, wine's wine in my book. If it doesn't taste like swill, I'll drink it, right Mimi?" Kieron proclaimed, his voice louder than necessary, followed by another self-amused chuckle.

Visibly flustered, Mimi raised a hand to cover her mouth. "Please excuse him, Malory. He's had a bit too much to drink tonight."

"I have not," Kieron retorted, turning to face Mimi. "You always do that - say I've had too much to drink when I've barely touched a sip. I'm just trying to have some fun here. You remember fun, right?"

Sensing a potential scene unfolding at her party, Malory interjected to redirect the conversation. "Speaking of fun, you're both coming to the Halloween party next weekend, right? It's going to be quite the event—much bigger than last year."

"I don't know," Kieron replied, looking puzzled. "Will there be alcohol there?"

"Of course we're coming," Mimi quickly interjected. "We wouldn't miss it for the world. I know how much effort you've put in, Malory."

"It's no trouble at all, dear," Malory said, her smile reappearing. "I know Halloween isn't as big here in England as it is back home, but we're an American company with the budget, so why not go all out, I say."

Forcing a smile, Kieron nodded his head, wisely deciding to keep his opinions about corporate greed and consumer manipulation to himself. Sensing the conversation had reached its conclusion and with other guests seeking her attention, Malory seized the opportunity to slip away, leaving Mimi fuming.

"We're not actually going to that party, are we?" Kieron asked as soon as Malory vanished into the crowd. "Can you imagine dressing up in some silly costume just to prove you're not a boring old git? No, thank you," he added, laughing at his own joke and failing to notice Mimi's scowl. "I'm going to get another drink. Want anything, Mimi?"

"Stop right there," Mimi growled, grabbing Kieron's arm firmly. "We're going, and you're going to wear a costume and be happy about it. Otherwise, you can take your ratty old backpack and get the hell out of my life."

"Whoa, baby. Calm down. There's no need to be hasty," Kieron murmured, suddenly concerned that his comfortable life might be at risk. "I was only joking around. I love Halloween, really. I once dressed up as a ninja back in college. Had a grand old time that night."

"So, you'll come?" Mimi inquired, her tone softening.

"Of course I will, baby. If it's important to you, then it's important to me," Kieron said, attempting to sound sincere.

"And you'll wear a costume?" Mimi pressed.

"Yeah, whatever you want, beautiful," Kieron replied, cringing inwardly at the thought of the embarrassing photos Mimi was sure to capture.

"Oh, thank you, baby," Mimi cooed, leaning over to peck Kieron on the cheek. "We're going to be the best-dressed couple there. I just know it!"

Nodding his head, Kieron decided not to argue further. The party was still a week away, and a lot could change in that time. "You're the best dressed wherever you go, babe. Now, what do you want to drink?"



"I can't do this anymore!" Mimi screamed, shoving Kieron forcefully in the chest. "You're just a child! It was a mistake letting you come here!"

Furious, Kieron clenched his hands into fists. "A child?! I'm not the one being irrational!" he shouted back. "It's an important game, and I've already arranged to meet Mark at the pub. What's the big deal if I get to the party a bit later?"

"You won't have time to get into costume," Mimi yelled. "And who the hell is Mark, anyway? Is he more important to you than me?"

"Baby, listen, of course he's not," Kieron said, trying to pacify the infuriated woman. "I met him while traveling in Guatemala this spring. He's a great guy. He really was a good friend back then. He's only in town for a short time, so I'm just going to catch up with him for an hour or two while we watch the rugby. It's no big deal. I'll make it to your party. I promise."

"No big deal?" Mimi shrieked, pushing Kieron into a wall. "I knew I should've listened to my friends when they said you were a loser. I knew you'd be unreliable! Fine! Go watch your little game if it's that important to you. But find somewhere else to sleep tonight."

"What the hell!" Kieron yelled, rubbing his sore shoulder where it had painfully collided with the wall. "I'm out of here." Snatching his hat from the kitchen table, he stormed past Mimi and bolted out the front door. "She'll calm down," he mumbled to himself as the afternoon wind chilled his face. "And if not, to hell with her. Plenty more fish in the sea, as they say."



To call the game disappointing would be an understatement. Leading throughout, Ireland had somehow lost to Wales after they scored a dramatic last-second try.

Now slumped on his stool, six pints and too many unnecessary shots deep, a disheartened Kieron checked his messages, only to curse loudly.

"You alright there, mate?" Mark inquired from a bar stool over.

"That witch!" Kieron yelled, his eyes still glued to the screen of his phone.

Curious to see what was happening, Mark leaned over to get a better look at the video playing on his friend's phone. What he saw made his jaw drop. He saw Mimi smiling and shouting about how she should have done this weeks ago and how she was better than him. Behind her was a bin with flames billowing out!

"That's your girl, is it?" Mark asked as his inebriated mind tried to piece together what was happening. "What's she doing?"

"She's having a meltdown. That's what!" Kieron cried, shaking with anger. "The crazy woman has torched my backpack."

"What? No way! That's messed up, man," Mark said, sounding dumbfounded. "With all your stuff inside?"

"I'm guessing so," Kieron replied in a quieter voice. "Damn! I knew she was a little crazy, but not this crazy!" He lamented as his situation began to sink in. On top of having nowhere to sleep that night, he had just watched all his worldly belongings burn to ashes.

"What will you do now, mate?" Mark asked, placing his hand on his buddy's shoulder.

"I don't know, man. Drink! Drown my sorrows!" Trying to show a brave face, he forced a smile and chuckled aloud.

"But where will you stay tonight? It's cold out there, man! I'd offer you a place, but as you know, I fly out later tonight."

"I know, buddy," Kieron said, smiling at his friend. "I know you'd sort me out if you could. But c'est la vie. Let's get another round in. Barman, two more of the same and two shots of Jameson's, good sir."

With Mark slumped in his seat, a lost-looking Kieron stared blankly at the bearded man preparing the drinks before tapping his card to pay.

"But seriously, man. What will you do?" Mark asked after slamming down his whisky and washing away the taste with a sip of Guinness. "Can you make things up with her?"

Kieron quickly swivelled to look at his friend in disbelief. "Make things up! Are you mad? Did you not see what she just did to my backpack?"

"I saw, mate," Mark replied with a nod. "But from what you said earlier, you don't really care about this girl much anyway, right? You also said that she was rich. So, the way I see it. Why not patch things up with her and then get her to replace all your stuff? In a few days, you can move on with your head held high."

It was a solid plan, and after taking a few moments to think it through, Kieron was warming to the idea. She would be racked with guilt. He could probably get a whole set of slick new duds out of her if he played his cards right. That would show the bitch!

"Mark, I freakin' love you, man," Kieron cried as he jumped to his feet. Reaching over, he grasped Mark's chubby face with both hands before kissing him loudly on the forehead.

"You're off then?" Mark asked, surprised by the sudden burst of energy from his friend.

"Yeah, if your plan is going to work, I need to get dressed up," Kieron answered before downing the rest of his pint before snatching his hat from beside the empty glass. "Let's catch up next time were both in Ireland."

"Dressed up?" Mark asked, tilting his head to one side as he watched his friend start walking away. "What do you mean by dressed up?"

Kieron scoffed. "Ah, that's not important. Just something I got to do, mate," he answered while giving his friend smile. "Call it a means to an end. Take care, buddy."



As Kieron stumbled out of the pub, he paused to steady himself. The world outside seemed to spin, and his legs felt unsteady. "Must have drunk more than I thought," he slurred, leaning against the wall for support.

"Come on, Kieron lad! Pull it together," he exclaimed, giving himself a few brisk slaps to the face. He fumbled for his phone in his pocket, recalling the address Mimi had sent him earlier that week - some fancy transformation salon her company had booked to prep guests for the party.

"Six thirty," Kieron read aloud, checking the time. If he hurried, he'd make it there before Mimi. Her joy at seeing him, combined with his irresistible charm, would undoubtedly lead to forgiveness. But first, he needed to reach the salon, which was a solid forty-five-minute journey away. He sighed, shaking his head. The night ahead loomed with challenges, but he'd endure if it meant a warm bed and putting Mimi in her place.

Chapter 02

After stumbling past the entrance three times, Kieron finally pressed the intercom button, still unsure if he had found the right location. In his inebriated state, he wavered in the inconspicuous doorway, which showed no clear indication that a business operated inside. The only clue was a sticker above the intercom labelled "CTB," presumably standing for Costume Transformation Boutique.

Breathless from rushing, Kieron leaned against the wall, his exhaustion setting in. He pondered what awaited him inside the nondescript, five-story building. Had Mimi already started preparing for the party? Was the appointment under her name or her company's? He knew he'd have to finesse his way in - his plan hinged on it.

Suddenly, a loud buzzer jolted him, and the heavy metal door unlocked with a click. Kieron entered and climbed three flights of stairs, finally arriving at a door marked "CTB." Inside, he found a small, bustling room filled with chattering people, reminiscent of a dentist's waiting room. The majority seemed to be women in their early twenties, with a few men scattered throughout.

Weaving through the packed room, Kieron approached the front desk, where a woman dressed as a sultry kitten chatted animatedly on the phone. "One minute," she said, noticing Kieron's arrival. She covered the receiver with one hand and raised her index finger with the other before resuming her conversation.

Kieron sighed, annoyed at having to wait and displeased with his current location. "I just wondered if..." He was silenced by an abrupt shushing sound from the woman, who gestured for him to wait again.

With arms folded in irritation, Kieron scanned the room for Mimi. Although he had rushed to arrive, he was still twenty minutes late, so she was likely already inside.

"Ok, how can I help you?" the woman asked impatiently after finishing her call. "Do you have an appointment?"

Kieron faced the irritated eyes of the kitten behind the desk and couldn't help but feel a strange attraction. "Yeah, but I'm not sure who booked it. In fact, I'm not even sure what I'm doing here. You see, I came because..." She cut him off.

"What's your name?" she demanded. "If you hadn't noticed, it's Halloween evening - our busiest time of the year. As you can see, we're swamped. I don't have time for your life story."

"Erm... Kieron," he replied, taken aback by her rudeness and wondering if there was a complaints department he could contact.

The receptionist wordlessly typed on her keyboard before locating what she believed to be Kieron's appointment. She looked back at the intoxicated man and shook her gorgeous head. "You're late," she scolded, as if chastising a misbehaving child.

"Yeah, I had a little trouble finding the place, and the buses were..." he was cut off once more. "Ok, ok. Never mind. You're here now. If we get you in quickly, you'll be done at the same time as the rest of your party," she lectured. "But five more minutes, and we would have had to cancel your appointment."

"Is Mimi already here?" Kieron inquired as the girl moved from behind the counter to stand beside him.

"If that's who you're with, then I guess so," she replied. "It's not like I memorize every customer's name, you know? Now, quickly, follow me."

Navigating through the waiting area, the duo passed through a side door and entered a plain-looking corridor as Kieron, in his drunken state, struggled to keep up with the agile woman. Stopping at the end of the hall, she turned to face him. "Ok, get undressed in there," she instructed, pointing to a small changing room area. "There are robes on the rack, and you can store your belongings in the lockers if you want. They'll be safe, but just so you know, we take no responsibility if anything goes missing. When you're done, go to room five."

"Undressed?" Kieron asked, taken aback as he looked at the small changing area the woman indicated. "In there?"

She regarded him for a moment with an expression that made him feel foolish. "Or in the corridor. I really don't care," she snapped. "Just hurry, will you? You've got two minutes before we pick someone off the waiting list to take your place." She then turned and strode away, leaving Kieron feeling both irritated and bewildered.

As Kieron entered the room, he paused for a moment, trying to understand the situation. It made sense that he needed to change clothes since he was there for a costume, even though the thought of doing so seemed daunting.

A minute later, his clothes safely stored, Kieron gently knocked on door number five. His bare feet felt cold against the tiled floor beneath him as he stood in just a short robe and underwear. Taking a deep breath, he waited for the door to open.

"Hi, you must be..." the woman who answered the door began, pausing to look Kieron up and down.

"Kieron," he mumbled, tightening the robe's belt around his waist as the woman's scrutiny made his cheeks turn beet red. "I'm here for my appointment."

Sensing Kieron's embarrassment, the woman stepped aside. "Oh, I'm sorry! That sounded rude, didn't it? You're just not what I was expecting, that's all. Please come in and take a seat."

"Erm... sure," Kieron nervously replied as he stepped into the room. He spotted the chair the woman was referring to against the back wall. Deciding it was better to sit than stand, he walked over and made himself comfortable.

Kieron watched as the woman walked over to check some notes. After scanning them for a few moments, she looked up with a smile. "Ok, we're doing body paint. That means we have a lot to do if we want to get you out of here by eight. But I've got all the details here. All you have to do is sit back and let me work my magic, ok? It's a cool costume idea you've come up with here. And very fun of you to wear it!"

"Body paint!" Kieron exclaimed, frowning at the woman. "What exactly am I going to be?"

The question seemed to surprise the woman, who tilted her head to one side and slightly furrowed her brow. "A zombie! Didn't you pick it out?"

"Erm... well, it's a bit of a long story, you see. This girl, Mimi, picked it, and I didn't get a chance to ask her what it was," Kieron admitted, embarrassed, as he looked down at the ground. "I didn't think I was going to come, you see? But then we... ah, never mind. As you can see, I'm a bit nervous. You wouldn't happen to have a drink around here, would you?"

"I see," the girl said, nodding her head. "And no, sorry! No alcohol here, I'm afraid. But since we have a lot to do, I could give you something to relax if you want?"

"Like what?" Kieron asked, perking up.

"Well, my mom picked these up while she was in Mexico," the girl replied, reaching into her handbag to reveal a blister pack of pills. "They're like Xanax but much more chill. I take one when I'm feeling stressed or sometimes when I'm bored."

Having taken Xanax before and considering the thought of having to sit through an hour of this woman chatting away while she painted him up to look like a zombie, Kieron gladly agreed.

Handed a bottle of water from a mini-fridge, he swallowed the pill and turned back to face the woman. "Thanks," he said with a smile. "How long until it kicks in?"

"Oh, it should be pretty quick," the woman replied as she moved towards him. "Shall we get started with the body hair first? I'll need a clean slate before I start spraying."



Feeling as if he were on a rollercoaster, Kieron giggled. There was a muffled sound in his ears, and his entire body felt floaty and light. Lifting his arm, it moved through the air, leaving a blurry blue streak behind like the tail of a comet.

"Kiera! Kiera! Snap out of it," the beautician yelled as she shook Kieron roughly by his shoulders. "It's time to go. You're done."

"What?" Kieron mumbled, looking up at the hazy outline of a person. "Where am I?"



The girl sighed in frustration. "Here, let me help you up," she said, sounding worried. It had suddenly dawned on her that giving this inebriated customer one of her pills while on the job might not have been the smartest move she'd ever made. Now fearing for her job, she needed him out of her workspace as quickly as possible.

"Wee-eee," Kieron sang as he felt himself floating towards the ceiling. A cloud of blue mist clouded his vision, and what felt like slippery hands were rubbing at his legs.

With the girl's arm around his waist, Kieron managed to place one unsteady leg out to take a step and again felt the smooth sensation of someone rubbing at his

legs. "Your touch feels so good," he mumbled as the girl hauled him from the room. Huffing and puffing, she struggled down the corridor while dragging the drunken zombie bride weighing her down. She knew she had messed up, but if she could get him to the waiting room and find his friends, maybe everything would be alright. That as it turned out would be wishful thinking.

Chaos erupted as the pair stumbled into the waiting room. "That's my costume!" a girl shrieked upon seeing Kieron propped up on the beautician's arm.

"I told you, you'd messed up," another girl yelled at the kitten-clad receptionist. The receptionist pursed her lips and grimaced, suddenly realizing that in her haste earlier that night, she might have inadvertently mixed up the appointments.

As a group of four women (three in costumes) argued with the receptionist, the beautician seized the opportunity to plop Kieron down on an empty chair and make her escape. "Mandy, I'm going to take my break now," she called out.

"Don't you dare!" Mandy, the receptionist, shouted back. But it was too late! The beautician had already disappeared through the door from which she came.

As the heated exchange at the front desk escalated, Kieron's growing realization that something was seriously amiss sent a shiver down his spine. Where on earth was Mimi? And why did his body feel so bizarre? As he gazed at the shimmering white fabric cascading around him, he struggled to focus. Then, in a heart-stopping instant, it all became clear: He was wearing a dress! "What the fu..." he muttered, aghast at the sight of his blue-painted hand and glossy black nail polish.

In a state of panic, his fight or flight instincts took over, but his body betrayed him, refusing to move. Desperate, he began to moan loudly, flailing his arms wildly in the air.

"Hey, just relax. Everything's going to be okay," a girl said soothingly, taking a seat beside the frantic man. "I hear your name is Kiera too?"

"No! There's been a terrible mistake. I shouldn't be here. I need to find Mimi," he pleaded, his voice shrill with distress.

"You're absolutely right about the mix-up. That's my costume you're wearing," the girl chuckled. "I was running late, and when I arrived, that awful receptionist refused to help. But don't worry, my sister's an incredible negotiator. They've already agreed to refund us and find me a new costume. She's even trying to get some compensation now. So, where's this Mimi you're looking for?"

"I have no idea! She's probably at Wax by now," Kieron mumbled, extending his leg from beneath the billowing white skirt and shuddering at the sight of painted toenails peeking out from the open toe of a two-inch wedge sandal.

The girl's eyes lit up with excitement, and she clapped her hands in delight.

"Really? Wax? For the big Halloween party? That's where we're going too!" She glanced towards the front desk and called out, "Becca, she needs to go to Wax to find her friend. Can we take her with us?"

The girl at the counter looked over at her sister and shrugged. "Sure, whatever you want, Lil sis."

The girl sprang to her feet. "Great! You girls go grab a drink at the pub by the park while I get into my costume," she said, turning to Kieron and gently touching the back of his blue-painted hand. "Don't worry, Kiera. We'll find your friend. I'm Kiera too, by the way, but you probably guessed that already, right?" With that, she bounded off to join the other girls at the reception desk, leaving Kieron dazed and utterly bewildered.



"Girls, slow down a bit, will you? Other Kiera can't keep up. Bless her," A woman's voice called out from up ahead.

Kieron looked up in response to the name he'd been recently dubbed with and forced a smile. About twenty paces away on the path cutting through the park stood three women, chatting and giggling. One was dressed as a tiger, another as a butterfly, and the third as a bee. Shaking his head in disbelief, he staggered towards them, barely holding it together amidst the sensory overload he was experiencing.

His primary sensation was that of being cold. It was a chilly night, and his costume dress offered little protection against the freezing wind. The billowing skirt also felt peculiar against his smooth-shaven legs as it fluttered and swished back and forth with every step. But perhaps the strangest feeling of all was beneath the dress.

Hidden under layers of soft fabric, the perilous wedge sandals forced his feet into an uncomfortable angle. The unfamiliar sensation of having his tightly strapped feet raised a few inches off the ground felt utterly unnatural, significantly impeding his usual stride.



"Come on, girl!" shouted the bee. "We need to start on the shots now! Otherwise, I'll still be sober at the club."

"The club! This must be a nightmare!" Kieron's foggy mind thought as he delicately walked along, still in a state of shock and not yet fully clearheaded. This would undoubtedly change once he caught sight of his elaborately made-up face, framed by a flowing blue and pink wig, in the bathroom mirror at the nearby pub.

Chapter 03

Prying open his eyelids, Kieron released a long, drawn-out moan before a piercing pain at the center of his forehead forced them shut again. As someone who enjoyed a drink, hangovers had become a familiar experience in recent years. Yet, the agony he felt that morning was unparalleled - everything from his pounding head to his aching toes throbbed with pain.

Opening his sore, tired eyes open once more, it became clear that something was amiss! His vision was blurry, and from what he could see, nothing was familiar!

Heart pounding, he battled to throw off the covers and hoisted his weary body into a sitting position. As he shifted, something else felt strange! The covers glided smoothly against his skin, sending a shudder down his spine. "What the bejesus?!" he exclaimed in horror as he ran his hand down his silky, hairless leg, quickly inspecting the rest of his body only to find it equally devoid of hair.

"Are you okay?" Becca exclaimed, bursting through the unlocked bedroom door. "I heard a shout! Oh, uh... You're... uh... sorry," she stammered before turning away to avoid seeing Kieron's exposed form sitting on the edge of her sister's bed.

"Who are you? And why am I naked?" A flustered Kieron demanded as he yanked up the bedsheet to wrap around his naked frame, fashioning a makeshift maxi skirt.

"Oh, wow! You really must have been drunk last night," Becca said with a smile. "Well, since you don't remember, I'll introduce myself again. I'm Becca. You called me 'butterfly' for most of last night, though. And you're naked because you took a shower when we got back last night. Kiera wouldn't let you into her bed before removing all that blue paint."

"Blue paint? What are you... Oh! Oh, no!" Kieron stammered as he suddenly recalled his costume from the previous evening.

Spinning around, Becca chuckled. "So, you do remember something then. You were so out of it after the pub. Me and the girls practically had to drag you to the club."

"I need to use the bathroom," Kieron announced, starting to hyperventilate. After too many shocking revelations in a short space of time, he was fighting the urge to vomit.

"Out the door and to the left. Let me show you," Becca said, stepping back into the hallway.

"That won't be..." Kieron's sentence was cut short as a tidal wave of last night's alcohol surged up his oesophagus. Bringing his hands up, he tried to contain it but instead projectile-vomited through his fingers, like a garden sprinkler.

Springing into action, Becca rushed forward to drag the retching Irishman to the bathroom. She positioned him in front of the toilet before quickly heading over to wash her hands. Wincing at the sounds coming from the other side of the room, she shook her head in frustration. Why did she always have to be the one to clean up after her sister?

When Kieron finally came up for air, he turned to see a blurry-looking Becca hovering nearby. "I can't see properly," he said between gasps. "I think I've messed up my eyes."

Leaning in, Becca examined Kieron's eyes. "You've still got your contact lenses in from last night. They've probably dried up."

With a groan, Kieron hauled himself back onto his feet. He took a moment to resecure the sheet around his waist before shuffling over to the sink. "Argh! Mother of Mary," he screamed after poking himself in the eye with a darkly painted fingernail. Wincing, Becca inched towards the door. "I'll give you a moment to freshen up," she announced before leaving the room.

Having never worn contact lenses before, the ordeal of removing them would be a memorable one for young Kieron. He poked, prodded, and ultimately had to peel the dried lenses from his eyeballs. Sighing loudly as the second one finally came out. But his relief was short-lived as he lifted his throbbing head to see his reflection in the mirror above the sink.

Groaning loudly, he resisted the urge to shout. He could only see the top half of his body, but apart from the messy mop of hair atop his head and the cringe-inducing thin eyebrows below, he appeared to be entirely hairless. How had he let this happen? How had he been so careless?

"Hey, so I brought you something to wear," Becca announced, startling Kieron as she re-entered the room, holding a plastic bag in her right hand. "Kiera asked me to drop some stuff off at the charity shop for her, but I went through it and found you something that should be better than that sheet."

"Where are my clothes?" Kieron asked as the thought of what he would wear to leave suddenly popped into his head.

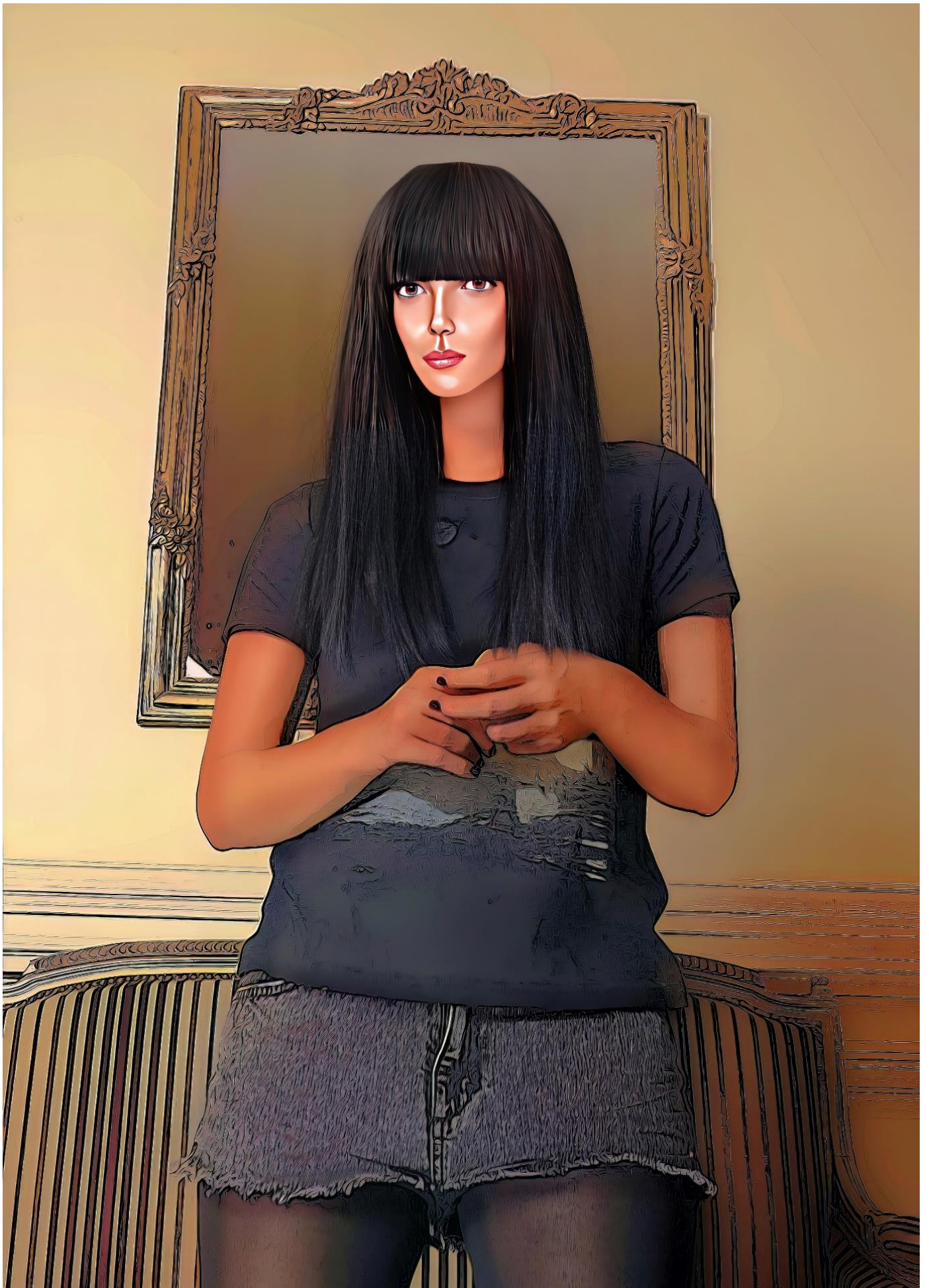
"Well, Kiera left just before you woke up to return the costumes. She'll ask about your stuff while she's there."

"And my underwear?" Kieron asked.

"You had, erm... How shall I say? A little accident while out last night," an embarrassed-looking Becca replied. "I think Kiera disposed of them somewhere. So, erm... Yeah, get dressed and meet me in the living room. There are towels on the shelf if you want to have a quick rinse."



Hovering over Becca after a nice long, hot shower, where he failed to fully remove the mascara still coating his dark lashes, Kieron felt ridiculous. Dressed in the outfit Becca had provided, consisting of a pair of shorts, a T-shirt, and some Ugg boots, he tried not to look down. The sight of his somewhat feminine-looking ensemble made him cringe. His only consolation was that, at least, it was an improvement over the dress he'd worn for the majority of the previous evening.



"Oh, good. They fit," Becca observed, looking up at her somber-looking guest standing before her. "Well, don't just stand there. Take a seat."

"Thanks," Kieron replied as he sat, noticing for the first time the peculiar sensation of tights sliding over freshly shaven legs. Shuddering, he wondered, once again, if putting them on had been the right decision. But with no underwear to contain his manhood, Little Kieron had poked out beneath the short hem of the shorts! Walking around like that would have been indecent.

"I see you put on the wig," Becca said with a smile. "I wasn't sure if you'd want it, but it's old, and I don't need it."

Reaching up, Kieron ran his fingers through the synthetic locks framing his embarrassed face. "I... Erm... I'm not into this stuff, you know?" He bashfully said. "It just looked ridiculous without it. And if I'm going to have to leave like this, I don't want people to... you know... stare at me."

"I know," Becca replied, leaning back in her chair. "You told me all about yourself last night."

"I did!" Kieron exclaimed. "What did I say?"

"Lots," Becca said with a giggle. "You were quiet at first, but by the end of the night, you were chatting my ear off. You talked about your girlfriend. The fight you had with her. You even told me about your plan to get her back. Pretty terrible of you, that, but I guess she did burn all your stuff."

"I said all that? I can't remember," Kieron groaned as he reached up to massage his throbbing cranium.

"Well, you were out of it. Your eyes were all glazed over like you'd taken something. You seriously don't remember anything?"

"Bits," Kieron replied, shaking his head. "But not much. I can't remember the club at all."

"That's probably for the best," replied Becca, nodding her head. "It was pretty wild."

"What happened?" Kieron asked, sweeping away the strands of hair that had fallen across his face. "Please, I need to know. Did I find Mimi?"

"Yeah, she was there. And all over some other guy," Becca answered, pursing her lips.

"That bitch!" Kieron exclaimed. "Did she see me?"

"Oh yeah, she saw you," Becca snorted. "You marched right up and had a full-blown argument with her. I was surprised it didn't come to blows."

"Oh, sweet Jesus," Kieron moaned as he covered his face with his hands. "So, she saw me dressed like a... dressed as I was?"

"Yeah, she's not taking you back now," Becca replied, shaking her head. "She made that very clear. But hey, try not to let it get you too down. She seemed like a bitch anyway." She added in a cheerful tone. "Feel free to hang here until Kiera gets back. If you're lucky, she might even have your clothes with her."

Lifting his head, Kieron looked over to see Becca smiling back warmly. And at that moment, his worries suddenly felt a little lighter. "Thanks, Becca," he sincerely replied. "But do you know how long she'll be?"

"Let me call and see how she's getting on," Becca replied before reaching for her phone.

Kieron smiled before looking down to see a nylon-encased bulge peeking out from beneath the hem of his shorts. Quickly crossing his legs above the knee, he groaned and pulled a face as he accidentally sat atop one of his boys.



Quietly whimpering, he looked up to see Becca dialling. What would he do if Kiera couldn't find his clothes? Could he really go outside dressed as he was? The thought was so horrific it was painful for him to even imagine.

Chapter 04

Squirming in his seat, Kieron couldn't help but feel tense as Becca's phone rang without an answer. The high-pitched tones seemed to amplify the pounding in his head while the silence between the rings heightened his anxiety.

"No answer," Becca finally said, cancelling the call. "But don't worry! I'll keep trying her," she reassured, noticing Kieron's nervous gaze. "That's just how she is. I love my sister, but she can be so infuriating sometimes. She's always lost in her own little world."

Two hours later, after enduring back-to-back episodes of a show about selling houses to celebrities, Kieron's anxiety grew as darkness fell outside. He began to worry about where he would sleep that night. Turning his head, which felt itchy under his wig, he glanced over at Becca.

"Are you hungry?" she asked, offering a friendly smile. Kieron nodded; his stomach had been grumbling for the last hour.

"Alright, let's grab some food," Becca suggested, picking up the remote and turning off the TV. "There's a place I love just up the road. Their jerk chicken is amazing."

"Outside?" Kieron inquired, trembling in his seat. "Can't we just stay in and eat?"

Becca scoffed. "Sorry, there's no food here. I've been eating out lately to teach Kiera a lesson. She never pays her way, you see. She just uses all my stuff. It's been... ha... never mind. The point is, if you want to eat, we need to go out."

Gazing down at his alarmingly feminine legs, Kieron opened and closed his mouth several times, struggling to find the right words to express his apprehension. The last thing he wanted was to venture outside dressed as he was, but he realized that he'd have to face the outdoors eventually. "It looks cold out there," he said, hunching his shoulders. "Maybe I could stay here while you get the food?"

Becca laughed. "Well, I'm a trusting person, but sorry, we've just met. And I don't feel comfortable leaving you here alone. But, hey, I'll lend you a coat. Come on, let's go eat."



The timing of the balding man's call from behind the counter couldn't have been worse for a frightened, crossdressed man trying to avoid drawing attention to himself. Their food was ready, but Becca had just answered a video call from her sister, who had finally decided to call back. So with a wave of a hand, Kieron had been thrust into action.

Clad in a faux fur coat and hat borrowed from Becca to stay warm, Kieron nervously waited in line. As he stood there trembling, he couldn't shake the feeling that he was doing something wrong. He reminded himself that he was a man! And that he shouldn't be wearing tights or a wig. And that he definitely shouldn't have allowed Becca to coat his lips and lashes with lip gloss and mascara! Sure, he was the one who complained that he would stand out while wearing her sister's clothes, but at least without the additions, he could have still acted like himself. Dressed as he was now, he didn't know how he was supposed to act!

Catching the eye of a large, smiling man standing next to him, Kieron gritted his teeth and quickly turned to check whether Becca was still sitting over by the window.



The anxious young man had to endure a few more agonizing moments as the customer in front finished ordering. The short wait felt like an eternity to Kieron, who was convinced that every eye in the room was on him. At last, he reached the counter, collected the food, and stammered a thank you before hurrying back to the sanctuary of the table.

"You're so selfish!" Becca snapped, her irritation evident as Kieron sat down across from her. "When are you going to grow up?"

"What! And become boring like you?" A voice retorted through the phone speaker. "I've just finished studying. Can't you just relax and let me enjoy myself?"

"You graduated over a year ago! You can't rely on Dad's handouts forever," Becca lectured, brushing aside the frustrating remark. "I had to pull a lot of strings with my boss to arrange this interview for you. Do you understand that? Do you even care? If you don't show up, I'll be the one who looks bad. And you know I'm in the middle of being evaluated for that promotion. This could ruin everything for me!"

"Look, Beccs, I'm sorry, but I never asked you to do this for me," Kiera countered, causing Becca to grunt. "I don't want to work in social media like you. I just want to travel and have fun while I still can. And after talking to 'other Kiera' last night and hearing about all his adventures, I feel like I need to go out and explore the world," she added, prompting Becca to shoot Kieron an angry glare.

"He said something that really struck a chord with me," Kiera went on. "Live every moment as if it was your last. Because who knows, tomorrow you could be dead! So that's what I'm going to do. Sarah has a friend working the ski season in the French Alps. She's called her uncle, and he can arrange work permits for us. We've already booked the flights."

"Well, that's just great, sis. Good to know that you've got my back," Becca replied bitterly, her glare fixed on Kieron.

"Hey wait!" Kiera suddenly exclaimed. "Is Other Kiera there? Put him on?" Eager to end her conversation with her irresponsible younger sister, Becca huffed and pushed the phone across the table into Kieron's hands.

"Hey there," Kiera greeted cheerily upon seeing Kieron's face. "I like that look. My hat looks good on you." Unsure of what to say, Kieron just sighed. "So, I think I found your things," Kiera declared, holding up a phone.

"Oh, thank God!" Kieron exclaimed with relief. "Yeah, that's me phone."

"Ok, great, but the people here want you to prove it before they let me have it," Kiera explained, shrugging her shoulders. "What's your code to unlock it?"

Kieron gave her the code and watched with delight as the phone unlocked, confirming it was his. Soon, he'd have a change of clothes, and perhaps more importantly, access to his bank account. Satisfied, Kiera then instructed Kieron to move around the table to sit next to Becca.

"Ok, so I have an idea," Kiera announced as soon as Becca's face came into view. "Becca, you need someone to go to the interview to save face. And other Kiera, you need somewhere to stay for a few days. It's perfect."

"What's perfect?" A visibly annoyed Becca retorted.

Kiera rolled her eyes and sighed. "Do I really need to spell it out? Fine, here's the plan. Other Kiera will step in for me at the interview," she declared, clapping her hands in excitement.

"What!" Both Kieron and Becca exclaimed in unison. "I'm not doing that!" Kieron sputtered. "Kiera, have you lost your mind?" Becca added.

Kiera laughed. "No, just listen. He doesn't need to actually land the job, right? He can simply show up, be polite, and leave. Then you can thank your boss for the opportunity, and I can go live my life without feeling guilty."

"And what makes you think I'd agree to something as insane as that?" A flabbergasted Kieron inquired.

"Well, you mentioned last night that you were homeless, right? This way, you get a few days to get your life in order. You can even use my stuff - whatever you want. I packed a bag this morning with everything I'd need. So feel free to use whatever's left."

"You had all this planned when you left this morning," Becca accused. "And you didn't tell me? What the hell, Kiera!"

"Sorry, sis, but if I'd told you, you would've tried to talk me out of it," Kiera replied with a grin.

"I won't do it," Kieron asserted, interrupting. "There's no way."

"I didn't want to resort to this, but if you're not going to be reasonable, I guess I've got no choice," Kiera said, her tone growing stern. "Look, Other Kiera, you need to do this, alright? It's just an hour, and if you don't, well... I have the code to your phone and a ton of pictures from the club last night. I'm guessing you're still logged

into all your social media. What would everyone you know think if a few snapshots of your escapades went public?"

"What! No, don't!" Kieron stammered. "You can't!"

"Hey, I don't want to. Don't force my hand," Kiera retorted. "Look, you spent all last night dressed as a woman and fooled nearly everyone. Well, until you spoke. But with a few days of practice, you'll nail it. Becca will help you."

"Oh, I will, will I?" Becca interjected, shaking her head as she re-joined the conversation.

"Come on, Beccs," Kiera said, grinning. "You need him to at least be presentable at the interview, and you know you'll have fun. Remember Steve?"

"That was a long time ago... and... I...," Becca stammered, looking flustered before grabbing the bag of food with her free hand and standing up. "Get up!" She demanded, glaring at a terrified Kieron. "We're leaving!" She then marched toward the door, leaving Kieron trembling in his seat.

Seeing Becca exit and half the room staring at him, Kieron hastily rose to his feet and shuffled toward the door. He opened it and felt a gust of cold air encircle his nylon-covered knees. Shuddering, he pulled his furry coat tighter around his shaking body before stepping out onto the street, to once again feel the peculiar sensation of walking in the Ugg boots that felt like soft cushions under the soles of his pantyhosed feet.



Watching Becca stride away, Kieron hastened his steps, intensifying the strange sensations enveloping his body. His tight shorts clung to his backside and uncomfortably squeezed his groin. His tights rustled noisily each time one leg brushed against the other. Meanwhile, his faux hair persistently fell in front of his face and adhered to his sticky glossed lips.

Too far behind an animated Becca to eavesdrop on the sisters' conversation, he wondered what they were discussing. In a day that had spiralled from bad to worse, what could Kiera have possibly been thinking to suggest he could impersonate her at an interview? The idea was sheer madness—the stuff of fantasy! Surely, Becca would bring some reason to the situation!

Chapter 05

The next morning.

As Kieron forced his puffy eyes open, the sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach resurfaced as he abruptly realized where he was. The same shaggy white rug lay on the floor, and high up on a shelf against the far wall sat a collection of stuffed bears. He was still trapped in this feminine prison cell, and he felt an overwhelming urge to scream.

Throughout the night, he had tossed and turned, haunted by the terrifying images of what the next day might bring. Struggling to find sleep, he had wished for the morning to arrive, but now that it was here, all he wanted to do was stay in bed and hide—anything to avoid the impending ordeal!

Hearing a knock, Kieron turned to see Becca poke her head into the room. "Breakfast is on the table," she said, offering a gentle smile. "See you in five, ok?" Kieron nodded and managed a smile before Becca's head vanished from view.

Drawing back the sheets, Kieron groaned as he caught sight of the thin satin material draping his silky-smooth body. He hadn't wanted to wear a nightdress to bed, but Becca had insisted, claiming he needed to live and breathe Kiera's life until the dreaded interview day. Whatever that meant!

Feeling his bladder on the verge of bursting, Kieron slipped on a pair of fluffy pink slippers that perfectly matched the colour of his nightdress. Standing up, he shuffled toward the bedroom door and donned Kiera's soft white bathrobe. Once wrapped in it, he made his way to the bathroom, begrudgingly admitting to himself that the plush material enveloping his feet and body was quite comfortable.

After relieving himself and freshening up a bit, Kieron found Becca sitting at the kitchen table. Hesitantly, he sat down to join her.

"How did you sleep?" Becca asked, attempting to spark a conversation.

"Not great," Kieron grumbled, shaking his head.

Becca snorted. "Understandable, I suppose," she replied, sliding a box of cereal closer to Kieron. "Here, eat something. Then we'll begin your training."

Kieron exhaled slowly, puffing his cheeks. "Becca, I've been thinking. I remember what you said yesterday, but this is pretty crazy, don't you think? Maybe we could talk to Kiera and come up with another solution?"

"It's definitely unusual," Becca admitted, raising her eyebrows. "But I believe it can work."

"How could this possibly work?" Kieron groaned. "I'm not a girl! I'll just end up embarrassing myself, and you too. There has to be another way."

"Hey! This can and will work," Becca insisted firmly, setting down her spoon. "And remember, you're the one who filled my impressionable sister's head with dreams of travel. So, if you want your stuff back, you better change that attitude. Because I swear, if you embarrass me or jeopardize my job, I'll ruin you!"

Then, as if flipping a switch, Becca's tone shifted back to its bubbly, friendly demeanour. Picking up her spoon, she smiled at a wide-eyed Kieron. "But that's not going to happen, right?" she continued. "As much as you might not want to hear this, you've got the looks to pull this off. You're on the shorter side for a guy, with delicate facial features. With a bit of posture and vocal training, you'll pass as a woman effortlessly. But for this to work, I need your full cooperation. Do I have it?"

Kieron wanted to shout obscenities and storm out the door but dressed in Kiera's sleepwear and without a penny to his name, his logical side prevailed. "I'll do it for five hundred quid," he asserted with as much confidence as he could muster.

"I don't think you're in a position to negotiate," Becca countered, rubbing the back of her neck. "But how about this? You pull this off, and I'll give you fifty quid. That's enough for a few outfits from the charity shop."

Taking a moment to consider her offer, Kieron countered, "Fifty quid and a plane ticket to Ireland," he announced while leaning over the table.

"Done," Becca agreed. "Now eat up so we can get started."



"Much better," Becca commended, nodding her approval. "That's the way! Take a pause between each question. Play with your hair, stroke your leg, and bite your bottom lip."

Exhausted and uncomfortable, Kieron bit and released his painted lip, ran one hand through his synthetic hair, and slid the other down his pantyhose-clad calf.

"So, Kiera, can you tell me a time when you've used your femininity to your advantage to solve a problem in the workplace?"

"What kind of question is that?" Kieron retorted, his made-up eyes narrowing in frustration. "No one's going to ask me that!"

Becca tutted and shook her head. "Perhaps not, but we're practicing getting you to think and feel like a woman. It's also why you're wearing makeup and a skirt, as I've already explained. Now, can you please stop stalling and answer the question?"

"I... I don't know how," Kieron admitted, cringing as he stroked his nylon-covered thigh. "Before today, I've never felt feminine. And all this... it's overwhelming. These clothes feel too soft and tight in all the wrong places. I know what you said earlier about the skirt, but can't I just wear pants? I'd feel more comfortable in pants! Women wear them all the time, and if I'm more comfortable, I'll be less likely to mess up."

Becca raised her hands and sighed, slowly dragging them down her face. "Look, I know this is all new to you, but you also agreed to give it your all. For this to work, we need the interviewer to believe, without a doubt, that you're a woman, but at the same time, find you unsuitable for the role."

Kieron furrowed his brow, crossed his arms, and tilted his head to one side. Seeing his confusion, Becca tried to clarify further. "A skirt will help you walk like a woman and remind you not to sit with your legs wide open. We'll do your makeup and choose an outfit that makes you look a bit ditzy. Then, if you give a few silly answers, it won't matter."

"What!" Kieron exclaimed, appalled. "You want me to look and act like some dumb bimbo? Blonde hair and high heels?"

"Blonde hair isn't necessary; your wig will do. But heels! We'll get to those this afternoon," Becca said, smiling.

"Oh, come on. I wasn't serious!" Kieron protested. "I don't need to wear heels!"

"You do, but we'll talk about that after lunch," Becca declared, raising her hand to put an end to the discussion. "Now, Ms. Frost, tell me about a time you've used your femininity to solve a problem in the workplace."



After hours of prancing around the house doing chores, Kieron paused to catch his breath. He detested housework, and to make matters worse, he had been doing it while wearing a dress and heels. The sensation of the shoulderless dress embracing him felt peculiar, and it's below the knee skirt made from a shiny, satin like material constantly fluttered against his smooth legs as he attempted to vacuum the carpet and dust the shelves. Then there were the absurd shoes he'd been forced to wear: black, patent, four-inch pumps that pinched his toes and slipped at the heel. To say they hindered his movement would be an understatement. At first, every step was accompanied by a wobble, and the concentration needed to avoid rolling an ankle had nearly driven him mad. But as he gradually improved, he had to begrudgingly admit that Becca was right. The only way to master walking in heels was to just do it. After a day and a half of practice, he was getting better.

"Why are you lounging there?" Becca asked as she entered the room, finding Kieron slumped in an armchair, resting his cramping calves and throbbing toes which hung over one of the sides.



"I'm just waiting for the washing machine to finish," Kieron replied, shaking his head. Look I'm still wearing them aren't I?"

"Ok, but you shouldn't be just sitting around?" Becca chided. "You should be using this time to practice. You know the interview is tomorrow, right?"

"Aw, come on," Kieron sighed. "Give me a break, will you? I'm trying my hardest here. I've hated every minute of this, but I've still done everything you've asked of me. I just need a minute, okay? Otherwise, I'm going to fall and break an ankle. But perhaps that would be a mercy. At least then I can skip this God-forsaken interview! An awkward silence followed his outburst.

"Sorry," Becca said, softening her tone. "You've been doing really well. Your walk has improved so much now that you're taking smaller steps and swinging your arms."

"You really think so?" Kieron replied, feeling a blend of pride and embarrassment.

"Absolutely," Becca affirmed. "It takes a big man to attempt at becoming a woman."

"But... do I look okay?" Kieron asked, glancing down at his high-heeled feet.

"You'll look passable," Becca replied with a smile. "That padded bra helps with your shape. You just need to perfect your voice."

Kieron sighed and scratched his head. He had been trying to speak in a higher pitch, but it was challenging!

"Here, come sit over here with me for a minute," Becca said, gesturing towards the sofa.

Trotting over, Kieron smoothed his skirt over his panty-clad backside, just as he'd been taught, and sat down. He took a moment to arrange himself, crossing his legs at mid-thigh and adjusting his skirt properly. Once ready, he turned to face a grinning Becca.

"What!" he exclaimed, feeling embarrassed. "That's what you want, right?"

"Umh," Becca mumbled, nodding. "I'm just... starting to believe that this might actually work, that's all."

"That's all!" Kieron cried. "If you're only just realizing that now, what on earth have we been doing all this time?" Becca burst into laughter, and after a few seconds, Kieron couldn't help but chuckle along.

"Alright, we're going to practice the scales again," Becca announced as the laughter subsided.

Kieron groaned. "Again? But I feel ridiculous doing that. And my throat's still sore from last time!"

"Good!" Becca replied. "That means it's working. Your vocal range is expanding."

"Don't you have work to do or something?" Kieron asked, attempting to escape the embarrassing and painful exercise.

"One of the perks of working from home is that I get to take breaks whenever I want," Becca said, settling in comfortably. "Now, stop stalling and begin. Start deep and give it as much volume as you can."

Seeing that Becca wasn't likely to back down, Kieron took a deep breath before emitting a deep, guttural hum. "It'll be over soon," he told himself as he gradually raised the pitch of his voice in sync with Becca's ascending finger. "This time tomorrow, it'll all be over!"

Chapter 06

Trembling as he scrutinized his feminized reflection for the tenth time, Kieron's wide eyes darted up and down before he inhaled deeply through his nose and exhaled loudly through his mouth. It was a calming technique he had learned years ago, but today, it did little to soothe his nerves. The sight of himself fully dressed and looking remarkably convincing made everything feel much more real.

Taking another deep breath, he knew it was almost time to step out onto the streets of London. The thought of him, Kieron Walsh, strutting along dressed as a stylish office girl, was enough to make him feel nauseous. People were bound to see through his disguise! And when they did, the humiliation would be unbearable!

"Here," Becca announced, draping a black leather handbag across Kieron's left shoulder. "I've put some things you might need inside. Oh, and take this old phone. You probably won't need it since I'll be right there with you, but hey, you never know, right?"

Biting his glossy lower lip and tasting cherries, Kieron turned. "I don't think I can do this," he declared, his big brown eyes filled with fear.

"Which part?" Becca inquired, adjusting the strap of the Italian leather purse.

"All of it!" Kieron exclaimed as his frustration boiled over. "For heaven's sake, I'm wearing a dress! I can't go outside wearing a dress!"

"Why not?" Becca calmly responded. "You did the other night."

"That was Halloween and not by choice," Kieron retorted, sweeping a few strands of synthetic hair from his made-up face.

"Well, why don't you just pretend it's Halloween today," Becca suggested, grabbing a fur coat from a hook.

"That's ridiculous," Kieron huffed. "No one else will be dressed up!"

"Well, that's where you're wrong," Becca countered. "Look at me; I'm dressed quite similarly to you, and I'm sure many other people will be too."

"But you're a girl!" Kieron sighed. "You're allowed to dress like this!"

Becca snorted, shaking her head. "And who says you're not allowed? Is it against the law? Are they going to arrest you and throw away the key?"

"Well... no," Kieron stuttered. "But... I... Err..." Becca interjected. "No buts. You're doing nothing wrong. Wearing a dress isn't a crime, and this will all be over in a

few hours. Keep that in mind because it's time to go," she said, thrusting the coat into Kieron's hands.

Seeing him hesitate, Becca grabbed a pair of her sunglasses from a ledge. "Wear these," she instructed, carefully placing them over Kieron's ears without resistance. Then, before he could protest further, she opened the front door and gently nudged the skirted man. "Come on, Kiera. Let's go."

Realizing he was in too deep to back out now, Kieron shook his head and sighed before gingerly stepping out the front door to be greeted by the wind's cold caress on his slick, nylon-clad legs.





As Kieron grappled with the challenge of hoisting himself up onto a bar stool in his constricting skirt, his gaze found Becca stationed at a distant table. Spotting her playful grin and enthusiastic thumbs up, he flashed a smile in return, only to wince as he once again became aware of the unusual feeling of having his nylon-clad legs pressed firmly together.

Kieron couldn't quite grasp why Becca had chosen a bar for the interview, but as she had clarified, this meeting was more of a favor than a job opportunity - and Mr. Watkins was a man with a tight schedule. Regardless of the setting, Kieron knew he would be equally panic-stricken in any location.

His eyes roamed over the eclectic assortment of dust-covered bottles perched on the top shelf, and he took a tentative sip of his red wine, releasing a weary sigh. His nerves were frayed - could he truly carry out Becca's plan? What would be more mortifying: being exposed as a man in drag, or successfully deceiving Mr. Watkins into believing he was a scatterbrained, fashion-obsessed young woman? Either scenario promised intense humiliation.

But no, he couldn't afford to be unmasked as a man! Failure was simply not an option. If Becca abandoned him here, dressed in this outrageous getup... well, the mere thought was too horrifying to even consider.

"Kiera?" A man's voice suddenly cut through Kieron's reverie.

Whirling around, the young crossdressed Irishman, found himself face-to-face with a distinguished, well-dressed older man. "Yes," Kieron's voice squeaked, as he sprang to his feet and stumbled slightly. "How did you know?" He asked, unaware that his behaviour was already painting him as a ditz without any effort.

The man laughed gently. "A lucky guess, I suppose," he responded, glancing around the near-empty bar. "Please, take a seat, Keira. Make yourself comfortable."

"Thank you, Mr. Watkins. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir?" Kieron replied, feeling absurd as the words left his lips in a high-pitched tone. He then began the clumsy process of climbing back onto the bar stool.

"There's no need to be so formal," the bearded man replied as he watched Keiron struggle onto his stool. "Please call me Tom. What are you drinking, by the way?"

"Oh! Ok," Kieron stammered, smoothing his skirt over his silky pantyhosed thighs. "It's wine."

"Well, I can see that," Tom said with another chuckle. "I was wondering what type - Merlot, Shiraz, Cabernet Sauvignon?"

"Erm... I'm not really sure," Kieron answered, fiddling with his top. "The first one, I think."

Tom Watkins began to speak, but then paused. He signalled the barmaid and ordered a Merlot. After paying, he settled into a seat beside a visibly anxious Kieron and struck up a conversation, asking if Kieron had travelled far that day. A brief exchange of small talk followed before it was time to delve deeper.

"So, tell me about yourself, Kiera," Tom inquired, taking a sip of his drink. "What do you like to do in your spare time? What are your passions?"

Kieron's smile grew - he and Becca had practiced this question, and he knew precisely how to respond. "Shopping," he declared, twirling a lock of his hair. "I think it's important to look good. In fact, I can't think of anything more important," he added with a boisterous giggle.

Tom's eyebrows shot up, and he appeared puzzled for a moment before joining in the laughter. "Ok, an interesting answer. One I wasn't expecting," he admitted, sizing up Kieron from head to toe.

As Tom's gaze travelled up Kieron's pantyhosed legs, Kieron fought the urge to reveal his disgust through his artfully made-up face. Yet, at the same time, a sense of relief washed over him. If Tom was checking him out, it meant the plan was working.

"So, if I was to like... work for you, would I like... have my own office and stuff?" Kieron asked, amplifying the airheaded persona as his confidence grew.

"No," Tom answered after a brief pause. "To be honest, if I were to hire you, I'm not sure what your role would be, but it wouldn't come with an office."

"Oh, that's a shame," Kieron pouted. "What about a company car?"

Tom laughed. "You're funny," he said, grinning. "Maybe down the line. But first, how about you convince me that you're the type of girl worthy of hiring? What skills are you going to bring to my company?"

Sensing the moment had come, Kieron prepared to solidify the impression that Keira was not the kind of girl Tom should hire. He pressed a finger to his bottom

lip and hummed thoughtfully, feigning deep contemplation. "Well... I can read. And... I guess I can write a little," he offered, batting his eyelashes and giggling.

"Have you written before?" Tom inquired, leaning in. "Tell me about a piece you've written."

Caught off guard by the question, Kieron hesitated, which only reinforced his ditsy persona. As panic set in, a thought popped into his wigged head. "Well, in school, I once wrote a story about... a... a woman who turned her miserable life around with a simple idea. I got an A-star," he declared, nodding triumphantly. His wig shifted slightly, causing his fringe to drop and partially obscure his eyes. The story, as it happened, was a true one - though with the protagonist's gender changed.

"Really?" Tom responded, intrigued. "Tell me about this idea."

"She began to say yes to everything and forced herself to try new things, no matter how scary they were," Kieron explained, locking eyes with Tom. "You see, when she changed her mentality, people treated her differently, and this led to..."

Unfortunately, Kieron's words were cut short by the blaring ring of Tom's phone on the bar.

Tom apologized for the interruption, explaining that he needed to take the call. From there, events took an unexpected turn. The moment he picked up the phone, Kieron could tell from Tom's expression that the news was far from positive. Tom's formerly relaxed demeanour shifted, becoming tense and guarded. For half a minute, Kieron observed as Tom grunted and nodded into the receiver before covering it with his hand and rising to his feet. "I'm sorry, Kiera, but I have to go. But why don't you come to my office in the morning," he suggested, retrieving a business card from his pocket. "The address is on the back," he added, sliding the pristine white card across the bar.

"Err... I've got the job?" Kieron stammered, as the card slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

"Let's call it a trial," Tom replied, nodding. "Something you said sparked an intriguing idea and given that Robert speaks so highly of your sister, I'm willing to give it a shot. Nine o'clock sharp, okay? I'll see you there."

Stunned by the unforeseen outcome, Kieron opened his mouth to object, but before he could piece together a response, Tom resumed his call, turned, and strode purposefully across the room. Unable to intervene, Kieron watched as the man vanished through the front door, leaving him to confront an uncertain future. The realization that he had botched the plan weighed heavily on him, a sensation

that only intensified when he noticed Becca's disapproving glare from across the room.

As she stood up, a bewildered expression etched across her face, Kieron leaned against the bar and averted his gaze.



"This is not how things were supposed to go. This is not my fault!" Kieron angrily thought, bracing himself for Becca's imminent approach as she marched toward him with determination.

"What happened?" Becca demanded, sitting down. Kieron, unsure himself, simply shrugged in response.

Frustrated, Becca continued to barrage him with questions, gradually extracting information from the flustered Irishman. Hearing enough, she let out a loud, disapproving tut and crossed her arms. "You overdid it!" she exclaimed, glaring at him. "You didn't have to come on to the man!"

"I didn't!" Kieron shot back. "I did just as we practiced. If anyone is to blame, it's you! It was your idea to act stupid!"

Becca's eyes widened, and she snorted in disbelief. "I've had enough of this," she declared, making a move to leave her seat.

"Wait!" Kieron pleaded. "Don't go, please! Let's talk about this?" The realization dawned on him that if Becca walked out, he would be left alone in the bar, dressed as a provocative office girl with no money and nowhere to go.

"What's there to talk about?" Becca retorted as she turned. "You were right all along. This was a stupid idea that had no chance of actually working. I'll call Mr. Watkins in the morning and tell him that Kiera is ill or had a minor accident. Perhaps, if I'm lucky, this incident won't tarnish my reputation too much."

"But it did work!" Kieron cried out in desperation. "I fooled him! He thought I was Kiera! And I'm sorry for blaming you. This is my fault. Let me make it up to you?"

"What are you going to do?" Becca scoffed. "Go and work there as Kiera, dressed in similar outfits to what you're wearing now?" Her words left Kieron at a loss.

"Yeah, I didn't think so," Becca declared after a brief pause, preparing to step down from her stool.

"I could try it?" Kieron blurted out, not considering the consequences.

Becca hesitated, caught off guard. "You want to work there as an office girl?" she asked sceptically.

"No, of course not. But I could do it for a few days if it helps you out," Kieron insisted, desperately trying to persuade Becca to stay. "It's a trial, right? I just need to do a bad job, and the guy will end it."

"No, that will reflect poorly on me!" Becca retorted, shaking her head. "The only way this works is if you complete the trial. And that means being the perfect version of my sister. Can you do that?"

"I... I'm not sure," Kieron stammered, glancing down at his feminine looking frame.

"Well, you need to be," Becca shot back. "Things are a mess right now, but they'll be ten times worse if you mess up in a week's time! If you really want to do this, it's not going to be easy, and I'm not going to listen to you complaining every day. So, how about this? I'm going home now, and if Kiera wants to join me, she can!"

Chapter 07

As Kieron sat with a cup of coffee the following morning, a sense of powerlessness washed over him. It was his first day at work, and he was already feeling overwhelmed. Dressed in a short, tight blue dress and 4-inch matching blue heels, he knew he had to leave soon. The added pressure of having to focus and maintain his cover to avoid revealing his true identity only intensified his feelings of helplessness. The restrictive clothing only added to his discomfort and worry about being able to carry out his tasks for the day, whatever they might be! He couldn't shake the feeling that something was bound to go wrong, and he was worried about how he would handle it.

As Kieron stared across the table at Becca, his forced smile faltered. The conversation from the previous evening still lingered heavily in the air, the terms and conditions for staying with Becca etched into his mind. Kieron would have to completely abandon his true identity and become Kiera, constantly presenting as feminine and suppressing any trace of masculinity. The thought of it was suffocating, but he knew he had no choice but to succumb to Becca's demands and silently endure the excruciating transformation.

As the notification on the ancient phone gifted to him by Becca illuminated the screen, Kieron's heart began to race. The taxi had arrived to take him to the office. As he stood up, the sound of his heels clicking against the kitchen floor and the feeling of his tights sliding smoothly over his legs only served to heighten his nausea. He was not used to the constricting sensation of the tights or the awkwardness of the heels, and the combination of the two only added to his discomfort.

"Good luck," Becca said with a grin. "Call me if you need anything. I don't have many meetings today." Frustrated by her remark, Kieron grumbled. He yearned to tell her that what he needed was a less feminine outfit and a pair of shoes with a lower heel that wouldn't squeeze his toes. But knowing he wouldn't get what he wanted that morning, and having promised not to complain, Kieron reluctantly picked up his ridiculously shaped purse and forced a smile.

As Kieron stumbled out of the door, his mind was consumed by racing thoughts. Sleep had eluded him due to his anxiety, and now he was filled with doubts. "What am I doing?" he thought. "Am I really going to follow through with this reckless plan?" Opening the door to the waiting taxi, he motioned to get in before suddenly stopping dead as he noticed the cheerful driver's warm winter coat. "Dammit," he thought, realizing that he had forgotten his own. Suddenly feeling vulnerable and

exposed, he turned to the driver and asked him to wait before quickly spinning on his heels and heading back towards the house. Frustrated and angry with himself, Kieron shook his head in annoyance. He knew he needed to focus, or he would end up making a complete fool of himself that day.



The taxi ride to the office was a blur of unwanted conversations and uncomfortable silence, and when he finally arrived, he was ushered through the reception area and into the office of Tom Watkins. But it was only when he sat down in front of his new boss that the young man's discomfort reached its peak. He couldn't shake off the feeling of unease that had settled over him. The room was eerily quiet, with only the sound of his own shallow breaths filling the space. He tried to shift in his seat to alleviate the discomfort, but the tight skirt of his dress and the restricting pantyhose only made matters worse. He could feel a bead of sweat forming on his forehead as he fought the urge to reach under his skirt and adjust his underwear, which seemed to be wedged uncomfortably between his buttocks.

"Are you ready to hear the story of how I single-handedly built this empire from scratch?" Tom declared; his voice laced with excitement as he cracked his knuckles. "This company is my life's work. I've moulded it into a force to be reckoned with, we employ over a thousand employees and have a presence in multiple industries. But our bread and butter is social media. We drive traffic to websites and sell ad space, turning every visit into cold, hard cash. The more traffic we get, the more money we make. Are you ready to join me on this unstoppable journey to the top?"

Kieron was surprised by Tom's unexpected motivational speech and uneasy about the way the older man was staring at him. In an effort to deal with the situation, Kieron decided to embrace the persona he had accidentally created the previous night. Drawing on memories of the dim-witted Molly McGraith from his school days, the stupidest person he'd ever met. "Like, oh my gosh, Tom! That is, like, totally awesome! I mean, I am, like, totally impressed that you started this company and made it, like, super successful. And, like, social media is, like, super interesting. I'm, like, so excited to learn more and see how I can, like, totally help. But can you tell me about what my job here will be?"

Tom's ego inflated as a sly smile spread across his lips. "To be frank, Kiera, I only met you last night as a favour to Robert. But that tale you spun about a woman embracing her fears and trying new things sparked something within me. An idea if you will."

"An idea?" Kieron shot back with a quizzical expression, further solidifying his persona as a ditzy young woman.

"Indeed," Tom exclaimed, stroking his chin. "Your story and passion for fashion have presented me with the perfect opportunity to accept an invitation from an old

friend. She has been talking about a certain project for some time, and I think now is finally the time to explore the idea further."

"Erm... I'm not sure if I understand," Kieron replied, squinting his darkly lined eyes. "Can you like, give me more info or something?"

"Kiera," Tom declared with a sly chuckle, "you are a truly unique individual. But don't concern yourself with the minutiae just yet. Take the day to acclimate to the office and make acquaintance with your new colleagues. When you leave, ask Gina at reception to set you up. We'll have a more thorough discussion tomorrow once I've had a chance to put a few wheels in motion."



Stepping out of the taxi that evening, Kieron let out a little groan as his angled foot touched the ground. After a day in heels, his feet were killing him, and he couldn't wait to get back to the safety of Becca's house to remove them.

Emerging from the taxi that evening, Kieron winced in pain as he gingerly placed his aching angled feet on the ground. The torture of wearing heels all day had left his feet screaming for mercy, and he longed for the sanctuary of Becca's house where he could finally relieve them of their suffering. As he minced across the street, every step was a torturous ordeal, with sharp needles of pain shooting through his legs. His toes were cramped and swollen, and he could hardly bear the weight on the balls of his feet.



The day had been a nightmare, and the thought of having to recount it to Becca was almost too much to bear. He'd spent the entire day completing tedious paperwork, struggling to log in to the network, and feeling utterly humiliated as he was forced to perform menial tasks. His mind was exhausted, but the mere thought of sleep brought with it a paralyzing fear. For he knew that if he closed his eyes and surrendered to slumber, he would be forced to face another day. Another day filled with humiliating girly outfits and the constant worry of being discovered as a man pretending to be a woman.

Chapter 08

"Well, how did your first day go, yesterday?" Tom Watkins inquired; his gaze fixed on Kieron as he sat cross-legged on his office couch.

"Like, great!" Kieron exclaimed, trying to sound enthusiastic. "Everyone here is, like, super friendly. It's like, one big happy family or something." Kieron cringed inwardly as he spoke, forcing a fake smile on his face. The truth was, the day had been a total nightmare, but he didn't want Tom to know that.

"Ah, but that is how we achieve greatness here," Tom exclaimed, a triumphant gleam in his eye. "We stand together, united in our strength and purpose. I have always believed that the power of the collective far surpasses that of any single person."

As Kieron shifted uneasily in his seat, he nodded his head while nervously fiddling with the hem of his flashy shorts. Though he had initially thought they were better than a skirt, the tightness with which they squashed his manhood between his legs left him feeling uncertain.

"Kiera, tell me your thoughts on designer brands," Tom asked, his gaze fixed intensely on the agitated crossdresser before him. "Are they a vital necessity?"

Exhausted and preoccupied with his attire, Kieron momentarily spoke out of character. "They are a destructive force on this planet. They excessively charge for their products and obtain them through unethical means. It is unacceptable how they manipulate individuals into going beyond their financial capabilities just to fit in and be accepted, all for the sake of a brand logo."

As he gazed at Kieron with narrowed eyes, Tom's sly smile revealed his surprise at the unexpected response. "Interesting," he replied with a hint of intrigue.

Suddenly realizing that his response had been far too articulate for someone like Kiera, Kieron blushed and added, "I mean, like, they are so pretty though," with a girly-sounding giggle as he tried to salvage the situation.

As Kieron's eyes stayed fixated on Tom's every move, the next ten seconds felt like an eternity. He could feel his heart racing as Tom slowly sipped from his coffee cup, unsure if he had made a grave mistake and ready to flee at a moment's notice. But to Kieron's amazement, Tom chuckled and exclaimed, "You continue to surprise me, young lady. Your answer was not what I was expecting, but it's refreshing to hear. With an attitude like that, our project is sure to be a lot more interesting."

"What project is that sir?" Kieron asked while playing with the silky sleeves of his boldly coloured blouse, his relief at the lifting of tension mixed with nervous anticipation of the unknown.

"Please, Call me Tom. And the project I have in mind aligns perfectly with your narrative!" Tom exclaimed, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "I have an associate who runs a website that buys and sells second-hand designer clothes. She will send products for review, earning her some publicity while you receive free products and, with luck, I make some money. I feel the idea has the potential to satisfy all parties involved."

"You want me to write about designer clothes?" Kieron asked, looking confused as he shifted in his seat.

"With your stated passion for fashion and your opposing views on the industry's operation, the possibilities for creating extraordinary pieces are endless," Tom declared as he reached under his desk.

Kieron's eyes widened in surprise as the older man gleefully pulled out a pair of lofty wedge pumps and placed them on the desk. "These will be your first assignment," Tom declared with a devious smile, gesturing towards the towering shoes.

"What am I supposed to do with those?!" Kieron exclaimed with a mixture of disgust and surprise in his voice.

Tom stood tall, holding the wedges in hand as he addressed Kieron. "You wear them," he declared. "Just go about your normal life but document your experiences with the shoes. Do you need help slipping them on?" Tom crouched down next to the wide-eyed man, offering assistance. But Kieron shook his head, taking the shoes with a shaky hand. "I can manage," he said, trying to sound confident.

Tom stood back up, a satisfied look on his face. "Excellent. When you're done, give me five hundred to a thousand words. Write it from any angle you like. We'll post it to the website and see how it trends."

Kieron tried to process everything, feeling overwhelmed by the strange request. Tom noticed Kieron's hesitation. "Are you sure you don't need help?" he asked, eyeing Kieron's pantyhosed legs. But Kieron shook his head, quickly removing his blue pumps and replacing them with the wedges.

When the scary-looking pumps were in place, he looked up at Tom with a bewildered expression. Tom chuckled as he read the young man's mind. "There's a place on the corner I like to eat at sometimes," he said while grinning broadly.

“Why don't you fetch me a sandwich and a coffee? It'll give you a chance to break those puppies in. After that, you can see if Gina needs any help.”

Desperate to escape, Kieron frantically slipped his old shoes into his large handbag, his shaking ankles struggling to adjust to their new angled position. "Alright," he stuttered, his eyes fixed on the door as he longed to flee the room. "A sandwich and a coffee. Got it." Struggling to keep his balance, Kieron awkwardly shuffled across the room, his heart racing as he made his way out the door.

As he stepped out of the office, Kieron's unsteady gait was on full display as he got a curious glance from a couple of men strolling by. Glancing over at the receptionist's desk, he was relieved to see that Gina was not there, giving him a chance to avoid small talk with her.

Digging through his bag, Kieron retrieved his phone and quickly typed a message to Becca: "Call me. I need help." The urgency in his words was palpable, reflecting the sense of desperation he felt in that moment.



Collapsing against the cold concrete wall outside the office building, Kieron felt more exhausted than ever before. His lower legs ached, and his toes were numb from hours of running errands for the office.

Looking up at the towering building in front of him, Kieron took the opportunity to slip off one of his new, painful shoes and stretch out his cramped toes. As he rotated his ankle, he shivered slightly, realizing for the first time that he had forgotten his coat. The thought of grabbing his warm, cosy fur coat hadn't even crossed his mind as he left the building in a daze. Since slipping them on, every step in the tall wedge heels had been a struggle, causing him to feel hot and sweaty just from walking.

Thinking about the review he would have to write for the heavy, cumbersome shoes that were causing him so much discomfort, Kieron shook his head. What was there to say except that they were the most uncomfortable, impractical pair of footwear he had ever encountered? They pinched his toes and slipped at his heels, making it feel like an obstacle course just to walk on the paved streets. It had taken all of his concentration just to avoid rolling an ankle. Becca had had no sympathy, in fact, she had found it amusing before telling him to toughen up and get used to his new, taller perspective on the world.

It was shocking to think about how much the young Irish man's life had changed in less than a week. He had gone from a carefree, independent life to one of restrictive feminine outfits and a full-time job as a fashion writer, something he knew nothing about. He felt trapped as if a noose had been slipped around his neck and was being tightened with each passing day. He needed to get fired and make it appear as if it wasn't his fault. That way Becca would have to fulfil her end of the bargain and buy him that flight home.

Slipping the intimidatingly tall wedge shoe back onto his sore pantyhosed foot, Kieron took a deep breath. The first order of business was surviving the rest of the day without permanently damaging his ankles and legs. After that, he could put his plan to get fired into action.

With renewed determination, Kieron set off towards the entrance of the office. For the first time all day, he felt a wave of optimism. His plan was simple, but it just might work, he thought to himself as he stomped forward, feeling the wind gust around his tired, nylon-clad legs.



Chapter 09

“Good morning, Kiera,” Tom Watkins announced as Kieron nervously shuffled into his office. “Please, take a seat, my dear.” Kieron thanked the older man while forcing a smile before trudging over to the sofa to sit down.

Once seated, Kieron took a moment to get comfortable, folding one pantyhosed leg over the other at mid-thigh. He then tugged at the ends of his jean shorts, which were a little too short for his liking but in his opinion much better than a skirt.

Kieron had picked out his outfit that day himself, well sort of. After talking with Becca the previous evening, he had convinced her to let him pick out his own outfits, saying he was never going to learn about fashion unless he practised. She agreed but only if she had the right to veto anything she deemed to be inappropriate for the workplace or the character Kieron was supposed to be portraying. So after four changes and a lot of critiquing, he had ended up in a pair of short denim shorts and a tight leopard print top. A little flashy, perhaps for a typical office, but where he now worked everyone seemed to be a little more relaxed when it came to traditional office attire. The rest of his outfit consisted of a pair of semi-sheer black tights and ankle boots with a short blocky heel.

Trembling with nerves, Kieron tried to hide his fear as he looked up at his new boss Mr Watkins, who sat behind his large oak desk, scrutinizing him from head to toe. When Tom reached his feet and saw the ankle boots he was wearing, a frown appeared on his face. "You're not wearing the shoes I gave you," he said, his voice tinged with frustration.

Bracing himself for Tom's reaction, Kieron looked down at his feet. "Oh, yeah, I like already did that review thingy you asked me to do. I sent it through to your email this morning," he explained.

"Oh," Tom exclaimed, sounding surprised, his face contorting as he furiously clicked on his mouse to open his emails. Kieron watched on nervously, feeling as if time had come to a complete standstill as Tom slowly read his review. As he waited, Kieron tried to steady his trembling legs by pressing his palms against his silky thighs, feeling as if he might pee his panties at any moment. But just when Kieron thought he couldn't take the tension any longer, Tom suddenly burst into laughter, the sound easing the heavy atmosphere in the room. "A very interesting write-up," Tom declared, still chuckling. "Not what I was expecting, but a thoroughly entertaining read and a unique perspective on the struggles a woman faces while navigating the world atop fashionable shoes."

On the couch, Kieron's mouth fell open in surprise. Tom wasn't the only one taken aback in that moment. Kieron had spent the previous evening describing his uncomfortable experience from the day before, stumbling around on tired legs as even the most trivial tasks had become a chore. He had expected Tom to dislike the piece, but instead, Tom seemed to find his pain and discomfort amusing. "I'll send this over to our editor for a quick review and then have him post it on the website to see how it trends," Tom cheerfully announced. "To be honest, I wasn't expecting you to get this back to me so quickly, but now that I know you can produce this type of quality in such a short space of time, it's given me an idea. I want you to write a piece for me every day, describing your experiences like a diary. What do you think?"

"Every day!" Kieron exclaimed. "But what will I write about?"

"Hmmm. You're right," Tom said, stroking his chin. "If you're going to keep producing compelling pieces like this one, you'll need some activities while you experience the products."

"Products! activities!" Kieron repeated, completely lost.

"Oh, sorry," Tom said with a smile. "I'm bombarding you with information. Don't worry about what you'll be doing for now; leave that to me to organize. For today, work with Gina again."

"Erm... okay," Kieron said in a gloomy voice, realizing that not only had his plan to get let go from the company failed, but it had backfired, giving him even more work to do. As he stood up, preparing himself for another day of being bossed around by Tom's secretary, Gina, Tom stopped him in his tracks. "Whoa! Not so fast," he said. "Before you go, I've got something for you."

"For me!" Kieron exclaimed, horrified as he watched Tom reach under his desk before revealing the scariest pair of high-heeled shoes he had ever seen. Plonking them down on his desk with a thud, he looked over at Kieron with a sly smile on his face.



"With these, you now possess two pairs of beautiful shoes," Tom declared. "Rotate them each day and continue with your daily tasks. I am eager to see if your opinions change after a few weeks of wearing them."

"A few weeks!" Kieron exclaimed, his mind filled with fear at the thought of standing in the towering heels on Tom's desk, let alone having to wear them day in and day out.

"For now, yes," Tom nodded. "We will reassess the situation after seeing how your pieces trend. And take this as well," he added, reaching back under his desk to produce a large cellophane-wrapped box. "I have been told that these are top-of-the-line products. I know you do not typically wear much makeup, but that will only make for a more interesting article. Maybe you could try some different looks and see if people treat you differently. You can decide on the details, I'm sure you have some ideas of your own to contribute to the project."

Left speechless, Kieron stared at the desk in shock, unable to comprehend what he had just heard.

"Well, if everything is clear, I will leave you to it," Tom announced, clapping his hands, and standing up. "I am very excited to see where this little project will lead. Do not worry about writing anything today but try to get into the habit of making notes on any interesting occurrences or thoughts. Let's meet again at the same time tomorrow."



As Kieron minced out of the office building that evening, his troubled mind was only provoked further by the incessant clicking of his tortured feet. It had been a gruelling afternoon of menial tasks as Gina took full advantage of having an extra set of hands. He had been sent on countless coffee runs, forced to engage in small talk with colleagues while delivering assignments, and had lost track of the number of times he was sent to the copy room. Each one of these occasions had been a nerve-wracking experience for the young crossdressing Irishman. Every head that turned as he sashayed by, wiggling his hips, felt like an attack on his masculinity. And every comment about his unconventional footwear made him blush heavily through his thick makeup-covered face.

After leaving Tom's office, Kieron had called Becca, who listened patiently as the babbling young man poured out his frustrations. Though her advice wasn't exactly what he wanted to hear, it did make sense. She suggested he look up a makeup influencer she liked and copy her looks. That way, he could test out his new products and get step-by-step guides on how to apply them. So, in one of the only moments that day when he got to rest his weary legs, Kieron found a quiet corner and experimented with the makeup. At first, the task seemed nearly impossible. After messing up a few times and getting frustrated as he had to wash his face and start over, he almost gave up. However, encouraged by Gina, who found his idea

of trying different looks amusing, he persevered, ending up with the overdone, caked-on look that now adorned his face as he tottered out of the building, annoyed, hungry, and frustrated.



As he stumbled towards the waiting taxi, Kieron couldn't help but wonder how his life had taken such a drastic turn. He braced himself for the inevitable chit-chat with the driver as he awkwardly climbed into the car, dreading the prospect of having to discuss his flashy footwear yet again. All he wanted to do was get home and lock himself in his bedroom, the only place where he could relax and be himself, even if it was cluttered with feminine products belonging to the real Kiera.

Chapter 10

For the second day in a row, Kieron steeled himself as he approached Tom Watkins' office, his heart pounding with anticipation. As he pushed open the heavy frosted glass door, he found the older man sitting behind his desk, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Come in and take a seat, my dear," Tom boomed, throwing up his arm in a grand gesture, beckoning Kieron over to the sofa.

Kieron's knees trembled as he stepped forward, his pantyhosed feet slipping inside the shoes that had been bestowed upon him the previous day. Every mincing step was a struggle, as his feet screamed in protest after a day spent in heels that were too tall for a novice like him. He had tried to convince Becca that morning that a pair of flat shoes would be necessary given his level of discomfort, but she quickly shut down that idea, insisting that if he was going to commit to the plan, he was going to do it properly.

"I've told you before, Kiera," Tom barked, his tone stern. "Call me Tom, Mr Watkins is my father."

"Oh, yes, sorry, Tom," Kieron stammered, forcing a smile as he finally reached the sofa. Running his hand over his backside to smooth out his tight shorts, just as Becca had shown him, Kieron lowered himself down with a sigh of relief, his sore feet finally finding respite.

"You sound tired, Kiera," Tom observed, picking up on the noise. "I'm not working you too hard, am I?" he added with a chuckle.

"Err...No," Kieron replied quickly, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'm fine. It's just that those shoes you gave me are like, really tiring."

The older man's gaze lingered hungrily on Kieron's nylon-clad legs, sending shivers down the Irish man's spine. As Tom's gaze reached his feet, a sly smile spread across his face. "The price of high fashion, I suppose," he chuckled darkly. "But I must say, they look ravishing on you. I eagerly anticipate reading the resulting article."

Kieron blushed, feeling embarrassed by the comment. He was usually a confident person, but lately, something as simple as wearing different clothes had drastically altered his outward personality.

"In any case," Tom announced, sensing Kieron's unease. "I've been considering what you said about not having a defined role here. From now on, you'll be working with Alain." Kieron's darkly lined eyes widened in surprise as Tom

continued. "Alain is one of our finest writers. I send him to all sorts of dull events, and he always manages to bring a unique spin to them to increase online views. But don't tell him I said that. I like to keep my employees on their toes."

'Yeah, quite literally,' Kieron thought, his mind racing as he glanced down at his throbbing foot, encased in its towering platform shoe. He squeezed his legs together, feeling discomfort in his manhood.

"In any case," Tom declared, his voice booming as he ignored Kieron's mounting unease. "I am convinced that the two of you are a match made in heaven. Together, You will embark on a journey of discovery, exploring the very realms where the ladies who adorn themselves in the garments you shall critique, reside." He proclaimed with enthusiasm, his eyes blind to Kieron's visible discomfort as the crossdressed Irish man swallowed hard and shifted uneasily on the sofa opposite him.



With a swift press of a button, the suited man connected with his secretary. "Gina," he boomed, "is Alain here? Has he arrived at the appointed hour?" "Yes, sir," came the reply, a hint of excitement in her voice. "He's just arrived, as punctual as ever."

Tom's smile broadened as he heard the news. "Send him in," he commanded. As he hung up the phone, his gaze fixed upon the door, and Kieron followed suit.

Silence filled the room as the door swung open, and a flamboyantly dressed man stepped confidently through. Striding towards Tom, who stood to greet him, Alain firmly shook his boss's hand as they greeted each other. The pleasantries were brief, as Tom's attention was drawn to the nervous figure sitting on the sofa.

"Alain," he said, "this is Kiera, the girl I spoke to you about. The two of you will make a winning team, mark my words."

As Alain turned, Kieron summoned all his strength to rise, his fatigued legs trembling as they adjusted once again to the towering heels that encased his aching feet. Alain advanced closer, dangerously close for Kieron's liking, before leaning in to bestow two kisses upon the flustered man's cheeks. "Bonjour, Kiera," Alain said with a suave smile, "It's an honour to finally meet you. Tom speaks very highly of you." Overwhelmed, Kieron stammered a thank you and forced a little smile.

"All true," Tom chimed in, taking a seat. "I've been thoroughly impressed with how she has conducted herself so far. And her writing style is truly one of a kind."

"Yes, I read the review you sent me," Alain said as he sat down, his gaze fixed on Kieron, a smile playing on his lips. "Sarcastic yet playful, a truly enjoyable read."

"Indeed," Tom exclaimed. "I want you to take her along with you to the book signing tomorrow evening. Though it may not be the most exhilarating event, I trust the two of you can come up with an angle to draw in the crowd."

"Of course," Alain said, his smile growing. "There is always an angle."

"Excellent!" Tom bellowed, reaching under his desk with a flourish and revealing a large rectangular box. He slammed it onto the desk, locking eyes with Kieron, who gasped. "You will wear this, my dear," he declared, his voice booming. "It will complement those shoes to perfection."

Kieron's heart raced as he gazed upon the box, unable to move or utter a word. He couldn't even begin to imagine what lay within the ominous, white container.

"Rise, my fellow warriors," Tom bellowed, standing tall and powerful as he signalled the end of their meeting. "Take the rest of this day to become familiar with each other, for tomorrow we march into battle. And Kiera, speak with Gina on your way out. I have arranged for you to visit a salon downtown. There, they

shall adorn you with the finest of armour, ensuring that you are at your most radiant for the impending war."

With lightning speed, Alain leapt to his feet and expressed his gratitude to his superior for a highly productive meeting. Kieron, on the other hand, was far less enthusiastic. Having been mesmerized by the mysterious box, he slowly lifted his gaze to meet Tom's eyes, questioning the sanity of the man before him.



As Kieron stepped out of the taxi that evening, his mind was a whirlwind of emotions. The day had been an endless cycle of discomfort and embarrassment as he struggled to keep up with Alain as he went about doing seemingly nothing.

The fancy restaurant where they had a two-hour lunch with Alain's friends had been a nightmare of awkward chit-chat and expensive wine, and the hours that followed had been a never-ending march of pain and humiliation as Kieron was forced to hobble through the city streets struggling in vain to match Alain brisk stride. Pain and discomfort had been his constant companions throughout the day. With every step he took, the stabbing pain in his legs intensified, pulsating from his aching buttocks to his throbbing ankles. He couldn't remember ever feeling so uncomfortable in his life.



As Kieron trudged across the busy road towards Becca's apartment, his mind was heavy with the weight of the day's events. The thought of the debrief he would have to give her when he arrived filled him with dread. Everything in his life felt like a never-ending nightmare, and it seemed like it would only get worse. The next day, he would be forced to wear a flowing dress that Tom had given him and attend a book signing alongside Alain, but that was just the tip of the iceberg. The weekend beyond held even more stress and anxiety with a hair salon appointment scheduled for Saturday morning. He had no idea what to expect and couldn't even begin to imagine how he would explain why he was wearing a wig!

Chapter 11

Kieron trudged through the office hallway, his aching feet protesting with each step on the plush carpet. The tight pantyhose and restrictive pencil skirt felt like a prison as he struggled towards the exit. He had chosen the longer skirt that morning but now deeply regretted his decision, as it made it nearly impossible to walk normally. The black and red checked pencil skirt rose high on his waist, pulling in his stomach, and paired with his ankle-breaking pumps, the skirt that passed his knees made taking a normal stride impossible. He was already exhausted, and the morning was barely over.

Fed up and frustrated from the morning's struggles, Kieron lumbered along as his mind thought back. There was the usual meeting with his boss Tom Watkins where he sat embarrassed as the man complimented and spoke down to him. There was another trip out with Alain where his outfit made it difficult to keep up. And perhaps worst of all, there was an hour-long discussion about makeup with Gina, where they discussed his look for that evening as he nodded and feigned interest.

Feeling his heels sink into the carpet, making it even harder to walk, Kieron just wanted to get outside where he could find a quiet spot in the park and escape for an hour. He knew he wouldn't be able to eat lunch, but the thought of being alone and not having to pretend to be someone else was worth it.

Kieron's eyes blazed with determination as he stared ahead, his focus locked on the exit that promised temporary respite. A fierce smile curled across his lips, even knowing that his hampered stride would make getting there take twice as long. He was so close! So very close!

But, just as he was about to make his break for it, a voice called out from behind, "Kiera!" Turning, The sound of the familiar voice, was like a dagger to Kieron's heart as he fought the urge to crumple to the ground.



"Alain!" Kieron exclaimed, his eyes widening as he spotted his French colleague approaching at pace. "What does he want now," the skirted man thought, feeling a sense of dread wash over him as memories of a morning spent together flooded back.

"Kiera, ma chérie, I'm so glad I caught you," Alain gushed, his voice filled with excitement as he bounded up. "I've made a reservation for lunch at the most divine bistro. Can you be ready in ten minutes?"

"Oh, lunch," Kieron said, his voice tinged with hesitation as he bit his lipstick-covered bottom lip. "I've, like, kinda already made plans."

"Plans? Oh, non, non, non!" Alain exclaimed, his eyes wide with disappointment. "You must postpone. We are meeting with one of the event managers for this evening. He is going to give us all the important details that we'll need to know. It is a matter of most importance."

With a forced smile, Kieron breathed out heavily through his nose. "I guess I could postpone," he replied, his voice filled with reluctance as he shuffled his aching feet on the carpeted floor. "If it's that important."

"Oh, it is, ma chérie," Alain shot back, his voice filled with determination. "It takes a lot of time and effort to make connections like this, and although tonight is going to be a pretty standard affair, getting access to places others can't, will lead to crucial conversations that make or break a piece of writing."

"Ok," Kieron whispered, his voice filled with resignation. "I'll be ready."

"Excellent, mon ami," Alain excitedly exclaimed, clapping his hands together. "I'll meet you out front in ten. And remember, we must be fabulous!"

As Kieron watched the enthusiastic French man turn and saunter away, he shook his head and sighed loudly. There went his hour of peace and quiet, he never seemed to get a minute to himself these days.



Stepping out of the taxi outside Becca's apartment, Kieron felt the driver's piercing gaze boring into the back of his silky teal gown. The driver had been leering at him through the rear-view mirror throughout the journey home, making him feel extremely uncomfortable. With determination in his heart, he pushed his exhausted legs forward, stumbling across the road with all the speed he could

muster, despite the skyscraper-tall heels crushing his feet. The long tassels from the hem of the dress tickled and caressed his smooth-shaven ankles as he made his way to the door.

“Goodnight, gorgeous,” boomed the driver in his thick east London accent. Kieron winced but was far from surprised after being bombarded with questions the entire ride, questions he didn't want to answer after a long and exhausting day. The driver's invasive gaze and inquiries had only added to Kieron's discomfort, but he refused to let it show as he made his way to the safety of Becca's apartment.



As Kieron reflected on the evening's events, memories of the dull and mundane event flooded his mind. Despite his initial trepidation, the event had turned out to be far from the disaster he had anticipated. A washed-up D-list celebrity, who had once been a member of a girl band, sat on stage signing copies of her autobiography, which were soon destined to gather dust at the bottom of the bargain bin. Kieron found himself in a section of mainly empty seats set up for reporters, wishing away the time as he attempted to alleviate the discomfort in his feet.

Taking the time to rest his weary feet as Alain talked away in his ear, Kieron had kicked off his shoes and made fists with his toes, trying to ease the pain. Time dragged as he sat there feeling uncomfortable, completely overdressed in an evening gown, surrounded by others who had opted for a more smart-casual look. Throughout, he reminded himself that although his presence there seemed to be a giant waste of time, the point was to experience a night in the expensive designer dress and heels, no matter how ridiculous or uncomfortable he felt. It didn't matter that he felt like an imposter as he nervously looked around grinning like a fool. All that mattered was that he wrote a compelling review when he returned to the office the following week. A review that would drive traffic to the website, please his boss Tom Watkins, and by proxy Becca! As he thought about the embarrassing and tedious task ahead, he couldn't help but hate his life.

Chapter 12

Kieron was feeling the effects of a gruelling workweek when he awoke on Saturday morning to the sound of an ear-piercingly loud alarm. After spending the last year as a traveller, adjusting to a 9-to-5 lifestyle felt like a prison sentence. And to add insult to injury, his work uniform was restrictive clothing and towering heels, which left him feeling drained and uncomfortable. Rubbing the sleep from his puffy, tired eyes, he longed for a lazy morning. But there would be no restful morning with a lie-in. Instead, a scary appointment at the hair salon was what lay in wait.

Finding Becca sleeping in, for once, Kieron was given the freedom to choose his outfit without the fear of critique. But with that freedom came a newfound worry - what if he made the wrong choice and everyone could tell he was a crossdresser? As he tried on different combinations of jeans and tops, the thought of being exposed and mocked consumed him. After thirty minutes of self-doubt, where he fussed over every detail of his appearance, he made the daring decision of adding makeup to his look (something he never originally intended to do)

But even with his makeup perfectly applied, Kieron was still filled with uncertainty. The nagging fear that he still looked too masculine lingered in his mind! With time running out if he wanted to make it to the appointment on time, he made another bold decision. He slid a pair of sleek black tights up his smooth-shaven legs, wriggled his hungry body into a short black dress, and slipped on a pair of four-inch wedge pumps. Finishing the look with a warm and cosy button-up cardigan, he glanced into the mirror before frowning at what was becoming a familiar sight - a smartly dressed woman, ready for the office.

Reaching down with as much confidence as he could muster, Kieron snatched up the handbag he'd carefully arranged the night before. His eyes darted back to the mirror as a wave of nausea washed over him at the thought of what he was about to do - stepping out onto the bustling streets of London, wearing a dress and heels, and not for the first time. The idea of presenting himself to the world as a woman still petrified the young Irish man, but despite the fear, he was reasonably confident he could pull it off - after all, he'd donned this disguise countless times by now and knew it could fool people.



Kieron burst into the salon, his nerves firing on all cylinders as he clomped in on his wedge shoes. A welcome change from the sky-high heels he had been sporting all week, they provided a sense of comfort as he approached the reception desk. With a deep breath, he announced his name and was soon seated in a plush chair, draped in a black cape, and given a glass of water. Despite his best efforts to calm down, he sat there shaking as his mind raced with thoughts of how he would explain the wig atop his head and the boyish haircut hidden underneath.

"Hi, I'm Lucy," announced a cheerful woman, taking Kieron by surprise. "You must be Kiera?"

"Y-yes, that's me," stammered Kieron, his nerves getting the best of him.

"It's an absolute pleasure, Kiera," beamed Lucy, eager to get started. "What can I do for you today?"

Kieron's face turned crimson as he shifted uneasily in his seat. "Well, it's a bit awkward," he admitted, struggling to find the right words. "You see... I..."

But Lucy, with her sharp intuition, picked up on his discomfort and offered a comforting hand. "Don't worry, sweetie. Is it about your wig? You don't have to be embarrassed; I promise."

Kieron's head shot up in surprise. "You can tell?" he exclaimed.

"Honey, I've been working with hair my whole life," replied Lucy with a knowing grin. "Now, let's take it off and see what we have to work with."

With a deep breath, Kieron hesitantly reached up before peeling off his wig to reveal his natural, sandy-coloured hair flattened by a wig cap. To his surprise, Lucy's reaction was nothing but positive. "Oh, fantastic! We have so much to work with here," she exclaimed, removing the wig cap and running her fingers through his natural hair. "Your hair is lovely, full of volume and life, just lacking a bit of shape."

Kieron stared at her in the mirror, unsure of what to say. But Lucy didn't miss a beat, continuing the conversation. "So, what do you have in mind today? Something simple or a whole new look?"

"Nothing too drastic, please," Kieron stammered, his gaze darting nervously around the salon at all the pictures of feminine hairdos adorning the walls. "Simple it good. I kinda like how my hair looks."

Lucy nodded with understanding. "Simple it is. Just sit back and relax. I got you."

Surrendering to Lucy's talented hands, relieved that he hadn't been branded a pervert and marched out of the salon, Kieron relaxed into the salon chair. But as the hairstylist began to work her magic, he soon realized that something was off. The first clue was when she coated his hair with a rich, black paste that made his scalp tingle and itch. But despite his growing discomfort, Kieron didn't want to cause a scene, so he gritted his teeth and endured the sensation, even as she applied some paste to his face that stung just as much as the hair dye.

Thirty minutes later, the paste on Kieron's face was washed away to be replaced by a soothing cream, leaving the apprehensive Irishman gazing at his shiny, slightly plumped skin and wondered what this woman had done to him. But there wouldn't have time to dwell on special collagen plumping facial as it was time for the dye in his hair to be rinsed out.

For the next forty-five minutes as the stinging around his face and scalp subsided, Kieron stared like a lost puppy at Lucy through the mirror, who instead of cutting his hair started adding strands. The process was slow and tedious and although she actually shipped away a lot of the added hair, Kieron knew the hairstyle he was getting was going to make him unmistakably feminine and mentally kicked himself for not being clearer in his instructions.



With a stony expression, Kieron stumbled out of the salon, still in shock from what had just transpired. The once familiar weight of his wig was gone, with his scalp now feeling the chill in the air. His new shorter style, with the fringe that once concealed his forehead pinned to the side, was not the most drastic of changes. But the greatest difference was hidden from the casual eye. Kieron was no longer wearing a wig! His natural hair, a sleek black mane, now bounced with each step as he stomped down the road in his wedge pumps. And as if things couldn't get any worse, in a bag Lucy had given him was an array of hair care products and a set of clip-in hair extensions, which blended seamlessly with his newly dyed locks. Lucy had taught him how to clip them in, promising they would be perfect for special occasions or as he grew out his natural hair.

As he walked, Kieron scanned his surroundings, fearful of every passing glance. The loss of his wig made him feel more exposed than ever, dreading that at any moment someone would see him for what he really was - a man in a dress! But as he approached the bus stop, it hit him that no one was paying him much attention. On one hand, it was a relief to be left alone, avoiding the embarrassment of ridicule. But on the other, it was a disheartening realization that even without his wig, people still couldn't see what lay beneath the layers of feminine clothing and beauty products. - a worried young man being led further away from his former life with each passing day.



Chapter 13

Tottering into Tom Watkins's outer office on Monday morning, ready for their daily meeting, Kieron was greeted by the bubbly Gina. Smiling as the crossdressed man approached, she excitedly informed him that Mr Watkins was out for the day. Upon hearing the news, Kieron's face lit up with a sudden smile as the thought of a much-needed 'easy day' crossed his mind, but that idea was quickly erased.

"The boss wants you to write a review on the salon you visited over the weekend," Gina said with a gleeful grin spreading across her face. "And, may I just say, your hair looks fantastic, by the way!"

"Thanks," Kieron replied, caught off guard by the compliment. "But what do I write about? I thought I was only reviewing fashion stuff!"

"From my experience, the job is whatever Tom desires," Gina replied with a playful giggle. "But I have no doubt you'll smash it out of the park," she added with a confident nod.

Kieron forced a smile, thanking Gina before turning on his stiletto heels to leave. Although the news wasn't exactly what he wanted to hear, he was still determined to find a quiet spot to hide away while he thought about what to write.

"Hold on, that's not all," Gina called out as Kieron's expression fell. "After lunch, Tom wants you to go into the city to meet that woman who has been providing you with those clothes and shoes you're reviewing."

"What?!" Kieron exclaimed, spinning around too fast and nearly losing his balance. "Why?" he muttered, steadying himself.

"Your guess is as good as mine," Gina replied with an unconcerned shrug. "You'll find out when you get there, I suppose. I'll send the details over via email."

Kieron nodded slowly, trying to hide his frustration as the disturbing sensation of his real hair tickled his neck. What could this mysterious woman possibly want with him? He wondered. Whatever it was, his gut was telling him that nothing positive would come from it.



"Keira, I presume?" A poised and polished blonde woman, a few years Kieron's senior, greeted him as he stepped out of the taxi.

"Yes, that's me," Kieron answered, gingerly navigating the curb in his heels before readjusting the skirt of his tight dress around his pantyhosed legs.

"Fantastic!" the well-dressed woman, exclaimed as she extended her hand. "Let me introduce myself. I'm Ruth Lamont, the founder and CEO of Fenton Limited. How much have you heard about our company?"

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Lamont," Kieron replied, mustering up all the confidence he could, as he reached out to shake the older woman's hand. "Not much, I'm afraid. Mr Watkins didn't tell me much."

"Typical Tom," Ruth rolled her eyes and chuckled. "Well, let's walk and I'll bring you up to speed."

With a flick of her wrist, Ms Lamont spun on her tall heels and led the way towards the entrance of a magnificent building, expecting Kieron to follow closely behind. As she glided gracefully, Kieron stumbled along, in awe of her ability to walk so effortlessly in heels that were equally as tall, if not taller than his.

Meanwhile, Ms Lamont rained down facts about Fenton Limited, the umbrella company for some of the most coveted and sought-after designer products on the market.

Stepping into the building, Kieron found himself in a shopping centre unlike any he had ever seen before. The interior was a masterpiece of architecture, from its elaborate central water feature to its glass ceiling that allowed the warm winter sun to flood in, illuminating the Italian polished marble floors below.

Breathless from trying to keep pace with Ms Lamont, Kieron paused on the escalator to take it all in, feeling out of place among the well-dressed customers strolling around the four floors of gleaming glass balconies and row upon row of high-end designer stores.



"So, what do you think of your outfit?" Ms Lamont quizzed as the fashionably dressed pair stepped off the escalator. "And be truthful, I have little time for false flattery."

"To be honest, it's like totally awful!" Kieron candidly admitted, giving Ms Lamont apparently what she wanted. "This dress is so suffocating, Its heavy fabric has no give at all. This jacket is really garish and isn't even warm. And don't even get me started on these shoes! They're like pure agony to walk in. If you told me to toss them in that bin right now, I'd do it without a moment's hesitation."

Ruth Lamont abruptly halted, spinning around to fix Kieron with a piercing gaze. As the poised woman scrutinized him, Kieron's nerves skyrocketed. Perhaps he shouldn't have been so truthful. After all, she was the one who had supplied the outfit!

As the moments ticked by, the pressure continued to mount. Kieron's knees trembled, and a droplet of sweat formed on his brow. But just as the skirted man thought he couldn't take much more, Ruth Lamont beamed with a broad grin.

"Interesting," she proclaimed, nodding her head in approval. "I can see why Tom likes you. You speak your mind without hesitation. And seeing as you were so forthcoming, I will be honest too. Up until this moment, I had my doubts about this project. But having seen the online reaction to your first review and now hearing your thoughts in person, I'm feeling much more optimistic. With a little refinement, we could turn you into a dazzling diamond - albeit one with a sharp wit and an unwavering sense of honesty."

Kieron's heart was pounding with a mixture of relief and confusion as he struggled to keep up with the determined strides of Ruth Lamont. And as the loud clicking of their high, designer heels echoed in unison across the gleaming marble palace, Kieron was left to ponder the meaning behind her cryptic comment of turning him into a diamond. Would he end up shining bright, or had he just dug himself into a deeper hole?

As the expensively dressed pair arrived at their destination - a large, sparse shop floor with just a few shelves of clothing and scattered mannequins displaying luxurious outfits, Kieron was struck by the reverence the staff held for Ms Lamont as she strode by. As they bowed and cowered in her presence, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of empathy for these brown-nosers, but at the same time, he felt strangely proud of himself for speaking his mind earlier and not kowtowing to authority.

Escorted upstairs to a lavish office resembling one of those luxury penthouses you only ever see on TV, Kieron was offered a steaming cup of green tea and invited to take a seat. As he sipped the molten hot drink, he engaged in a lively, open conversation with Ruth Lamont. She asked his thoughts on various topics like the societal pressure on women to look good and wear makeup, the impact of high fashion on the planet, and the peculiar designs dominating the catwalks that season.

With permission to be blunt, Kieron didn't hold back, unleashing his candid opinions on the absurdity of it all. As he spoke, Ms Lamont hung on every word coming from his lipstick-covered lips, captivated by his refreshing perspective - one that could only have come from a man with just a few weeks' experience living in a woman's world.

Suddenly, Ms Lamont's phone rang, interrupting a lively debate on whether or not men should give women special treatment in a world where equal rights supposedly existed. When the phone call ended, so did the meeting as Ms Lamont called in her assistant, telling her to escort Kieron downstairs to fit him out with some new outfits. And before the crossdressed man could protest, the forceful CEO thanked him for his time and the entertaining discussion before quickly hurrying from the room.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Kieron was escorted by the rather attractive assistant downstairs, where he was subjected to a whirlwind of high-end fashion. From tailored skirt suits to outrageously glamorous gowns, Kieron felt self-conscious as he was dressed and undressed, with the assistant even styling his hair for the most extravagant looks.



As Kieron stepped out of the luxurious building and saw the waiting taxi on the curb, a wave of exhaustion washed over him. Another gruelling day had come to a close, but this one had brought with it something unexpected - overflowing bags of unwanted high-end designer shoes and clothes.

Gazing over as one of Ms Lamont's employees effortlessly loaded armfuls of branded bags into the back of the taxi, Kieron couldn't believe the sheer amount of wealth in front of him. The products in those bags, worth tens of thousands of pounds, would surely bring ecstasy to many young women. However, he was not a young woman! And the thought of wearing some of the over-the-top garments out in public was enough to make him feel physically sick.

Chapter 14

The next day at work was thankfully devoid of much excitement, allowing Kieron to go about his tasks relatively stress-free. Dressed in a fashionable skirt suit gifted to him by Ruth Lamont, he blended in effortlessly without attracting undue attention. However, just as he was about to leave for the day, he received an email inviting him to a meeting with Tom Watkins.

Arriving promptly at the designated time, Kieron entered Mr Watkins' outer office, anticipating a casual conversation with Gina. But, to his surprise, he instead found Tom Watkins leaning against her desk, typing away on his phone.

"Kiera!" Tom exclaimed with a grin, his voice echoing with authority as he gazed upwards. "It's delightful to see you! You'll have to forgive me for cancelling our appointment yesterday, for I was besieged by a pressing matter that could not be ignored!"

"Oh," Kieron replied, taken aback by the unexpected display of excitement. "It's no problem, Sir."

"It's Tom, just to remind you," Tom interjected, deftly slipping his phone into his pocket. "In any case, I wished to have a word with you before you head home for the evening. Shall we take a stroll while we chat?"

"Oh!" Kieron exclaimed, casting a glance at his towering wedge heels. The prospect of a late evening walk along the dreary winter streets outside was far from appealing. "Walking and talking sounds great," the young Irish man added, forcing a smile.

"Marvellous," Tom cried, taking long strides across the room. He linked arms with Kieron, quickly guiding him out of the building. "We shall simply take a leisurely stroll around the neighbourhood," he informed Kieron, noticing his apprehensive expression, and chuckling softly, seeing the skirted man struggling to keep pace with his confident gait.

Upon exiting the building, the crisp winter air instantly assaulted Kieron's nylon-covered legs, causing a chill to run down his spine. Unfazed by Kieron's discomfort, Tom made an observation about how much he relished this time of the year before setting forth up the road.

"I have recently perused your article on the salon visit," Tom stated as he walked alongside Kieron. "Your unique perspective is truly remarkable and not one that many people would consider. I was particularly fond of the manner in which you

depicted the anticipation of the unknown and the gradual yet intriguing process of observing the transformation unfold before you."

"Oh my gosh, thank you so much," Kieron gushed, still playing up to his ditzy persona as he tottered along on his aching feet, feeling discomfort with every step. "I was, like, totally unsure about what to write, so I just told the truth and, like, shared my feelings, you know?"

"Well, you have accomplished a remarkable feat, my dear," Tom exclaimed with eagerness in his voice. "Your review has been up for barely 24 hours, and it is already one of our most popular pieces this month. Furthermore, I can only imagine how liberating it must feel to no longer have to don that wig each morning. I am certain having to wear it each day was a cumbersome experience, and you look infinitely more beautiful without it."

"You... you knew?" Kieron stammered as he brought his heavy feet to a halt, astounded by what Tom had just said.



"It was quite convincing, I must admit," Tom explained, glancing back at the bewildered Kieron. "However, I clocked it during our first meeting when you tilted your head and slipped forward. But fret not, my dear, there is no need for embarrassment. It is of little concern to me."

In a state of shock, and with his mind racing with the thought of what other secrets Tom may be privy to, Kieron stood frozen to the spot, trembling. Noticing this, Tom approached him and gently spoke, "Are you cold, darling? I do apologize for not anticipating the chill in the air this evening. Let us return inside, but before we do, I have a proposal for you. I have an extra ticket to a theatre performance tonight, and I would be honoured if you would accompany me. I suggest we meet at seven-thirty. I shall have a car sent over to collect you. You should have ample time to return home and slip into one of those gorgeous dresses Ruth has so generously gifted you."

"The theatre?" Kieron cried out, taken aback. "As in, a date?"

"Think of it as a work outing," Tom quickly interjected, trying to dispel any apprehension. "Kiera, I implore you," Tom added, his eyes alight with anticipation. "Join me for what promises to be a delightful evening. It will be a purely professional affair, I assure you."

Before Kieron could protest or think of a plausible excuse as to why he couldn't attend, Tom leaned over and linked arms with the shell-shocked young man to guide him back towards the office. "And, of course, I look forward to reading about your sartorial choices in a report tomorrow evening. Your thoughts and experiences, dressed to the nines for a night on the town, will make for a truly captivating piece."



As he stepped out of the luxurious car Tom Watkins had arranged to escort him to the theatre, Kieron gingerly placed one high-heeled foot on the curb, the familiar clack of his shoes echoing in the still night air. Struggling with the billowing skirt of his dress, selected with the help of Becca, Kieron awkwardly made his way out of the back seat, conscious of the chauffeur's amused gaze as he held open the door.

With his flowing skirt rustling and rubbing about his pantyhosed-clad thighs, Kieron poised himself on the curb and thanked the driver before mincing towards

the entrance. The latest pair of high heels caused an uncomfortable pinch in his toes, but Kieron soldiered on, keeping his coat wrapped tightly around the silky bodice of his dress to protect himself not only from the cold but from the gawking eyes of onlookers who had turned to see the arrival of the sophisticated vehicle.

Upon entering the building, a daunting staircase blocked his path as a wave of doubt washed over the tired young man. He was tempted to turn back, but with Becca's voice ringing in his ears, telling him that he had no choice but to do this, the skirted man conjured up all his courage, placed one high-heeled foot in front of the other and began to ascend the intimidating staircase.

With his coat checked into a cloakroom, leaving him feeling exposed and vulnerable, Kieron scanned the room for Tom Watkins. And It didn't take long for him to spot the sharp-suited man on the other side of the foyer, holding a single red rose. Suddenly, Tom's head began to turn in Kieron's direction, sending alarm bells ringing throughout the young man's brain. Instinct took over, and in a blur, quicker than he thought possible in his towering heels, Kieron was already halfway down the stairs, dialling Becca.



"I can't do this!" Kieron cried into the phone as Becca answered. "I don't care about the consequences. I'm coming home! He has a rose, for Christ's sake!" He cried, clomping down the steps in his noisy footwear, the racket echoing throughout the room.

Becca was livid, and the situation was about to worsen as the flustered, crossdressed man tottered outside into the chilly night air, only to realise that he had left his coat in the cloakroom! The ten-minute wait for a taxi, standing by the curb, shivering in his fancy attire, would not be fun. Although the distress it would cause would pale in comparison to the scolding he would receive from Becca as he teetered in through the apartment door, freezing, starved, and drained of energy!

Chapter 15

Kieron's heart raced as he entered the office, unsure of what the day would bring after standing up his boss the previous evening. As he shuffled through the office, he nodded politely to a few colleagues who greeted him, eager to slip into an empty back office where he could avoid any unwanted attention as he cursed his uncomfortable shoes for forcing him to move at a snail's pace.

Finally reaching the safety of the empty back office, Kieron breathed a sigh of relief. With nothing on his agenda, he planned to lay low until his mid-morning meeting with Tom Watkins. But as the seconds dragged on, his nerves got the best of him, and his mind wandered back to his conversation with Becca the night before. Visibly annoyed, she grilled him with question after question as Kieron tried to explain how overwhelmed and vulnerable he had felt, dressed as he was. As he spoke, Becca's features softened, and for a moment, Kieron thought he had gotten through to her. But then she crossed her arms and spoke with steely resolve. "Make this right, Kieron," she commanded. "Apologize and make up an excuse. I know I'm partly to blame for this mess, but I refuse to let this damage my reputation or career."

Kieron was left with a lot to think about, with the rebellious part of him thinking, "To hell with this!" He had travelled the world with just a backpack and his wits, always landing on his feet. The only problem was that this time, if Becca followed through on her threat to kick him out, he might be teetering on high heels! Despite the temptation to roll the dice and walk away, he ultimately decided to apologize and stick it out a little while longer, at least until his situation looked a bit brighter. Surely, he'd be receiving some kind of payment soon, and with that money, he could buy a set of male clothes, a plane ticket, and disappear.

At ten fifty-five, Kieron took a deep breath and rose to his wobbly feet. With his excuse ready, he exited the back office. He planned to tell Tom Watkins that he had witnessed a robbery and couldn't make the theatre because the police needed him to file a witness report. It was a well-thought-out excuse and one that, in his mind, would work. Unfortunately, all of his preparation would be for nothing! Entering Tom Watkins' outer office, he could instantly tell by Gina's expression that something was up. She made an excuse about Mr Watkins being busy, which could have been true, but when she cancelled all of their upcoming meetings too, it was clear that his boss was upset with him.

The cross-dressed man spent the rest of the day anxiously twiddling his thumbs, trying to come up with a plan in case he was fired. He considered rushing to

Becca's apartment before she heard the news, hoping to find something reasonable to wear and perhaps even some money. Although he had never stolen before, desperate times called for desperate measures, and he planned to repay her as soon as he could. But just as he was about to leave, still uncertain about what to do, an email from Gina came through, outlining his schedule for the week ahead. This could only mean one thing - he wasn't getting fired after all.

Kieron had mixed emotions as he read through the email. The next few days looked manageable. He would be working with Alain again, most likely following him around town as he ran errands and attended his supposed business meetings - not exactly exciting, but something Kieron knew he could handle. However, it was Friday that caught his eye. The schedule read, "2 pm - Appointment at Glow MedSpa," "6 pm - Attend opening of Luminary Gallery." With Tom Watkins expecting a review of both by the end of the day Tuesday.



The next few days played out as predicted, with Kieron tottering around the city, chasing after Alain. But despite the challenges of navigating the city street atop the ridiculously tall shoes he was forced to wear, Kieron found himself interacting with the flamboyant Frenchman more and more. In any other circumstance, Kieron wouldn't have given Alain the time of day, given his campy nature and lightly made-up. However, Kieron's own transformation had left him in no position to judge. With his ever-slimming body wrapped in revealing skirts and dresses, and his own face caked in cosmetics, the lines between the pair had been blurred.



Friday's appointment at Glow MedSpa had loomed over Kieron all week, and when it finally arrived, his nerves were frayed. After researching the clinic's services beforehand, he definitely had no desire to undergo any of the treatments they offered. However, with the threat of becoming homeless hanging over his head, Kieron reluctantly entered the building to see what was expected of him. After checking in with the receptionist, the nervous Irish man was whisked off for a medical exam where they drew a vial of blood from his arm - a procedure that did little to calm his nerves. But thankfully, the following treatment: a massage, helped ease his tension. Relaxed and drowsy, Kieron agreed to the next treatment without hesitation: a hair and face mask that promised to rejuvenate and increase blood flow.

The process was an absolute oasis of calm, leaving Kieron wondering why he'd gotten himself so worked up about the visit in the first place. But little did he know, things were about to take a turn for the worse as his worst fears were about to be realized.

Striding into his room, a woman introduced herself as a cosmetic consultant before immediately launching into an explanation of his next treatment. Kieron struggled to keep up with her jargon-laden speech, but one phrase in particular sent shivers down his spine - lip-filling injections, definitely something he wanted no part of.

The room fell into a deafening silence as the consultant finished her explanation. The moment of truth had arrived, leaving Kieron facing a harrowing choice: either run out and become a homeless crossdresser or go ahead and plump up his pout. It was a gut-wrenching decision, but after hesitating as long as possible and receiving reassurances that the procedure was only temporary, Kieron finally relented and signed the consent form with a heavy heart.

After further assurances from the consultant that he would love the results, Kieron was faced with yet another tough decision. Should he stay awake for the procedures or choose the sedation of gas and air? Feeling overwhelmed, Kieron opted for the latter.

The next forty-five minutes of Kieron's life felt like a wild dream, shrouded in a mixture of lucidity and confusion. Being no stranger to mind-altering substances, Kieron embraced the sensation and let his mind wander, only being brought back to reality by occasional pinching sensations. However, things took a bizarre turn when he felt something pierce his right nipple. Feeling something sliding inside, his eyes shot open in shock, and he gasped in disbelief.

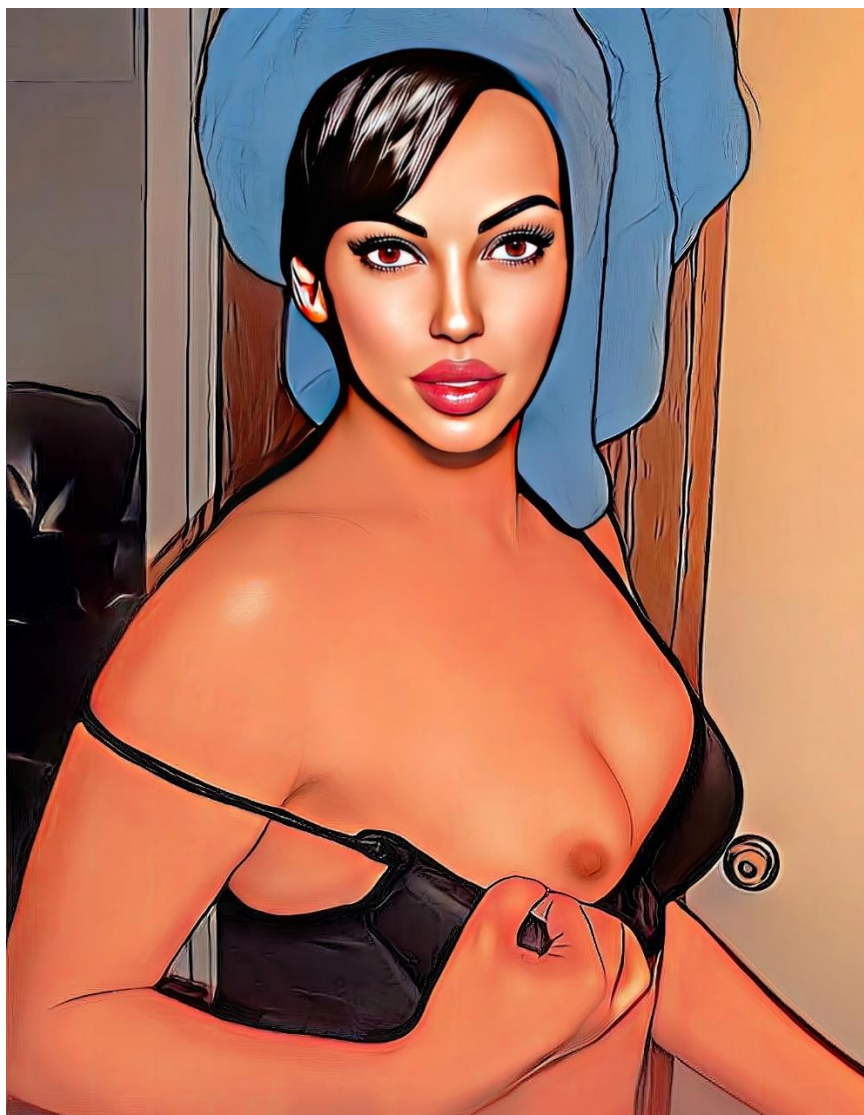
Fiona, noticing his distress, pressed down hard on his shoulder and instructed him to stay still while she administered another dose of gas and air. As the sedative

kicked in, Kieron struggled to sit up, his mind clouded with panic. Before his mind floated away, he felt a strange tension building in his chest and the sensation of the area being filled.



As Kieron's consciousness fully returned, he caught sight of a mirror and sprang to his feet, eager to see the results of the procedures. However, the reflection staring back at him was nothing short of horrific. His lips, now more than twice their original size, jutted out from his face in an almost comical way. But that wasn't his biggest concern.

A strange, heavy tightness in his chest area left him feeling uneasy, and as he examined himself further, his worries only intensified. What looked like small budding breasts sat on his previously flat, manly chest. Pulling down one side of his bra, a mound of flabby flesh flopped out, sending a cold shiver down his spine.



"What do you think?" The consultant asked as she appeared by his side, leaving Kieron struggling to find the words to express his shock and horror.

"I...I...my chest!" he stuttered, feeling faint as the room began to spin around him.

The woman responded in a soothing tone, "Sorry if you were expecting larger results. That's as much as we could do in the first session of VBL. But we can build upon this in your follow-up appointment."

"VBL?" Kieron repeated in a daze. "What's VBL?" He vaguely remembered the woman mentioning the term earlier, but, at the time, he had thought it was related to the lip-plumping process.

"Oh, I thought you knew," the woman replied as she furrowed her brow and looked at Kieron with concern. "It stands for Vampire Breast Lift! With the platelet-rich plasma we synthesized from the blood we took earlier, it's a preferable choice to breast augmentation for some people. Practically no recovery time and the injected material is from your own cells. Did you not know this before coming here today?"

Kieron turned to look at the woman in disbelief, trying to process what she was saying as his newly plumped lips parted slightly. Could it be true? Had he really just been given a set of breasts in under an hour? The thought was so absurd that he wanted to dismiss it, but as he thought things through, it didn't seem like a joke. Everything seemed so real, from the professional location to the disturbing wobble of his chest.

Chapter 16

"Indulge me, mon amour," Alain said, tapping his hand lightly on Kieron's pantyhosed knee. "I can't help but feel the designs here are a little over the top, but I'm curious to hear your thoughts."

Kieron flashed a smile at his French companion, his mind still reeling from the avant-garde ensembles strutting down the runway. "Over the top doesn't even begin to cover it," he quipped. "Did you see that purple dress? The skirt was so massive, it brushed my legs as she walked by!"

Alain chuckled at Kieron's remark. "Ah, but my dear, it was a sight to behold. A very spectacular number, perfect for a little fashion queen like you, I'd say!"

Kieron playfully punched Alain on the arm. "You're the only queen here, Alain," he teased while rolling his eyes.

As yet another model strode past with an impassive expression the pair chuckled. After spending a considerable amount of time together, the duo had developed a budding friendship. With his unwavering confidence, sharp wit, and sarcastic humour, Alain was hard not to admire once you got to know him. Being around him made Kieron feel more self-assured, even in an unfamiliar setting like the front row of a fashion show.

Alain's presence made Kieron feel less self-conscious about being seated in his designer skirt suit while the other well-dressed attendees surreptitiously scrutinized his outfit. In fact, Alain's carefree attitude had taught him a lot. Alain walked to the beat of his own drum, a trait evident in his daily routine, where he always appeared busy but accomplished very little. It was a lifestyle that Kieron had never encountered before, and it piqued his curiosity while also inspiring him.

As he shifted in his chair, Kieron winced when his nipple grazed against the inside of his bra. Still unaccustomed to the sensation of his own flesh filling the cups, he shook his head and let out a deep sigh. Following his visit to Glow MedSpa, he had endured several sleepless nights as he struggled to adapt to the changes in his body. Previously a front sleeper, he now had to adjust due to the odd and sensitive feeling in his chest area. Lying on his back, he had spent hours awake, contemplating his plump lips and lamenting his decision not to remain conscious during the procedures.

Monday morning had been a nightmare for Kieron as he braved the office with his new cleavage and pouty lips, enduring a deluge of comments and compliments from his colleagues about his appearance. Expressing gratitude to each person who

remarked on his looks was a humiliating experience. Consequently, when Alain met up with him and teased him about his "trout pout," Kieron welcomed the change. In response, Kieron joked about Alain's brightly coloured jacket, and from that moment on, their relationship became more intriguing.

As Wednesday dawned, Kieron's physical alterations still dominated his thoughts, but he was slowly acclimating to them, which meant he was finally getting more sleep. The day progressed without incident as most of his colleagues had moved on from his changes, and the comments had ceased. However, Thursday was an entirely different story; it was a day fraught with embarrassment.

After writing and submitting his critiques of Glow MedSpa and the Luminary Gallery, which were surprisingly well-received despite his negative tone and emphasis on the most unfavourable aspects of each experience, Kieron was given a new assignment. Armed with a list of items from some of the most exclusive stores in the city, he was informed that he would be going on a shopping spree!

Driven into the city, the young crossdressed Irishman found himself in unfamiliar territory, navigating the designer store-lined Sloane Street. He felt entirely out of place as he walked into the first store, where he was greeted by a snooty saleswoman. However, when he mentioned his employer's name, her demeanour changed drastically. From that point on, Kieron was treated like a VIP, sipping champagne and trying on a plethora of outfits while the saleswoman praised his appearance.

Despite feeling trepidation, Kieron left the store wearing what was quite possibly the most mortifying ensemble he had ever donned. The outfit consisted of a dress that resembled a fitted skirt suit with a jacket-like top adorned with ruffles from the decorated shoulders down to the centre where a jacket would typically fasten. The middle of the dress featured a piece of sheer, mesh-like fabric that prominently displayed his midriff and the inner edges of his enhanced chest. The skirt of the dress was snug, covering the upper portions of his nylon-clad legs, with the same ruffled design adorning the hem, which stopped around mid-thigh.

The designer purse that matched the shade of Kieron's ruby-red lips swung wildly as he click-clacked his way down the street. His heavily made-up eyes were obscured by a recently purchased pair of sunglasses, and he was flushed red with humiliation. He walked as briskly as he could, eager to complete the remainder of his shopping list as fast as possible, feeling as though every person he passed was staring at him.



At the fashion show, Kieron fidgeted in his seat as he gazed blankly at yet another model strutting down the runway. He knew he should have been taking notes to write a comprehensive review, but any ounce of enthusiasm he had upon arrival had waned. "What's the point?" he thought. "Whatever I write, they always love it." Kieron's boredom was palpable as he longed to be somewhere else - anywhere else.

Amidst the buzz of the fashion show, Kieron's work phone erupted with a deafening ring. The sudden noise caused heads to turn, and Kieron's heart skipped a beat. Fumbling through his bag, he retrieved the phone, hoping to silence the disturbance. But upon seeing Tom Watkins' name flashing on the caller ID, Kieron's apprehension mounted. As he scanned the room, Kieron observed a sea of disapproving glares, and he hesitated for a moment, unsure of how to proceed. Yet Kieron knew he could not ignore this call. He had not spoken to his boss in what felt like forever, and this was the first time he had ever received a direct call from him.

"Hello," Kieron answered in a hushed tone, trying to conceal his discomfort.

"Kiera!" Tom Watkins exclaimed, his voice reverberating with drama and excitement. "I am absolutely delighted to have caught you! How is the fashion show, my dear girl?"

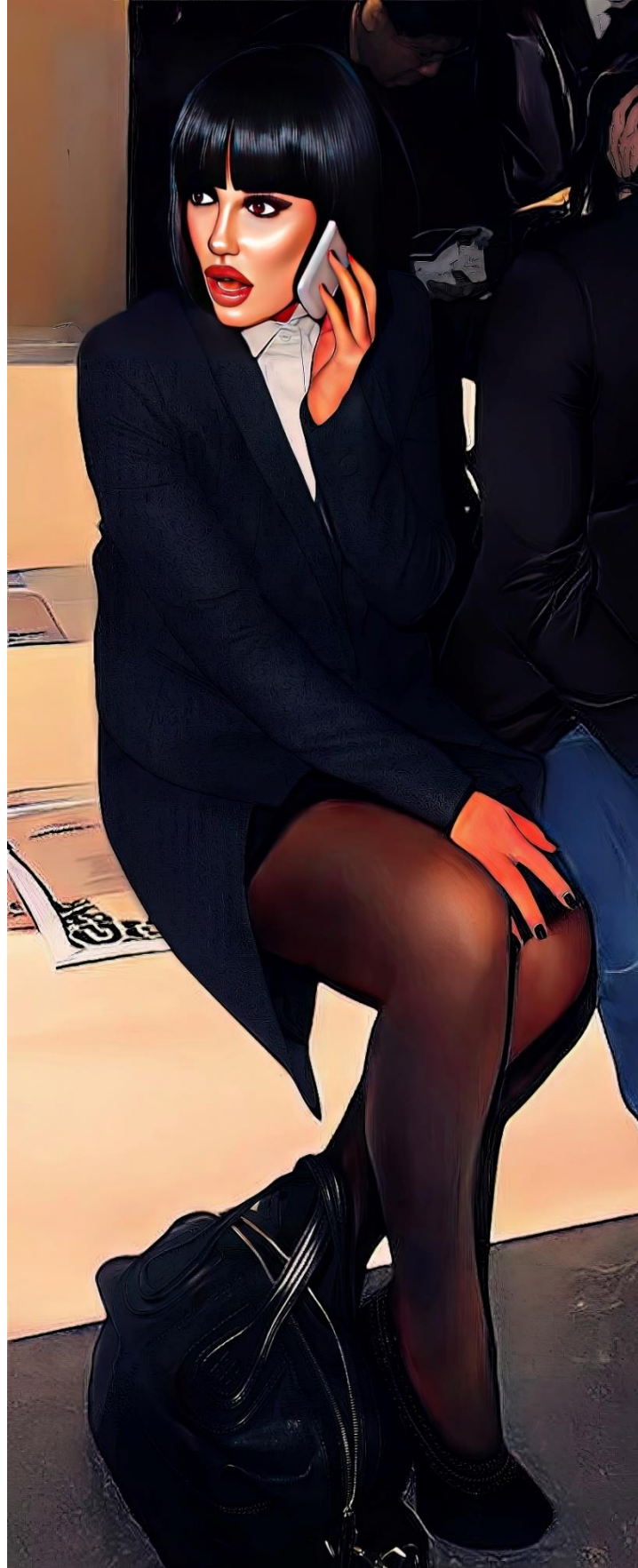
"It's... erm... good," Kieron muttered, his voice barely audible as he noticed the judgmental stares of those around him.

"Good? Just good?! This is not what I expected from you, Kiera!" Tom's voice boomed over the phone, causing heads to turn in Kieron's direction. "This is a very exclusive event, and you've been given front-row seats. I thought you'd be more forthcoming with details! I expected to hear the excitement in your voice, the pulse of the runway coursing through your veins!"

Kieron winced at Tom's words, feeling acutely self-conscious. "I understand, sir," he stammered. "But the show is still going on, and I don't want to ruin it for anyone here with my, like, super loud voice," he added, remembering to dumb down his sentence.

"Oh, I see," Tom exclaimed with a deep, hearty laugh that echoed through the phone line. "Well, with that being the case, I simply must get straight to the point. Your piece on the Spa clinic was an absolute triumph! A towering success! Scores of salons and clinics have come crawling out of the woodwork, begging for a review just like it. Your honest approach to writing and that devilishly sharp wit of yours have truly captivated our audience."

Kieron's jaw dropped as Tom's words echoed in his ear. He felt like he had been struck by lightning. He turned to Alain, hoping for a sign of reassurance, but found only confusion etched on the Frenchman's face. Furrowing his brow in bewilderment, Alain's eyes darted back and forth with a sense of urgency as he gestured with his hands to wrap up the call.



"I've asked Gina to send through the details. And with the success of our last Friday outing, I've decided that from now on, every weekend should be just as thrilling," exclaimed Tom with excitement. "You'll start off with a visit to a top-notch salon or clinic, followed by an exhilarating event in the city. It's clear that placing you in unfamiliar and uncomfortable situations brings out your best qualities. Let's plan to meet on Monday in my office where we can discuss the details further."

As the phone line suddenly went dead, Kieron was left speechless. His pouty lips remained agape in utter disbelief as he stared blankly ahead. He couldn't help but feel a wave of hopelessness wash over him as he gazed upon a robotic-looking model strutting along the runway. "Why me?" he thought, taking a deep breath to steady his emotions. "Why is this happening?"

Chapter 17

With a fiery determination, Kieron burst into Becca's office, his emotions running high. "Enough is enough!" he cried out, his arms tightly folded across his still-tender chest. Startled by his sudden appearance, Becca took in the sight of the pouting man before her and let out a weary sigh. These outbursts had become all too frequent, especially this week, and it was beginning to feel like Groundhog Day. The last thing she needed when working late on a Friday evening was to deal with yet another episode.

As she assessed Kieron's altered appearance, Becca tried to figure out the best way to handle the situation. With a deep breath, she finally spoke up, her voice laced with an attempt at sincerity. "I have to say, it doesn't look that bad," she remarked, eyeing him up and down. "New hairdo? Nails?"

Kieron's frustration boiled over as he kicked off his torturous high heels, wincing in pain. "It's all stuck solid," he cried out, his voice tinged with despair. "The hair, the nails, even these damn eyelashes," he grumbled as he trudged across the room on his pantyhose-clad feet. "It's going to take weeks for my chest and lips to heal, and now I have to deal with all of this crap on top!"

Becca let out an exasperated sigh, muttering under her breath as she rolled her eyes. "At least!" she muttered sarcastically.

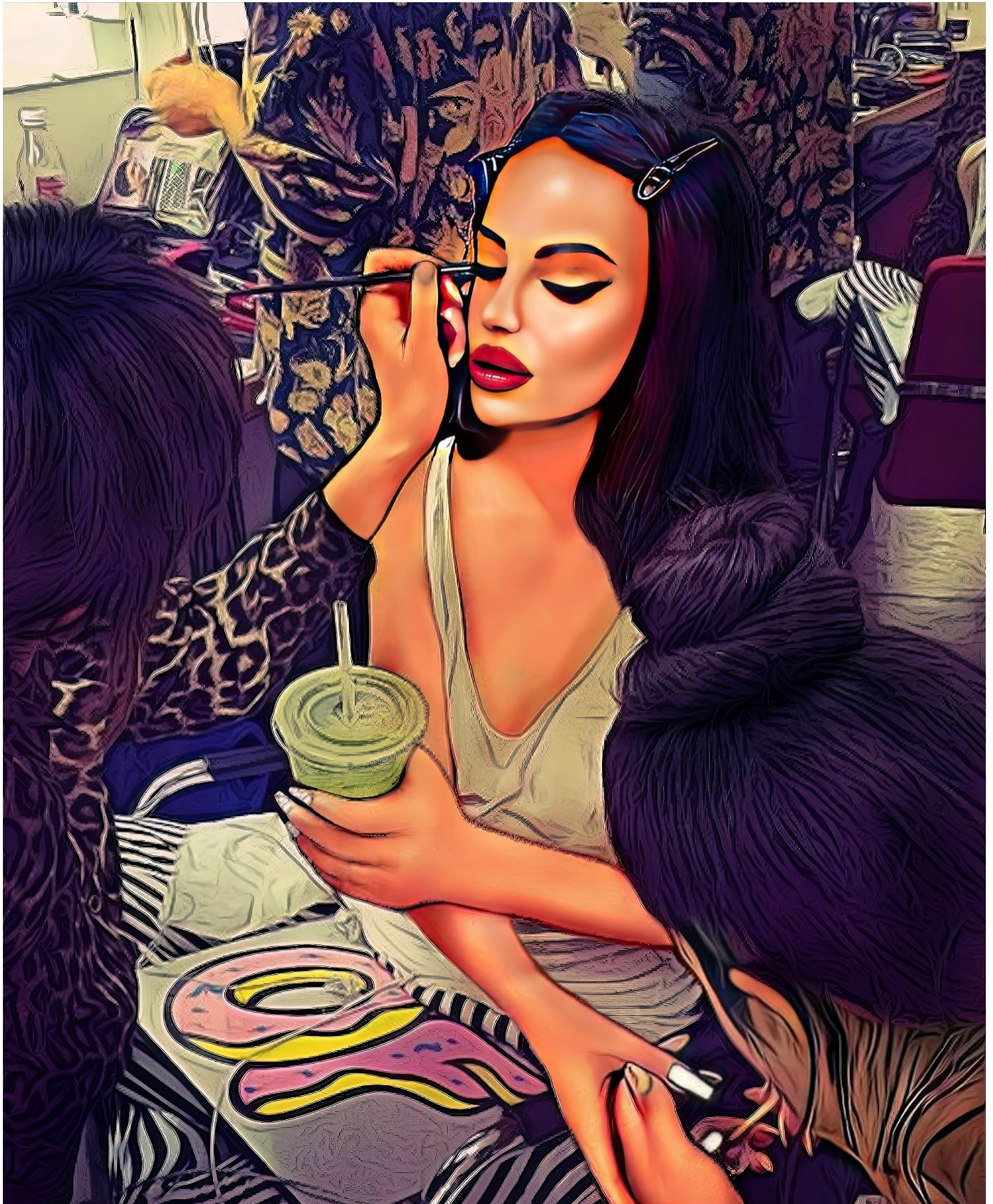
"What did you say?" Kieron asked, his voice sharp as he slumped onto the sofa in Becca's home office, his hands fidgeting awkwardly in his lap as he gazed down at his newly extended nails.

"Nothing," Becca replied, closing her laptop and swivelling her chair to face him. "As I said before, it's not the end of the world. The hair and nails can be easily chopped off, and those eyelash extensions will start to fall out soon enough."

Kieron shook his head, looking bewildered. "But it just feels so strange," he protested, fluttering his long, primed lashes and holding up his hands. "I can't even use my hands properly with these things stuck on, and my eyes keep watering."

Becca nodded sympathetically, her expression kind. "I understand it's uncomfortable," she said gently, offering a reassuring smile. "But there's a simple solution. You could just go back tomorrow and get them trimmed down. I'm sure the beauticians would be happy to help if you asked nicely."

Kieron recoiled in horror, the thought of returning to the salon filling him with dread. "Go back? No way," he protested vehemently, the memory of the team of beauty experts swarming around him all too vivid in his mind. The last thing he wanted was to spend his morning off back in that awful place.



"Listen, Kieron. I know this whole situation has been difficult for you, and I acknowledge that it was a stupid idea. But if you can just hang in there for one

more week, I'll buy you a plane ticket, and we can put an end to this," Becca said, her tone sincere.

"Really?" Kieron exclaimed, his eyes wide with excitement as he leaned forward eagerly. "That's fantastic! But why do we have to wait another week?"

Becca sighed, rolling her eyes. "My sister called today, and it turns out she's coming back," she explained. "Couldn't handle a full season at the ski resort, it seems."

Kieron's smile faded slightly as a look of confusion crossed his heavily made-up face. "But we can't just swap places, right?" he asked hesitantly.

"Correct, you two don't look anything alike, but if she wants her room back, she's going to have to find some sort of solution to this mess," Becca said, nodding her head. "One that doesn't reflect badly on me."

"So, one more week, okay," Becca said with a determined tone, locking eyes with Kieron. "Now, why don't you take a bubble bath and unwind? I need to get back to work."

Kieron felt a wave of relief wash over him as he nodded in agreement. With his legs feeling sore and exhausted, he started towards the exit, ready to relax. But as he was about to leave, Becca shouted out to remind him to take his discarded shoes.

Feeling a pang of annoyance, Keiron bent down to retrieve the towering heels in a very ladylike fashion. He had somehow survived a week of wearing them, but he knew the worst was yet to come. Tomorrow, he would be wearing an even higher pair for his outing into the city, a thought that filled him with complete and utter dread!



Kieron's discomfort was palpable as he sat in the plush backseat of the luxurious car that had been arranged for him. Despite the complimentary champagne, he couldn't bring himself to enjoy the ride. His attention was focused on his appearance, which felt foreign and uncomfortable. Looking down through his feathery lashes, he grimaced at the sea of white fabric that draped over his injected chest, tapered around his waist, and flared around his shaven thighs.

Reaching up, Kieron let out a deep sigh of frustration as he removed a hair stuck to his sticky, pink lips, placing it back with the other flat-ironed tendrils that hung

over his shoulders like an alien appendage. He couldn't understand why anyone would voluntarily subject themselves to this level of inconvenience and discomfort. The constant flutter of his lashes and sway of his hair was a distraction, as were his long, extended nails, which forced him to rethink even the most basic actions. Over the last twenty-four hours, he had struggled to relearn how to grasp and manipulate objects with his hands, moving slowly and purposefully to avoid the intense pain he had already experienced after catching one of his nails on a door handle.

Kieron knew that his hands wouldn't be the only hindrance for him that afternoon. Next to his feet lay a pair of pumps with a monstrous heel that had been sent for him to review. The mere sight of them sent shivers down his spine, and the thought of wearing them again made him feel sick to his stomach. Hopping to the car from Becca's apartment had been an ordeal in itself as he was forced to adopt tiny mincing steps. With his gaze focused downwards, he avoided any uneven ground as his calf muscles stretched to breaking point.

As he approached his destination, Kieron's anxiety began to mount. But just as the butterflies in his stomach had begun to riot, his phone rang, providing a much-needed distraction. Fumbling through his bag with his cumbersome nails, he finally located his work phone and saw that it was Gina calling. He answered, struggling to hold the receiver with his acrylic talons, and said hello.

"Kiera! Are you there yet?" Gina's bubbly voice sang out, breaking through the tension that had been building up inside the cross-dressed Irishman.

"Uh, yeah," Kieron replied, his heart sinking as the car door swung open. "I've just arrived. Why?" he asked, hoping for a reprieve.

"Oh, nuts, that's unfortunate," Gina replied, her annoyance evident in her voice. "Ruth just called and said she would be running a little late."

"How late?" Kieron asked, looking up to see the driver offering his hand to help him out of the car.

"Thirty minutes or so," Gina replied. "She said you could wait at the table or go do a little window shopping or something. The driver will take you anywhere you want to go."

Kieron sighed, feeling trapped. The last thing he wanted to do was sit alone at a table in his flashy outfit, but he also couldn't bear the thought of walking around in the daunting pair of shoes that lay on the floor of the car. Holding the phone with his shoulder, he reached down and slipped his polished toes into the heels. Once they were snug, he placed one foot on the ground for balance before carefully

placing the other on the ground outside the car, trying to avoid the emasculating action of taking the driver's hand. "I'll wait for her inside," he said, resigned to his fate. Walking anywhere in his current footwear was not an option.



"Okay, the booking is under her name," Gina said. "Everything's complimentary, so order a drink or two while you wait."

"Thanks, Ginaaaaahh," Kieron replied, her name trailing off as his ankle rolled, sending the feminized man tumbling towards the ground. But as he braced for impact, the driver swooped in and caught him in his strong arms.

Feeling utterly humiliated, Kieron looked up at the driver, who smiled reassuringly. "Thanks," Kieron squeaked, feeling like a shell of a man.

"Don't mention it, miss," the driver replied, steadying Kieron and ensuring that he could stand on his own again. "Here, let me grab your coat and bag from the car," he added, scurrying off to retrieve Kieron's belongings.

"Kiera, are you okay?" Gina's voice rang out through the phone in Kieron's hand, but the dazed Irishman was lost in thought. As he watched the driver dart towards the car, he longed when he too was able to move about so freely without constantly feeling restricted in the name of fashion.

Chapter 18

Ruth Lamont strode towards Kieron with an air of determination, causing him to brace himself for her arrival with a tense smile. Despite not disliking Ruth, the mere thought of rising to greet her filled Kieron with trepidation. Nonetheless, he gritted his teeth, planted his feet firmly inside his high-heeled pumps, and pressed down on the balls of his feet. A sharp jolt of pain shot up his legs, but he remained steadfast, determined to maintain his balance. The heels on his current footwear were unbelievably high! Just when he thought he had mastered the art of walking in heels, this was a whole new level of agony.

"Kiera, my darling, it's lovely to see you again," Ruth exclaimed, striding confidently towards Kieron and enveloping him in air kisses on both cheeks. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long?"

Kieron forced a smile, having been seated uncomfortably for a torturous forty-five minutes, feeling the piercing stares of strangers. "No, not at all," he fibbed.

"Fantastic," Ruth replied, placing her designer handbag on an empty chair before taking a seat herself. Kieron smoothed out his skirt nervously before settling into his chair across from her.

For a brief moment, Ruth appraised Kieron's appearance, causing him to squirm in his seat. With a knowing smile, Ruth finally spoke. "You've had some work done, haven't you?" she declared with certainty. "Where did you go?"

Kieron hesitated for a moment, his mind still lingering on the embarrassing memory. "I went to a salon near Russell Square after work yesterday," he finally admitted.

Curiosity sparked in Ruth's eyes as she gazed over the table, eagerly awaiting her pretty companion's response. "And how was the service?" she inquired.

Kieron shrugged nonchalantly, his manicured fingers nervously running through his silky black locks. "If you enjoy being treated like a poodle in a dog show, then it was great," he retorted with a hint of sarcasm.

Ruth burst into laughter, her fondness for Kieron growing by the second. "You're just so brutally honest and vividly descriptive, Kiera," she exclaimed. "I can see why Tom likes you so much."

Kieron snorted as he slowly shook his head from side to side. "Not right now, he doesn't," he confessed.

"Really?" Ruth leaned in, her gaze unwavering. "What happened?"

Kieron found solace in Ruth's attentive ear, pouring out his heart to her. He divulged the story of standing up to his boss at the theatre after feeling uncomfortable with Tom Watkin's unsettling glances. He even confessed to feeling coerced into the recent beauty treatment he endured.

The time flew by as Kieron spoke and Ruth listened, their conversation flowing with ease. So much so that by the time Kieron hobbled his way out of the restaurant an hour later, his legs screaming in agony, he wondered if he divulged a little too much information.



Telling the older woman that he felt trapped in his current job was probably going too far. But despite his reservations, he couldn't help but feel grateful for Ruth's insightful advice. Come Monday morning, Kieron was eager to put her words into action.



"Good morning, Kiera," Tom Watkins greeted as Kieron entered his office, his strides impeded by his tight pencil skirt. "Please take a seat, I'll be with you shortly," he added with an air of indifference that seemed out of character.

Undeterred by his boss's aloofness, Kieron sashayed into the room, his hips swaying and arms swinging before stopping in the centre of the room. "I'll stand if you don't mind," he said confidently, determined to assert his presence.

Tom looked up from his computer screen and was clearly taken aback by Kieron's appearance. "Wow," he exclaimed, struggling to find the right words. "You look very... professional today," he finally managed to say, his eyes scanning Kieron's feminine form.

Although inwardly cringing, Kieron maintained his poise and composure, knowing exactly what he looked like. It was an idea given to him by Ruth Lamont to counter being taken advantage of at work - look and act as professionally as possible. Never show signs of emotion or weakness and smile at all times. "Thank you, Tom," Kieron replied as he stood tall on his heels, his back straight, and head held high. "This is a place of work after all," he added, enunciating his words and smiling.



Gone were the days of the ditzy act - all part of Kieron's new plan. If he wanted to be taken seriously, he needed to act differently. And based on Tom's reaction, it seemed like his professional appearance was spot-on. From his perfectly tied-up hair to his glossy designer heels, Kieron looked every bit the part of a confident office lady - minus the slightly overdone makeup. But with dark fluttery lashes and plump kissable lips, he knew there was only so much he could do to tone it down.

After a moment's pause, where Kieron gritted his teeth and tried to appear confident, Tom scoffed and reached for a piece of paper. With a quick thrust of his arm, he demanded that Kieron take it. Trotting over to Tom's desk on his skyscraper heels to grasp the paper with his long nails, Kieron looked down as a puzzled expression crossed his painted face. Tom, not in the mood to tolerate hesitation, folded his arms and boomed, "Read it!"

Taking a deep breath, Kieron read the words aloud. "I recently had the pleasure of experiencing the quintessentially British tradition of afternoon tea in London at The Ritz Hotel, and I must say it was an unforgettable experience. From the moment I arrived, I was greeted by the hotel's impeccably dressed doorman, who directed me to the tearoom.

As I entered, I was struck by the opulent surroundings, with its ornate chandeliers, plush chairs, and linen-clad tables. The service was excellent, and the staff were very attentive throughout my visit, ensuring that my teacup was never empty and that I had everything I needed.

The menu offered an extensive selection of teas, including classic blends like Earl Grey and Darjeeling, as well as more exotic options like jasmine and green tea. The sandwiches were fresh and delicious, with fillings like cucumber and cream cheese, smoked salmon and cream cheese, and egg and cress.

The scones were served warm, and the..."

Tom's voice boomed through the room once more, startling Kieron as he violently snatched the paper from his hand. "Stop!" he yelled, his frustration palpable. "What is this? It's dull! It's boring! Cress, Kiara? Really? Where's the excitement? Why would I, as a reader, waste my time on this?"

Kieron stumbled backwards, but he refused to let his composure falter. "I'm sorry, Tom. I'll take that on board and do better next time," he declared, his voice unwavering.

Seeing the skirted man in front of him scampering backwards with a hint of fear in his eyes, Tom leaned back in his chair, offering a begrudging apology. "No, I'm sorry. Perhaps I expected too much. After all, afternoon tea isn't exactly

exhilarating. We need to get you out of your comfort zone. That's when we'll see the best of you," he added, screwing up the paper and tossing it across the room, missing the bin.

Kieron was at a loss for words, his mind reeling. Ruth's plan had backfired, and he was starting to regret his decision. He had hoped that by acting boring, Tom would lose interest in him, and he could leave the company amicably without causing any issues. But as he stood there, clutching his designer handbag and teetering on his ridiculous heels, he realized that he had only made things worse.

Chapter 19

Halfway through the following week, Kieron wearily entered Keira's bedroom after another gruelling day of work. Eagerly, he eased his sore feet out of the pointy stiletto heels that had been mercilessly squeezing his toes. Leaving the unforgiving shoes behind, he unzipped his snug pencil skirt, exhaling a deep sigh of relief as his stomach finally found freedom. With a swift kick, the skirt flew across the room, soon followed by the tights he peeled from his aching legs.

Kieron then sank to the floor, savouring the ice-cold water he had fetched from the fridge through a straw. This moment of solitude had become a cherished ritual, allowing him to collect his thoughts before joining Becca for dinner. As he sat there, the soothing rhythm of massaging his throbbing feet on the bedroom floor helped him unwind.

Today had been curiously devoid of stress, especially considering he had spent most of it traversing London dressed as a woman. Reflecting on this transformation, Kieron couldn't help but feel a twinge of unease at how much he had changed.

A sudden tap on the door caught Kieron off guard, and as he looked up, the handle turned, and the door creaked open. "Can I come in?" Becca inquired, her head peeking through the partially ajar door.



"Sure," Kieron agreed while wondering what was so urgent that it couldn't wait until dinner.

With a warm smile, Becca stepped inside and ambled over to Kieron's spot. Without any hesitation, she gracefully lowered herself to join him on the floor. "I've got some news," she revealed, settling in comfortably.

"Bad news?" Kieron probed, placing his glass on the ground, bracing himself for the worst.

"In a way," Becca admitted. "There's no sugar-coating it, so I'll just come out and say it," she continued, attempting a reassuring smile. "My sister's had a change of heart and decided to stay in France."

Taking a brief pause to ensure her words had registered, Becca observed Kieron as he let out a subdued sigh and hung his head in dismay. "It's just like her of course, reliably unreliable."

"What does this mean for me?" Kieron mumbled, his gaze fixed on the ground.

"I'm not sure," Becca admitted, feeling guilty as she watched Kieron's crestfallen expression. "You're welcome to stay here; that's not an issue. As for the job, you could give notice and work through the month."

"Then what?" Kieron murmured, a lone tear trickling down his cheek. "Where can I go looking like this? I can't go home with these lips, and all the stuff they injected into my face isn't going away."

"I'm sorry, Kieron," Becca whispered gently, taking the young Irishman's hand without any resistance. "If it's any consolation, I'm genuinely amazed at how you've adapted and coped with everything, and I think you look rather cute."

Kieron's head snapped up, and his eyes met Becca's. Noticing her sincerity, a puzzled expression crossed his face.

"I mean, if you were actually into all this, I'd date you," Becca added, smiling bashfully.

A brief silence hung in the air as Kieron's mind churned, and then, inexplicably, he thrust his swollen lips forward, pressing them against Becca's. She responded by kissing him back, and a passionate half-minute ensued before Becca abruptly pulled away. "I'm sorry," she stammered, looking flustered. "That felt great, but we can't. Not if you're going to leave. I've been hurt before."

"Uh... yeah, okay," Kieron mumbled, his befuddled mind struggling to make sense of the situation.

"Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes. I've ordered sushi," Becca informed him as she stood up. "We can discuss your situation more then, alright?"

"Alright," Kieron agreed, nodding his head as he watched Becca hurry out of the room, leaving him more bewildered than ever.



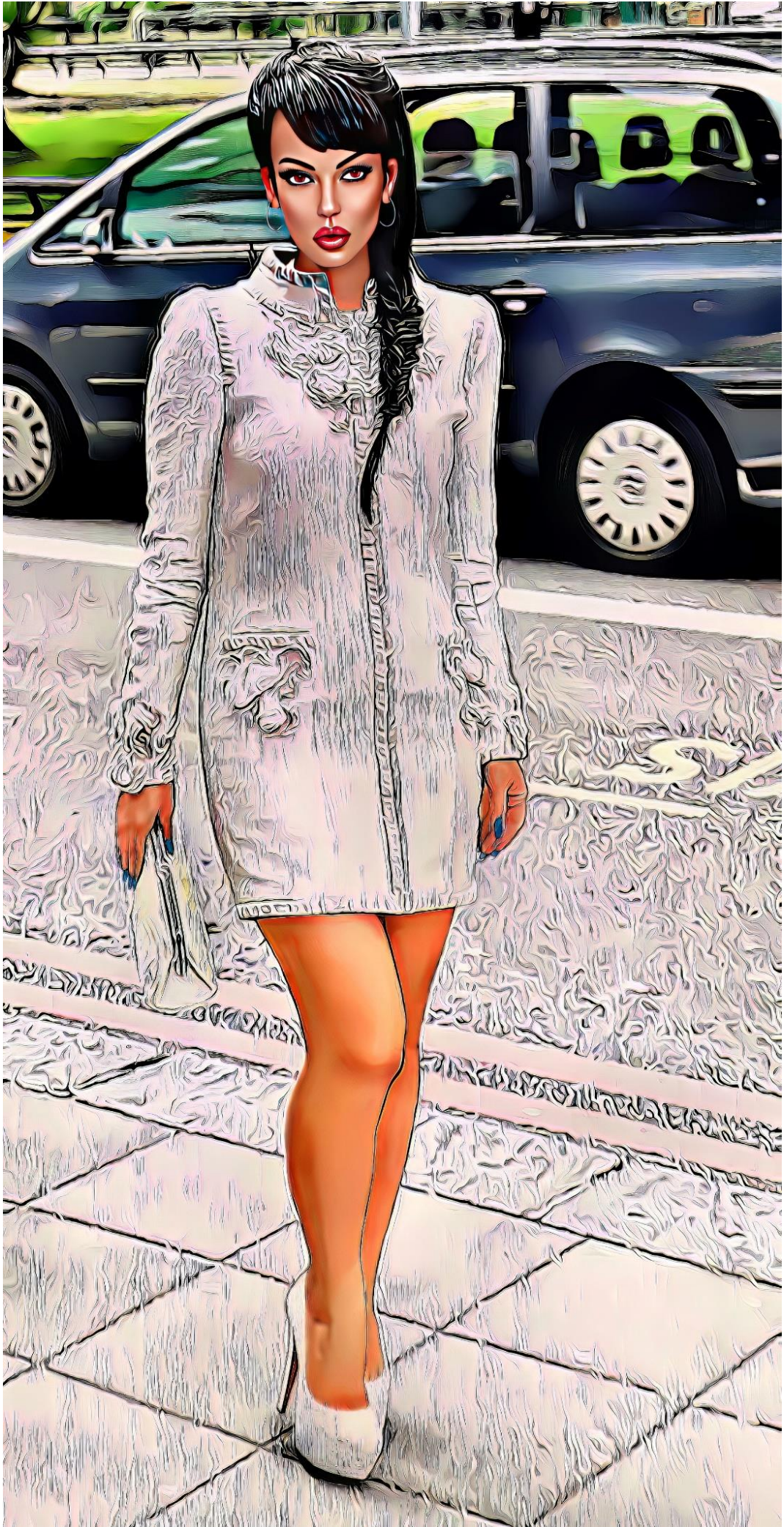
Perched on skyscraper-tall heels, Kieron stood on the street, awaiting his ride after spending the morning browsing the designer stores of Central London. As he waited, his thoughts drifted back to the perplexing moment on the bedroom floor with Becca the week prior - a memory that still left him disoriented.

Neither of them had mentioned the incident since it occurred; it seemed easier to carry on as if it never happened. Yet, Kieron couldn't help but grapple with some peculiar thoughts. A part of his mind, which he desperately tried to quell, couldn't help but ponder what life would be like if he took Becca's suggestion to heart. Having lived as a woman for weeks, he reluctantly acknowledged that it hadn't been all that terrible, particularly if it meant exploring a relationship with Becca.

But then, the more dominant male part of his psyche rebelled against the idea, detesting the dressing up, the uncomfortable clothes, the grooming, and the stares from men. This part of his brain fought back, reminding Kieron of the life he had enjoyed before all the chaos ensued.

The sharp ring of a phone snapped Kieron back to reality. Cautiously, he reached into his handbag with his long blue nails, freshly manicured the previous week. As he observed his own delicate hand movements, he briefly wondered how long it would be before the colour and style of his nails would change again.

Retrieving the phone, he saw Gina's name on the caller ID and answered. For the next sixty seconds, he listened intently, interjecting an occasional grunt of acknowledgement before the call concluded. Slipping the phone back into his handbag, Kieron stood motionless for an instant as the frenzied activity of the bustling street seemed to fade away. In that fleeting moment, the throbbing pain in his feet from his towering designer shoes, the embarrassment of the flashy, over-the-top outfit draped over his feminine figure, and the odd sensation of earrings dangling from his recently pierced ears all seemed to evaporate.



A whirlwind of emotions engulfed the young, cross-dressed man as he processed the news Gina had just relayed over the phone. Fear, revulsion, and anxiety! She had delivered the information as if it were a work assignment, but she had just informed him that after getting dolled up at a location across town that Friday evening, he would be accompanying his boss Tom for a night out in the city. It felt like something he should have the right to say no to. The last thing he wanted was to spend an uncomfortable evening with his boss, particularly given the uncertainty about Tom's intentions. After all the lingering glances and flirtatious compliments, everything in the feminized man's mind indicated that this was nothing short of a date - a date he neither wanted nor could avoid!

Chapter 20

Deep in thought, Kieron staggered out of the restaurant's entrance and into the embrace of the night. The cool breeze gently grazed his smooth legs and played beneath the hem of his dress, sending shivers down his spine as he scanned the street for his ride. Spotting the sleek black sedan in which he had arrived, parked discreetly at the end of the street, he set off without hesitation. The coat he had arrived in was now a distant memory.

The crisp night air continued to chill his exposed arms and legs as Kieron minced towards the car, his aching feet perched atop a pair of seven-inch designer heels instinctively avoiding the pavement's cracks. Gripping his purse tightly in his impeccably manicured fingers, the rhythmic click-clack of his heels on the ground and the unfamiliar jangle of his earrings filled his ears, but all of it faded into the background. Consumed by the shock of the night's events, Kieron longed for the sanctuary of Becca's apartment where he could lock himself away from the world and process what had just happened.



The day began ordinarily enough, at least by the standards of the past few weeks. Kieron rose and went through his morning routine, meticulously transforming himself into the fashion-conscious office girl he was now compelled to embody. He then went through the motions of a fairly typical Friday at the office, composing reviews on the latest dresses and shoes he had been wearing and sharing delightful lunchtime conversation about travel with Alain. However, it was after work that Kieron's day took a dramatic turn for the worse.

Ever since learning what Tom Watkins expected of him that Friday evening, the event had haunted Kieron's thoughts. And unfortunately, the reality turned out to be far worse than he could have ever imagined! Promptly at 4 pm, a chauffeur-driven car swept him away for what had promised to be an evening of pampering and luxury. Instead, the unsuspecting Irishman found himself transported across the city to a dressing service. There, he was stripped of his clothes and makeup, only to be painstakingly redressed from the skin out - an intensely nerve-wracking experience for someone concealing something between their legs that had no business being there.

As Kieron stepped out of the building to re-join his ride, he noticed the driver's raised eyebrows, signalling that his appearance was, as he thought, a little over the top! With his hair piled atop his head in an intricate braided style and his eye makeup extending outwards to form the most dramatic cat-eye look he had ever seen, Kieron couldn't fathom what the stylist had intended to accomplish. He was even less pleased with the outfit he had been given to wear. His warmer business skirt and jacket had been replaced with a slinky white dress, leaving him feeling exposed. Ironically, the only item that remained from his original ensemble was the very thing he most wished to be rid of - the agonizingly uncomfortable shoes on his feet.

Filled with apprehension, Kieron sank into the plush back seat of the luxurious car as it drove to the next destination. He wished he could be anywhere else, but with no choice other than to endure the evening, he steeled himself and tottered into the Michelin-starred restaurant nestled in the city's heart. Soon, he found himself being escorted through the opulent dining room, the grandeur of his surroundings providing no solace for the unease that gripped him.

The sound of Kieron's towering heels reverberated throughout the majestic room, drawing curious glances from patrons who wondered if the elegantly dressed woman passing by might be a celebrity or someone of significance. Kieron paid no heed to the stares, focusing instead on Tom Watkins, who sat at the far end of the

room engrossed in his phone. As Kieron approached, Tom looked up, and a wide grin spread across his face.

"Kiera!" he exclaimed loudly. "You look absolutely radiant tonight!"

Muttering a thank-you, the skirted man was caught off guard as Tom sprang from his seat and planted kisses on both of Kieron's cheeks. With his nerves now heightened, Kieron stepped aside as the maître d' pulled back his chair, allowing him to sink into the plush seat. However, he found no comfort from the luxurious surroundings.

For the next five minutes, Tom chatted animatedly while his phone lay dormant. However, his words failed to penetrate Kieron's anxiety-ridden thoughts. When a waiter appeared to take their orders, Kieron found it almost relieving when Tom took the initiative and ordered for both of them. In his current state, Kieron could hardly decide what to eat.

"I hope you don't mind?" Tom asked as the waiter retreated. "I want you to try some of their specialities. The seafood linguine here is award-winning."

"It's fine," Kieron mumbled, glancing up through his fluttering lashes before lowering his gaze again.

"So, perhaps you're wondering why I've asked you here today?" Tom blurted out to fill the silence. His curiosity piqued, Kieron looked up once more, eager to uncover the purpose of their meeting.

"Well, you've been doing such an outstanding job lately, I thought it would be a great opportunity to celebrate," Tom declared, grinning as he knew he had the feminized man's undivided attention. "Since you joined us, profits have increased, Alain has become more productive, and most importantly, I arrive at work each day with a smile, just thinking about you."

As the words sank in, Kieron's makeup-adorned eyes widened, and a small gasp escaped his plump lips.

"For that reason, I'm going to cover the costs as you continue to transition," Tom continued. "Consider it a bonus, if you will."

"My... my... transition," Kieron stammered, his body trembling. "What do you mean?"

"Hormones, any surgeries you need, even the final snip," Tom explained, sounding pleased with himself. "We can write it off as company expenses."

"You know?" Kieron gasped in utter shock at what he was hearing. "How did you find out that I'm a... a..."

"A transwoman," Tom interjected. "I've known since the first time we met, when your wig kept slipping down. But don't worry, it's not a problem. I'm drawn to women like you, which is why I've been trying to help with your transition."

"Help?" Kieron muttered, beginning to hyperventilate as the reality of the situation washed over him.

"Yes," Tom replied cheerfully. "The spa and salon appointments, the vampire breast lift - I thought they'd be right up your alley. And no need to thank me," he added, leaning across the table. "But if you did, I have a 10-year-old Pinot Noir chilling back at my penthouse. We could make a night of it?"

"Eww, no!" Kieron yelled, his long-nailed hands flailing in outrage. "I'm not a trans woman, and how dare you do all those things without my permission! You're sick!"

"Stop!" Tom commanded, his hands flying across the table in a flash, pinning Kieron's to the surface. "The only sick person here is a little boy who likes to play dress-up to tease older men," he added in a hushed tone, his mood shifting to anger. "I'm a man who gets what he wants, Keira, and I've invested a lot in you. So here's what's going to happen: We'll finish our meal, and you'll smile and be pleasant. After that, you'll accompany me back to my penthouse, where tonight - and any other night that I desire - I'll use you as I see fit. You won't mention this to anyone at work, and you'll continue to progress toward the final operation. Once that's done, you'll be a complete woman - my woman!"

"You're sick!" Kieron squeaked in terror, struggling to free his arms from Tom's iron grip. "And why would I do that?"

"Because if you don't, I'll ruin you, Kieron Walsh," Tom threatened, a look of madness in his unblinking eyes. "I'll burn your pathetic life to the ground and drag your friend Becca down with you."

Hearing his real name spoken, Kieron's body froze, and his mind raced with two dominant thoughts: Were his family and friends back home about to discover what he had been doing? And what would happen to Becca?

"Ok," Kieron conceded, nodding.

"Ok, what?" Tom demanded, still glaring.

"Ok, you win," Kieron replied, his voice laced with sorrow. "I'll do what you want, but can I at least use the restroom first?"

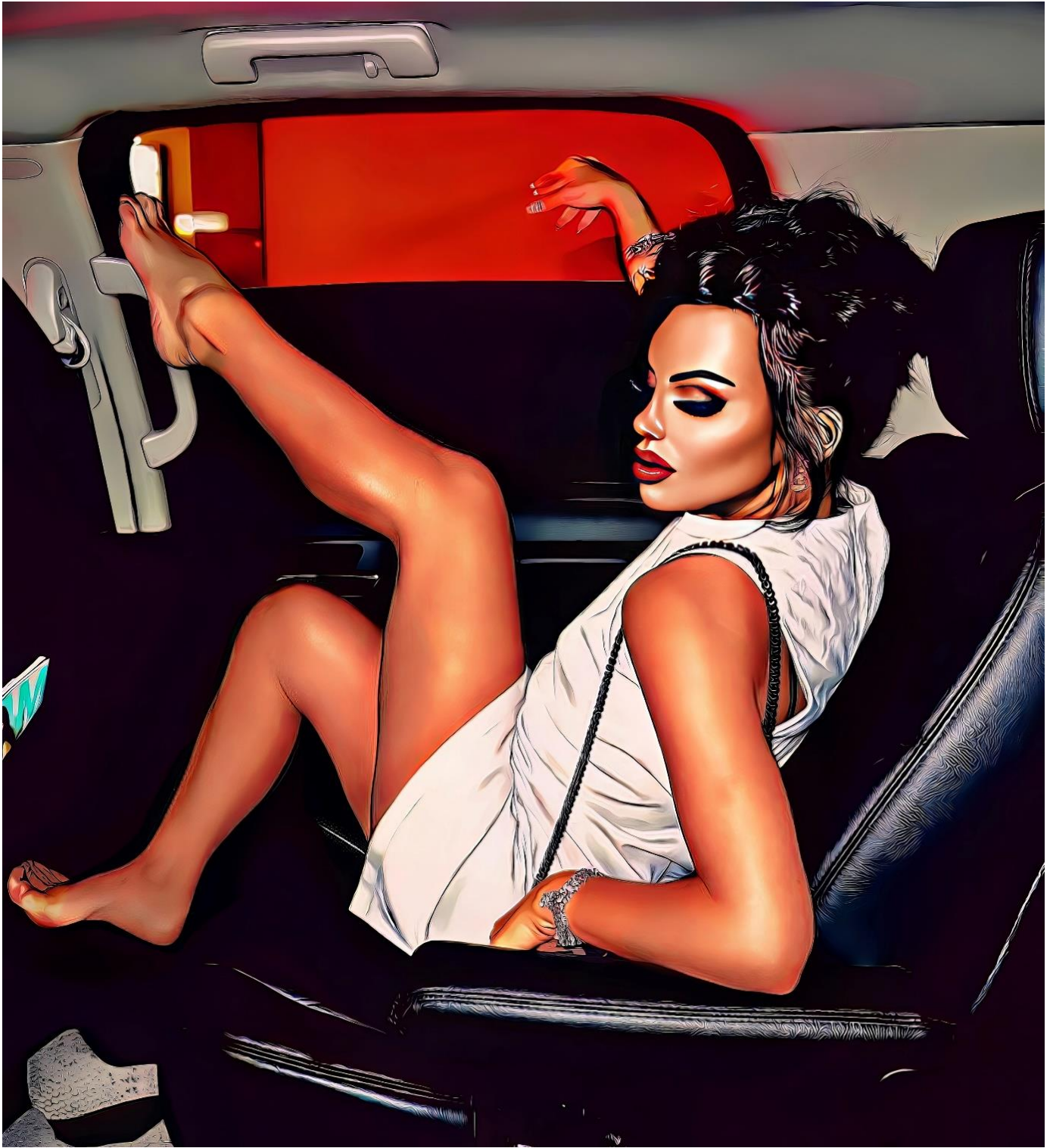
Tom slowly released Kieron's wrists, a cunning smile crossing his lips. "Of course, my dear. Go freshen up."

With trembling legs, Kieron pushed himself upright, his stilt-like heels wobbling beneath him. Silently, he pushed back his chair with the backs of his thighs and turned. Focusing intently on each step, he crossed the room, his legs threatening to buckle, and his eyes fighting back tears.

Now functioning on autopilot, Kieron felt like a passenger in his own body. He teetered past the restroom, out of the restaurant entrance, and onto the street. Moments later, he found himself in front of his ride for the evening as the driver held the door open for him.

"Home, please," he mumbled as he climbed in and immediately kicked off his torturous heels. Rolling down the window for some fresh air, the shell-shocked Irishman extended his manicured hand outside, closed his eyes, and struggled to suppress the urge to vomit.

As the engine roared to life, Kieron felt his stomach churn with nausea. He was alone and lost, unsure of what to do next. Desperately, he wondered if there was anyone he could turn to for help, someone who could pull him out of the enormous hole he had dug himself into, and suddenly had an idea.



Chapter 21

Kieron's heart pounded relentlessly as he stumbled down the street, the spotlight of public humiliation shining mercilessly upon him. Flashing cameras and reporters' persistent shouts pierced the air, each syllable like a dagger to his chest. They swarmed around him like vultures, eager to capture every excruciating moment of his walk of shame.

He staggered towards the parked car in the distance, struggling with every step in the six-inch stiletto pumps that ensnared his aching feet. A long, black gown clung to his curvy figure, the fabric billowing around his smooth-shaven legs in a haunting dance that mirrored the chaos enveloping him. Despite the noise and commotion, Kieron was determined to reach the waiting car, the only glimmer of hope in his harrowing ordeal.

As he continued his agonizing walk, Kieron became acutely aware of the sensations that accompanied his torment. The long, flowing hair cascading down his back served as a constant reminder of his new identity. The sticky lipstick coated his pouty lips, painting him as the woman he was now compelled to be. His long, fluttering eyelashes obscured his vision, adding a surreal haze to the nightmare he was living. The cool night breeze whispered against his exposed, delicate skin, teasing him with a fleeting touch of freedom.

As he tried to block out the chaos surrounding him, Kieron's thoughts raced, consumed by the knowledge that a series of foolish decisions had brought him to this embarrassing crossroads. The fear of the consequences loomed over him like a storm cloud, heavy and oppressive. He knew that his secret, once carefully guarded, was now exposed for all to see. The gravity of the situation threatened to crush him, but he fought to keep moving atop his stilt-like shoes.

With every shaky step, Kieron felt the weight of the world on his slender, feminine shoulders. He was gripped by a terrifying realization that there was no turning back. The life he had known was gone, yet, as he battled against the tide of despair, he clung to a fragile thread of hope. Perhaps there was still a chance for redemption, a way to rebuild the shattered pieces of his existence.



The car seemed like a distant oasis, offering solace and protection from the relentless judgment. Kieron's heart raced, fuelled by fear and desperation. As he drew closer to his destination, anticipation built within him, accompanied by the unspoken questions that plagued his thoughts. What would his family say? How could he face his friends after this? Was there any way to undo the damage? The answers remained elusive, slipping through his grasp like shadows in the night.

Finally, reaching the car, Kieron steadied himself against the cool metal and quickly opened the door with his long-manicured nails. Sliding inside, he shut the door, blocking out the noise, the cameras, and the unwelcome reality that now defined his life.

"Are you okay, Kiera?" Ruth Lamont asked from the opposite side of the backseat. Her genuine concern was evident in her eyes as they scanned his figure, taking in the silky, long black gown that clung to his feminine curves.

"I'm not sure," Kieron replied, his voice trembling as he tried to process the whirlwind of emotions that engulfed him. He adjusted the skirt of his gown, feeling the soft fabric brush against his smooth, hairless skin.

The television interview Kieron had just completed was Ruth's idea - a way to share his story with the world. It was a stand against the harassment and threats he had endured at the hands of his boss, Tom Watkins, and a way to expose the prejudice, discrimination, and sexual harassment faced by transgender women in the workplace.

"You did an amazing job in the interview," Ruth complimented, her gaze falling on Kieron's hair and makeup. "You were very brave and look stunning," she added, admiring his flowing locks and expertly applied makeup.

Kieron mumbled, "The TV people did it. They said it would make more of a statement if I looked my best." He brushed a strand of hair away from his face, feeling the weight of his long, fluttering eyelashes.

Ruth noticed Kieron's discomfort and tried to reassure him. "Everything will get better now, Kiera. You took a stand, and people will see that." Her voice was soothing, like a balm for his battered spirit.

Kieron nodded but couldn't shake the gnawing feeling in the pit of his stomach as the reality of his public revelation began to sink in. "I don't know how I'll face my family and friends after they see the interview. And I'm not sure I can go back to living as a man now, not with the whole country watching me tell them that I'm a trans woman."

Ruth reached over and gently squeezed Kieron's hand, her manicured nails grazing his own as she offered him comfort and support. "Everything will get better. I promise. Starting on Monday." Ruth had offered Kieron a job working with her, providing him with a new opportunity and a chance to escape his previous toxic workplace.

Kieron's mind raced as he considered the future that lay ahead, the glossy lipstick on his pouty lips feeling both foreign and familiar at the same time. "Where would you like to go, Kiera?" Ruth asked, her voice soft and understanding. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

Kieron hesitated for a moment before replying, gazing over at Ruth, thankful for all she had done for him., "There's someone I want to see."



Becca slowly opened her door, revealing Kieron standing outside nervously, dressed and styled as a stunning woman. She was surprised to see him like this, his long, flowing hair cascading down his back and the makeup on his face impeccably applied. The last time they had seen each other, they had a heated argument, and he had left, declaring that he couldn't live as a woman anymore.

"Hi," Kieron said sheepishly, his voice wavering and feminine.

"Hi," Becca replied, her expression a mix of surprise and curiosity.

"I just came by to apologize for what I said the last time we spoke," Kieron muttered, fidgeting nervously with the hem of his elegant gown.

Becca listened intently, her eyes searching his for sincerity. "Thank you, Kieron," she replied after a short pause. "That means a lot. But is that the only reason you're here?"

Kieron took a deep breath, his chest expanding within the silky fabric of his gown, revealing the gentle curve of his small breasts. "Well, I've been thinking, and I've realized a few things. Despite all the terrible things that have happened to me recently, you've always been there to help me. I want you to know I really appreciate that. And, to be honest, the thought of not seeing you every day is painful," he added, pausing for a moment and delicately shuffling his feet inside his towering platform pumps. "Can I take you on a date? A proper one?"



Becca hesitated for a moment, processing his question, and then replied with gentle firmness. "I'm only interested in dating Kiera, not Kieron," echoing her words from the last time they spoke.

Kieron smiled, his glossy, pouty lips parting slightly, and gestured towards himself. "Take a good look at me. There's very little Kieron left. And although I'm still adjusting to living as a woman, I'm willing to give it a try if you'll consider giving our relationship a chance."

Becca's face lit up with joy, and she embraced Kieron, their bodies fitting together as if they were meant to be. Their lips met in a passionate kiss, sealing the promise of a new beginning.

For Kieron, the future remained uncertain, but then again, isn't it for everyone? The universe moves in mysterious ways, weaving together seemingly unrelated events and guiding people along paths they never could have predicted. Kieron might never have found himself living as a woman without the unique set of circumstances that had led him to that moment, safe and content in Becca's arms. But in the process, he had discovered something invaluable: a place to call home and a person who deeply cared for him after years of wandering.

The End