

**Next week,**

The mall was crowded, the air thick with the scent of perfumed displays and the hum of shoppers. Liam trailed behind Britney, his stomach in knots as they passed store after store filled with dresses, skirts, and things he had never imagined wearing.





Britney stopped abruptly and turned, arching a perfectly shaped eyebrow.  
"Uh-uh. What did we practice?"

"Better," Britney said with a satisfied smirk.  
"Now, let's get you looking the part."

Liam exhaled sharply through his nose. *Right. The voice.* He forced his tone higher, softer.  
*"I'm coming."*

The first stop was a boutique with mannequins in sleek, professional outfits—blazers, blouses, and, of course, skirts. Short ones.

Liam's throat tightened as Britney plucked a white skirt from the rack and held it up against him. "This will look *perfect* on you. Claudia will love it."

Britney rolled her eyes. "It's *professional*, Lila. And it's not like you have a choice." She leaned in, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"I'm not wearing that," Liam said, his voice slipping back into defiance before he caught himself and corrected it. "I mean... it's too short."

Liam clenched his jaw but said nothing.





Britney chirped, grabbing his wrist and dragging him toward the fitting rooms.  
"Now, try it on. And the pleated one too."

Britney knocked on the door.  
"Let me see!"


The changing room mirror was cruel. Liam stared at his reflection—the way the skirt hugged his hips, how it stopped *just* above his mid thighs.  
He looked... different. He groaned inwardly. Earlier that morning, Britney had asked Liam to shave his legs since he'd be trying on skirts.  
Now, as he stepped into the changing room, he felt a small wave of relief—at least his legs were smooth. Unshaven legs would've made it even worse.



"Lila."  
Her tone was sweet but firm.

"No."

With a grumble, he opened the door.



Britney's eyes lit up. "Oh my God, you look *adorable*." She clapped her hands together. "Now walk."

"What?"

"Walk. Like you're at work. Shoulders back, hips forward."



Britney sighed.  
"Ugh, we *definitely* need to work on that. But don't worry—heels will help."

Liam took a stiff step, feeling utterly ridiculous.

Liam was overwhelmed with inner embarrassment, convinced he looked unmistakably like a boy in a skirt. He imagined others whispering and laughing behind his back, their silent judgments piercing through him. The thought of being the subject of jokes filled him with dread, making his cheeks burn and his heart pound.

They bought several skirts and blouses before Liam changed back into his T-shirt and jeans. Just as he thought the shopping was over, Britney grabbed his hand and dragged him excitedly toward a shoe store. The shoe store was worse.



Britney handed him a pair of black pumps—  
"Classic, versatile, *and* they'll make your legs look amazing."

"You'll be *fine*,"  
Britney insisted, pushing them into his hands. "Just try them."

Liam stared at the 3-inch stiletts in disbelief.  
"I'll break my neck."



Britney crossed her arms.  
"Lila, do you *want* to look like a natural, or do you want to stick out like a sore thumb?"

He wobbled the second he stood, grabbing the display rack for balance.  
"Nope. No way."

Liam gritted his teeth but forced himself to take another step. His ankles trembled.


"Good! Now, posture!"  
Britney adjusted his shoulders.  
"Back straight, chin up. And for God's sake, stop walking like you're stomping something."



*This is hell. Absolute hell.*

The final stop was the cosmetics counter. Liam's stomach dropped as Britney began piling items into a basket—foundation, mascara, lipstick.

*"Do I really need all this?"*  
he muttered.



Britney gave him a look.  
"Unless you want to look like you rolled out of bed and into work, yes." She held up a compact. "This will even out your skin tone. And *this*—" she brandished a tube of pink gloss, "—will make your lips look *kissable*."

Liam's face burned.  
*Kissable?*

"Relax," Britney said, smirking.  
"It's just makeup. Not a life sentence."



Britney looped her arm through his, grinning. "See? That wasn't so bad."

*This is insane. How am I supposed to explain this to Chloe. A voice in his head whispered the answer: "Hey gorgeous, guess what? I've fully embraced my true self—sissyhood. That's right, sweetheart, the girl inside me isn't hiding anymore. Surprise!"*

Liam didn't answer. Because the truth was, it was bad. And the worst part? He had no idea how much worse it was going to get.

The next item on Britney's list was realistic breast forms, but she knew pushing everything at once would send Liam running. He'd never show up at the café dressed like this—at least not yet.



Smirking to herself, Britney began plotting. She'd ease him in slowly, make it feel like his idea. Chloe could help—she'd know exactly how to nudge him further. Step by step, Liam wouldn't know what hit him.