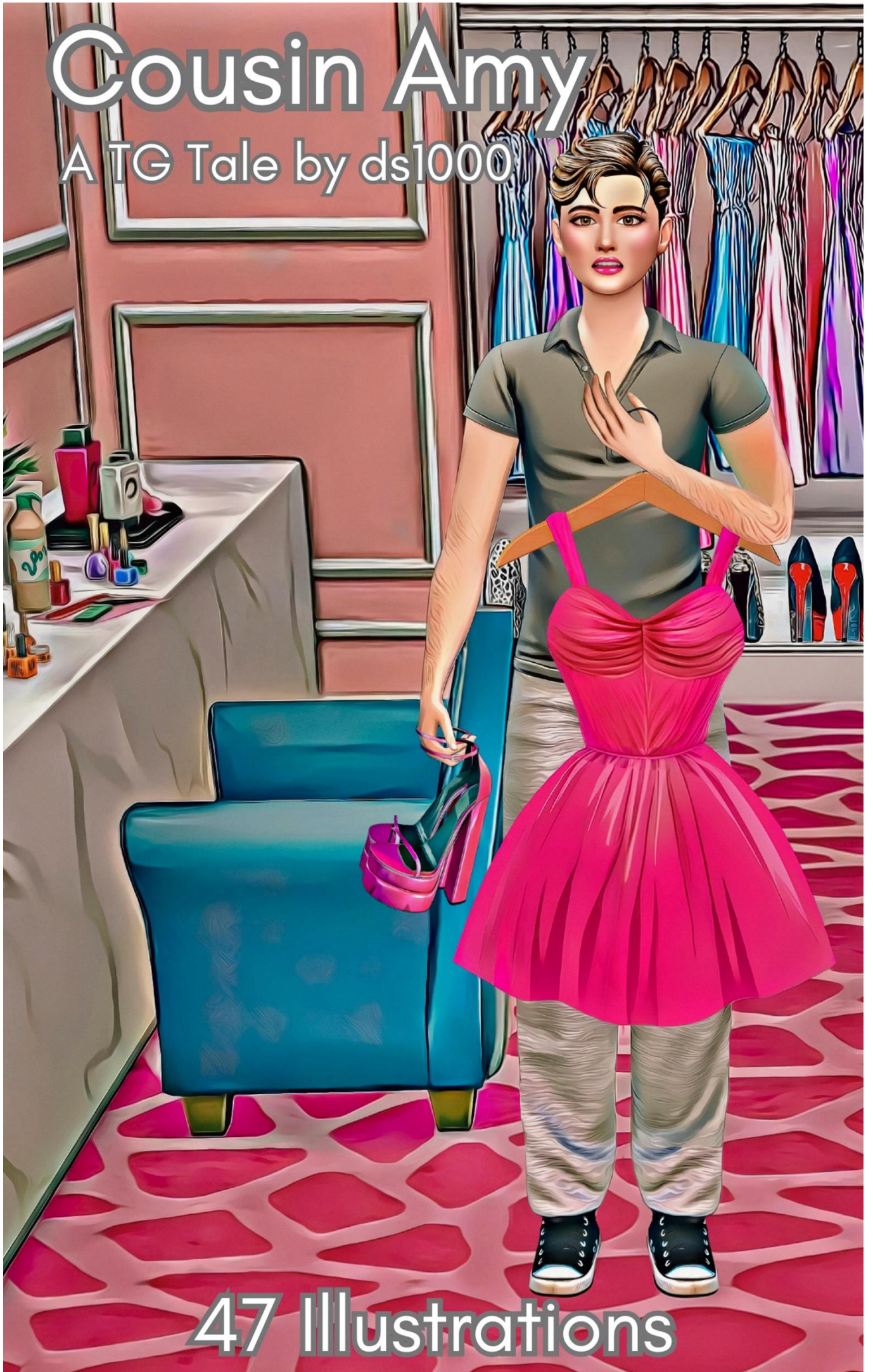


Cousin Amy

A TG Tale by ds1000



47 Illustrations

Cousin Amy

Scott never expected a simple favour for his cousin to upend his life in the most bizarre and transformative way. What begins as a routine task - tending to Amy's plants while she checks herself into rehab - quickly spirals out of control when a letter from an attorney reveals the death of Amy's wealthy grandmother and the promise of a substantial inheritance. Seeing an opportunity to change their lives forever, Scott's high-maintenance girlfriend, Jessica, devises a daring plan.

However, when her initial idea fails, Scott is thrust into a world of designer dresses, sky-high heels, and luxurious salons, forced to become an exact replica of his glamorous cousin. But transforming himself into Amy isn't just about altering his appearance or mimicking her mannerisms; it's about immersing himself in her ultra-feminine lifestyle. As the deception deepens, Scott finds himself interacting with Amy's friends and family, trying to convince them he's the entitled party girl they all know. With no way to turn back, he is forced to see the charade through to the conclusion, testing his relationship with Jessica to its limit. The pressure mounts as he navigates this new life, with every encounter fraught with tension, where one misstep could unravel everything he has sacrificed.

Join Scott on this journey where becoming someone else could mean losing himself entirely.

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Chapter 1: Life's Not Fair

In the quaint commuter town of Epsford, Surrey, nestled just a half-hour train ride from the bustling heart of London, Scott Kennedy stood at the threshold of his cousin Amy's apartment. It was a far cry from his own modest living situation. The door swung open, revealing the lavish interior that starkly contrasted his dated one bedroom studio apartment.

Scott's girlfriend, Jessica, trailed behind him, her impatience palpable in her tone. "Is this going to take long?" she asked, her voice echoing slightly in the spacious hallway. "We're meeting Diane and Paul in three hours."

Scott, ever the optimist despite his circumstances, couldn't help but smile at her. He bent down to pick up a letter that had been delivered since his last visit, placing it on a cabinet before striding away. "We'll be quick. In and out," he assured her, his eyes meeting hers with an affectionate and reassuring gaze. "Don't worry. You'll have plenty of time to get home and do your makeup for tonight."



Jessica, high maintenance and a bit self-centred, was the brightest spot in Scott's life. Her presence, albeit demanding, brought a sense of normalcy and comfort that he desperately needed.

The apartment around them spoke volumes of the life his cousin Amy led - a life of affluence and ease, a stark contrast to Scott's own experiences. Growing up, Scott and Amy had been as close as siblings. Born weeks apart, they shared a close bond in their early years. But their paths began to diverge with adolescence; Amy, blessed with the privileges of wealth, became increasingly focused on her appearance and social standing, while Scott, the diligent student, harboured dreams of university and a career in engineering.

Their familial backgrounds were indeed like two sides of the same coin. Amy's father hailed from affluence, providing a life of luxury and opportunities, whereas Scott's father was the epitome of the hardworking 'average Joe.' This contrast in upbringing, however, never marred Scott's childhood, which was filled with happiness and love, a testament to the nurturing environment his parents created. But the untimely death of his mother when he was fifteen shattered this idyllic world. This tragedy marked a profound turning point, casting a long, dark shadow over his once bright and promising future.

In the wake of this loss, Scott's life became increasingly tumultuous. His father, consumed by grief and unable to cope with the enormity of his loss, grew distant and unapproachable. The family business, into which Scott had been ushered immediately after school at his father's insistence, began a rapid descent into failure. Mismanagement and bad decisions led to its inevitable liquidation and his father declaring bankruptcy. Overwhelmed by the mounting pressures and unwilling to face the consequences of his actions, Scott's father chose the easy way out, fleeing to Thailand to start a new life, abandoning his son to fend for himself.

This abandonment compounded the isolation he already felt from his mother's side of the family. After her passing, connections with her relatives began to wither. Apart from Amy, who seemed to always call on him for a favour but remained emotionally distant, Scott lost all contact with his maternal relatives. This severance from his mother's family added another layer of solitude to his already challenging life, leaving him to navigate the complexities of young adulthood virtually alone.

Now twenty-two, Scott's life was a patchwork of challenges and setbacks. After enduring a period of couch-surfing and menial jobs, he had finally found some stability. His

small apartment was modest, but it was his. And in Jessica, he found not just a partner but a beacon of hope amidst the chaos of his life.

Scott moved methodically around Amy's apartment, carefully tending to the plants. His actions were a small act of kindness in a world that often felt unkind. The irony of his situation was not lost on him, watering plants in an apartment that epitomized a life he could only dream of. 'Life's not fair,' his inner voice echoed a mantra that had become all too real.

"I don't know why you don't just let them die?" Jessica's voice cut through his thoughts as she flopped down on the luxurious sofa. Her gaze followed Scott with a mix of impatience and curiosity. "You always say your cousin is a selfish bitch. You know she won't thank you when she gets back."

Scott chuckled softly, continuing his task. "Yeah, most likely," he admitted. "But she's the only family I still speak to, and perhaps one day she'll do me a favour in return."

Jessica, seemingly unimpressed, made a swift, crisp motion, the sound of tearing paper filling the room as she tore into the envelope Scott had placed earlier on the cabinet. "I doubt it," she mumbled, her eyes rapidly scanning its contents.

Scott, noticing her actions, stopped and turned towards her, a look of surprise on his face. "Did you just open Amy's mail?" he asked his tone a mix of disbelief and mild annoyance. "You can't just go around opening other people's mail!"

Jessica dismissed his concern with a wave of her hand and an innocent smile. "I thought it might be important," she explained gently. "Now, be quiet for a moment and come over here. You're not going to believe this."

As Scott approached, Jessica revealed the startling news: Amy's grandmother had passed away, and Amy had been named as a beneficiary in her will. "I bet that's a pretty penny?" Jessica said, her voice laced with a hint of envy.

Scott nodded. "Yeah, her family is loaded," he replied. "Millions most likely!"

"Millions!" Jessica repeated, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Your family are millionaires?"

Scott corrected her gently. "Her family. Remember, I'm the one sharing a studio apartment with cockroaches."

Jessica's face twisted into a grimace. "Ewww! Don't remind me," she protested, a hint of distaste in her voice. She let out a sigh, the injustice of their situation weighing on her.

"It's just so unfair," she lamented. "I bet she doesn't even need that money. Have you seen some of the designer brands in her closet?"

"Life's not fair," Scott murmured, the words reflecting his all-too-familiar mantra, underscoring the vast divide between their worlds. "But hey, let's just forget about it, alright? It's not our money, and there's no way we can claim it for her."

Jessica, however, had a glint in her heavily made-up eyes, the wheels in her mind visibly turning. "What if we could?" she posed, her question hanging in the air, charged with possibility.

Scott, caught off guard by her suggestion, chuckled, assuming she was joking. "What, are you going to pretend to be Amy or something?" he said, his tone light-hearted yet tinged with disbelief.

But Jessica's response was earnest and forceful. "Why not?" she shot back. "I doubt this attorney has ever met her. You always say life's not fair. Why not do something about it for once? The bitch is rich and will always be rich. But you live with cockroaches! This could be the chance to live a better life. One you would have had if not for your deadbeat dad."

Scott's laughter faded, replaced by a look of wonder. "You're serious?" he asked, the reality of her proposition dawning on him. The thought seemed so outrageous, and the risks were enormous. "Even if we could. We'd get caught. We'd go to jail!"

Jessica's confidence, however, didn't waver. Her hand found Scott's leg, her touch reassuring as she spoke with conviction. "Let's just look into the possibility. We'll be careful. I promise. And let's imagine it worked. we'd be set for life. We could disappear and live the life we've always dreamed about. Just you and me, Baby."

As Scott absorbed the gravity of Jessica's daring proposition, he found himself momentarily distracted as her hand reached further up his thigh. The audacity of her plan was overwhelming, yet there was an undeniable allure in the fantasy she painted - a life with Jessica free from the constant struggle and hardship that had become his norm.

As he gazed into Jessica's beautiful eyes, Scott's will to argue any further evaporated. Here was a woman who seemed so far out of his league, yet she had chosen to be with him, to weave dreams of a better future together. In that moment, the implausibility of her plan seemed less important than the simple act of agreeing with the woman he loved.

"Sure thing, Babe. A new life. That sounds nice," Scott found himself saying, his voice soft, more a whisper of agreement to the dream rather than a concrete endorsement of a plan. It was easier to get swept up in the moment, in the warmth of her presence, than to dwell on the practicalities and risks of their wild scheme.

Leaning towards Jessica, Scott bridged the gap between them with a kiss that was charged with emotion. It was a kiss that spoke of longing, of a desire for connection and escape from the relentless grind of his daily life. As their lips met, everything seemed to fade into the background, replaced by the immediacy of their affection.



Wrapped in each other's arms on Amy's sofa, the world outside with its trials and tribulations momentarily receded. In each other's embrace, they found a sanctuary, a fleeting haven of peace and connection. It was a moment that transcended their circumstances, a brief interlude of intimacy and solace in a world that had so often seemed cold and unforgiving.

Chapter 2: For Love and Money

A few days later, Scott and Jessica found themselves back in Amy's apartment, a place that was becoming increasingly familiar yet still felt foreign. The mood was calm, a stark contrast to their last visit, where the seed of a wild scheme had been planted. In Scott's mind, that conversation was a distant memory, one he had hoped would fade away with time.

As they entered the apartment, Jessica immediately vanished from sight, leaving Scott assuming she had gone to the bathroom. He began his routine of watering the plants, moving methodically around the space, letting his thoughts drift. The lush greenery under his care seemed to thrive, unaware of the complexities of human lives that surrounded them.

Moments later, Jessica reappeared, a triumphant grin on her face, holding something in her hand. "Found it," she announced, waving the object with a flourish.

Scott, halting his task, turned to her. "Found what?" he inquired, a hint of curiosity in his voice.

"Amy's passport," Jessica replied, holding it up for him to see.

Scott's brows furrowed in confusion. "And why would you need Amy's passport?"

Jessica's eyes sparkled with determination. "Well, after calling the attorney, he told me he needs me to send him through some identification."

Scott sighed deeply, the weight of her words sinking in. "Are we still talking about this?" he asked, his voice tinged with exasperation. "Don't you think this crazy idea has gone far enough? I'm not sure if you've checked in the mirror lately, but you're Asian, and Amy isn't. How do you possibly expect this to work?"

Undeterred, Jessica replied confidently, "I'm going to edit a picture of me over the image of Amy."

Scott shook his head, his frustration evident. "And when you have to go in person and show the real document. What then?"

Jessica paused, the reality of the situation dawning on her. "They won't check, will they?"

"Of course they will," Scott retorted, his voice a mixture of disbelief and concern. "They're not just going to give you a check because you turn up saying you're my cousin."

Jessica, not easily dissuaded, opened the passport to the identification page. "You know," she said thoughtfully, "she kind of looks like you."

Scott chuckled dismissively. "Yeah, right," he replied. "Perhaps when we were children."

"But this is old," Jessica insisted. "She must have been sixteen or something when she got this. Here, look." She crossed the room in her high-heeled boots and thrust the passport into Scott's hands.

Scott couldn't deny the family resemblance as he examined the photo, but the idea of him looking like Amy was still far-fetched in his mind. He handed back the passport, trying to refocus on the plants.

Jessica, however, was persistent. "You could do it, you know?" she said, following him.

"Do what?" Scott replied, a sense of unease building within him.

"Be Amy! At the meeting!" Jessica declared, her voice filled with excitement.

Scott stopped in his tracks, staring at her in disbelief. "Me!" he exclaimed. "No way, Jess! This idea was a nice fantasy, but you have to let it go. You tried."

Jessica's expression hardened. "No!" she countered forcefully. "This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance. You told me you weren't like all the other losers when I met you. But perhaps I was wrong!"

Scott's heart sank at her words. "Come on, Jess," he pleaded, his voice softening. "That's so unfair. What you're suggesting... well... It's madness."

Jessica's tone shifted, becoming more gentle, more persuasive. "We could try?" she suggested. "Why not put on an outfit or two just to see how you look? If you look silly, I'll forget the whole thing, promise. And if you play dress up for me, I'll play dress up for you when we get home. We could recreate Valentine's night."

The memory of Valentine's night flickered in Scott's mind, Jessica had looked unbelievable in the lingerie he had bought her, and the sex that followed was out of this world. He hesitated, torn between reason and desire. "One outfit," he finally conceded, his decision driven more by emotion than logic.

"One outfit, just to see," Jessica echoed, her excitement palpable.

"And no pictures," Scott added firmly.

"Cross my heart," Jessica replied, her eyes dancing with mischief. She grasped Scott's hand, guiding him toward Amy's bedroom, which, like much of the apartment, was decorated in varying shades of pink.

Upon entering the room, Jessica marched directly to the far end, where Amy had transformed the space into an expansive closet and dressing area. Scott lingered at the doorway, his nerves palpable as he watched Jessica peruse the wardrobe. "Hmmm... Too tight. Too much. Ah! This could work!" she exclaimed, pulling out a woollen, turtleneck pink sweater adorned with a diamond-stitched pattern.

Scott's face contorted into a grimace, clearly uneasy about the choice. Noticing his reluctance, Jessica teased, "Or I guess I could find you a dress if you'd prefer?" her smile widening.

"Err... no, that's fine," Scott replied hastily, his voice tinged with nervousness. "But does it have to be pink?"

Jessica chuckled softly, the sound light and playful. "Most things in Miss Barbie's closet are pink. And besides, they will go perfectly with these shoes," she said, bending down to pick up a pair of hot pink platform sandals.

Scott's eyes widened in sheer horror at the sight of the shoes. "Jess, I can't wear those," he protested.

Jessica chuckled again. "Another time then," she said casually, as she plucked out another item of clothing. She then walked over to Amy's makeup counter, placing down the heels, and looked back at Scott with expectation. "Well, don't just stand there, get undressed," she commanded in a tone that brooked no argument.

With a sigh of resignation, Scott began to undress, wanting nothing more than to get this bizarre experience over with. He removed his shoes, followed by his top and sweatpants, standing in his socks and underwear, feeling a mix of embarrassment and absurdity.

"Oh, don't look so sad, they're just clothes. Think about later when I ride you, big boy. Now socks off and come over here," Jessica coaxed, beckoning him with a long-nailed finger.

This comment seemed to perk Scott up a bit. "Okay, Mistress," he replied, attempting to inject some humour into the situation. As he approached Jessica, she instructed him

to raise his arms, and in a swift motion, she pulled the sweater over his head, plunging him momentarily into darkness. As the fabric settled over him, Scott's world was briefly obscured, a sensation that was both disorienting and strangely comforting.

Once his head emerged from the neck of the sweater, his eyes adjusting to the light again, he felt Jessica's hands gently guide him. "Lift your feet," she instructed softly. He complied, lifting first one foot and then the other, as she deftly guided a tight fabric over his legs, pulling it smoothly up over his hips. The sensation of the fabric hugging his form was unfamiliar, yet it was executed with such precision that he barely had time to process the feeling before he heard the zip being fastened at his backside.

He almost protested upon realizing he was wearing a skirt but thought better of it, just wanting to get through this ordeal. "Sit," Jessica commanded, and Scott obediently took a seat.

Jessica briefly returned to the closet and came back with a pair of knee-high boots. Seeing the look on Scott's face, she pre-empted his objection. "Just to see if your feet fit her shoes. It's these or the sandals," she said, gesturing towards the daunting heels on the makeup station.

Scott glanced over at the monstrous platforms, their intimidating height making his decision for him. The boots, though daunting in their own right, seemed like the lesser of two evils. With a resigned nod, he allowed Jessica to help him into them. To his disbelief, they fit perfectly, snugly encasing the lower half of his legs and leaving his feet and ankles securely enclosed within the glossy confines of the pink patent leather.

"Okay, take a look," Jessica urged, almost pulling him to his feet. The huge mirror that covered most of the back wall beckoned, and as Scott caught his reflection, he emitted a sound that was half gasp, half wheeze.

He quickly turned back to Jessica, who was examining him closely, her eyes scanning him from head to toe. Embarrassed, he tilted his head, trying to avoid her gaze. "Okay, are you happy now? I look ridiculous."

Jessica's expression was one of contemplation, mixed with a hint of satisfaction. "It's a start," she said softly, her eyes still fixed on him. "Wait here."



Jessica, with an air of determined creativity, strode back to the closet and reached in to pull out a short black bob-styled wig. Scott's heart sank as he watched her, realizing that this transformation was far from over. "Oh, no!" he complained. "You said one outfit."

"And the outfit isn't complete, yet. Sit down again, and let me try a little makeup on you," Jessica said, her tone playful yet firm.

Scott knew arguing was futile; he had seen Jessica in this mood before. She wouldn't be satisfied until her curiosity was fully indulged. With a resigned sigh, he muttered, "You owe me for this," and hobbled back to the chair. The unfamiliar height of the boots altered his gait, making each step an awkward, cautious venture.

"I'm going to make myself look extra sexy for you later, but first, it's your turn to get all dolled up," Jessica announced, her excitement palpable.

For the next twenty minutes, Scott sat with his back to the mirror, his mind racing with a mix of apprehension and curiosity. He wasn't familiar with makeup products, but he could sense Jessica's meticulous approach as she worked.

She began by gently dabbing concealer under his eyes, followed by a layer of foundation, which she set with translucent powder. Scott remained still, albeit uncomfortably so, as she transformed his face. Then came the eye makeup. Jessica skilfully applied eyeshadow, blending shades to give him a pink smokey eye look. The black eyeliner along his water lines and the liberal application of mascara made Scott wince, each stroke of the wand near his eyes eliciting a muffled complaint.

With his eyes done, Jessica moved on to his lips. She lined them with a pink lip liner, instructing Scott to pucker up. Reluctantly, he complied, grimacing as the tube of baby pink lipstick approached - a colour he associated with the epitome of femininity. It felt strange, the lipstick gliding over his lips, but he endured it without further complaint.

Jessica finished by applying a touch of gloss to his now pink lips before adding a dusting of blush across his cheeks. Finally, she placed the wig on Scott's head, arranging it carefully. Stepping back, she observed her creation with satisfaction and delight.

"What?!" Scott asked nervously, sensing her gaze.



"Take a look in the mirror behind you," Jessica responded, her smile widening.

"I don't want to," Scott replied, his voice tinged with apprehension. "I'd rather you just get this gunk off me, and we get out of here."

"Oh, we will," Jessica assured him. "But I really think you should take a look in the mirror. I think this could work."

Scott's heart raced at her words. Slowly, with a mix of dread and curiosity, he stood up. His movements were hesitant, almost in slow motion, as he turned to face the mirror. The reflection that greeted him was startling. The gasp that escaped his painted pink lips resonated through the room, a sound of surprise and disbelief at the transformation Jessica had orchestrated.

His eyes, now framed by darkened lashes and eyeshadow, looked larger, more expressive. The foundation had smoothed out his complexion, and the pink lipstick gave his lips a fuller, more defined appearance. The wig, framed his face, softening his features. It was a look so strikingly different from his own, and he didn't like it one bit.

For a moment, Scott just stared, his mind trying to reconcile the image before him with his own sense of identity. Jessica's reflection appeared beside him in the mirror, her smile beaming with pride. "See? This is going to work," she said triumphantly.

Scott glared at Jessica through the mirror, the disbelief and frustration evident in his expression. "There's no way I'm going to a meeting with an attorney dressed like this," he declared, his voice firm and unwavering.

"And why not?" Jessica countered, her arms folded across her chest, her stance challenging.

"Do I really need to answer that?" Scott retorted, his mind racing to articulate the myriad reasons why her plan was absurd.

"I'd say it was pretty simple really," Jessica replied, her tone tinged with disappointment. "If you love me, you'd do this."

Scott was taken aback, his words stumbling over each other. "It's got nothing to do with that, Jessica. Of course, I love you, but this is crazy!"

"I was going to do it for us, but seeing as I can't, it's up to you to step up. It's one meeting, Scott, and then we'll be set for life. We could be millionaires, and all you have to do is man up and wear a dress for an hour or two," she pressed.

Scott hesitated, his mind a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. "I... I'll make a fool of myself. The attorney will see through the disguise straight away."

"Not with a little training," Jessica asserted, sensing his resolve starting to waver. "With a little practice, I know you can do this. The question is, will you? Think of the money!"

Scott's eyes locked with Jessica's, her gaze pleading. He let out a sigh, a mix of resignation and apprehension. "I'll... I'll try, okay. But this isn't me saying I'll do it."

"Thank you. Thank you, Babe," Jessica exclaimed, her voice filled with relief and excitement as she reached over to hug him. "I love you, Baby. I'll help you all the way. I know you can do this."

As Jessica embraced him, Scott's arms hung limply by his side, his eyes fixed on his feminised reflection in the mirror. His mind struggled to reconcile the image before him with the reality of the situation he had just agreed to.

"We've got four days until the meeting. I think we should move in here, so you can practice without being disturbed," Jessica suggested.

"Move in here?" Scott echoed, the magnitude of his agreement suddenly dawning on him.

"It makes sense. This place is nicer than yours. And look on the bright side, no more traipsing across town to water the plants every other day," Jessica reasoned, her tone optimistic.

Scott's gaze shifted from the mirror to Jessica, his emotions a blend of fear and resolve. Despite the overwhelming thought of impersonating Amy while living in her apartment, his love for Jessica and the allure of a potentially life-changing fortune bolstered his determination. The risks were significant, yet the possibility of a better life for them both was a compelling force. Embracing both love and the promise of a new beginning, Scott prepared to embark on this daring and unconventional journey.

Chapter 3: Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

As pop music filled the air in Amy's vibrantly decorated bedroom, Scott moved his tired body, doing his best to mirror Jessica's energetic movements. She was in her element, leading their morning aerobics routine with the enthusiasm of a seasoned instructor. Meanwhile, Scott struggled to keep pace. The wig atop his head, which trapped the heat, continuously slipped over his eyes, adding to his frustration.

The past few days in Amy's house had been a whirlwind of new and unusual experiences. Since the impromptu makeover session with Jessica, he hadn't returned to his little apartment. Instead, he had been living in this realm of pastel colours and feminine attire, immersed in what Jessica termed 'practice'. This practice involved wearing Amy's clothes and attempting to adopt a feminine manner of speaking and moving, all while under the watchful eye of his loving girlfriend.

Jessica's plan was simple - to fully immerse her boyfriend in the world of femininity. Despite the limited time before the meeting with the attorney, her primary goal was to help Scott feel more comfortable while dressing in women's clothing. Additionally, she encouraged him to shed a few pounds to broaden his choices from the wide array of feminine outfits in Amy's closet. Naturally slim, Scott found the dietary aspect particularly challenging. Switching to Jessica's low-calorie regimen meant consuming smaller portions, leading to a constant feeling of hunger.

The early morning exercise routines, the restricted diet, and the hours spent watching girly television shows or modelling various outfits had left Scott feeling physically and mentally drained. Saying he was feeling out of his depth would be an understatement; each day was a test of his endurance and patience. A constant pressure to embody someone else, to assume a role so far removed from his own reality.

As he followed Jessica's lead, lifting his arms and stepping in time with the music, Scott couldn't help but feel a sense of absurdity. Here he was, in his cousin's pink bedroom, wearing one of her workout outfits, participating in a routine meant to tone his thighs and buttocks. Yet, despite the exhausting days he had endured, he had played along, doing everything Jessica asked as he counted down the hours to the week's end.



As the final notes of the song faded, Jessica walked over to her phone on the counter and stopped the music. Turning to face Scott, she had a sheen of sweat glistening on her forehead. "Feels good to get the body moving in the morning, doesn't it?" she said, her voice tinged with satisfaction.

Scott, out of breath and clearly not sharing her spirited mood, grunted in response, "Uh-huh." He was visibly tired, the early morning activities having thoroughly worn him out.

"You're doing so well, Baby," Jessica added encouragingly, her smile trying to lift his spirits. "I'm so proud of you."

Scott offered another noncommittal grunt, his gaze dropping to eye up the stretchy yoga outfit he was encased in. It clung awkwardly to his masculine physique, making him feel out of place, like a square peg forced into a round hole.

Then Jessica's tone shifted to something more serious. "Now, today is a really important day," she said, capturing Scott's attention. "Today, we're going to have a test run."

"A test run?" Scott echoed, his voice tinged with apprehension.

"Yes, with the meeting tomorrow, I think you'll agree it makes sense to go out for a few hours. You know, walk around a bit to get used to being in public," Jessica stated matter-of-factly. "But first, we have to take care of all that body hair of yours."

Scott recoiled at the suggestion. "What?" he exclaimed, his voice rising in disbelief. "As in, go outside? No way, Jess. I'm not going out dressed like a chick, and there's no way I'm shaving my legs!" His tone was firm, marking a boundary he was unwilling to cross.

Jessica's expression hardened, her patience clearly wearing thin. "So, what's your plan then? Go out tomorrow all hairy and panic? You'll ruin everything!" she countered sharply, her frustration palpable.

Scott's annoyance bubbled up, fuelled by exhaustion and hunger. "I'll be fine," he replied defensively. "Just give me a pair of leggings or something to cover the hair. With all this practice, I won't freak out."

"You will," Jessica shot back, her anger reflecting his. "Just like you're doing right now. Grow a backbone, Scott. Your hair will grow back. Stop being such a scaredy-cat."

At her words, Scott's temper flared, his fists tightly clenching as he turned away and took a few steps towards the end of the room. He despised being called weak, especially by Jessica.

"It's not about being scared," Scott replied, his voice steady but tense. He kept his back turned, taking a moment to collect his thoughts, ensuring he didn't speak hastily and later regret his words.

"Then what is it?" Jessica demanded, striding across the room to confront her boyfriend directly. She circled around to face him, emphasizing her point with her firm stance. She was clearly seeking an explanation for her boyfriend's reluctance.

Scott let out a heavy sigh, giving voice to the fatigue and hunger he'd been suppressing. "I'm tired, Jess. And hungry. The last thing I need today is to go out and embarrass myself. There will be enough of that tomorrow. Isn't it better to just chill here today and be ready for tomorrow?" he pleaded, hoping for understanding.

However, Jessica remained unyielding. "No," she shot back, her frustration clear. "That's just an excuse. You're scared!"

Finally, the dam of Scott's patience broke, and his pent-up frustration erupted. "Fine, I'm a little scared," he roared, his voice echoing his inner turmoil. "Is that what you want to hear? Christ, Jess, I'm only doing all this to make you happy. I just want it all to end."



The room was thick with tense silence, palpable and heavy, as Scott and Jessica's eyes locked. In that moment, their raw emotions were laid bare - the frustration and fear each felt was unmasked and undeniable. Jessica's usually confident demeanor softened, revealing a layer of concern and understanding beneath her determined exterior. "I know, Baby. And I'm sorry if I've been pushing you too hard," she said, her voice laced with remorse. "But don't say this is all for me; it's for us, for our future."

In the warmth of Jessica's softened gaze, Scott felt the hard shell of his anger begin to dissolve. He was tired, yes, and scared, but the sincerity in her eyes reminded him of the deeper connection they shared. "I know," he replied, his voice a blend of fatigue,

resignation, and a vulnerability he rarely showed. "It's just hard, Jess. Harder than I thought it would be."

Jessica stepped closer, bridging the gap between them. Her hand reached out, gently touching his arm in a gesture of solidarity and support. "I get it, Baby," she said, her voice now a soothing balm. "This is new for both of us. I forgot how difficult this must be for you."

Scott's gaze drifted to where Jessica's hand rested gently on his bicep, feeling the warmth and reassurance of her touch. These moments served as quiet reminders of why he was willing to step into this unfamiliar world. It wasn't solely about the lure of money or the distant dream of a better future. It was about her, about them, and the life they could build together. As he lifted his eyes to meet hers, he saw more than the woman he loved. He saw a partner, steadfast and brave, who had stood by him through thick and thin.

Jessica, sensing the turmoil within him, moved closer, her expression a portrait of empathy. "I'm here, Baby," she whispered softly, embracing him in a way that seemed to dissolve some of the tension in his shoulders. "I know it's tough. But all this won't mean anything unless you can face your fears and step outside the apartment."

Scott lingered in her embrace, allowing himself a moment to just be, drawing strength from her support. He drew a deep breath, his voice barely audible as he finally spoke. 'You'll be with me, right?' The vulnerability in his question was raw and palpably real.

Jessica pulled back slightly, her eyes meeting his with a promise shining within them. "Always," she affirmed, her voice imbued with conviction. "I'll be with you every step of the way, Scott. We're in this together."

"Okay," Scott agreed softly, a trace of reluctance still evident in his voice. "But let's keep it to a short walk, okay?"

"Okay," Jessica nodded in agreement. "Now, let's get you into the shower. I'll show you how to shave so you don't cut yourself."

Scott sighed deeply, the weight of his decision settling upon him like a heavy cloak. As he watched Jessica moving towards the bathroom, a sense of inevitability enveloped him, giving rise to a notion that he was being drawn into an uncharted and inescapable future.

Chapter 4: Conquering Coffee Jitters

Scott glanced around nervously, barely able to believe he was actually doing this - strolling through his hometown, fully cross-dressed. The array of unfamiliar sensations enveloping his body was both strange and unnerving. Most prominent was the feeling of the thin, dark tights hugging his freshly shaved legs. The nylon fabric slid and tugged against his smooth skin with each step, and the occasional breeze offered a gentle, yet unfamiliar, caress.

The rest of his outfit contributed to the otherworldliness of the experience. A short, brown corduroy skirt, cinched with a belt, fluttered against his thighs. He was acutely aware of its every movement. The soft, olive green turtleneck jumper, tucked into the skirt, felt all wrong, moulding itself over the padded bra, altering his body's contour and making him constantly aware of the feminine underwear beneath.

On his feet were shiny black platform Mary Jane pumps. The straps dug into his ankles, and the unfamiliar height of the heels made every step a cautious, wobbly challenge. Even after days of practice, he struggled to walk - the uneven streets posing a completely different challenge compared to the carpeted floors of Amy's apartment.

Atop his head, the wig, expertly brushed and styled by Jessica, looked more natural than he wanted to admit. It was a constant annoyance, but crucial to maintaining his disguise. The lipstick, alien in taste, compelled him to compulsively lick his lips in a mix of discomfort and nervousness. His eyes, accentuated with mascara, flickered nervously from one passerby to another, laden with the fear of being recognized as a man in a skirt.

Although he was in a place he knew like the back of his hand, the situation couldn't have been more foreign. He pondered the trivial yet pressing concerns of how long it would take for his body hair to grow back and whether the 'subtle' reshaping of his eyebrows had crossed into overtly feminine territory.

"Don't look so nervous," Jessica advised confidently, strolling alongside Scott. "Swing your arms more. Copy me."



"You're loving this, aren't you?" Scott replied, his tone tinged with bitterness.

"What do you mean?" Jessica asked, sounding genuinely surprised.

"Any excuse to dress up. Why did you have to pick such a girly outfit? I feel ridiculous!" Scott complained, his shoes clicking loudly on the pavement as he walked beside her.

"Hey, I picked something that wasn't pink, just like you asked. And I dressed up to make you feel more comfortable. My outfit is a lot flashier than yours," Jessica pointed out.

"Exactly, you've been waiting for an excuse to raid Amy's closet," Scott shot back, his discomfort palpable.

"Can you stop being so mean to me? Or do you want me to walk off and leave you here?" Jessica's tone shifted to one of slight annoyance.

Scott let out a sigh. "No, I'm sorry. I'm just not used to all this. It's a lot."

“I know, Baby. And you’re doing great. Just remember to use your girl voice,” Jessica reminded him as they passed by an elderly woman who glanced at them curiously.

“Argh!” Scott let out a soft sound of frustration. Despite it being a quiet Thursday afternoon, the town still had its fair share of people. “Is this better?” he asked, raising the pitch of his voice.

“Much,” Jessica confirmed with a nod.

“Now, tell me something. Where is Amy exactly? I never actually asked you. I mean, I found her phone in a drawer earlier. It’s odd she would leave it,” Jessica queried, glancing over at her feminized boyfriend.

“She’s in rehab,” Scott replied in his best imitation of a feminine voice. “They told her she couldn’t take her phone with her. I guess her drug-fuelled lifestyle finally caught up with her.”

“Rehab! Wow!” Jessica said, sounding surprised. “Does her family know?”

“No,” Scott shook his head, feeling the wig tickle his ears. “She made up some story about going on a wellness retreat. Somewhere remote without phone reception.”

“I guess she does seem the type. Rich girl going to rehab. It’s a bit cliché,” Jessica mused.

Scott grunted in agreement as they turned a corner. “Hey, I could really go for a coffee right about now. Look, there’s a place just up ahead.”

“Erm... I’m good,” Scott replied nervously, his gaze dropping to his nylon-clad legs and cringe-inducing shoes.

“This isn’t up for debate,” Jessica insisted. “You need practice interacting with someone.”

“Jessica, please!” Scott whined, stopping in his tracks. “Don’t make me go in there dressed like this. I’ve come outside like you wanted. I don’t need a coffee.”

Jessica stopped and faced him. “Come on, Scott,” she said firmly. “If you can’t fool a barista in a coffee shop, what chance do you have tomorrow at the meeting? Just use your girl voice, and you’ll be fine.”

Resigned to Jessica’s logic, Scott exhaled a deep sigh. “Fine, let’s get this over with,” he conceded.

With a reassuring smile, Jessica, radiant in her designer ensemble, gently grasped Scott's hand. "Come on," she encouraged, guiding him towards the coffee shop.

Entering the familiar green-and-white chain coffee house, Scott's heart pounded against the fabric of his bra, his breathing growing heavy with anxiety. The sensation of doing something wrong intensified as a few customers glanced over, their eyes reflecting surprise at the sight of two overdressed women on a sleepy Thursday afternoon. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee and the sound of frothing milk filled the air. Jessica confidently led the way to the counter, leaving Scott to follow, his steps unsteady atop his platform shoes.

At the counter, a cheerful barista in a green apron greeted them with a bright smile. "Hi. What can I get you today?" she inquired.

"What do you fancy, Amy?" Jessica said, subtly stepping aside to give Scott the spotlight.

Scott hesitated, his gaze drifting to the menu board as he tried to collect his thoughts. The sensation of his attire seemed to amplify - the tights clinging to his legs, the peculiar feeling of vulnerability without pants, the unfamiliar tightness of the bra. For a moment, all these sensations almost overwhelmed him.

"Erm... two lattes," Scott finally managed in his best feminine voice, though nervousness tinged his words.

"Short, tall, or grande?" the barista inquired.

"Erm... tall," he replied, his voice slightly steadier, though his knees trembled.

"With regular milk?" the barista continued.

Scott paused again, glancing at Jessica, who raised her eyebrows expectantly. Gathering his composure, he said, "Soy milk, please."

The barista keyed in their order. "That will be nine pounds, forty, please. What name for the order?"

"Sco... Amy," Scott quickly corrected himself, a flush of embarrassment colouring his cheeks.

"I'll get these, Amy," Jessica interjected, stepping forward with her card ready. She tapped the card against the reader, and the barista turned to prepare the coffees.

Free from questions, Scott turned to glance around the room, feeling like a deer caught in headlights. Never before had he experienced such awkwardness. Jessica leaned in, whispering, “Posture. Breathe. You’re fine.”



But fine was the last thing Scott felt. The soft material of his clothing hung and clung to his body in unfamiliar ways, and his feet ached in the high heels. Time seemed to stretch on forever as he waited for the barista to prepare their drinks, shifting uneasily on his heels, longing to be anywhere else.

At last, the barista set down two cups on the counter, calling out “Amy.” Scott stepped forward to collect them, embodying the role he had been thrust into. He was Amy at that moment, dressed in her clothes, wearing her shoes, his face covered in her makeup. He managed a nervous smile as he took the coffees, realizing only then that he had forgotten to ask for them to go.

Jessica, seemingly able to read his mind, stepped closer. “Looks like we’re having our coffee here,” she said with a light, encouraging tone. “See, that wasn’t so hard, was it? You did it!” she added, her smile aimed reassuringly at Scott.

Scott knew she was right, but a part of him wished she wasn’t. Deep down, he had harboured a hope that the barista would see through his disguise, a secret longing for affirmation of his masculinity.

“Let’s grab that sofa over there,” Jessica suggested, pointing towards a cosy corner with the tip of her long, manicured finger. “We can discuss travel plans for tomorrow.”

Watching Jessica stride confidently ahead, Scott felt the full weight of the moment. This was real. He was about to step quite literally into Amy's shoes to attend the meeting in her place!

Chapter 5: Goldilocks and the Two Domes

Scott awoke feeling as though he hadn't slept at all, his mind having churned relentlessly throughout the night. When sleep had finally claimed him, it was more of a collapse from sheer mental exhaustion than any restful slumber. As Jessica gently shook him awake and placed a cup of coffee on the bedside table, his initial reaction was a groggy smile at the sight of her. However, the comfort of her presence quickly gave way to a stark reminder of his current reality when he noticed the pink covers of Amy's bed and the pink walls of her bedroom surrounding him.

"Drink your coffee," Jessica urged gently, planting a kiss on his cheek, her eyes soft with empathy for the tiredness etched deeply on his face. "We have time."

Scott nodded, feeling the weight of the day ahead pressing down on him as he took a deep breath, shifting under the covers. The sensation of a bra, tight around his chest, and panties wedged uncomfortably between his cheeks, made him flinch. The sensation of a silky nightdress draping over him, caressing his smooth, hairless skin, elicited a grunt. Looking at Jessica, he remained silent, recognizing the futility of words in altering what was required of him that day. Resignation mixed with a burgeoning resolve as he accepted that he needed to face what was coming, to "man up" and see it through.

After ten minutes of sipping his coffee and staring at the wall, almost in a state of shock from being surrounded by the overtly feminine room, Scott finally got up. The morning was filled with an unusual silence as Jessica led him to the bathroom, the significance of the day pressing down on them both.

Jessica seated Scott on the edge of the tub, her hand running up the side of his thigh, checking the smoothness of his skin. A satisfactory look crossed her face when she found his skin still hairless from the previous day's shave. But the relief of not having to shave his legs again was short-lived for Scott as Jessica retrieved from the cabinet the very pair of tweezers that had already altered his manly brows into something more cultivated. "Again?" Scott couldn't hide his dismay, seeing the intent in Jessica's eyes.

"Today has to be perfect, baby," she declared, her voice a mix of determination and apology. "They'll grow back. Trust me, it will make a big difference."

Resignation washed over Scott as he silently submitted to the inevitable. He lacked the energy to protest, knowing all too well that Jessica's vision for the day left little room for compromise.

What followed was fifteen minutes of meticulous work by Jessica. She alternated between each of Scott's brows, carefully plucking away while he sat in nervous anticipation. Each small pinch signalled the loss of another part of his masculinity.

Finally, with a last snip from a pair of small scissors, Jessica ceased her attack, biting her lip as she looked down at Scott. His heart sank at her expression; he knew that look all too well. "You went too far, didn't you?" he asked, his anxiety spiking.

"A little," she admitted, downplaying her actions. "I was trying to get them to match. But it's not that bad. They'll look perfect once we do your makeup."

Scott couldn't hold back; he rushed to the mirror above the sink. The sight that greeted him - a pair of thin, feminine arches where his brows used to be - sent a shockwave of disbelief and irritation through him. "What the... Jess! You've made them look like proper girly. They look just like yours!"

"Similar, I guess," Jessica conceded, appearing behind him with a remorseful expression. "I can thicken them with a pencil later. But let's not dwell on that now. We have more important things to focus on - like becoming rich."

Scott felt an initial impulse to express his frustration, to argue about the unnecessary changes, yet he understood it would solve nothing. Anger wouldn't bring back his brows or alter the fact that he would be stepping out in a skirt that day. It would only serve to create tension between him and Jessica on a day when he desperately needed her support.

"Take a shower while I get things ready," Jessica suggested gently, steering him away from the mirror. She kissed him softly, her words a soothing balm. "I love you so much for doing this, baby. And don't worry about silly things like hair. I still find you super sexy."

Her smile and affirming words helped Scott find a semblance of calm, slightly soothing his frayed nerves. "Okay," he agreed, taking a deep breath. "But you're going to owe me big time after this."

"Whatever you want, Babe," Jessica responded, her wink playful and flirtatious. "Now, get that sexy backside of yours in the shower," she teased, giving his pantied backside a playful smack.

Fifteen minutes later, Scott, clad in a white bathrobe and pink, fluffy slippers, re-entered the bedroom, feeling slightly more refreshed by the warm embrace of Amy's power shower. The stark contrast to the spluttering, temperamental shower in his own

crummy apartment wasn't lost on him. With the mirror still fogged from the steam, he was spared the sight of his femininely sculpted eyebrows upon exiting the bathroom - a small mercy he was thankful for.

Jessica ushered him to sit in front of the makeup station, a routine Scott was becoming all too familiar with. Yet, today felt different. The usual playful banter that Jessica infused into their makeup sessions was absent, replaced by a silent, focused determination as she began to work on his face. Starting with foundation, she meticulously matched it to his skin tone, then spent what felt like an eternity contouring and shaping his face to a more feminine structure.

Then came the eye makeup, a part of the process Scott found particularly uncomfortable. Jessica applied a liquid base to his lids, followed by an array of neutral eyeshadows, blending them carefully. The precision with which she applied eyeliner, aiming for a thin, sharp line, made Scott tense. He managed to stay calm and still, even as the mascara wand came dangerously close to his eye.

Just when he thought the ordeal was nearing its end, Jessica reached for a set of false eyelashes. "I thought you said we were going for a casual daytime look?" Scott questioned, eyeing the faux lashes that Jessica herself was seldom seen without.

"We are," she assured him, spreading a thin layer of glue along the lash strip and gently blowing on it. "But this is still an important meeting. You need to look like you made an effort."

Scott remained silent, resigning himself to Jessica's expertise as she affixed the fluttering lashes. The sensation of the weighty, artificial lashes obstructing his vision was odd, to say the least.

It was then time for his lips. Jessica lined them with a darker pink pencil before picking up a tube of lighter lipstick. "Pucker up," she instructed, demonstrating the pose. Scott mimicked her, a wave of nausea washing over him as the creamy, vivid pink solution glided over his lips. But despite the numerous unsettling feelings surrounding his feminized form, Scott stayed quiet, letting Jessica carefully apply the colour to his juicy-looking lips, ensuring a flawless finish.



Jessica finished her boyfriend's makeup with a spritz of setting spray, sealing the elaborate work she had just completed. Scott, blinking heavily under the weight of the false lashes and the mist of the spray, slowly opened his eyes and asked, "Are you done?"

"Yes," Jessica confirmed, a smile in her voice. "Want to see?"

Hesitantly, Scott turned his head, bracing himself for the reflection that awaited him. The sight that met his gaze was jarring - his face, feminized and adorned with makeup, stared back at him. "Woah," he uttered in a low, hollow voice, the impact of his altered appearance sinking in. Although he had grown somewhat accustomed to the sight of his face under layers of cosmetics over the past few days, the drastic thinning of his brows lent him an unsettlingly more feminine appearance than before.

"Pretty good, right?" Jessica beamed, clearly proud of her handiwork. "I should be a makeup artist."

“It’s something alright,” Scott replied, meeting her eyes in the mirror. A wave of doubt washing over him. “Jess. Is this really a good idea? What if we get caught?”

"We won't get caught," Jessica shot back confidently. "You're just getting cold feet. You look amazing. Act like I taught you, and no one will ever guess that you're a man."

Scott bit his bottom lip, tasting the lipstick, his mind reeling from her words. The last thing he wanted was to be so convincingly feminine that no one would suspect his true gender.

"Come on," Jessica urged gently, reaching for his shaky hands to draw his attention away from the mirror. "Let's get your nails on, then we'll get you dressed."

Resigned, Scott allowed her to guide his hands to the countertop, laying them flat as Jessica opened a packet of the pink, stick-on nails. In that moment, as he observed her actions, a reflective thought crossed his mind. He pondered whether the unfolding scenario could have been different had he asserted himself more in their relationship, rather than always letting her get her own way.

The process of getting his nails done was quite surreal for Scott. Through the heavy fringe of his false lashes, he observed Jessica's hands move with precision and care. She worked on each nail with focused attention, buffing them, applying the pink plastic extensions, and then shaping each to perfection. This systematic process had a strangely hypnotic effect on Scott, leaving him in a daze by the time she finished. Experimentally flexing his fingers, now capped with glossy pink nails that extended just beyond his fingertips, he felt a wave of emotions too complex to untangle.

Under Jessica's direction, Scott stood up, letting the robe slip from his body to pool at his feet. The vulnerability of standing naked in the centre of Amy's bedroom hit him hard. A quick, involuntary glance at his reflection in the mirror forced him to look away - the sight of his sissified head sitting atop a hairless male body was too jarring to confront.

Jessica, meanwhile, was setting out several packages on the bed. Scott's desire for distraction led him to inquire about them. Turning, Jessica's face lit up with a reassuring smile. “I ordered these online to help with your shape,” she said, holding up a box the size of a shoebox.

Approaching Scott, she opened the lid, revealing its contents and eliciting a startled reaction. “Boobs!” Scott exclaimed.

“Breast forms. They are going to bring the whole look together.” Jessica corrected gently, her smile unwavering. “Now, slip these on, then go lie on the bed,” she commanded, her tone leaving no room for debate. Without protest, Scott accepted the tight pink and black underwear from her outstretched arm. Then, with a sense of resignation, he plodded over to the bed.

After uncomfortably tucking his equipment into the panties - just as he had been taught - he lay down, awaiting the next step.

As Jessica began attaching the breast forms, Scott felt a wave of nervousness wash over him. Her approach was meticulous, almost clinical, yet there was a tenderness in her touch that didn't go unnoticed. She started by gently cleansing Scott's chest, ensuring the skin was prepped for a secure adhesive bond. Scott watched, his heart rate picking up, the reality of the situation settling heavily on his shoulders.

Next, Jessica applied a special adhesive to the back of each silicone form. Her hands were steady, betraying no sign of hesitation, but Scott couldn't help the flutter of discomfort that danced in his stomach. As she positioned each form on his chest and pressed down firmly, Scott felt a strange mix of vulnerability and surrealness envelop him. He held his breath, feeling the weight and coldness of the forms against his skin.

Jessica held each form in place for several moments, ensuring they adhered properly. Once she was satisfied, she used special makeup to blend the edges of the forms. The artistry with which she concealed any seams left Scott in silent awe, the line between his body and the silicone blurring before his eyes.

After securing a matching pink and black bra around Scott's new breasts, Jessica gently helped her boyfriend up while guiding his feet into the soft embrace of the fluffy slippers. The unfamiliar weight on his chest made itself known with a slight jiggle as he rose, eliciting an uneasy groan from his glossy pink lips. It was a strange and unsettling sensation. He felt utterly adrift, caught in the surrealness of his altered body proportions, his mind struggling to adapt to these new physical sensations. And just as he was trying to come to terms with them, Jessica produced another surprise from one of her packages - a long blonde wig.

"Really!" Scott exclaimed, his voice laced with dread. But Jessica was quick to soothe his fears. "Amy's a blonde, right? So, I thought it would be best for you to be too," she explained, her tone both encouraging and firm.

Jessica momentarily set the wig on the bed, capturing Scott's attention as he watched, frozen, his anxiety mounting. She then skilfully fitted a wig cap over his head before

picking up the blonde wig again. With careful movements, she placed it atop Scott's head, meticulously adjusting the strands to frame his face perfectly.

"Try to relax, will you?" Jessica implored, her hands lightly squeezing his as she sought to steady his nerves. "Everything is going to be okay. It's just like yesterday. Here, come and see."

Guiding him to the mirror, Scott was met with a reflection that left him reeling. The man he once knew had vanished, replaced by a feminine figure eerily reminiscent of a younger version of his cousin Amy. Horror etched his features as he absorbed his appearance: the carefully styled blonde hair, the meticulously applied makeup, and the new curvature of his chest staring back at him - all disturbingly feminine.



Shaking, Scott could feel Jessica's eyes on him, his unease intensifying. He was at a loss for words, unsure how to react. The frightening realization that he could convincingly pass as a woman sent a wave of disbelief crashing over him. The tangible reality of their

plan struck him with full force, and for the first time, it dawned on him that it might actually work.

Overwhelmed by fear, disbelief, and a profound sense of doubt, the feminized man stood immobilized. Jessica's reassuring presence beside him offered a semblance of comfort, a reminder of their united front in the face of this daunting challenge. Yet, despite her support, Scott couldn't escape the feeling that he had ventured far beyond the familiar, his very identity now hidden beneath an intricate disguise of silicone, makeup, and synthetic hair.

Chapter 6: Lipstick, Lies, and Legal Ties

As the time for their departure approached, Scott found himself in the living room, attempting to balance atop a pair of glossy, black Mary-Jane-style platform pumps. These shoes, with their imposing yet sturdy heels, were not what he had ever envisioned himself strutting down the streets in, especially not to an all-important meeting. Dolled up for a high-stakes day in the big city, Scott was engulfed by a tidal wave of doubts, casting a long shadow over his shaky confidence.

The outfit Jessica had carefully chosen, proclaiming it the perfect blend of chic and professional, was a source of discomfort for Scott. The ensemble - a sleeveless black and white houndstooth-patterned dress paired with a crisp white blouse - oozed an exaggerated femininity that Scott found himself grappling with. The blouse featured voluminous sleeves cinched tight at the wrists, ballooning out towards the shoulders, and was complemented by a neckline embellished with a black ribbon tied into a pussy bow, feeling more like a costume of sophistication rather than an expression of it. The dress, snugly belted at the waist, sculpted a silhouette that Scott was still making peace with. His bare, hairless legs, sheathed in sheer black tights and ending in those formidable heels, created a look that was undeniably sleek but felt as foreign to him as walking on the moon.

The blonde wig, styled to cascade asymmetrically past his elaborately made-up face, provided a constant, ticklish reminder of its presence. His face, laden with foundation, eyeshadow, and the unnerving weight of false lashes, felt like a mask. Every blink sent a tiny, shadowy puppet show flickering across his vision, a surreal reminder of the day's peculiar nature. Meanwhile, his lips, lacquered with pink lipstick and gloss, seemed to stick with every nervous press.

The entire ensemble, from the towering heels to the confining blouse, marked a bold venture into uncharted fashion territory for Scott. Casting nervous glances at Jessica, he found himself questioning not only the practicality of the outfit but also his capacity to navigate the world in such unfamiliar attire.

“Ready?” Jessica asked, her voice soft yet carrying an undercurrent of firmness.

“No,” Scott replied, the single word heavy with reluctance.



“You look great, and the sooner we leave, the sooner this will all be over,” Jessica reassured him, her tone both encouraging and pragmatic.

Taking a deep breath, Scott inadvertently inhaled a strong whiff of Amy’s potent perfume, with which he’d been liberally sprayed. The strong lavender scent was another reminder of the role he was about to play. Full of doubts, he finally nodded, agreeing with a resigned, “Fine, let’s just get this over with.”

Jessica’s face lit up with a mix of relief and satisfaction. She stepped forward, picked up the chic, designer purse she had prepared earlier, and handed it to Scott. He looked at it bewildered like it was an unknown object.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” he asked, his confusion evident.

With a playful roll of her eyes, Jessica retorted, “You’re supposed to hold it,” her voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Ha-ha. Very funny,” Scott replied dryly, matching her sarcasm before curiosity got the better of him. “What’s inside?”

“ID for the meeting. Some makeup essentials in case you need to freshen up your lippy. And the car keys,” Jessica listed off, nonchalantly.

The mention of the car keys sent a fresh wave of panic through Scott. The reminder that he was expected to navigate the journey to London in his girly outfit while driving Amy’s bright yellow Mini Cooper, made his nylon-clad knees wobble. “I don’t feel safe to drive,” he confessed, the practicality of his concerns coming to the forefront. “I can’t move freely in this skirt, and I definitely can’t use the pedals in these heels.”

“We talked about this, Scott. It’s the quickest and easiest way to get there,” Jessica replied, her tone soothing. “If I could drive, I would, but I can’t!”

Scott's worry deepened. “But what if the police stop me?” he fretted, imagining the worst-case scenario.

“Have you ever been stopped before?” Jessica queried, trying to inject some logic into his fear.

“No, but sod's law says today will be the day,” Scott countered, his anxiety undiminished.

“It’s not too late to take the train if you’d prefer,” Jessica offered, though they both knew that option came with its own set of challenges.

The thought of venturing down to the train station to stand amidst the crowd in an outfit that screamed fashion-obsessed office lady was too much for Scott to bear. “Can we take a taxi?” he suggested as a last-ditch effort to avoid driving.

Jessica scoffed lightly, half-amused, half exasperated. “Sure, if you’re paying.”

Scott sighed deeply, the weight of resignation setting in. “Fine, just let’s go then,” he said, his annoyance barely masked.

Sensing his unease, Jessica stepped forward to comfort him once more.

Your dialogue captures the emotional dynamics between Scott and Jessica beautifully, offering a vivid glimpse into Scott's internal conflict and Jessica's supportive nature. Here's a refined version for enhanced readability and emotional impact:

“You look amazing, Babe. Just drive slowly, and everything will be fine,” she soothed, her confidence in him unwavering.

“Thanks, Jess, I just...” Scott paused, searching for the right words as his voice wavered slightly, betraying his nervousness. “I know you believe in me, and I’m trying to believe

in myself too. It's just a lot, stepping outside dressed like this." He glanced down at his chic dress draped over his altered form, feeling extremely apprehensive at the prospect of being seen.

"You did great yesterday. And you'll do great again today," Jessica said with a smile, handing him the purse.

Bolstered slightly by her words, Scott nodded. He accepted the purse and then took Jessica's hand. With his heels clicking assertively against the floor, he allowed himself to be led out the door before common sense could reign, and he changed his mind.

The journey to London was like a roller coaster ride - thrilling yet fraught with moments of sheer panic. Scott, dressed to the nines, manned the wheel of Amy's little car with a determination that wavered with every clutch pedal misstep. His attempts at smooth gear changes were frequently sabotaged by his towering heels slipping off the pedals. The unfamiliar bulkiness of his feet transformed routine driving into a delicate balancing act, resulting in a few heart-stopping moments where the car jerked and stalled, drawing a symphony of honks and bewildered stares from other drivers. Amid this chaos, Jessica was the epitome of calm, her soothing voice a lighthouse guiding Scott back to a semblance of control, even as onlookers gawked and honked at their erratic dance through traffic.

By the time they arrived at the multistorey car park near the attorney's office, a sense of relief washed over them. Scott, with his nerves frayed, tottered along, demonstrating a level of concentration typically seen in tightrope walkers. Jessica accompanied him for part of the walk, offering silent support until she veered off into a nearby coffee shop, leaving her feminized boyfriend to face the attorney alone. Each wobbly step he took towards the office sent his heart into overdrive, echoing loudly in his ears. Doing his best to block out any curious glances of passersbys, Scott pressed on, fully aware there was no turning back now.

The final leg of the journey was undoubtedly the most nerve-racking. Alone, Scott had never felt so exposed, his outfit seeming to conspire against him. The tights clung to his legs with an unexpected intimacy, the sleeves of his blouse swished around, and his ankles ached. However, the most disconcerting sensation was undoubtedly the jiggle of his new chest, accompanying each carefully placed step - an utterly bizarre sensation amplifying his already heightened state of self-awareness.

Trying to regulate his breathing and maintain some semblance of calm, Scott approached the reception desk, hyperconscious of the slow, deliberate click of his

loud, high-heeled shoes on the polished floor. He felt the receptionist's gaze on him, scrutinizing his approach. Pushing down the fear that she could see through his carefully constructed disguise, Scott mustered a smile, his lips feeling oddly stiff under the layer of pink gloss, and managed a squeaky "good afternoon."

The receptionist mirrored his smile, her response warm yet professional. "Good afternoon. Do you have an appointment?"

"Yes, for two o'clock," Scott replied, his voice attempting femininity. "My name is Amy Brooks."

At the mention of the name, the receptionist's demeanour shifted slightly, a flicker of recognition crossing her face. "Ah, yes, Miss Brooks. Mr Peterson will be ready for you shortly. Do you have your identification documents?"

"Yes," Scott creaked, his fingers awkwardly grappling with the purse slung over his shoulder. The struggle with his slightly extended nails felt like a battle, but eventually, he managed to extract Amy's passport and birth certificate, handing them over with a nervous flourish.

The receptionist accepted the documents with a polite "Thank you," before indicating a row of chairs where he could wait. Scott eked out a response, his voice barely above a whisper. He turned to find a seat as a strand of his wig mischievously flicked across his face, adhering to his glossed lips. His attempt to dislodge it gracefully ended in a clumsy spectacle.

Clomping across the room, Scott reached the chairs, only to fumble with his purse in a dance of awkward gestures before he managed to smooth out his dress and cautiously sit down. He crossed his legs at mid-thigh, a movement that brought an instant, uncomfortable twinge of pain. Looking up in search of empathy or perhaps a shared moment of humour, he caught the receptionist's eye. She quickly diverted her gaze, leaving Scott with a sinking feeling of being conspicuously out of place.

After a few anxious minutes of twiddling his extended nails and his heavy eyelids fluttering nervously around the room, Scott was ushered into Mr Peterson's office. Upon entering, Mr Peterson, a slightly pudgy man with blonde floppy hair in a centre part, stood up from behind his desk. "Welcome, Miss Brooks. Please make yourself comfortable," he greeted, adjusting his round glasses and gesturing towards one of the comfortable leather chairs opposite his desk.

Scott murmured his thanks, moving towards the chair with a heightened awareness of Mr Peterson's gaze examining his pantyhosed legs. Emulating the feminine poise he had practised, Scott carefully sat down, crossing his legs more cautiously this time to avoid any further discomfort, and calmly placed his purse next to his right hip.

A brief silence hung in the air, during which Scott managed a forced smile at Mr Peterson before the attorney spoke. "First of all. I want to express how sorry I am for your loss, Miss Brooks," he said, eliciting a nod from Scott, who recalled Jessica's advice to speak as little as possible.

"As you've probably already ascertained, I've been made custodian of your grandmother's will and will be responsible for carrying out her final wishes. But before we begin, I need you to sign some papers," Mr Peterson continued.

While nervously fiddling with the hem of his restrictive dress, the mention of signing papers caused Scott's faux smile to falter. "What am I signing?" he asked, trying his best to maintain his feminine facade.

Mr Peterson smiled kindly. "My apologies, Miss Brooks. I should have been clearer. These papers are to first confirm your identity. My assistant has already made copies of your documents. They just require your signature. Secondly, they are to confirm that you are happy for me to represent you in this matter. You are free, of course, to hire your own attorney if you would prefer."

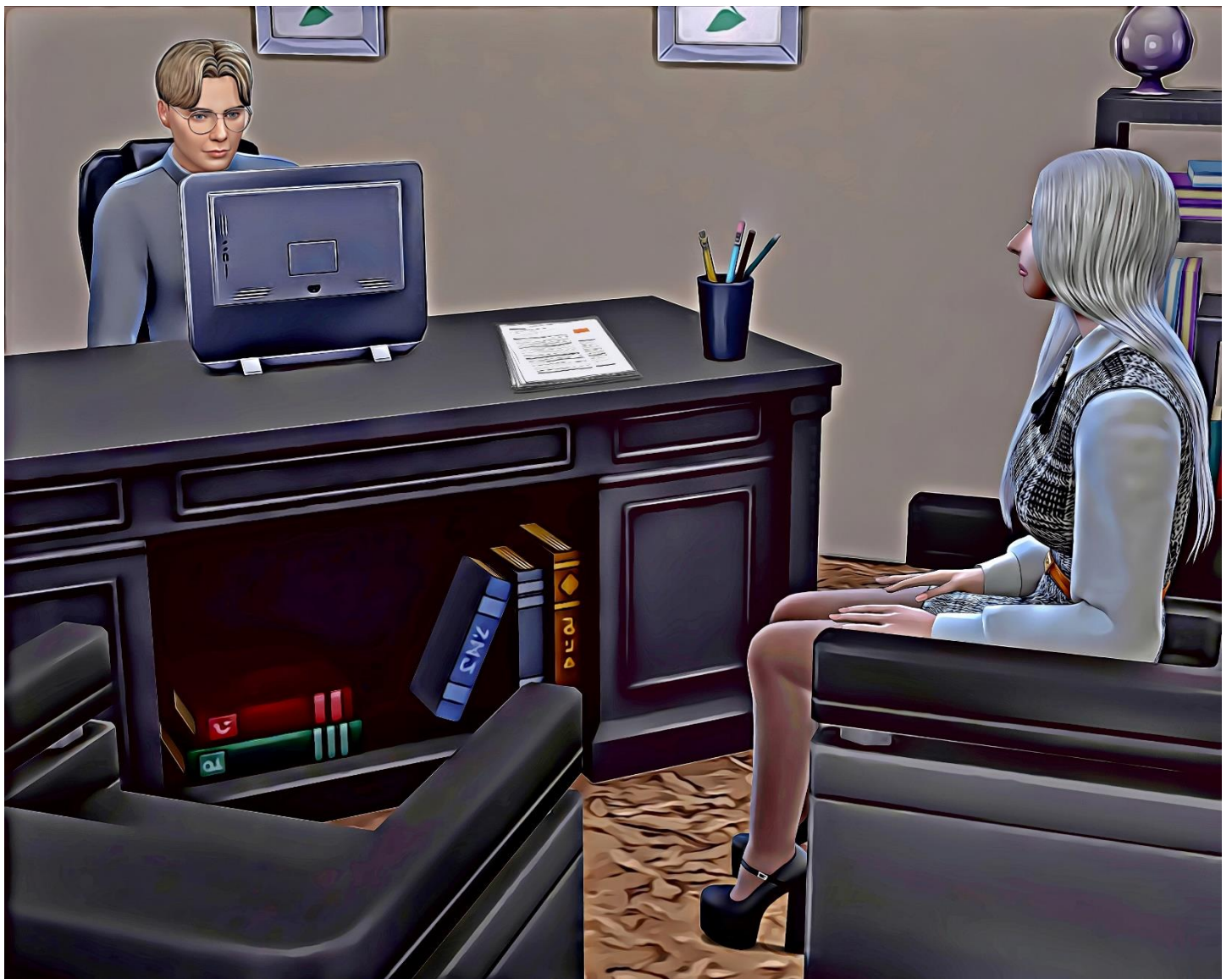
Scott paused, his gaze dropping to his legs, encased in sheer black nylon, with pink fingernails resting neatly atop, and the tips of his shiny black heels visible beneath. The stark dissonance between what he saw and what he was accustomed to seeing was jarring. Yet, the desire to swiftly conclude the meeting and leave the office undetected prevailed.

Scott's delayed response prompted Mr Peterson to inquire if everything was alright. "Oh! Yes!" Scott replied hastily, his voice an octave higher in panic. "Sorry, I was just thinking about Granny and lost my train of thought," he added, hoping the lie sounded convincing. "Can I borrow a pen?" he asked, nodding towards a pot on Mr Peterson's desk.

Mr Peterson, understanding, gestured towards the pen pot. "Please," he said, giving Scott permission.

Leaning forward, Scott selected a pen and pulled the papers closer. "Sign everywhere I've marked with an 'X'," Mr Peterson instructed, leaning back to afford the blonde-haired person opposite him some privacy.

Scott began to meticulously read through the pages of documents, but barely half a minute had passed when he looked up to find Mr Peterson watching him with an amiable smile. Realizing he could be there for hours if he continued at this pace, Scott took a deep, steadying breath. Feeling backed into a corner, he signed six of the ten pages before returning the pen to the pot. Leaning back in the chair, he corrected his posture and tried to project a sense of calmness.



Mr Peterson collected the papers, giving them a cursory glance before nodding in approval and setting them aside. "Thank you, Miss Brooks," he said, acknowledging Scott's efforts with a polite nod. He then mentioned he would pull up the case on his system, turning his attention to his computer.

During the brief pause that followed, Scott dried the palms of his sweaty hands on his thighs, the sensation of the tights stretched taut over his smooth skin feeling all the more peculiar in his heightened state of nervousness.

After a few moments of silence, filled only by the clicking of Mr Peterson's mouse, the attorney finally spoke, revealing the staggering news that Amy had been left £5 million. The enormity of the figure left Scott momentarily speechless, his mind reeling from the possibilities.

"Uhm... when can I get the money?" Scott managed to squeak out after gathering his thoughts, his attempt at maintaining composure faltering slightly.

"Normally, we would be able to get the wheels moving straight away," Mr Peterson explained with a sympathetic smile. "But due to the delay, it's going to be a few weeks, possibly a month, I'm afraid."

"Delay?" Scott's voice rose higher than intended, his unease evident.

Mr Peterson looked at him quizzically. "I assumed you knew," he said, appearing confused. "Due to the investigation into your grandmother's death, we're going to have to wait until the police have cleared the body."

"Oh! Yes. Of course," Scott responded, hastily fabricating an air of awareness he did not truly possess.

Scott shifted uncomfortably. "So, what happens now?" he asked, rolling one of his feet on its high, blocky heel in an attempt to ease the tension in his ankle.

"Well, I've got your signatures, so I can register you as a client and get some of the initial paperwork out of the way. But apart from that, unfortunately, we have no option but to wait. We can schedule another appointment after the funeral and take it from there," Mr Peterson explained, laying out the next steps with a professionalism that did little to ease the crossdressed man's internal turmoil.

Scott offered a strained smile and thanked Mr Peterson for his time. Yet, internally, he was anything but grateful. His mind was a whirlwind of anxiety and second-guessing. What had he done? Signing legal documents as his cousin, he now found himself caught in a waiting game, clinging to the hope that his deception would remain undiscovered, especially if the police became involved. The magnitude of his actions weighed heavily on him as he hoisted himself up onto his tired legs, preparing to leave the office. He was about to teeter back into the world, carrying a burden far heavier than when he had entered.

Chapter 7: The Disguise That Binds

Scott emerged from the attorney's office, each step on the tall, painful heels sending a jolt through his already frazzled nerves. His mind was a whirlwind of thoughts, a chaotic blend of relief and apprehension swirling within him. As he navigated the busy streets, his eyes darted around nervously, scrutinizing every passerby, half-expecting their gazes to pierce through his disguise.

Attempting to move quickly - though his platform pumps severely limited his pace - Scott found his way to the coffee shop where he had left Jessica. Entering with a level of nervousness that made him feel as if he were on display, he tried his best to blend in, to not let the overwhelming sense of exposure get the better of him.

Spotting Jessica scrolling through her phone in a corner, he made a beeline towards her, his heart racing. "It's time to leave," he announced, the urgency in his voice unmistakable.

"What happened?" Jessica inquired, her curiosity piqued by Scott's jittery demeanour.

"I'll tell you in the car," Scott replied, his voice shaky. "Let's go! Please!"

Sensing the discomfort rolling off him in waves, Jessica quickly gathered her things and followed her cross-dressed boyfriend out the door. As they made the short walk to the parked car, the couple moved in silence, the tension palpable between them. Glancing to her left, Jessica cast a discerning eye over her boyfriend's feminized appearance, searching for any sign that might have given him away. Yet, as she took in the sight of his shapely nylon-covered legs, the slim contour of his padded form, and the cascade of silky blonde hair dancing around his shoulders, she concluded that if Scott had indeed been discovered as an imposter, it wasn't due to any shortcomings in her styling - he was the epitome of girlish elegance.

Reaching the car, Scott all but fell into the driver's seat, his movements a stark contrast to the gracefulness his appearance suggested. He was eager to find refuge within the Mini Cooper, a place he perceived as safe.

"So?" Jessica prompted, her voice filled with anticipation the moment the doors closed.

Scott inhaled deeply, shook his head, and then let out, "We're screwed," increasing the already heavy atmosphere. He then proceeded to explain what had happened in the meeting and the delay.

“So, there is money then?” Jessica asked, her focus narrowing.

Scott nodded, a snort escaping him as he revealed, “Five million,” chuckling through his disbelief.

Jessica’s mouth dropped open. “Five million,” she echoed, the number resonating in the confined space of the car. After a moment's pause, she whooped loudly, “Scott, we’re rich!” Her voice was a high-pitched shriek of joy.

Scott, less enthused, glanced over at Jessica. “Only if we don’t get caught first. A month is a long time, Jess” he replied, his voice tinged with worry as he glanced down at his nylon-clad legs protruding from the hem of his short dress.

“Okay, I get it,” Jessica conceded, dialling back her excitement. “There are still a few hurdles to get over. But five million, Scott! Think of the life we’re going to have.”

A small smile crept across Scott’s glossy pink lips. “I know, It’s crazy, right? I was so surprised when the guy told me, I almost shouted out in my normal voice.”

“But he believed you? That you were Amy?” Jessica inquired, her excitement momentarily replaced by concern.

“Yeah, he bought it,” Scott confirmed calmly. “Signed me on as a client and everything.”

Jessica couldn’t contain her excitement; she squealed again, leaning over to plant a kiss on Scott’s cheek. Then, noticing the red lipstick mark she’d left, she licked her thumb and wiped it away. “I know. Let’s stay calm. One step at a time,” she said, noting Scott's glare.

“Yeah,” Scott agreed, reaching into his handbag to retrieve the car keys. “Let’s go home. We need to think about what we do next carefully.”

So, gripping the steering wheel with his girly-looking hands, Scott thrust the key into the ignition, and the engine roared to life. With a determined press of his high-heeled foot onto the clutch, he shifted the car into reverse. Then, through a meticulous dance of heels between the clutch and accelerator, he managed to back out of the parking space without stalling the car - a feat that felt akin to juggling while wearing boxing gloves.

As they drove back from London, the car was enveloped in a calm silence, with neither Scott nor Jessica feeling the need for conversation. The tranquillity of their journey,

however, was abruptly shattered by a ringing sound that sliced through the serenity - a harbinger of the chaos their actions had unleashed.

“What's that?” Scott asked, his voice laced with surprise, attempting to locate the source of the noise while keeping his darkly-lined eyes on the road.

Jessica, equally startled, rummaged through her handbag and pulled out a phone. She glanced at the screen to see 'Mum' flashing on the caller ID. “It's Amy's mum,” she responded, her tone reflecting her astonishment.

“Is that... Amy's phone?” Scott exclaimed, a mix of shock and irritation in his voice as he glanced over.

“Urm... maybe,” Jessica sheepishly admitted.

“Well, don't answer it!” Scott nearly shouted, his focus momentarily diverted from driving as the car swerved slightly.

“I wasn't going to,” Jessica retorted, rolling her eyes in frustration.

A tense quietness enveloped them as they continued to drive, the phone's ringing eventually ceasing. When silence returned, Scott asked, “Why do you have Amy's phone, and why on Earth is it on?”

Jessica wore a look of guilt. “Well... I kinda wanted to see some pictures of Amy. You know, to get a better idea of what kinda girl she is,” she explained, trying to justify her actions.

Scott's gaze flicked between her and the road, disbelief evident with each glance. “Oh, look, her mum left a voicemail,” Jessica announced, attempting to diffuse the tension as she effortlessly unlocked the phone.

“How did you...?” Scott asked in utter shock, watching the screen light up.

“Well, her code's 1234,” Jessica replied with a nonchalant shrug. “Your cousin obviously isn't very bright. I saw a reel on the most common passcodes, and guess what? That was at the top of the list.”

Scott shook his head, speechless at the absurdity unfolding before him. A shudder of fear coursed through him as he noticed Jessica beginning to dial a number on the phone. “What are you doing?” he shouted, panic lacing his voice. “Stop that! Are you stupid?”

Jessica paused, turning to face Scott with an expression as stormy as a brewing tempest - being called stupid was a surefire way to ignite her fury. "I was going to see what the voicemail said," she started, her tone initially calm but quickly gathering intensity. "I mean, it's not like she'll find out we listened to it. Or do you think I'm just some dumb bimbo about to ring her up for a little chit-chat?" She added, raising her voice in a crescendo of fury directed at Scott.



Realizing he had struck a nerve, Scott firmly gripped the steering wheel, his makeup-covered face, stoically facing forward as he allowed Jessica to vent her frustrations. When her tirade ebbed to silence, Scott offered a glance of apology. "I didn't mean to call you stupid," he conceded. Under normal circumstances, he might have countered her anger with his own, but dressed as he was, diverting nearly all his focus to driving in his unusual attire, confrontation was the last thing he wanted. "I'm just a bit on edge here. This is... a lot," he admitted.

"So, are we listening to it or not?" Jessica snapped back, her arms crossed in defiance.

Scott pondered for a moment. He knew that whatever message awaited them was unlikely to be good news, but ignorance wasn't bliss in this situation. "Play it," he muttered, avoiding Jessica's gaze as he spoke.

Jessica dialled the voicemail service and switched the phone to speaker mode. The car was suddenly filled with a tense silence, only to be broken by the sound of Amy's mother's hysterical voice resonating through the small space. "Amy... Are you back? If you are, why haven't you called me? I've been trying to reach you all week. I've left a million messages. And now I hear that you've been to see Mr. Peterson at his office. I know you're angry with me but call me, please! It's important."

As the message concluded, Scott looked over at Jessica, his eyes wide behind the fluttery false lashes. Jessica inhaled sharply, their eyes locking in mutual apprehension. No words were needed; both understood the gravity of their predicament.

The journey back to Epsford was oppressively silent, the tension ratcheting up to an almost unbearable level, only interrupted by the sound of Amy's mother calling twice more. Upon entering Amy's apartment, Scott immediately removed his wig, discarding it on a table with a mix of relief and resignation before heading to the sofa. He flopped down with a heavy sigh, eager to rid himself of the shoes that had been a source of discomfort all day. Once the buckles were undone and his toes finally had room to stretch, he brought his hands up to cover his face, overwhelmed by a surge of emotions. The urge to scream bubbled up within him; he felt like a complete fool, grappling with the reality of his actions.

Jessica made her way over to sit to her boyfriend's left, her presence a silent offer of support. Scott, feeling a tumult of emotions, slowly removed his hands from his face to look at her. "I have to call her," he muttered, the weight of his own words surprising him.

Jessica stared back at him, her disbelief mirroring his own, her expression screaming, 'Are you crazy?' "Are you sure?" she asked, voice laced with concern.

"It's the only way," Scott replied, his breaths shaky, the reality of the situation sinking in. "I've signed those papers, and if she doesn't hear from Amy, she'll keep calling or, worse, come around here!"

With a solemn nod, Jessica delved into her handbag, fished out Amy's pink phone, and handed it to Scott. He took it as though it were a venomous creature, his distaste for what he was about to do palpable. Typing in the simple passcode, 1234, he

grimaced as a photo of his cousin Amy, clad in a pink bikini on some beach, filled the screen.

Gathering up every ounce of courage he possessed, Scott navigated to the contacts and located Amy's mother. There he paused, his pink, glued-on fingernail hovering above the button, the gravity of what he was about to do making him feel sick. With his heart pounding as if trying to escape his chest, Scott took a deep breath, pressed the call button, and hesitantly brought the pink phone to his ear, bracing himself for what was to come.



The phone rang only once before it was picked up, a worried woman's voice immediately filling the line. "Amy?" Amy's mother asked, her voice laced with concern.

"I'm here, Mum," Scott replied, his voice a timid whisper, betraying none of his current facade.

“Where have you been? Your father and I have been worried sick!” Amy’s mother pressed, her worry evident in her frantic tone.

“I told you I was going away. And that there would be no phone signal at the retreat,” Scott responded, mustering as much confidence as he could into his feigned version of Amy’s voice, silently praying that his cousin had indeed informed her mother of her plans.

There was a brief pause before her mother’s voice returned, now tinged with anger. “You did, but you didn’t say for how long. And what’s wrong with your voice? You sound different.”

“I have a sore throat,” Scott blurted out, the lie swift and convenient. “And I’m sorry I didn’t tell you when I’d be back. I didn’t know myself.”

Amy’s mother sighed, a sound of resigned frustration. “Thank you for apologizing,” she said. “I assume you’ve heard about Granny if you went to see Mr. Peterson. How did you find out?”

“There was a letter here when I got back,” Scott replied, anchoring his next words in truth for the first time during the call.

“And you didn’t call me? For heaven’s sake, Amy, I...” Her voice rose in anger once again, only to catch and halt mid-sentence. “Anyway, let’s talk about that another time. We were all worried you’d miss the funeral. But with the delay, it won’t be for a few weeks now. Perhaps we could meet and discuss some of the details of the day,” Amy’s mother suggested.

“No!” The word exploded from Scott with too much force, his expression twisting into a grimace. “I mean... I can’t right now. It still hurts too much to think about Granny and all. I need some time to, you know... process things.”

There was a pause, filled with a palpable sadness. “Okay, I’ll give you a week or two to ‘process things.’ But we need to talk at some point. I know you’re still angry with me, but we have things to organize. And don’t you think it’s time we talked things through? Cleared the air.”

“Uhm... we will. Soon.” Scott managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper. “Gotta go now. Bye Mum,” he added quickly, ending the call and letting out a long, pent-up breath.

In the stillness that followed, Scott lifted his gaze to meet Jessica, who looked back at him as if she were seeing a stranger. “You’re a pretty amazing actor,” she commented, her voice a mix of awe and shock.

Scott, still trying to catch his breath, managed a weak smile. “Do you think she believed it?”

Jessica nodded, conviction in her eyes. “I think so. But all you’ve done is bought us a few weeks. What do we do now?”

Scott shook his head, the weight of their situation pressing down on him. “I don’t know,” he admitted, his voice tinged with despair. “I just don’t know.”

Chapter 8: All In

After an evening filled with tension and unspoken concerns, Scott had retreated early to bed, overwhelmed by mental and physical exhaustion. Meanwhile, Jessica had burned the midnight oil, diving into research, seeking solutions or perhaps a semblance of hope in their complicated predicament.

Come morning, the air between them was charged with the weight of impending discussions. Scott, picking at his breakfast, seemed lost in thought, the regret of the previous day's actions casting a long shadow over his appetite. His reflection, marked by those delicately arched eyebrows, served as a reminder of the depth of his foolishness with every glance in the mirror.

Once the breakfast table was cleared, Jessica reseated herself, her gaze locking with Scott's weary eyes. Despite his early night, it was evident he had scarcely slept. "We need to talk," she initiated, a gentle smile on her lips.

"It's never good news when you say that" Scott responded, focussing on his girlfriend intently, bracing himself for what was to come.

"Well, it's not. We've found ourselves in a bit of a mess, but, in my mind, we have two options," Jessica began, her tone serious. Scott's interest was piqued, though with a heavy heart.

"Go on," Scott urged, not sure if he was mentally capable of making any important decisions.

"Well, we could abandon the plan and the five million, pretending this never happened," she stated plainly, shrugging as if to signify the simplicity of that choice.

Scott interjected immediately, "Easy for you to say. You're not the one who signed those papers! If someone investigates, they're going to discover it was me. What then? I'll be humiliated. And knowing Amy's mother, she'll want me put in prison. She may be my aunt, but she's never liked me."

"What are you saying?" Jessica asked, her surprise evident, her pretty face etched with concern. "You want to continue? That was going to be my second suggestion, but to have any chance of fooling anyone who actually knows Amy, we're going to have to take some extreme measures."

"Like what?" Scott asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he swallowed hard, the gravity of their situation becoming ever more real.

Jessica leaned forward, her expression serious yet tinged with doubt as she began to unravel the findings of her late-night research. "First off, I'm not even sure if this is possible given the short time frame," she prefaced, setting the stage for her improbable discovery.

She detailed how, driven by desperation, she had uploaded a picture of Scott and a picture of Amy to an AI chatbot, inquiring whether it was feasible to transform Scott into Amy within three weeks. To her astonishment, the AI had affirmed it was indeed possible and, upon further prompting, had even outlined a detailed plan.

Scott listened with growing bewilderment, his face a tableau of confusion as Jessica's proposal unfolded.



When she paused, he seized the moment to voice his incredulity. "You really want me to become Amy?" His tone was laced with disbelief and a clear aversion to the idea.

Jessica was quick with her defensive response. "Of course, I don't want my boyfriend to look like a girl! I love how you look, baby," she retorted. "I was ready to walk away from this. You were the one who protested."

"I protested because I don't want to go to prison, Jess," Scott countered, his frustration palpable. "Surely you don't expect me to go through with something like this?" Amy looks like a freaking Barbie doll!"

"I don't expect you to do anything. If we do this, it's your choice, Scott!" Jessica challenged, her posture suggesting she was at her wit's end. "I'm just telling you what I found out after a night of racking my brain. Do you have any other ideas?"

Scott, overwhelmed, cupped his face in his hands, sinking into a contemplative silence. When he looked up again, his expression was one of anguish. "Is anything permanent?" he asked, worry etching his features.

"I don't think so," Jessica responded, her uncertainty evident. "But, if you really do this, some of the things the chatbot suggested will last for a few months at least."

Scott groaned, the sound echoing his internal turmoil. "So, let me get this straight. My options are to go to prison or to transform myself even further to look like my girly-girl cousin, most likely humiliate myself, and still end up in prison," he declared, the absurdity of the situation manifesting in a snort-like chuckle.

"I guess so," Jessica replied with a smile, an attempt to lighten the mood as she took Scott's pink-nailed hands. "But if you do this right, you might not end up in jail. You might end up a millionaire!"

Scott exhaled a heavy sigh, the weight of their decision pressing down on him. "Okay," he finally muttered, resignation in his voice.

"Okay," Jessica echoed softly, her gesture a tender reassurance as she rubbed the back of Scott's hand. Together, they had reached a daunting decision, embarking on a path fraught with risk but potentially leading to a future neither had dared to imagine.



As Scott's noisy heels clicked assertively across the salon's tiled floor towards the coat rack, a momentary wave of panic washed over him. The act of slinging his designer leather purse back over his shoulder served as a mental cue to calm down; the hard part was done. Now, all that remained was to settle the bill and leave. Retrieving his

long, brown coat, which had been left on the coat rack for the past four hours, Scott slipped his arms through its sleeves, taking a moment to steady his breathing.

He glanced down at his aching feet and ankles, snugly encased in his cousin's knee-high leather boots that Jessica had selected for the occasion. From the moment he had stepped out of Amy's apartment, the boots had presented a challenge. Their cone-like heels, while sturdy in appearance, were deceptively high, turning every step into a test of patience and endurance as his feet and legs grew increasingly sore.

Adjusting his coat, Scott took a moment to assess the rest of his outfit, to which he had become uncomfortably accustomed after hours in the salon chair. His legs, sheathed in pantyhose, exhibited a subtle sheen that felt foreign against his skin. The patterned brown skirt, snug around his waist and upper legs, had been a constant irritant, riding up his thighs and uncomfortably putting pressure on his tucked-away penis. Then there was the soft, white, woollen turtleneck sweater, cosy outside, it had turned into a sweltering nuisance under the salon's dryers.

Making his way to the counter, Scott engaged in light conversation with the receptionist. As she announced the total, he reached into his purse, retrieving one of Amy's credit cards. His heart rate picked up as he inserted the card into the reader, a rush of adrenaline coursing through his crossdressed body. The PIN, acquired after Jessica accessed Amy's email account on her phone and requested a new one, was now at his fingertips. Confidence buoyed by a successful test run at a shop earlier that day, Scott nonetheless felt a surge of anxiety as he entered the PIN, acutely aware that he was a grown man, standing in a beauty salon, dressed in a stylishly feminine outfit and presenting himself as Amy Brooks.

Having successfully completed the transaction, Scott offered the receptionist a farewell smile before pirouetting on his heels to make his exit. As he tottered out the door and onto the streets of his hometown, with his skirt swishing and heels clicking, he couldn't help but wonder if the salon staff had suspected that beneath all the makeup and feminine attire, he was actually a man. After all, he had entered with a decidedly boyish haircut and had asked for it to be transformed into the girly spectacle that now adorned his head.

Setting off, Scott tried to bury his discomfort as his feet cramped in the unforgiving boots. Despite the pain, he was acutely aware of the feeling of his new hairstyle. It was an odd sensation, vastly different from wearing a wig. This hair was a part of him, moving in sync with each step. The breeze felt cool on his exposed scalp, and the silky strands tickled his neck.

The walk to the coffee shop, the scene of his first foray en femme, was short but felt like an eternity due to the discomfort of his footwear. Gathering his courage, Scott pushed open the door, the action causing his hair to oscillate around his makeup-covered face. He scanned the room for Jessica, spotting her engrossed in a book on a nearby sofa. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he began to approach.

Despite the loud click-clack of his heels, Jessica remained oblivious to his presence, her attention fixed on her reading. Stopping in front of her, Scott cleared his throat loudly, finally capturing her attention. As she slowly lifted her gaze to meet his, her eyes widened in surprise upon seeing his new look. For a moment, she was stunned into silence before a burst of laughter escaped her lips.

“Don’t laugh! This was your idea,” Scott said, his voice quiet but brimming with frustration.



“Sorry,” Jessica replied, her smile failing to mask her amusement. “You just looked so different. Here, come sit down,” she suggested, shifting her bag to make space.

Scott trotted over, meticulously smoothing out his skirt before taking a seat, his annoyance still palpable. Jessica reached out, her fingers gently weaving through Scott's newly styled blonde locks. "Wow, it's so soft," she remarked. "How do you feel?" she added, genuine curiosity in her tone.

Scott glared at her, his eye roll made all the more dramatic by the volume of his glued-on faux eyelashes. "Fabulous," he retorted sarcastically. "How do you think I felt? Strange, embarrassed, exhausted."

Jessica chuckled, undeterred by his sarcasm. "I like the new sassy attitude. Keep that; It'll help make your character more realistic."

"This is already a little too realistic for my liking," Scott countered in his normal voice, the strain of the situation evident. "Was it really necessary to go through all this? Even after all these extensions, my hair still doesn't look like Amy's!"

"That's the idea," Jessica responded cheerfully. "A new haircut will distract people's eyes when they look at you. If they think something's different, they will associate it with your new look. That was one of the ideas the AI chatbot came up with. Brilliant, right?"

"Yeah. Brilliant," Scott repeated, his voice laden with resignation.

"Well, Miss Miserable, like it or not, you're going to have to get used to it for the next few weeks at least," Jessica stated matter-of-factly.

"I know," Scott conceded, meeting Jessica's gaze. "It just feels weird looking like this - I mean, wearing a skirt and tights while you're in pants."

"It's weird for me too, baby. Seeing you like this! But we both needed to adapt," Jessica reassured him, her voice soft yet firm.

"I guess so," Scott agreed, albeit reluctantly.

"Right," Jessica said, reaching for her coffee and gulping down the last mouthful. "Don't get too comfortable; we have more to do today."

"Right," Scott mumbled, his hand absentmindedly reaching up to his ear, dreading the next step in their plan - ear piercing.

"Does it hurt?" he had asked, apprehension colouring his voice.

"No," Jessica assured him as she stood. "It's quick and painless. And before you ask. Yes! It needs to be done. Amy wears earrings, and so will you."

Scott sighed, rising slowly, feeling his feet mould back into the uncomfortable arch enforced by his boots. As he adjusted his skirt and straightened his coat, he found himself doubting the wisdom of executing a plan conceived by an AI chatbot. Nevertheless, he was fully committed, ready to follow it through with no alternatives coming to mind.

Chapter 9: Facing Changes

Scott glanced to his left, catching the eye of the receptionist. A nervous smile flickered across his face before he diverted his gaze downwards. The sight that greeted him did little to ease his embarrassment – silky soft, feminine-looking legs extending from beneath a short, patterned purple skirt.

Sitting on the clinic’s waiting room sofa, Scott felt the distinct oddness of being in such a short skirt. He had worn shorts almost as short in the past, but a skirt was an entirely different experience. More of his legs were in contact with the sofa's material, and given their smooth, hairless nature, the sensation of the leather clinging to the back of his thighs was peculiarly distracting.

Then, there were the other noticeable changes to his appearance. His new haircut, a blonde bob, framed his makeup-covered face, partially obscuring his peripheral vision as long, glued-on false lashes cut off the upper section. The past two days had been a lesson in adjustment, learning to live with the longer hair. Washing it now required a significant investment of time, especially with the added steps of conditioning, blow-drying, and flat ironing - a routine that transformed what used to be a quick hygiene act into a test of patience.

Having to wear earrings was also disconcerting. The dangling adornments from his freshly pierced lobes were a constant distraction, tapping and rattling with every movement. While the piercing process had been quick and painless, as Jessica promised, the sensation of having something hanging there was something Scott found oddly unsettling. Today's earrings, two linked hearts, were particularly troublesome to thread through the holes in his lobes - a task he found both awkward and intimidating.

Suddenly, a voice sang out across the waiting area, "Amy Brooks." Initially, Scott didn't react, lost in his thoughts, wondering if he was crazy for being there. The cosmetic practitioner called out again, and this time, Scott's realization hit him with a jolt of anxiety - he was Amy Brooks. Flustered, the skirted man hopped to his high-heeled feet, offering a sheepish look towards the receptionist. It was time for his appointment, and the reality of the situation filled him with an overwhelming sense of dread.

“Don’t forget your purse,” the woman reminded Scott as he prepared to follow her.

“Oh! Yes. Thank you,” Scott replied, feeling a blush of embarrassment warm his cheeks. He turned to retrieve his black purse, its silver embellishments catching the light with a sparkly glint. Grasping the bag from where he'd left it on the sofa, Scott

turned back to face the woman, who was about to drastically alter his appearance, her gaze momentarily troubling him. A quick surge of panic washed over him, fearing she had seen through his meticulously thought-out disguise. Hastily, he struck what he hoped was a convincingly feminine pose, hand on hip, and lifted his left leg slightly, aiming for dainty casualness.



The woman smiled. “Please, follow me,” she instructed, her tone professional and devoid of suspicion.

Relief flooded Scott as he tottered across the tiled floor, his mule sandals clicking with each step. He focused on his foot placement, momentarily distracting himself from the apprehensions of the upcoming clinic procedures. Instead, his mind dwelled on his outfit choice. Desiring independence and not wanting to over-rely on Jessica during this bizarre and stressful juncture in their lives, he had chosen his clothes for the day: a lightweight blouse and skirt adorned in soft pastels of pink and purple.

The cut and length of the garments made him feel exposed and uncertain. However, today, more than ever, he needed to project an impeccable image of femininity to anyone he encountered. He had to be Amy, unquestionably.

So far, aside from a lingering sense of vulnerability during his solitary walk to the clinic - Jessica having gone off to do some shopping - the outfit had been manageable and perfect for the weather. It was the shoes that truly vexed him. Fed up with the towering platforms usually selected by Jessica, Scott had initially welcomed the seemingly more manageable purple mules. Their lower profile had appeared to be a more comfortable choice. However, two hours in, the lack of support from both the back and front of the shoes, which hovered closer to the ground than any shoe he had ever worn, demanded his utmost attention to avoid slipping out of them. With every precarious step, Scott rued his decision to choose these particular shoes, feeling even more ridiculous as the shiny purple toenails he had painstakingly painted the previous evening were conspicuously bright.

With the flutter of his skirt around his thighs, Scott made his way into a consultation room, his movements tentative. "Take a seat, Amy," the practitioner directed, gesturing toward a chair. Despite the unease coursing through him, Scott managed a small smile. As he sat down, he carefully adjusted his skirt - an action that felt increasingly natural, yet still filled him with a sense of surreality.

The practitioner, seated across from a nervous-looking Scott, initiated the consultation with a gentle inquiry into his readiness for the day's procedures. "So, you're scheduled for quite a few treatments today," she observed, her tone professional yet empathetic. "I want to ensure you're fully aware of what's involved, and you're feeling okay to go ahead."

Scott's response was hesitant, "Urm... I do. And I feel fine," he said, masking the torrent of doubts with a veneer of confidence. This whole situation, pretending to be his cousin for cosmetic treatments, bordered on the absurd.

Scott's journey to sitting in a cosmetic clinic, masquerading as his girly girl cousin, was facilitated by Jessica's access to Amy's phone and, consequently, her applications. Among these was the app for a chain of cosmetic clinics - where Scott currently sat with his cousin's panties uncomfortably wedged between his buttocks. Delving into Amy's history within the app, Jessica meticulously noted down Amy's past cosmetic procedures. To avoid any recognition, she opted for a clinic location Amy had never visited and proceeded to call for an appointment.

Initially, the clinic's receptionist informed Jessica that there were no available slots in the coming week. However, the mention of Amy's platinum account status changed the scenario dramatically. Recognizing the importance of their patron, the receptionist rearranged the schedule to accommodate an appointment in just a few days. Satisfied, Jessica requested that the procedures - all Amy's previous, plus a few extra ones recommended by the AI chatbot - be added to the app. With a mere press of her fingertip - the app linked to Amy's bank account - processed the payment, sealing Scott's fate as the unwitting participant in this elaborate charade.

"Okay, then. We'll get started," the cosmetic practitioner said, her smile warm and professional. "Please clean your face with the makeup remover by the sink, and tie back your hair. I'll give you a few minutes," she said, then stood and exited the room, leaving Scott alone with his thoughts and growing doubts.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Scott rose and approached the sink. He carefully removed his false lashes, starting from the corners and gently pulling them away before tossing them into the bin beside him. He then retrieved a hair tie from a container and pulled his hair back into a neat, short ponytail. With a dollop of makeup remover in his palm, he set about erasing the meticulously applied makeup, contemplating the pointless effort Jessica had put in just hours earlier. Once his face was scrubbed clean, Scott shut off the faucet to confront his reflection - a face bare and familiar to him, albeit with his usual thicker brows missing.

With his ankles feeling unsteady beneath him, a wave of apprehension swept over the crossdressed man, giving him a sinking feeling in his gut. Taking a look at his manly face for what was, unbeknownst to him, the last time, Scott took a deep breath. He steeled himself for what was to come, determined to see it through.



Hours later, as early evening crept in, Jessica entered the clinic, her feet sore from a day of window shopping. The waiting area was quiet, with only a few patients scattered around. Scanning the room, she did a double take. There, sitting miserably with his gaze locked on a magazine, was Scott! It took Jessica a moment to recognize him - not by his face, but by the clothes he wore - a testament to the extensive changes he had undergone.

Jessica's steps faltered as she approached, her heart pounding with a mix of disbelief and concern. She knew every procedure Scott had undergone, having made the appointments herself. However, the reality of seeing their effects was altogether

different. Her eyes widened in shock and awe as she took in her boyfriend's completely transformed appearance.

Dermal fillers had been expertly applied to Scott's cheeks, lips, and forehead, endowing him with a more youthful and distinctly womanly visage. Botox injections had smoothed away the fine lines she had grown accustomed to seeing, softening his features and enhancing the feminine illusion. His brows, now appearing higher and more arched, gave his face a delicate, almost ethereal quality that Jessica had never imagined possible for Scott.



As Jessica continued to scrutinize Scott, she understood that some aspects of his transformation wouldn't be immediately evident, such as the outcomes of the afternoon's CoolSculpting session. This procedure, targeting Scott's abdomen and waist, aimed to create a slimmer figure to resemble Amy's svelte physique more closely. The changes from this procedure would take time to fully manifest, but the promise of a more defined silhouette lingered beneath his cute little outfit.

However, other modifications were far more noticeable. The Kybella injections, for instance, had dramatically altered Scott's jawline. This treatment, designed to reduce fat beneath the chin, had refined his jaw to a more slender and feminine shape, enhancing the overall femininity of his face. The results, combined with the addition of dermal fillers, had created a softer, less angular profile that was astonishing to behold.

Yet, the most striking transformation Jessica noticed was Scott's nose. Employing a thread lift - a minimally invasive technique that uses temporary sutures for a subtle, yet visible lift in the skin - the practitioners had refined the shape of his nose. This procedure, deftly lifting the tip and straightening the bridge, had altered its appearance to echo Amy's nose profile more closely. Although this change was less drastic than what surgical rhinoplasty would achieve, it significantly altered Scott's facial character. His nose now appeared more delicate, blending seamlessly with the soft, feminized features of his new face.



Trying to maintain composure and avoid drawing attention in the clinic's quiet waiting area, Jessica took a seat next to Scott. As she settled beside him, her feminized boyfriend turned his head slowly towards her, his bloated bottom lip quivering. His Botox-filled face, though a testament to the practitioner's prowess, bore an expression of shock and horror.

"Are you okay?" Jessica inquired, her voice low, laced with genuine worry as she studied Scott's shockingly altered appearance more closely.

"No," Scott whispered back, the effort to keep his composure evident as he fought back tears. "Can we just get out of here?"

"Come on," Jessica responded softly, her heart aching as she reached out to take his hand. Once again, she was astounded by the skill with which the cosmetic practitioners had worked their magic, transforming Scott with such precision and expertise. Yet, as she gawked at his modified appearance, a part of her mourned the loss of the face she loved.

Assisting her shell-shocked boyfriend to his high-heeled feet, the couple made a swift exit. As Scott stumbled out the door, supported by Jessica, the weight of their actions settled heavily upon her. The realization of how deeply they had ventured into their plan struck her with full force, leaving her wondering if perhaps they had gone too far.

Chapter 10: A Fateful Encounter

The days following Scott's visit to the clinic were as bizarre as they were long, each one bringing him a step closer to becoming his cousin Amy, while simultaneously testing the strength of his relationship with Jessica. Living in Amy's house only amplified the strangeness of their reality, as they meticulously followed a regimen created by an AI chatbot.

The first day was marked by a quiet intensity. Scott began his post-procedure care, adhering to a regimen that called for hydration and gentle skincare to mitigate the swelling and bruising on his face. Feeling weak and sore, he found even simple movements exhausting. Jessica watched over him, her heart heavy with concern, as Scott navigated his discomfort and adjusted to the visible changes in his appearance.

Meals were carefully planned to aid in Scott's recovery and facilitate weight loss. Breakfast consisted of Greek yoghurt with berries, followed by a turkey and avocado wrap for lunch, and grilled tilapia with quinoa and broccoli for dinner. The focus was on nourishment, something Scott appreciated despite his dwindling appetite. No exercise was advised for Scott on this day, a directive he was all too willing to follow. Rest became his primary activity, interspersed with moments of contemplation and uncertainty about the path they were walking.

By the second day, signs of recovery were more evident. The bruising and swelling began to subside, revealing the contours of Scott's altered face. Though he was still in the throes of transformation, he felt marginally better, at least physically. The emotional toll, however, was harder to gauge.

Their diet remained regimented, with a protein smoothie for breakfast, a quinoa salad for lunch, and a chicken stir-fry for dinner. Nutrition was a pillar of Scott's transformation, designed to seamlessly morph his body into that of his cousin's.

Jessica joined Scott for a gentle morning yoga session focusing on flexibility, marking the first step in introducing physical activity into his routine. Scott found solace in the stretches, a brief respite from the internal chaos.

On the third day, Scott applied the recommended skincare, confronting his reflection in the mirror. His face, almost fully recovered, looked back at him, familiar yet alien. The changes were undeniable, leaving him looking like some strange blend of himself and Amy.

His meals that day included oatmeal with sliced almonds and honey for breakfast, lentil soup for lunch, and a chicken and vegetable stir-fry for dinner. Each meal was a carefully designed step towards the outcome Jessica had described to the AI chatbot. Exercise included a morning yoga session, thirty minutes of cardio on a stationary bike, and twenty squats.



On the fourth day of Scott's bizarre journey into the realm of feminization, the AI introduced a new challenge. In addition to the carefully designed meal plan and an increased regimen of stretching and exercises, a social outing was suggested, designed to mimic one of Amy's typical activities. This proposition initially sparked reluctance in Scott. The thought of stepping out into the world, embodying Amy more fully than ever before, filled him with deep unease.

Jessica, ever the optimist and motivator between them, urged Scott to see the value in the outing. "You have to trust the program," she insisted, her conviction strong. "It's a perfect opportunity to test how far you've come." Her words, meant to reassure, hung heavy in the air between them.

After some deliberation, Scott agreed, bolstered by Jessica's unwavering support. Turning to Amy's phone, Jessica delved into her Instagram account, seeking an activity that would fit the bill. After careful consideration, she proposed a visit to Amy's regular nail salon—a place where the staff, familiar with Amy, would not know her well enough to detect an imposter, provided Scott played his part convincingly. However, as fate would have it, a surprise encounter was about to force him further into his disguise - further than he had ever thought possible!

After trying on a few options, Scott and Jessica settled on an outfit for the occasion: a blue knit jumper dress that hugged Scott's faux curves in a flattering manner, paired with chunky platform heels. Scott had made it abundantly clear that he would not entertain the idea of wearing anything resembling the backless mules that had plagued him during his clinic visit. The memory of struggling in those shoes was still too fresh, a lesson learned the hard way.

With his makeup applied in a muted, daytime look to match the casual yet polished vibe they were aiming for, and his hair styled and straightened to perfection, Jessica gave Scott a supportive hug and wished him luck. She then passed him the car keys and guided him out to Amy's Mini Cooper, a wave of dread washing over him as he tottered out the door, contemplating the potential humiliation he was about to face if he messed up.

Feeling a mix of terror and vulnerability, Scott clicked into the salon, accompanied by Jessica - who had decided to get her own nails done - to be greeted by Amy's usual stylist, Veronica. Her warm and enthusiastic welcome took Scott by surprise. "Amy! It's been so long! And look at your new haircut; it's super cute on you," Veronica exclaimed, her compliment sending a wave of embarrassment through Scott. The praise, meant for Amy, felt alien to him, making him blush beneath his carefully applied foundation.

With the initial greetings behind them, Scott, now navigating this uncharted territory, was ushered to the nail station, while Jessica was seated at another across the room. When Veronica inquired about his preferences, Scott, momentarily caught off guard, requested "the usual." This prompted further questions from Veronica about the style and colour, to which, in a moment of panic, he responded, "something classic."

As Veronica commenced the application of acrylic nail extensions, Scott found himself unexpectedly drawn into conversation, a feat that demanded he uphold Amy's persona with a grace he hadn't known he possessed. With each meticulous stroke and shaping of the nails, Scott experienced a mixture of horror and fascination. His typically short

nails were being transformed into elegant, French manicured extensions, stretching an inch beyond his fingertips - a stark departure from the norm and a style he never imagined would adorn his fingertips.

As Scott watched his hands undergo a transformation, two significant realizations dawned on him: First, the critical nature of clear communication became apparent, as the impractical "talons" would undoubtedly pose numerous unforeseen challenges. Secondly, and more profoundly, he was hit by the realization that he was seamlessly passing as Amy. Veronica, though only casually familiar with his cousin, detected nothing out of the ordinary, thrusting Scott into a deeper contemplation of how he was adapting to this feminized role.

The application of the intimidatingly long nails turned out to be surprisingly straightforward and uneventful, much to Scott's relief. Throughout the appointment, his disguise as Amy remained intact, with Veronica failing to see through his carefully crafted facade. However, things really got out of hand, not during, but after the nail appointment. Fumbling around, attempting to tuck Amy's credit card back into her purse with his new "claws" was a struggle in itself, but nothing could have prepared him for the encounter that followed.

Seated on a plush sofa, waiting for Jessica to finish her appointment, Scott was suddenly jolted from his self-conscious rumination by a piercing squeal. "Oh my god! Aimes! Is that you?" a woman exclaimed, her voice slicing through the tranquil atmosphere of the salon and causing Scott's heart to leap into his throat.



Clambering back onto his high-heeled feet, Scott forced his glossed lips into a smile, mirroring the unknown woman's enthusiastic grin as she approached. "My god! Your hair!" she exclaimed, reaching out to touch Scott's meticulously styled blonde locks. It was clear from her familiarity that she knew Amy quite well. "Why didn't you tell me you were back?" she added, her tone a mix of excitement and reproach. "I've missed you, bi-atch."

Caught in the grip of panic but desperately trying to maintain composure, Scott glanced over at Jessica, who looked back at him with a worried expression painted across her face. Turning back to face the woman, Scott thought quickly. "Sorry, babes. I was going to call you later," he replied, hoping his voice carried the right blend of confidence and casualness. "It's all been a bit hectic lately. You know how it is?"

"Tell me about it," the woman replied, tossing her hair to the side in an exasperated fashion. "Anyway, how was it?" she inquired, a question that might have puzzled Scott, causing his perfectly made-up face to form a questioning expression, if not for the Botox keeping it stiff and rigid.

"Erm... Yeah. Good," Scott managed to squeak out, lifting his newly manicured hands to show the stranger.

"Not your nails, silly! Although, they do look lit. French is making a comeback," she commented with a giggle, her gaze then sharpening. "I mean Rehab," she whispered, leaning in closer. "Did they fix you?"

"They tried," Scott quipped, hoping a touch of humour might diffuse the tension he felt building within him.

"I bet they did," the woman replied, her laughter light and carefree. "Oh, babes. It's so good to have you back. I missed you." Then, without warning, she wrapped Scott in a tight embrace, her arms encircling him as her voluptuous chest squashed into his glued-on forms. Caught off guard but instinctively responding to the gesture, Scott gently squeezed back, his mind racing with how to navigate this unexpected reunion.

As the hug ended, the woman took a step back, her eyes sweeping over the blonde-haired figure before her with intense scrutiny. Her gaze lingered, probing. "Are you alright?" she asked, her voice laced with a palpable curiosity that seemed to cut through the air between them. "You seem a bit off."

"Just a bit tired, that's all!" Scott blurted out, his voice tinged with haste. His heart thundered in his chest, pounding with the ferocity of a caged bird desperate for escape, as he struggled to maintain the facade under her piercing gaze.

The woman's momentary scepticism quickly dissipated, replaced by a warm, reassuring smile. "That's probably it," she agreed, her demeanour shifting as if struck by a sudden realization. Her eyes lit up with excitement. "Oh! This is perfect," she exclaimed, her enthusiasm palpable. "It's Em's birthday on the seventh. She was devastated thinking you'd miss it, but now that you're here, she'll be thrilled!"

Scott's reaction was instinctive, a blend of horror and surprise. "A party!" he blurted out, quickly masking his dread with a forced composure. "I don't think I can make it," he said, trying to avoid a train wreck.

The woman's shock was unmistakable. "What! Are you serious?" she gasped, unable to hide her disbelief. "You're going to skip your bestie's birthday?"

Scott scrambled for an excuse, "Well... Grandma just died. It probably isn't the best time for me to be celebrating," he said, a sense of relief washing over him for pulling out a plausible reason to avoid the party.

However, the woman was undeterred, dismissing his excuse with a wave of her hand. "What, grandma miseryguts? Like you two were ever close," she retorted dismissively. "Listen, get some rest, and I'll send you the deets later. I'll also round up the girls for pre-drinks at your place, like usual. It's going to be epic now that you're back, Aimes," she concluded, leaning in for another quick hug, her excitement undiminished by Scott's reluctance.

As the woman strutted across the room, Scott wobbled slightly, his mind reeling from the rapid unravelling of events. However, there was a further sting in the tail - just before she reached her designated nail station, the woman paused, turning back with a parting instruction that sent a chill down Scott's spine. "Oh! And the theme is Playboy Bunnies. Wear pink. That way we can match!"

Left in a daze, Scott gazed down at his fresh manicure, shaking his head in disbelief while his earrings jangled softly. An insurmountable hurdle had just been placed in his path, casting a shadow over their carefully laid plans. How could he possibly convince Amy's closest friends that he was her in the course of an evening? Then there was the theme - a particular point of dread. The idea of wearing what was essentially a one-piece swimsuit was out of the question. With his feminine silhouette nothing more than tape and padding, his disguise would be exposed before the first drinks were poured.

Chapter 11: Down, Down, Deeper, and Down

The next morning, an unusual quiet had settled over Amy's house, a palpable tension that seemed to weave itself between Scott and Jessica as they moved like shadows, avoiding each other's gaze. Neither had managed much sleep, the events of the previous evening weighing heavily on their minds, but neither was ready to breach the silence and acknowledge the elephant in the room. The stillness was punctuated only by the ticking of the living room clock, a rhythmic reminder that time was passing even if they were standing still.

By midmorning, Jessica found herself drifting towards the living room, drawn by a force she couldn't resist. There sat Scott, in an armchair that seemed to swallow his diminished frame with a distant look in his eyes. Observing him, she felt a pang of sadness; the changes had altered him so profoundly that the man she loved seemed to be disappearing before her eyes. His blonde hair, neatly tied back, emphasised the plump roundness of his injected face - a visage that, even devoid of makeup, bore an undeniable femininity. Clad in matching sweatpants and a long-sleeved top that revealed his midriff, Scott's figure was undeniably changing. He already appeared much slimmer, a result of their strict diet plan and the effects of the CoolSculpting treatment, blending together to sculpt this new version of him.

Taking a seat on the main sofa, Jessica watched her boyfriend for a moment. He seemed oblivious to her presence, remaining still as if carved from stone. His posture was undeniably feminine, legs crossed gracefully, one hand cradling the side of his head while the other rested on his knee, his newly acquired acrylic nails catching the light and sparkling subtly.



Jessica inhaled deeply, steeling herself for the conversation the couple had been avoiding. "Scott," she ventured softly, but received no acknowledgement. "Scott," she repeated, her voice sharpening slightly. Slowly, as if emerging from a deep trance, Scott blinked and turned his face towards her. The effects of the Botox treatments made his expressions less readable, but his deep brown eyes - tired and devoid of their usual spark - spoke volumes.

"We need to talk about this," Jessica pressed, her voice laced with concern. Scott's slow nod signalled his willingness to engage, despite the heaviness that seemed to envelop him.

Taking a moment to gather her thoughts, Jessica ventured into the heart of their dilemma. "I think we should stop this," she proposed, her voice betraying her anxiety. "This has gotten way out of control."

Scott's reaction was immediate, a mix of frustration and annoyance flashing in his eyes. "Stop!" he echoed sharply, his voice charged with emotion. "And how exactly are we supposed to do that? Have you got a magic wand? Look at me, Jessica!"

Jessica exhaled slowly, her heart aching for Scott. "I get it," she reassured him, though her own doubts clouded her words. "But if we carry on, we're going to end up in serious trouble."

Scott's frustration was palpable. "You don't get it," he countered fiercely. "If you did, you wouldn't be suggesting this. Unless we fix this, we're already in serious trouble."

The gravity of their situation hung between them, a silent testament to the precarious path they had chosen. Jessica's gaze dropped, the weight of their predicament pressing down on her. "How?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper, her expression one of sorrow.

Scott's demeanour softened as he considered their options. "I don't know, Jess," he admitted, his voice losing some of its earlier edge. "Ask the chatbot. It got us into this mess, maybe it can get us out of it."

Retrieving her laptop from beside the sofa, Jessica's fingers hesitated for a moment before she dove into typing, searching for answers that both of them feared yet desperately needed. Scott, consumed by a blend of anticipation and dread, could only wait in silence, the unfamiliar weight of his new nails tapping restlessly against the arm of the chair. After what felt like an eternity, Jessica's typing ceased. Scott, unable to bear the suspense any longer, rose and trotted over to her, the soft padding of his Ugg boots barely audible on the floor.

"What did it say?" he inquired, his voice laden with apprehension. Jessica's eyes remained fixed on the screen, her reluctance to meet his gaze telling Scott everything he needed to know.

"It says it's possible," she murmured, the words barely escaping her lips.

"What's possible?" Scott pressed, the knot in his stomach tightening.

"For you to attend the party," Jessica answered, her voice so faint it was almost lost in the air between them. "But it's a lot."

Scott's heart sank at her words, yet part of him needed to know the extent of what was being suggested. "Tell me," he urged, reaching for Jessica's hand. The gesture, meant

to be comforting, felt awkward and foreign due to his extended nails, yet he threaded his fingers through hers, seeking solace in their connection.

Jessica's face reflected the inner turmoil she felt. "There are procedures they can do at the clinic to give you a more... feminine shape," she finally said, her voice faltering.

Scott's questioned response came quickly, tinged with anxiety. "Is anything permanent?"

Jessica hesitated before answering, "I don't think so. These treatments aren't meant to be permanent, or they'd never get any returning customers. But that's not the point, Scott. If you do this. You'll look... different."

Scott sighed deeply, the sound heavy with resignation. "I already look different, Jess!" His voice wavered, betraying his inner conflict. "But even if I did look the part, how am I supposed to fool everyone?"

The room fell into a heavy silence, the tension almost tangible. After a moment, Jessica spoke up, her voice low. "It suggests you read through the conversations on Amy's phone. Study how she interacts with her friends. Learn the words and phrases she uses, any nicknames, and shared memories that you can bring up." Scott, visibly taken aback by the suggestion, managed only a stunned "Wow! That is a lot."

"And that's not all," Jessica continued, her voice steady despite the gravity of their situation. "You'll need to move like her, which means watching videos of her on social media and practising mimicking her hand gestures and posture. And... you'll also need to learn how to dance in heels."

Scott fell silent, digesting Jessica's words. The task before him felt monumental. Yet, as he pondered, he could not see another way to prevent the world from discovering what he had done. Finally, he looked over at Jessica, uncertainty in his eyes. "Will you teach me how to dance?" he asked.

Jessica, caught off guard by his request, could only stare back in surprise. "You want to do this?" she asked, searching his plump, Botox-filled face for signs of doubt.

"Absolutely not!" Scott's retort sliced through the air, dripping with raw emotion. "How can you even suggest that? I'd give anything to turn back the clock, to change things. But we're cornered now, aren't we? I figure we give the moving and speaking stuff a go and then make a decision from there."



The next day brought with it a sense of purpose, albeit a daunting one. With new appointments at the clinic looming, Scott and Jessica found themselves in the middle of an unconventional dance lesson in Amy's pink bedroom. The room, filled with music and movement, became a space of learning and adaptation. But beneath the surface, it was also a place where the boundaries of their relationship were being tested and redefined.

Jessica, assuming the role of dance instructor, was clad in a slinky red top paired with tight leather pants, complemented by lace-up ankle boots with block heels. Her outfit, oozing confidence and authority, contrasted sharply with Scott's appearance.

Scott embodied femininity in a form-fitting pink dress that accentuated his padded figure, paired with pristine white tights. His feet were strapped into a pair of torturous six-inch pink platforms, elevating him to new heights of discomfort and grace. The room, filled with the pulsating beats of classic club tracks, set the stage for their dance practice.

Moving to the beat, Scott followed Jessica's instructions, his movements awkward but showing improvement. Bending his knees, he leaned into his girlfriend's crotch, attempting to twerk his backside without losing his balance. Every gyration of his feminized body was a testament to the hours of practice they had put in, his efforts marred only by the agonising pain in his feet and the deadpan expression on his heavily made-up face. The dark eyes and pink lips that framed his face spoke volumes of his physical exertion.

Despite her heavy makeup, Jessica couldn't conceal the storm of emotions swirling within her. Moving to the beat with robotic motions, hands raised, and lips pursed in a pout, she was physically present but emotionally adrift. The sight of Scott, her boyfriend, dancing like some nightclub skank - just as his cousin undoubtedly had on countless clubbing nights - left her feeling both disgusted and confused. The situation had escalated to a point where she was no longer comfortable, and the dread of losing Scott, both as her partner and as the man she knew, was evident in her troubled expression.



Feeling her boyfriend grind the pink dress hugging his padded backside into her, Jessica felt an intense feeling of guilt. She couldn't deny her role in her Scott's dramatic transformation - something that had initially seemed like a brilliant idea to improve their lives. However, now, with every whip of his blonde hair, and each careful step in those towering heels, Jessica felt a growing distance between them. The man she loved, enveloped in layers of femininity, was becoming a stranger to her eyes - one she found herself less attracted to with each passing day. Part of her yearned to still put an end to the madness, to stop the momentum of their actions before it spiralled even further out of control. Yet, the thought of facing the consequences, of possibly having to explain their deceit to the police, filled her with dread. They had ventured too far into the facade, entangling their lives in a web of lies that left little room for retreat. However, watching Scott, so adeptly embracing his new persona, a chilling realization dawned on Jessica - she might have already lost him. Not just to the physical transformation but to the very essence of their scheme. The Scott she knew, the partner she loved, seemed to be slipping away, leaving her to grapple with the haunting question of what their future might hold.

Chapter 12: Conversations

Over the next few days, Scott delved deeper into Amy's past. Every waking moment was dedicated to mastering the details of her life - a monumental task that bordered on obsession but was essential for the plan to succeed. He began with a deep dive into her social media presence, reviewing every picture and video with a detective's precision. The nuances of her behaviour, her style of interaction, and even her body language were jotted down for analysis.

The more Scott investigated, the more he began to notice patterns. For example: Amy never simply smiled for pictures; her trademark was a confident pout, a small but defining detail that he practised in the mirror repeatedly. Her posture was another characteristic he adopted; she always stood with her back straight, exuding a sense of pride and self-assuredness. Furthermore, her interactions with her friends revealed a playful, flirtatious side that came out in jests and teases, something Scott found challenging yet crucial to emulate.

To convert these observations into habits, Scott changed his daily routine to mirror Amy's. He wore the highest heels from her collection, pushing his endurance and balance to their limits. Her apartment became his catwalk - each step a calculated mimicry of her poised, elegant stride. His voice was another area of constant practice, finally reaching a higher, more feminine pitch that he could maintain throughout the day.

Jessica, while supportive, couldn't hide her discomfort as she watched Scott morph into his girly-girl cousin like something out of a horror movie. However, despite this, she played a supportive role in his transformation. She was his coach and critic, correcting his mistakes, fine-tuning his expressions, and drilling him on the details of Amy's life. She quizzed him on the names of places Amy had visited, the dates she was there, and the people she was with, ensuring that no detail was too small to escape Scott's notice.

It had been a gruelling few days of overcoming obstacles for Scott, however, the most difficult part, something that had initially seemed impossible, was interacting with Amy's friends. Known collectively as "The Pink Panthers," a nickname born from a university party incident where they all coincidentally wore pink, these women had formed an inseparable bond that extended well beyond their college days.

Jennifer, known simply as Jen, was the first of the group Scott had unwittingly encountered at the nail salon. As the self-appointed queen bee, Jen's leadership was

undisputed, her fashion sense setting the tone for the group's many stylized outings. She often took the lead in planning their gatherings, making sure they were always the centre of attention wherever they went.

Emily, or Em as she was affectionately known, was Amy's best friend and confidante. With a friendship spanning over fifteen years, her calm and elegant demeanour perfectly balanced Amy's vibrant personality. Working in a beauty salon, Emily was the group's go-to for all things beauty-related, her expertise keeping them all looking flawless.

Stacy, referred to as Stace, brought a creative flair to the party. Known for her DIY fashion projects, she infused a unique and whimsical style into their activities, often creating accessories or decor for group activities.

Lastly, Hannah, or Han, was the thrill-seeker of the group. Her love for adventure and luxury often led them to new and exciting escapades. Her recent organization of a glamping trip for the group, complete with gourmet picnic and spa treatments, was the last time all five girls were together.

After a full day of research, Scott tentatively started interacting with the girls via their lively group chat. The challenge was compounded by the group's preference for voice messages instead of text, requiring Scott to master Amy's vocal nuances. He had painstakingly listened to her past recordings multiple times, practising her intonations and phrasing until he felt confident enough to respond. With a nervous flutter in his stomach, Scott recorded his first message, a light-hearted apology for his absence, and sent it into the ether of their chat. The three-minute wait for a reply felt like an eternity, but finally, Emily's voice came through, chiding him playfully before warmly welcoming him back into the fold.

This successful exchange marked a turning point, with Scott quickly integrated into their ongoing conversations. Now, lying on his front on Amy's bed, he wore a set of pink satin shorts and a matching zip-up top from Amy's wardrobe, feeling strangely at ease in the soft, feminine garments. He was deeply engrossed in the chat about the upcoming party. Carefully pressing the speaker button with his elongated nails, he brought the phone to his ear just in time to hear Jen's teasing voice. "Just wait till you lot get a look at Aimes' new hair, you're going to die," she exclaimed.



The chat erupted with curiosity. “New hair! What did you do?” Emily’s voice rang out, full of surprise.

Scott hesitated and thought carefully about his reply before pressing the record button. “You know. Just Fancied a change. New hair, new me after rehab and all that,” he confidently answered in Amy's upbeat tone.

Almost immediately, Stacy chimed in, demanding a picture. So, after a deep breath that he hoped would steady his shaking hands, Scott snapped a selfie. The photo, showing not only his new hairstyle, but his face, made him pause – It was a make-or-break moment, and he knew it. Taking another deep breath, he hit send.

The response was instantaneous. Emily's voice was a mix of shock and concern. “No way! Who butchered your hair like that? And why didn’t you come to me?”

Scott's initial reaction was a sigh of relief. All of Amy’s closest friends had seen the picture, and none seemed to suspect anything was amiss. “Sorry, Em. I was away and just kind of had the urge. You know you’ll always be my number one stylist,” he replied

smoothly, channelling Amy's voice perfectly. His response was calculated, knowing well that Amy had never trusted anyone but Emily with her hair all her adult life.

"Well, in that case, come over the day of the party, and I'll work my magic on you. I mean, when was the last time you got a fresh tan? You're looking pasty as, girl," Emily shot back in a playful tone that masked her slight irritation.

"Ooh, yes, please. Makeover day at the salon," chimed in Hannah eagerly.

Damn, Scott thought, the last thing he wanted was to spend even more time under the close scrutiny of the girls that day. Yet, what could he say? With his long-nailed finger pressing the microphone button firmly, he channelled his inner Amy once more. "Try and stop me, bi-atch. I'm expecting the works." No sooner had the message sent did he realize the stupidity of his reply. His glossy pink lips fell open in shock - why had he just said that?

Shaking off his disbelief, Scott slipped his feet into a pair of 5-inch pink stiletto pumps that sat by the side of the bed and strutted off into the living room to find Jessica. His mind raced as he walked; each step in those towering heels, usually a challenge, had become automatic as his mind was consumed with other pressing thoughts.

Scott entered the living room, his tall heels clicking loudly on the hardwood floor. Finding Jessica engrossed in her phone on the sofa, he noticed her expression shift to one of discomfort and perhaps even disgust as she looked up - a reflection of the strange times they were living through. Tottering over, Scott eased himself down on the opposite side of the sofa with the practised grace of Amy herself. "I think I've messed up," he announced, his tone sombre but still in character as Jessica set her phone aside with a heavy sigh.

Jessica's face twisted into a look of maternal disapproval, as if she were speaking to the teenage daughter she never asked for rather than her partner. "What happened?" she asked, her voice laced with concern.

Scott, extending his phone towards her, described the conversation he'd just had, and the salon visit he had inadvertently agreed to, even playing some of the exchanged messages. Jessica listened intently, her expression unreadable, before responding with a chilling calmness. "So go," she said coldly. "What difference does it make now?"

Stunned, Scott's makeup-covered face fell, his expression mirroring that of a wounded animal. "What do you mean by that?" he asked, his voice tinged with disbelief.



“Are you serious, Scott?” Jessica snapped, irritated by his continued use of his perfected feminine voice. “Tomorrow’s the clinic appointment, and we haven’t even discussed it. I thought we were going to see how things went and talk about it further. But it seems you’ve decided to go ahead without consulting me?”

Scott paused, digesting her words. “I thought that was the plan,” he replied, genuinely surprised. “I’m doing this for us.”

Jessica’s face contorted with anger before she managed to mask it with a forced smile. “Yes, of course. The plan! For us! My mistake,” she conceded as she glanced over at her boyfriend's unmanly chest, seeing two glued-on breast forms. The seams gave them away as faux, however, she knew after tomorrow, it would be a different story. “Well, it looks like you’ve really stuck your foot in it with your friends. But look on the bright side. A makeover will be a great bonding experience at the start of the day.”

“You seem awfully calm about this,” Scott replied, sounding confused.

“You seem to have everything under control,” Jessica assured him with a hollow cheerfulness. “Now, why don’t you go back to your room and tell your friends how much you're looking forward to some pampering while I take for a walk outside?”

“Uhm... Okay,” Scott agreed, his voice faint and uneasy as he watched Jessica rise from her seat. The distance between them felt more profound than ever as she walked away, leaving Scott to ponder the widening gap in their relationship and if anything could be done to fix it.

Chapter 13: Skin Deep or Skin Tight

A few days following Scott's most recent clinic visit, he and Jessica found themselves strolling through their local park, their high heels clicking in unison against the pathway. Despite the serene setting, the atmosphere between them was strained and cold. To any onlooker, they might have seemed like two best friends leisurely walking, but the reality was far from it.

Scott's visit to the clinic had brought about new profound changes, not just physically but mentally as well. The recovery from the procedures was swift; within just over 24 hours, he was up and about, though not without a soreness that reminded him constantly of his new reality. The reflection in the mirror now showed a figure increasingly alien to him - a feminine physique in place of the masculine one he had known all his life.

His day at the clinic had begun with a consultation to assess the effects of the previous CoolSculpting session. Feeling a surge of confidence in his ability to maintain Amy's persona, Scott navigated the conversation with ease, before agreeing to an additional session to further refine his midsection to match his cousin's slender proportions.

The day was dedicated to enhancing Scott's figure. Dermal fillers were injected into his hips, sculpting them into bold, feminine curves that drastically altered his silhouette. Next, his bust was meticulously enhanced to match Amy's. Each uncomfortable injection, administered directly into the nipple, stretched and filled his chest to create a set of breasts. Padding and breast forms were now things of the past, as his physical form had been moulded to incorporate these changes beneath his skin.

To ease the discomfort of his new high-heeled reality, Scott also received Foot Pads filler injections in the balls of his feet. These were designed to cushion his steps and make walking in the sky-high heels required for his impersonation less painful.

The day concluded with a thread lift for his buttocks, a procedure designed to lift and shape them for a more rounded, feminine contour. This thread lift involved inserting temporary, biodegradable threads under the skin to pull and secure the tissue into a more aesthetically pleasing position.

As Scott tottered through the park, the modifications to his body made every step a new experience. With his centre of gravity shifted by the latest cosmetic adjustments, he found himself needing to adapt his walk. Skintight jeans, moulded to his expanded hips and buttocks, emphasized the changes further. Each step was accompanied by an

unsettling jiggle - a sensation he was still getting used to - as the firm denim clung to the contours of his legs. The intentionally ripped sections teased glimpses of the soft, smooth skin beneath.

The extremely low-cut, slinky silver top he wore hung loosely at his chest, highlighting the dramatic rise and fall of his new breasts. This unsettling bounce with each step was a constant reminder of his poor decisions, making him hyper-aware of the body beneath the fabric he'd now have to live with. As he sashayed along, the pink leather jacket shifted, adding a soft swish to his movements, contrasting sharply with the thud of his heels on the path.

The outfit was one Scott had copied from a picture of Amy, and in that moment, he had never felt more like her and less like himself. It was the first time he had perfectly fit into his cousin's clothing, especially her tight jeans, signalling that he had achieved the required shape - a daunting realization for the young, crossdressed man.

As the couple passed through the centre of the park, they barely acknowledged the impressive fountain or the meticulously curated flower beds that usually drew admiring glances. Their minds were preoccupied with more pressing concerns.

Scott was acutely aware of the uncomfortably tight sensation across his crotch, the excessive amount of skin his low-cut top exposed, and despite the unusual cushioning inside the balls of his feet, the dull ache surrounding his ankles and calves due to the towering heels was constantly on his mind.

Jessica's thoughts were filled with astonishment at the transformative capabilities of modern cosmetic procedures. Every so often, she stole a glance at Scott, who was now confidently strutting in the very same hot pink platform sandals she had playfully suggested he wear the first time she'd dressed him up. Back then, the thought of seeing him stumble about atop those skyscraper-like heels had seemed a funny idea. However, the unsettling reality was far from amusing as she watched her femininized boyfriend navigate the park's uneven paths with the poise of a supermodel.

"Let's sit for a moment and talk," Jessica suggested, breaking the silence that had settled between them." Scott, in his high-pitched, carefully modulated voice, agreed, grateful for the chance to rest his tired legs.

Tottering over to a nearby bench with the flair of someone well-versed in girlish grace, Scott lowered himself with practised ease. Positioning his feminized body, he folded one leg over the other at mid-thigh before looking up at Jessica with Amy's trademark pout. Joining him, Jessica took her seat, her movements less fluid, her legs pressed

tightly together and her body language rigid. “How are you feeling about tomorrow?” Jessica gently inquired, her voice carrying a hint of nervousness as she looked over at a person she barely recognised anymore. Scott shifted uncomfortably, the new sensation of sitting on his jellowy backside still foreign and unsettling. “Okay, I guess,” he replied, his gaze drifting away. “I’m trying not to think about it too much. I just want it over with so things can go back to normal.”

Jessica slowly nodded, her voice echoing his sentiment with a distant tone, “Yeah, normal,” she murmured. “That would be nice.” Scott folded his arms and turned to face Jessica directly, concern etching his altered features. “Are you okay, Jess?” he asked, his voice changing back to the familiar timbre of his normal self. “You seem so lost recently.”

Jessica paused, a pained expression flashing across her face. “I.. don’t know,” she confessed. “I know this is difficult for both of us. But... seeing you like this... is... so...” “What?” Scott pressed, his hand coming up to his chin, his manicured nails catching the light.



“Weird and wrong!” Jessica finished, her voice faltering. “I think I’m going to go home for a bit. Give myself a bit of time to think.” Scott inhaled sharply, taken aback by her words. “You’re going to leave me to go through tomorrow alone?” he asked, his tone a mix of disbelief and hurt.

Jessica sighed deeply, her decision weighing heavily on her. “I’ll help you get ready in the morning, and I’ll leave after. I mean, it’s not like I can be there when you get back from the salon anyway, right?”

Scott, feeling a surge of hurt and betrayal, couldn't contain his frustration. "Of course this is weird!" he exploded, his hands gesticulating with an automatic feminine flair that he had practised too well. "If it's weird for you, imagine how I feel!" he added, his face tightening as he glanced down at his radically transformed appearance. "Do you think I want to look like this? Like my god-damn cousin?"

"You do seem quite comfortable in the role," Jessica countered, probing a topic she had been pondering lately.

Scott’s jaw dropped, and he leapt up from the bench, his high heels crunching aggressively into the gravel path as he began to pace. "I can't believe you would say that, he huffed, visibly agitated. "Nothing about this is comfortable! I've done all this for us. After you pushed the idea. And now you're backing out on me. That's so typical of you, Jessica. Bailing when the going gets tough and leaving me in the shit."

"That's what you think of me, is it? That I'm some selfish screwup?" Jessica's voice rose in equal intensity.

Scott stopped, his arms folded, his back to Jessica. Shaking with rage, he couldn't bring himself to face her. "Well, what would you call it?" he replied, his voice trembling as much as his body. "Making me go through all this, and then just... leaving." He shook his head, causing his sleek blonde bob and hoop earrings to flutter around his neck.



Realizing how deeply hurt Scott felt, Jessica's tone softened. "I'm not leaving you," she insisted. "I'm just saying that I need some time to myself. What's so wrong with that? I figured tomorrow would be a good time while you're out... partying."

The word 'partying' hit Scott like a cold splash of reality, reminding him of the humiliating and terrifying evening that lay ahead the next day. "Nothing's wrong with that," he replied, his voice tinged with sadness. "You do that, Jess. In fact, why don't you start right now? You don't need to bother coming back to Amy's tonight. Go get that alone time you so desperately want," he said, before stomping away up the path on his tall heel without looking back.

As Scott stormed away up the gravel path, Jessica slumped back onto the bench, overwhelmed. She placed her hands in her hair, pressing against her skull as if trying to squeeze out the mounting frustration and confusion swirling inside her.

Watching Scott navigate the path in those ludicrously high heels - a task she herself wouldn't dare attempt - Jessica's heart sunk. It was so strange seeing him

look like this - concealed within the outer shell of his cousin Amy. The sight stirred a chaotic mix of guilt and doubt within her.

Had she pushed him into this elaborate charade against his will, forcing him to feminize himself to a point where he was desperately trying to adapt and survive? Or had she merely facilitated the emergence of a hidden part of him? Giving him a platform to release and express something hidden deep inside?

These questions plagued her as she observed his angry retreating figure, each high-heeled step radiating a mix of defiance and distress.

Chapter 14: Run Rabbit, Run, Run, Run!

After their fight in the park, Jessica didn't return to Amy's apartment that evening, which only fuelled Scott's anger. Alone and frustrated, he found solace in a bottle of wine, letting the alcohol wash over him as his thoughts spiralled into bitterness. Each sip seemed to amplify his feelings of humiliation and emasculation, which had been worsened by Jessica's not so subtle looks and silent judgments of late.

By the time the bottle was empty, Scott felt a strange sense of liberation. The night before what he anticipated would be one of the most testing days of his life, he decided not to resist whatever the day brought. Even if the outcome of the salon visit made him appear even more feminine and Jessica disapproved, so be it. In his inebriated state, Scott concluded that it was going to happen anyway, so why worry about it.

Scott awoke to the relentless beeping of his alarm, each tone drilling painfully into his hungover head. With a groan, he peeled himself out of Amy's bed and lumbered toward the bathroom, his movements sluggish and unsteady. Stepping into the shower, he manoeuvred carefully to keep his hair and the back of his shoulder dry. The hair could remain as is was; after all, he was headed to the salon where professionals would handle it. The shoulder, however, bore a different concern.

During his deep dive into his cousin's life, Scott had uncovered that Amy sported a distinctive tattoo - a cascade of butterflies on the back of her shoulder. Normally, that would be an easy detail to conceal, but with today's skimpy outfit leaving little to the imagination, there was nowhere to hide.

The solution had come from an online search - a high-quality temporary tattoo. With Jessica's assistance a few nights back, Scott had applied the faux ink, meticulously positioning it to mimic Amy's permanent mark. As he avoided the water spray on his shoulder, he prayed that the temporary tattoo was a convincing match. More so, he hoped that Amy didn't have any other tattoos he'd missed in the photos. The stakes were high, and missing tattoos among a group as intimate as Amy's friends would certainly raise the alarm - tattoos, after all, don't just vanish.

Scott dried himself off quickly, still feeling uncomfortable when touching his transformed body. The small mounds on his chest, which stretched his skin outwards, were not only uncomfortable but also very sensitive. Additionally, the jiggle of his backside as he patted himself dry was a sensation he found particularly unsettling.

Scott wasted no time in dressing. First, he clipped on a padded underwire bra before stepping into a pair of tight panties, taking extra care to tuck and securely tape his penis between his legs. He then pulled a light pink knit top over his head, the front dipping low enough to reveal more of his new cleavage than he was comfortable with. Next, he wriggled into a knee-length leather skirt that hugged his expanded hips and backside tightly. The tight purple skirt featured a high slit on the left leg, offering fleeting glimpses of his thighs as he moved. A belt cinched his waist tightly, highlighting his extremely thin midsection - possibly the thinnest it had ever been.

Sliding his feet back into the pink sandals he had worn to the park the previous day, Scott was thankful for the foot pad fillers that made the towering heels more bearable. Amy was known for her love of high heels, a trait he now had to embody, especially in front of her friends.

Applying makeup that morning proved frustrating. Seeking perfection, Scott's shaky hands - still recovering from last night's wine - made the process a tedious affair. After several painstaking attempts, he achieved the clean, polished daytime look he wanted. Then, after a few minutes of fiddling, trying to thread a pair of hoop earrings through the hole in his earlobes with his extended nails, Scott gave his blond locks a quick brush and was ready. After a final glance in the mirror, he checked his purse, finding Amy's phone, some cosmetics, and the car keys inside. There was time for one deep sigh before he trotted out the door, ready for whatever the day might throw at him - or so he thought!



Hours later, as Scott teetered in the cooling breeze of the salon's air conditioning, his lower legs throbbed with a dull ache. Despite the discomfort, his focus was drawn to his feminine reflection shimmering in the salon's glass window. The transformation he had undergone was unsettling to say the least.

Scott had clicked into the salon that morning, his nerves frayed, wondering how he would greet Amy's oldest friend. However, his fears were quickly allayed when Emily enveloped him in a tight hug as soon as she saw him. Emily's immediate acceptance of him as Amy made everything suddenly much easier. Naturally chatty, Emily soon filled the air with constant conversation, leaving Scott mostly listening and nodding along. However, thanks to his thorough study of his cousin's social media and text messages, he found himself surprisingly adept at keeping up and chiming in at appropriate moments.

By the time the other members of the Pink Panthers arrived, the salon was buzzing with energy, enhanced by free-flowing champagne. With the additional alcohol topping up what he had consumed the previous evening, Scott soon found himself relaxing into his role. Before long, music filled the air, and the makeovers began. Emily, as a special treat for her friends, had closed the salon for the day, meaning each member of the group received personal care from a member of her skilled staff.

The first item on the day's agenda was a spray tan. Stripping down felt awkward, but after Scott summoned the courage to reveal his feminized body in nothing but his tight panties, the process was simple. The mist gently kissed his skin, cloaking him in a golden hue that transformed his pallor into a sun-kissed glow. It was the least invasive procedure of the day, serving as a gentle introduction to what was to come.

The eyelash extensions were next, a long and tiresome experience. Lying back as delicate, long lashes were meticulously bonded to his own, Scott felt the weight of each addition. Each blink was now heavier, his eyes framed dramatically, casting deep shadows and over his femininity-sculpted face.

The climax of Scott's transformation was his hair. Unaware of the impending colour change, he relaxed under the gentle massage of the wash. The hair extensions were an ordeal, but one he had experienced before. However, as each strand was meticulously woven into his own hair, extending down to the small of his back, he knew this time the aftermath would be far more dramatic. The final look did not disappoint - a high, voluminous ponytail of cascading curls that bounced with each movement, catching the light and drawing the eye with its dramatic blonde and pink ombre hue. The final reveal was a truly shocking sight for the young man, who just stared into the mirror, horrified by his new look, and unable to express his disgust.



Shifting his weight, Scott gingerly rolled his right foot in a circle, resting it momentarily on the towering heel of his pink sandal. This slight movement was a futile attempt to soothe the throbbing pain deep in the arches of his feet. As he lifted his gaze, his eyes fell upon the salon's wall clock, and he let out a heavy sigh - it was only five minutes past three. Foggy from the champagne and the relentless pace of the day's beauty regime, Scott strained his face - although it failed to move due to the Botox - as he struggled to calculate how much longer he would have to suffer.



"Ready, bi-atch?" The sound of Emily's voice snapped Scott back to reality. He turned his head, sending a cascade of curls whipping around his shoulders, and saw Amy's best friend grinning widely at him. Her hair was coloured similarly to his, but while his was blonde and pink, hers was blonde and purple.

"I was born ready, bi-atch," Scott declared, injecting as much confidence as he could muster into his voice. Emily chuckled, her laugh echoing throughout the now empty salon. "Taxi's here," she announced with a knowing smile, watching as Scott stumbled slightly on his heels. "You can pick up your Mini tomorrow. It'll be safe parked out back."

Scott glanced at the tote bag slung casually over Emily's shoulder, taking another deep breath as he knew what awaited inside - the bunny outfits for the evening, lovingly chosen and customized by Stacy. His mind had been fixated on those outfits while waiting for Emily to close up, pondering how the night would unfold once they returned to Amy's apartment to get ready with the rest of the girls.

“So, how do you like your hair?” Emily asked as she fished for her keys. “I know it’s a bit loud, but you did say to give you the works. I thought it would be fun to do something daring, like back when I was training, and you let me practice on you. Tonight, we can be twinsies.”

“Love it,” Scott quickly shot back as he stepped out the door, feeling the wind catch his long hair for the first time. The strands fluttered wildly, an unfamiliar and unsettling sensation, as the length and volume of his hair was a dramatic departure from anything he had ever experienced. “Thanks so much for today, Em. It’s been mega,” he added, his voice dripping with feigned enthusiasm to maintain his ruse.

“You’re so welcome, lovely. I’m just so glad to have you back,” Emily responded, her voice filled with genuine warmth as she locked the salon's door. “And you know, we’re just getting started. I can’t wait to see everyone all dressed up tonight.”

“Me too,” Scott replied with pretend excitement, “Can’t wait.” He added as they tottered toward the waiting taxi, his heart pounding with dread at the thought of stepping into the unknown of the night ahead.

After a short taxi ride, Scott and Emily arrived at Amy's apartment. Emily, bubbling with excitement, immediately suggested they start getting ready. By the time they were finished, both stood before the mirror in Amy's bedroom, scrutinising their outfits. There were, of course, more drinks while they prepared themselves for the night ahead. The alcohol, thankfully, had numbed the pain in Scott's feet, because the platform pumps now strapped to his feet would be with him for the rest of the evening, and their heels were dizzyingly high.

As Emily assessed their final looks, she couldn't help but express envy at Scott's figure, commenting on how great his butt looked and how his legs looked even better than hers. Meanwhile, feeling more emasculated than ever by the comments, Scott twisted and turned atop his towering heels, struggling to maintain his composure amidst his internal panic. He glared at his reflection, barely recognizing himself in an outfit that made him feel vulnerable and exposed - a one-piece pink swimsuit that barely covered his enhanced buttocks, above which sat a fluffy white bunny tail. His shapely legs, encased in fishnet stockings, were on full display. A small collar with a pink bow tie wrapped around his neck matched the cuffs on his wrists. The skimpy ensemble was completed with a pair of bunny ears, threaded into his flashy hairdo, just in front of his colourful ponytail.



Seeing himself dressed this way, Scott was freaking out. His former masculine frame, once bulky and hairy, now appeared slim and curvy. He felt like a character from one of those zany body swap movies - except he hadn't gone to sleep and woken up in his cousin's body; he had slowly and deliberately altered his own to mimic hers. Now, as Scott teetered on his sky-high heels and searched for any signs of his former self in the mirror, he found only a seductive version of Amy, dressed as a cockteasing Playboy bunny. Biting his plump bottom lip, a bizarre thought crossed his mind: there were now two Amys in the world, and Scott was gone.

"Earth to Aimes, are you listening to me?" Emily's voice snapped.

"Err... yeah. Err... no. Sorry," Scott stuttered, turning to face her, his extended eyelashes fluttering.

Emily laughed. "Admiring my work, are ya?" she teased.

"Yeah, it's great, Em," Scott managed to say, his voice strained as he struggled to stay in character.

"You think?" Emily said as she adjusted her bunny tail. "Do you really like the makeup? The eyeshadow's not too much, is it?"

"It's perfect, Em," Scott replied, forcing a smile as he turned back to the mirror. His cousin's face, plastered in makeup, stared back at him. "You did a great job."

"Probably could have gone a little bolder on the lips, but I can fix that later, once I've done Han's makeup," Emily mused, seemingly oblivious to Scott's inner turmoil. "Do you want to go fetch her for me? And I'll take another drink if you're offering," she added with a cheeky giggle.

"Erm... sure thing, Em," Scott replied as he turned and stumbled slightly, catching himself just in time.

"And perhaps get yourself a glass of water while you're at it, miss Lightweight," Emily joked. "It's not like you to get drunk before me."

"Must be the rehab," Scott quipped back, worried that he might have aroused suspicion in Emily. "Lowered my tolerance, I guess."

"That must be it," Emily agreed, watching as Scott tottered towards of the bedroom door, utterly convinced that the mincing bunny girl with the swishing pink ponytail and fluffy tail was her oldest friend Amy.

Chapter 15: The Dancing Queen

Wobbling in the bathroom, Scott gazed into the mirror above the sink, feeling drunker than he had been in a long while. His reflection, a pink-haired bunny girl, felt stranger to look at than he had the vocabulary to articulate. Taking a moment to himself, Scott stretched out his scantily-clad body, which by this point in the evening ached all over. There was an uncomfortable pressure in his crotch area that only intensified when he moved movement, as the bottom of his bunny costume pulled upwards. The tight feeling around his breasts was amplified by the push-up bra built into the costume that squashed his sensitive nipples into the stretchy material. His extended hair felt hot and heavy, tugging at his scalp. However, perhaps worst of all, though, was the shooting pain pulsating up and down the back of his legs, the result of a long day spent teetering around atop ridiculously high heels.

Turning on the tap, Scott washed his hands, yearning to splash water on his face to refresh himself. However, he resisted, knowing it would ruin his perfectly applied makeup. Instead, he took a deep breath, trying to centre his swirling thoughts. Despite living through his worst nightmare, he knew things could be worse. So far, everyone somehow still believed he was Amy, and maintaining that illusion had become his singular focus.

After drying his hands - a task that now took twice as long due to his lengthy nails - Scott returned to the lively kitchen table. "You took your time," Jen remarked as Scott eased his curvy body down next to her. Positioning himself in a distinctly feminine pose, he suppressed a small sigh of relief as he took the weight off his aching feet.

"Miss me?" he shot back, his voice playful as he turned to smile at the blonde-haired woman to his right.

"Always," Jen replied, smiling back warmly. "Especially when we have an empty bottle that needs replacing," she added, her voice teasing.

Scott's eyes drifted to the empty wine bottle at the centre of the table. The thought of standing again so soon filled him with frustration. Glancing to the left of the bottle, his lashes fluttered as they focused on another source of frustration—a charcuterie board brought by Hannah, brimming with an assortment of cheeses and meats. As hungry as he was, Scott could only pick at the selection of food on offer, not wanting to act out of character.

"Thanks, Stace. You're the best," Scott called after her, his tone genuine. "And don't you forget it," Stacy quipped with a grin as she opened the fridge to retrieve a fresh bottle of chilled white wine. Returning to the table, she plopped the bottle in the centre. "I love this," she announced, stepping back. "It's been so long since we all got together in costume."

"I know, right?" Emily called out happily. "Thanks, everyone, for coming tonight, and thanks, Stace, for making these," she said, indicating her costume. "They're amazing."

"No probs. It was fun," Stacy said as she leaned against a wooden table. "But you should also thank Han. Not only was the theme her idea, but she also went out and bought all the materials for me to sew together."

Everyone turned to look at Hannah, who was in the kitchen searching for a corkscrew. "Thanks, Han," everyone said in unison. Scott tried not to frown, now aware of the person responsible for all his pain and suffering that evening.

Hannah glanced over her shoulder, a slight smile playing at the edges of her lips. 'You're welcome!' she called back cheerfully, oblivious to Scott's discomfort. 'I thought it would be fun, just like the old days. Remember that Halloween when we all dressed as the Spice Girls?' she added while giggling.

"Oh my God, yes!" Jen exclaimed. "Amy," she said, turning to Scott. "You looked so adorable as Baby Spice with those pigtails."

"When am I not adorable?" Scott quipped, bringing his shiny pink lips together to form Amy's signature pout. As he held the pose, trying to look cute, his tormented mind longed for the evening to end.

"So adorable that you got us all kicked out of the club that night?" Stacy chimed in, pointing towards Scott.



“Oh yeah! How could I forget?” Jenny said, tutting playfully. “You blew that Italian guy in the bathroom and got caught by the bouncer. What was his name again?”

Scott froze for a split second, his panic rising. Not only did the thought of his cousin doing such a thing disgust him, but he also had no idea how to answer. Thinking quickly, he replied, “Oh I forget, there were so many guys back then.”

Emily looked puzzled as the room fell silent. “Really? You’ve forgotten about Mario? It wasn’t that long ago, and you talked about him for weeks after that night. I had a crush on his brother, and you promised me a double date, remember?”

As everyone looked over expectantly, Scott, caught in the grip of panic, felt the walls closing in on him. A bead of sweat began dripping down the back of his neck, past the temporary tattoo on his bare shoulder. He thought the jig was up, until suddenly, a memory flashed into his mind. “Luigi, right? He had that awful moustache like the character from the video games,” he blurted out, desperately hoping he was recalling something real he had read while browsing through the memories on

his cousin's phone, and not spouting some nonsense his inebriated mind had concocted.

"His name was Luka," Emily stated with a huff. Thinking he had messed up, Scott began to shake. "But you always called him that, you meanie," Emily added before bursting into a fit of giggles.

"Right," Scott nervously replied, forcing himself to laugh along with the group, his heart still racing.

"Good times," Emily said, wiping a tear of laughter from her eye. "We were such whorebags back then."

"Back then?" Jenny countered, causing the group to erupt into laughter once more. She raised her glass for a toast. "Here's to making more memories, my sexy little bunnies! And to giving Em the best fucking birthday of her life!"



Hours later, in the corner of a local nightclub, Scott was operating on autopilot. After countless glasses of wine and enough shots to last him a lifetime, his queasy, feminized frame somehow remained upright atop his stilt-like heels. Swaying their high-heeled feet to the DJ's pumping beats, the rest of the Pink Panthers were faring no better. However, the paralytic state of the group served to Scott's advantage. Too drunk to hold a meaningful conversation, it was now all about dancing while trying to avoid attracting the attention of the hordes of men hovering around their little group. Scott couldn't blame them for trying - who wouldn't be interested in a group of attractive pink bunny girls? A few men had already attempted to break into their circle, but thankfully, they had been repelled. However, Scott knew it was only a matter of time before one succeeded, especially with Emily already eyeing up a Latino guy with bulging arms.



When it happened, Scott knew he'd have to play along. Amy was a flirt, and tonight, he was Amy. He had already been hit on at the bar, and crossing the room felt like running a gauntlet of lustful stares and hands grabbing at his peachy backside. He could cope with the dancing, but the thought of some guy trying to kiss him was horrific. Would he be able to kiss another man? Would it look strange if Amy refused? These thoughts swirled through his intoxicated mind as he avoided eye contact, keeping his heavily made-up eyes focused on his numb feet.

By the end of the evening, as he collapsed into a taxi with the other girls, his painful heels clutched in his hands, Scott's mind buzzed with a mixture of relief and revulsion. Not wanting to think about what he had done that evening, he struggled with his seatbelt, unable to fasten it. He had kissed every girl in the group and made out with two random guys. His lips, still tingling from the foreign sensation, were now smeared with remnants of his once-perfect lipstick.

Sandwiched between Emily and the window, Scott could still feel the touch of rough male hands pinching his expanded backside, pawing at his pantyhosed legs, and

brushing against his sensitive nipples. Each touch had sent jolts of discomfort coursing through his feminized body. But he had survived and done it without breaking character.

As the taxi set off into the night, Scott's eyelashes fluttered, catching glimpses of his fishnet-covered legs as they alternated between open and closed. He tried to stay awake, but the rhythmic sway of the two curled tendrils of pink hair swinging in front of his face, and the dull ache in his body created a lullaby he couldn't resist. Each blink grew heavier as he fought the encroaching darkness. The remnants of the night's events replayed in his mind, a dizzying mix of lights, music, and unwanted attention.

Despite his best efforts, the exhaustion from partying like he had never partied before overcame him. The soft hum of the engine, the gentle bumps of the road, and the residual warmth of the alcohol coursing through his veins all conspired against him. Unconsciousness soon took hold, pulling him into a deep, dreamless sleep. As he drifted off, the last thought that flickered through his mind was a hope that tomorrow might bring some semblance of normalcy back to his life as he attempted to repair his shattered life and relationship.

Chapter 16: Emerging From the Cocoon

Prying open his heavy eyes, Scott groaned loudly. A splitting headache pounded in his skull, and sunlight streamed through the open curtains. He rolled over, feeling the unsettling flop of his breasts as gravity pulled at his chest. Finding his face smothered by a mass of pink hair, he clawed to clear it with his long nails. As the reality of his transformed appearance came flooding back, he groaned again.

Believing Jessica was beside him, Scott snuggled in closer, only to be startled by an unexpected voice. "Morning, Aimes," Emily croaked. "Do you feel as rough as I do?" Scott flinched at the sound of her voice, causing a stabbing pain to oscillate throughout his throbbing skull. "I'll take that as a yes," Emily added, chuckling lightly.

"Where... How did I end up here?" Scott managed to mutter, his throat dry as he surveyed Emily's bedroom with half-closed eyes.

"You really were out of it last night, weren't you?" Emily said as she turned to face him. "But to be fair, there was a lot of gear going around."

Suddenly, a flood of memories came rushing back: the blaring music, the skimpy outfit, the crippling pain surrounding his lower legs, and finding a use for his frustratingly long nails, delving into bag after bag, using the long acrylic tip to discreetly shovel white powder into his nose whilst on the dance floor. Not usually one for wild partying, the concoction of drugs he had taken to keep up appearances, plus a day of non-stop drinking, had really knocked Scott for six. "Do you have any paracetamol? My head's pounding," he croaked, his face puffy and stiff.

"Let me check what's left," Emily murmured, her voice thick and her movements sluggish as she gingerly got out of bed, a hand pressed to her throbbing forehead. "Don't say I never look out for ya."

"Thank you," Scott rasped, his voice rough and his eyes squinting against the light. "And, uh, some water, please."

Emily gave him a half-hearted glare, managing a faint smile as she shuffled from the room.

Alone in the room, Scott became acutely aware of the pangs of pain radiating through his feminized body, a souvenir from a night of dancing in sky-high heels. His legs burned from ankle to thigh, and his enhanced buttocks throbbed incessantly. Rolling onto his back, an unusual warm sensation, accompanied by what sounded like plastic

crinkling, caught Scott off guard. Reaching back, he felt something covering his shoulder. Grimacing, he peeled it off to uncover the tender, inflamed skin beneath. As he ran his fingertips across the area, a sudden prickly pain jolted him into a sitting position, his heart racing with confusion.

Wanting to investigate further, Scott forced his exhausted body to its feet and stumbled over to a full-length mirror. The sight that greeted him chilled him to the bone. The temporary tattoo on his shoulder had changed colour and now appeared bright pink. This puzzled him at first, but as his foggy mind sharpened, a horrifying thought seized him. Spotting another covering on his lower back, Scott peeled it away with trembling hands, revealing the black outline of another butterfly. This one was larger than the ones on his shoulder, with the surrounding skin red and raw. As panic set in, Scott's mind raced, desperate to recall how it had gotten there. Denial crept in, but the truth was undeniable. He was staring at a tattoo! An extremely girly tattoo that would be nearly impossible to hide or remove.



Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Scott stared in horror at the 'tramp stamp' inked on his lower back. Every second felt like an eternity until Emily re-entered the room, her casual tone contrasting sharply with Scott's rising panic. "You should keep that on for at least 24 hours; otherwise, it might get infected," she advised, referring to the protective covering discarded next to the mirror.

"Emily! Em, is this real?" Scott's voice quivered with fear as he turned to face her, his eyes wide and pleading.

Surprised by the sudden burst of emotion, Emily set down the glasses of water she had been carrying, moving to comfort the person she believed to be her best friend, Amy. "You don't remember going to the tattoo place?" she asked, wrapping her arms around Scott, who looked on the verge of tears.

"No," Scott whispered back, his voice barely audible.

"It was Jen's idea," Emily explained. "We were at the kebab shop when Han mentioned how it was a real shame that we hadn't gone back to colour in the butterfly tattoos we got last time we were all together. That's when Jen suggested we go and make them pink right then." As Emily continued recounting the story, Scott's mind raced. He couldn't recall any of it. "What about the one on my back?" he blurted out, interrupting Emily mid-sentence. "That was your idea," Emily said, stepping back with a smile.

"My idea!" Scott shrieked, his response was a mix of disbelief and shock. "Really?"

"Yeah, we all got one after you insisted on getting a new one," Emily continued, recalling the events of the early hours of the day. "I got a little cat on my side. You said it was cute, remember?" She added, showing him the covered area on her side, just below her ribcage.

Trying to mask his despair with a feigned smile, Scott nodded. "Oh yeah, I remember now. Something to remember the occasion by," he lied, his heart sinking.

"Exactly," Emily agreed, her lips forming a smile. She handed him a glass of water and some painkillers. "Here, take two of these. They'll make you feel better. Do you want some toast? Coffee?"

Scott shook his head, feeling an increasing need to be alone. "No, I think I just need to go home and sleep."

"Okay," Emily answered, understanding his need for solitude. "Give me half an hour, and I'll drop you back by your car. Sound okay?"

Scott nodded, his mind a whirlwind of regret and confusion. Just as Emily turned to leave, a sudden thought struck him. "Em!" he called out. She turned back to face him. "I don't have anything to wear."

Emily smiled cheerily. "Take a look through my wardrobe. You've left loads of stuff here over the years. I'm sure you'll find something."

With that, she left the room, leaving Scott alone with his thoughts, consumed by a growing sense of fear about how he would explain this to Jessica.



An hour later, as Emily turned off the engine of her hatchback, Scott peered out the window at the unfamiliar house across the perfectly manicured lawn. Anxiety gnawed at him; he knew Amy had been here many times, yet he didn't even know the names of the people who lived inside. Turning towards his purple-haired companion, he bit his bottom lip and adopted an innocent grin.

"Erm... Em," he said with a playful air, "I think I killed some brain cells last night 'cause I can't remember your grandparents' names." It was a risky question, one that Amy shouldn't be asking, but the alternative - walking in and not knowing what to call two people who had known Amy for years - felt far worse.

Emily's head snapped toward him, her expression one of disbelief. "Really?" She raised an eyebrow. "For real?" Scott pouted, letting his shoulders slump a little to seem more vulnerable. Emily sighed and shook her head. "Ken and Glenda," she answered, her eyes still wide with shock. "You alright, Aimes?" she asked with a hint of concern. "You seem a bit... off since you got back from that rehab place. Is there anything you want to tell me?"

Scott quickly shook his head, his voice quivering slightly. "No! I'm fine, Em," he assured her. "Honestly, I just need some sleep, that's all." Emily, scanning Scott's face, nodded slowly. "Alright, we'll be quick. In and out, okay?" she promised.

Scott nodded in reluctant agreement. The thought of visiting Emily's grandparents was the last thing he wanted to do. They had called to wish their granddaughter a happy birthday as Scott was getting ready. Upon learning that Amy had stayed over, her grandparents insisted she accompany Emily for a slice of birthday cake. With their house conveniently on the way to pick up Amy's car, Scott could hardly say no. Especially after Emily explained how excited her grandparents were at the prospect of seeing Amy, whom they hadn't seen in such a long time.

Accompanied by the familiar click-clack of high heels, Scott stumbled from the car, his aching feet threatening to give out on him. Quickly regaining his composure, he checked the top of his dress to ensure nothing had slipped out, while a breeze tickled his toes and ran up his bare legs, making him acutely aware of how out of place he looked on the quiet suburban street. Trying to hide his discomfort, he attempted to channel Amy's confidence, though he knew his cousin would never have chosen such a revealing dress for this occasion.

Without extensive knowledge of every item of clothing Amy had ever owned, Scott had done his best to pick an outfit from Emily's overstuffed closet, relying solely on the images posted on his cousin's phone. After fifteen minutes of searching, with his head pulsating and his energy drained, the pink-haired man was ready to give up. However, just as he reached his limit, he came across a post of Amy posing in a green dress.

Remembering the dress from his earlier rummaging, Scott quickly retrieved it. The mini dress, which barely covered his feminized frame, wouldn't have been his first choice - or even his hundredth. With its plunging V-neck and cut-out sides, it was probably not an outfit anyone would have worn outside a girls' night out. Emily's reaction confirmed this when she questioned his decision, asking if he was sure about the look. With no other options, Scott feigned confidence, claiming it was a forgotten favourite. Emily seemed puzzled by the choice - especially given the stilt-like green sandals that completed the tiny dress - but didn't press further.

Struggling to manoeuvre his exhausted legs, Scott staggered towards the front door, his pulse hammering in his ears and his tortured feet screaming for mercy, tightly strapped inside their platform-heeled prison. His makeup was minimal, except for his striking pink lips; however, his dark, extended lashes made him appear more made-up than he actually was. As his lengthened hair blew gently in the wind - threatening to undo the work Emily had put in with her straightening iron - his sober mind tried to adjust to the unfamiliar sensation of hair tickling his back.

Ken and Glenda welcomed Scott with open arms. As he hugged the elderly couple, Scott noticed Ken's discomfort, likely due to his rather skimpy attire. Glenda, always candid, commented, "My, that's quite the dress, Amy. I wish I still had the figure to pull off something like that!" Her tone hovered between teasing and judgment, making it hard to discern her true feelings.

After being shown into the living room, Scott tried to arrange himself gracefully on the sofa. However, no matter how he sat, he couldn't shake the feeling of being completely

exposed. Soon, with a cup of tea clutched awkwardly between his acrylic-extended fingers, the pleasantries began. The ensuing small talk was a minefield. Ken asked about recent events, and each question made Scott's heart race as he pieced together answers from snippets of knowledge he'd memorized from Amy's social media. By the time Glenda served the cake, the tea had become lukewarm, but Scott barely noticed. He was too focused on maintaining his façade, responding to questions about 'recent trips' and 'upcoming plans,' that Emily helped to field when she saw him struggling.

After thirty minutes of what felt like an interrogation, Scott excused himself for a brief respite. With all eyes on him, he rose carefully from his seat and tottered over to what he assumed was the bathroom - having seen Glenda enter earlier. However, instead of the expected downstairs toilet, opening the door revealed a food pantry. As he quickly shut it again and turned back to face the group, a collective pause descended over the room. He could almost read their minds: "What is she doing?" "How could she possibly forget where the bathroom is after coming here so many times?"



Ken, wearing a puzzled frown, stood up to show the way. "Upstairs, first door on the left, dear," he said, his gaze lingering on Scott's revealing attire with a blend of bewilderment and concern.

Once the sound of high heels clacking up the stairs had faded, Glenda turned to her granddaughter, her voice tinged with worry. "Is Amy alright, Emily? She seems very confused today."

Emily shook her head in response. "I'm not sure, Grandma. She's been a bit out of sorts lately - forgetting things, you know?"

"Keep an eye on her, love. Help her where you can," Glenda urged, her tone filled with sincere concern.

Emily nodded, her resolve firming as she made a silent vow to herself. She was determined to uncover the root of Amy's troubles and equally determined to offer whatever support her friend needed.



After being reunited with Amy's Mini, Scott made his way back to his cousin's apartment, the bright yellow car spluttering and revving under his wavering control. With his feet throbbing and locked in an unsuitable angle for operating pedals, he avoided shifting gears as much as possible. He stayed in second for most of the journey, silently pleading with every traffic light he approached not to turn red. Once parked, his hands clumsily fumbled with the keys, his long nails proving as awkward as ever. Finally, he managed to open the door and sighed with relief as he stepped inside. Eager to release his tortured feet, he was ready to crawl into bed and erase the day from his memory. However, the calm solitude he had yearned for shattered the instant he hobbled into the living room to find Jessica standing like a spectre in the dim light. Her eyes, wide and unblinking, locked onto his feminized form - inspecting him from the tips of his stiletto heels, up past his shockingly provocative green minidress, to finally land on his striking pink hair. "What happened to you?" she exclaimed, her voice a cocktail of alarm and confusion.

Feeling drained and embarrassed, Scott let out a weary sigh. He couldn't find the words to explain everything - how every part of him ached, how far he had gone to keep up the pretence, and how much he regretted the decisions that led him here. He just stood there, feeling the weight of her gaze and the enormity of what he had become, too tired to speak, and too overwhelmed to begin to explain.

Chapter 17: Mamma Mia

The next evening, as Scott turned off the engine of the bright yellow Mini, he paused to take in his appearance. Glancing down at his floral blue summer dress, he noted how the lightweight material clung softly to his carefully sculpted figure, appropriate for the warm evening yet still unsettling in its embrace. His gaze drifted from his prominent cleavage to his bare legs, tracing the smooth, hairless limbs down to the high, cork wedge sandals. Catching a glimpse of his silky panties peeking out from beneath the short, flared bottom of his dress, Scott released a heavy sigh. While reaching down to carefully adjust the thin material resting on his shapely thighs with his long, French-tipped nails, something struck him. He had driven all the way from Amy's apartment in her impractical footwear without stalling once. An ironic smile played across his enlarged lips as he acknowledged this unexpected addition to his repertoire of feminine abilities. Like applying makeup and coordinating outfits, he had now mastered another skill he never intended to learn.

Scott's hands trembled slightly on the steering wheel as he stared at his destination in the distance. The dread that had started as a small knot in his stomach was now coursing through his feminized body. He was already late, but paralysis gripped him each time he thought about stepping out of the car. Inside the restaurant, Amy's mother awaited - a dinner date long overdue and one that he could no longer delay.

After the traumatizing clubbing experience, Scott stumbled into Amy's apartment to find not only a worried and confused Jessica but also a slew of messages on Amy's answering machine. Amy's mother had been calling all day. When he'd finally mustered the courage to return her calls, she had insisted they have dinner the following evening. She mentioned having important news, making it clear that she wouldn't be taking no for an answer.

Scott glanced up into the rearview mirror to check his makeup. The reflection that greeted him was both reassuring and disheartening. Amy's eyes, framed by long fluttering lashes, stared back at him - a necessity for the task he was about to perform. Yet, the absence of his familiar features made him wonder if he would ever see the Scott he knew again.

After applying another coat of pink gloss, Scott stepped out of the car decisively, not allowing himself to hesitate or reconsider. He tottered across the street, his pink ponytail swinging wildly with each uncertain step in his wedge sandals. Initially chosen for their perceived ease of walking, they were far from comfortable. With their thin

backs, Scott had found out too late that they were just as challenging as manoeuvring in tall stilettos.

Approaching the restaurant, a knot of anxiety tightened in his stomach. He had managed to deceive Amy's friends successfully, but now came his greatest challenge - fooling her mother. Despite their strained relationship, a mother's intuition was not easily misled. If there were even the slightest slip-up, she would surely smell a rat.

His heart raced as he stepped into the restaurant, a place of elegance in his small town, but a far cry from the sophisticated dining he knew existed in the capital. The Maître D' politely greeted him before guiding him across the dining room. As they navigated through the mostly empty tables, Scott recognised Amy's mother seated against the far wall, an untouched salad and a glass of white wine before her. She appeared refined and poised, every bit the sophisticated, slightly snobbish woman he remembered.

Scott had last seen Matilda Brooks at his mother's funeral over five years ago. Then, she and Amy had dressed in nearly identical lace dresses, highlighting their remarkable likeness. Now, as he approached the imposing figure in the designer black suit, teetering on his tiptoes, he was the one wearing the dress. As he reminded himself to breathe, a chilling thought crossed his frightened mind: he now resembled not only Amy but also a younger version of her mother. This realization added an unsettling layer to the anxiety he already felt.

Halting in front of Mrs Brooks, Scott mustered a nervous smile. "Hello, mother," he managed to say, his voice trembling under the weight of the moment. Matilda Brooks looked up, her smile polite but her eyes judging as they evaluated his appearance.



"Hello, Amy. I'm glad you could finally make it," she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm as she motioned to the already-served meal in front of her. "You don't mind that I ordered ahead, do you? I've been waiting a while."

"Sorry. Traffic was just dreadful," Scott replied calmly, smoothing out his dress as he settled into his seat opposite her. Despite the whirlpool of nerves within him, he made a conscious effort to maintain eye contact. "I can't stay long anyway. But you have some news for me?"

The blunt response seemed to slice through Matilda's composed exterior, revealing a flash of genuine emotion. Scott caught the hurt that flashed across her face, stirring a twinge of guilt within him, yet he fortified his resolve. Less interaction meant less chance of being discovered.

"Oh," she snorted, regaining her composure. "Still angry I see. Can you really not see things from my point of view? Perhaps the way I intervened was a bit drastic. But you were out of control. Somebody had to step in and do something."

Scott, clueless about the past grievances she referenced, crossed his arms defensively, using the situation to his advantage. He averted his gaze and pouted his glossy lips, maintaining the frosty facade.

"You need to grow up and stop acting like a child, Amy," Mrs Brooks lectured, her voice stern. "You're a grown woman now. It's time to start acting like one."

"Thanks for the advice, mother. I'll take it on board," Scott retorted, the sharpness of his tone surprising even himself. "Do you have news or not?"

Matilda's expression tightened. "We've set a date for your grandmother's funeral. The 16th, up in Bakerton where I grew up. I'd like you to say a few words."

"A speech!" Scott's voice faltered, a sudden tremor revealing his surprise. He hastily cleared his throat, trying to compose himself, but his eyes, wide and darting, betrayed his nervousness with a flicker of alarm.

"Just a few words. A nice memory you and Granny shared. Will that be a problem?" Amy's mother probed, her eyes boring into him.

"No, that's fine," Scott managed to force out, his posture rigid and his wedge sandals planted firmly to stop his legs from shaking.

"Great," Matilda Brooks responded flatly. "Oh, and I trust you won't show up with that garish pink hair. We want to be respectful on the day don't we?"

"I'll change it" Scott shot back, his tone icy. "Is that all, then?"

"Yes, that's all," Matilda Brooks confirmed, the hurt in her eyes clear.

With that, Scott rose to his aching feet, his movements wobbly as he made his escape. The guilt of his bitchy demeanour gnawed at him; it was so far removed from who he truly was. Yet, he couldn't help but feel an enormous sense of relief as he left the restaurant and the uncomfortable encounter behind. He had survived without blowing his cover, and for now, that was all that mattered.

Up the street, Amy's yellow Mini waited, ready to whisk him to safety. Trudging toward the girly car, Scott longed to kick off his torturous sandals and snuggle up in bed. Trying to block out the throbbing pain in his toes and the sound of his heart-shaped earrings jingling in time with the car keys inside his cousin's designer handbag, Scott hobbled on.



Mincing along, wrists limp and hips swaying exaggeratedly, Scott's mind drifted back to Jessica. Their conversation the previous evening replayed in his head, each word weighed down by the tension that had infiltrated their once effortless relationship. Before all the crossdressing and identity theft, their communication had been seamless, honest, and open. Now, walls had formed between them, each brick laid with the heavy mortar of awkwardness and unspoken fears.

Jessica had tried to reassure him, her words meant to soothe, "Everything will be alright once this is all over." But Scott could hear the uncertainty, the thinly veiled fear. He wanted to believe her, to find solace in her words, but he knew her too well. He knew she was lying, perhaps even to herself.

The most painful part for Scott was the intense desire to pull Jessica close, kiss her passionately, and reassure her that everything would indeed be alright. Yet, peering out from beneath thick black lashes, past his upturned nose, the sight of glossy plumped lips jutting out, made him think twice. He feared rejection, worried she might not see

the man she loved beneath all the makeup and hair. In that hesitation, the opportunity slipped away.

Pausing to cross the street, lost in his troubled thoughts, Scott suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder. His body tensed, heart pounding with apprehension as he slowly turned, only to be met by a man leaning in quickly to plant a kiss right on his puffed-up lips. Reacting instinctively, Scott shoved the man away with all his might. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" he screamed, his shock turning into anger as he began to beat the man with his handbag.

"Woah! Woah! Calm down, Aimes. I didn't mean to scare you," the man exclaimed, blocking the blows with his hands, a bewildered look on his face.

Hearing his cousin's name halted Scott mid-swing. His lips, smeared from the unwanted kiss, puckered into a pout as he glared at the man, trying to place his vaguely familiar face with someone from Amy's social circle. "Is that how you greet every woman you see?" Scott snapped, frustration colouring his tone.

"Just the special ones," the man replied with a cheeky grin, attempting to lighten the mood.

Scott rolled his eyes, unamused. "Hey! I'm joking," the man quickly added, his smile broadening. "I've missed you, Aimes. I haven't seen you in months. Let's meet up later this week. My treat."

Scott's mind raced, desperate for an excuse to decline, but nothing came. "Text me," he finally muttered, desperate to escape the unsettling encounter.

"Sure thing, babe," the man responded with a wink. "You're looking gorgeous, by the way. Love the hair."

Scott forced a smile, one that didn't quite reach his eyes, and quickly tottered across the street to the safety of the Mini Cooper. He didn't know who this man was, and frankly, he didn't want to. His mind was already overloaded with thoughts of the upcoming funeral and the fractured state of his relationship with Jessica. The last thing he needed was another complication.

Chapter 18: Tinted Reflections

Emily's salon was a serene oasis of calmness, punctuated only by the soft hum of hairdryers and fragments of conversations drifting from nearby chairs. In this tranquil atmosphere, Scott sat, his hair divided into neat sections and wrapped in foils, while his mind was anything but calm. As the dye worked its magic, adjusting the colour of his natural hair to match the newly added extensions, his thoughts weighed heavily on him. Catching his distant expression in the mirror, Emily pulled up a chair beside him.

"Are you okay?" she asked, her voice carrying a concern that matched her furrowed brow.

Scott managed a weak smile, the strain behind his eyes betraying his casual front. "I'm fine," he lied smoothly, though the tightness in his voice suggested otherwise.

Emily wasn't convinced. "Well, that's not true, is it?" she pressed, her gaze piercing. "You've been acting strange ever since you came back from rehab, but I can still tell when something is bothering you."

The word 'strange' sent a chill through Scott, raising goosebumps along his arms. "Strange how?" he inquired, his voice laced with a hint of defensiveness.

"Well," Emily began, her fingers tapping rhythmically against the arm of her chair as she contemplated her words. "You're politer than you used to be, calmer when making decisions. And you definitely don't speak as much," she declared, her face scrunched in thought. "It's like you've become a totally different person."

Scott remained silent for a moment, wrestling with his response. Part of him wanted to scream, "That's because I am," but the rational part of his brain held him back. "Well, rehab gave me a lot of time to think and taught me a lot," he said finally, nodding to emphasize his point, the foils in his hair rustling softly. "I've also got a lot on my mind at the moment," he added, his mind racing for a safe topic to divert the conversation.

"Like what?" Emily leaned in, her expression softening. "Tell me. I want to help."

Scott knew he couldn't divulge the truth about assuming his cousin's identity or the mess with Jessica. Instead, his mind drifted back to the unexpected encounter on the street. The man who had kissed him, Lewis, had texted later that evening. A bit of quick digging had unearthed a tumultuous on-off relationship between Lewis and Amy, one that stretched back for years.

"I saw Lewis the other day," Scott said, forcing a pout. "He kissed me."

Emily's reaction was immediate; her frown deepened. "You're not back with him, are you?" she asked sharply.

"No," Scott replied quickly, relieved to steer the conversation away from more perilous waters. "He wanted to meet, but I came here instead."

"Good," Emily responded, her tone firm. "I know you guys have history, but enough is enough, Aimes. I've lost count of how many times you've cried on my shoulder after that asshole broke your heart with his empty promises. He's a player, and he always will be."

"I know," Scott replied, relieved to hear Emily confirm what he'd suspected about Lewis after hours of reading through messages. "I can assure you, the last thing I want is to get back with him."

"Assure me," Emily mocked lightly, a chuckle escaping her lips as she shook her head. "You really have changed."

Joining in the laughter, Scott glanced down at his polished nails, his smooth legs extending from beneath the salon cape, and thought to himself with a resigned sigh, 'You have no idea.'

Ninety boring minutes later, Scott slumped down in a salon chair, the last customer of the day, with only Emily bustling around. He had just seen his new hair in the mirror, and it was a lot to take in. Less dramatic than the pink he previously sported, his hair was now extended and dyed to look identical to how his cousin usually wore it - long and blonde. It felt like the transformation was complete; he had finally become Amy, 100%.



Emily approached after locking the front door. "Why do you look so tired?" she teased. "I'm the one who's been working for hours, making you look beautiful."

Scott looked up at Emily and smiled, blinking his filled-in eyelash extensions, still adjusting to the slight increase in volume and length. He had to hand it to her; despite what he had gathered from reading old messages about his cousin taking her friend for granted, Emily had always been there for Amy, not just as her personal stylist but as a true friend.

"I'm fine," Scott replied, rising to his feet. "Thanks again for doing my hair, Em. It looks great."

"Of course it does. I did it," Emily said cheerfully. "Why don't you get changed while I finish closing up? Then I'll help you with your makeup before we head out."

Scott gave her a tired smile, desperately wanting to go home and not out to a bar with Emily. However, it was the price he had to pay for her help in swapping one girly

hairstyle for another. He couldn't show up to the funeral with pink hair; Amy's mother had been very clear about that.

"Perfect. First round's on me," Scott said with as much enthusiasm as he could muster, as he spun around and headed towards the back room of the salon where the revealing outfit he had picked out earlier awaited.

Now well-versed in dressing in women's clothing, Scott quickly slipped into his outfit for the evening. He started by rolling the thin, semi-opaque black tights up his legs. The silky material glided smoothly over his hairless skin, encasing his legs in a slightly constricting but glossy layer. The tights added a subtle sheen and a slight compression, making his legs look sleek and toned.

Next, he stepped into the faux-leather black mini-skirt. The glossy finish of the skirt felt slightly stiff but slid easily up over his tights. As he zipped it up, the snug fit accentuated his hips and thighs, creating a sense of being tightly encased. The high waist added an extra layer of restriction around his midsection, but the short hem left his legs on full display, making him feel both vulnerable and exposed.

Careful not to ruin his styled blond hair, he then put on the metallic pink top, feeling the cool, satin fabric slide over his nipples, sending a tingling sensation across his enhanced chest. The ruched design sat loosely on his chest, showing a decent amount of cleavage and leaving his belly exposed to the slight chill in the air.

Finally, he pulled on the over-the-knee, stretch black platform boots. The boots hugged his calves and ankles closely, their snug embrace and high platform adding a sense of height while creating a familiar ache. As he tugged the fabric into position, he suddenly realized that Jessica had worn these same boots the first time he went out cross-dressed to the coffee shop. Back then, dressing up was merely a means to an end, a temporary act geared towards creating a better future. Had he known it would come to envelop his existence, he would have run for the hills.

Back in the salon, Emily then took over, helping Scott with his makeup as he tried to relax and speak as little as possible - a task made easier since Emily loved to jabber on and on. Scott knew the process well by now and could even do it himself, but it was nice to have someone else take care of it for a change.

Emily began by preparing Scott's face, the cool, smooth sensation of the primer spreading evenly over his skin. The brush strokes felt gentle and methodical. Next, she applied the foundation, the creamy texture blending seamlessly with his skin, creating a flawless base. As she contoured and highlighted, Scott could feel the slight pressure

and precision of the brushes, accentuating his cheekbones and adding dimension to his face.

Moving on to his eyes, Emily used a soft brush to apply smoky eyeshadow. The sensation of the powder brushing against his eyelids was delicate, almost ticklish, as she layered the colours to create depth. When she applied the dark eyeliner, Scott felt the gentle, deliberate drag of the pencil along his lash line, making his eyes pop and enhancing their shape dramatically.

Finally, Emily turned her attention to his lips, applying a sticky pink gloss. The wand glided smoothly over his lips, leaving them shiny and plump. Once she finished, Emily popped off into the back room to change, leaving Scott alone in the salon chair. He carefully added a pair of hoop earrings to his earlobes, no longer shocked by the ultra-feminine reflection beaming back at him. Used to seeing Amy instead of Scott, he was somewhat numb to it by now. With the fear of being discovered decreasing with every successful interaction, he was left to ponder how he was ever going to return to his true self. The transformation, although external, had burrowed deep, leaving him to grapple with the duality of his identity under the fluorescent lights of the salon.

Scott stood up, stretching his legs after hours of mostly sitting in the salon chair. He tottered across the room, catching a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror. For a moment, he paused, lost in the sight of his transformed figure. The sight stirred a deep longing for his old, simpler, and more comfortable life.

Just then, Emily returned, looking just as striking in her own glamorous outfit. "You look absolutely fabulous, babes," she complimented while her eyes twinkling with excitement. "Thanks, Em," Scott replied as he turned and forced another smile.



Mistaking his sombre mood for sadness about Lewis, Emily tottered closer. "Hey, forget about Lewis," she said, her voice soft but encouraging. "I promise you, we're going to find you the perfect man tonight. Someone kind and caring."

Scott chuckled dryly, raising an eyebrow. "The perfect man! Does one even exist?"

"Probably not," Emily joked back, her laughter lightening the atmosphere a bit. "But there's bound to be some eye candy at the bar."

Scott let out a small chuckle, but inside, he felt torn. He should be at home with Jessica, the love of his life, not about to go bar hopping and men chasing, dressed like a tart. Yet, there he was - stuck in a role that was both a disguise and a burden.

Resigned to his fate, Scott slipped into his coat and grabbed his purse. "I'm ready," he said aloud as the voice in his head said, 'let's just go and get this over with.'

They left the salon, linking arms, both equally glamorous in their high heels and flashy outfits. A train ride to the big city awaited them, and Scott was already over it, dreading the night ahead yet compelled to see it through.

Chapter 19: A Family Affair

Scott gazed at his reflection in the hotel bathroom mirror as a wave of anxiety washed over him. It was the eve of the funeral, and he would be spending the next few hours at the Brooks family estate for a meet and greet that promised to be both emotionally charged and socially challenging. He had driven to Bakerton with Jessica earlier that day - a journey that felt much longer than two hours - and was already mentally drained. The radio had filled the void of silence, a silence that seemed to stretch and deepen with each passing day.

Jessica had been reluctant to come, but Scott had begged, needing her support more than ever. Now, in a room with two single beds - Jessica's idea to maintain appearances - he felt the distance between them more acutely than ever. After checking in and unpacking, Jessica helped Scott position his long blonde hair into an elaborate updo, full of curls and pins, heavy atop his head. She then offered to help with his makeup, however, Scott chose to do it himself, seeking solitude in the bathroom away from the frosty atmosphere that persisted all day.

Scott arranged his makeup products around the bathroom sink. His hands were steady as he layered concealer, foundation, and powder, expertly contouring his face. He then worked on his eyes and lips until they were striking and bold. Aware that he would soon be mingling with Amy's closest family members, Scott knew there was no room for error. He needed to be flawless - not just to pass but to belong.

Emerging from the bathroom in a pair of his cousin's six-inch heels, he found Jessica by the window, her gaze distant, lost in thoughts he could no longer reach. The click of his heels made her turn, her expression quickly shifting from astonishment to forced composure. "Will you zip me up?" Scott asked, standing before her, his face meticulously made-up, up and his breasts spilling out of a little black peplum dress.

Jessica's gaze moved down to painted toenails - peeking out from towering slingback platforms - before travelling up a pair of shapely, nylon-clad legs that stretched seemingly endlessly upward. Her eyes continued their ascent, gliding past the hem of the low-cut, sleeveless minidress that hugged an unmistakable feminine frame. When her eyes finally met her boyfriend's - dramatically made-up and strikingly beautiful - she bit her bottom lip. "Did you choose that dress?" she asked, her voice distant.

"No, Emily picked it out," Scott replied, recalling the day Emily had come over to help him plan out his outfits for the funeral weekend - a day Jessica had spent away, claiming she needed space.

"It's... lovely," Jessica mumbled, looking sad and conflicted while managing a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "It looks great on you. I'm just not sure who you are anymore!"

Scott felt a tightness in his chest as the heartbreaking sunk in. "I'm still me!" he insisted, his voice a blend of desperation and assurance. "The man you've always known."

"Really?" Jessica forcefully stated, her frustration boiling over. "You don't look very manly to me right now."

Scott instinctively raised both hands, palms out. "Jess, please. Let's not do this now," he pleaded, trying to calm the approaching storm. "I've got enough to worry about without having this argument again."



"Sorry, my bad," Jessica replied in a sarcastic tone. "You look lovely, Amy. I love your lip colour. What is it?"

Almost instinctively, replying 'Burgundy Blaze,' Scott sighed as his arms dropped back to his sides. Staring at his girlfriend - her expression cutting him deeper than the

torturous heels strapped to his feet - something inside the feminized man snapped. His posture stiffened, and his voice grew sharper. "What do you want from me, Jessica? Do you want me to stumble about? Should I be sitting legs open, scratching my balls? I'm trying my best to survive a crazy situation - one that you started, remember?"

Jessica recoiled slightly, the force of Scott's words seeming to push her physically backwards. "So this is all my fault!" she shot back.

"Yes!" Scott replied angrily, "If you hadn't suggested we go after the money. If you had not guilt-tripped me into going to the attorney's office as Amy - saying I wasn't the man you thought I was if I didn't do it for our future. Well, I did it, and now look at me - not manly enough either way! You're impossible to please, sometimes, Jess. Can't you think about someone other than yourself for one weekend? I can't cope with this on top of everything else."

Silence enveloped the room, dense and suffocating, as a cascade of emotions flickered across Jessica's face. Her features briefly contorted in an internal struggle before settling into a strained smile. "Well, we better zip you up and get you off to your family event," she said, her voice a forced whisper as she approached Scott. "Have you packed your purse?"

Scott felt a surge of resentment towards her cold demeanour but quelled the urge to retaliate, choosing instead to turn his back to her and preserve a fragile peace. He felt the soft brush of her fingers as she pulled the zipper up, enclosing him in the form-fitting feminine garment he would struggle to remove without help. "Yes," he responded, his voice tinged with sadness.

With a heart burdened by unspoken words and unresolved tensions, Scott clutched his cousin's designer handbag tightly and slipped into her faux fur coat. The fabric felt comforting and warm against his skin, making him feel slightly less exposed. Jessica watched him with eyes clouded by complexity - regret, anger, and perhaps a hint of sympathy mingling within. "Good luck," she said, her usually sharp tone tempered by the situation. "Thanks," Scott responded, his voice heavy with fatigue. "I won't be back late."

He opened the door and paused, taking a deep breath of the cool hallway air before stepping out. The door closed behind him with a gentle, definitive click. For a brief moment, he felt a surge of relief to be away from Jessica, but this relief quickly dissolved into the daunting realization of what lay ahead. As looked down at his figure-hugging dress, shiny nylon-covered legs, and ligament-straining platform pumps, the weight of

the upcoming evening pressed heavily upon him, stirring a knot of anxiety at the thought of being discovered as an imposter. Setting off, every angled step felt heavier as he minced towards the elevator, each breath a little shallower than usual, as he braced himself for the night ahead.



Two hours into the evening, Scott found himself in the cavernous main hall of the Brooks family manor, a space the real Amy would have known like the back of her perfectly manicured hand. However, as her double, for Scott, the surrounding opulence felt foreign and overwhelming. His poor feet, initially throbbing painfully inside his high heels, had now numbed to an unsettling lack of sensation, mirroring his detachment from the environment and its inhabitants.

Amidst the grandeur of ancestral portraits and impressive chandeliers, one of Amy's cousins cornered him into a conversation. "So, Patricia is getting married in the spring," she mentioned casually. "Are you coming up for the wedding?" Clueless as to who Patricia was, Scott forced his glossy lips into a practised smile. "Of course, wouldn't miss it for the world," he responded, his voice bright, but internally he felt adrift in a sea of faces he scarcely recognized but was expected to know.

"Oh, wonderful," the cousin exclaimed, her face lighting up with genuine pleasure. "I wasn't sure if you would come after you two fell out, but I'm sure she'll be thrilled to have you there."

"Water under the bridge," Scott replied, while catching sight of Amy's mother, Matilda Brooks, approaching. "Excuse me a moment, would you?" he interjected politely, "I just have to powder my nose."

"Of course," the cousin nodded, though Scott had already turned to try and hobble away on his aching feet. However, his escape was abruptly halted by the imposing figure of Matilda Brooks blocking his path. "I'm glad to see you've fixed your hair," she commented sharply. "Still a little too vibrant for such an occasion, but an improvement."

"Nice to see you, mother," Scott replied through clenched teeth, the strain of maintaining Amy's persona chipping away at his patience. "Is it?" Matilda Brooks challenged, her gaze piercing.

Scott forced another smile, feeling a pang of guilt for maintaining an attitude born from the repercussions of someone else's life. "I was just on my way to the ladies' room. So,

if you wouldn't mind, can we talk later?" "As you wish," Matilda replied in a tone tinged with frustration.

Grateful for the reprieve, Scott sidestepped Mrs. Brooks and quickly made his way toward the exit without looking back. After escaping the suffocating atmosphere of the gathering, he wandered blindly through the labyrinthine corridors of the manor. Unfamiliar with the layout and unable to ask for directions without raising suspicion, he soon found himself lost.

Spying an antique-looking cushioned chair tucked into a quiet alcove, Scott gratefully lowered himself onto it. As he sat, he felt his restrictive designer dress tighten around his modified body. The luxurious fabric pressed into his breasts and exaggerated his jiggly backside, making it appear much larger than it actually was.

Once seated, he slipped the backs off his slingback platform pumps and released his feet from their stylish confines. A loud moan of relief escaped his lips as he stretched out his feet, running the nylon-clad soles along the soft, hand-stitched Turkish rug beneath the chair. He scrunched his toes repeatedly, revelling in the sensation until the numbness finally faded, leaving only a lingering ache.

Seated in the dimly lit hallway, Scott pressed an acrylic nail, which extended past the tip of his finger, into the smooth expanse of his hairless thigh, encased in gleaming nylon just inches below the hem of his minidress. Shaking his head, weighed down by a mass of blonde curled, a wave of intense introspection crashed over him. "What the hell am I doing here, dressed like this?" He thought, the absurdity of his circumstances engulfing him until the distant sound of piano music snapped him back to reality.

Overtaken by a surge of curiosity that momentarily eclipsed his discomfort, Scott let out a resigned groan as he slipped his swollen feet back into their slingback prisons. Pushing himself up from a seat likely older than himself, he steadied himself against an ageing wall, its wallpaper faded and peeling. Compelled to find the source of the sombre sound drifting through the musty-smelling hallway, he tottered off - his stiletto heels sinking slightly into the dusty carpet while his feminized body jiggled and wiggled from the exertion.

He entered a lavish room where the golden glow of the evening sun poured through large windows, bathing everything in a warm, amber light. The room boasted an impressively high ceiling adorned with intricate mouldings and stucco that spoke of grandeur from a bygone era. In the corner, a man sat at a grand piano, his fingers gliding across the keys with fluid grace, coaxing out a hauntingly beautiful melody.

Eager to avoid detection, Scott was about to leave when the pianist turned his head, revealing his face. Scott's heavy, mascara-laden lashes lifted in the shock of recognition - he knew the man! It was Lewis - Amy's on-off lover! The man who had kissed him on the street! Desperate to escape, Scott spun on his heels. However, at that moment, the piano music paused between verses, and the loud clicking of his heels echoed sharply across the room.

Lewis quickly spun toward the sound. After scanning Scott from head to heel, a broad grin spread across his face. "Aimes," he called out playfully, "you found me."

Heart racing, Scott stomped across the room with purpose, arms swinging and chest heaving. Lewis rose from his stool to meet Scott, who came to a halt on a lavish blue carpet interwoven with gold designs.

"What are you doing here?" Scott asked, his voice tinged with confusion. "Are you stalking me now or something?"



Lewis laughed, shaking his head. "The world doesn't always revolve around you, gorgeous," he replied. "I'm here for Granny's funeral, just like you."

The answer threw Scott off momentarily as he stared at the bearded man. "Granny?" he echoed, his expression baffled.

"Yeah, Granny, Grandma, the boogeywoman. What did you call her?"

"As in my grandma? Are we related?" Scott blurted out, the thought of Amy and Lewis being blood relatives, making him feel uneasy.

"Are you alright, Aimes?" Lewis asked, tilting his head in confusion. "We're cousins, not by blood though, with me being adopted un all. But you know that."

"Oh yeah, course," Scott replied, his mind racing with worry at the thought he might have just exposed him as a phoney.

Seeing Lewis' puzzled face, Scott knew he needed to divert attention away - and fast. Stepping forward, he closed the distance between them, placing his juicy, plumped lips inches from Lewis'. Looking up through his thick extended lashes, Scott purred flirtatiously, "So, aren't you going to greet me with a kiss this time?"

Lewis' perplexed look turned to that of desire. "If that's what the lady desires., who am I to refuse?" he replied, lowering his head.

Scott closed his eyes, bracing himself for the kiss. Time seemed to slow as he imagined he was about to kiss Jessica, that he was at home in his sweatpants, with the love of his life who was about to make love to him. It was a comforting fantasy, abruptly shattered when his lips met those of another man's - Lewis' beard tickling his face as strong hands gripped his sides. Instantly regretting his decision but seeing no alternative, Scott surrendered to the kiss, acutely aware that the weekend had just become an even bigger mess.

Chapter 20: Echoes of Past Life

Scott sat shaking in the chilly embrace of an ancient stone church, his shivers partly from the cold and partly from the crippling fear of the eulogy he was about to deliver. The surreal experience deepened as the priest began the funeral ceremony for a person Scott had never known.

As the priest's voice echoed throughout the space, Scott's gaze wandered around the interior of the old church. Stone walls, buttressed and solid, framed the large stained glass windows that cast kaleidoscope-like light across the mourners. The centre aisle divided the room, with stiff wooden benches lining either side. An old organ in the corner infused the air with melancholic tones, while at the front, in a coffin surrounded by flowers, lay Grandma Brooks.

To Scott's left, one of Amy's cousins was gently sobbing, her shoulders shaking with quiet emotion as she dabbed at her eyes with a delicate lace handkerchief. To his right, Amy's mother sat rigidly, her lips pressed into a thin line as she maintained her composure despite the palpable grief surrounding her.

Scott, like the two women flanking him, was wearing a black dress, a bizarre situation for any young man and one that he was trying not to dwell on. Both women had their hair elegantly styled into high, elaborate updos. As Scott glanced sideways from beneath his long, fluttering lashes, he could only imagine the time it took them - knowing from Jessica's painstaking efforts on his hair, which was now intricately woven into heavy, tight French braids, that it likely took most of the morning.

The remainder of his preparations focused on ensuring his makeup was suitably subdued, yet convincing enough to maintain the illusion that he was Amy. Dressing for the funeral had been relatively straightforward in comparison, however, once he slipped into his outfit, the nerves truly began to settle in. His transformed body, now resembling that of an Onlyfans model, filled out his cousin's long-sleeved black dress like it had been custom-made for him. The satin fabric, offering little stretch, clung closely to his upper legs before fanning out into pleats and finishing just below the knee in a mermaid-style skirt. This design not only accentuated his already distinct feminine shape but also limited his mobility, requiring him to take each step with deliberate care.

Peering out from beneath his dress hem, his lower legs were encased in sheer black nylon, ending in a pair of dauntingly high platform heels. Though his heels were excessively high and the neckline of his dress daringly low for such an occasion, every detail of his appearance had been carefully planned. Today, it was crucial for Scott to

not only embody flawless femininity but to convincingly fool anyone who saw him that he was, without question, Amy.

As the priest concluded his introductions, he invited a man to come forward to deliver his tribute. Scott watched intently as the man spoke eloquently about Grandma Brooks, sharing anecdotes that drew soft laughter and nodding heads from those gathered. As the man continued, Scott's apprehension began to mount. The thought of speaking before the crowd filled him with utter dread, not just at being seen at such a sacred event crossdressed, but for the fear of saying something wrong, something that might reveal him as an imposter.

As he sat there, twiddling his long acrylic nails. The sturdy fabric of his dress seemed to tighten around him, reminding him with every subtle shift in his seat of the lengths he had gone to maintain this ridiculous ruse. His feet inside his soaring heels throbbed, making him wonder if his weary legs would carry him to the front of the church without faltering.

Finally, the man's words dwindled to a heartfelt close, leaving behind a room filled with tears and soft sniffles. It was now Scott's turn. As Amy's name was called, a hush fell over the room, and every head turned to watch him rise. His dress dictated his movements, forcing him to take tiny, mincing steps that seemed to prolong his cringe-inducing journey. Each click of his heels echoed off the stone walls, a sharp, intrusive sound that only heightened his sense of humiliation.

The approach felt like an eternity. With every step, Scott felt the gaze of the griever on him, their eyes curious and expectant. As he reached the old carpet at the front, his stiletto heels finally quieted, the soft fabric muffling their clatter.

Scott approached the podium and placed his notes down before gripping the edges firmly, grounding himself as he took several deep breaths. His gaze momentarily caught on the striking, gleaming acrylic extensions that dramatically lengthened his thumbnails. Raising his head, he looked out from beneath his sweeping dark lashes and glossy red lips, meeting the sea of expectant faces before him. Clearing his throat, his voice wavered slightly, betraying his nerves as he began, "Today, we are all here to remember and celebrate the life of a remarkable woman - my grandma."

Taking a few wobbly steps back, Scott continued. "As a child, I remember spending countless sunny afternoons in the garden with Granny, tending to the roses she cherished so dearly. One vibrant afternoon, I asked her why she dedicated so much time to them, something that demanded so much of her care and attention. She smiled

warmly, clipped off a budding rose, and handed it to me, explaining, 'Life, like this garden, is about nurturing the good and learning to endure the thorns. We each have the opportunity to make something beautiful of our circumstances, no matter how prickly they might seem at first glance.'



Scott's narrative - made up from an old photograph he found in his cousin's bedroom, seemed to resonate - drawing nods and soft murmurs of agreement from the crowd. "She taught me that with patience and care, any challenge could be turned into an opportunity for growth - a lesson that I carry with me every day."

As Scott concluded the eulogy - having changed most of the gloomy faces into smiling ones - his nerves eased slightly. "We will all miss her. The world is a little dimmer today in her absence," he said before tottering away from the podium, his transformed body gracefully swishing and swaying as he clicked back to his seat. The church responded with soft applause, a stark contrast to the silence that had greeted his approach. As he sat down, carefully smoothing the skirt of his dress, he allowed himself a small sigh of relief, feeling a weight lift for having managed to deliver a touching tribute while

realizing the words also subtly echoed the personal transformation he was experiencing himself.

Amy's mother turned to Scott, her expression softening into a warm smile. "That was beautiful," she murmured, taking Scott's hand in hers. "You never told me that story before," she added, a note of surprise in her voice. Scott accepted her hand, offering a small, tentative shrug. "I guess I had forgotten about it," he replied with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "She'll be missed." "She will," Matilda agreed, giving Scott's manicured hand a loving squeeze.

As the ceremony continued, a few more rose to speak, each adding layers of memory and tribute to the air already thick with nostalgia and sorrow. Eventually, the coffin bearers assembled to carry Grandma Brooks outside. There, under the grey expanse of the sky, the priest spoke a few final words before the coffin was gently lowered into the earth. It was a dignified service, but for Scott, it couldn't end soon enough. However, with all the guests preparing to return to the Brooks mansion for the funeral reception, he knew he had to brace himself for a few more hours in character.

Waiting for the cars to arrive, Scott seized the moment to duck around the side of the church, craving a brief escape from the constant attention. As Amy, everyone seemed eager to chat with him, asking probing questions about her life - on top of everything else, it had been exhausting. Rounding the corner while contemplating the idea of slipping off his heels for a few minutes of relief, Scott's heart sank as he saw the one person he hoped to avoid - Lewis. The smartly dressed man was casually leaning against the church wall, smoking a cigarette.

Scott considered retreating, but it was too late; Lewis had already spotted him. Knowing he needed to maintain his guise, he approached with a frown. "I'm not sure smoking is allowed back here," he said, his voice a mix of frustration and fatigue as he shambled forward.

Lewis took a deep inhale of smoke and exhaled slowly, his gaze drifting up and down Scott's feminized form. "I don't think anyone's going to care," he replied with a smirk, nodding subtly towards the gravestones dotting the landscape. "Their days of complaining are behind them."

"And what if I don't like it?" Scott challenged, stopping a few feet away from Lewis.

Lewis tilted his head, a glimmer of intrigue in his eyes before he flicked the cigarette butt away. "Then, that's different," he responded, his tone dropping an octave. "There.

Gone." He then stepped forward, closing the small gap between them, and said in a gentler voice, "Your eulogy was beautiful, Amy. It really touched me."

Taken aback by the sudden change of tone, Scott awkwardly shifted his footing and stumbled on his heels. Lewis reached out swiftly, steadying him with a firm grasp. The unexpected physical contact and his teetering balance combined to ignite a rush of frustration in Scott. "I hate these fucking shoes!" he cried out, his voice angry and emotional. "Why does everything have to be so difficult!"

Lewis, misinterpreting his outburst as grief, drew the crossdressed man in close for a comforting embrace. Scott, lonely and adrift in his meticulously crafted persona, leaned into the comfort on offer, even if it was from an unusual source.

Lewis, sensing Scott's need for reassurance, began to reminisce. "Do you remember that stormy night? When we got stranded at the cottage?" He paused, giving Scott a moment to absorb what he was saying. "We sat there all night talking about our fears and dreams. We promised that night to be there for each other, through everything life threw at us."

Lewis's gaze intensified, earnest and full of emotion, as he continued, "I'm still here for you, Aimes. You are the most beautiful, wonderful person I've ever met. I truly mean that." He took a slight breath, his words hanging in the air between them.

Overwhelmed by the intensity of the moment, Scott fell silent, unsure of how to respond. Lewis reached out, taking Scott's hand, and placed his other hand gently behind Scott's neck, his fingers softly tracing the nape. He gazed into Scott's heavily made-up eyes, searching for any trace of the person he once knew. "I miss you, Aimes. I'll always love you, no matter what," Lewis declared firmly. Then, he paused, their lips just inches apart.



"Slowly, deliberately, Lewis leaned in for a kiss - one that Scott accepted. He would later rationalize that he was caught off guard by the overwhelming emotion, but in truth, at that moment, he desperately needed someone - anyone - to show him some affection."

The kiss was tender and loving, their lips moving together in a gentle rhythm. It began hesitantly, the soft pressure of Scott's plump red lips against Lewis'. As the kiss deepened, Scott felt a surprising rush of warmth spreading through him, a feeling of being seen and held in a way he hadn't realized he craved. Time seemed to slow, the world around him fading as the kiss vanquished all rational thought.

When it ended, Scott looked up at Lewis, his breath unsteady, his body trembling. "You can put me down now," he said softly, his voice barely above a whisper.

Lewis smiled, a mixture of understanding and amusement dancing in his eyes. "Okay," he replied gently, carefully releasing his grasp and stepping back to give Scott space.

Scott straightened himself, smoothing out his dress with shaking hands, the satin cool and slippery beneath his fingers. He took a deep breath, trying to steady the tumult of emotions swirling within him. "I'll... erm... see you at the reception," he managed to say, his voice tinged with uncertainty and vulnerability.

"You will," Lewis responded with a nod, his eyes lingering on Scott with a blend of affection and something unspoken.

With a tentative nod, Scott minced away across the uneven ground, carefully placing each foot, determined not to trip again. The sensation of the kiss lingered, a confusing mix of comfort and repulsion swirling in his mind. Part of him had liked the feeling of being kissed rather than being the one doing the kissing, as it always felt with Jessica. As disturbing as the thought of what he had just done was, being wanted felt nice.

However, he couldn't allow himself to dwell on the confusing thoughts. He still had a whole evening to navigate in his restrictive dress and torturous heels while maintaining the illusion that he was his girly-girl cousin.

But he could do it; he had come this far and endured worse. And with Grandma Brook's will scheduled to be read the following afternoon, the end was in sight. He clung to that hope, knowing that after this final hurdle, he could start rebuilding his life. The prospect of never having to adopt this feminine disguise again filled him with a sense of determined relief. He would soon shed this identity, leaving behind the revealing clothing and uncomfortable footwear to reclaim his true self. For now, he just needed to make it through one more night.

Chapter 21: Breaking Free

'How on Earth has it come to this?' Scott wondered as he sat down, causing the hem of his short dress to ride perilously high up his pantyhosed thighs. Attempting to maintain some semblance of modesty, he crossed his legs, which only increased the tightness and discomfort inside his silky black panties. Exhausted from the emotional toll of the funeral the previous day and the ensuing reception where drinks flowed more freely than tears, his gaze shifted nervously toward Mr Peterson, the Brooks family attorney.

In this unrecognizable form - with his body drastically altered, his face artificially stiffened with fillers and Botox, and his hair now long, blonde, and cascading over his shoulders - it was finally time to hear the conclusion of this surreal adventure. It was the reading of Grandma Brooks' will.

One by one, family members had been summoned into a stately room within the Brooks estate to discover their inheritances. The anticipation was excruciating for Scott, not merely physically, with his battle-hardened feet angled steeply inside stilt-like heels, but mentally, as he wrestled with the enormity of potentially gaining millions of pounds. When Jessica had first suggested the audacious plan, it had seemed not only absurd but impossible. The journey had been anything but smooth, with his stunning transformation into his cousin more extreme than he could have ever imagined. But now, here he was, mere minutes away from the end.

"Well, Miss Brooks," Mr Peterson began, his voice breaking through Scott's reverie. "I'm happy to inform you that the investigation into your grandmother's death has been concluded, with the police finding no signs of foul play. Therefore, we can finally proceed with your inheritance." The attorney's smile was reassuring, even if it couldn't completely ease Scott's nerves.

"That's wonderful news, Mr Peterson," Scott managed to say, his voice quivering as he let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. "Last time we spoke, you said she had left me... £5 million," he added, the almost words catching in his throat as he nervously played with a strand of his blonde hair with one long-nailed hand while gripping his nylon-clad knee with the other.



"Yes. That's correct," Mr Peterson confirmed with a nod. "Your grandmother cared for you deeply, Amy, and wanted to make sure you were taken care of. I have a message here from her. Would you like to hear it?"

Scott nodded slowly, overwhelmed by a cocktail of emotions. "Yes," he whispered, a pang of guilt washing over him for taking an experience meant for the real Amy away from her. However, the allure of the money was too great, and he was too deep into his charade to back out now.

Mr Peterson cleared his throat, adjusting his glasses as he began to read. "To my dearest granddaughter," he started, his voice steady and formal. "We haven't always seen eye to eye, but know that I love you deeply. Some of the happiest times of my life were spent with you as a young girl, watching you grow into the incredible woman you have blossomed into today. That is why I leave you five million pounds, to allow you to live the life you deserve."

At this juncture, the attorney paused to take a breath, and Scott sat bolt upright in his seat, his mind racing with thoughts of what he would buy first once he was free of his lashes, nails, and hair. Perhaps he'd purchase something undeniably masculine, like a motorbike. He pictured Jessica on the back, clinging to him as they sped away together, a thought that made the smile on his glossily painted lips grow even wider.

“However,” Mr Peterson continued, causing Scott to gasp as his heart plummeted. “Amongst the multitude of wonderful qualities you possess, my love. Maturity is not yet one of them. Therefore, while this grows, the money will be kept in a trust fund until your twenty-fifth birthday. In the meantime, you will receive a monthly allowance of five thousand pounds. I know this is probably not the news you hoped to hear, but I believe you'll thank me one day. Love always, Granny.”

As Mr Peterson finished reading, he looked up at the feminized man opposite him, who was sitting wide-eyed, his plump lips hanging open aghast. “She always was one rules and stipulations, your grandmother,” he said with a chuckle. “As per her instruction, I'll be the custodian of your inheritance until you're of age, three years from now. I'll email the forms over in the next few days for you to sign. We can then set up a date for your first payment.”

Feeling as if he had just been punched in the gut, Scott rose shakily to his aching feet, his world spinning with disappointment and frustration. “Thank you,” he said, nearly choking on the words, before teetering from the room. He moved quickly past other waiting relatives, ignoring their curious glances while retrieving his coat and purse before tottering straight out the front door.

The early afternoon sunlight felt harsh against Scott's tired eyes, and the air was thick with the weight of his emotions. Feeling as if he was going to throw up, he knew he needed to escape the suffocating constraints of his Amy costume as quickly as possible. He minced towards the yellow Mini Cooper, each click of his ridiculously tall heels on the hard ground fuelling his growing anger. He felt foolish and furious with himself for allowing Jessica to bully him into turning his life upside down. And for what? Nothing!

Delving into the handbag slung over his mesh-covered shoulder, he found the keys and pressed his long-nailed thumb against the key fob, hearing the reassuring sound of the car unlocking. He opened the door and tossed Amy's designer bag and coat into the back seat, ready to climb inside and escape the madness.

“Scott,” a voice called out, sending a shiver down the crossdressed man's spine. He turned slowly and saw Jessica standing behind him, her expression one of eager anticipation. “So,” she began, “how did it go? Are we rich?”

Closing the car door, Scott took a few sharp clicks toward his long-time girlfriend. “No. We’re not rich,” he stated in a voice thick with frustration. “Not unless I want to keep looking like this for the next three years.” Jessica looked confused, so Scott briefly explained what the attorney had told him moments ago. When he finished, Jessica paused, pondering for a moment before speaking. “Three years is a long time, but perhaps...”

Scott cut her off sharply. “No!” he asserted forcefully. “Have you lost your mind, Jess? I’m done. I’m not living another day of this girly hell. This was a crazy idea from the start. And now, It’s over.”

“Over!” Jessica's voice rose, now tinged with anger. “Well, if this is over, so are we.”

Scott scoffed and dramatically rolled his eyes. After everything he had sacrificed, everything he had endured for this woman, this was her reaction. “You know what Jessica! I think, for once, you’ve actually come up with a great idea. I love you, but you're such a selfish bitch.”

The words seemed to trigger Jessica, who flushed red with rage. “Who are you calling a bitch, Barbie. At least I’m not a cheat,” she screamed, her arms flailing. “I saw you yesterday, kissing that man in the graveyard. I knew you were into this girly stuff, but I never thought you were gay.”

“You followed me?” Scott said, shaking his head in frustration. “And FYI, I’m not into this girly stuff. Or Lewis!” he replied angrily, placing his hand on his hips. “Do you know how difficult this has been for me, Jessica? Not only pretending to be a woman, but a whole other person.”

“Lewis, is it?” Jessica's words were sharp, dripping with venom. “Well, Lewis can have you. You were never man enough for me anyway!”



Scott drew a deep, steady breath, his anger simmering just beneath the surface. He shook his head, causing his hoop earrings to jangle loudly and his long blonde hair to flutter. "Fuck you, Jessica. We're done!" He declared, his voice firm and resolute. With that, he turned sharply on his stilettos and clambered into the yellow Mini.

The engine roared to life, and a girly tune blared from the radio. Scott slammed the door shut, muffling Jessica's continuing barrage of insults behind the cheerful pop lyrics. Turning to look one last time at the woman he had once planned to spend his life with, he raised his middle finger, the long, French-manicured nail catching the sunlight as he blew her a mocking kiss. Thrusting his platform-heeled foot firmly against the accelerator pedal, he sped away without looking back.

His mind was awash with emotion as he exited the Brooks estate. He had no clue what the future had in store for him, only that he suddenly felt a profound sense of freedom. The heavy burden that had been pressing down on his shoulders had been lifted. He was finally free to shed the shackles of being Amy, free to reclaim his identity as a man and steer his life in whatever direction he chose.

Chapter 22: Home Sweet Home

With his towering high-heeled pump pressed firmly on the accelerator, Scott raced back to Epsford. His entire body ached, every muscle sore from the feminine attire he had endured for what felt like an eternity. Yet, despite the physical discomfort, a strange sense of calm began to wash over him. The future was uncertain and filled with unanswered questions, but one thing was clear - whatever challenges lay ahead, he would face them as Scott, as a man.

His mind buzzed with plans as he sped down the familiar roads. After dropping off the car and changing into something more comfortable, he'd head back to his apartment, grab his kitchen scissors, and finally cut away the burdensome blonde mane that had been driving him mad. Then, he'd deal with the fake lashes and nails that had tormented him for far too long. And after that? Perhaps he'd pack a bag and book a flight to Thailand. An old school friend lived there, and the photos he posted online always looked incredible - sunsets on pristine beaches, exotic food, and a carefree lifestyle that felt like a distant dream compared to the chaos he had endured recently.

As Scott pulled into the driveway outside Amy's house, a wave of relief washed over him. Swinging his nylon-covered legs out of the Mini Cooper, he groaned as he planted his aching feet on the ground, the pressure on the balls of his feet intensifying as the stilettos forced him seven inches above what felt natural. The thin heels sank into the gravel with each step as he tottered toward the front door, every movement requiring more effort than the last.

Once inside, Scott paused, taking in the space he had once enjoyed visiting, where he used to find a peaceful escape while watering the plants. A humourless chuckle escaped his inflated lips as he scoffed at the irony. Hopefully, this would be the last time he ever laid eyes on this place - a place now tainted with strange and uncomfortable memories.

His eyes swept over the room, each piece of furniture triggering a flood of cringeworthy memories. The once-unremarkable coffee table now stood as a reminder of the countless days he had pushed it aside to make space for practising his walk, strutting up and down the room like a pageant contestant. The computer desk carried its own set of humiliations—endless hours spent typing and writing letters, forcing himself to adapt to the awkwardness of acrylic nails tapping against the keyboard or clumsily gripping a pen. The armchair beside it, where he had spent what felt like an eternity

perfecting the art of sitting gracefully, smoothing out all manner of skirts before neatly crossing his legs, now loomed like a throne of embarrassment.

Clicking further into the room, Scott's heavily made-up eyes fell on the kitchen table, causing memories from Emily's birthday to come rushing back. He shook his head in disbelief, still struggling to comprehend that he had actually sat there, dressed in a skimpy pink bunny outfit, drinking and socializing with Amy's friends before heading out to the club. How he had survived that night without being outed was beyond him - a drug-fuelled extravaganza filled with dancing, flirting, and making out with random men. The memories churned in his stomach and felt like something that would haunt him forever.

Suddenly, the jangling of keys sent a jolt of panic through the crossdressed man. His heart leapt into his throat as he spun on his tall heels, just in time to see the front door creak open. His breath caught, and his eyes widened in disbelief - it was Amy!

Panic surged through Scott's veins as he watched his cousin calmly close the door, still momentarily unaware of his presence. He considered running, but he knew that even if he managed to summon the energy and speed needed to reach the bedroom, the clatter of his heels would give him away before he could take two steps. Time seemed to slow as Amy turned, her movements almost in slow motion. When she finally laid eyes on her feminized cousin, the gasp that escaped her lips echoed throughout the room as her bag dropped to the floor with a heavy thud. Frozen in place like a statue, her eyes widened in disbelief as they scanned up and down the terrifying figure before her—her mirror image. "Who... who are you?" she stuttered, her voice trembling with shock and fear.

Scott's plumped lower lip began to tremble as he struggled to find the words. Gathering every ounce of courage, he forced himself to speak. "Amy! I know this looks bad, but I can explain," Scott blurted out, trying to use his regular voice. But after spending so much time speaking in a higher pitch, it came out like a strained, husky version of Amy's voice.

"Scott!" Amy shrieked, her voice so sharp it made his ears ring. She pointed at him, her hand trembling with adrenaline. "What the hell is going on? Why are you wearing my clothes? Why do you look like me?"



"I... I... I'm sorry," Scott replied, his voice shaky as he lowered his eyes in shame. "I should have stopped it. I should have said no," he continued, his knees beginning to wobble, the emotional and physical exhaustion catching up all at once.

Amy's expression shifted from shock to concern as she saw her cousin on the verge of collapse. "Sit down before you fall down," she said firmly, gesturing toward the armchair. "Tell me everything."

Scott nodded meekly, his heels clicking softly against the floor as he tottered across the room, his movements still strangely graceful despite his distress. Amy watched, shaking her head in disbelief, as her cousin navigated the room in her tallest heels as if they were a natural extension of his legs.

"You look different," Scott said, trying to break the tension of Amy's intense stare after arranging himself awkwardly on the chair - his voice wavering as he took in her unusually casual appearance. She wore a print T-shirt with an image of trees, baggy jeans, brown hipster boots, and a light blue blazer. Her once long blonde hair had been

replaced with a chin-length bob, its colour now her natural brown. It was all very unusual; however, even more perplexing, she was wearing barely any makeup.

"I look different?" Amy gasped in surprise, her eyes widening as she took in the unimaginable sight before her. "You're sitting here in my little black dress with a full face of makeup and long blonde hair, and you think I look different? How did you get so thin? And have you injected your face and lips?"

Scott swallowed hard, his nervousness evident from the way he fidgeted with the hem of the dress. "It all kinda got out of control," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. "Jen wasn't supposed to see me at the nail salon, and then when your mother got involved, things just kept getting crazier. At the time, we didn't think the money would be that important to you. I mean, your family is rich and would look after you. It's easy for you. You don't understand what it's like to have nothing."

"My mother? Jen?" Amy echoed, her voice a mixture of confusion and surprise. "Slow down and start at the beginning. Explain this to me. I feel like I'm going insane."

Scott took a deep breath, knowing there was no turning back, and began to recount how a foolish idea had spiralled into a tangled web of deception, leading to that very moment - sitting across from his cousin as her clone, having just returned from her grandmother's funeral. As he spoke, the weight of his actions bore down on him, and he watched as Amy's face, initially filled with surprise, slowly hardened into a mask of controlled fury.

The story was tougher for Amy to hear than it was for Scott to tell - he could see it in every subtle shift of her expression. She was learning not only that her grandmother had passed away and that she had missed the funeral, but also that her own cousin had tried to rob her of her inheritance. Yet, to her credit, Amy remained relatively calm - a skill she had learned in rehab. She asked the occasional question for clarity but allowed Scott to finish his tale before fully reacting.

When Scott finally fell silent, his voice exhausted and his nerves frayed, Amy remained quiet for a moment, her gaze fixed on the floor as she tried to process everything. Then, she looked up, her eyes burning with a controlled rage that made Scott instinctively shrink back into the chair. "You're a horrible person," she said flatly, her voice devoid of emotion, which only made the words cut deeper. Scott braced himself for the inevitable outburst, expecting the shouting that would surely follow - but to his surprise, it never came. Instead, Amy fell silent again, her lips pressed into a thin line as she fought to keep her emotions in check.

Scott fidgeted nervously in the armchair, his curvaceous body jittery as he tried to gauge Amy's reaction. "You seem calmer than I thought you'd be," he finally said, his voice unsteady as he glanced over.

Amy's glare cut through him like a knife. "Oh, I'm angry. Furious," she replied, her voice steady but laced with venom. "But raising my voice won't change anything now, will it?" "So... What happens now?" Scott asked, his voice tense with dread.

Amy's lips curled into a smile that lacked any warmth, sending a chill through Scott's feminized frame. His stomach sank, and the heavy weight of guilt settled in, making him feel even worse. "You're going to be punished," she said in an eerily calm tone.

Scott sighed, trying to steady his nerves. "You're going to call the police, aren't you?" he asked, his voice cracking as he spoke. "Come on, Aimes. Please, don't do that. We're family."

Amy let out a bitter laugh. "Family? That's rich coming from you. You really thought saying goodbye to my grandmother for me was doing me a favour? Helping me out, were you?" Scott lowered his head. He had crossed a line. He knew there was no easy way back from this, and forgiveness wouldn't come easily - if at all. "But no, I'm not calling the police," Amy said, her tone steady. Scott's head shot up, a flicker of hope in his eyes. "That would be too easy on you. I have a different punishment in mind - one that suits the crime and benefits me too".

Scott's heart raced, a confusing blend of fear and curiosity tightening in his chest as he gripped his nylon-coved knee. "What do you mean?" he asked cautiously.



Amy's smile widened as she leaned forward. "Rehab taught me a lot about taking care of myself. I realized that my life before wasn't doing me any favours and that my friends were bad influences, dragging me down. I don't want to go back to that life of partying. Besides, I've met someone. His name's Doug, and we want to be together. The problem is, we live on opposite sides of the country, and if I just left, I'd be starting over with nothing. But now, thanks to you. I have a solution."

"Me?" Scott echoed, his confusion deepening.

"Yes," Amy said, her tone measured and resolute. "Now that there are two Amy's, you can continue my life here, and I can be with Doug."

Scott's face drained of colour as the full weight of her proposal hit him. "Oh no," he declared firmly, shaking his head in disbelief. "I can't be you! I don't want to be you."

"You could have fooled me," Amy shot back, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You seem to have taken to my life like a duck to water."

“Just because I can be you, doesn’t mean I want to be you,” Scott replied, his voice rising in desperation.

"Well, maybe you should have thought about that before you decided to steal my life and rob me," Amy retorted, her voice edged with bitterness. "I'll even split the money with you - half of everything, including the inheritance."

"Please, Amy, don't do this," Scott begged, his voice trembling as he looked at his cousin with desperate eyes - the idea of being trapped in this nightmare indefinitely was more than he could bear.

“You’ve done this to yourself, Scott,” Amy answered, her voice cold and final. She looked him straight in the eyes, her expression unyielding. “You said my life was easy. Well, now it's yours.”

Epilogue

With little choice in the matter, Scott was forced to fully step into Amy's life, taking over her apartment, her extensive wardrobe of designer clothes and shoes, and even working the occasional day at the family business. To Amy's friends and family, Scott was - and always had been - Amy. As days turned into weeks, and weeks into years, the distinctions between Scott and Amy blurred until they were nearly non-existent. Scott found himself forgetting what it was like to be a man. Even on the rare days when he didn't wear heels, his walk had developed a distinctively feminine wiggle. His mannerisms became delicate and refined, and doing his hair and makeup before leaving the house became as routine as brushing his teeth.

At first, Scott despised this new life. The uncomfortable outfits, the never-ending social calendar, and the constant effort required to maintain a flawless appearance felt like a prison. But as time went on, he began to adapt. The money certainly helped - after years of struggling near the poverty line, the sudden influx of wealth was a welcome change. As Amy, he had the freedom to try new things, to buy whatever caught his eye.

Travelling was another perk. Although nerve-wracking at first - especially those first few times going abroad on someone else's passport - it quickly became one of the highlights of his new life. Scott had always dreamed of seeing the world, and now, as Amy, he was doing just that. He visited places he had only ever seen in magazines, immersing himself in new cultures and experiences. It was a lifelong dream fulfilled, even if it meant doing so in short skirts and sky-high heels.

The beauty salon and the spa clinic became Scott's second home as he maintained the rigorous beauty regimen expected of his girly cousin. Week after week, he lost track of the countless treatments he endured. His lips were now permanently plump and pouty, his skin stretched to a flawless porcelain finish that seemed almost unreal, and his body had been sculpted to epitomize femininity. The transformation drew constant attention from men, their gazes anything but subtle, especially when he was dressed to the nines and out on the town with Emily and the girls.



Another challenging aspect of being Amy was maintaining the on-off relationship with Lewis. What started as an occasional date soon became more complicated as Lewis grew increasingly attached, wanting more and more of Scott's time. The trips away started soon after, and although undeniably luxurious - with Lewis always choosing the best hotels and the fanciest restaurants - the need to satisfy the man physically became a growing issue.

The solution came in the form of a prosthetic vagina, a device that allowed for more intimate encounters. The physical side of the relationship was awkward at first; each time Scott felt Lewis inside him, it filled him with discomfort and unease. But, as with many things in this strange new life, it became easier over time. The turning point came after Scott started taking hormones and underwent breast augmentation surgery, giving him a more pronounced chest and larger areolas. His new "girls," as he began to think of them, were ultra-sensitive, a feature that Lewis particularly enjoyed. Surprisingly, Scott found himself enjoying it too, though the strange feeling of having heavy twin mounds on his chest never fully went away.



As time passed, Scott heard from the real Amy less and less until she disappeared from his life completely. He occasionally wondered if she had found the happiness she was seeking while leaving him to lead the life she left behind. In those quiet moments of reflection, a deep sadness would settle in - not for Amy, but for the old Scott - who had vanished without a trace, with no one seemingly noticing or caring. It was as if his life before Amy had never existed. Yet, as much as that realization stung, it also brought a strange sense of acceptance.

The world seemed to adore Amy, always seeking her attention and presence. And while the demands of living up to the expectations of others could be exhausting, Scott had to admit that his new life was far from boring. Perhaps one day, he would take the final step, the operation that would complete his transformation into Amy. But for now, as he looked into the mirror and saw a blonde bombshell of a woman staring back, he knew that, for better or worse, this was his life. And maybe, just maybe, he was okay with that.

The End