

Lockdown!

TG Tale by ds1000



46 Illustrations

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Written and Illustrated by ds1000 (46 Illustrations)

With a mortgage in her name and a good group of friends for support, Veronica Miller is pretty content with her life. That is until everything changes one Friday evening when her ex-fiancé Paul and his two best friends burst through the door and announce that they are moving in.

From that point on, things only go from bad to worse as an unexpected global pandemic strikes, causing everybody in the apartment to get laid off due to a long enforced period of lockdown.

With the bills piling up, it doesn't take long for the debt collector to come calling. But just as everything seemed to be bleak and hopeless, the three men come up with a novel and quite frankly ridiculous way to solve the problem. A solution that Veronica uses to her advantage in an attempt to force her three unwanted houseguests out of her life.

Will her plan work? How far is she willing to go to achieve her goal? And will the three men still be men when she's done with them? Read on to find out.

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The day that everything changed

Placing down her glass of Prosecco on the small coffee table in front of her, Veronica Miller smiled and looked up at the clock. It was Friday night, and after a boring week of staring at a computer screen, it was almost time to go out and have some fun.



With the sound of Adam Levine's voice, her favourite singer of all time, filling her ears, Veronica reached into her handbag to retrieve her phone.

Seeing three new messages on the group chat with her besties, she pressed her freshly manicured index finger against the scanner on the back. Chuckling to herself, she read through the messages sent by her friend, Anna, talking about how she had almost just fallen down the stairs at the metro station only to be saved by some handsome stranger.

"Typical Anna," she thought to herself as she started to type her reply. "Always finding drop-dead-gorgeous men without even trying."

Veronica herself had never had much luck in the romance department. At twenty-three, she had been in a string of failed relationships. Always starting out well but always ending with her Prince Charming turning into a cheating scumbag.

Placing her phone back in her bag, Veronica lent down to take another sip of her drink. It would soon be time to leave, and she was ready to let loose and have a night of dancing with her girlfriends, perhaps even meet the man of her dreams, "there has to be at least one good one out there," she thought to herself.

Suddenly, there was a rattling sound by the front door. Startled, Veronica leaped to her feet. Where she stood frozen on the spot, her feet trembling inside her new wedge trainers, and her bulging eyes locked on the front door.

A million thoughts rushed through her head all at once. "Someone's trying to break in." "Can I make it to the kitchen in time to grab the bread knife?" "I should call the police." But there was no time to do any of these things as the door flew open.

Seeing the three smiling men walk in through the front door, Veronica's mood instantly changed from panic and horror to fury and rage.

"Get out," she screamed as she stormed towards the three intruders, "how dare you just walk in here"!

Two of the men stopped dead in their tracks, but the third strode forward confidently. "Looking good, Ronny," he announced with a huge smile plastered across his face. "Love the new hair colour."

Shaking with rage, Veronica stared into her former fiancé's eyes. "What the hell are you doing here, Paul"? she spat angrily.

“Oh, come on, baby. Why so angry? I know you must be somewhat happy to see me. Otherwise, you would have changed the locks.”

Balling her hands into fists, Veronica let out a low growl. “You’ve got some nerve coming here like this after what you did, and why have you brought those asshole friends here”?

Directly behind Paul, stood the two men in question. Kamsi, Paul’s best friend since high school. A self-confessed lady’s man, who was always up for a party. The other member of the trio was Tim. Quieter and more reserved than the other two. Paul and Kamsi had taken him under their wing in college after seeing him sitting alone in a corner of a party. The three had been inseparable ever since.

“Hey, Veronica,” Kamsi announced with a little wave and a smile as Tim just stood there quietly as usual.

“Woah, that’s not a very nice way to talk to your new housemates,” Paul announced with a smile.

“What”! Veronica replied, shaking her head. “Oh no. No way in hell are you moving back in here.”

“Sorry, Babe. I’m afraid, we’ve nowhere else to go. Our landlord just kicked us out. You wouldn’t want to see us out on the streets, would you”?

Veronica’s mouth dropped open in disbelief, “the nerve of the man,” she thought to herself. “I couldn’t care less where you end up, but one thing’s for sure, you’re not staying here! Why don’t you hit up that whore you cheated on me with or has she discovered what a pile of shit you are too by now”?

Ignoring the comment, Paul smiled once more. “The thing is, Hun. The way I see it, you don’t really have much of a choice. Now that those girls you were sub-letting the spare room to have left, you’re going to struggle to pay the mortgage payments if I stop paying my half.”

“You wouldn’t”! Veronica yelled, “the bank would take back the place. What about all the money we’ve invested”?

“Small change, Babe. If I can’t stay here, what the hell do I care,” Paul replied with a smug look on his face.

Veronica shook her head and folded her arms, staring Paul down. Tim bowed his head in embarrassment. Even Kamsi, normally cool and

collected leaned forward with his mouth hanging open in surprise at the comment.



You could hear a pin drop as the room fell silent before Veronica finally cracked. “I can’t deal with this right now,” she announced loudly. “Just do

whatever the hell you want. You always do anyway! I'm going out. You've got three days to find another place. You're in the spare room at all times until then. And I don't want to hear or see you, have you got that"?

"No problem, Sweetcheeks. You won't even know we're here," Paul replied as Veronica pushed past the three house invaders. She fumbled with the lock, huffed, and left slamming the door.

"See boys, piece of cake," Paul announced proudly, "what did I tell you, easy peasy."

Looking up Tim locked eyes with his friend. "I don't know, P. She looked pretty angry. Perhaps we should just get an Airbnb or something."

"You worry too much, Tdog," Paul replied, stepping back to place his arm around the Asian man's shoulders. "It's cool, trust me. Ronny will calm down. Come on, let's drop our bags and grab a beer, the game starts at eight."

Two weeks later

"I don't feel right about this, P," Tim commented, as he sat with his friends in the apartment living room. "Perhaps we were a bit thoughtless to Veronica's feelings."

"Chill, Bro," Paul shot back as he cracked open his fourth beer of the afternoon. "If Ronny wants to stay with her sister for a little while, that's up to her."

"Yeah, but that's just it. I don't think she did. You heard her. She couldn't stand to be around us anymore," Tim said, looking over at Kamsi for support.

Kamsi shrugged. "Whatever, Man. She'll get over it. And this way, at least we don't have to listen to her moaning all the time."

"Exactly," Paul interjected, "less bitchin and more space. Good riddance to her."

Tim let out a sigh and looked in Paul's direction. "Don't you feel the least bit guilty? She's a good person."

"Oh shit, looks like Tdog has a thing for your ex, P," Kamsi said, leaning across to put his arm around Tim.

“I do not,” Tim answered defensively, shrugging the arm from his shoulder. “It’s just...just...”

“Hey if you want her, Bro, go for it,” Paul said jokingly. “You two would get on well. You’re both always moaning and bitchin about something.”

“Fuck you guys,” Tim stated annoyed as he picked up the TV remote. “Forget I even said anything,” he added as he flicked on the TV. As the screen came into focus the three men stared at the screen with bewildered looks on their faces. The news headline read, “global pandemic imminent.”

“Hey, Tim. Turn that up man,” Kamsi said, leaning in.

For ten minutes, all eyes were glued to the screen as the three men sat in stunned silence soaking in the words.

“They must be over-exaggerating things, right?” Paul said, turning to his friends. “I mean, things can’t really be this bad, can they? We would have heard something before now.”

“Seems pretty legit, Man,” Kamsi replied, without taking his eyes off the screen. “I guess we haven’t been keeping up with the news much recently.”

“This is bad! Did you hear how many people are predicted to die,” Tim announced in a panic. “It’s saying the whole country is going into lockdown starting Monday. This is insane!”

“Look on the bright side, Tdog. At least we won’t have to go to work,” Paul stated loudly before chuckling at his own comment.

“How can you joke about this, P?” Kamsi shot back as he turned to look at his friend. “I always said the Zombie apocalypse was coming and here it is.”

“It’s not Zombie’s you idiot,” Tim scoffed, shaking his head. “It’s a virus. At least we could fight a zombie, this is much worse.”

There was a further moment of silence before Paul spoke. “I’m sure everything is going to be alright,” he said, nodding his head. “The news always makes things sound worse than they really are. That’s how they hook you in. Mark my words, Boys. In a couple of weeks, this will have all blown over.”

8 months later

“Hey boys,” Paul stated cheerfully as he entered the bedroom. “I think things are finally returning to normal. There were tons of people on the high street today, and most of the shops have reopened.”

“Oh, Thank god,” Kamsi answered, looking up from his bed. “I can’t take much more.”

“Yeah, don’t take this the wrong way,” Tim said smiling. “You guys are like family to me, but any more time cooped up in here with you two, and I might have to kill you both.”

Paul chuckled as he walked over to join his friends. “Well, you have got that Bruce Lee look going on with that hair, but I don’t think those pipe cleaner arms are going to do much damage.”

“Hey, that’s racist, Bro! You can’t say things like that,” Tim shot back, sitting up and rubbing his withering biceps.

“Chill, Bro,” Kamsi said with a chuckle. “At least your hair is manageable. This fro of mine is out of control. Have the Barber’s opened up yet, Paul?”

“Not yet, Man. Still shut I’m afraid. Not that I could afford a haircut now anyway. I’m so far into my overdraft, the bank’s going to cut me off soon.

“Tell me about it,” Kamsi replied sitting up, “With all of us losing our jobs, things are going to be pretty tough from now on.”

“I still don’t think it’s legal what they did,” Tim interjected. “I’m going to sue; they can’t just fire us like that.”

“Yeah, what are you going to pay the lawyer with hugs and kisses?” Paul joked. “face it, Man, we’re screwed.”

“Hey, whatcha got there anyway?” Kamsi said, looking over to see an envelope in Paul’s hands.

“Just some letter for Veronica. I’ll add it to the pile,” he replied nonchalantly.

“Wait!” Tim announced, standing up and snatching it from his friend’s grasp. “It says urgent and isn’t that the name of your bank”?

“Yeah, that’s them, open it if you care so much”? Paul replied casually.

“But isn’t that like an invasion of privacy”? Tim asked nervously. “It doesn’t feel right when it’s hers.”

Kamsi stood up and sighed loudly. “Hell, give it here, I’ll do it,” he said, snatching the letter from Tim and ripping it open before anyone could argue.

After reading the letter for a few moments, he looked up with a worried expression on his face. “You better read this, P. This might be a problem.” He said passing him the letter.

“What? What’s wrong?” Tim yapped impatiently as Paul ignored him fully engrossed in the words.

After what seemed an eternity, he finally looked up before sighing loudly.

“What’s going on? Tell me,” Tim demanded.

“It’s the bank. Seeing as we’ve missed a few payments on the mortgage lately, they’ve transferred it over to some debt collecting company. They want to come round and inspect the property and arrange some kind of repayment scheme.”

“Dam and we’re all broke too,” Tim said, bowing his head.

“But that’s not the worst part,” Paul stated. “They want to see Veronica, Man. We aren’t even supposed to be here!”

“But your name is on the mortgage too, right?” Tim said, turning to face Paul. “You can just meet them and sort it out.”

“Yeah, about that. You see after I filed for bankruptcy with the failed business, I had no credit rating. I asked my sister, Kylie, to help me out. It’s her name on the papers.”

“So, we get her to talk to them,” Tim shot back. “She’ll help us out, right?”

“Thing is, I don’t even know where she is,” Paul replied, gritting his teeth. “She was traveling in Asia when the Pandemic hit. Last I heard she was in Bali somewhere.”

“Shit, what can we do then? Can’t we talk to them and explain things”? Kamsi asked with a worried look on his face.

“I don’t think that’s going to work, Bro,” Paul replied meekly. “It says here they are coming around on Monday, and if one of the mortgage holders is

not here, they are going to start the process of repossession of the property.”

“So, we’re screwed then,” Kamsi moaned, placing his head in his hands. “Veronica has disappeared, and your sister is god knows where.”

“Oh, this is bad,” Tim said panicked. “Where are we going to go? I can’t sleep on the streets!”

“Calm down, I’ve just had an idea,” Paul said, scratching his chin. The two other men looked on in anticipation. “We just need to find someone to pretend to be Veronica or Kylie. Arrange a payment plan and take it from there.”

“Yeah, but who?” Tim asked. “The virus is still about, and who are we going to connive to come over and commit fraud for us”?

At that moment both Kamsi and Paul looked over at Tim with huge grins on their faces.

It took Tim a second to clock on to what they were thinking and when the penny finally dropped so did his jaw. “No way, you’re not thinking what I think you are, are you?” he cried.

“Come on, Man. Remember that Halloween in college when you dressed up as Wonderwoman. Everyone thought you were really a chick.”

“That was years ago and all Emily’s idea! You know I still have nightmares about that party,” Tim stated, angrily folding his arms.

“You’re our only hope, Tdog,” Paul replied in a soothing voice. “You can do this, Man. Put on a mask and lower your voice a bit. No one will know it’s you. Remember, It’s this or the streets! Take one for the team.”



Monday, 9.05 AM

“Why does it have to be me, again?” moaned Tim, as he was ushered towards the bathroom.

“Dude, come on, we’ve been through this,” answered Kamsi. “You have the best chance of pulling this off. I would look terrible as a woman.”

“Have you tried?” Tim replied, annoyed. “Perhaps you should give it a go before we make any decisions.”

“Come on, Tdog,” Tim said, patting the nervous man on the back. “It will be over before you know it, and we’ll both owe you big time for this.”

“Then you do it, P. If the woman coming over is supposed to be meeting your sister, surely you’re the best person for the job.”

“The woman will have no idea what she looks like,” Paul replied, smiling. “And like Kamsi said, you have the best chance of keeping us off the streets.”

“I hate you both so much right now,” Tim growled. “Fine, give me some privacy, will you? and if I hear any jokes when I come out, you can forget about this whole thing.”

“Of course, we wouldn’t do that to you, Buddy,” Kamsi said with a smile. “Just don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

“Go fuck yourselves,” Tim shouted angrily, slamming the bathroom door as Paul and Kamsi burst into a fit of laughter.

Inside the bathroom, Tim closed his eyes and took a deep breath before putting the plug into the bathtub and turning on the taps. Nervously he positioned himself on the edge of the tub and ripped open a packet of disposable razor blades.

Not quite believing what he was about to do, Tim reached for the shaving foam and lathered up his lower right leg. Reassuring himself that the hair would grow back soon. He took out a razor and with shaking hands moved it towards his shin.

Just like the video tutorial, he had watched online; he positioned the razor where his foot met his ankle, and in one smooth stroke, slid the blade upwards removing a rectangular patch of hair. He sat there for a second staring at the little runway strip of smooth skin, shaking his head before going back in for a second swipe, wanting the day to be over with.

Forty-five minutes later, he emerged from the bathroom, his body feeling smooth and alien, part of his masculinity now clogging the plughole in the bathtub.

“Not one word,” Tim growled as he walked into the living room to greet his smirking friends.

“Hey, come on man,” Paul replied, “We appreciate what you’re doing for us. We’re here to support you, right Kam”?

“Exactly,” Kamsi added, still smirking, “My serious face is on.”

“Ok, she’ll be here in two hours, right?” let’s just get this over with,” Tim answered, feeling a little calmer. “what’s next?”

“Clothes,” Paul answered, standing up and taking the lead. “Let’s see which of Ronny’s things will fit you.”

“Fine, let’s just do it before I change my mind,” Tim replied sullenly.

“That’s the spirit, Tdog,” Kamsi said, standing up. He then extended his arm and smiled, “ladies first,” he added, causing Paul to burst into a fit of giggles.

Visibly annoyed by the comment, Tim huffed before storming off towards Veronica’s bedroom.

“Wow, this woman sure has a lot of clothes,” Kamsi commented upon entering Veronica’s walk-in closet. “How does she afford all this stuff?”

“Blogging online. People sent her free stuff to post in her pictures. I doubt she’s even worn half of it more than once.” Paul replied, a little in awe himself at the sheer quantity of clothes and accessories in the room.

“So how do we do this?” Tim asked sheepishly, stood there in his robe.

“How about me and Kamsi pick out something, and you try it on to see how it looks?” Paul said, looking through a rack of clothes.

“Whatever,” Tim answered dejectedly. “let’s get this over with.”

Paul went first, picking out a pair of short shorts and a little vest top. Slipping the outfit on, Tim stood uncomfortably as his two friends stared awkwardly at him.

“That won’t work,” Kamsi announced. “He’s got no shape. Here try this.” He added, thrusting a yellow garment towards Tim.

“A dress!” Tim exclaimed, “I’m not wearing a dress!”

“Just try it, will you,” Kamsi replied. “The flared skirt will give you the illusion of hips. And also try this,” he added, handing Tim a frilly bit of material.

“A bra too,” Tim moaned. “Is that really necessary?”

“You can stuff the cups to make some breasts,” Kamsi answered. “Trust me, this will work.”

Raising an eyebrow, Paul looked over. “Didn’t know you were an expert in crossdressing, Kam. Perhaps Tdog was right. Perhaps you should be the one dressing up, Mr expert.”

Rolling his eyes, Kamsi snorted. “Hey, I know a lady’s body and what shape looks good, all right. Don’t get the wrong idea, Goldilocks.”

After struggling to close the bra clasp and stuffing the empty cups with some rolled-up socks, Tim wriggled himself into the feminine garment chosen by Kamsi and re-entered the room to confront his smirking friends. He folded his arms angrily and tried not to look them directly in the eyes.



“This is stupid,” Tim announced, annoyed and feeling more than a little silly. “I’m not wearing this! We’re meeting at 1 pm, and we’re in a lockdown. What woman would be lounging around the house dressed like this?”

Paul and Kamsi looked at each other thoughtfully. “Perhaps he’s right, Kam. It is a bit flashy for a Monday afternoon.”

“He looks pretty though, right?” Kamsi replied with a big grin on his face. “You’ve been with worse, right, P?”

The room burst into a roar of laughter as Tim stood there shaking his head. “Right, get out!” he screamed angrily. “You two aren’t helping. Wait in the living room. I’ll find something myself.”

“Sure thing, Kylie,” Kamsi answered, tears now running down his face as he and Paul made their way towards the exit. “Take your time. You can’t rush beauty.”

12.46 PM

Alone in the apartment for what felt like the first time in forever, Tim sat awkwardly on the Sofa. Looking down at his pink-clad legs, he felt sick to his stomach.

He had tried to pick out something he felt a woman like Kylie would wear as she relaxed in the house on a Monday afternoon. The outfit he had settled on wasn’t too different from most clothes he had worn before, a loose pair of pants and a hoodie. It was just the impression he knew the outfit would give that was playing on his mind.

At 12.58, there was a knock on the door. Tim looked over in horror as his breathing quickened and his palms suddenly felt all clammy. With his body feeling like it weighed a ton, he heaved himself up onto his shaking legs, the unfamiliar feeling of long hair from the wig on his head falling in front of his face.

The visitor knocked again as Tim set off across the room, shuffling along with his feet inside a pair of Veronica’s slip-ons. The fact that her shoes fit him perfectly, not helping his feeling of complete emasculation.

Opening the door, he was greeted by a plump, smartly dressed woman who introduced herself as Mrs Morris. “You must be Veronica?” the woman announced, extending her hand.

Tim hesitated for a moment before mumbling some unintelligible words from below his mask.

“Sorry, dear,” Mrs Morris said in a stern voice. “I know these masks are a little restrictive, but you’ll have to speak a little clearer.”

“I’m Kylie,” Tim replied, a little louder this time. Mrs Morris looked confused.

“I’m on the mortgage with Veronica,” Tim added as he saw a look of acknowledgment in the woman’s eyes.

“Ah, yes. Kylie Winsor. I didn’t know you were living here. And I have to ask you don’t have any symptoms right now, do you? Your voice sounds a little horse dear.” Mrs Morris said, taking one step backwards.

“Oh, no. No symptoms,” Tim replied, trying to lower his voice. “I just smoke a lot.”

Stepping forward once more, Mrs Morris seemed satisfied with his answer. “Terrible habit, Dear. You should really quit, you know? So, May I come in”?

“Yes, of course,” Tim stuttered. Stepping aside to let the assertive woman into the apartment.

Before the front door even closed, the woman started firing questions at Tim, who did his best to answer. The woman was hard to read, and after twenty minutes of continuous grilling, Tim wasn’t sure if he was saying the right things. When Mrs Morris finally announced it was time to view the property, Tim fell down onto the sofa, utterly exhausted.

Returning a few minutes later, Mrs Morris stood in the kitchen and called him over. Tim knew straight away by her altered demeanour that something was wrong. “Kylie, you said that you live here alone. Is that correct? And before you answer, please don’t lie to me if you are subletting the spare room, it’s not a big problem. I just need you to be honest with me.”



Tim froze, unsure of what to say. The three friends had spent all day yesterday, trying to hide all signs that they were staying there, but this woman must have found something. “Yes, I’m subletting,” Tim announced, bowing his head. “I’m sorry, I lied earlier.”

Mrs Morris put her hands on her hips and shook her head. “Thank you for being honest, Kylie, but please don’t lie to me again. I hate people who lie. Is there anything else you’re keeping from me?”

Tim shook his head. “No,” he mumbled, starting to sweat.

For a few seconds, Mrs Morris stared into Tim's clumsily made-up eyes, almost giving him a panic attack as he convinced himself that he had been read as an imposter. But just as his legs began to shake, Mrs Morris lightened up a little. “Ok, I’ll forgive you. I know this must be a stressful time for you. So, what are the names of these housemates of yours?”

Not wanting to lie, Tim decided to tell the truth, except still shaking and mumbling through his mask, the names of his two friends got a little lost in translation.”

“Paula and Karmen. Ok, I’ll need to meet these two ladies. This property is now technically owned by our company. You’ll all need to come down to our office and register if you want to remain here.”

“It’s not...” Tim started to correct the woman only to be cut off. “It not up for discussion, Dear. Here take my card,” she announced as she thrust a business card that seemed to appear from nowhere into Tim's hand. “The address is on the back. Shall we say Wednesday afternoon? Just call and arrange a time tomorrow.”

Tim clutched the card in his shaking hand and tried to think of something to say. Feeling overwhelmed, he froze up.

“Well, I better get going,” Mrs Morris announced, already walking towards the door. “I look forward to meeting you and your friends on Wednesday. Bye now.”

Feeling utterly ridiculous and stupid. Tim just stared with a gaping mouth as the woman walked out of the apartment, closing the door behind her. He knew he had messed up big time and dreaded how he was going to break the news to Paul and Kamsi on their return.

1.40 PM

“You said what?” Kamsi exclaimed, with a look of horror on his face.

“Why didn’t you correct her?” Paul cried, looking equally as horrified.

“Look, I’m sorry, ok,” Tim replied throwing his arms in the air while glancing from one disappointed-looking friend to the other. “I panicked! It all happened so fast.”

“And now we're screwed,” Kamsi muttered, shaking his head. “What the hell are we supposed to do?”

“We could just ignore her,” Tim answered. “You know, just don't answer the calls. They can't just kick us out. I've heard about squatters' rights.”

Paul's head quickly shot around as he peered into Tim's eyes. “Easy for you to say,” he cried. “This isn't your house. Without this place, I've got nothing.”

Stepping forward Kamsi placed his hand on Paul's shoulder. “Chill man,” he said in a soothing tone. “I thought you didn't care?”

“That was when I had a job! an income!” Paul replied in a defeated voice as he turned to face his friend. “Besides, I just said that to annoy Veronica. You know how it is”?

Kamsi nodded. “Yeah, I get it, Bro, but what are we supposed to do now? Do you have a plan?” Looking down towards his feet, Paul shook his head and let out a heavy sigh.

Suddenly with a glint in his eye, a wry smile appeared on Tim's face. “Well, I did see a few other wigs back there in Veronica's room,” He announced as both Kamsi and Paul turned to glare at him with bewildered looks on their faces.

“What?” Tim exclaimed. “You were all for me doing it. And I'm not saying I like the idea, but have you got a better one?”

Wednesday, 12.42 PM

“I can't do this, P,” Kamsi muttered nervously, scanning his surroundings, his eyes almost bulging from their sockets. “People are staring at us!”

Taking a few awkward steps forward, Paul joined Kamsi on the passenger side of the car. “Pull yourself together man. People are looking because you're acting so weird. Come on, you said it. In and out, remember?”

“Shit, I know. But this feels so wrong, P. I'm in the middle of town wearing a skirt and heels, for crying out loud.”

“Shhhh. Keep your voice down. We're all dressed the same. You know these sandal things were the only shoes that fit. You should try driving in them!”

“My feet fit, I still don't see why I couldn't just wear the flat shoes,” Tim added crossing his arms and looking annoyed.

“Yeah, yeah, we all know about your little girly feet. Can you stop banging on about it?” Paul replied. irritated. “We’re in this together remember, and besides all of this is your fault.”

“My fault! Fuck you, Paul,” Tim screamed, clicking over clumsily towards him on his uncomfortable shoes. In his right hand, he clutched a small black purse, raised in the air, ready to wield as a weapon.

“Hey, knock it off,” Kamsi boomed, stepping between his angry friends as a few heads turned to observe the peculiar scene unfolding in their usual quiet sleepy town. “Can we just get inside before I have a stroke or something?” He added, placing his arms around the pair to guide them towards the entrance to the building.

“Fine,” Tim huffed, relaxing his body.

“Fine,” Paul echoed, brushing a lock of blonde-synthetic hair from in front of his face and re-adjusting his shoulder bag to a more comfortable position.

1.08 PM

“So, you have no form of ID on you?” Mrs Morris asked with a quizzical look on her face.



Feeling the soft alien material of his pink skirt against his smoothly shaven kneecaps, Paul looked up at her trying to act confidently. “Uhm, well we got robbed in the street, while out shopping,” he replied, gritting his teeth beneath his restrictive face mask.

“Robbed!” Mrs Morris exclaimed, “Oh, I’m so sorry. That must have been very traumatic for you?”

“Oh, it was awful,” Paul answered, trying to keep his voice low. “Three men just came out of nowhere and forced us to hand over our stuff, we were so scared.”

“Well, at least you’re all ok. This country is deteriorating at an alarming rate these days, I hardly recognise it anymore,” Mrs Morris announced, her facial expression softening. “You’ve asked for replacements, I assume?”

“Err... of course,” Paul shot back. “It’s just... just... with this pandemic, they said the documents might take some time to arrive.”

The room fell silent as Mrs Morris scanned the three crossdressed men. Kamsi sat to Paul’s right, smiled nervously beneath his mask, and pushed down his leg to stop it from shaking. Tim just looked away timidly, unable to meet her gaze as he felt a draft of chilly air blow up his pleated grey miniskirt.

“Hmm, ok ladies. It’s not really standard protocol, but I can tell you’ve been through a lot recently. On this occasion, you can sign the forms and we’ll scan your IDs at another time. But as soon as you receive your new documents, you need to let me know straight away, is that clear?”

The three skirted men looked over and nodded in unison. “That’s very kind of you Mrs Morris,” Paul replied, cheerfully. “We really appreciate your kindness. Don’t we, Kylie,” he added, giving Tim a nudge with his elbow.

“Oh... yes. Thank you,” Tim squeaked, jumping slightly in surprise before landing noisily as his heels clattered off the tiled office floor.

“You’re welcome, but this is our secret,” Mrs Morris replied. “Ok, let’s get you registered first Kylie as it’s your name on the property deed, then we can register, Karmen and Paula. Follow me please.”

1.33 PM

“Dude, I can’t believe we actually just pulled that off!” Kamsi yelled giving Paul a high five as they exited the office building.

“I know man,” Paul replied with a huge grin on his face. “It must be them girly legs of yours, Mrs Morris couldn’t keep her eyes off them,” he added with a chuckle.

“Hey, that’s uncalled for bro, you know how sensitive I am about my legs. No matter how much I work out I just can’t seem to gain any definition,” Kamsi answered with a pained expression on his face. “But was she really looking? I mean she’s not really my usual type but after being cooped up for so long, beggars can’t be choosers.”

“Uhm, girls,” Tim announced, trying to get his friends’ attention.

“For sure man,” Paul said laughing. “She’s practically gagging for it.”

“Psst, shut up,” Tim announced loudly but in a hushed voice, stepping towards his two crossdressed friends.

Looking around, the expression on Paul and Kamsi’s faces quickly changed as they came face to face with an old lady. She had stopped a few meters away and looked at the three men with a look of disgust written all over her face.

The woman curled her lip and shook her head but just as she was about to give the three men a piece of her mind, Tim stepped towards his two friends and linked arms. “Come on girls, let’s go,” he announced as he glanced at the woman. “Sorry about these two, they’re just quoting lines from this movie we watched the other day.”

The Woman still looking confused and disturbed by the sight in front of her continued to shake her head as the three men quickly stumbled and tripped away towards Paul’s car on their unfamiliar footwear.

2.21 PM

“Oh, come on T-dog, lighten up we’re home now,” Paul cheerfully announced as the three men approached their apartment door.

“Lighten up!” Tim announced annoyed. “My feet hurt, I feel ridiculous, and not to mention we’ve all just committed fraud!”

“But you’ve got to admit the look on that old woman’s face was priceless,” Kamsi chirped in, chuckling as he spoke.

“Man, she’s going to have one hell of a story to tell over dinner tonight,” Paul replied, laughing along.

“Can we just get inside already,” Tim whined. “I just want to get out of these clothes and forget this day ever happened. Do you have the keys or not?”

“Alright already, chill out. They’re down here somewhere,” Paul answered, rummaging around in the bottom of his borrowed handbag. “You’re really starting to sound the part of a nagging woman now.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Kamsi added as Paul finally fished out his keys and rattled around in the lock. “You remind me of a Vietnamese girl I once slept with. She was a right ball buster too, but you might actually be a little prettier.”

=====

From her position on the sofa, Veronica could hear the muffled voices of her unwanted house guests on the other side of the door and mentally prepared herself for their arrival.

Having spent the best part of the last year with her sister, part of her was glad to be back. As much as she loved spending time with Anna and the kids, being forced to be there had started to feel like a jail sentence. Then again, as she heard the click of the lock and the laughing idiots on the other side enter, she was already regretting her decision to return.

Taking a deep breath, Veronica closed her eyes for a second before turning to face the boys only for her mouth to fall open in disbelief.

In stepped Paul sniggering, his head facing backwards looking at Kamsi who was laughing along with him. There was a loud clacking sound as high-heeled shoes, her high-heeled shoes, clattered clumsily across the hardwood kitchen floor.

Tim was the last one in, his head bent down and shaking from side to side. But as he lifted it, he was the first to spot Veronica’s bemused face staring at him from the living room sofa. His face went pale as if he’d seen a ghost and noticing the look of fear on their friends’ face, Paul and Kamsi turned to see what had spooked him so much.

There was a moment of silence. The boys standing bolt upright like statues looked on in horror as Veronica stared back at them, everyone looking just as perplexed as the other.

“Ronny, you’re back,” Paul announced, cringing. “This isn’t what it looks like, I can explain.”

Half wanting to scream and him, and half wanting to burst into a fit of laughter, Veronica lifted herself to her feet. “Oh, this is going be good,” she announced as she folded her arms in disgust. “Are those my clothes? What the fuck, Paul? Are you gay? What kind of perverted shit have you guys been up to while I’ve been gone?”

Seeing Paul lost for words for once, Kamsi stepped in. “Ronny, it’s not like that, really,” he declared, clip-clopping across the room towards her as Paul and Tim followed. “It’s like a disguise, so we weren’t kicked out of the house.”

“Disguise? Kicked out? What have you three morons gone and done now?” Veronica screamed. “Explain yourselves!”



After interrogating the three miserable-looking men for the next 20 minutes, Veronica finally understood enough to make some sense of the situation, not that it made her feel any better about the situation.

“So, what now Einstein?” Veronica asked, staring Paul in the eyes. “What happens when that woman comes calling again? When you don’t contact her with your ID?”

A downbeat Paul breathed a heavy sigh. “I don’t know, It was the only thing we could come up with on such short notice. I mean, If you had bothered to pick up your phone perhaps it wouldn’t have come to this.”

“Oh, you’re going to go there?” Veronica roared in a fit of rage. “So, this is my fault, is it? Because perfect Paul is never to blame. It’s always me, right? Evil Veronica, always out to get you and screw up your perfect little life.”

Taking a step backwards, Kamsi and Tim lowered their heads. “Ronny, please, I didn’t mean it like that, honest,” Paul replied, screwing up his eyes. “I... just... I... look. I’m sorry, ok.”

“No, it’s not ok,” Veronica answered in a slightly calmer voice. “What are you going to do to fix this?”

“I’m working on it, ok?” Paul answered, his lips forming a little smile in an attempt to try and calm his ex. “we’re good for now. I’ll think of something.”

“Some other idiotic plan no doubt, one that’ll end with me losing my apartment,” Veronica shot back. “No, this time I’ll make the plan, and you three are going to do what I say, like it or not!”

Seeing the glint in her eye and the sadistic smile that had appeared on Veronica’s painted red lips, Paul suddenly began to worry. “Woah, let’s not get too hasty now. I’ll sort it out, I promise,” he exclaimed as a bead of sweat appeared from beneath the seam of the hot mass of fake hair atop his head before trickling down his forehead.

“Too late for your promises, sweetheart. We all know they're meaningless,” Veronica replied in a measured, calm voice. “From now on. I make the rules. And if you don’t like it, you can explain your little adventure today to all your friends and family, not to mention the police!”

3 days later

Normally a reserved, kind-hearted person, Veronica had debated with herself many times over the last few days whether or not she was doing the right thing. But after the way the three men had treated her and her friends over the last few years, she always came to the same conclusion. They only had themselves to blame for the mess they had made and if she got to have a little revenge in the process. Well, that was just icing on the cake.

With the supplies she had ordered online having arrived, today was the day the plan got set into motion. Each man would be getting a fresh new look, one that matched the new persona's they had invented for themselves.

Having studied cosmetology back in college, Veronica had always dreamed of opening her own business and being her own boss. She had just never been given the opportunity. She had always worked for others, most recently in a salon in town but after the pandemic hit, she had been laid off without warning or any kind of compensation.

9.05 AM

Entering the bathroom, Veronica held back the urge to laugh. Seeing Paul in his robe, arms crossed and looking unamused, for a moment, she almost felt sorry for him. "If only he knew what was in store for him," she thought to herself as a smile crossed her lips.

"Come on, Ronny! You're not really serious about all this, are you?" Paul announced, his body language confident but his voice a little shaky.



“Deadly,” Veronica replied, “After how miserable you’ve made my life over the past few years. All the women you’ve cheated on me with, there’s a sort of poetic justice in it, don’t you think?”

“No, I don’t,” Paul shot back, “And I told you! It was only one time. I was going through a lot at work. I was stressed.”

“Save it, Paula. I’m done with your pathetic lies,” Veronica responded, trying to stay calm. “I know about that thing with your old secretary, and I’ve seen you’re Tinder account. You don’t have any control over me anymore. I have the power now. From now on, no more lies. Every lie you tell is going to result in a punishment. Are we clear?”

Having never seen Veronica so forceful before, Paul was a bit taken aback. Stood there in just a robe, he actually felt a little intimidated. Looking down at the ground, he nodded his head.

“Good,” Veronica cooed, feeling a new sense of confidence wash over her. “Ok, an easy question then. How many women did you actually cheat on me with?”

Flustered and looking very worried, Paul looked up. “I... I... five,” he replied meekly, breathing in heavily through gritted teeth.

“Now that wasn’t so tough, was it, Paula?” Veronica said with a smile. “But what a slutty girl you are, sleeping around like that. Now lose the robe and take a seat in the bathtub. Let’s see if we can match your outer appearance to that whore you are on the inside!”

10.33 AM

Being the type of person to always overthink things, Tim had been playing the events of the last few days over and over in his head as he stood anxiously in the kitchen, wishing that things had turned out differently.

“I’m surprised you aren’t trying to talk your way out of this like your friends,” Veronica said as she looked over at the sorry-looking man in front of her.

“It wouldn’t make any difference, right?” Tim replied in a monotone voice. “knowing you, you’ve already made up your mind.”

“No, I guess not. I’m just surprised, that’s all,” Veronica answered, almost feeling sorry for him.



Of all of Paul's friends, she had always liked Tim the most. He was polite and generally thoughtful, the complete opposite of the two people he spent most of his time with.

"Let's just get this over with them," Tim announced as he trudged over to the chair Veronica had set up.

Walking over to join him, Veronica switched on the camera she had set up earlier and looked down at Tim who stared back at her with a blank expression on his face.

“I’ve always wanted to ask,” she announced as she adjusted the focus on the camera. “Why do you hang out with those two idiots anyway? All they ever do is take advantage of you. You can’t like being the butt of all their stupid jokes?”

Narrowing his eyes, Tim took a moment to think. “It’s not that simple,” he replied. “I know it looks like they always make fun of me. But back in college, I didn’t really have any friends. Paul and Kamsi kinda saved me. They went out of their way to help me. I was going through some tough times, and their friendship was the only thing that got me through it.”

“Hmm, but that was years ago,” Veronica countered, picking up a pair of tweezers. “You’re a clever guy. Can’t you see they’re dragging you down?”

“Owww,” Tim yelped as Veronica yanked a few hairs from the underside of his right eyebrow. “Dam, that hurts.”

“Don’t be such a baby,” Veronica shot back. “And you still haven’t answered my question.”

“They’re like family to me at this point. Family sticks together, right?” Tim answered before letting out another little cry of pain as Veronica ripped a second lot of hairs from his thinning eyebrow.

“If you say so,” Veronica said, shaking her head slightly, “I just think you’d be better off away from those two. Look at the situation you’re in right now.”

Sighing, Tim gritted his teeth as Veronica went back in with the tweezers once again. “I’ve answered your question now I have one.”

“Go on,” Veronica replied, smiling.

“Why the camera are you planning to use the footage as some kind of blackmail?”

Veronica laughed. “Well, I guess I could if I need to, but that’s not the main reason.”

“So why film this?” Tim asked, looking confused.

“You can think of it as doing your part to pay the mortgage. We have to find some money from somewhere, right?”

Seeing the confusion on Tim's face, Veronica continued. "It's for my new business idea. I'm going to open an online salon. I can do house calls. Most of the real salons around are still closed due to the restrictions. I figure it might be quite popular."

"I guess but why..." Tim stopped mid-sentence as a shiver ran down his spine. "No, surely you're not going to? You can't!" he announced in a forceful voice suddenly having an awful thought. "You're not really going to show people this, are you?"

"Oh sweaty, calm yourself down before I ruin your brows. I need models for my before and after shots. Do you see anyone else offering?"

"But... people will recognise us! We'll be a laughingstock," Tim declared, his face as white as a sheet.

"Hey, I'm not the one who wanted to play dress-up," Veronica replied, shrugging her shoulders. "Besides, who cares? Apart from Paul and Kamsi. Who else do you know anyway?"

"That's not the point," Tim muttered. "You can't use that footage without our permission. We can sue!"

"So, sue me," Veronica answered, moving on to his left brow. "The way I see it, your little stunt with Mrs Morris will get you in a lot more trouble than I ever will. If I were you, I'd just accept the fact that for the foreseeable future, you're no longer Tim. From now on, you're Kylie."

11.25 AM

With a rather pungent chemical smell filling his nostrils, Paul felt nauseous as he sat in the chilly bathroom waiting for Veronica's return. His mind was racing as he worried about what she had done to him and how he now looked.

The last few hours had been some of the most humiliating and stressful of his young adult life. If having practically every hair on his body painfully waxed off wasn't bad enough. Veronica had filmed the entire process on a camcorder she had set up next to the bathtub. The promise to edit out his private area had done little to calm his nerves.

The pain had been almost unbearable. Starting at his feet, Veronica had worked her way up, chuckling, and grinning as she ripped hair after hair from his body as he howled in pain.

Now, having sat in the tub for god knows how long, Paul had plenty of time to consider which part had hurt most. Mentally it was probably when she did his eyebrows. He didn't know what they looked like now, but he imagined the worst. He knew he couldn't hide the damage and couldn't think of any reason as to why a manly man like him would be sporting a set of plucked arched brows.

As to the physical pain. At the time, he thought it would be his sack, but as painful as it was having his private area ripped of its hairs, it was actually his face. He had actually cried as Veronica tore the strips from his upper lip and around his jawbone. The pain was so intense, at one point, he thought he was going to pass out.

Suddenly the door opened, and in strode Veronica with a huge grin on her face. "Oh, don't you look precious," she announced. "Sorry to keep you waiting so long. It took longer than I thought with the other two." Paul didn't reply, he just stared at her and pouted.

"Not very chatty, I see," she added. "That's ok. I could do with a bit of peace and quiet after all the whining from your friends. Ok, let's get that hair finished up, and then we'll get your face looking all pretty."

12.35 PM

Kamsi stood up as Veronica re-entered her bedroom. Still sore from the earlier waxing session, he was ready to plead his case.

"I'm back," Veronica announced in a cheerful voice. "Did you miss me?"

"If you're still planning to do what you said earlier. I can't say I did," Kamsi replied in a subdued tone.



“I can tell you’re going to be difficult,” Veronica replied. “But this is happening whether you like it or not! It’ll be much easier on everyone if you stop fighting me.”

“Veronica, please. This is crazy. Have a heart. None of this is my fault. Tim came up with the idea, and Paul jumped on it.” Kamsi announced frantically.

Veronica put her hands on her hips and smiled. “That may be true, but it changes nothing. Mrs Morris believes three women are living here now, so that’s what we need. And who knows, perhaps this experience will teach you how to treat women with a little more respect.”

“What?” Kamsi exclaimed, distraught. “What is that supposed to mean? I love women. I always treat them with respect!”

“Bullshit,” Veronica spat back, her tone becoming angrier. “Do you realise that most of my girlfriends can’t stand you? Why do you think we all stopped hanging out”?

“I figured it was because you and Paul split,” Kamsi replied, narrowing his eyes.

Veronica shook her head and huffed. “It happened way before that. They stopped coming because you used to hound them all evening. Constantly harassing them with your inappropriate comments and wandering hands.”

“Inappropriate,” Kamsi replied, aghast. “I was flirting. Come on, you know they enjoyed it. Why else would they dress up so much to meet us?”

“Wow! There it is,” Veronica shot back, shaking her head. “You’re such an insensitive pig. And that comment just goes to show how little you know about women.”

Confused and getting a little worked up, Kamsi opened his arms wide. “What about Ash? Are you telling me she didn’t like the attention I gave her?”

Seeing Veronica’s eyes widen, and her mouth drop open, Kamsi knew instantly he’d made a mistake with his flippant comment.

“Are you really going to bring Ash into this after the way you treated her?” Veronica roared. “Yes, for some reason beyond me, she actually liked you. And what did you go and do? Run away like a pathetic little boy as soon as you heard she was pregnant. You really are an asshole. Now sit yourself down in that chair. We have work to do. And I suggest you stay quiet before I say or do something I’ll regret.”

So, thoroughly depressed, Kamsi sat silently through what was in his mind worse than the torture scene he'd watched the previous evening in a low budget Netflix movie. Forced to watch in the mirror, he just stared on with a disgusted look plastered across his face as Veronica went to work.

Having earlier completed the conditioning and moisturising process. She went straight to work sectioning off his hair before twisting and tying it into tight little balls. Wincing on more than one occasion as Veronica purposely bound the sections extra tight, not caring at this point about how rough she was being. Kamsi just gritted his teeth and glared at her through the mirror.

With what was to be his new hair having sat atop the chest of drawers the whole time, Kamsi was under no illusion about what was coming. But knowing didn't make him feel any better. He felt sick to his stomach, and the camera recording him wasn't helping.

Looking like a depressed hedgehog, Kamsi thought about trying to talk his way out of the situation one last time as Veronica picked up the first braid. But as he went to open his mouth, he saw the annoyed look on her face and thought twice. Lowering his head, he accepted his fate and allowed her to continue.

1.47 PM

Once again lost in thought, Tim frowned at Veronica. The depressed feeling of earlier was still present but was now accompanied by an intense feeling of shame and embarrassment.

Blinking his eyelashes, they felt heavy and strange. In fact, everything felt strange. His lips felt sticky and tasted like sweet fruit. He could still feel a slight sting in his earlobes and eyebrow area, and from the corner of his eyes, he could see long shiny black hair framing his made-up face. Having already given it a little yank, he'd found to his dismay that the long synthetic hair was now firmly attached to his head. Not surprising after he'd just watched Veronica sew it in at a painstakingly slow pace.



“Alright, beautiful, we’re done here. You know, I think I outdid myself,” Veronica announced as she packed up her equipment. “Your new clothes are laid out on the sofa. Once you’re dressed, you can rest up in the bedroom for a while. I’ve unfortunately got more work to do.”

Tim offered no response. Instead, he glanced over at the flimsy-looking outfit he would soon be wearing and frantically searched his mind for a way out.

2.43 PM

Back on his feet, a dejected and shell-shocked Kamsi felt dizzy, his macho male mind trying to come to terms with what had just happened to him. Braids, plucked eyebrows, pierced ears, and his face completely transformed by the expertly applied makeup. It was almost too much to comprehend.



“Right, your clothes are on the bed,” Veronica announced still sounding irritated. “I assume you are capable of dressing yourself?”

Glancing over at the feminine-looking outfit laid out on the bed, Kamsi shivered slightly before looking over at Veronica like a puppy that had just been kicked,

“Good,” she announced firmly. “When you're done, you can go join Kylie in your room. Paula will join you shortly. I bet you can't wait to see how cute they look. But saying that, with that new do of yours, you might give them a run for their money.”

3.22 PM

Seeing the snippets of very light blonde hair falling past his shoulders as Veronica, in her words, gave his hair some character. Paul already knew he wasn't going to like the results of his forced makeover. But having sat shivering in the bathtub for hours as he rubbed his sore plucked clean body, Paul had lost the will to fight.

Throughout miserable, he just sat there in silence as Veronica went to work on his face. She explained what she was doing throughout, even if Paul was too dazed to listen. Talking about how important it was to prime the skin, blend in colours to get a natural look, and even explaining how overlining the lip line produced the perfect pout.

When she finished, there was no reaction. Paul just sat there like a statue staring at her with contempt in his eyes. Told to get to his feet, he obeyed.

About to walk straight out of the room and escape his own personal hell that he used to call his bathroom. Paul suddenly caught a glimpse of his reflection in the bathroom mirror and stopped dead. For a moment, he just stared in horror at the emasculated version of himself reflecting back at him before his anger boiled over.

Spinning around, Paul extended his arms. “What the hell, Ronny? This is too much. I know you're angry, but I look like a sissy. You need to change me back, right now!”



Veronica just smiled and shook her head. “Now, now, Paula. Don’t get yourself all worked up,” she replied in a menacing voice. “You don’t tell me what to do anymore, remember? I like this new look. It suits you. And we haven’t even gotten you dressed up in your pretty new outfit yet!”

3.10 PM

Hearing the knob turn before seeing the bedroom door open, Tim jumped to his high-heeled feet and stumbled. Throwing his arms forward, he was just about able to regain his balance on his troublesome footwear.

Fortunate to avoid a potentially painful tumble, Tim glanced up to see Kamsi enter the room with a shellshocked expression on his face.

With Kamsi frozen in the doorway like a mannequin, the two old friends looked each other up and down, both men stunned by the transformation of the other.

Tim opened his mouth to say something, but Kamsi quickly shot him down before he had the chance to speak. “Don’t,” he stated loudly as he clomped across the bedroom floor. “I’m not in the mood right now.”

Annoyed by the comment, Tim narrowed his eyes. “And I am?” He replied, annoyed. “I’ve had a bad enough day without you telling me what to do,” he added, balling his hands into fists. “So how about you, don’t instead!”

Taken aback by his usually meek friend’s outburst, Kamsi felt confused. Dressed as he was, he suddenly didn’t know what to do with himself. Everything just felt so wrong. The tight skirt wrapped around his waist restricted his gait, and the silky tights encasing his smooth legs, softly brushed against each other every time he moved.

Initially planning to walk straight past Tim to his bed, Kamsi suddenly became aware of the braids attached to his hair, falling in front of his made-up face. Just as off-putting, the large, hooped earrings in his newly pierced ears knocked lightly against his neck with each cautious step he took atop his chunky heeled ankle boots.

Flustered, Kamsi stopped, looking over at Tim once more. Noticing how similar the style of the outfit was to his own, albeit with what looked like a looser skirt. But then again, his shoes did look more difficult to navigate due to their thinner heel.

“Ok, I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have snapped at you,” Kamsi finally said while looking up into Tim’s dark-lined eyes. He wondered if his friend was also wearing the uncomfortable underwear Veronica had given him before his makeover but was too afraid to ask. Just thinking about the underwear made him anxious. The constant feeling of the tight sleeve gripping his

penis tightly and holding it firmly between his legs was one he knew he'd never get used to.

“It’s fine,” Tim replied with a heavy sigh. “I get it. This is a messed up situation.”

“I know man,” Kamsi shot back, waving his hands in the air. “Veronica went too far with this makeover crap, look at me! Some of this shit is not going to be easy to change back. Look at my goddam hair!”

Sighing again, Tim shook his head, feeling his own extended hair waft around his face. “From what she said, this is only the beginning too. She filmed you too, right? With that and what we signed back at the office; she’s got us by the balls.”

Kamsi shifted uncomfortably at the mention of balls. Once again worried about his boys down below, unnaturally stuffed up inside the body cavity, until early he didn't know he had. “Yeah, she filmed it all!” he replied sheepishly. “And If anyone I know ever sees it my rep will be ruined.”

3.37 PM

Having run out of things to say to each other, Tim and Kamsi were sat silently avoiding eye contact when the bedroom door suddenly flew open and in stomped the "new and improved" Paul. As he slowly approached, the frustrated men both turned and folded their arms, noting Paul’s lighter more feminine-looking hairstyle as he slowly crossed the room wearing an outfit similar to theirs.

Feeling utterly humiliated but determined not to let his two friends see how uncomfortable he felt. Paul held his head high as he wobbled across the room. With his nylon-covered legs swished against one another below the little pleated skirt bouncing around his pantied backside, Paul forced a smile.

Every tiny mincing step forward on his crippling footwear was torture as the loud click-clack sound they created every time they collided with the hardwood floor only served as a constant reminder of the embarrassing predicament he found himself in.

“Hey, girls, nice legs,” Paul cheerfully announced as he stopped in front of his friends. His joke was intended to break the tension in the room but didn't go across as he expected.

Kamsi rolled his eyes as Tim exploded. "You asshole! How can you joke at a time like this? Veronica is planning to destroy our lives and it's all your fault!"

"My fault?" Paul yelled back. "How do you figure that one?"

"Well, if you hadn't of fucked her over so many times, perhaps she wouldn't be acting like such a crazy heartless bitch," Tim shouted back.

"Hey, you're the one who suggested dressing up like this to visit the bank lady," Paul fired back, placing his hands on his hips. "For all I know, you're loving all this, living out some kind of secret fetish!"



With his blood boiling, Tim, not usually a violent person, was seconds away from lunging at Paul. Ready to slap the smirk off his glossy pink lips.

“Who has a fetish?” Veronica announced as she strode confidently into the room. The three crossdressed men fell silent, unable to look at each other.

“Well, this bit of quiet is a pleasant surprise. And now that all the arguments are over, we can get down to business,” she declared with a chuckle.

Tim took a deep breath feeling his legs wobble. Kamsi, with his arms still folded, gave her his death stare. Paul on the other hand was still trying to act tough. “Do your worst, you evil bitch. You won’t break us, right boys?” He stated confidently as Tim and Kamsi looked over in disbelief, their jaws almost on the floor.

“Is that so?” Veronica answered, taking the insult in her stride. “You know, I was going to take it easy on you three today. Let you get used to your new clothes. But after that little outburst from Paula here, I’ve changed my mind.”

“Veronica, please. he didn’t mean it,” Tim said, quickly stepping in to try and salvage the situation.

“Yeah, he’s just tired and a little emotional,” Kamsi added. “Right, P? Tell her you’re sorry.”

Twisting her head to the right, Veronica looked into Paul’s pretty made-up eyes and waited. She didn’t expect an apology, but the “fuck you” she received instead only cemented her decision.

“Ha. Well, we better find you, ladies, a coat then,” Veronica said, scanning along the line of frustrated-looking men. “It’s a lovely day for a walk around the park, but it’s bound to get a bit chilly late this evening. It always does this time of year.”

3 Weeks later

“I’m soooo hungry,” Kamsi moaned. “I can’t take this anymore.”

Tim kept his eyes firmly on the TV. Not only was he sick of the topic of food constantly being brought up, but with his own empty stomach to contend with, ignoring his friend was the only option to stay sane.

“I know, Man,” Paul replied, clumsily arriving back from the bathroom. “This diet and exercise routine she has us on is like some prisoner of war shit. I must have lost like ten kilos!”

“Same here, Bro,” Kamsi shot back. “Even if I still had any of my old clothes, I doubt they’d fit me now anyway. She didn’t really bin them all, right? She wouldn’t do that, would, she?”

Paul looked away with a sheepish expression on his face. With Veronica having taken great joy in telling him how she had disposed of them, he knew they were gone. He also knew it was entirely his fault.

One week earlier

Determined to find a way out of the girly hell that was now his life. Paul had taken it upon himself to find all the embarrassing pictures and movies Veronica had taken and delete them.

With Veronica out shopping early one morning, Paul made his move, forcing his way into her room before tearing the place apart. Searching high and low until he finally found what he was looking for, her laptop computer.

The computer, as expected, was password protected. But Paul wasn't going to let a little thing like that deter him. Dressed only in his robe, he made a decision, he'd live to regret. Without another thought, he was out the front door. Running as fast as his slippers could carry him, straight towards the local park.

Ten minutes later, out of breath and panting, he was back. With the laptop now sitting at the bottom of the lake, Paul felt as though a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. That is until Veronica returned home to discover the demolition of her room and find her laptop missing. Her angry screams woke Kamsi and Tim, along with half the building.



After calming down, It didn't take Veronica long to trick Paul into Confessing. The muddy slippers on his feet were the biggest giveaway but after telling him all the pictures and videos were safely stored on the cloud, he couldn't hide his disappointment or keep his mouth shut.

The mood in the apartment for rest of the day was so thick you could have cut it with a knife, but It wasn't until the next day that the boys really started to feel Veronica's wrath. Livid from having lost her computer, and with hardly enough money to keep up with the mortgage repayments, Veronica knew replacing it wasn't going to be an option anytime soon.

Seeing as Paul had violated her privacy and taken one of her most precious possessions. The first stage of her retaliation would be to take something of his, something she knew he'd miss. After sending the boys out to jog around the local park, something she planned to do every morning from then on. Veronica got to work bagging up every male item of clothing in the apartment before waiting for the rubbish truck.

While waiting for the truck, she debated for a moment whether it was fair to toss Tim and Kamsi's items too. But still too angry to think straight, she came to the conclusion that they must have known. After all, those three idiots always did everything together. In her mind, there was no way Paul could have pulled it off on his own.

Back in the present

"Well, there's nothing in the kitchen. Man, I need to eat before I pass out," Paul grumbled as he teetered on his high-heeled feet.

"Agreed," Kamsi replied, placing his hands on the skirt of his silky gown before shaking his head. "But I'm not going out dressed like this."

"Of course," Paul stated with a nod. "It's bad enough we have to dress like we're going to prom. There's no way I'm going into the centre wearing a fucking gown. I've got a better idea! We order in!"

Unable to ignore the conversation any longer, Tim turned his head. "No, guys. This is a bad idea. When Veronica finds out, she's going to go mental. She's given us a very clear diet and exercise plan."

"Fuck the plan," Kamsi roared. "I'm starving. The pathetic portions she's giving us is going to kill me."

Changing tact, Tim now felt anxious. "Hey, I'm just as hungry as you two. Don't get me wrong, I'd kill for a Pad Thai right now. I just don't want things getting any worse."

"I doubt things could get any worse than this, so Thai it is. Kamsi? Happy with that?" Paul announced with a big smile plastered across his shiny red lips. Tim wanted to protest further, but instead, feeling defeated, he turned back towards the TV and let out a heavy sigh.

"Am I happy with that? abso-fucking-lutely I am. I could eat a horse right now. But hang on. I thought you had no money left? How are we going to

pay for it?” Kamsi answered, his mood changing from elated to disheartened in the space of a few seconds.



“With this, of course!” Paul declared triumphantly as he retrieved something from the bust area of his long flowing gown. I found it earlier while I was looking for some other clothes to wear.”

Catching the small plastic card out of the corner of his eye, Tim’s headshot around. “Please, tell me that’s not hers?” He asked with a pleading look in his dark-lined eyes.

“Ok, I won’t,” Tim replied with a snigger. “Kamsi, do you have your phone handy? It’s time to feast brother.”

5 days later

“Veronica, where are we going?” Paul asked, sounding annoyed as he tottered uncomfortably down the street behind her.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about it, Paula,” Veronica replied as she turned and smiled. “We’re almost there.”

Trudging through the centre of the city, Paul, Kamsi, and Tim felt thoroughly miserable wearing the short, flimsy dresses Veronica had picked out earlier that evening. But having not worn a pair of pants in weeks, the feeling of the skirt flapping around their silky smooth legs had actually become quite familiar. Unfamiliar and currently causing them a lot of distress was the cold northerly wind whipping around their exposed lower bodies that evening, chilling them to the bone.

The last few minutes had been slow progress, stumbling along on their torturous footwear. Even after the hours of practice, strutting the apartment atop all types and styles of heels. Being outside on the uneven, obstacle-filled streets was causing pains and cramps like the boys had never experienced before.

Stopping to cross a road, Paul bent down to rub his freshly manicured fingers down his frozen, orange-coloured calves. For once, he was too preoccupied to worry about the unsettling sight in front of him as he gazed down through fluttering long lashes. The disgust he felt for his tacky fake tan and the long pink nails taking a backseat in his mind, as at that moment he felt so cold, he was convinced he was about to pass out.

7.36 PM

“Ok, girls. We’re here,” Veronica announced, turning only to find her words falling on deaf ears with the boys still a fair distance behind her.

“Ronny, why have we stopped?” Tim asked through chattering teeth as he caught up with her.

“We’re going in here,” she answered, turning to press the buzzer.

All three frozen men looked up at the sign with the same bemused expression on their faces. They were in front of Fabrication, one of the most popular nightclubs in the city. Well, at least it used to be before it was forced to close due to the pandemic.

Startled by a loud buzzing sound, the door sprung open. “But... what... why here?” Tim asked, feeling very uncomfortable and confused.

“Well, we can stand here and talk about it, or I can explain in the warmth inside,” Veronica replied, extending her arm. “Ladies first,” she added with a smirk.

Almost knocking over Veronica as he barged past, Kamsi was straight in through the door, mighty relieved to be finally out of the cold. Tim and Paul followed closely behind as they passed a small, unmanned ticket office before stopping dead as they stepped into the main dance hall.



A door opened, and from the left side of the room. A well-dressed man in his late twenties entered the room. Smiling, the man walked towards the

three crossdressed men with a puzzled look on his face. Feeling very uneasy, the boys just stared back at him awkwardly.

“Veronica,” the man announced as he stepped past Paul, Kamsi, and Tim. He planted a kiss on Veronica's cheek before giving her a huge hug. “It’s great to see you girl, you look great.”

“Thanks, Rodrigo, hun. You don’t look too bad yourself. Have you been working out?” Veronica answered.

“I’ve been trying,” replied the handsome Latino man. “I’ve had a lot of time over the last few months. Can you tell?”

Flexing a bicep, the fabric of Rodrigo's expensive suit stretched to almost the point of breaking.

“Wow,” Veronica gushed while feeling up the man’s muscular arm. “Impressive.”

For a few seconds, Veronica and Rodrigo stared lustfully into the eyes of the other until Paul cleared his throat. With the moment broken, they both turned.

“So, this is your ex and his buddies?” Rodrigo asked, sniggering but trying to hold back his laughter.

“Yeah, that's him, the blond,” Veronica announced, pointing her finger. “You can call him Paula. That little Asian minx is Kylie, and the beauty at the end goes by Karmen.

“Welcome girls,” Rodrigo announced, this time unable to contain his laughter. “Would you like a drink?”

Kamsi and Tim went red in the face and hung their heads in shame. Paul on the other hand was also red in the face, but not from embarrassment. “Can someone please explain to me what the fuck we’re doing here?” he declared, exploding with rage.

“It looks like Paula is a feisty one, ey?” Rodrigo replied as he placed his arm around Veronica, and shouted the name, Maria loudly.

A few seconds later, a rather attractive-looking woman entered the room and joined the group. “Need something boss?” She asked in a sweet seductive voice. Instantly catching the attention of the three feminized men who were now checking out her body.

“Can you get our guests registered while I show Veronica some of the renovations we’ve done upstairs?” Rodrigo stated as he lowered his hand down Veronica’s back until it rested on her backside.

“Sure, if you'd like to follow me... uhm... ladies?” Maria replied, turning to look at the three dazed men.

“You’re going with him?” Paul shouted, looking over at his ex. “You know what he’s after, right?”

“Awww, is Paula feeling jealous! I guess the question is of who? Me or this hunk of a man?” Veronica answered as she burst out laughing.

“I’m not jealous!” Paul screamed back, enraged. “Do what you want, you fucking whore. I couldn’t give a shit anyway.”

“Paul, calm down, man!” Kamsi said, hopping across and placing an arm around his friend before he did something stupid.

Veronica, who looked very calm, despite the insult, smiled at Paul before turning back to Rodrigo and placing her hand in his. “So, you wanted to show me something”? she purred.

Rodrigo nodded at Veronica before turning to face Maria. “I’ll call down Markus to oversee things. If anyone gets aggressive, they’ll be straight out on their arses. Are you going to be ok?”

“I’ll be fine. They won’t give me any trouble, right girls?” Maria said confidently, looking over and glaring along the line of crossdressed men. Kamsi nodded his head. Tim avoided eye contact. And Paul didn’t hear her as he continued to stare angrily at Rodrigo.

8.48 PM

“I can’t believe she left us?” Paul moaned, his anger having morphed into frustration and sadness.

“The way you acted in there, I’m not surprised,” Kamsi responded, crossing his arms. “As fucked up as it was in there, you were a bit of a dick!”

“Dude! He was all over her. T-Dog back me up here.” Paul exclaimed, turning to face his friends.

Feeling the cold metal of the bus stop bench through his thin skirt and panties, Tim slowly turned, feeling the dull ache in his tired ankles.

“Paul, what’s wrong with you?” Tim started in a cold calm voice. “You two aren’t together. You treated her like dirt, and she left you. In fact, you treat everyone like that. When are you going to grow up and learn that other people have feelings too? Perhaps if you learned to think a little before you acted, we wouldn’t be sat here freezing cold and dressed in these ridiculous outfits!”

Taken aback by his friend’s honest assessment, Paul opened his mouth to speak, before thinking twice. Instead, he swivelled his body, hearing the coins Maria had given him for the bus jangle loudly in his jacket pocket. Letting out a frustrated sigh, he stared up the road, pondering Tim’s words and wondering where the hell the bus was!



2 weeks later

Tim had always hated Monday mornings, the abrupt change in his sleeping pattern after the weekend, and the idea of being forced to go and work in a place he didn't want to be. This Monday morning was no different except perhaps amplified tenfold.

Sitting in Veronica's bedroom, his stomach was doing somersaults. Reaching down, he placed his long-nailed fingers atop his tight pencil skirt and pushed down to try and stop his pantyhosed legs from shaking.

After successfully avoiding catching a glimpse of his reflection, Tim had positioned himself with his back to the mirror. After a month of hardly eating and a strict exercise routine, he hardly recognised the person looking back at him in the mirror these days.

As he sat alone, a thought kept running through his confused brain. How could the situation he was in be possible? It just all seemed so crazy! Surely it couldn't be this easy to create a fake person, could it?

After the evening in the nightclub, where it had taken almost two hours and three buses to get home. He had thrown his handbag on a chair, thinking nothing of the membership card, Maria, the woman from the club, had made up for him.

A few days later, he found out how wrong he had been to dismiss it. Dressed up and taken down to the office of Mrs Morris, Tim and his two companions had presented her with their membership cards. Veronica came along too where she explained to Mrs Morris that she had recently moved into the apartment to help her friends pay the mortgage.

The boys, on the orders of Veronica, once again, spun the same sob story about the robbery once, and with Veronica able to present a real ID, Mrs Morris agreed to accept the club membership cards as a form of identification.

After that, things had snowballed. Mrs Morris' firm, which was affiliated with the bank, organised for a formal letter to be written up. The letter vouched for Paul, Tim, and Kamsi or Paula, Kylie, and Karmen, informing anyone who read it that they were residents of the apartment. Soon, Veronica had their names on the electric and gas bills. Giving her even more ways to prove that the three fictitious women she lived with actually existed.

It had been a horrendous few months, full of anxiety and stress, but perhaps today would be the worst day of them all. Today, Tim was being forced down to the local jobcentre where Kylie Gleeson was expected to sign up and start searching for a job!

Shuffling in his seat, he felt all the odd but now somehow familiar sensations around him. His long extended hair, tied up in a high ponytail, brushing against the middle of his back. The jangling of his earrings as they tapped gently against the side of his face. And the restrictive outfit, holding his legs tightly together and compressing in his waist. He felt like a fly trapped in a spider's web with no idea how to escape.



Tim didn't bother to lift his head as Veronica re-entered the room after going next door to help Kamsi while he got dressed.

"Still not talking to me, huh?" Veronica said as she walked towards him.

Tim looked up and glared at her but remained silent.

"Fine, have it your way," she replied, rummaging around in a large bag.

"But like it or not, today is an important day. We're going to update your look. We need you looking your best."

Realising that Veronica was hinting at doing more than just his makeup, like usual, Tim perked up. "Please, no more," he begged. "I'm already as thin as a rake. I have girly hair and nails. How am I supposed to go back to normal after this?"

"Oh, honey," Veronica replied, looking over as she set out some equipment on the table in front of him. "There is no going back. Not right now anyway. By creating Kylie, you've broken the law. And it's probably worse for you than the others as Kylie Gleeson actually exists."

As the butterflies in his stomach started to fight their way out again, Tim dropped his head in defeat. For now, he would have to play Veronica's game as much as he hated it.

"Ok, first we're going to add some extensions to those lashes of yours to really make your eyes pop. Then, I need to do something with those brows," Veronica said, moving towards him. "Just hold still, and it will be easier for both of us."

10.15 AM

Tiptoeing out into the hallway, Tim looked up, coming face to face with a traumatized-looking Kamsi. Staring at his friend, Tim hardly recognised him. Like his own transformation, Veronica had gone to town with his makeover.

His complexion had already looked smooth and a little lighter after all the skin-softening procedures and creams. But his eyes now looked wide and doll-like, framed by what Tim knew to be thick fluttering eyelash extensions, similar to the ones flapping in front of his made-up eyes. Dressed in his formfitting skirt suit and with his braided hair tied on top

of his head, Kamsi looked every inch the perfect little businesswoman about to head off to work.

After looking him up and down a few times, trying to take it all in, Tim's eyes stopped on perhaps the most drastic of the changes. Kamsi's eyebrows were now perfectly sculpted into thin little arches and instantly made his face more feminine looking.

Tim gulped, feeling scared to death as he realised his own mutilated brows must be having the exact same effect.

Unable to speak now due to the crippling embarrassment they both felt, Tim and Kamsi just stared at each other, eyes wide.

“Ok you two, when you've finished admiring my work, go wait in the living room. If you want to eat something, you've got twenty minutes before your bus arrives. But for heaven's sake don't ruin your lips!”

After nodding at each other for moral support, Tim and Kamsi turned and walked away. Neither planned to eat. They were far too nervous. They just wanted to get as far away from Veronica as possible.

In what promised to be a day of trauma and humiliation for the boys. Their hopes of a few minutes of calm before the pending storm was not what they found waiting for them in the living room.

Tottering in as their high-heeled shoes clicked and clacked, announcing their presence. Paul, who had been kicked out of his room earlier while Veronica got Kamsi ready, sat up from the position he had been lounging on the sofa. His reaction seemed to be delayed for a second as he took in the changes. After his eyes darted back and forth a few times, a broad smile formed on his lips before he burst out laughing. “You too look so gay!” he howled, laughing so hard, he found it hard to form the words.

Startled, Kamsi gasped. Tim, on the other hand just scowled, feeling angry and annoyed. Why did he have to go out looking like a smartly dressed businesswoman while Paul got to lie on the sofa and mock him? How was that in any way fair?



10.18 AM

Hearing the bickering, an annoyed Veronica entered the living room to see what all the commotion was about. What she found was Paul on the sofa, up on his knees with tears in his eyes, while Kamsi held back Tim who looked like he was about to rip his head off.

“For crying out loud,” Veronica cried. “What’s happened now? Living with you lot is like living with a house full of toddlers!”

Snarling at Paul one last time, Tim turned to face Veronica. “It’s not us! It’s him with his snidey comments. He’s so rude!”

“I’m sorry,” Paul announced, his words almost inaudible, mixed amongst his chuckling. “This is too funny. I mean, look at their eyebrows!”

Veronica let out a heavy sigh, “Right, enough of this. It’s too early. Karmen, Kylie. Grab your stuff. It’s time to leave.”

“But it’s too early. I was just about to make a coffee,” Tim cried out in frustration.

“Yeah, why are we being punished? When he gets to just sit there all comfortable and make fun of us.” Kamsi wailed.

“Now, girls!” Veronica boomed, “unless you ‘d rather go pack your bags and take your chances finding somewhere else to live.”

Kamsi and Tim turned before huffing and puffing towards the kitchen to grab their bags and coats. Veronica glared at Paul for a moment before following Kamsi and Tim towards the kitchen, her prolonged stare exposing the irritation she felt.

Still chuckling to himself as he watched his two friends totter out the front door, Paul lay back down on the sofa and pondered whether or not to turn on the television. There wasn’t really anything, in particular, he wanted to watch, but then again, what else was he going to do with his morning? It’s not like he planned on going anywhere.

Having found the TV remote under a nearby cushion, Paul fiddled about with it for a few seconds, trying to find a comfortable position for it in his hand. Completing his task, he was just about to bring down one of his long, pink-tipped nails to press the power button when Veronica snatched it from him.

“Why do you always have to be such an asshole?” She announced, looking him dead in the eyes.

Scoffing, Paul turned away. “I was only having a laugh. It’s our thing. You wouldn’t understand.”

“What I understand is. Your friends were nervous about going out to find a job. Money to help contribute towards the repayments for YOUR house. And what do you do? You humiliate them.”

“Jeez, Veronica,” Paul replied, rolling his eyes. “Do you always have to be so dramatic? They’ll be fine. I told you, we always joke about like that.”

“And is the usual reaction, them wanting to punch you in the face?” Veronica shot back with her arms crossed.

“Alright, I admit it. Perhaps I took it a bit far, but you made them look like a pair of sissies.” Paul answered, trying to hold back a smile. “I’ll apologise later. Can I have the remote back now?”

“No!” Veronica announced sternly. “There’ll be no watching TV all day for you today. You’re helping me with my work.”

“And if I refuse?” Paul replied, looking confident on the outside. But on the inside, secretly terrified about the prospect of spending another day with Veronica.

“Hmm, let me think,” Veronica replied slowly, exaggerating the syllables, and rubbing her chin. “How about I just call the police!”

“Go ahead then,” Paul fired back, again trying to act tough. “I’m sure they’ve got more serious crimes to investigate.”

“Perhaps,” Veronica replied, picking up her phone. “We can try them if you like? But at the very least, a story like yours has got to make the papers, right? Three crossdressed men committing identity fraud. And where will you go?”

“Go?” Paul repeated, his voice raising an octave. “I’m not leaving. This house is half mine.”

“That’s true, but you’ll still have to leave when I show them this,” Veronica said, opening her bag and retrieving out a piece of paper. “Did I not tell you. I’ve taken out a restraining order against you. The law says you can’t be within five hundred feet of me. And given you’ve got no male clothing left; I’ll ask again. Where will you go?”

Bowing his head in defeat, Paul let out a loud exaggerated sigh. “Fine, what do you need me to do?”

“Good, girl,” Veronica replied in a condescending voice while tossing him the remote. “Have ten minutes of TV while I get ready, then meet me in my bedroom.”

11.32 PM

“Veh-von-ica, That hath you done?” Paul gasped, having just turned back from seeing his reflection in the mirror. His newly inflated lips, making it more difficult than usual to speak.

Veronica just smiled and offered no answer. She knew it was a rhetorical question as she had talked Paul through every part of the transformation. Well, apart from his eyebrows, the fact she had waxed them clean off, was probably a bit of a shock to him. But after the comments in the living room earlier, she had let herself get a little carried away.



To be honest, she had perhaps got a bit carried away everywhere else too. Like using the thickest and longest eyelash extensions she had, or the amount of filler, she had injected into Paul's face and lips.

She hadn't originally planned to do such an extreme makeover but led by emotion, she had let her anger override her common sense. Letting out

years of frustration and anger on her ex's bewildered-looking face and loving every moment of it.

“My eyebrowth, they're gone!” Paul shrieked. “I look like a threek!”

“A little freaky right now, I guess,” Veronica answered, holding back her laughter but not the smile plastered across her face. “But don't worry, I'm not finished yet! We're about to give you some new ones. We'll make you pretty again. In fact, you'll look better than ever.”

Looking over, Paul watched in horror as Veronica opened a case and retrieved a long thin object that looked like a fountain pen. He wanted to scream and shout, or perhaps just burst into tears, but something inside him resisted. In that moment, Paul knew no amount of begging and pleading would change his fate. All he could do was grin and bear Veronica's cruelty and try not to give her the satisfaction of seeing him break.

1.29 PM

“Careful now,” Veronica cautioned as she watched Paul stumble and almost fall. “Take smaller steps. You're going to break an ankle!”

Eyes wide with terror, Paul looked down at his shaking legs, encased in a thin pair of pink tights. Above them, he wore a buttoned-up lilac dress that barely reached mid-thigh and made it difficult to fully move his arms. Straining his neck slightly, Paul looked past his long silky blonde hair resting on a disturbingly realistic looking pair of breasts, down towards his aching feet.

With every step he took, Paul felt like he was walking on ice as the tall spindly heel of his sandals forced him off balance. The base of the flimsy footwear also offered no purchase against the shiny wooden floor of the apartment, and the slick inside sole was no better. Causing his nyloned foot to slide about inside the strappy body of the shoe that dug painfully into his tired feet as he struggled for any kind of grip.

Having regained his balance, Paul set off across the room once again, the rhythmic sound of his heels ringing in his ears as he concentrated on his stride. “One, two, one, two,” his mind counted each time he felt his tall heel come into contact with the floor. Trying to take his mind off the pain in his ankles and his destination.



Stopping in front of the apartment door, Paul reached out with shaking hands, his long pink nails rattling across the metallic door handle.

Turning, he looked back at Veronica in the living room, hoping for some kind of reprieve. All he got was an impatient look and a waving hand, urging him to hurry up.

Shuffling back around to face the door, Paul took a deep breath, closed his prettily made-up eyes, and pulled open the door.

Feeling the flutter of his lashes as he re-opened his eyes, Paul came face to face with a woman he'd never met before.

"Hello, I'm Tina," the woman announced. "I'm here for my 2 o'clock appointment. Are you Veronica?"

"Paul opened his mouth to speak, but his voice betrayed him. Instead, he just gawked awkwardly at the woman with his mouth gaping.

"No, she's my assistant, Paula," Veronica announced, walking across the room to greet her client. "Sorry, she's a little slow today. For heaven's sake, Paula. Can you let our guest in?"

"Urh... urm... yes, sorry," muttered Paul, clip-clopping to the side to let the woman inside as his heart threatened to burst right through his tight restrictive salon girl uniform.

6 weeks later

Feeling Tim's elbow nudge him in gently the ribs, Kamsi looked over feeling a little annoyed. He studied his feminized friend's face for a second. Looking on confused as Tim's thinly arched eyebrows moved up and down and his dark pupils darted from side to side.

"So, any luck at the jobcentre today, girls?" Veronica said as she approached and sat down on a chair opposite.

Tensing up, Kamsi slowly turned. "Not yet," he replied as he faked a smile. "Nobody seems to be hiring at the moment."

Squinting her eyes, Veronica stared over towards Kamsi, making the nervous man shake. "Oh, really!" she replied, her voice monotone and slow. "How unfortunate."

Trying to hold her gaze, Kamsi wondered if Veronica knew that he and Tim had actually been going out of their way not to find a job.

For the first two weeks, they had avoided the jobcentre completely, choosing to sit in a café around the corner until it was safe to return home. This changed when Veronica insisted on seeing some proof that they were attending their meetings. So, forced to change tactics, the embarrassed pair had been going along a few times a week, for the last month, to speak to an advisor.

“How about you, Kylie? Any progress?” Veronica asked, looking over at Tim, who had been trying to ignore her.

Looking over, Tim shook his head before quickly looking away again. “No, it’s like Karmen said. We’re trying. There just aren’t any jobs out there for us.”

As the room fell silent, Tim stared intently at the TV, trying not to shake as he thought back to the idea Kamsi had come up with a few weeks back.

At the time, he thought it was silly, but he had to hand it to his friend, it was working. When attending their appointments, all they had to do was pretend to be stupid or as Kamsi had put it, “act like typical airhead bimbos.”

“So, they didn’t even offer you an interview?” Veronica poked, looking back towards Kamsi. “Err... no like I said nothing,” he replied timidly, thinking back to earlier that morning where he had indeed been offered an interview at a call centre. Feeling himself start to go red in the face, he tried to block the memory of how he had responded from his mind. The image of himself flicking his hair, nibbling on the end of one of his long acrylic nails while telling the man that he was allergic to landline telephones.

“Well, that is a shame, but you know what that means, right?” Veronica announced. “Tomorrow you’ll be helping in the salon. I’m sure Paula will be delighted to know she has two models to practice on.”

“Veronica, please!” Tim whined, “we’ve done everything you’ve asked. It’s not our fault if no one's hiring during a pandemic.”

Looking deadly serious, Veronica stood up “Sorry, girls but that’s not strictly true is it?” I asked you to earn some money to help out, not to sit around in a coffee shop or refuse every job that the jobcentre offers you.”

Simultaneously, the heads of both men shot around. A mass of hair flew across their makeup-covered faces as their mouths hung open in surprise.

“I told you weeks ago there would be consequences if you lied to me,” Veronica announced in a menacing voice. “It looks like the punishments so far have been too or subtle or perhaps just not meaningful enough. I guess we need to up the ante a little!”

After watching Veronica turn and begin to stride across the room, Tim turned to Kamsi and pulled a face. “Shit, perhaps we should have tried a bit harder. How the hell did she know?” he whispered.

Glancing to make sure she was out of earshot, Kamsi shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know, man. But who cares? Let her dish out her punishments. I’d much rather help decorate the spare room or have my hair done than have to go out to work every day looking like a woman.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Tim replied with an uneasy smile. “I guess helping to paint the new salon wasn’t too bad, but recently my body has started to feel strange.”

Looking down, Tim poked a long pink nail into his flabby chest feeling a jolt of sensitivity. “I mean, have you noticed any changes? Recently my nipples have become really sensitive, and I’m pretty sure my whole chest area is getting bigger. You don’t think it has anything to do with Veronica, do you?”

The next day

“Ok, that’s a little better, Karmen, but come on, Kylie. You need to look a lot happier than that, or we’re going to be here all day. We’re advertising a beauty salon, not a funeral parlour.”

The afternoon had flown by in a blur for Kamsi and Tim as the pair had endured hours of hair and skin treatments at the hands of Paul, who not only looked like a human Barbie doll these days but also obeyed Veronica commands like a well-trained dog.

Teetering atop a tall pair of uncomfortable boots that reached mid-thigh, Kamsi tried to avoid eye contact with Tim who was staring at him with fury in his eyes.

Almost hyperventilating, Kamsi’s padded chest heaved up and down through the tight leopard print dress encasing his body. The hot lights aimed right at him weren’t helping as he felt a bead of sweat start to form

high on his forehead, where his new hairpiece had been glued securely into place.

Stuffed into a sparkly black and gold peplum dress, Tim was on the verge of having a nervous breakdown. Refusing to look down the lens of the camera, something in his mind had snapped earlier as he had his hair dyed and curled. The thought of someone he knew seeing him looking like some skanky Asian girl on her way to the clubs to bag herself a rich guy, was too much shame to bear. Shaking on his high-heeled feet, he scowled angrily at Kamsi, fantasizing about ripping out his jugular with his long acrylic nails.



Opposite the models for the salon's new Instagram page. Paul stood with a blank expression on his face as Veronica barked instructions and snapped pictures next to him. He could no longer bring himself to look his friends in the eye. The humiliation he'd felt that morning after giving his friends their new haircut do's, now paled in comparison to the guilt he felt after injecting their faces and lips with filler.

Tugging on the short hem of his little uniform, Paul wiggled his foot to try and get some feeling back in his numb toes. For the first time in his life, he felt devoid of ideas. He knew he had let things go too far, but what scared him most was how easily he was accepting his fate. It was just so hard to fight back. He always felt so sleepy these days, like he was high or something.

A month later

“With the latest reports suggesting ninety-six percent of the population is now vaccinated, and after sixteen days with no reported new deaths. It appears that the worst of the pandemic is behind us,” announced the newsreader on the television.

“Pandemic!” thought Paul as he gazed down at his shiny plum-coloured nails resting neatly on his smooth pantyhosed thighs. “Was that still going on?”

Reaching up, Paul took hold of the long platinum blonde strands of hair hanging down past his fake chest, and for some unknown reason, gave them a tug.

Unsurprisingly, he felt a sharp pain in his scalp, causing a little squeal to escape his painted pink lips. Quickly releasing his silky locks, Paul suddenly felt strange. Something didn't feel right, and it wasn't the feeling of the tight restrictive outfit he was wearing or the feminine figure below it. It felt somehow like he was waking from a deep sleep.

“Is everything ok, Paula?” Veronica said, entering the room, “I heard you shout.”

Startled, Paul looked over. “Uhm... yes, I just caught a nail on the sofa.”

“You didn't break one again, did you?” Veronica shot back in an angry tone. “We have a special client arriving in ten minutes. Meaning we have no time to fix it.”

“No, it’s fine. It didn’t break,” Paul replied, looking his ex in the eyes.

“Veronica, where are Kamsi and Tim?”

Stepping forward, Veronica looked at Paul oddly. It wasn’t like him to ask questions. Ever since the incident with the laptop, she had been making him take tranquillizer pills every morning with his breakfast.

Getting Paul to take the pills was the easy part as he had always taken vitamins in the morning. All she had to do was switch out the contents of the bottle. Even so, adding the extra chemicals into his system on top of the birth control pills she had been mixing into his morning porridge was a little scary. But after seeing the results, Veronica had no regrets. Seeing her selfish, woman-hating ex-fiancé all docile and obedient, after the way he used to treat her, was a huge power trip. Dumbed down, he never complained or argued back, he just followed instructions, absorbing all the techniques and skills she taught him like a sponge. He had become the perfect little assistant.

“You mean Karmen and Kylie? They’re out working,” Veronica answered with a smile. “They’ve both got jobs now. Did you forget?”

Looking away, Paul felt dizzy as the memory of his two oldest friends dressed up like chicks and heading out to work came rushing back.

Sensing a difference in Paul’s demeanour, Veronica turned. “Let me get you some water,” she announced before darting for the kitchen.

Returning moments later, she handed Paul a glass of water. Which he took gingerly before pressing it to his inflated lips.

“Here, take a vitamin. It’ll calm you down,” Veronica said, opening her hand and revealing a large oval pill.

Hesitating for a moment, Paul looked up at Veronica who was nodding back at him with a mad look in her eyes. “Go on,” she urged. “It’ll help.”

Opening his hand, Veronica carefully placed the pill into Paul’s palm as he stared down in astonishment at the scary-looking acrylic nails extending out past the end of his fingertips. With Veronica still pushing, he placed the pill in his mouth and took a gulp of water.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Veronica stated as she took the glass from him and stood up. “You just relax there for a second. Just for today, I’ll let our client in and show her to the backroom. I’ll come and get you in a bit.”

Waiting until he was sure Veronica had left, Paul reached up, accidentally poking himself in the lip with a nail before finally managing to locate the pill under his tongue. Flicking it into his hand, he dropped it down the back of the cushions. His mind was still a bit hazy, but one thing he knew for sure. Whatever that pill was, he didn't want it.

2.15 PM

Summoned to the makeshift salon, Paul nervously walked towards the back room with his senses in overdrive. Nothing about what he was doing felt unfamiliar. It was just, for the first time in months, he was present and in control. Meaning, the clicking of his heels, the uncomfortable sandal straps digging into his feet, and the feeling of his tights slipping as he glided along on his waxed legs, had all been amplified up exponentially, and it was irritating, to say the least.

Having had time to think while sitting on the sofa, Paul had come to a conclusion, the only one that made sense. Veronica had been drugging him!

At first, he felt scared and angry. He came close to running straight out the front door. Stopping only after getting to his high-heeled feet and realising how he looked. He also had nowhere to go, so instead, he calmed himself down and came up with a plan. For the time being, he would play Veronica's game. He would pretend to take the pills and bide his time until an opportunity to escape presented itself.

The downside to his plan, of course, was now Paul would have to pretend to be ditzy drugged up bimbo! And he almost slipped up as soon as he walked into the makeshift salon and saw who was sat waiting.

Stopping dead on his tall sandals, Paul almost slipped on the slick wooden floor. "Mrs Morris! What are you doing here?" He cried as a look of terror crossed the young man's Botox-filled face.

Mrs Morris looked up surprised for a second before her face wrinkled. "Well, Veronica invited me to have my hair done after I agreed to extend this month's payment deadline. But perhaps coming here was a mistake," she replied with a sigh before folding her arms and looking away.



“Mrs Morris, I’m terribly sorry! Paula didn’t mean to sound so disrespectful. She’s just not feeling herself today.” Veronica cried, rushing across the room, “Right, Paula?”

After looking over to Veronica with a stupefied look on his face, Paul slowly nodded before turning back towards Mrs Morris. “No, of course

not! I'm Sorry, Mrs Morris," he announced, hoping his dead tone of voice would be enough to trick Veronica into thinking he was still high.

3.12 PM

"Excuse me, miss. Excuse me!"

Snapping out of his trance, Tim turned to his left to see a frustrated-looking, middle-aged woman holding a coat. "Yes, what do you want? Oh, sorry, I mean, can I help you with something?"

"Well, I hope so," snapped the woman. "You do work here, don't you"?

Catching a glimpse of himself, in the mirror, behind the surly-looking customer, Tim winced. The flashy-looking individual reflecting back at him did indeed work at the high-end boutique, well they would, after passing the three-month probation period.

With mirrors on nearly every wall, it was almost impossible for Tim to avoid seeing the results of Veronica's handiwork. Hundreds of times each day, he would lose his chain of thought as he accidentally caught a glimpse of himself decked out in his feminine finery. And with each sighting, as he sauntered across the room on his torturous designer heels or made a feminine gesture, the inner turmoil in his mind grew.

The image reflected back was just so jarring. On one hand, the slutty, over-the-top Asian woman looked quite natural, not at all out of place in his current environment. But on the other, the image was a complete contradiction to what his male mind expected to see.

His former floppy dark hair had been replaced with shiny auburn curls that bounced annoyingly around his shoulders. The scratchy beard he used to grow out to try and look a little more masculine was now long gone, and without it, his face looked worryingly feminine. Partly due to his Asian genes, but definitely accentuated by the thick layer of makeup caked over his Botox-filled face.

The old pair of jeans, he would wear most days, paired with a comfortable T-shirt were all but a distant memory at this point. And If he'd paid more attention in that morning's staff meeting, he would have known that the frilly blouse and patterned-mini skirt, he now wore instead, were from this season's fashion line.

Angela, the store manager, believed that seeing her sales staff, wearing the designs that lined the boutique walls, generated additional sales. And in return, aid her in her quest to climb the company ladder.

Still staring blankly into his own heavily made-up eyes, the presence of the irritated customer next to him was not even registering. Instead, Tim's thoughts were completely consumed by the drastic modifications to his appearance, changes that would be tough for any man to deal with, but for Tim, it was especially painful as he now looked exactly like his older sister Kim. From the flashy outfits to the plumped-up lips and overdone eye makeup. The two of them could have been twins.

After moving from Hong Kong as a teenager, both he and Kim had struggled to make friends. But whereas he'd kept himself to himself, finding solace with his head in a textbook, Kim started changing to fit in with the popular crowd. First, it was shorter skirts and a bit of makeup, but pretty soon it had escalated to the point where all she thought about was her appearance and public image.

Spending all her time either watching makeup and beauty tutorials or hanging out with her friends to practice the techniques they had learned on each other. It wasn't long before their parents had had enough.

After leaving school, having failed all her exams, Mr and Mrs Lau gave their daughter an ultimatum. Stop seeing her friends and go to college, where she would re-sit her exams or pack her bags and leave. Perhaps it was the comment about how they wished she could be more like her younger brother that tipped her over the edge, but either way, two days later, she was gone.

Coming back to reality, Tim turned away from the mirror to see an angry-looking woman staring daggers at him with her arms crossed. "Oh, sorry, what was your question again"? He asked in a tired-sounding voice.

"I asked, if you work, here?" The impatient woman snapped.

"Yes, I work here," Tim replied, forcing the words out as the thought of himself working in such a place still felt painfully wrong.

The common thought of what his parents would think if they knew what his life was now like, crossed Tim's mind once again. Not only had their "little superstar" lost his job at a reputable accountancy firm and gone to work as a sales clerk. But he was doing it looking like a sluttier version of his disowned sister Kim.

Sighing loudly, the woman shook her head. “Well, if you can focus for a second and actually do your job. I’d like to see this coat in a larger size,” she proclaimed rudely. “Why do I always get the Asian ones? I guess It must be hard to find competent staff in tough times like these,” she added, muttering the words under her breath.

Tim subconsciously lifted his shoulders slightly and screwed up his eyes. “I’m sorry, but that’s the largest size that coat comes in,” he announced cheerfully, giving the woman his best fake smile. “I suggest trying another store or perhaps going on a diet. After all, I guess it’s hard to stay in shape in tough times like these.”

The stunned woman stuttered for a few seconds, lost for words before turning bright red in the face.

“Is there anything else I can help you with today, miss?” Tim asked, the fake smile across his painted pink lips having turned into a real one.

“You’ll regret this, you insolent little bitch. I’ll be speaking to your manager,” the woman snarled through gritted teeth.

Catching the tossed coat between his long-nailed fingers after the woman, Tim watched the woman storm out of the store. The triumphant feeling of knocking the woman down a peg or two, quickly being replaced with the unsettling knowledge that he was probably about to lose his new job.

Tottering across the room, Tim returned the coat to its rightful position before clicking back over to his usual spot. With nothing else to do, he stared at the door, essentially becoming a human mannequin. A lifeless shell, there only to promote and sell the expensive designer garb on sale at the store.



Looking back into the mirror, Tim again saw a skanky version of his sister, Kim, looking back at him, and he couldn't help but feel guilty. He hadn't helped the situation years ago. Calling her names and making her

feel bad, secure in the knowledge that their parents would always take the side of their perfect son.

Their parents were now back in Hong Kong, and he hadn't seen or heard from Kim in years. He did follow her on social media and deeply regretted not making more of an effort to reconnect with her.

Last he had heard; Kim was working as a sales clerk somewhere in the city. And perhaps, just like him, she was now stood around, perched atop a pair of cripplingly painful heels. Bored out of her mind in the post-pandemic lull, waiting for a customer to walk in and insult her.

5.46 PM

Looking down past his padded chest, Kamsi shuddered. The sight of his skirt hiked up around his waist as his panties and tights rested around his knees still made him feel a little queasy.

Taking a wad of toilet paper with his long, red manicured nails, he dabbed the end of the only part of his body that reminded him he was a man. Like most people with an XY chromosome. Kamsi had always taken the ease of going to the bathroom as a man for granted. Never realising how much more troublesome it was for women.

First, there was the queuing. There always seemed to be a queue, and he couldn't understand why. In his mind, these women needed to just hurry up or have the premises build them more toilet cubicles. Even after finally getting in, there was still the fuff of undressing to a point where he could urinate without splashing his clothes.

He had learned early on that sitting down was his only option. As emasculating as it felt to sit down, clutching his skirt in one hand while trying to aim straight, teetering atop a pair of high heels was next to impossible.

Dropping the paper into the bowl, Kamsi hoisted himself back onto his high-heeled feet and flushed. And as much as he hated to do it, the next action was almost second nature by this point. Careful not to scratch himself, he cupped his limp member with his left hand before positioning the fingertips of his right hand on his ball sack.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed back and felt a shiver run down his spine as his testicles popped back into his body. Placing his hairless penis

between his legs, he then reached down and quickly pulled up his slightly elasticated (but still very feminine-looking panties) to secure the tuck.

With his tights back snuggling his waist, Kamsi tugged at the nylon material clinging to his legs until it was once again taut and smooth. Finally, he lowered his pleated skirt, feeling frustrated, not for the first time, that it wasn't longer. Ready to face the world once more, he closed the toilet lid (something he had learned was the polite thing to do). And after clumsily fiddling with the lock for a few seconds, he exited the cubicle and strutted over to the sink.

The reflection in the mirror that greeted him elicited a little grunt from his painted red lips. Having worked at the casino for just over a week now, the little uniform, he was forced to wear, was slowly becoming familiar but still felt embarrassing to wear.

After washing his hands, he automatically straightened his waistcoat and smoothed out his short skirt. One thing the casino insisted on was their staff look their best at all times.

When first shown the uniform, Kamsi almost quit on the spot. The thought of parading around the casino floor delivering drinks as he was ogled by every wandering eye, had felt like a punishment worse than death. But with Tim recently losing his job and Veronica's threat to toss him out onto the streets if he lost his too, he'd reluctantly squeezed his ever-changing body into the humiliating outfit and soldiered on.

Hearing the latch of a cubicle door open, Kamsi looked up through the mirror to see a familiar face approaching and rolled his eyes.

"Oh, hey there, you, how's it going?" the leggy blonde girl sang out as she sashayed over.

"Oh, hey Lizzy. Tired but I'm hanging in there. You?" Kamsi replied while reaching into his handbag to find his lip gloss.

"Same, these shift times have been all over the place lately, but I guess I shouldn't complain, right? we're lucky to have a job at all with the state of the economy these days." Lizzy said while soaping up her hands. "Hey, I like the new hair, real or wig?"

Kamsi looked into the mirror. His long eyelashes fluttered as he froze for a moment, staring at his long red acrylic nails wrapped around a lip gloss

wand pressed to his plump lips. “Wig,” he replied, looking over and smiling at Lizzy. “You know me, girl! I like to switch things up!”

“Ha, there’s that sass,” Lizzy shot back with a smile. “Hey what are you doing after the shift? Lorenzo and some of the other guys are heading for drinks. You coming?”

Turning his attention back to the mirror, Kamsi continued to shine up his lips as he considered Lizzy’s offer. Part of him was tempted to go. In a way, he liked his new colleagues, and the thought of going back home to the depressing apartment was never very appealing. But then again, the idea of going out with his new colleagues scared him. It’s the reason, he rolled his eyes as Lizzy approached; it wasn’t her he disliked, it was the person he became while around her.

“Can’t tonight, Babes. I have plans,” Kamsi answered while quickly gathering up his belongings. “Next time, ok?”

Nodding slowly, Lizzy looked a little disappointed. “You got a hot date or something?”

Flashing her a smile, Kamsi started trotting towards the exit. “Something like that. Have fun. I’ll speak to you later, ok? I better get back to work.”

5.51 PM

“Karmen! Where the hell have you been, girl? These drinks have been waiting here for ten minutes.” Lorenzo, the overdramatic Italian barman, stated as Kamsi strolled up. “The boss was down asking questions but don't worry. I covered for you”.

“Bathroom” Kamsi replied, shaking his head. “And ten minutes, really? Are you sure you’re not exaggerating just a little bit?” He added, placing his hand on Lorenzo’s before gently stroking it.

“I never exaggerate, and nothing about me is little,” he answered with a flirtatious smile while raising his eyebrows.

“Err... I... I better take these drinks over,” Kamsi stuttered, quickly removing his hand and picking up the tray of drinks. “Which table?”

“Roulette table seven,” Lorenzo purred in his sexy Italian accent. “I miss you already.”

“I bet you say that to all the girls?” Kamsi scoffed as he started to walk away.

“Only the beautiful ones,” Lorenzo shouted after him.

Ignoring the comment, Kamsi strode away across the carpeted casino floor. The idea of tripping on his high stiletto pumps was the furthest thing from his thoughts, but he did feel conflicted. Why was he acting so strange recently? It was becoming scarily natural to act like Karmen. In fact, if he was being completely honest with himself, part of him liked it. Clinging on to his masculinity, looking the way he did now, was becoming ever so tiring. The problem was, the more he let himself have fun as Karmen, the more he could feel his old life slipping away.



4 days later, 6.56 PM

Reaching his destination, Paul looked out the bus window and sighed loudly. Pressing his short skirt down tight against his hairless thighs in an attempt not to show his pink panties to the teenage boys who had been staring at him the whole journey, Paul gingerly stood up.

“Hey sexy, where are ya going?” called out one of the young hoodlums as Paul looked straight ahead, ignoring the comment aimed in his direction.

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Paul edged his way down the aisle on his wobbly legs. “Leave it out, Deano,” another boy cried out. “You need to pay a bird like this one if you wanna get any. Hey love, how about a blowy for a tenner? I’ll even treat you to a bag of chips after.”

Clutching his pink, heart-shaped bag close to his chest, Paul hurried as fast as he could down the steps of the bus in his troublesome shoes as a chorus of laughter erupted behind him.

Grateful to have escaped all the lewd and inappropriate comments, Paul felt a sense of relief as he watched the bus drive away. But it was short-lived, finding himself in an unfamiliar area of the city before glancing down at what he was wearing and shaking his curly blonde head.

Unzipped his embarrassing handbag with his shaky claw-like fingers, Paul rummaged for a moment before retrieving a little scrap of paper. On it was written an address, the address of Mrs Morris. Using the tips of his thumb and index fingers, like one of those claw-like devices you find in the prize machines at arcades. Paul clumsily flipped the paper over to once again study Veronica’s crudely drawn map.

It wasn’t too far to Mrs Morris’ apartment building. Well, that would have been the case if he wasn’t wearing a pair of unstable, ridiculously tall pair of 6-inch platform pumps.

Thinking back to earlier in the evening, when he was presented with the awful outfit, Paul regretted not questioning things more. At the time, he had wanted more than anything to complain, but he was still pretending to take Veronica’s pills every day. So what he did, instead, was grin like an idiot while Veronica helped him with his hair and makeup. Before slipping himself into an outrageously-short dress only to leave the safety of the apartment without even his phone.

Checking the map one last time, Paul took a deep breath and set off. It didn't take long before his leg muscles were burning. Every step was agony for the young man as his feet slipped around inside his towering shoes on the 500m journey from the bus stop.

What made things worse, the skimpily clad young man had no idea what to expect from the evening. All he knew was that after upsetting Mrs Morris in the salon, she had requested (as a sort of apology) that he join her for dinner at her apartment. And once again, with him still pretending to be a ditzy airhead. It's not like he could argue back.

7.26 PM

For Paul, making it to the apartment building felt like a massive achievement, even if most people would have considered it to be nothing more than a gentle stroll.

Looking down at the paper in his hand, now a little crumpled thanks to his overzealous grip. Paul found a number and entered it into the intercom next to the door.

Shifting his weight from one leg to the other, he waited for about thirty seconds before starting to worry. Did she go out? Had he pressed the wrong number? What day was it?

He looked down to check the paper once more, only to jump as a loud buzzer startled him, almost knocking him off his feet. "Come in, Paula. 9th Floor. Take the lift on the left-hand side," Mrs Morris' voice rang out before abruptly ending.

Tottering into the building, Paul found the lift without issue. Feeling utterly exhausted and more than a little apprehensive about what was to come, he leaned against the back wall of the small metal box slowly as it ascended into the unknown.

Paul's beautifully made-up face was devoid of emotion as he stared across at mirrored doors opposite. He usually avoided mirrored surfaces like the plague. As with them came the harrowing, sickening feeling, deep in his gut as his mind tried to comprehend what he had become. But tonight, with the reflection of a scantily clad blonde-bombshell gazing back at him, he found it hard to turn away.



The magnitude of the changes were hard for him to fathom. The only feature still familiar, being his baby blue eyes. Albeit, now accentuated by an array of blended pinks, peeking out from behind fluttery long lashes, dowsed in mascara, and fanning out in front of his vision.

The rest of his head framed by curled blond hair was now unrecognisable. Sported pencil-thin arched eyebrows, shiny inflated lips, and a smooth Botox-filled face slathered in makeup.

Looking down, it was just as shocking. In his youth, Paul had been quite a muscular guy. He played sports and worked out regularly. Granted, In the last few years, he'd let himself go a little, perhaps even getting a bit chubby, but even he had a hard time picturing what he used to look like now.

The pouting girl in the mirror, with her long tanned slender legs, perched atop a pair of nude fuck me pumps looked like a call girl. Her hourglass figure, highlighted by an extremely short A-line dress and short jacket, screamed desperation.

“Ok, deep breaths, Paul,” he told himself, watching as his padded chest rose and fell in the mirror. “You can get through this. It’s just one night. What’s the worst that can happen?”

8.46 PM

Grinning awkwardly as Mrs Morris told an old college story, Paul sat opposite her at the dining table with his knees squeezed tightly together.

Nodding his head every so often and accompanying it with a sort of grunting noise, he did his best to try and acknowledge that he was listening.

In truth, he had little interest in her long-winded stories with no punch line. He just wanted the night to end so he could go back to his room, take off his unbearably painful shoes, slip into his pyjamas, and forget the night had ever happened.

After Knocking back the last of his wine, Paul’s mind wandered for a second as he studied the lipstick stain he’d left on the rim of the glass.

“Paula! Earth to Paula! are you listening to me?” Mrs Morris announced, bringing him back to reality.

“Erm... no, I mean yes. Sorry. I just zoned out there for a moment,” Paul replied, living up to the ditzy persona most people expected of him for these days.

Mrs Morris rolled her eyes. “I asked if you enjoyed your food? You’ve hardly touched it?”

Glancing down at his plate, he realised what she was talking about. The large slice of lasagne he had been presented with earlier had barely been touched, and it wasn't because he didn't like the taste. Instead, it was his shapewear, compressing his waist forcefully inwards, combined with the nervous awkward atmosphere in the room that was stealing his appetite.

“Oh, yes! Sorry. It’s super delicious. I just feel a little tired. It’s been a really long day.” He answered, looking up and giving her his best puppy dog eyes.

“What about a small slice of lemon pie for dessert instead then?” Mrs Morris declared before standing up to gather up the plates. “I made it from scratch this afternoon.”

“Erm... No thank you, Mrs Morris. Thank you for inviting me over and everything but I think I’m just going to head home now and get some rest.” Paul replied, lowering his head into his shoulders while looking up at the intimidating woman.

Mrs Morris smiled back at him. “Please, I’ve told you this a thousand times. Call me Gwendoline. And I’ll let you head off soon but not just yet. I still haven’t had a chance to discuss with you the reason why I asked you over here tonight.”

“Here, let me get these plates out the way while you move over to the sofa.” She added, not taking no for an answer. “I’ll open another bottle while I’m at it.”

Alone in the eerily quiet room, Paul winced in pain as he stood up. Looking down, he wiggled his high-heeled feet, noting how they looked larger than usual and probably a little swollen.

It was a short trip over to the sofa but after taking so long to mince over, grimacing in pain with every tiny little step he took, Paul plonked himself down onto the end of the sofa just as Mrs Morris re-entered the room.

“Did you forget the Wine?” Paul asked, letting out a nervous giggle and attempting to and break the tension in the room.

“I haven’t forgotten anything!” The sour-faced woman announced. “I have an excellent memory, Paul!”

It took a moment for the penny to drop. But when it did, it was accompanied by Paul's jaw. "Whaaat! Umm... What did you just call me?" "Your name!" Gwendoline Morris asserted. "Are you going to try and tell me that you are not Paul Gleeson? Twenty-four and unemployed. Currently living with his ex-girlfriend Veronica Miller, and two best friends, Kamsiyochukwu Yamoud and Timothy Lau"?



He suddenly felt a rush of blood to his head as his whole body felt cold. “But... how? Why?” Paul gasped, feeling faint.

“Oh, I’ve known your true identity for a while now. Ever since the background checks came in,” Gwendoline replied. “And before you ask. Things have been, let's say, a little boring over the last year or so, and I was curious. After all, It’s not every day, three men walk into my office in drag and commit identity fraud!”

With his whole body now trembling, Paul placed his hands atop the minuscule skirt of his dress, riding up his thighs, and began to rock back and forth. “Are you going to call the police?” He muttered timidly.

There was a pause before Gwendoline Morris began to chuckle. Or more accurately, she released a loud sinister-sounding cackle that a witch would have been proud of, sending a shiver running through Paul’s effeminate frame. “The police? Of course not! If I wanted that, you would already be in jail. No, I have other plans for you, my little darling. Now, how about a slice of that lemon pie?”

The next day, 12.25 PM

As he jerked his head back, Tim felt his newly extended hair brush against the sides of his face. He'd caught himself thinking about his last job, and for a second, he'd regretted not putting in a little more effort. At that moment, the realisation of how much his life had changed hit him like a ton of bricks. And what he'd give to have his boring old life back.

Glancing down at the long acrylic claws, recently attached to the end of each finger, Tim considered pinching himself but resisted the urge, knowing it would change nothing. It wouldn't wake him from the living nightmare that was now his everyday existence. More than likely, it would just ruin the glossy finish on his new nails, leading to more time sat contemplating his life in the salon chair.

Studying the person he used to call a friend, a shell of a man who now wandered around the salon at Veronica’s beck and call, Tim wondered who had it worse. Debating with himself whether it was better to be aware of all the cruel changes forced upon them or just be oblivious to it all, like Paul.

Looking past his pumped-up, inflated lips, Tim gazed down to see two smooth hairless legs poking out from beneath an indecently short robe. Reaching down, he ran his hand along the top of his right thigh and shuddered.

Angrily Tim pulled his hand away, before averting his gaze back to the person responsible for turning his skin a milky white colour. Then again, was Paul really to blame? After all, he was just following his master's orders, and in his current mental state, how could he defy her?

Perhaps, he'd just have to accept that the person in front of him was no longer his friend Paul. Something that would have been easy to believe, had he not seen the changes with his own two eyes. This zombified blonde bimbo, tottering around with an expressionless look on her over-painted face, was nothing like the confident, pig-headed man he used to idolise. Who would ever believe now that they were one and the same?

Veronica had also been the one to come up with the idea of using Tim as Paul's training model while he looked for a new job. This allowed her ditzy apprentice to practice his hair and makeup skills away from the paying customers. And today, she had really put him through his paces. First, she talked him through the process of applying hair and nail extensions before beginning the skin colouring! A bizarre experience, to say the least, that Veronica called anti-tanning. Commenting that a lot of Asian women she knew, liked to keep their skin light. She insisted that it was a perfect opportunity to try out the technique.

Tim had protested, but it made little difference. It only left him feeling more annoyed, as he was forced to sit through the process that left his skin dry and irritable.

Over at the sink, with his blonde hair braided into pigtails that rested next to his ever-developing chest, Paul looked over at Tim and gave him a dopey smile. Narrowing his eyes, Tim stared back menacingly, causing Paul to quickly turn away.

Continuing to watch, Tim looked on in disbelief as the feminized salon assistant went back to the task of cleaning up. With no paying customers that day, Paul wasn't wearing his usual uniform. Instead, he wore a more casual outfit. Well, casual for Paul, at least. With a denim miniskirt moulded to his backside, a cropped top exposing his slim toned belly, and

long boots extending halfway up his shiny nylon encased thighs, most people would have considered it, quite a sexy look.

“Paula! I’m just going to make a quick phone call,” Veronica suddenly announced while picking up her bag. “I won’t be too long. Why don’t you give Kylie’s toes another coat of polish? The last one should be dry by now.”

“Yes, Veronica,” Paul droned back.

Veronica smiled. “Good girl. We’ll be done for the day after that,”

Tim watched Paul stand like a statue as Veronica skipped out of the room. But as soon as she left, he slowly wandered over towards Tim, only to stop right in front of him.

“My God! Look at the state of you, Buddy,” Tim announced in a gloomy sounding tone. “How the hell did it come to this?”

“I seem to remember someone messing and telling Mrs Morris that three women lived here,” Paul replied, suddenly sounding like his old self.

“Hey, I panicked, ok? She put me on the spot.” Tim replied calmly before his head shot up. “Eeehhh... what??? You... You’re you! But... How long??? Have you been acting all this time? While you were doing all this girly shit to me? What the fuck, Paul?”

Bringing up his hand to his face, Paul looked away apologetically. “Yeah, about that. I’m really sorry, but I had no choice, man.”

Shaking his head and sighing loudly, Tim folded his arms and looked away, not quite believing what he was hearing.



“Look, Tdog. I know this is a messed up situation, but we don’t have long,” Paul stressed. “Veronica will be back any minute. I’ve got to tell you something. It’s important!”

“Of course it is, it’s always important when it involves you, right?” Tim snapped back. “What is it? Veronica ordering you around too much? Did you break a nail while mutilating me earlier?”

Stepping closer, Paul assumed a kneeling position and cupped his hands together. “Please, this is serious! It’s Mrs Morris! She knows!”

“Knows?” Tim exclaimed. “knows what?”

“Who we really are! She knows all about our pasts. Everything!” Paul blurted out in a strong but hushed voice.

Looking into the face of his feminized friend, and seeing the terror in his eyes, Tim took a moment before he spoke. “Are you sure? She told you this?”

“Yes,” Paul stressed, leaning forward to grip his friends' legs. “She told me while I was over there for dinner last night. And I think she had a screw loose, man. It was really creepy how she suddenly just changed. Like she had been possessed by a demon or some.”

Tim brought his hand up to cover his mouth. “No, no, no! Shiiiiit! We're screwed!” He expressed loudly. “As if life wasn’t shitty enough, but what happens now? We're going to end up behind bars looking like some prisoner’s wet dream.”

“Tdog, calm down, man. That's not going to happen. She hasn’t told the police yet,” Paul said, squeezing his panicked friend thigh, trying to calm him down. “I’m the one who’s screwed. She’ll keep our secret as long as I do what she wants.”

Holding back what looked like tears, Tim coughed to clear his throat. “You have to do it, Paul. Whatever she wants! If she tells the police, that’s it. Game over. I’d rather die than go to prison looking like this.”

“I know,” Paul replied crestfallenly, letting out a heavy sigh. “It’s just easy to say, right? when it’s not you doing it.”

For the first time in months, Tim suddenly felt empathic towards the life-sized Barbie doll knelt before him. Reaching down, he placed his long-nailed hand on his shoulder. “I’ll help. Kamsi too. Anyway, we can. What is it she wants you to do exactly?”

Paul's slug-like bottom lip quivered for a second before he broke eye contact. He gulped and breathed out loudly, not quite sure how to articulate what he wanted to say.

Tim in return narrowed his eyes and waited, seeing the pain on his friend's face, but at that moment, Veronica burst back through the door.

"What's going on here? She announced, glaring at the sissified men with a bewildered look on her face.

"Thinking fast, Tim came to the rescue. "He's trying to paint my nails without any polish! I tried to tell him, but it's like he's not even in there. Are you sure he's ok? Perhaps he needs to see a doctor?"

Smiling, Veronica shook her head. "She's fine, Kylie. Probably just a little tired, that's all. How about we call it a day for today. Kylie, I'll give you the polish. You should be capable of putting on another coat, right? It'll be good practice. I'll come and see how you got on later. Now, come along, Paula. Let's get you something to drink."

3 weeks later, 5.06 PM

As Kamsi slowly trudged up the stairs of his apartment building, he couldn't help but feel exhausted. His work schedule at the casino had been quite erratic lately, constantly shifting from day shifts to night shifts as he was called in to cover for absent colleagues.

Stopping for a moment between floors, he reached down to rub the back of his left leg and catch his breath. It was only five o'clock in the evening, but he was planning to climb straight into bed.

Thinking back to the night before, he tried telling himself it was a mistake to go out partying with a 6 am shift the next morning. But if he was honest with himself, he'd had a blast.

Running out of excuses, he had finally caved in after being bugged by Lizzy all day to join her and her friends at a local bar. And as most good nights begin, with the immortal words of, "I'll come for one." One drink became two, and two became seven. Before he knew it, he found himself in a nightclub with his arms locked around Lorenzo's neck, trying to convince himself he didn't like dancing with the Italian beefcake.

Setting off again up the stairs, Kamsi thanked God that he had chosen to wear a pair of wedge trainers that day. And although a lot of men probably wouldn't agree with him in saying they were comfortable; those men wouldn't be comparing the ramped footwear to a pair of tall stilettos.

Finally finding himself outside the door, Kamsi breathed a sigh of relief as a smile crossed his bright red lips. "Home at last," he thought, pressing his key into the door, and turning the lock.

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Meanwhile, Stood in the kitchen chatting, Veronica and Ash turned as they heard someone entering. The two old friends had been catching up with the topic of conversation, naturally being the three feminized men residing in the building.

Having just gotten over the shock of seeing Paul with long blonde hair and wearing a red minidress, now hiding, shellshocked in the bedroom, Ash wasn't really sure how she would react to seeing Kamsi again after so long. Usually, she just felt angry when thinking about the father of her child, the man who had abandoned her and her daughter, Mira, before she had even been born. But after being prepped by Veronica for the, quite frankly, unbelievable sight, she was about to see, she couldn't help but feel excited.

=====

Unaware of the welcome he was about to receive, Kamsi opened the door and stepped inside. The room was silent as he opened the flap of his little leather handbag to place his keys inside. It was only when he looked up, the chaos began.

As the door clicked shut behind him, the feminized man locked eyes with Ash, who at that moment burst into a fit of giggles. Bringing his hands up and pressing them against the sides of his face, Kamsi cried out in anguish as Veronica just stood there smirking.



“Ash, I... I... oh my God!” Kamsi mumbled, feeling his knees become weak.

Unable to control herself after seeing the sexist pig of a man, she used to know, stood panicking in front of her decked out in his fashionable, edgy outfit, Ash leaned forward, finding it hard to breathe from laughing so much.

Kamsi, on the other hand, was starting to hyperventilate. The exhaustion, the hangover, the conflicting thoughts running through his head all day, and now walking into his apartment to be completely humiliated. It was all too much.

Taking pity on him, Veronica stepped forward. “Karmen, it’s ok. Ash is just a little shocked to see your new look, that’s all.”

“Veronica, why did you bring her here?” Kamsi asked between breaths as tears formed in the corner of his eyes. “Was it just to humiliate me”?

“No, of course not.” Veronica lied. “I thought it was about time you two sat down and talked about Mira. Weren’t you just saying the other day how you wished things had turned out differently?”

“Yes... but... I...,” Kamsi stammered, unable to put his thoughts into words as he felt his world collapsing around him.

Placing her hand in his, Veronica smiled. “Ok, just try to calm down. Let’s move over to the sofa. You two need to sit down and talk.”

With his eyes fixed on his feet, Kamsi allowed himself to be led across the room. Ash followed closely behind, looking the shuffling figure up and down in awe.

Arriving at the sofa, Kamsi turned before automatically placing his manicured fingers beneath his backside to smooth out his skirt before sitting. Once down, he shuffled around for a moment to find a comfortable spot before neatly folding one pantyhosed leg over the other. Looking to his left, his eyes met Ash’s, who was now sitting next to him with her mouth gaping.

“What?” Kamsi blurted out nervously, feeling extremely uncomfortable by the way she was looking at him.

“I like your outfit,” Ash commented, trying to ease the tension. “Did you pick it out yourself”?

“Uhm... yes. I mean no. It’s needed for work,” Kamsi spluttered.

“Nonsense,” Veronica interjected. “Your work gives you a uniform. You picked out those clothes yourself. You even begged me to wear those wedges.”

Kamsi's head shot around. "Yes! But all the girls wear stuff like this! I'm just trying to fit in!" he announced, flustered. "Anyway, I thought you were leaving?" he added, pouting his lips, and folding his arms.

"I am," Veronica announced, "I'll leave you two alone."

As Veronica strolled away, Kamsi bowed his head, wanting the cushions to swallow him up.

"I like your outfit," Ash announced after a few seconds of silence. "It looks really well put together."

"Thanks," Kamsi replied, blushing as he avoided eye contact.

The room fell silent again.

"So, I know this is kinda awkward, but I really did come here to talk about Mira," Ash said, looking across and shooting Kamsi a little smile. "She's an amazing little girl, you know? You can come around and visit us sometime if you'd like?"

Hearing the comment and seeing the smile from the corner of his eye Kamsi suddenly felt a little calmer. Forgetting the awkwardness of the situation for a moment, he turned to face Ash. "I'd like that," he replied with a nod. "I'd like that a lot."

8.20 PM

Paul shivered as a gust of wind blew in across the rooftop, causing his large, hooped earrings to jangle about the side of his head.

"It is getting a little cold, isn't it?" Gwendoline commented from across the table. "Let's see if I can get someone to put this heater on." She added before raising her hand and turning towards the nearest waiter.

Paul scoffed and rolled his eyes, remembering the weather forecast he'd seen earlier. A cold northerly wind with a chance of ground frost during the night, the weather woman had reported. And here he was, sat on a rooftop wearing just a slutty little mini dress!

Crossing his arms across his body, Paul began rubbing his bare upper arms. It helped a little, but it also reminded him of how puny they'd become. All the muscle he'd once possessed had somehow just dissolved away, probably thanks to the vegan diet Veronica had him on. All that

remained were two thin pipe cleaners, extending down to delicate-looking fingers adorned with bright red talons.

Pouting, he could hear Gwendoline chatting to their waiter across the table, but he wasn't really listening. His attention was instead focussed on the two circular bumps, protruding out from the cups of his clingy red dress.

He'd been trying to ignore the growing mounds on his chest, but with each passing week requiring less and less padding to create a realistic-looking bosom, he couldn't deny it anymore. He had boobs! Not the biggest pair in the world as he still requires a push-up bra to create the cleavage on display that evening, but still large enough to make their waiter glance down as he seated them earlier.

Brushing the end of his long blonde ponytail to one side, Paul hovered an acrylic-tipped finger over one of the little bullets, tenting out the top of his dress. Lowering it slowly, he gently touched his stiff sensitive nipple, causing a jolt of electricity to shoot through his slender body. Letting out a little squeak, he quickly pulled his hand away.

"Are you ok, miss? The waiter asked from across the table.

Batting his thick dark lashes, Paul smiled awkwardly, suddenly noticing how Gwendoline and the waiter were looking at him. "Oh, yes. I'm fine." He squeaked. "I just thought I saw a bug in my food."

"A bug!" the waiter hollered, his eyes widening. "I'm terribly sorry, miss. I'll fetch you another dish immediately!"

"No, no. It's ok," Paul cried, looking around nervously at all the nearby tables, who had turned to see what all the commotion was about. "I was mistaken. It was nothing, really!"

Stepping over, the waiter picked up his plate. "No, I insist." He announced, taking the opportunity to get another eyeful of Paul's modest cleavage. "Actually, she's been nibbling on that for the last 30 minutes," Gwendoline interjected. "Just take it away and bring us our mains, will you? I'm starving."

Confused, the waiter looked up into Paul's dark Smokey lined eyes but seeing nothing but a blank expression on his plastic-looking face, he nodded his head and scuttled away with the plates.

Watching as his half-eaten plate of roasted stuffed mushrooms disappeared across the room, Paul felt a little disappointed to see the delicious dish go. Yes, he had been eating slowly, and yes, he did feel a little full. But after all the waist training and dieting, he just couldn't eat as much as he used to.

Suddenly standing up, Gwendoline scooted her chair around to Paul's side of the table. "You don't mind if I move around here?" She asked, not expecting an answer. "You're hogging the heater, and I need to warm up too."

"It's fine," Paul lied, feeling very uncomfortable as the pushy woman invaded his personal space.

"So, I had this client today and let me tell you, she's a bit of a character," Gwendoline announced, starting one of her stories. "She had this bag, and you wouldn't believe the state of it. Why on earth she would carry such a thing around is beyond me..."

As she Rambled on, Paul zoned out. Now an expert at grunting and nodding at just the right time to make people think he was listening. He instead chose to watch as the flirty waiter returned to lay the table with a new set of plates and cutlery.

"And then aliens swept down and vaporised her into a pile of dust!" Gwendoline announced as Paul nodded his head and made a noise of acknowledgement.

"Paula!" Gwendoline growled, snapping him out of his stupor and causing a few heads to look over in their direction. "You didn't hear a word of what I just said, did you?"

Startled, Paul jumped. Causing quite a racket as his pantyhosed knees slammed against the underside of the table, and his high-heeled feet scuttled across the tiled floor. "I was listening," he blurted out. "I was just..."

"You weren't!" Gwendoline shot back angrily. "Are you that much of an airhead or just ungrateful? I've brought you out for a fabulous meal in this fancy restaurant, and all you've done is sit there and pout. But fine if you're not interested in what I've got to say why don't you talk. Go on! Tell me about something you're interested in! Makeup perhaps or some other frivolous activity."

Shaking his head from side to side in anger, Paul balled up his hands into fists, squeezing so hard, he almost snapped his acrylic nails clean off. "I'm not an airhead," he snarled through gritted teeth. "Have you considered that perhaps I'm not listening because I don't want to be here!" He added, eyeballing a very surprised-looking Gwendoline while curling his bloated lips into a sarcastic smile. "Or maybe it's because you're just the most boring, unlikeable person, I've ever met."

Leaning back, Paul watched as Gwendoline's face turned beet red. Starting to shake, she then scanned around the silent restaurant, smiling at the other guests as she tried to mask her crippling embarrassment.

Most likely, feeling a little uncomfortable themselves, it didn't take long for the other guests to return to their food and resume their conversations. And as soon as the last head turned away, Gwendoline reached out with her arm under the table, digging her nails firmly into the top of Paul's thigh.

"Quiet! She declared through pursed lips after Paul let out a high pitch squeal. "I don't want to hear another word from you, or I'll grab that pathetic little thing tucked away in your panties and tear it off, right here in front of everyone. Nod if you understand me."

Terrified, Paul's heavily made-up eyes darted around the room looking for help. But unfortunately for him, by this point, the rest of the restaurant had seemingly chosen to ignore their disruptive dinner companions. So, still wincing in pain, Paul submitted, furiously nodding with a panic-stricken look plastered across his painted face.

"Good," Gwendoline whispered, pleased to see out of the corner of her eye that her naughty little minion had fallen back into line. "Have you forgotten our little arrangement, you little whore? I'm the one in charge here! If you ever speak to me like that again, you'll be wishing for that jail cell you seem so desperate to avoid."

Satisfied and proud of her little speech, Gwendoline released her grip on Paul's leg and instead began to gently stroke his nylon-covered inner thigh.

"Good girl," she announced, turning to look at the shellshocked shemale to her right as her hand slid under the hem of the sexy red dress she'd bought for him on their last shopping trip. "Now, where was I? Oh yes,

that tatty old bag had absolutely no place in the company of such a tasteful outfit like that. I just had to..."



A Month later, 11.04 AM

With the whole retail industry still recovering from the pandemic, customers seemed to be in limited supply, and it was really taking its toll on Tim.

Only a few weeks into his new job at the new boutique, he already wanted to quit. Cursed with an active mind, the minimalist design of the shop floor and the seemingly perpetual silence around him offered no stimulus. For Tim, it was like torture. Worse even than the pain he felt, hobbling home after a long, boring day of standing with his feet crammed into a pair of tall block-heeled booties that were two sizes too small for his feet.

Having just returned from a quick lap around the room, where he'd straightened a few coat hangers and refolded a top or two, the feminized man stopped in front of a mirror to check his makeup.

Greeted by the sight of thick spider-leg-like lashes coated in mascara, fanning out from beneath his perfectly blended eye shadow, Tim let out a sigh of disappointed. Seeing every hair on his shiny auburn head looking immaculate was not what he wanted to see. He really wanted to take a break, but with, not much as a smudge to the sticky pink gloss, coating his bloated lips, he now had no excuse.

Turning his attention to his outfit, Tim scanned past the thin sheer blouse wrapped around his slim torso to the tiny scrap of black leather hugging his hips and upper legs. Slipping his long pink nails inside the waistband, he took a moment to straighten the restrictive skirt, marvelling at how feminine his legs looked encased inside his patterned tights.

Exhaling heavily through his nose, Tim found it funny to think, that not so long ago, the feeling of elasticated nylon gently compressing his smooth hairless legs would have been a completely alien experience. But then again, almost everything he was wearing would have felt odd to him back then. A lot had changed, and in his mind, it wasn't for the better.

Sick of looking at the miserable-looking girly figure in the mirror, dressed head to toe in clothes designed to promote the brand, he regrettably worked for, Tim turned on his painful blocky heels and trotted off across the room. Choosing a spot in front of the cashier's desk, he stood to attention, just like he'd been taught, hoping the two hours until his lunch break would pass quickly.

4.12 PM

The chiming sound of the little bell above the door startled him at first, but as soon as Tim realised he had a customer, he couldn't help but feel a little excited. Not because he particularly wanted to talk to the well-dressed man, confidently striding into the store, he just wanted a break from the monotonous silence, even if it was, just for a few minutes.

Remembering his training, Tim flashed the man a smile before tottering off across the room to look busy. It was company policy to give the customers some time to look around and feel comfortable before engaging

them in conversation. Supposedly putting them at ease before a member of staff went over for the hard sell.

With the man being the store's only customer that afternoon, Tim also felt a little nervous while pretending to straighten a rack of dresses. Working on mostly commission these days, he knew he couldn't afford to miss this sale. Especially given the fact that his store manager, Alma, had already mentioned how she would have to let him go if business didn't pick up soon. Something completely unfair and biased, in his opinion! He was the one who did all the work while she just sat in the backroom, chatting, and drinking coffee with Kay, the store's other employee, and Alma's favourite. It was total bullshit!

Peeking out the corner of his eye, Tim suddenly noticed the man staring at him. Turning, he smiled and took a few steps forward. The handsome shopper returned the smile, meeting Tim in the centre of the room.

"Good afternoon, Sir," Tim sang out in a cheery voice. "Are you looking for anything in particular today?" Watching as the man's face dropped, Tim worried whether he'd said something wrong.

"Oh, yes. A coat." The man answered, sounding a little down, "But what's with the sir? I know you're at work, but you can call me George, you know? Sir sounds so impersonal."

"Oh, yes, George. Sure," Tim replied while smiling. "So, George, any coat in particular?"

"Yeah, the dark one in the window. The one from this season's collection," he replied with a chuckle. "You know that's what I always liked about you. You're always straight to the point."

Not knowing how to respond to the random comment, Tim decided to ignore it. "Aren't you sweet," he announced, not opposed to flirting a little to get the sale. "Let me see if we have one in the back room for you to try. You're a large, right?"

"That's right," George replied, giving Tim an exaggerated, cheeky wink.

Tim cringed behind his forced smile and plastered on makeup. "Why do they always have to be weird?" he thought to himself, turning to leave.

"Wait! Before you go. Do you mind if I take a quick selfie of the two of us?" George suddenly announced, producing a phone from his pocket.

“Great, he’s not just weird, but a pervert too!” Tim moaned in his head, determined not to let his discomfort show. “Erm... sure, where do you want me?” He replied, not willing to lose a sale over some silly picture.



7.24 PM

Tugging at the hem of his extremely short dress, Kamsi sat on his bed deep in thought. His mind had been so mixed up recently, It was almost like he had two personalities rattling around inside his head, the old him who still identified as a man and someone else called Karmen, who was emerging more and more frequently, recently.

Holding up his hands, the scantily clad man stared down at his new manicure. Part of him wanted to hate the scary-looking black claws that he was still struggling to adapt to, but then again, no one had forced him into getting them. Ok, it might have been Lizzy's idea to go to the nail salon, and it was her who suggested they get matching nails, but he could have just said no, right?

Hearing an exasperated groan coming through the thin wall to his left, Kamsi smirked. Imagining just how frustrated Paul must be feeling as he got dressed in the adjacent bathroom was such a strange thought.

Recently, thinking back to how different things used to be had become a common habit. But In his wildest dreams, he could never have predicted that he'd be sat on his pantied backside, waiting to go out and dance the night away on his new high-heeled boots.

As he ran the palm of his hand along the smooth surface of his polka dot tights, a slight smile crossed the feminized man's glossed-up lips as he imagined it belonging to Lorenzo. But the feeling of pleasure didn't last long, quickly replaced by guilt, causing him to remove his hand.

His dual personalities were clashing once again, and it was troubling him. More worrying than anything, though, his mind had been fantasizing about the flirty Italian barman more and more of late, and it was tearing him apart. Everything about the way he'd been raised, told him that it was wrong, but then again, part of him couldn't help but find the erotic thoughts exciting.

Sensing that his nipples were now erect only frustrated him further. More sensitive than his penis these days, the ever-growing mounds straining against his B cup brassiere were no longer a shocking sight when looking in the mirror. These days, he usually just checked the condition of his makeup before playing with and adjusting his hair, still an odd sensation after having his natural hair chemically straightened and ditching the wigs.

Clip, clop, clip, clop. Still deep in a trance, Kamsi failed to notice as Paul tottered across the room, uneasily on his high-heeled sandals while holding up the long skirt of his evening gown. “This dress is ridiculous,” he whined loudly. “I can’t get on the bus looking like this!”



Suprised to suddenly find a tall pink figure in front of him, Kamsi's eyes bulged wide open. Tracing his way up the silky gown wrapped around the perfect hourglass silhouette, he forgot for a moment who its owner was. That is until his gaze fell upon the embarrassed-looking head attached to the beautiful body.

The overly made-up face just screamed girl. The thinly arched eyebrows, sitting above bright blue eyes framed by long dark lashes, had no place on a man's face. Any man who laid eyes on the glossy pink lips, slightly parted and sparking in the evening light, was going to be conjuring up quite a few naughty thoughts that evening. And the platinum blonde curls, styled in a rather fancy but at the same time tacky-looking high ponytail was as feminine as it got.

"Did your tan get darker?" Kamsi asked, tilting his head to one side before squinting his eyes.

"My tan! that's what you noticed," Paul replied exasperated, waving his long pink nails around wildly. "Yes, my skin is now the colour of a mahogany table! But I'm a little more concerned about the rest of this get up at the moment," he added, placing his hands on his head.

You're going to an art gallery, right? Won't everyone be dressed up?" Kamsi asked, shaking his head at the dramatic man in front of him.

"You've worn similar outfits out in public before. What's the difference?"

"That's not the point," Paul shot back, stamping his elevated foot loudly. "I'm just sick of having to play dress up, like some life-sized Barbie doll. First, it was Veronica, and now it's Gwen. But I guess you wouldn't understand. You're so into all this girl crap these days, you're like a different person. Have you turned gay or something?"

Hitting a nerve, Kamsi sprang to his feet. "No, of course not! I'm still me! I'm just dressed differently," he roared. "What? Because I don't look miserable all the time, I've turned gay? I'm just trying to get through this as best I can. It's better than feeling sorry for myself all the time, like someone I know."

With his friend up in his face, looking as though he was ready for a fight, Paul took a step back and let out a heavy sigh. "Look, I'm sorry, alright. I've just got a lot on my mind right now. I shouldn't have taken it out on you."

“Well, you shouldn’t... aah.” Stopping mid-sentence, Kamsi could see the worrisome look in his friends sad, downcast eyes. “Something happened, didn’t it?” He added in a much calmer voice as he carefully sat back down onto the bed. “Come over here and talk me about it.”

Paul hesitated for a second before tiptoeing forward to join his provocatively dressed friend on the bed. “She wants me to have an operation,” he whispered, bowing his head.

“Who, Veronica?” Kamsi fired back, turning his body to face Paul.

Now shaking, Paul continued to look down at his shiny pink knees. “No, Gwen! And I don’t have a choice. I either have the surgery, or I end up in jail. She said it was just a minor procedure, but she won’t even tell me what it is. What the hell am I going to do, man”?

“Wow, that’s some heavy shit,” Kamsi replied in shock. “I... I... hell, I don’t know what to suggest, but just know this, whatever happens, I’m always here for you, alright?”

Seeing Kamsi lift his arm, Paul snuggled in. “Thank you,” he muttered, “I know I can be difficult, sometimes.”

“Try always,” Kamsi interjected.

“Ok, always,” Paul said, half chuckling and half sobbing. “But you know you always have been and always will be my best friend, right?”

“Hey, don’t you go getting all sappy on me now. I’ll end up ruining my makeup, and there’s no way I’m starting over again. Do you know how long it took to get my eyes looking this peng?” Kamsi replied, gripping Paul tighter. “Come on, if we get going now, I can get the bus with you. And with me dressed this fine, I bet no one even notices you're there!”

A week later

Sat tapping his acrylic nails on the arm of an uncomfortable plastic chair with one pantyhosed leg neatly crossed over the other, Tim stared blankly at Alma, the store manager, wishing she would hurry up. Morning meetings were boring at the best of times, but her meetings seemed to go on forever with nothing useful ever being said.

Today’s topic was, how to upsell. Essentially, how to make customers buy more by offering them some sort of accessory to go with their purchase.

“So, Kylie, why don't you and Kay roleplay what we've been discussing,” Alma suddenly announced. “Kay, you be the customer and kylie, you're going to upsell to her.”

Rolling his eyes and sighing quietly, Tim rose to his feet, feeling his calves stretch in the monster heels he had been forced to wear as part of his uniform recently.

Tim had always hated doing roleplay, and in this environment, it was just plain humiliating. He never seemed to get anything right, whereas Kay, who never did any work, seemed to get away with murder.

“Good morning, miss,” Tim announced, smiling only to be instantly interrupted.

“Kylie, you know better than this. We always give the customers a few minutes before we approach,” Alma declared, tutting. “Come on, you know this!”

Tim bit his tongue and kept his puffy lips closed. He wanted to protest but knew it would only lead to a lecture.

“Ok, girls, let's try this again,” Alma stated, nodding her head.

This time Tim stood perfectly still, looking on with disdain as Kay smirked back at him. Twenty seconds passed before Alma once again started screeching. “Kylie, what are you doing? Are you taking this seriously? You're just standing there doing nothing!”

Perplexed, Tim glared at her with his mouth hanging open. “But... I was just doing as you asked.” He protested.

“Come on now. You need to use a bit of common sense here,” Alma answered in frustration while looking at her watch. “This is just roleplay. A few seconds is long enough to make the point. It's too late now anyway! it's almost time to open.”

Nodding, Kay looked towards Alma. “Thank you for the informative training session, Alma,” She said cheerfully. “It's definitely going to help boost our productivity. Can I make you a coffee as a thank you?”

“Thank you, Kay. And yes, a coffee would be lovely. Kylie, why don't you go open the front door and set up the till?”

Watching as his two colleagues skipped off towards the small kitchen at the back of the store, Tim shook his head in disbelief. He knew the next

time he saw Kay would most likely be when she came out for an hour while he took his lunch break.

6.01 PM

With the clock on the wall showing the time to be just after six, Tim made a noise somewhere between a sigh and a grunt. There were only thirty minutes to go until closing, but in his mind, that seemed like an eternity away as he stood switching his weight from one leg to the other as his muscles cramped up.

Glancing up at his reflection he noted how professional his top and pleated skirt looked. And he had to admit the maroon coloured platform pumps, currently punishing his poor feet, did complement the rest of his outfit. The problem was, they were just so impractical for his kind of work.

Leaning against one of the display tables, Tim looked around, debating whether or not he would get away with taking off his shoes for a minute or two. He was 99% sure he'd get away with it with Alma or Kay very unlikely to make an appearance. But what if a customer came in?

Hearing the door open, Tim quickly pushed himself away from the table and hobbled forward a few steps. Regaining his composure, he put on his game face and smiled towards the approaching customer. But his smiling face didn't last for long, swiftly changing to a puzzled expression as the customer stared back with an equally perplexed look. As the young woman advanced towards him, time seemed to stand still as they both scrutinised each other's outfits.

"Who are you?" the woman demanded, stopping in front of Tim, and scowling at the nervous-looking sales assistant.

"Ky... Kylie," Tim stuttered as he felt the blood drain from his face.

Curling her lip and squinting, the woman continued to glare at him.

"Tim!" she muttered, "Is that you?"

"Tim? Who's Tim?" Tim answered nervously giggling. "Come on, Kim? Do I look like a Tim"? As soon as the words left his mouth, he knew he'd messed up.

“Oh, my days!” Kim screamed, bringing her hand up to cover her mouth.
“Do you work here?”



Nodding, Tim bowed his head and looked down at the ground wanting it to swallow him.

“I can’t believe this,” Kim announced, still in shock. “This is super crazy! You look so... so feminine. Are you transitioning?”

Closing his eyes and holding them tightly shut, Tim stood like a statue as Kim continued. “How can you wear shoes like that all day? Oh my God! Look at your nails! Look at your lips! Are those real?” She said, firing question after question before pointing at Tim’s chest.

With the room falling silent, Tim opened his eyes and slowly looked up at his little sister who was looking back at him like he was an alien. “Kim, I can explain everything but please not here. I’m at work now, and I can’t lose this job. I finish soon. There’s a café two doors down. Can we meet there in say 45 minutes?”

Blinking and shaking her head confused, Kim smiled. “Sure thing, KYLIE!!! I’ll be there, but I don’t know how you expect me to wait that long!”

7.16 PM

Placing down her coffee cup, Kim looked across the table at her bimbified older brother and shook her head from side to side. “And you just went along with all of it?” she announced, unconvinced, having listened patiently while Tim told her his story.

“I didn’t have much a choice,” Tim shot back. “It all escalated really quickly. Before I knew it, I was in over my head and being told I had committed a crime!”

Kylie smiled. “So you’re telling me. All of this! The outfit, the cute hairstyle, the kilo of Botox in those lips. It was all against your will. You didn’t want any of it”?

“No,” Tim stressed. “I hate all of it. This long hair is annoying, these shoes are killing me, and I don’t even want to think about the damage done to my face. It makes me sick to even think about how much of a freak I’ll look when I go back to my old life.”

Seeing her brother getting worked up, Kim decided to change the subject. “You know what’s really strange? You ending up working in that store. Do you know I work as a sales assistant too? In fact, I used to work in that very store, but that was a few years back.”

“Is that why you came in today?” Tim asked nervously while folding his arms across his body.

Kim laughed. “Hang on a second,” She replied while rummaging around in her bag.

Pulling out her phone, it didn't take her long to find what she was looking for. “Here, take a look at this!” she announced, thrusting the phone into Tim's face.

Covering his mouth in disbelief, Tim let out a little squeak as he stared at the image on Kim's Insta account. It was him! And he stood in the store where he worked with his arm around some random man.

“Yeah, I was shocked too, when I saw that some guy I'd hooked up with last year had tagged a random Asian girl as me on his account,” Kim said while giggling. “It's my day off today so I thought I'd finally go over to the store and find out who the imposter was. And you know If you'd given me a million tries. I never would have guessed that the glammed up salesgirl in the picture was actually my judgmental, sexist brother. The same one who used to ridicule and belittle me for wearing a little makeup and trying to look nice. It's funny how things work out, right? Some might call it karma. But anyway, this gives me an idea. One where we both could make a little money.”

4 months later, 12.10 PM

After a relaxing bubble bath, Paul stepped out of the tub, smelling like freshly cut wildflowers. Plucking a towel from the rack with the tips of his pink acrylic nails, he wrapped it around his chest before looking down in a trance at the ginormous mounds jutting out.

It had been almost two months since the “minor surgery” had left him with a pair of double D's, and he was still trying to get his head around the fact they were his. The heavy masses were impossible to ignore.

Constantly getting in the way and throwing him off balance, especially while tottering around atop six-inch stilettos, the only shoes he ever seemed to wear these days.

Closing his eyes for a second, Paul felt the towel constrict against his girls as he filled his lungs with air before turning to face the bathroom mirror. He opened them to find a stranger looking back at him. A young, dare he

say it, pretty girl with her long platinum blonde hair piled atop her head contrasting her dark fake tanned skin.



Shaking his head, Paul chuckled at the absurdity of it all. His transformation from beer-drinking alpha male to the alluring temptress he saw before him was still shocking to see.

The memory of waking up in the hospital, sore and groggy, only to be told the facial feminization surgery, he'd been forced into, had been a great success, was possibly one of the worst moments of his life. Perhaps only topped when he first laid eyes on his bruised and puffy face as the doctor removed his bandages with Gwen's deranged smiling face looking on. The bruising had now subsided, and the swelling had settled down, but what replaced it was equally as horrifying in Paul's mind.

Stood on the cold bathroom floor, Paul turned his head from side to side, examining his skin for any spots as he tried not to dwell on surgical changes made to his jawline and eyes. With no pimples in sight, he opened his makeup kit before collecting together the assortment of brushes and myriad of cosmetics he needed to beautify his face.

As always, he started with moisturiser, spreading the creamy solution around carefully and trying to avoid poking himself with a nail. It was the first step of his forty-five-minute makeup routine. A routine most people would argue wasn't even necessary given the fact that Paul's natural look was more attractive than a lot of girls with a full face of makeup. Well, perhaps natural wasn't really the correct word to use, given all the cosmetic procedures he went through on a weekly basis. But even so, without any effort on his part, he always looked photo-ready.

Eyelash extensions, perming, and tinting had widened his eyes to provide a dark dramatic look. The perfectly shaped brows that sat above were ever-present after the microblading. And his lips always seemed to pop after being tinted a few shades darker than their natural pigment.

Whether the application of makeup was necessary or not though, was insignificant. Paul didn't have a say in how he looked these days. He was expected to present himself in a certain way. And with only one hour until he needed to leave the apartment, he knew he needed to get a move on.

1.35 PM

"Here's your receipt, Kylie," The cheerful sales clerk said, handing a small cardboard envelope to Tim.

"Thanks, Bonnie, he replied, forcing a smile onto his painted lips before placing the receipt into his small purse.

Passing Tim a sturdy-looking carrier bag, Bonnie stepped to the side. “Enjoy the rest of your day, see you again soon, yeah?”

“You sure will,” Tim answered, dropping his smile the moment his back turned. It’s not like he didn’t like Bonnie. She was nice enough and often helped him out. He just wasn’t feeling very cheerful today. Worked to the bone in an industry he hated, the qualified accountant, wearing a pretty little dress, sheer hose, and high-heeled pumps, just wanted a day off from it all.

Willing his exhausted legs to keep moving, Tim strutted loudly across the shop floor and took one final look at the products on offer, the coat in the corner catching his eye. He was still annoyed that they didn’t have it in the size that he was looking for. He would now have to visit their sister store to purchase it, and with the straps of his sparky footwear digging into his ankles, the prospect of the walk over there was perhaps the last thing on Earth he wanted to do in that moment.

“At least, I managed to pick up the bag and the skirt,” he thought to himself as he stepped out into the brightly lit, seemingly deserted shopping centre. The emptiness didn’t surprise him of course, knowing all too well how fleeting customers were these days. Being a rainy Tuesday afternoon probably didn’t help either.

Turning left, Tim marched on as the tightness of his dress forced his pantyhosed thighs to swish and rub together with each and every painful step he took. Until suddenly, he parted his rubbery lips, letting loose a frustrated grunt as he looked up through his heavy lashes towards the gigantic clock hanging in the centre of the large multi-floored room. As always when out shopping on his lunch break, the time just seemed to speed by and disappear. With only twenty-five minutes until he was expected back in work, he knew he’d have to hurry if he didn’t want to be late.

Quickening his pace, Tim strode on as his forceful footsteps echoed loudly throughout the area. He knew that if he hurried, he would just about have enough time to finish buying what he needed. Unfortunately for him, he also knew it was going to come at the cost of not eating as he mentally prepared himself for another, painfully boring afternoon shift with only a growling empty stomach for company.



2.43 PM

Stunned, horrified, appalled. These were just some of the emotions Paul felt as he took hold of the pen with his trembling fingers. Looking over at Gwen with pleading eyes, he searched for some kind of reprieve.

“Come on, precious,” Gwen encouraged, “hurry up and sign so we can get out of here. We’ve taken up enough of this kind gentleman’s time already.”

“Oh no. It’s no problem,” the suited man across the desk remarked, “I don’t have another appointment until three. Please, take your time, ladies.”

Really struggling now to keep a hold of the pen, Pauls’ whole body shook as his eyes darted around the room. His mind was racing as he desperately tried to conjure up a way out of signing the legally binding document laid out on the desk in front of him.

“Is there a problem, dear?” Gwen questioned in a slightly menacing tone as she reached down to grab Paul’s inner thigh.

“Erm... no,” he squeaked, feeling her apply a little pressure.

Feeling like the walls in the stuffy little office were closing in on him, Paul felt faint. And with all eyes in the room staring at him, he realised he was out of options. Bringing down the pen, he scribbled his name on the dotted line and almost threw up in his mouth.

2.46 PM

With a face like thunder, Paul stepped outside and quickly thrust down his arms to secure the flimsy skirt of his plunging mini dress. He was just in time as a strong gust of wind blew in, threatening to reveal his rather racy undergarments to the world.

Waiting for the wind to dissipate, Paul watched dejectedly as Gwen happily skipped on down the steps in front of him. God, he hated that woman with a passion. Not only was she ruining his life, but she was also batshit crazy. Kind and caring one minute, only to flip out the next, scolding him like a naughty child over the smallest thing.

“Come along, Penny,” Gwen called out as the skirted man struggled to traverse the steps of city hall on his perilously high stilettos pumps. “I’ve made a reservation for afternoon tea at three fifteen. If we don’t hurry, we’re going to be late. We can do a little shopping after. You deserve a treat for being such a brave girl in there.”



“Pen...ny!” Paul said slowly as he broke down the syllables in his head. It felt unnatural to hear somebody referring to him by that name. But with the ink now dry on the deed poll, he would have to get used to it. As Penny, short for Penelope, was now his new legally binding name!

6.48 PM

Following Lizzy through the doors of the trendy inner-city bar, Kamsi looked down at his nylon encased legs and wondered if he’d made a mistake listening to Lizzy’s fashion advice. Looking around, he noticed the place was nearly empty, but with the few eyes that were in the place

scanning up his exposed legs, Kamsi felt half-naked in his skimpy hotpants and plunging top.

Ignoring the lecherous looks, the sparsely dressed man straightened his back and reminded himself why he was there. After a tiring week of serving drinks, he and his fellow casino waitress companion had arranged to hit the town and have a little fun.

After confidently strutting over to the bar, the pair ordered a couple of cocktails before finding an empty table on the left side of the room. And with their coats and bags arranged neatly on one of the empty chairs, the eye-catching duo took a seat and began chatting.

“So, how’s the drink, Babes?” Lizzy asked while flicking her long blonde hair in an attempt to flirt with a handsome man she had spotted looking at her from a nearby table.

“Strong,” Kamsi replied after taking a sip through his pink straw. “A few more like these, and I’m going to be plastered.”

“I told you this was the place to go, right?” Lizzy boasted. “The barman is a friend of a friend. He always makes me the best drinks.”

Wrapping his shiny lips around the straw, Kamsi took another sip. The cloudy pink concoction clutched within his long-nailed fingers tasted sugary and sweet but with an almost overpowering aftertaste of vodka.

Wondered if it was too early to start drinking such strong drinks, Kamsi placed the glass back on the table and folded his glistening legs. In the old days, the question wouldn’t have even crossed his mind. But these days, things were different. Going out as a woman, wearing flashy outfits, drew a lot more attention. He needed to keep his wits about him to avoid getting into any dodgy situations. Or just to repel any unwanted male attention that usually came his way, like the spotty man with the man-bun who had been staring and smiling at him ever since he stepped through the door on his sky-high boots.

“So, how’s it going with the kid?” Lizzy announced, having lost the attention of her admirer. “Are you still getting along with the Dad? What was his name again, Ashley?”

Kamsi smiled awkwardly at the mention of the name Ashley. In his mind, assuming the role of Mira's mother was only a white lie. Justifying it by telling himself that he could hardly tell his new best friend that he was her

father. That would have led to a very awkward conversation he was keen to avoid.

“Really good, I’m over there three or four times a week these days. Me and Ash are getting on really well, and Mira is such a sweet little girl,” Kamsi stated, the smile on his face warm and genuine.

“That’s great, Babes,” Lizzy cried, smiling back. “A little girl needs her mum. I’m so happy for you. So, any chance of you and the dad getting back together?”

Taking a second to think about the question, Kamsi took a slurp of his drink before answering. “No, I don’t think so. Too much has happened, and it wouldn’t be fair on Mira.”

“Awww, you’re such a good mum putting little Mira first like that,” Lizzy cooed. “But then again. Perhaps you have your eye on someone else? Someone a little more European?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Kamsi replied coyly, rolling his eyes and pouting. “But what I do know is. Someone’s drinking slower than my grandmother tonight. Come on drink up. It’s your round!” he added before placing his straw between his pouty lips and draining the contents of his sickly cocktail.

7.52 PM

Back at the Bar, Kamsi and Lizzy stood waiting while the barman made them their third drink of the evening. Leaning his plump backside against a stool, a slightly tipsy Kamsi gave his elevated feet a momentary rest.

“I’ve told you already, but your hair really does look amazing like that, you know”? Lizzy blurted out, starting to slur her words. “Didn’t I say that style would suit you?”

Bringing his hand up, Kamsi ran his dark acrylic nails along the side of his shaved head. At the time, he wasn’t sure about the idea of having such an edgy hairstyle, thinking it would make him stand out even more than he already did. But after getting used to it and all the looks it brought, he was starting to enjoy the attention. “Well, what can I say. You’ve either got it or you haven’t,” he replied, making a V-shape with his fingers, and posing.

Chuckling, Lizzy shook her head. “God, girl, you’re such a flirt.

"You're one to talk," Kamsi joked back, "You're much worse than me. I bet there's not a single man in here tonight you haven't eyed up."

"Just checking out the talent, honey," Lizzy japed. "But when it comes to teasing, I'm not even in your league. I bet that hunk of a man walking through the door behind you would agree."

Instinctively turning his body, Kamsi glanced through the corner of his dark sultry eyes, making a confused, questioning kind of sound.

"Oh!" he added, seeing Lorenzo's smiling face peering back at him.

"Oh, that man wants you bad, girl," Lizzy added in a low gravelly tone.

"Someone's getting lucky tonight."

"What?" Kamsi mumbled back, unable to keep his eyes off the exotic Italiano heading in their direction. "What did you say?"



8.20 PM

Freezing and fatigued, Tim entered a sushi restaurant close to where he lived and breathed a sigh of relief. It had been an extremely long day, made even longer after discovering the till to be short by twenty pounds as they went to close up. And with store policy dictating that the cash taken each day needed to match the sales total, no one could leave until the mystery had been solved.

After trawling through the security footage, it turned out Kay was at fault, having given one of the customers the wrong change while Tim was out shopping on his lunch break. Alma, of course, played it off as an honest mistake. But as Tim hobbled out of the store into the blustery cold streets, he couldn't help but wonder how different the reaction would have been if he had been the one to blame.

Inside the sushi restaurant, a friendly lady greeted Tim by his name and offered to store his coat and shopping bags. Taking the ever-present woman up on the offer, Tim passed her his belongings before striding into the main room. Clip-clopping towards the seating area, he eyed up the raw fish dishes rotating around on a circular track and heard his stomach rumble. The funny thing was, Tim had never particularly liked sushi. But at that moment, it didn't matter. He was so hungry he would have eaten just about anything.

"I see you started without me?" Tim joked, stopping in front of a smartly dressed woman stuffing her face with a tuna nigiri.

"Hey, you're the one who's thirty minutes late, Meng Mei!" Kim replied, standing up to give her older brother a hug.

The embrace lasted but a second, but after the day he'd had, make that week, Tim was just glad to be in the company of someone he loved and trusted. Upon parting, Tim pouted. "Do you have to call me that? He asked his sister in a tired voice. "You know I hate that nickname."

"Sorry, but it suits you too well. You both cute and my sister," Kim replied, giggling. "Anyway, come and sit down. You must be starving!"



8.28 PM

“So, did you manage to get everything we needed?” Kim asked as Tim bit down on his tenth piece of sushi.

“Uh-huh,” he responded, nodding his head as he had a full mouth of rice and raw fish.

“Even that coat from Balenciaga”? Kim pestered.

Swallowing his food, Tim turned to look at his chatty sister. “Yes, I had to use up my whole lunch break, but I managed to track one down.

“Excellent, I managed to pick up the wallet we needed, earlier too. So, now we can send out the shipment,” Kim replied with a huge smile on her face. “You’re the best business partner a girl could ask for, Jiejie.”

Tim smiled, not too happy about being referred to as her older sister, but at the same time, things seemed to be looking up. After reconnecting with his sister, having been estranged for years, they were now closer than ever. And on top of that, the pair were working together to make boatloads of money.

The business model was simple. Use their staff discounts to purchase designer goods on sale before shipping them off to customers in Asia. Kim had been at it for years, but with an extra pair of hands in Tim, not to mention the extra stores his staff discount applied to, the little side hustle was finally paying off. This week they had made over a thousand pounds from a single handbag alone!

Observing her feminized brother munching away happily, Kim felt on top of the world. She still found it a little odd to see her older brother looking more feminine than her. All decked out in his little designer outfit and delicately handling his chopsticks with his elegant long-nailed fingers, it was quite a sight to behold.

“In a few more years, we’ll be able to buy our first property,” she thought to herself as Tim placed another California roll between his plump lips. “If all goes to plan, we’ll be out of the fashion industry and making the big bucks in the real estate market. Then they’ll see I’m not a failure! I’ll make them proud to call me their daughter!”

8.35 PM

Parking up the car outside her apartment building, Gwendoline Morris turned off the ignition before turning to face her sulky passenger. “You’re quieter than normal, Penny dear,” she announced. “Are you feeling a little tired, perhaps?”

Staring straight ahead, Paul breathed out heavily through his nose. Still stunned by the afternoon’s events, he had no desire to look at the evil

tormentor to his left, never mind talk to her. He was, Of course, tired as well. Traipsing around the city for hours on his stilt-like heels, battling the wind as it attempted to lift the indecently short bit of material wrapped around his shivering frame, had been utterly exhausting.

“Yes, I imagine you are,” Gwen declared, seeing Paul ignore her. “But we’re home now where you can rest. Later you can slip into the little presie I bought you. I’ll even give you one of my special foot rubs to make those tootsies of yours feel all better.”

A shiver ran down Paul’s spine at the thought. He knew what that would lead to, and he didn’t know if he had the mental capacity to cope with it that evening.

“You know, Penny. when around you, I feel like a young woman again,” Gwen stated. “I’ve never been one to believe in fate, but this is all just too perfect to be a coincidence.”

“My name is Paul!” Paul snarled, turning to face the large jovial woman in the driver’s seat.

Taken aback by the sudden outburst, Gwendoline looked confused for a second before curbing her lip and chuckling lightly. “Not anymore, precious. Paul Aaron Gleeson is gone. He no longer exists. From now on, you are Penelope Louise Morris, a girly girl who loves shopping and looking her best.”

“Morris?” Paul cried, realising for the first time that he had the same last name as Gwen.

“Of course! Gwen replied joyfully. “It’s easier this way. It means we won’t have to change it again after the wedding!

“Wedding!” Paul exclaimed, feeling his heart skip a beat.

“I know, it’s exciting, right? Even though I go by the title Mrs Morris as it sounds more professional at work, I’ve never been married. To be honest, I did wonder if I’d ever meet someone compatible. And then, as if by magic, you walk into my life. I just know we’re going to be so happy together!”

“You’re crazy! Paul screamed, having reached his breaking point. “I’m not Penny, and I’m not marrying you! I’ve had enough of this shit. I can’t do this anymore!”

The backhanded slap was so ferocious it almost knocked his head off his pretty little shoulders. “How dare you speak to me like that, you disrespectful little bitch!” Gwen hollered. “Remember your place sissy. I make the decisions here, and you just nod and look pretty. You know It’s not too late to find you a nice jail cell. Perhaps you’ll meet a new lover there! Someone that’ll treat you better than me! Is that what you want?”

Bringing up his manicured hand, Paul touched the side of his head in shock as he watched as Gwen had one of her bipolar mood switches. “No, of course, you don't.” she began, her face all smiles once more. "I'm sorry I had to hit you, but you really know how to grind my gears sometimes," she added while patting Paul's silky smooth knee. "I know you can't see it right now, sweetie pie. But as a man, you were a complete failure. Your life would have never amounted to anything but a disappointment. Trust me, things will be much better this way. I'm going to look after you and treat you like the princess you are. We'll be together forever. I promise!”



9.45 PM

Kamsi was having a great time as the music pounded in his ears and the flashing lights danced around him. Feeling tipsy from the earlier drinks, he now found himself on the dance floor of Fabrication. Ironically, the very same club Veronica had brought him, all those months ago, to get an ID card. A card that had trapped him in the life of skirts he now led.

Looking over at Lizzy as she suddenly threw her hands in the air, Kamsi smiled. The DJ had just started playing Beyonce's classic, all the single ladies, and as the opening lyrics belted out, the dance floor erupted. Trying to copy Lizzy's body and hand movements, Kamsi gyrated to the music and shuffled his feet. He wasn't going to win any awards for most elegant person on the dancefloor that evening, but then again, very few people around him were bopping about wearing towering platform boots. "Woohoo," Lizzy shrieked as she took hold of Kamsi's slim waist and started to rub her sexy body up against his.

At that moment, time lost all meaning. He didn't care anymore that he was in a nightclub, half-naked in a slutty little outfit. He didn't care about his numb toes and cramping calf muscles. He was just happy to be present in the moment, dancing with his friend as the worries of his life melted away.

Halfway through the song, Lizzy suddenly stepped away and started to dance by herself. Watching as she threw her arms around, refusing to make eye contact, Kamsi felt a little confused. That is until he felt a strong pair of arms wrap around his waist from behind.

"Ciao bella ragazza," Lorenzo purred into the startled crossdressers' ear before thrusting his crotch into the feminised man's hotpanted backside.

Looking over at Lizzy for help, she flashed him a smile and continued shaking her body to the beat. Frozen, he could now feel Lorenzo's erection grinding against his butt hole, slightly parting his cheeks as his mind raced. Did he want this? If he didn't, why were his nipples suddenly standing to attention?"



10.10 PM

Re-entering the living room, Kim stepped over her brother's discarded high-heeled shoes and headed towards the sofa. Just as he was, when she left to take her shower, she found Tim fast asleep in his pyjamas. Taking up her usual spot next to sleeping beauty, she cleared her throat and gave him a nudge.

"Eeh... What's going on," announced a groggy Tim, slowly opening his eyes.

Kim chuckled. "The bathrooms free. You should go and take your off makeup. It'll wake you up a bit. Then we can watch an episode of that new Korean drama before bed."

"Ok, give me a minute," Tim replied, disorientated but mighty relieved to find himself in the living room of Kim's apartment. He'd been having a nightmare? In it, he was back in Victoria's salon, strapped down and helpless as she proceeded to wrench out his teeth, one by one.

"Are you ok"? Kim asked, seeing his startled face.

Turning to face her," Tim nodded and snuggled his head into his little sister's shoulder. "Thank you for letting me live here. I really, really, appreciate it, you know?"

"You don't have to keep thanking me. We're family, and you know the extra money towards the rent helps me out too," Kim replied, stroking Tim's shiny, smooth hair. "You know I wish you hadn't cut your hair so short. It looked really pretty before."

Surprised by the random change to the conversation, Tim looked up. "Perhaps it is a little short," he admitted, "It just reminded me of Veronica and that apartment. When I saw the scissors in your bathroom that day, I just couldn't help myself."

"Well, if it's anything like mine, it'll grow out quick. And at least it doesn't look so bad now after taking you to see a professional."

"I guess," Tim sighed.

"Hey, is something wrong?" Kim asked concerned, hearing the sadness in her brother's voice. "Talk to me."

"I guess... I mean... I was just kinda hoping that I might not have to do this that much longer." Tim replied in a gloomy voice.

“You mean, be Kylie?” Kim asked while continuing to stroke his hair.

“Well, yeah but if I went back to being Tim, would you still let me live here?” he asked, biting his fat bottom lip.

Sitting him up a little straighter, Kim stared down into Tim’s made-up eyes and shook her head. “Of course, you could still live here, silly! If you want to stop dressing like this and start living like a man again, that’s completely up to you. Kylie or Tim, I’m not going to kick you out.

“Thank you, Kim,” Tim muttered as a tear rolled down his cheek. “But what about the business. Will it still work?”

“Yeah, I guess we’d have to rethink our dream, huh,” Kim answered with a half-smile. “I mean, I could still carry on alone, but without your staff discount, buying that first property looks a long way away, especially if you lose quit your job.”

“Ok, how about this. What if I toughed it out for a little longer? How long do you think it would take if we worked extra hard?” Tim announced, scratching his head. “Less than a year, right?”

“I guess. But it’s hard to promise anything,” Kim answered looking surprised. “Are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

Looking sheepish, Tim blushed. “I guess so. I mean, if it means we get to have a better future, I reckon I can handle one more year of skirts. It’s not like I have any men’s clothes anyway.”

“Really? you’d do that for me,” Kim cried, leaning down to embrace her brother.

“I’d do It for us! And I’ll fly by, right?” Tim answered, sounding a little unsure of himself.

“Right, Kim agreed. “like a flash. “So should I play the drama now? Or are you going to wash your face first?”

“Play it, Tim replied, leaning back. “I’ll go in ten minutes; I just want to rest my legs a little while longer.”

2 minutes later

Hearing what sounded like a snoring baby hippo to her left, Kim giggled, knowing Tim was out for the count again. For a moment, she considered

waking him, but then she remembered the long tiring day he's had. The poor thing deserved a little rest before having to get up bright and early in the morning, where he'd do it all over again.



10.25 PM

Slightly worried, Kamsi searched his vicinity for any signs of Lizzy. One minute she had been dancing the night away in front of him, the next, she had vanished.

“Is something wrong, Baby?” Lorenzo asked, leaning in so his voice could be heard over the music.

The sensation of the Italian man’s coarse stubble brushing against his smooth, lasered cheek was a strange one for Kamsi. It brought back a memory of a time when their roles were reversed. A time when he was the alpha male, flirting and rubbing his hairy body up against a scantily clad girl in the hope of taking her home for a night of passionate sex.

“Karmen?” Lorenzo said, gently running his palms down Kamsi’s bare shoulders while looking deep into his eyes.

“I’m fine,” Kamsi shouted over the music as his nostrils filled with the scent of Lorenzo’s potent aftershave. “Really, I’m fine. I’m just worried about Lizzy. Have you seen her?”

Lifting himself onto his tiptoes, Lorenzo peered around the room like some kind of Italian Meercat. “She is dancing with a group of women just over there,” he said, pointing.

“Oh, ok,” Kamsi replied with a nervous smile. “As long as she’s ok.”

“She’s having fun,” Lorenzo asserted as he stepped in closer. “Now dance with me, baby. Show me those sexy dance moves of yours.”

With Lorenzo's strong hands gripping his waist, Kamsi started to gently sway back and forth on his heels. Closing his dramatic-looking eyes, he once again let his instincts take over, quieting the voice in his head, telling him to stop. It was too late to stop. He didn’t want to stop!

Squealing as Lorenzo’s hands slipped down and gave his bum a hefty squeeze. Kamsi threw his arms around the Italian man’s neck before grinding his slim feminine body down his muscular frame. He was completely lost in the moment until suddenly, he found himself tossed through the air like a rag doll.

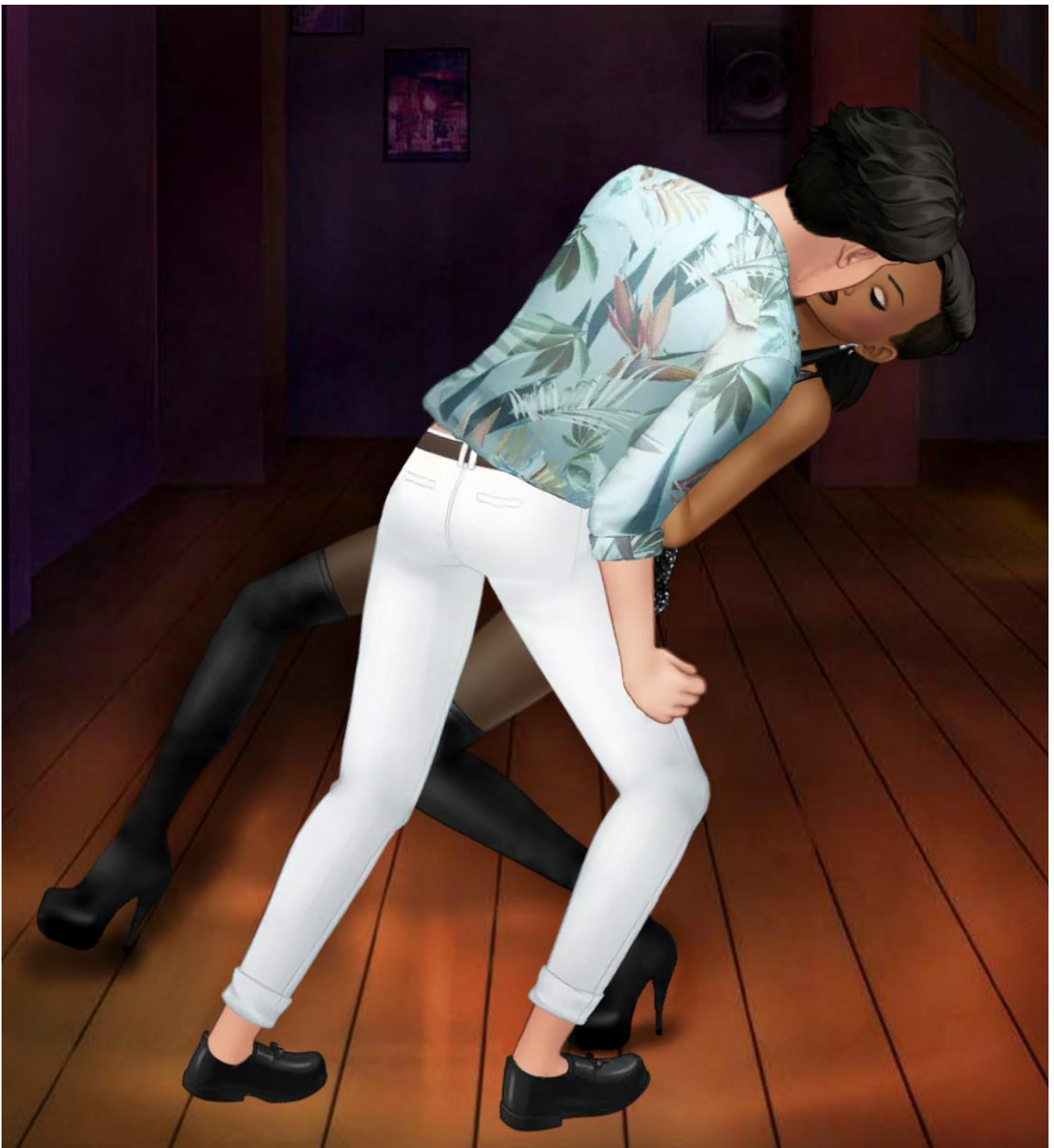
At the mercy of Lorenzo, Kamsi panicked before finding himself balancing perilously on the tips of his stiletto boots as Lorenzo supported the rest of his weight. He knew what was coming as the dark-haired man leaned in, and even if he’d wanted to, he couldn’t have stopped it.

Closing his eyes, Kamsi puckered up to accept the kiss. And as their lips touched, a tingly electric feeling, like nothing he'd felt before, pulsed through his limp body. The kiss felt different from previous ones and not just physically. As strange as it felt to have his plump, rubbery lips

assaulted as his soft skin rubbed up against a rough stubbly face. The biggest difference was just how vulnerable he felt. It was like he was giving himself to this man, surrendering to his advances, and saying you've won.

Coming up for air, A slightly out of breath Lorenzo peered down into the alluring eyes of his crossdressed companion and smiled. "How about we get out of here?" He announced confidently.

Back on his throbbing feet, Kamsi nodded as he delicately weaved his long dagger-like nails into Lorenzo's palm. He had run out of reasons to resist him. It was time to give in and accept what he'd tried to deny for so long.



10.35 PM

Looking around the bedroom that was to be his new home once the wedding had taken place, Paul felt a mixture of embarrassment and apprehension. Bowing his head in shame, a mass of long blonde hairs spilled over the mortified man's shoulders, covering most of his painted face and congregating around his large breasts, imprisoned within a silky red bra.

Wishing he could put back on the dress he had complained about for most of the day, Paul gazed down at the rest of the lingerie set adorning his body and scoffed. A matching pair of thong panties dug deep into his buttocks, while a pair of sheer stay-up stockings clung to his compressed thighs.

“Umm, very nice,” Gwen commented, licking her lips as she stepped into the bedroom completely naked.

Paul kept his pretty pink lips firmly shut, wanting the evening's events to be over as quickly as possible. So instead of trying to escape or telling Gwen how much he despised her, Paul just stood there, pushing his towering platform pumps down into the carpeted floor below in an attempt to stop his nylon encased knees from knocking together.

“Go and lie on the bed, Penny,” Gwen commanded forcefully. “Mama’s going to make you feel good before you put that sexy tongue of yours to use.”

Doing as he was told, Paul shuffled over towards the bed, his legs feeling ten times heavier than usual and fighting the urge to vomit. He knew it wasn’t going to be the first, or last time, he let his future wife have her way with his feminised body. He just hoped tonight would be quicker than the marathon session of three nights ago.

Flattening down his hair, Paul lay back on a pillow before looking up. In his mind, the strange dark stain on the ceiling looked more like a dragon than a butterfly that night.

“Oh, what I’d give to have fiery dragon breath right now,” he thought to himself, feeling Gwen’s icy cold fingers ascending his inner thigh, edging ever closer towards their target, his lacy red panties.



6 months later, 2.56 PM

On what was supposedly the happiest day of any young woman's life, Paul carefully minced down the aisle of the old church feeling thoroughly miserable. But then again, he wasn't a woman, not yet anyway!

Smiling at the handful of guests in attendance, his flowing white gown was causing him all sorts of trouble. He desperately wanted to tug up the strapless bustier-style top, feeling as though it was about to slip at any moment to reveal the girls. And if that wasn't bad enough, he had to contend with the masses of petticoats and heavy layers of silky material, flapping around his pantyhosed legs, threatening to throw him off the six-inch platform pumps strapped tightly to his aching feet.

So with Paul living through his own worst nightmare, watched by his oldest friends as he tottered painstakingly slowly down the aisle, about to become the bimbo bride of a woman he loathed, you might be wondering, why was he smiling. The answer is simple, he had promised to! Not because he wanted to, but because of a compromise he'd made with Gwen.

Avoiding the marriage seemed to be out of the question unless he wanted to spend the next few years in prison being passed about and abused by the male inmates. But if he pretended to be happy on the day, smiling throughout the ceremony, Gwen wouldn't invite Veronica. The last person Paul, wanted to see him dressed up as a blushing bride on his wedding day.

Sat on one of the uncomfortable wooden benches, Kamsi shook his head. He had imagined many times what Paul's wedding would be like having agreed to be his best man after he proposed to Veronica. Sat next to his boyfriend, wearing a silky bridesmaid's dress was not one of the scenarios he'd pictured.

3.58 PM

Sensing someone staring at him, Kamsi turned to catch his fellow bridesmaid gazing at him once again. It had been a few months since he and Tim last spoke but with feeling really uncomfortable now, Kamsi needed to say something.

Gliding over on his sparkly high-heeled pumps, the attractive bridesmaid stopped in front of his old friend and placed his hands on his hips. "You could have just come over and said hi, rather than just stare at me all day, you know?" he announced in a slightly irritated tone.

"I'm sorry," Tim answered, "I didn't mean to stare. You just look... so different."

"Yeah, I had a little work done on my face and body," Kamsi declared. "I'm not ashamed to admit it. And by the looks of things. You've had some work done too."

Tim smiled awkwardly. "Me? No! Well, no surgery, but I have filled in a few creases around my eyes." he said before giggling nervously.

Looking unconvinced by his answer, Kamsi smiled back. "So, does that mean you've decided to stay as a woman? I mean, last time we spoke, you were adamant that you were going to get your old life back."

"I am!" Tim shot back. "This is all just a means to an end. A temporary measure while Kim and I get the new business off the ground. I'll be back to my old self soon, you'll see!"

Smiling and nodding, Kamsi changed the subject. “Do you think he’s really happy?” he questioned while glancing over at a photographer snapping pictures of the two brides, smiling away in matching white gowns.

“I don’t know,” Tim answered solemnly. “It’s impossible to have a real conversation with him these days with that overbearing woman about.”

“Yeah, it’s not right,” Kamsi added. “With how thin he's gotten and all that plastic surgery he keeps having, something's definitely very wrong there. Lorenzo thinks we should call the police!”

Nodding in agreement, Tim turned back to face Kamsi. “So, is Lorenzo your boyfriend now?” he asked sheepishly.

“Yes,” Kamsi replied proudly. “I know it might come as a bit of a shock to you, knowing how I used to be, but Lorenzo supports and accepts me for who I am.”

“That’s great, Karmen,” Tim stated, a little surprised by the honest answer. “I’m happy for you. I really hope things work out for the two of you.”

“Thanks, Kylie. That means a lot,” Kamsi replied, stepping forward on his elevated feet to give his friend a light hug. “Hey, let’s grab some dinner one evening? I can get to know Kim a little better, and you can meet Lorenzo properly.”

“Listen up, everyone,” Gwendoline Morris cried out, startling the chatting bridesmaids. “We need everyone over here for the pictures.”

“I’d like that, I’ll call you, ok?” Tim responded before tutting and shaking his head. “Come on, we better get over there. Bridezilla has summoned us, and who knows what she’ll do if we keep her waiting!”



6.40 PM

Placing down her glass of Prosecco on the small coffee table in front of her, Veronica Miller looked up at the clock, and as Adam Levine's voice bellowed out from across the room, she reached into her handbag to retrieve her phone.

There were no messages! Staring at the screen for a second, she considered calling someone but quickly changed her mind and tossed the mobile device down onto the coffee table.

"I'm happy," she told herself. "I've got what I wanted. With those three clowns gone, I've got my life back".

It was true, her plan to force the annoying freeloaders out of her home had worked like a charm. Granted she'd had to resort to some extreme measures to achieve it, and it had taken a lot longer than she'd originally hoped, but the plan had worked! They were finally gone!

Tim was the first to go after moving in with his sister a few months back. And he didn't stop to say goodbye. One day he just went to work and never came back.

Kamsi moved out next, having announced just a few weeks back that he moving into Lizzy from work's spare room. This had only left Paul, but now shackled up with Gwen, he was gone now too.

chuckling to herself, she still couldn't quite believe it was her ex-fiancé's wedding day. She would have loved to have seen him all dolled up in his wedding gown, but alas, it wasn't to be. A deal was a deal, and the deal she had agreed to meant she was to have no further contact with Paul.

When Gwen had first approached her with the offer, she had outright refused, wanting Paul around to help her in the salon. After all, he was great at his job these days and who could refuse free labour. The problem was, as Gwen informed her, she had committed a crime! By not reporting the identity fraud, she had become an accessory to it. This left her with little choice but to bow to Gwen's demands. Although it wasn't all bad, she was given sole ownership of the apartment. Paul, now a kept woman, wouldn't be needing it anymore.

"Yes, things have worked out perfectly. I've finally got my little sanctuary back and the peace and quiet that comes with it," she thought, trying to convince herself.

The problem was something somehow felt off. And while looking around the room, she couldn't quite put her finger on it. The place just seemed... lifeless! Pausing, Veronica was suddenly struck with a terrible thought, one that she found almost impossible to comprehend. She actually missed those three idiots!



THE END