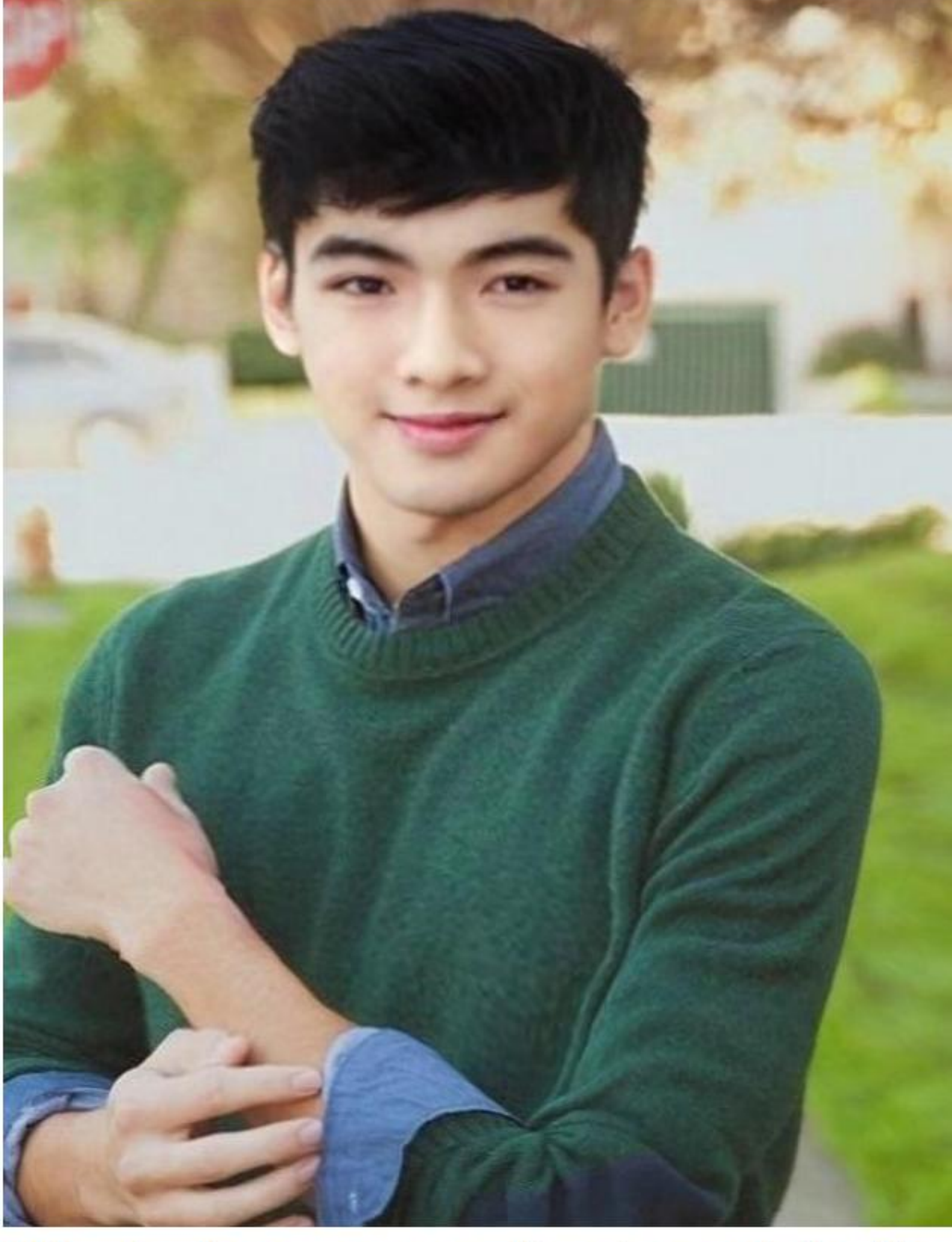


**People don't
take trips,
trips take
people.**

**Written by
ds1000**



It was a pleasant morning in East London and David Lubis was out for a walk with his older sister Ani. He liked talking to his sister as she always gave the best advice, and at the moment he felt depressed. He was now 22 and since finishing university with a degree in the history of art, 6 months ago, life had been dull. He had been flipping burgers the last few months, looking for a decent job.



Why don't you go traveling for a while, like I did before university? You could do some volunteer work or perhaps teach English out in Asia" Ani suggested at one point during their walk.

The words struck a chord with David, so, with a little research and an online TEFL certificate completed, David started talking to online recruiters about the possibility of teaching English abroad. Being of Indonesian descent, that's where he was looking to go. There was something about exploring his roots that really appealed to him.

He came from a supportive family and his parents loved the idea. They thought experiencing life outside of London, would do him good and teach him some things about the real world. After moving to London in their early twenties His parents had worked hard their entire lives, to support him and his sister. They were not rich but they had done enough to put both their children through university. They sometimes missed their old life back in Indonesia, and when they found out that's where David wanted to go, they were even more supportive, they had always regretted not teaching him their native language.

Then one day in early January, He received an email. It was from one of the recruiters, it said, a job had just opened up in a reputable cram school but if he wanted it, he'd have to start in 5 days. With nothing to lose and the promise of adventure, he took the job.

3 days later, with his flight booked, his suitcase packed, 20 million Rupiah (about £1000) tucked away safely at the bottom, he was off to Jakarta.

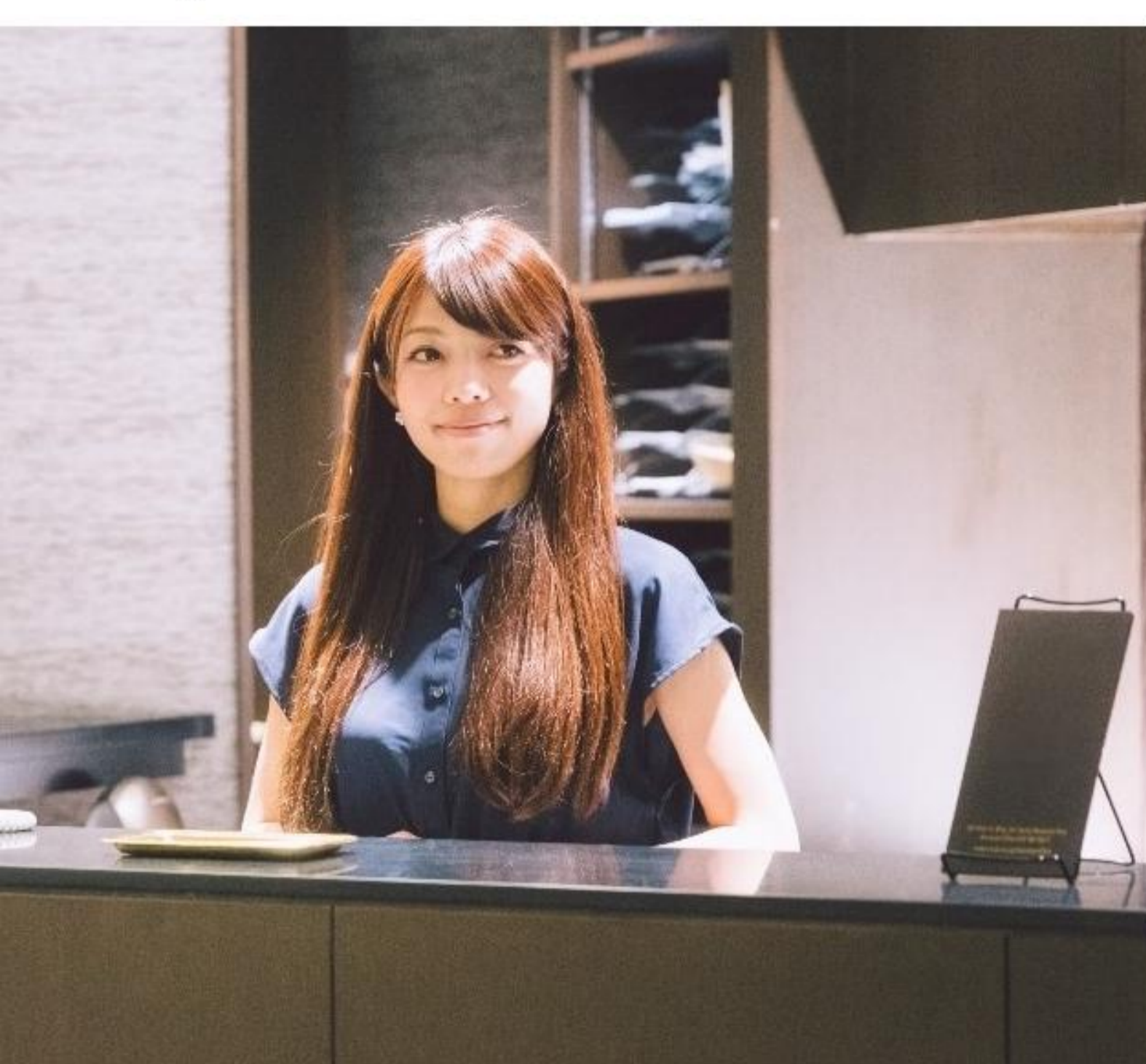
His mother and sister had come to the airport to see him off as his father had to work. Before they said their goodbyes, Ani left him with one last piece of advice.

“Just relax, have fun and try new things, travelling will change you in ways you can't imagine, I bet you'll be a completely different person next time I see you”.



After a final hug, David waved goodbye and passed through security. The near 28-hour trip, with a stop in Paris and an 8-hour layover in Kuala Lumpur, was an awful experience, but the flight was cheap and he had finally arrived. With no problems finding his suitcase and a 30-day landing visa secured, he was on the way to the hostel. He had booked a place in the city for 3 days, as recommended by the recruiter before they found him a more permanent place to live.

Sudirman Baru Station in central Jakarta was a 45-minute train ride from the airport and after a 10 min taxi ride, he was at his hostel and about ready to collapse. He was greeted at the front desk by a friendly woman named Amirah.



Amirah checked his reservation and took payment for the 3 days. He had just enough left in his English bank account to cover it; he made a note to budget carefully with the remaining cash he had brought, as it had to last until his first paycheck, next month. He took the lift up to his private room on the 8th floor, and feeling too tired to do anything else, he emptied his pockets on the bedside table, lay down on the bed, and was out like a light.

Waking up the next morning having slept straight through the previous day, David took a minute to work out where he was. Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and looking around the slightly dirty room, a wave of excitement rode over him, he was in Jakarta. Let the adventure begin, he thought. He went over and opened the doors to his little balcony. It was early morning but there was already plenty of life in the city below. Sitting on the sill of the balcony, he felt free. He had a few days before the meeting with his new school and he was eager to explore. It was time to make a plan.



OK, 1st take a shower and then change (his clothes reeked after the 28-hour trip, and sleeping in them in the humid room hadn't helped). 2nd get some food. 3rd take in a few of the city sights. He thought.

"No, no, no, no", screamed David. Having just finished showering, feeling clean and relaxed he had just unzipped his suitcase to find his worst nightmare. This was not his stuff. He rummaged through without really thinking to see if his stuff was underneath, he was quickly disappointed. All his stuff was gone, along with all his money. he sighed loudly, before slamming the lid closed.

How could this have happened, he thought. He must have picked up the wrong bag after the flight. Looking at the bag now with fresh eyes, he could see it was indeed not his suitcase, very similar but there were few minor differences. His adventure wasn't starting out quite as he'd hoped.

He needed a new plan. OK, calm down, I can sort this out. I'll just call the airline. I'm sure my case will be there.

He found his phone on the bedside table but it wouldn't turn on, there was no battery and with his charger packed away in his suitcase, he needed another find a new one. He could ask Amirah in reception if she had one, but first, he needed to get dressed.

Exiting his room, he crossed the hall and went to retrieve his clothes from the bathroom. What he found was a pile of stinking clothes, wet on the bathroom floor, where he had carelessly thrown them in his haste to get them off before his shower. He attempted to redress in the clothes, but the soggy nature and the smell made him wretch. After a moment of thought, he kicked the clothes into a corner in disgust and went to re-examine the content of the suitcase. There must be something in there I can use that isn't too embarrassing, he thought.

Going through someone else's private things felt wrong but with just the small hand towel he'd found in the bathroom to cover his modesty, what choice did he have.

This girl whoever she is, must be very girly, David thought after opening the lid. all she's packed are skimpy beach clothes and party outfits.



After searching the entire case for something that would make him look foolish, he finally settled something he didn't think looked too feminine. A black and white striped top. It was a bit on the short side and left his belly exposed but it would have to do. He paired it with a pair of denim shorts that were again a bit on the short side but with no trousers in the case, he put them on. There were 3 pairs of shoes in the case. The first was a pair of shiny pink high heeled pumps with a stiletto heel. The second, not much better, was a pair of light green sandals with a tall platform and blocky heel made out of cork. He chose the third option, a pair of flat sandals with plastic-looking red and yellow straps that went across his toes and fastened around his ankle.

Looking in the mirror to see the result, he looked a little effeminate but he was only going down to reception and back, it would do the job. After grabbing a pair of sunglasses from the case and stuffing his room key and the rest of his remaining money into the little pockets of the tiny jean shorts, he set off.

Amirah gave him an odd look from the front desk as he walked up in his girly outfit, but didn't make any comments about it. He asked her if she had a phone charger he could borrow, but she did not. she recommended an electronics department store about 15 minutes away and drew him a map. He thanked her and with no other options he decided to try and find it.

Out on the streets of Jakarta was like nothing he had ever experienced. London was busy, but this was different. There was an energy, a buzz about the place. Motorcycles and people were moving about at light speed, the shouting, the smell of delicious food from all the outside vendors selling their snacks, it was all so new, making him forget about the way he was dressed.



He made it to the department store without incident and actually found a charger quite easily. With it bought and paid for, he headed back to the hostel. He stopped in a supermarket and grabbed some snacks and a bottle of water, spending almost all of his remaining money.

Back at the hostel, he called the airline and got put on hold. Eventually, he got through to someone who spoke English and explained how he had picked up the wrong bag. After describing his bag, the woman on the phone took his name and address and said to call back tomorrow, while she looked into it. After the call David called his mother, she had been worried sick, having not heard from him in 48 hours. He told her he was fine and all about the city, he left out the part about the missing suitcase as he knew she would worry. With things looking more positive David made a new plan

1st I need to find a way to wash my clothes. 2nd take a nap and wait for them to dry. 3rd explore the city.

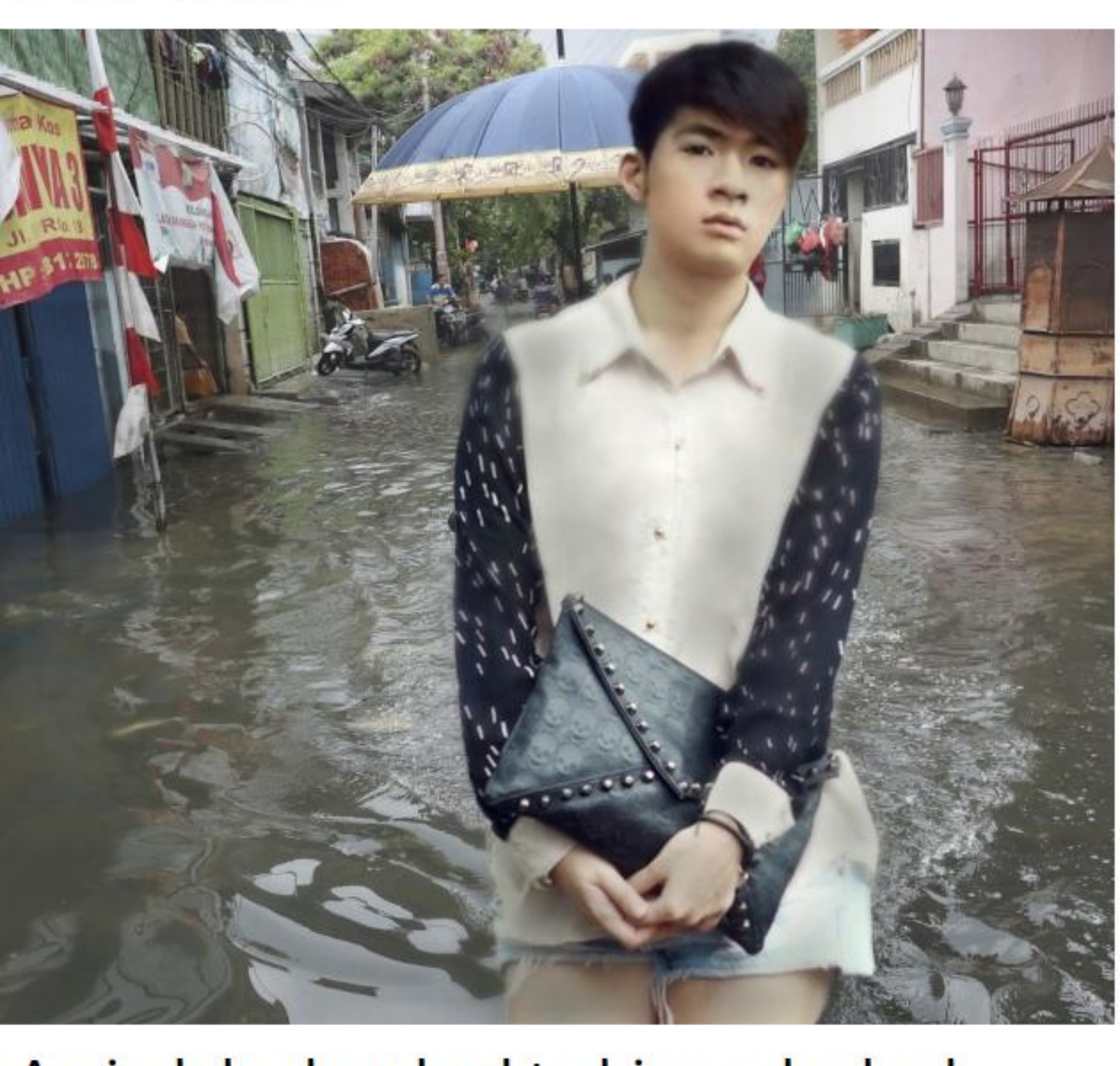
But unfortunately for David, this plan was not going to work out either. He had failed to realise that the bathroom he had showered in earlier, was shared amongst the whole floor, and the old cleaning lady, sick of her job and having a bad day, had bagged up the stinking pile of clothes upon finding them and tossed them out with the rest of the rubbish.

They say bad luck comes in three's and David's case that was certainly true. It was his last day in the hostel and he had a meeting with the owner of his new school. At 12pm and he needed to leave. He had dressed once again in the jean shorts but had found a white shirt with puffy black sleeves, which he decided was slightly better than the cropped top he had worn yesterday. Loosely strapping on his sandals, as they had rubbed and hurt his feet the previous day, he picked up the black purse he had packed. He didn't want to carry a purse but he needed somewhere to put his passport, the school had requested to see, and the rest of his belongings.

Amirah greeted him with a smile and wished him a good morning. she helped him with directions and he was off. What a strange boy, she thought to herself as she watched David walk out the door in his feminine outfit.



10 minutes later, he was making good progress and enjoying being out in the city, he was thinking about how he'd explain about the unusual outfit when there was a sudden bang followed by a rumble. The heavens then opened and drops of rain the size of marbles started falling from the sky. Being January, and right in the middle of the rainy season, this kind of weather was pretty common. After a few minutes, the streets started flooding and it was getting dangerous. David had no other choice but to try and make it back to the hostel.



Amirah had rushed to him as he had staggered in. He must have looked a sight; his clothes were ripped from a fall and he was barefoot as his sandals had washed right off his feet. Sat on his bed soaking wet with his head in his hands, David felt like crying. This trip so far had been one disaster after another, compounded by the fact he had lost his grip on the purse during his fall and had been forced to watch it float slowly away and out of sight, along with it, his phone and passport. He picked up the suitcase that was sat there mocking him with its girly contents and threw it across the room. It hit the wall with a bang, its contents spilling out, along with something David hadn't noticed before, a pink plastic folder.

Curious now and hoping he might find some clue to the suitcase's owner he opened it up. The contents were in French. He looked at the first document, the top of the page read "Experience Culturelle". David had taken French in school but could remember much. Looking at the rest of the contents he found a birth certificate. It belonged to Fifi Genevieve LaRue, the owner of the suitcase David assumed. She was 20 years old and had been born in Paris. Looking back at the first document again, he found an address and it was here in Jakarta, perhaps this girl is here, he hoped, and perhaps she has my suitcase!

It was a morning like any other for Amirah as she sat behind the reception desk, thinking about what she would do after work that day. That is until the lift doors opened and out clomped David, trying to keep his balance. He was dragging a suitcase and wearing a pair of high heeled sandals. She had noticed over the last few days, he wasn't your average boy but even so, she was taken aback by the choice of outfit. She would never understand foreigners, she thought.

Ever the professional she greeted him. "Morning Mr. Lubis, are you checking out?"

"Yes, and I need another address if you don't mind?" David replied, opening his handbag, taking out the pink plastic folder, and handing Amirah the paper with the address on. She looked it up on the computer, printed out a map with directions, and handed it to David.

"Here you go, sir. It's quite far away that address, would you like me to book you a taxi?"

"No, thanks Amirah, it's OK I'll walk" David replied nervously.

"Oh, OK, if you're sure sir?" Amirah replied looking down at his impractical footwear. "Can I help you with anything else?"

Looking at the directions and seeing the address was on the other side of the city, David sighed. "Can I leave my suitcase here?" He asked, not wanting to drag it across the city only to find that Fifi was out.

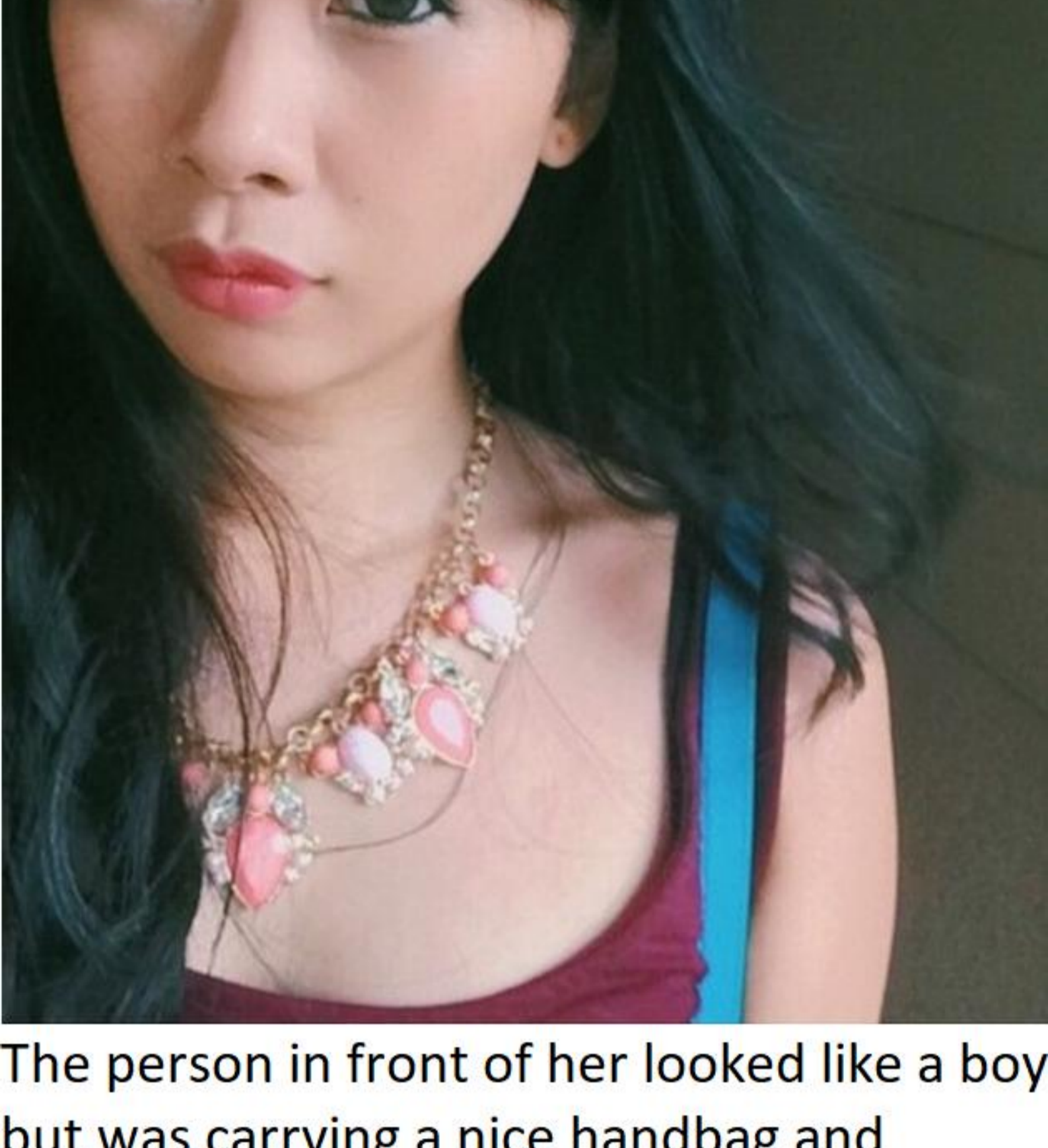
He transferred a few toiletries and other useful things into a large handbag and left the rest of Fifi's belonging with Amirah.

An hour later, after hobbling his way through the city one tiny step at a time. David had stopped to rest awhile. Unaccustomed to his new shoes, his feet ached and his legs were cramping.



It had been his last day in the hostel so in his mind he had no choice but to try and hunt Fifi down and find his suitcase. When choosing an outfit from the case he had initially considered going barefoot but the last thing he needed on top of everything else, was to cut his foot and get some type of infection. Standing here now massaging his calves. The towering sandals, his screaming feet were now strapped into were the only real choice, as he had no intention of wearing the pink stilettos. He had, after some deliberation, even shaved his legs with a razor he had found in the case and put on a little lip-gloss. He knew he was not going to fool anyone, but his furry legs and the obviously feminine shoes had just looked so wrong together. With a few people now starting to stare, it was time to get moving again. He looked at the map, Amirah had printed out earlier and sighed, he still had a long way to go.

Kartika Wijaya had a great life. Living in an expensive apartment in the posh area of the city with her sister Annisa, paid for by her rich parents, she wanted for nothing. She didn't need to work and spent most of her time socialising and partying. She was busy getting ready to meet some friends and she was late, when she was interrupted by the intercom buzzing, who could that be? She thought. The security guard downstairs told Kartika that in front of him stood a girl with her address on a piece of paper and she wanted to come up to the apartment. Putting 2 and 2 together, she reasoned that her sister's guest had finally arrived. She told the security guard to send her up. Opening the door, the person standing in front of Kartika, was not who she was expecting.



The person in front of her looked like a boy but was carrying a nice handbag and wearing heels. She chuckled to herself thinking these foreign girls can be so masculine, her sister would not be happy when she got home.

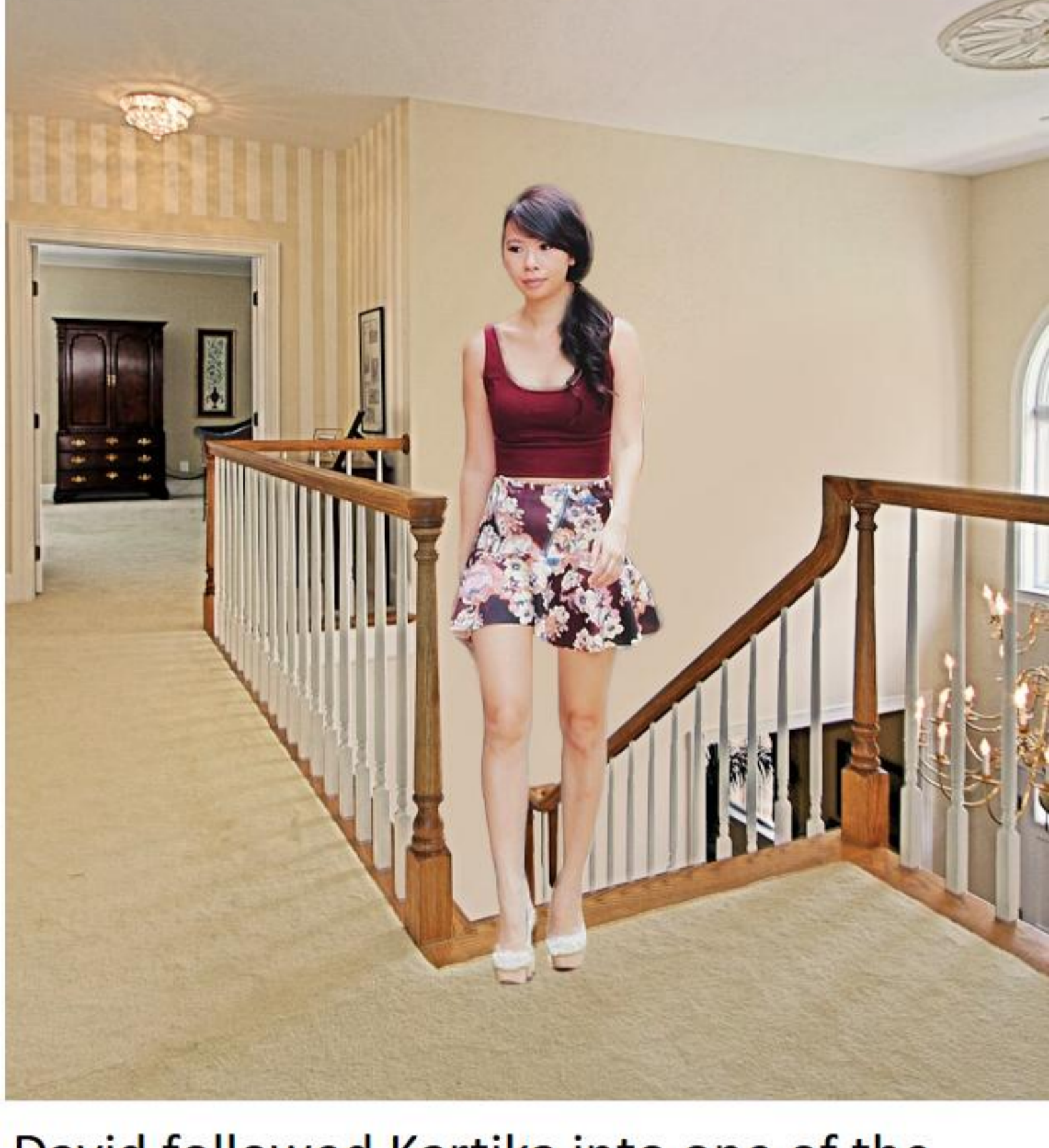
"Hi, I'm looking for Fifi, is she staying here? I have this document with her name on and this address" David burst out saying, handing her the paper.

Katika spoke a little English but was by no means fluent. All she heard was Fifi and staying here.

"Yes, please come in. Annisa out. I show you room" Kartika responded as she took off the necklace she was wearing and placed it along with her handbag on a nearby table. David then watched as she tied her hair in a loose ponytail. "Come", Kartika barked, losing patience with David who was still stood in the doorway.

After the torturous 4 hours of walking to get there, David believed he had found Fifi, it felt like it was his birthday. Now, if his case was here too, this nightmare might finally end, he thought.

He followed the beautiful girl, he believed to be Fifi, through the apartment and up a flight of stairs, noting how rich Fifi must be. This was probably the nicest apartment he had ever seen.



David followed Kartika into one of the rooms upstairs. She then turned to him and asked "No bag? Thinking that Fifi must have known about the suitcase switch and was wondering why he had shown up without her case, he tried to explain.

"I'm sorry, I was so tired after the flight at first I thought I had lost my bag, I didn't mean to pick up the wrong one and then I didn't know if you'd be in, so I left it somewhere safe", all Kartika heard was lost bag, she suddenly felt embarrassed that a foreigner in her country had experienced something so horrible.

Kartika turned to David and gave him a hug; this was very unexpected but very welcome "Stupid airport. So sorry, so sorry, many clothes in room, you wear. It not problem". She hugged him a little longer before, walking towards the door saying "this your room. You relax. Annisa home soon. Welcome to Jakarta, Fifi".

She then closed the door leaving David in the room alone.

As she went back to getting ready, Kartika took out her phone to text her sister. It read, "come home now, the French girl is here".

the bedroom, David stood for a minute or two, tired and confused. He wondered where Fifi had gone. She seemed nice but her English wasn't great, he thought. He noticed the room he was in, was enormous. It was almost the size of his whole house back home, with expensive-looking Furniture and a huge double bed. He unbuckled his sandals, placed them on the floor, and sat on the sofa, stretching his aching feet. He expected someone to come in but after sitting there for 10 minutes, he was still alone. Feeling as though he was about to fall asleep, he decided to look around the room for clues. The room didn't seem to have much stuff and all the draws were empty. There were 2 doors apart from the one he had entered through, the first was an en-suite bathroom with a huge mirror and bathtub. The second led to a walk-in closet full of more clothes and shoes than he had ever seen in his life. Wow, this girl must really have some money he thought, eyeing the rows of designer shoes and bags.



This room had 2 more doors, leading to more bedrooms but these ones looked lived in with stuff everywhere. Not wanting to upset anyone, he quickly went back to the first bedroom.

Sat on the sofa for a second time, David thought back to the strange conversation with the girl in the hallway. What did she mean by "many clothes in room, you wear. Does she think I'm a girl? He thought as he looked down at his smooth legs and jean shorts. Wait! Does she think I'm Fifi? The thought hit him like a sledgehammer. Looking around the room it all seemed to fit. He was in what was definitely a guest bedroom and the comment "welcome to Jakarta, Fifi". Finding the letter in the handbag he scanned it furiously. Now he had an idea of what to look for, he started to pick out details. "voyage" that was a trip, "6 mois" 6 months. Fifi was on some kind of exchange trip and must be staying here, she must have got on the plane when it stopped in Paris. Panicked and now a little scared, David didn't know what to do.

OK, I'll just explain the misunderstanding. No, but her English wasn't great she might not take to kindly to finding out the girl she let in her house was an imposter and not even a girl. What if she calls the police? I need to get out of here now" he thought. He quickly strapped the sandals back to his feet and picked up the purse. He left the room and started to make his way down the stairs when he spotted Kartika at the bottom. putting on makeup in a big mirror. He quietly made his way back to the room.

OK, I'll just wait for her to move and then I'll make my escape. He thought as he rested his head on the comfy sofa.

Annisa Wijaya was very different from her sister. Where Kartika was happy to live off their parent's money and not work, she had other ideas. She had started a small bridal business, with her parent's money, of course, but dreamed of making the company a worldwide success, starting by opening a store in Paris. That's where Fifi came in, when a friend had mentioned the cultural exchange programme to her, she loved the idea. She could learn all about Paris, the people, the fashion, the language and she could perhaps make a new friend. Annisa was a warm-hearted, kind person and would always go out of her way to help people. She planned to show Fifi the lifestyle of the rich and famous in Jakarta.

When she arrived home that evening, she Kartika in her bedroom. "So, she's here?" Annisa asked



"Yes, she's in Fitri's old room but I'm not sure "she" is a girl," Kartika said, looking up from her vanity.

"Oh, don't be mean, you know western girls can be a little masculine sometimes, I should go and say hello", Annisa said enthusiastically.

"Just prepare yourself, Nis, I don't think she's the young fashionable girl you were hoping for, in fact, she looks like a boy"

Entering the guestroom, that used to belong to her older sister Fitri, she found David sound asleep and snoring, passed out from exhaustion on the sofa. Looking him over, her sister was right Fifi was a bit of a tomboy. But she was wearing high platform sandals and the designer handbag on the floor was nice. Perhaps, there is hope, she thought, perhaps she just needs a role model, someone to teach her about fashion and makeup. At that moment Annisa decided, she would help this poor girl discover her femininity.

It was past 10 when David woke the next morning. He was in a strange room, lying on a sofa. His body was aching all over like he had run a marathon but especially his feet. Looking down he saw the reason for his discomfort, he was wearing a pair of high heel sandals and he must have slept in them all night.



Then everything came back to him, His bag, losing his passport and phone and perhaps more urgent at that moment, how he was in a fancy apartment, without any male clothes and the owner thought he was a French girl named Fifi. He had to get out of there he jumped to his feet, picked up the handbag, and made his way for the stairs. He made it down the stairs and with the front door a few feet away, he thought he'd made it. But the thought of freedom quickly evaporated.

“Good morning Fifi, I’m Annisa, you met my sister Kartika, last night, sorry her English isn’t great and neither of us can speak French, but I want to learn. Also, sorry I wasn’t here to meet you yesterday, when I got home you were fast asleep. Welcome to Jakarta, you are very welcome to use anything in the house, my stuff is your stuff, there’s just one house rule, no boys allowed, daddy's rules”. Annisa spoke quickly, without pausing between sentences in perfect English.



Not knowing what to say, David just stood there staring at her. The girl sitting by a table in the next room had startled him, and then just fired a lot of information at him.

“Come on, let's get you some breakfast, you must be starving, where have you been the last few days?” Annisa said.

There are moments in life that define our fate and without knowing it, the answer David was about to give, was one of those moments. He should have owned up, told the truth, and dealt with the consequences. But not knowing the reason why, perhaps because he hadn't eaten in 2 days, he did something completely different.

“Qui, Merci, I am so hungry. My bag was long at the airport, and now I don't have my phone or passport either. This made it difficult to find your apartment” David replied, in what was probably the worst imitation of a French accent you can imagine.

The room was silent for a few seconds, to David it felt like an eternity. Why had he just said that? He was a boy, there was no way anyone was going to believe he was a girl and a French girl named Fifi.

“Oh, you poor thing, I’m so sorry, that sounds terrible, let's first get you some food and then you can shower and clean up. Later I’ll take you shopping and we’ll get you a new phone, everything is going to be alright now, you've got me to look after you” said Annisa, pointing to an empty chair next to her. I’ll just stay for breakfast, David thought, then I'll think of a new plan to escape.

David wolfed down the food at light speed to the amazement of Annisa. Now feeling full but incredibly nervous, he allowed Annisa to lead him upstairs.

She ran him a bath and filled the tub with flowery smelling liquids. She handed him a new razor and reminded him not to miss anywhere. It felt very strange to be sat in a big bathtub full of bubbles, shaving his whole body. But it did feel nice to soak his aching legs and feet. When finished he put on a long white robe, Annisa had left and joined her in the bedroom. His eyes were instantly drawn to the long pink skirt laid out on the bed and began to panic. He asked if he could wear a pair of shorts instead but in that moment, he learned that Annisa cared deeply about fashion and appearance. She wasn't going to let him walk around displaying the big bruise on the back leg from the fall in the rain the other day. She told him to she'd give him 5 minutes to get dressed and left the room.

With shaking hands David picked up the black panties and push up bra set and examined them. The bra had some sort of gel-like inserts sewn in and both were really silky to the touch. He stood there frozen not knowing what to do, until Annisa knocked on the door, asking if he was ready. "Une minute, s'il vous plait", he answered. In a panic, he dropped the robe and stepped into the silky underwear. The feeling was like no other underwear he had ever worn, the silkiness completely alien against his skin. He struggled with the bra for a moment, but quickly discovered it fastened at the front making it easy to put on. The effect of the bra was to squeeze the skin on his chest together giving him a small cleavage. But he didn't have time to think about it, in that moment as he pulled the black vest top over his head and slipped the skirt up over his legs, snapping the elasticated band into place around his waist just as Annisa re-entered the room.

"Fifi, you look so cute, pink definitely suits you girl", Annisa said to an extremely embarrassed David. How can she not see I'm a boy? He thought, trying to pull his hair in front of his face to hide his shame.

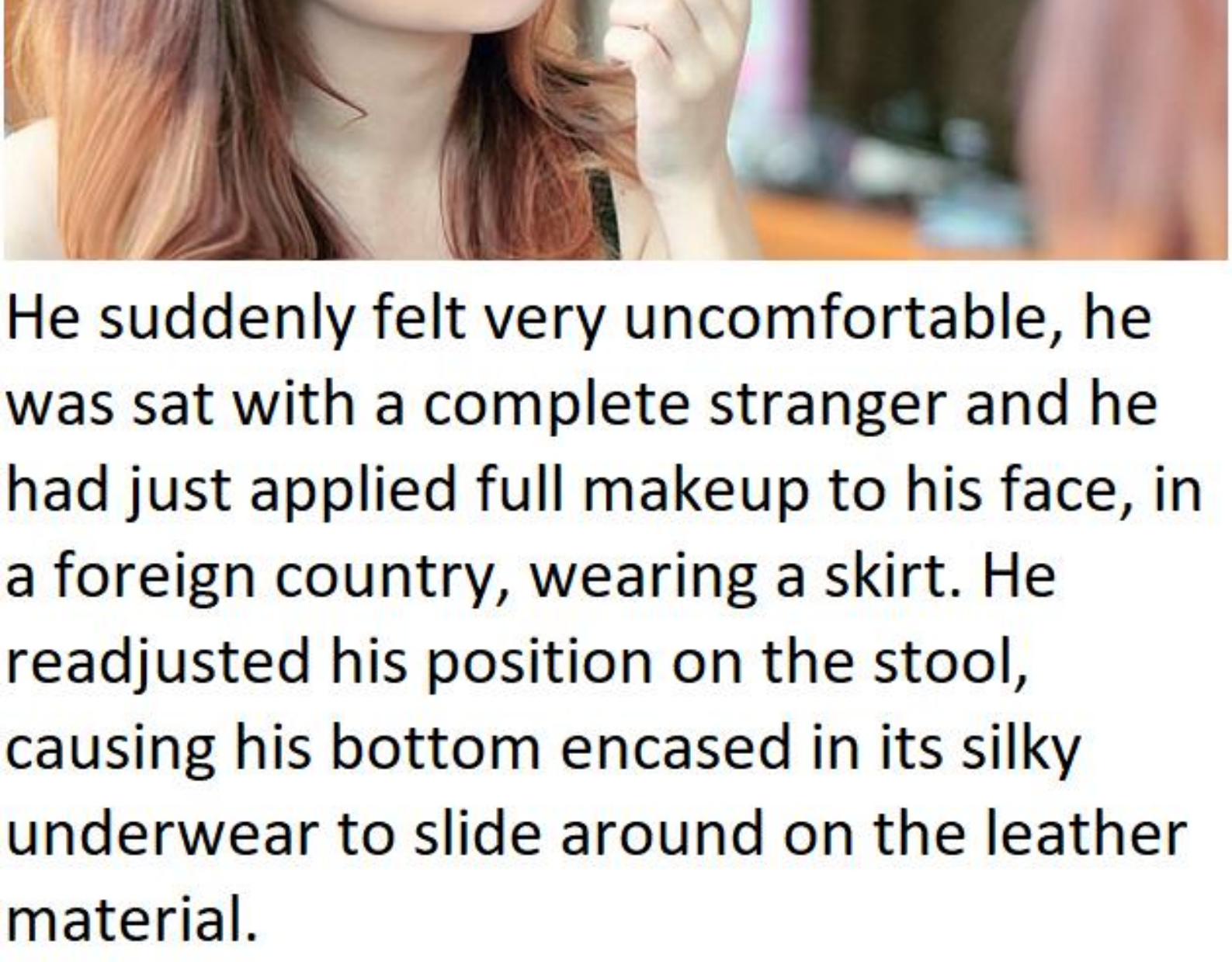
"Fifi, did you recently cut your hair?" Annisa asked, noticing he seemed to be playing with it uncomfortably.

Again, put on the spot, David said the first thing that came to mind "Oui, and I feel a little embarrassed in these clothes"

Annisa smiled. "Give me a minute", she disappeared into the walk-in closet. An instant later she was back and as she returned David's heart sank as he noticed what she was holding, a long reddish-brown wig.

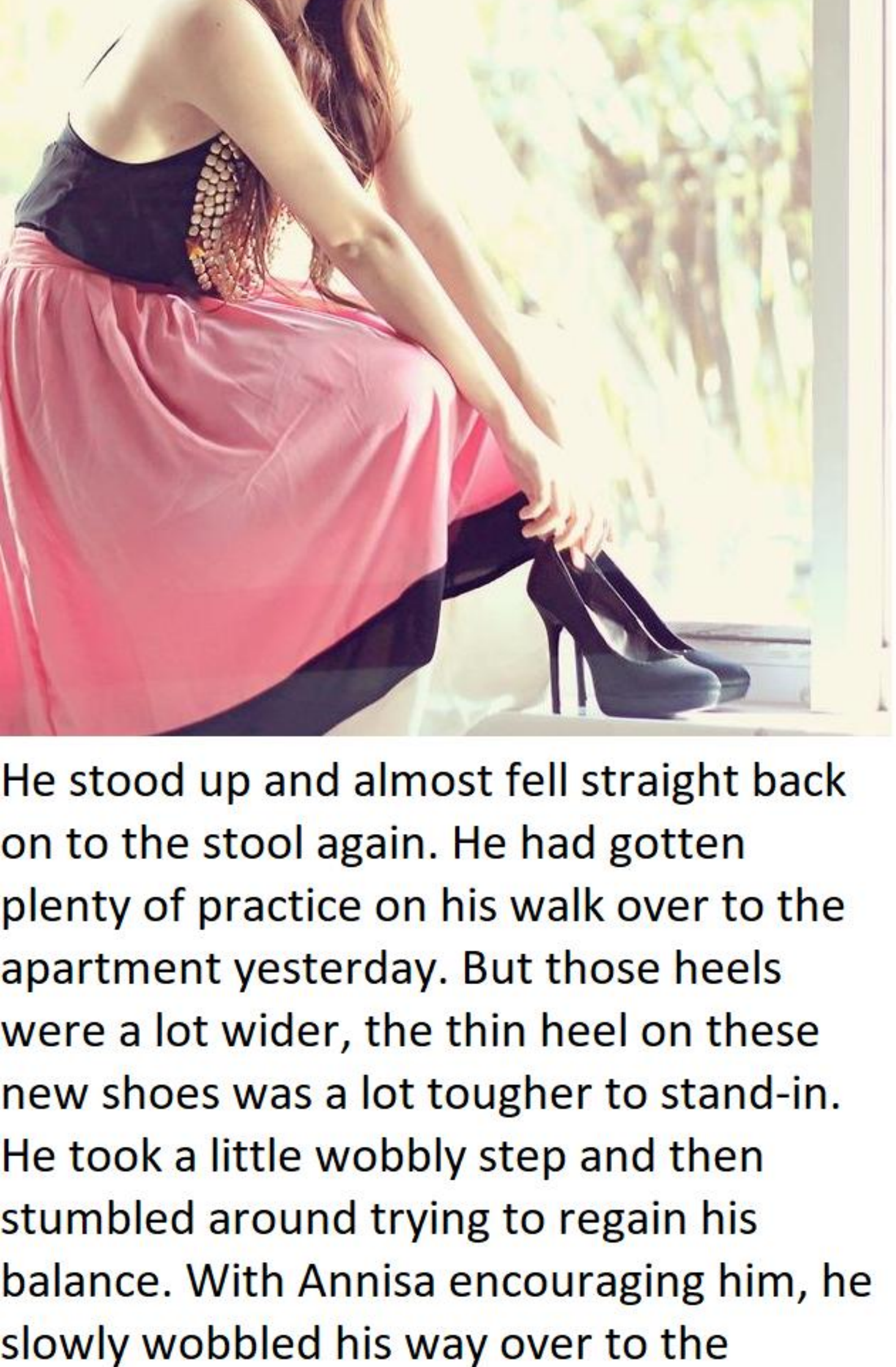
David was told to sit at the vanity, she brushed his short hair back, placed a wig cap on his head before placing the wig carefully on top. Annisa, watched as David just stared at himself in the mirror. He didn't look happy, perhaps she just needs a little makeup, she thought.

For the next few hours, Annisa showed David how to apply makeup. There were liquids, powders, and pencils, all alien to the young man's mind. After showing him what to do, Annisa got him to practice. She would show him the steps then he would wipe his face clean and then try to recreate the look Annisa had just done. After the fifth attempt, Annisa told him he'd done a pretty good job. As he finished, applying the lipstick to his lips and Annisa complimented him on a job well done, he felt a sense of pride and accomplishment, until he realised what he had just done.



He suddenly felt very uncomfortable, he was sat with a complete stranger and he had just applied full makeup to his face, in a foreign country, wearing a skirt. He readjusted his position on the stool, causing his bottom encased in its silky underwear to slide around on the leather material.

Annisa was determined to make David look the way she imagined Fifi to be in her head, and David was nothing but a passenger along for the ride. After deciding the lipstick, he was wearing was a little bright and attaching a hairband to his head, she wanted to see the completed look. She told him to grab the shoes from behind him then come and stand in front of the full-length mirror. He had noticed the shoes earlier but was hoping they weren't for him, the thin stiletto heel just looked scary. But with Annisa looking at him, he had little choice, he swivelled around on the stool, picked up the shoes and slipped them on to his feet.



He stood up and almost fell straight back on to the stool again. He had gotten plenty of practice on his walk over to the apartment yesterday. But those heels were a lot wider, the thin heel on these new shoes was a lot tougher to stand-in. He took a little wobbly step and then stumbled around trying to regain his balance. With Annisa encouraging him, he slowly wobbled his way over to the mirror, the image that awaited him was truly shocking to his young mind. He looked like a girl and it terrified him. I've got to get out of here, he thought, ok I need a plan.

An hour later, after being driven into the center of Jakarta by Annisa's driver, David found himself walking down the street, nervously looking around as he was sure someone was about to start shouting at him for dressing like a girl in public. His heart was pounding and he was sweating like crazy. Before he was a boy wearing slightly girly clothes but now, he was actually pretending to be a girl. Things felt so different dressed like this, the click of his heels on the pavement echoing with every step he took, the skirt which distracted him as it floated around and rubbed against his smooth legs, and the long hair was constantly getting in his way as he was forever brushing out of his face.



After stumbling about like an ape in the apartment, Annisa took pity on him and decided to choose a different pair of shoes for their shopping trip. He had hoped she'd come back with a pair of flat shoes when she disappeared into the walk-in closet. He wasn't thrilled with her choice, a pair of cream coloured platform pumps with bows on the toes. But at least they were easier to walk in as the heel was a lot lower and the blocky design made it easier to balance. He then found out the rest of his outfit didn't match his new shoes. After 20 more minutes, having tried on 3 different outfits, Annisa was satisfied.



As soon as they arrived at the shopping center, David could tell that this was somewhere Annisa loved to come. she knew the place like the back of her hand and she was incredibly excited as they set off visiting shop after shop. David soon learned shopping was tiring, especially when stomping about wearing heels, they went up and down the escalator and must have circled each floor 3 or 4 times. Annisa insisted on buying him a few outfits, saying although he was free to wear anything of hers it would be nice to have some things of his own. The last stop was to get a new phone, it was such a relief to have a phone again and Annisa had been incredibly generous buying it for him, he just wished the phone wasn't bright pink. With the shopping done it was back to the apartment, David feet where pretty sore at this point and he sat down on some steps outside, as they waited for the driver to pick them up.

Annisa looked at her guest looking exhausted, sitting on the steps rubbing the back of her legs. She looks better than yesterday, she thought. But she needs a lot more practice if she is going to master walking in heels.



Back in the safety of his room, David was glad to be back. He kicked off his shoes and jumped on the bed to check out his new phone. He decided to make some calls. The first was to the school, which informed him after not showing up to the meeting the job was no longer available. The second was to the airport, he got through to the same woman he had spoken to previously but the news wasn't good. His bag was nowhere to be found when asked he informed the woman that the bag, he had picked up was at the hostel and gave her the address, it's not like he would be needing it. The final call was back home where he spoke to his family, telling them he was doing great.

He hadn't long finished his last call when Annisa knocked on the door and entered. She had come to help him get ready for an evening out, an evening David knew nothing about until that moment. He was to accompany Annisa and Kartika to dinner, where they would introduce him to some of their friends. Annisa picked out a white top a long black skirt with a big slit at the front and helped him get ready. She touched up his makeup and even added some foundation to the back of his leg to hide part of the bruise that was showing below the long skirt.

David again wasn't happy with her choice of outfit as he was now in an even shorter skirt compared to earlier. And if he didn't like the choice of outfit, he really hated her choice of shoes. He tried to protest but Annisa wouldn't listen as she laced him in, explained that the only way to learn how to walk in stilettos is to do it and being ankle boots, they would give his feet more support.

They arrived at the venue at about 8.30, it was a large room with lots of individual vendors selling food and drinks. The rest of the room was covered in tables, most full of people chatting and having a good time. Annisa and Kartika quickly spotted their friends and went over to say hello, leaving David to hobble along after them. Slowly he made his way over, the sound of the heels on the wooden floor making a deafening sound, well in his mind at least.



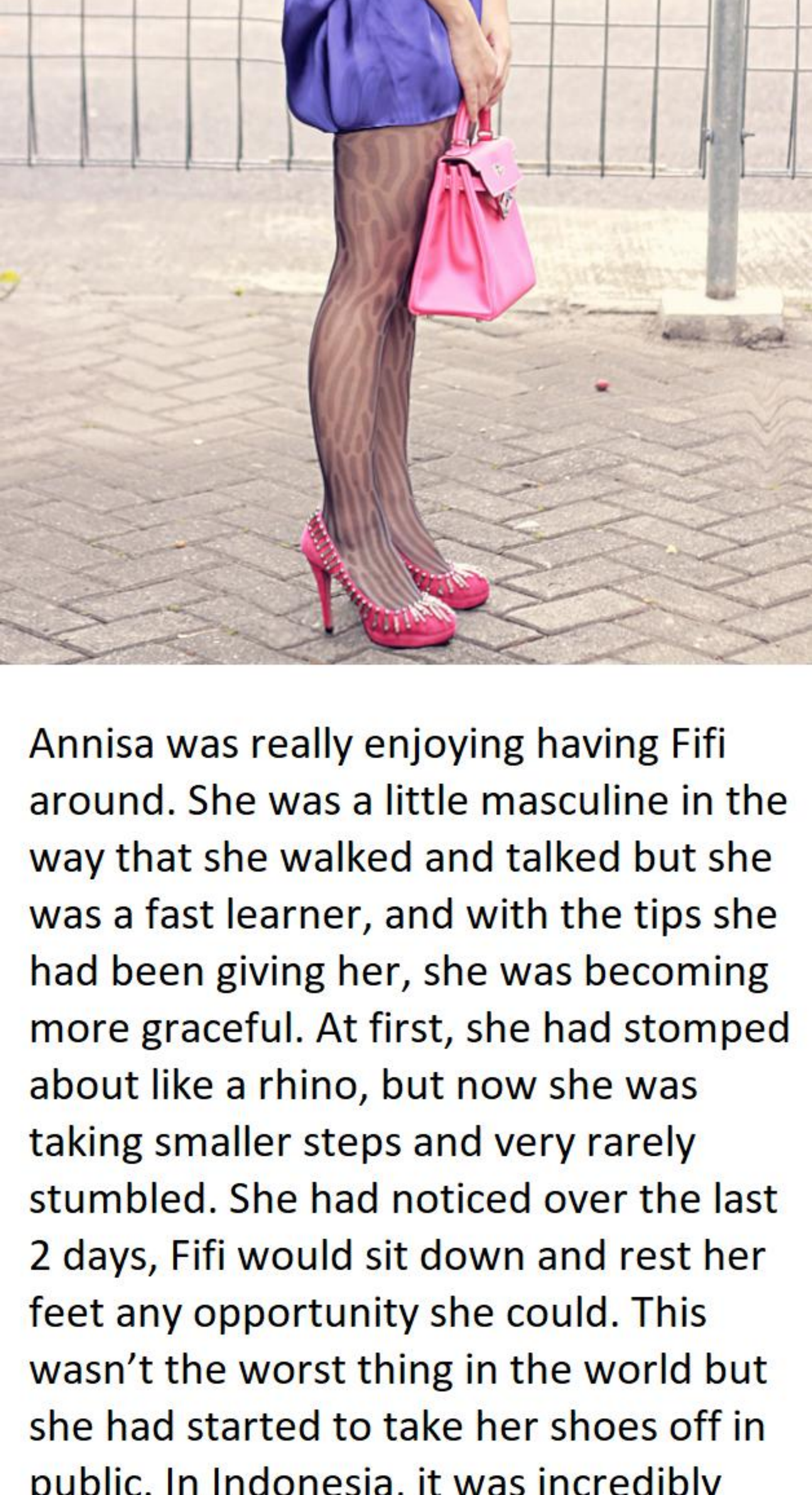
He was introduced to the 3 young people sat on the table and they sat down to join them. There was Sarah, who wore a black dress with mesh sleeves. She was very friendly and wanted to know everything there was about the new girl from France. Under other circumstances, David would have loved the attention from such a pretty girl. The problem of course was, he was the French girl, or supposed to be, he knew nothing about being a girl or France. The other 2 were a couple and they were giants. David had always been a little short for a man back home but nothing out of the ordinary. This couple made him feel tiny, even in his tall heels, they towered over him.



Thankfully, they didn't stay too long as Annisa could tell he was tired. It had definitely been an eventful first day as Fifi, David thought as he lay down and went to sleep in his new bed.

The next day was another, full of surprises and new experiences for David. After a light breakfast and an hour of getting ready, He and Annisa were back in the city. He at least was back in shorts today, well if you could consider them shorts, Annisa called it a playsuit but to him once on it just looked like an extremely short purple dress. Annisa had been happy to use a bit of makeup once again and a pair of tights to hide his bruise, which was starting to fade. He had never worn tights before, they felt constricting as they clung to his legs. David had resigned himself to the fact he would be wearing nothing but heels from now on. The 2 sisters only ever wore heels and it seemed that as the newest member of the family, he would need to join them.

He felt the shoes were a bit much for going out in the day, but he was told they matched his handbag. If it was up to him, he would have just chosen a different bag, he would never understand fashion, he thought as he looked down at his outfit, hoping there wouldn't be too much walking on their trip.

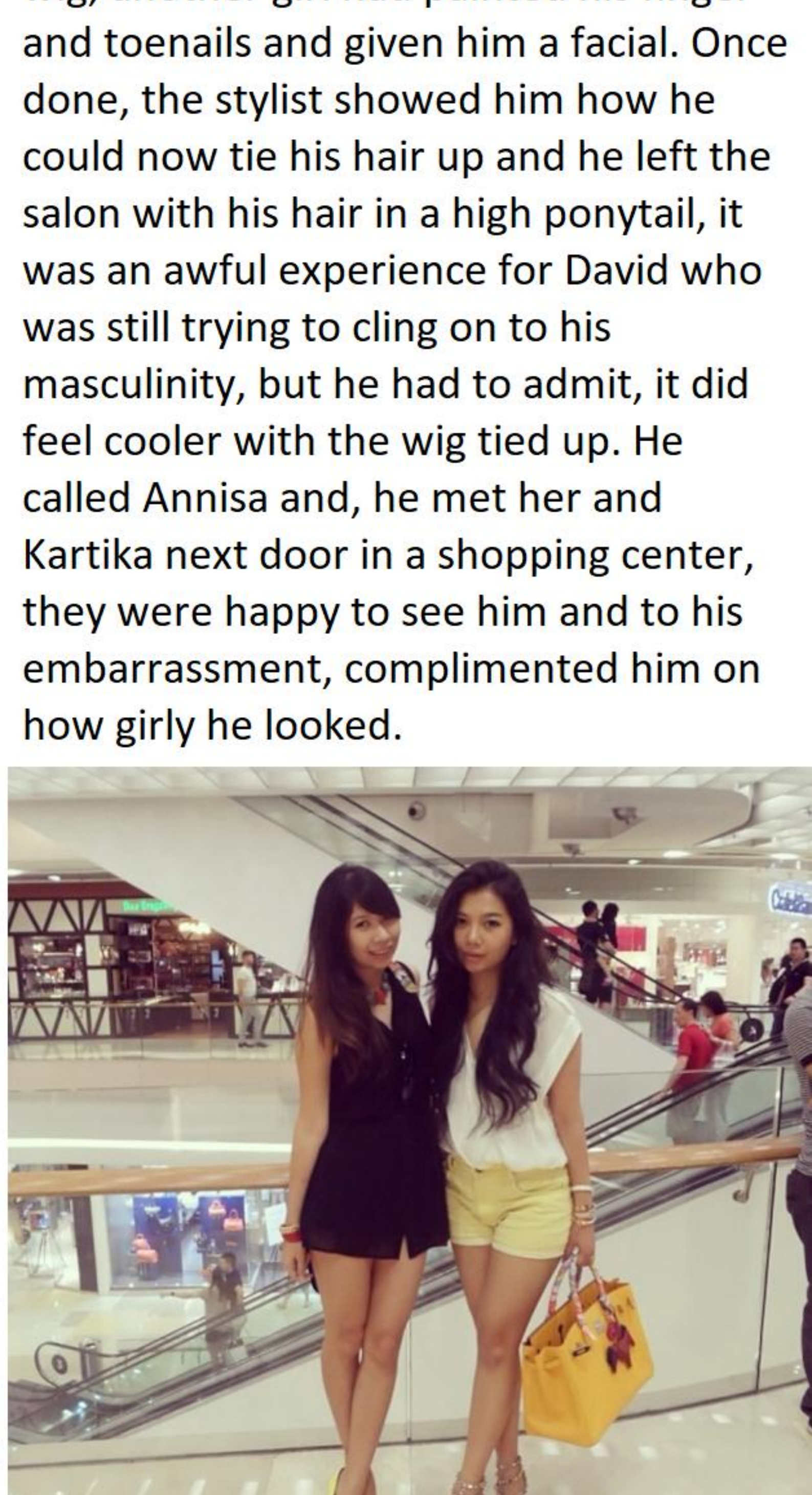


Annisa was really enjoying having Fifi around. She was a little masculine in the way that she walked and talked but she was a fast learner, and with the tips she had been giving her, she was becoming more graceful. At first, she had stomped about like a rhino, but now she was taking smaller steps and very rarely stumbled. She had noticed over the last 2 days, Fifi would sit down and rest her feet any opportunity she could. This wasn't the worst thing in the world but she had started to take her shoes off in public. In Indonesia, it was incredibly rude to show the soles of your feet to another person. Annisa had scolded her about this, but she was still doing it.

Another thing she noticed was Fifi sweat a lot, which wasn't very attractive, she put this down to wearing a wig in the hot climate, so today she had decided to help her out, making life a little more comfortable for her.

When they entered the high-end salon, David wanted to run away but with nowhere to go and dressed as he was, he sat in a salon chair while Annisa talked to a stylist in a language he didn't understand. When the stylist removed the wig from his head and looked him over, he thought the game was up, he was relieved in a way, as bad as it would be, to tell the truth, at least this nightmare would be over. But to his surprise, she didn't freak out and shout that he was a boy, she just calmly led him over to a nearby sink and started washing his hair. at this point, Annisa said she was going to meet Kartika to do some shopping, the bill was paid and to call when he was done.

David wasn't entirely sure what she did over the next hour, but there was a lot of pinning and what smelled like glue. She then started snipping away with her scissors, shaping the fake hair a little. When she was done the wig was securely stuck to his head and would not budge an inch even when he tugged on it. While the woman had worked on the wig, another girl had painted his finger and toenails and given him a facial. Once done, the stylist showed him how he could now tie his hair up and he left the salon with his hair in a high ponytail, it was an awful experience for David who was still trying to cling on to his masculinity, but he had to admit, it did feel cooler with the wig tied up. He called Annisa and, he met her and Kartika next door in a shopping center, they were happy to see him and to his embarrassment, complimented him on how girly he looked.



That evening, the girls took him out to a fancy restaurant followed by drinks in a wine bar. The dress Annisa chose was tiny and until he was drunk enough to forget about it, he kept tugging at it to try and make it a bit longer. His shoes for this evening were the worst yet. They had a huge heel and an elevated platform at the front, which caused him to stumble about all evening, feeling as though he was going to fall over with every step he took.



Apart from his aching feet, the night in a bar was actually quite fun. He had been bought drinks all night and had decided to drown his sorrows and drink as much as possible. This is how he had agreed to start helping Annisa with her bridal business and teach her some French.

He wanted to hate Annisa and Kartika for the unwanted changes they were making to his appearance but as he got to know them, he was discovering how kind they were, and although he didn't want it, they were just trying to help him.

The night finished on the dance floor, dancing in just his tights, he had taken off the killer shoes halfway through the evening, again to the disapproving gaze of Annisa.

A few days later

David was in a familiar position sat down resting his feet. He didn't have long, He and Annisa were walking through the park when she stopped to talk on the phone. But any rest bite from the crippling shoes was better than nothing.



He thought back to how strange the last few days had been. He'd woken up with a terrible hangover after the night in the bar having agreed to work in a bridal shop and teach Annisa a language he didn't speak. Luckily for him, Annisa said he was still new to the country so she wanted his first week to be full of fun and touristy stuff and not work.

The trip of the beach was scary, he was relieved when he learned Annisa couldn't swim so they wouldn't be going in the water. But he felt so exposed with his body completely on show all day.



The evening at the fashion show had been an interesting experience. The place was full of celebrities and models. A room full of beautiful women, talking to him, interested to know about him, what more could a young man want? He'd lied his way through, trying to remember what he had told who, it was very tiring. That day, he had also worn the new heels Annisa had just bought him. They were the most ridiculous things he had ever seen; the heel was probably the highest he had ever seen apart from in a porn film. They had bought them from a shop called Christian Louboutin, he remembered back to how odd it had sounded, when he was told the shoes had a name, Bianca. Annisa had tried on a pair in Black and they did look good on her as she walked about. He didn't even realise until they were back at the apartment, she had decided to buy him a pair too but in a nude colour, this way she could borrow them if she wanted.



Apart from the constant activities every day, David was trying to learn how to be Fifi. He was observing Annisa and Kartika closely and tried his best to imitate their body language and hand gestures. On top of this, he was learning how to be French. He spent almost all of his free time on YouTube, watching beginners' guides to the French language and how French people act. He was worried as in a few days he'd have to start teaching Annisa.

But that day in the park, David was feeling positive as he had a plan to escape and get back to normality. He had looked through all the clothes in the closet and found a pair of jeans, a T-shirt, and a pair of flat trainers that were not girly. With the glue holding the wig to his head starting to loosen around the edges, the plan was, next time he was alone in the house, which was rare but did happen from time to time. He would rip the wig off his head, put on the clothes, and head over to the British embassy, where he could hopefully get a temporary or new passport and get on a plane home.

"Come on Fifi, up you get, let's go and get some lunch", Annisa said startling David.

The plan would work, it had to work, he thought to himself as he adjusted the stupid glasses, with no glass he'd been forced to wear, pushed himself up on to his heels, and trotted over to join Annisa.



A week later

Things had changed this week; The French lessons had started but this wasn't too bad, Annisa was a complete beginner and by preparing for the lessons and teaching them, David was actually picking it up himself quite quickly. David was now working five days a week in Annisa's Bridal shop. Not being able to speak to customers meant he was essentially Annisa's assistant. His job seemed to be to do whatever needed doing and this week had been busy as Annisa had a very important wedding coming up, Her cousin.

Being so busy, he hadn't found the opportunity to escape yet, as much as he appreciated all Annisa and Kartika had done for him, he just could live the life of a 20-year-old French girl anymore. Most evenings, he would go up to the roof of the building, he had discovered it a few days ago and found it really peaceful up there. It was nice to get away and have a little alone time and he loved the view.



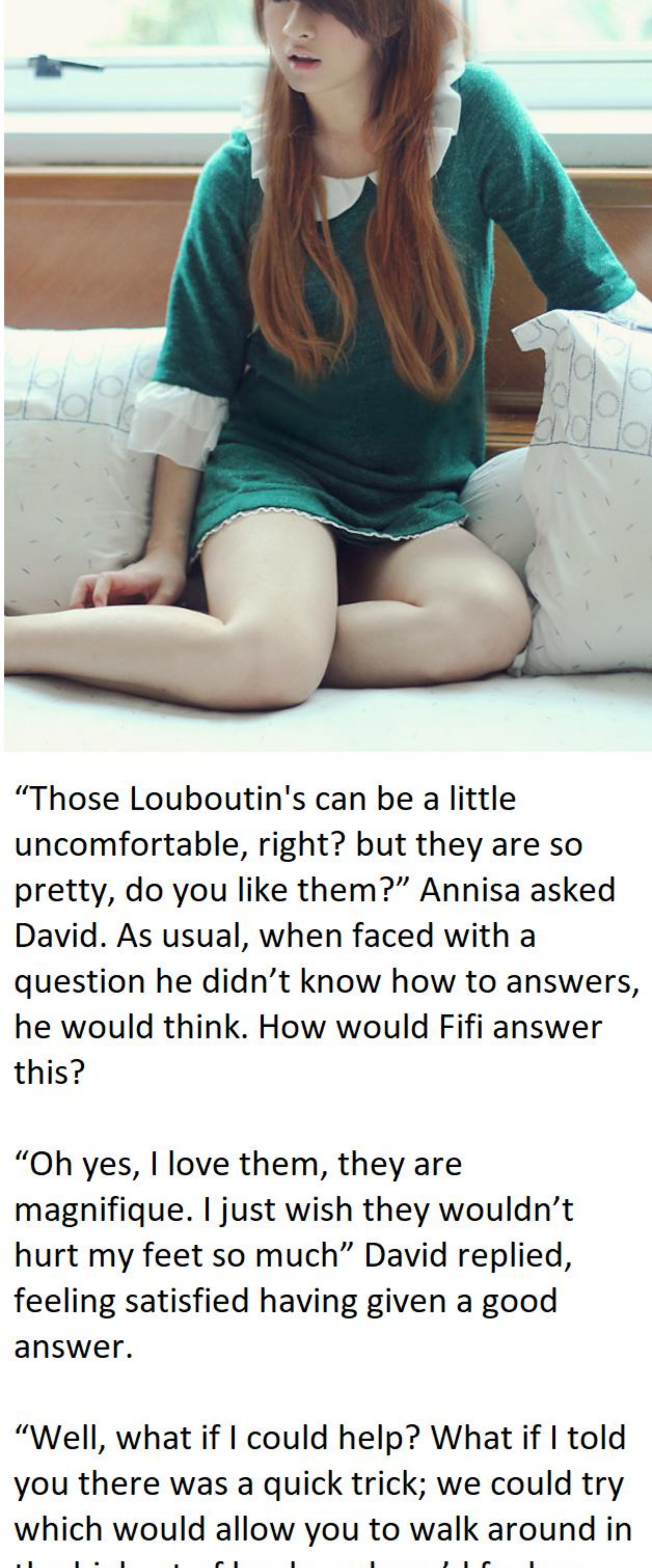
The evening breeze felt nice as it blew against his hair and skirt. He was slowly getting used to the new clothes and actually found long skirts quite comfortable in the hot climate, but he was still not fully comfortable wearing shorter skirts. Tonight, was the weekend and they were going out to relax after a busy week of work. David had the Bianca's on his feet and he was walking up and down a little to get used to the height of them. It's not that he wanted to wear them, in fact after the crippling pain they had caused him after wearing them a few times that week, he actually hated the sight of them. But after he discovered Annisa had paid over £500 for them, he felt obliged to at least wear them on special occasions. After walking across the roof 4 or 5 times, he started to feel a familiar tightening in his calf muscles and a pain in his toes. He walked over and sat on the wall to rest for a bit, wondering if women ever truly got used to shoes like these or if they just got used to handling the pain.



Ready for their night out, Annisa made her way up to the roof to let Fifi know it was time to go. She found her sitting on the wall, looking out over the city, and she had already taken her shoes off before the night had even begun. This was becoming a worry for her as she kept reminding Fifi, it is incredibly rude to show the soles of your feet to anyone. She knew Fifi was still learning how-to walk-in platform heels and wanted to help. She had an idea. Perhaps I can make life a little more comfortable for her, she thought.



Back in the apartment after another painful trip out hobbling around, trying to keep up with the sister, in his impractical designer pumps. David was sat on the sofa, in a comfortable green sweater dress, rubbing his throbbing feet and chatting with the two sisters.



“Those Louboutin's can be a little uncomfortable, right? but they are so pretty, do you like them?” Annisa asked David. As usual, when faced with a question he didn't know how to answers, he would think. How would Fifi answer this?

“Oh yes, I love them, they are magnifique. I just wish they wouldn't hurt my feet so much” David replied, feeling satisfied having given a good answer.

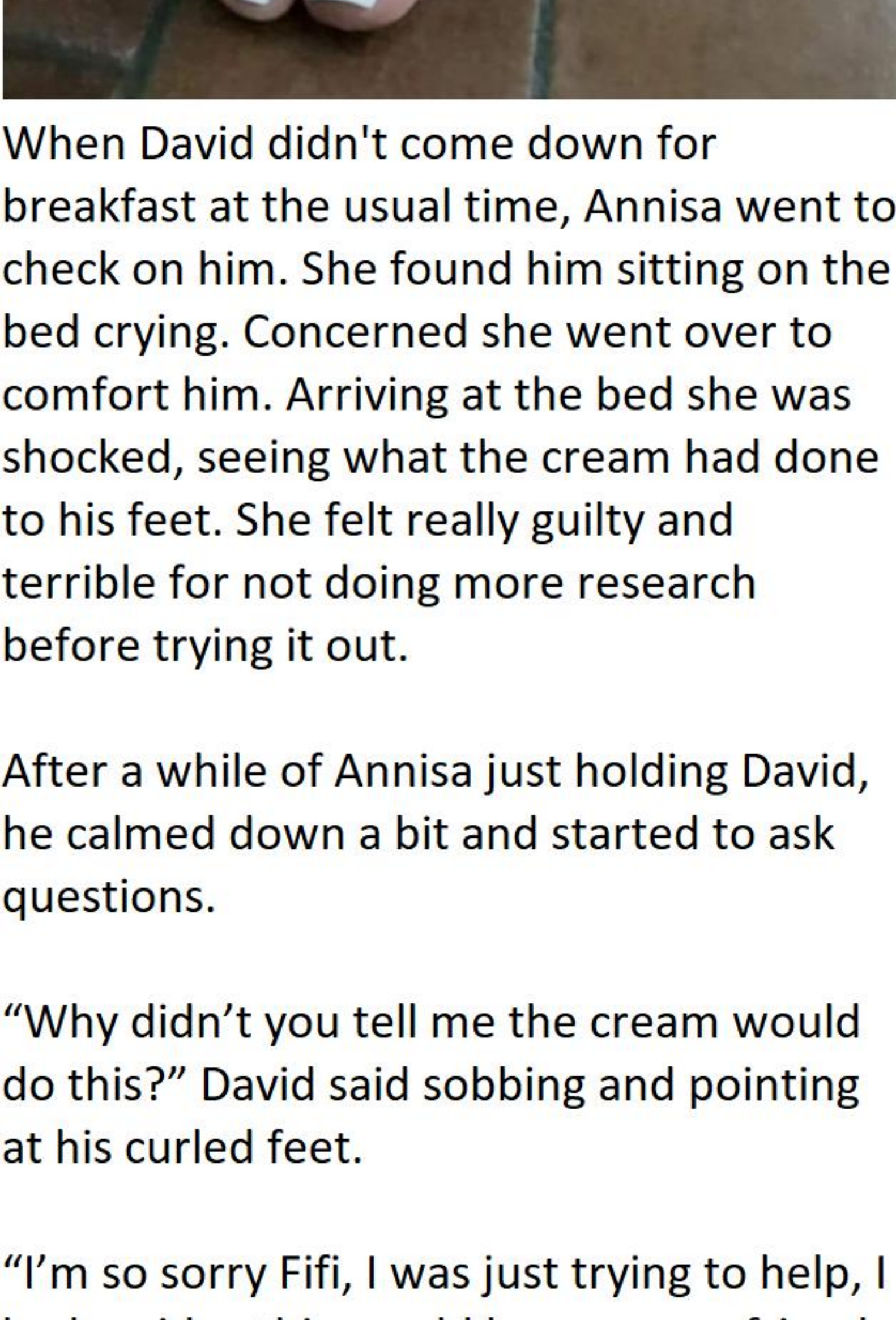
“Well, what if I could help? What if I told you there was a quick trick; we could try which would allow you to walk around in the highest of heels and you'd feel no pain?”

“I would say, sign me up,” He replied, still rubbing his sore feet.

Late upstairs in his room, having gone through his nightly routine, which now involved moisturising creams and facial scrubs. Annisa knocked and came into his room carrying some items. She showed him a small tube and told him the cream was something a dancer friend of hers had discovered years ago and after using it she could dance all night in the highest heels without any pain. She asked David once again if it was something he wanted to try. Seeing no downside and the enthusiasm in Annisa Face, David told her to go ahead. Annisa wasn't sure if anything was going to happen, so being a bit sceptical of the results, she covered David's feet and ankles, using the whole tube.

David's throbbing feet, after a night of wearing the Bianca's, initially felt really cold, then went completely numb. He could still move his feet but the pain was gone, he loved this cream already. Annisa then wrapped his feet tightly with some bandages and told him to leave them on until morning. She left the room and David put his head on the pillow. He felt a little bad for a second at the thought of Annisa looking for him after he made his escape, she really was a good person who really was trying to help. I'll leave her some kind of note, he thought, as he closed his eyes, happy to have no pain in his feet for once.

He woke up the next morning feeling refreshed but was instantly conscious of the tight bandages binding his feet. They were really tight and very uncomfortable, he unwrapped them and felt instant relief. But stepping down of the bed he hit the floor with a thud. What the hell? he thought to himself. He pulled himself back up to the feet and awkwardly tiptoed to the bathroom. Sitting on the toilet he got a horrible surprise; his feet wouldn't go flat. Freaking out, he tried to straighten them out, but all this cause was excruciating pain. What the hell had that cream done to him? This couldn't be permanent right?



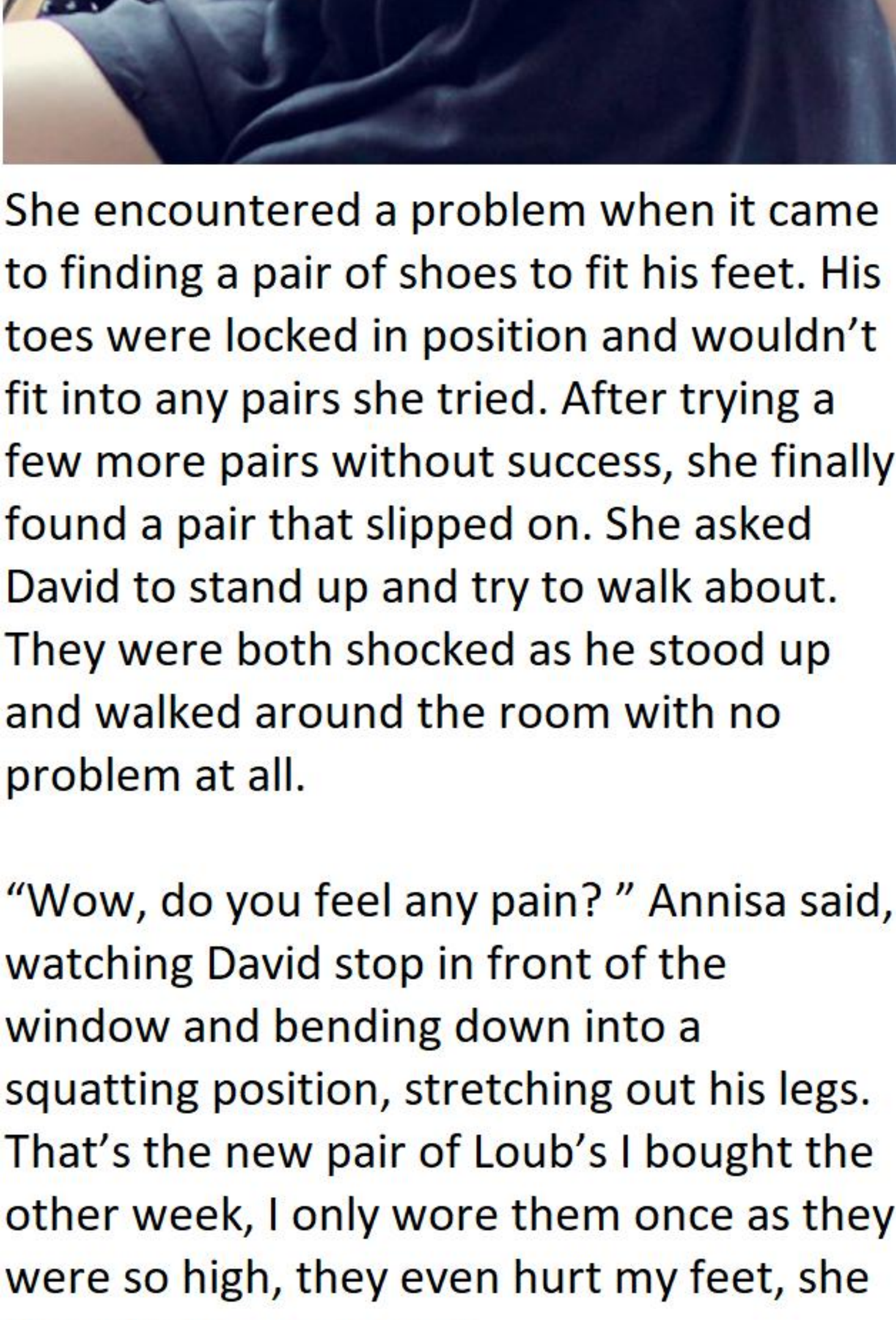
When David didn't come down for breakfast at the usual time, Annisa went to check on him. She found him sitting on the bed crying. Concerned she went over to comfort him. Arriving at the bed she was shocked, seeing what the cream had done to his feet. She felt really guilty and terrible for not doing more research before trying it out.

After a while of Annisa just holding David, he calmed down a bit and started to ask questions.

“Why didn't you tell me the cream would do this?” David said sobbing and pointing at his curled feet.

“I'm so sorry Fifi, I was just trying to help, I had no idea this would happen, my friend never said anything about any effects like this, we'll go and see a doctor, right away,” Annisa said very concernedly.

With David in a state of shock, Annisa dressed him, she helped him into a black vest top, with a flowery design, and black skater skirt, she pulled his hair back out of his face and applied some light makeup.



She encountered a problem when it came to finding a pair of shoes to fit his feet. His toes were locked in position and wouldn't fit into any pairs she tried. After trying a few more pairs without success, she finally found a pair that slipped on. She asked David to stand up and try to walk about. They were both shocked as he stood up and walked around the room with no problem at all.

“Wow, do you feel any pain?” Annisa said, watching David stop in front of the window and bending down into a squatting position, stretching out his legs. That's the new pair of Loub's I bought the other week, I only wore them once as they were so high, they even hurt my feet, she thought in amazement.



“No, there's no pain at all, they actually feel really comfortable like I'm wearing an old pair of running shoes. We are going to be able to fix this right? Said a worried-looking David.

“Of course, I'm sure it's only some temporary reaction to the cream, let's have something to eat and I'll call the doctor”

The news at the doctors wasn't what he wanted to hear. He was informed that the muscles around his feet and ankles had locked in position probably due to the cream, sleeping in the tight bandages, and the fact his muscles were already really tired. He was shown some exercises to do each day but for now, he would either have to keep off his feet or wear the heels. Staying off his feet wasn't really an option. Annisa's cousin's wedding was only a week away and they were really busy making the final preparations. Tonight, in fact, was a dress rehearsal, which he would be expected to attend.

As David strolled along with a coffee after the appointment, he was torn, the last thing he wanted to do was sit around in bed all day like some invalid, letting everyone down. But wearing sky-high heels everywhere he went, was not something he wanted to do either.



That evening, the effect his new feet would have on his life was starting to sink in. He had tried again, that afternoon to walk barefoot. He quickly gave up as the pain was unbelievable and brought tears to his eyes. He had tried some other shoes with lower heels and although he could walk, they caused sharp stabbing pain in the back of his calves with each step. Crazy as it was, the most comfortable shoes he could find were, the same studded 6-inch peep-toe heels, he had worn all day.

For the wedding rehearsal, he was wearing a pretty simple long sleeve wrap style dress, with a leaf pattern. But looking down the killer heels peeking out from below the hem of the skirt, he felt again like he was going to be out of place at the rehearsal.



He had been on his feet all evening, fixing problems and making sure everything was perfect. Annisa had been very proud of watching him work. He met all the family and they could not get enough of Fifi.

They complimented him on his style, his figure, and his hair. If only they knew, it was all fake, David thought. The rehearsal went perfectly and everyone loved the job he and Annisa had done. The evening finished with lots of photos before everyone went their separate ways.



Back home on the sofa, drinking a glass of wine with the sisters. Kartika joked that he wasn't rubbing his feet today. David hadn't even thought about it, in fact, he was still wearing his high heels. He had been walking around all evening and had no discomfort at all. He didn't know if he should be pleased or worried.

It had been another busy week, with his plan to escape on hold for now, unless he wanted to walk into the British embassy in 6-inch heels, David focussed on helping Annisa with the wedding preparations. His French was also improving quite a bit with all the YouTube practice and the lessons with Annisa, she was also improving and the pair could now have short conversations. His feet were still a big worry, the daily stretches had helped a little, and he could now wear different types of shoes, as long as they had a 6-inch heel, putting his foot flat was still out of the question. His new favourites were a pair of blue sandals, they were really comfortable to walk in and especially due to the mini heatwave they were having that week.



3 days before the wedding and David was about to go to his first-ever Hen party. Not being a girl. He had never been to one of these events before and wasn't sure what would happen. As he paced across the marble floor in his red stilettos and little black dress, his mind conjured up awful thoughts of male strippers and lap dances. He hoped that Indonesian culture was a little more refined and not like the British hen parties he'd seen on TV back in England.



He was woken from his thought by Kartika, sitting in a nearby chair, who was also looking good in her own little black dress and towering heels.

"Fifi, you try dress for wedding yet?" She said.



David didn't know why he was so surprised by the question. After all, he was now considered part of the family. Everyone was going to the wedding and he had even helped organise the day. It made perfect sense for him to go be invited, the thing is he didn't remember anybody ever asking him.

It must have just been assumed, he would go, and being so busy he hadn't really thought about it.

The panicked thoughts now running through his head were, I need an excuse. What dress? I can't go to an Indonesian wedding as Fifi LaRue, a French girl, and wearing a dress. This is too much; things have got way out of control.



As David's mind was screaming inside his head, all he could think to do, was to say how beautiful it looked, as he was fitted into the white frilly dress, he would wear to the wedding. It was a similar story as he left the nail salon, now in possession, of hideously, impractical nail extensions. He had thanked the girls and said how much he loved them.



When he left the hair salon, he was in a state panic, he felt piece by piece David was being erased and replaced by Fifi, as he now had no idea how he was going to get back to his old life. The wig had been removed and he had sat there for 3 hours as the girl, first added extensions to his own hair, dyed it, and then styled it. As he looked in the mirror at his feminized reflection, hating the girly hair now a part of him, he thanked the girl, saying how much better it was compared to the wig.

On the day of the wedding after having his makeup done by a professional, he couldn't believe his eyes. He just sat staring out of the window, wondering how things had gone so wrong. He didn't want to move, every time he did, he was aware of the stupid little hat pinned in his long ombre hair, with blonde highlights that reached halfway down his back. He didn't want to even think about the nails, with the number of times he had scratched himself or poked himself in the eye, now even simple tasks were almost impossible.



The wedding was quite the experience. Apart from the bride, he seemed to be the focus of everyone's attention as all the family asked him question after question. He just stuck with Kartika as she had a secret bottle of gin to get her through the day. She wasn't a fan of family gatherings and knew all the tricks. Over the years, she had who to talk to and who to avoid and knew all the best excuses to sneak off and hide for 10 minutes.



During dinner, after the wedding vows, he was ushered around all the tables and introduced to all the extended family and friends. They all asked him about France, his family, and how he liked living in Indonesia. In normal circumstances meeting so many new people would be overwhelming in itself, but tottering around in 6-inch stilettos, a flimsy little mini dress, and trying to greet people without scratching them with his new claws, was one of the worst experiences of David's life. The guests showered him with compliments about how pretty and feminine he was and lots of the younger people wanted to take a selfie with him.

As the night wore on, it didn't get much better as he was forced to dance with some of the male relatives. They seemed to find it very difficult to keep their hands to themselves. Their hands would start on his back but as the dance went on, they would somehow get lower and lower until they rested on his backside. Were all men such pigs? Did he used to be like that? He thought.

With the wedding a great success, Annisa was more determined than ever to make her business work. Word had spread and she already had 2 new clients. Fifi was a great help and she already didn't know what she would do without her. She also felt pride now, every time she looked at her. The beautiful young woman was now so elegant as she strode along effortlessly in 6-inch platforms, a stark contrast to the tomboy she had met only a few weeks earlier. But she had also noticed, the sad look in her eyes, when she thought no one was looking, Annisa wanted to know what was upsetting her and decided she needed to the bottom of it and help her friend.



She first took Fifi shopping, that's what she would do whenever she was feeling down, she was sure an afternoon or retail therapy would cheer her up. But Fifi just moped about and looked uninterested.



That evening Annisa went to Fifi's room for a chat. When she asked David why he was feeling so down, he said he was fine, just a bit homesick. This was true David desperately wanted to go home, he had had enough of the long hair, short skirts, and high heels. He longed to be back home in London with his family. He had been speaking to his mother and sister a lot lately, of course, he didn't tell them about the living as a girl part. The constant lying about his fictional teaching job and apartment, he had invented was getting really tiring.



Over the next week, Annisa's was a woman with a mission, she was going to cheer Fifi up no matter what. She tried giving her some jobs to do, like running errands. She reasoned that if she was busy, she wouldn't have time to think about whatever was on her mind, it didn't work.



She took him to the local funfair, where they ate snacks and had fun on some of the rides. Apart from the carousel, which David struggled to get on to and then felt ridiculous as it spun around as people commented on his unusual choice of shoes.



In the meantime, the French lessons continued, they were both getting quite good as they practiced together every day. She had started taking him to interesting locations for their lessons like the park or down by the river. But nothing seemed to be working, although Fifi always thanked her and rarely complained, Annisa could tell deep down he was still unhappy. But she wasn't going to give up.



David could tell what Annisa was doing and he appreciated her trying to cheer him up and make him feel comfortable but everything she did seemed to just add to his feelings of guilt and fear, he was living a lie and he was sure sooner or later, the truth would come out. He just wanted it to stop but he didn't know how to do it. Perhaps it's time to tell Annisa the truth!

David felt like a total sissy in his tiny flared leather skirt and a silky top. He was wearing more jewellery than usual that day and the jangling sound of the ankle bracelets along with the click of his heels, with every step he took, was strange to his ears. Annisa was taking him to a fashion show, where she would introduce him to some local celebrities. He hadn't told her the truth; he had chickened out at the last moment after building himself up to do it. This is my punishment, he thought as he minced through the centre of Paris, blending in with all the other dressed up fashionistas.



Another week past and life continued as normal, French lessons, shopping trips, girl's nights out, and helping Annisa with the business.



Apart from today, Annisa had asked him to bring his birth certificate and they were in a part of the city he had never been to before. Annisa wouldn't tell him much about where they were going, she just said they were going to meet an associate of her father's and she was going to help Fifi with a problem.

As they entered the building his shoes echoing loudly on the marble floor with every step, it looked like a bank. He was even more confused when a man appeared to greet Annisa and they started chatting in the local language, every so often looking in his direction. They followed the man to a back office and he was asked to take a seat. David was suddenly terrified; he could tell it was some sort of government office. she knows and she is turning me in to the authorities, he thought.

He was asked to remove his shoes and the man so the man could measure his height and weight. As David took off his shoes and placed them on the floor, A very strange thought entered his head. It wasn't about never coming or running away, he just wished he'd worn a different pair of shoes that day, as these ones might be considered a weapon, they would definitely be confiscated in jail.



Forcing his feet flat, caused David excruciating pain, as the man took his

height, after the daily stretches, he could now force his feet into their old position but the pain was unbearable.

The one thing that didn't seem to make sense to David throughout the whole ordeal was the man kept calling him Fifi. He had his picture taken, his fingerprints taken and an eyeball scanned. By the time he was given a form to sign, he felt like crying, what would happen now? He didn't think he'd last long in an Indonesian prison, he thought as he re-adjusted the skirt of his designer dress, which had ridden a little too high up his smooth thighs. He picked up the pen and just made a scribble on the form.

"Come on Fifi time to go", Annisa then said, after thanking the man and getting to her feet.

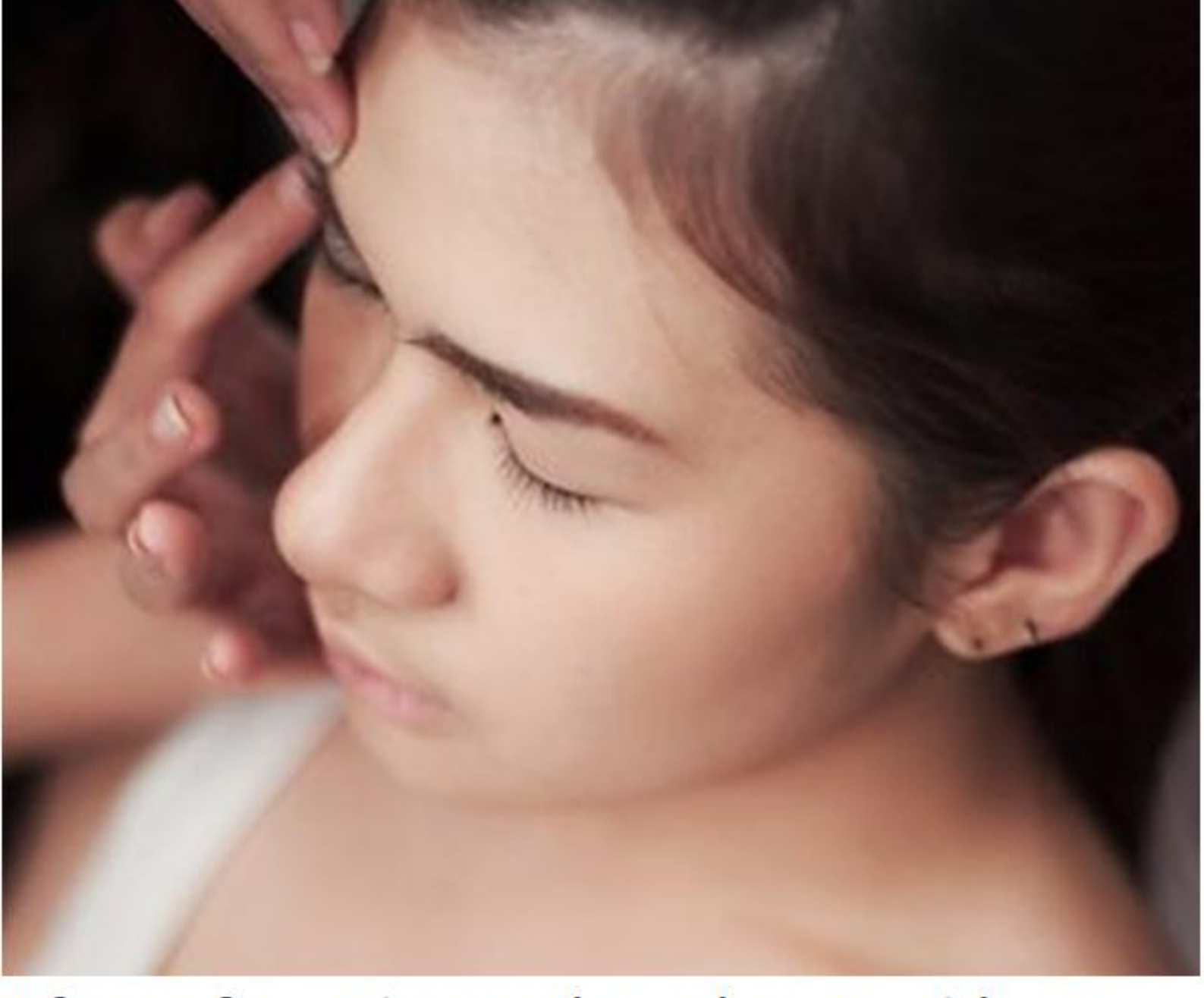
David stood up and wobbled out of the room still shaking. When they got outside and no police car was waiting for them, just their car and driver he was very confused.



Annisa seeing he was shaken, helped him into the car and tried to calm him down. She realised, it must have been scary for Fifi not knowing where she was or what was going on. When David asked what had just happened, she reassured him, saying nothing bad was going to happen and that it was just to register for some new documents, she apologized for not telling him as she wanted it to be a surprise for his birthday on Saturday.

"My birthday?" David said.

It was Saturday 20th February, Fifi Genevieve LaRue was turning 21, Annisa had seen it on the birth certificate and was going to celebrate in style if David wanted to or not. He wondered where the real Fifi was, and what she was doing to celebrate her birthday. He had plenty of time to think about it as he spent the morning in the beauty salon. Where he was plucked, waxed, and painted. His hair was cut and dyed and his nails were repaired.



After a few trips to the salon, David was used to it, He just let the stylist do her thing, and passed the time by playing some games on his phone. He still thought back to the day in the bank like building, it seemed like a dream, as had been so frightened the entire time. After thinking about it and knowing that Annisa wouldn't want to hurt him even if she did know the truth, he concluded that it must have been immigration, he was close to overstaying his 30-day travel visa and they must be issuing me a new one.



Back from the salon, it was time to change before the party. It still shocked him every time he saw his reflection, but especially after a trip to the salon. How could he have changed so much, he thought. His long smooth legs seemed to go on forever and he couldn't help but think they were sexy, perched on top of the killer heels he had on. He had also lost quite a bit a weight, he thought, with all the running around the city and the calorie counting lifestyle he was living, he probably weighed the same as he did at 14. But there was no point worrying about these things now, David had a party to go to, and after all, he was the birthday girl.



Hours later, with the party in a popular nightclub over, David entered his room and jumped on his bed. Annisa had decorated it with lights for his birthday, she was very thoughtful. It should be the real Fifi here, living this life, he thought, I'm sure for a real girl this life would be a dream. For him the dresses and heels and all the salon visits and shopping trips were a chore, he just wanted his old life back.



A week later

it had been a busy day; they were a few days out from another wedding and David and Annisa had spent the day making sure everything was ready. At 4.30 David left work a little early that day, he had an appointment at the salon, before dinner out with Annisa. She wouldn't tell him what the occasion was, which made him feel nervous.



After a blow-dry, redoing his makeup, and changing out of his work outfit, he got a taxi to the restaurant. It was a really nice evening and he regretted wearing the black tights as his legs felt hot and sticky. But he knew from experience, restaurants always had the air conditioning on full blast and he'd be cold later with bare legs.

He was greeted by Annisa on his arrival who was sat on a tall chair by the bar.



He kissed her on the cheek and joined her by the bar. Annisa started looking through a drinks menu as David looked around the room a little uncomfortable, he felt on show perched on the bar chair, his legs on display for all the room to see. And people were definitely looking, the room was full and he kept catching the eye of men staring before quickly looking away. They ordered some drinks and began to chat.



It didn't take long for Annisa to tell David her news.

"It's here, sorry it's late, I wanted to give it to you on your birthday", she said and handed him an envelope.

He slid his thumb under the seam and carefully opened it up. As he slid out the document inside, he was shocked. It was a French passport. He quickly opened it and found the ID page. Staring back at him was his picture and the name Fifi Genevieve LaRue next to it. The day at the city office suddenly made sense, he was applying for a new passport. A panic came over him. Oh no, this is really bad, If I wasn't already a criminal, I definitely am now, this is identity fraud, I'm definitely going to jail, he thought.

But how was this even possible, can rich people really get whatever they want, this easily? he thought. While his mind whirled, Annisa had been speaking the whole time and he hadn't heard a word she had said.

"Fifi, are you listening to me? She said.

He apologized and asked her to repeat what she had just said.

"I said, time to pack your bags girl, now we can go on our trip"

2 weeks later

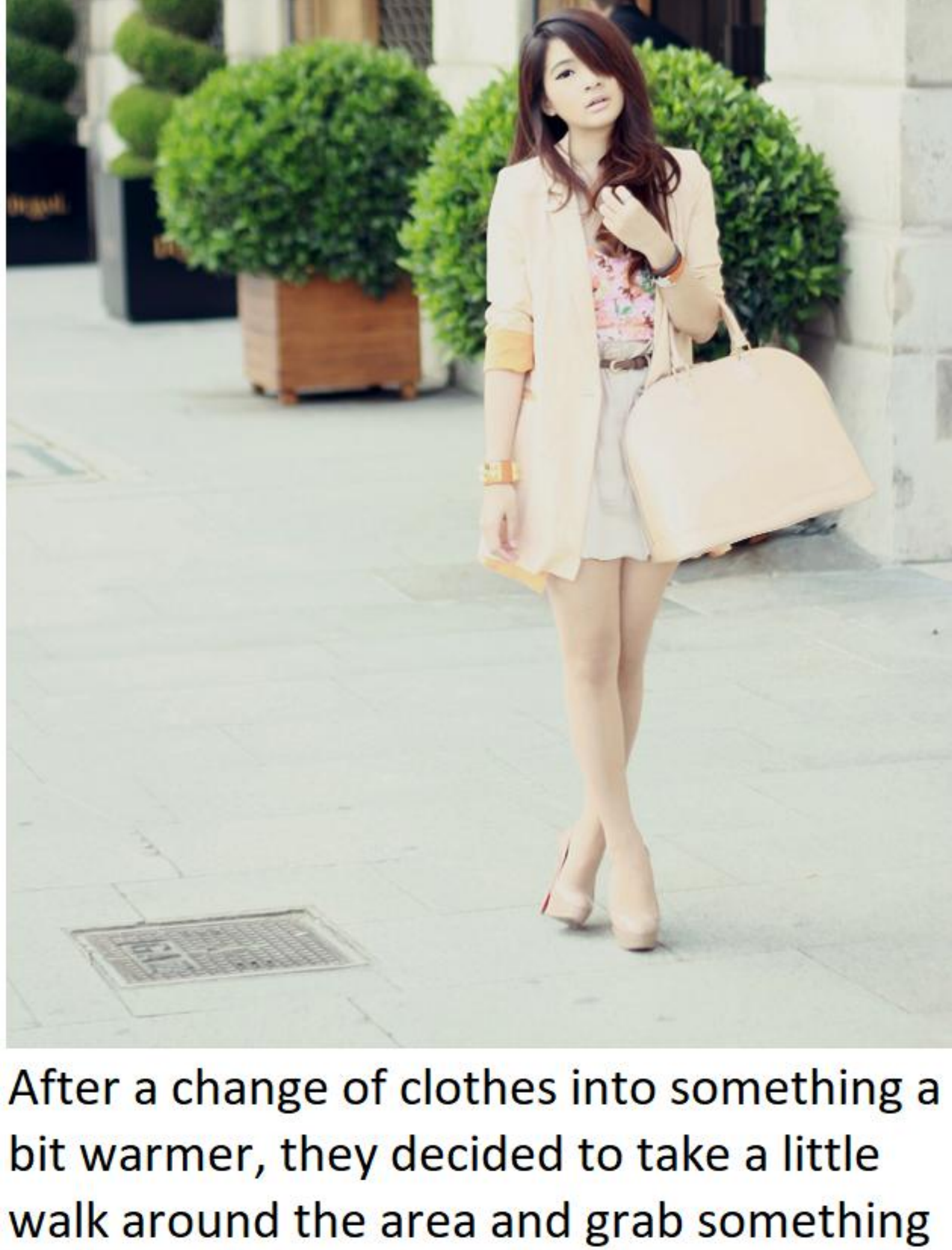
How did things keep getting worse? David thought as he stood outside a Paris hotel watching Annisa talk to a bellboy, who was unloading their many suitcases from the car. Paris was cold and the thin coat he was wearing was doing nothing to keep him warm. He was used to cold weather in London but he wouldn't usually be out in a tiny top and short white skirt, he thought as he rubbed one ice-cold leg against the other.



The trip, of course, was Annisa's idea. He couldn't fault her logic; Fifi could visit home to get over her homesickness and Annisa could visit the city, she had always dreamed of going to with a local guide. The problem was he wasn't Fifi, he had never been to Paris before and his French was definitely not good enough to pretend to be a native. But he did have a plan and he hoped it would work.

On the private jet, he and Annisa had flown over in, yes, a private jet, he knew her family had money but even he was surprised they owned a jet, he had an idea. He had told Annisa, he wouldn't speak a word of French the whole trip, she would put what they had been practicing in their many hours of studying together into practice. He convinced her this was the only way to really learn and no matter, what the situation he would only speak in English.

The bellboy had finished unloading the car now and was wheeling the suitcases towards the hotel on a trolley. Do we really need all those bags for a week? David thought as he watched the bellboy struggle to get up the small ramp, outside the front of the hotel, with their mountain of luggage.



After a change of clothes into something a bit warmer, they decided to take a little walk around the area and grab something to eat. It was already evening and after the long flight, they didn't want to do too much.

David could feel the cool evening air on his legs as he walked along the streets of Paris. He had decided to wear a pair of shorts instead of a skirt but with his legs now completely exposed to the elements, he thought about going back to change.



After a brief walk in which he pretended to know the place, pointing out coffee shops and bakeries telling Annisa how delicious they were, they ended up in a restaurant. Annisa ordered completely in French and David congratulated her. It was just a shame the food was distinctly average after he had told her it was good, Annisa said it was fine but he could tell she was disappointed. He would need to do a bit of research that evening if he was going to convince her he was really from this city.



The next 2 days were all about seeing the sights of Paris for the first time, although David had to pretend, he had seen them all before, which wasn't easy.

On their first full day in Paris, they had taken it easy, visiting a few of the local cafe's and did a little shopping. In the afternoon they visited the Pont du Arts, where they found hundreds of padlocks attached. After buying one from a local woman, she said if they wrote something on the side of the lock and attached it to the bridge it would come true. David stood there shivering as Annisa took a picture, even though he was wearing his warmest jumper dress and had bought some really thick tights. His message was simple, don't lose yourself.



On the second day, it was time to visit the Eiffel tower, they had dressed up a bit to get some good photos. After a long walk, as the tower looked closer than it actually was, they finally arrived. They bought a coffee and walked around the gardens surrounding the Tower. He and Annisa were getting some stares as they strutted about and took pictures, especially David in the short white dress with a huge flared skirt and his new shoes they had purchased the day before.



They were having a nice time chatting and taking in the sights until a group of men sitting on a bench started whistling and making lewd comments. David felt really vulnerable and uncomfortable.

Annisa did something that surprised David, she was pissed, she walked right up to the men and started shouting at them. Calling them childish and disgusting. The men were actually frightened by the crazed girl screaming at them, they apologized before quickly leaving.



Annisa skipped back over, put her arm around David, and suggested they climb the Tower.

When they got there, they were refused entry, it turns out you have to book in advance to go up the tower. But not if you're Annisa Wijaya. She turned to David and told him to follow her. She walked straight up to one of the young security guards that worked there. She started playing with her hair and shuffling her feet, the young man was putty in her hands. She then took out a wad of 100 Euro notes, and placed it in his pocket, before asking if there was any way the two of them could go to the top 2 tickets to the top. The view of Paris from the Eiffel Tower was amazing and so was Annisa, David thought.

After a few days in Paris, Annisa wanted to see some more of France. They were to stay the night in some beautiful old city and she hired a car and a driver to take them about. It was a really bright, nice day as they left Paris. The sun was out and the views of the French countryside were spectacular. They arrived at their first destination around 12pm, a field full of sunflowers.

David tried to have a good time but he was feeling particularly depressed that day and after an hour of walking around a field getting his 6-inch designer heels stuck in the soil, he was getting really frustrated a bit naggy.



He was very quiet and didn't say much as Annisa took pictures and bounced about with excitement. The afternoon was ruined when David shouted at a 10-year-old boy. The boy along with his sister had been following David laughing and pointing at his shoes, as he struggled to walk across the soft soil. His heels kept sinking in, causing him to stumble. It was too much for him and he snapped and shouted at the children. Annisa was shocked and apologized to the parents of the now crying children. The parents were angry asking what kind of person wears such impractical shoes in a sunflower field.

It was all very embarrassing as the crowd watched David stumble away across the uneven ground trying to make his way back to the car as quickly as he could.

They drove to their hotel in silence and checked in. David felt bad as he sat in his hotel room alone, he had ruined Annisa's day. She had always been so kind to him, defended him, and generally gone above and beyond to make him comfortable, never once asking for anything in return. He needed to make it up to her. He would take her to an old town square, he had just googled, and he would smile and not complain once.

He knocked on her door, apologized and persuaded her to go for a walk. He led the way confidently strutting out the hotel and down the front steps, determined to look like he was having fun.



He tried his best to chat about things she liked talking about, as they walked along the street. But she only gave him short answers, meaning she was still upset with him.

As the afternoon wore on, he went out of his way telling jokes and trying to act cute, hoping to make her smile.

The ice was broken, when a man came up to them and asked for the time in French. David just pretended he didn't understand, answering in English, and winking at Annisa. She laughed before telling the man the time. After that, they were back to normal with the incident behind them.

As they reached the town square it started raining, they dashed inside a café to wait it out. A small thunderstorm raged for over an hour before it cleared up leaving the square outside covered with a shallow layer of water.

"Oh, no how will we get back now?" Annisa said as they looked out.

David determined to stay positive had a response. "Oh, this bit of water is no match for these shoes, with their magical platform I will just stride over the water without getting wet at all", he said playfully as he ran outside and started jumping and splashing about.



Annisa started laughing and ran out to join him in the water. I like this new more fun side of Fifi, she thought, coming to France for a visit was a great idea.

The next morning, they went to a little bakery next to the hotel to eat breakfast.



While David was enjoying a croissant, Annisa asked him if he wanted to stay for another night in the area or go back to Paris as planned. She was really enjoying the more relaxed pace compared to Paris but wanted his opinion. David thought it was a great idea, as in this place he didn't have to pretend, that he knew where everything was. So, they were staying another night but Annisa wanted to change hotels, as the staff had been rude in the last one.

she was busy on her phone looking for somewhere new to stay when David asked her what she wanted to do that day.

She looked up "Well I still haven't completely forgiven you from yesterday, so today I get to choose everything we do", Annisa said smiling.

"No problem, it's your vacation" David replied.

The thing is it did turn in to a bit of a problem. The first part of the day was fine as they did a bit of shopping and bought a few new things. but after that, they went to a hair salon, it had been a few weeks since Annisa had been and she wanted to pamper herself. Being in rural France the chances of them speaking English was slim, bur Annisa told him today they were going take a break from practicing and he could talk to the stylist and explain what they wanted.

He entered first, not sure how it was going to go he tottered up to the front desk on his platforms pumps and asked if they had room for the 2 of them. The place was empty and they were taken straight to a seat and given a cup of tea to drink. He was making small talk and everything was fine. The woman could probably tell he wasn't a native speaker but he seemed to be doing alright, he had explained that Annisa wanted her hair coloured and styled and he would just have a blow-dry, it was made easier when Annisa found a picture on her phone of the look she wanted. They were taken to different sides of the salon and the stylist came over to join David. She was very intimidating with her spiky pink hair and tattoos. She asked David a question and he didn't understand what she had said. she repeated herself and Annisa looked over to see what the problem was. "Qui", said David, it seemed to work. But then she followed up with another question. "Qui", he answered again. This time she looked really confused, as it hadn't been a yes or no question, but she started working and didn't ask David any more questions.

David knew something had gone wrong when he smelled the familiar smell of hair dye. Oh well, he, though, it's not like my colour now is my natural colour anyway, he thought. That is until he saw the results and hour later when she removed the foils and started brushing and styling his hair, his newly dyed blonde hair.



As David looked at his reflection in the mirror after the stylist had cut, washed, and styled his hair, he couldn't believe his eyes. not only was he blond, but the stylist had cut his fringe, straight across his forehead in a really girly style. Annisa came over and said she loved the new colour and asked him why he hadn't told her he was going blonde. He had to pretend he had been considering it for a while and only when he sat down in the chair, did he finally have the courage to go for it. Annisa told him it suited him and gave him a hug.

It was late afternoon when they left the salon. And a still stunned David was lagging behind Annisa, lost in thought. He had almost been caught out as an imposter back in the salon. Being Fifi was so stressful, he was living on the edge, feeling that any minute he could be caught out. But what could he do? Was there any way out of this situation now?



It was much warmer the next day as David awoke to sunlight streaming through the gaps between the curtains and the wall in his room. A Cockrill crowed outside the same one that had been crowing since 4 o'clock in the morning. David had grown up and always lived in cities. The small cottage Annisa had rented just outside of a small French town was very different, he couldn't remember ever being somewhere so peaceful, apart from that damn Cockrill.

They had been there a few days, and David was actually feeling very relaxed. He had had a lot of time to think while walking around the property and enjoying the country air.



He had come to the conclusion that being Fifi wasn't so bad, he had somewhere to live and a job. In fact, he was living like a king, or perhaps more like a princess. It's not like he had decided he wanted to spend the rest of his life as Fifi, as he missed his life as David and still hated all the girly clothes and shoes he was forced to wear, but he could live with it for now. The one thing he felt terrible about was lying to Annisa, who he had really come to love and respect over the last couple of months. He remembered back to a conversation they had had the day before where lying to her had been particularly tough.

They had travelled to an art festival, where local artists had transformed an abandoned industrial zone into modern art.



Partway through the day, Annisa turned to him and said. "Fifi, we should visit your family when we get back to Paris, I'm sure your dying to see them and I'd love to meet them"

Thinking fast David tried to come up with a believable lie "My family, did I not tell you, they live in London. We all moved a few years ago, but I didn't like it there so after a few years I moved back to live in Paris"

"What, you never told me this, do you miss them?"

"No, not really" he lied "We are not a very close family"

"I know what you mean, I love my family but they drive me crazy at times, I'd love to just do what you did and move away to Paris, be independent and free, it sounds so romantic"

"You could. If you want something you just have to do it" David then looked away thinking about his sister, who had given him that piece of advice. If only she could see him now in his little pleated mini skirt and 6-inch stilettos, what would she think?"



It was their last day in Paris, Annisa wanted to stay longer but with Weddings booked back home, they needed to be back.

After a short walk from where they had eaten lunch, David found himself standing in a side street, looking at Annisa. As he stood there feeling a bit chilly, as the thin tights he had chosen to wear weren't doing much to keep his legs warm, he wondered what they were doing there. Annisa had told him she wanted to visit one last place before leaving Paris and for him to trust her.



5 minutes later, an older woman came rushing up apologetic and out of breath, she was dressed in a smart-looking business suit and carried a clipboard. She opened a side door and invited them to join her in the building. They were shown around before the woman left them alone to talk.

“So, what do you think?” Annisa asked enthusiastically.



David looked around the empty room. Annisa had told him she had always dreamed of moving to Paris and opening a wedding planning business. “You want to open a second shop here?”

“Exactly, can you imagine it? It would be like a fairy tale. Living in Paris and organising weddings for the beautiful and glamorous people of Paris, of course, you would be with me, that is, if you wanted to be, of course?”

“Of course,” David said without thinking, these days he just said whatever made his life easier.

Annisa squealed and ran over to give him a big hug “It wouldn't be straight away, we still have bookings back in Jakarta for a few months, but perhaps we could really do it. Until I met you, it was always my dream but I never dared to actually do it, thank you, Fifi”

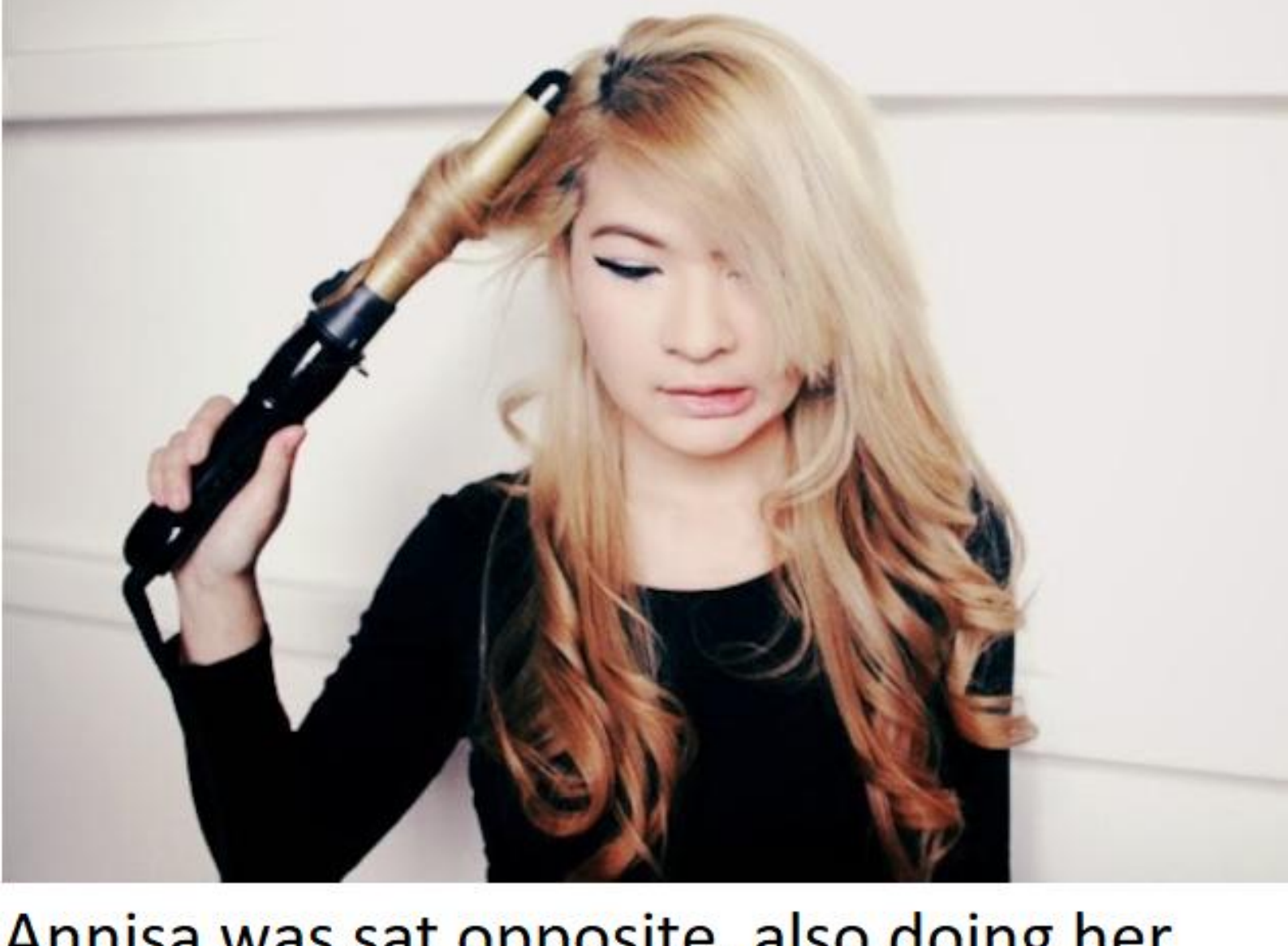
They finished the trip with a trip to the theatre and a nice dinner.



Tomorrow they would fly back to Jakarta and David had mixed feelings. He would of course be glad not to have to pretend to be a French person in France anymore. But Jakarta was back on the other side of the world, right now, he was so close to his home in London, but what could he do, he had no money and showing up at the British embassy and explaining he had entered the country on a fake French passport, was not an option.

A month later.

David and Annisa were bored in the bridal shop, back in Jakarta. It had been a quiet week so far, after just completing a wedding the week before, and when she was bored it wasn't uncommon for Annisa to suggest trying on some of the dresses for fun. Trying on bridesmaid and wedding dresses wasn't exactly David's idea of fun but it made Annisa happy, so he went along with it. Sat in the back room, David was struggling to curl his hair before trying on a new mermaid style wedding gown, they had just got in. It was incredibly tight and fit closely to the body from the chest all the way to the knee then flaring out dramatically to the hem, resembling a fishtail.



Annisa was sat opposite, also doing her hair. When she looked up and said.

“You know, I saw you looking at my breasts earlier while I was changing into my robe”.



David felt flushed, he had been caught looking, he put his head down in shame.

“It's ok, I understand. You know I used to be as flat as you?” She replied, opening up her robe, her perky breasts were now out in full view and she turned to face a red face, David.

“See they're fake, feel them”. She gently grabbed David's hands and guided them around her chest. As David carefully moved his hands around and gave the soft mounds a gently squeeze, he started to sweat, he was also becoming erect, which was quite painful due to the strapping holding his secret in place.

“You know, perhaps I should set you up for a consultation with Jimmy, he did these and Kartika's, he does the best work”. David wasn't listening.

“So, what do you think? Want me to set up the consultation? It'll just be a chat; you don't have to commit to anything. Think of all the cute tops you'll be able to wear after”.

“Uh-huh, sure” mumbled David still in a bit of a daze as he fondled Annisa's beautiful breasts.

“OK, great, I'll give him a call,” she said as she removed his hands and closed her robe.

Call, give who a call, David thought confused and not really sure what had just happened.



Two weeks later.

Deep in thought having just left the consultation with Annisa's plastic surgeon, David was ambling through a park, with no real destination in mind. He had told Annisa he needed some time alone, so she'd gone home without him giving him some space.



Had he really just agreed to have breast augmentation surgery? He had gone to the meeting to keep Annisa happy after she had gone to the trouble of organising the meeting, which couldn't have been easy, given how popular the surgeon seemed when David googled him. The plan was to listen and then just politely refuse, but when he got there, things quickly got out of control. He was asked to undress and before he knew it doctor Jimmy, with his cold hands was prodding and poking at his chest. doctor Jimmy was talking to Annisa in the local language as David wished he'd learned to speak Bahasa. They would occasionally speak to him in English but it seemed, they were making the decisions for him.

when they finally spoke to him, he had tried to come up with a believable reason why he wanted to stay flat-chested. He said it was dangerous, to which doctor Jimmy looked insulted, saying it was a very minor procedure that he had performed thousands of times; David would be in and out in a morning. He tried saying, he wasn't sure about being fake, to which Annisa told him it was part of being pretty, reminding him of his fake hair, nails and eyelashes. He tried one last time saying, he didn't know if he could get used to the weight, to which doctor Jimmy explained he would initially just put in the implants, they would be small, but they could be injected later if and when he decided he wanted them to be bigger. Out of excuses, it seemed his fate was sealed, the surgery was scheduled for next week.

Sat on a small fountain in the middle of the crowded park. He didn't know what he was going to do.



3 weeks later.

The first 2 weeks after the surgery were tough for David. He spent most of his time in bed recovering both physically, as he was in a bit of pain but mostly mentally as he tried to get his head around having his own pair of breasts. But today he was being forced out of the apartment, Annisa had had enough of his moping about and had told him, that morning it was time to get back to normal. So, he got up showered and put on some makeup.



Annisa came in and gave him a white summer dress and a pair of platform heels to wear. It was a dress David had never worn before as it had a very low-cut top and previously, he'd had nothing to fill it.

He tied back his hair, put on a pair of large sunglasses, and was ready to face the outside world. He felt the whole world was staring at him as he walked out of the apartment to meet their driver. It was such an odd feeling having his chest bounce up and down with every step he took. It was also much tougher to walk as he stumbled a few times. He could no longer see his feet and with the new weight on his chest his balance seemed off. He and doctor Jimmy had different ideas of small, he thought, as he looked down to be greeted with an eye full of cleavage.



Their destination that day would be a spa, where they would be getting pampered a bit. David liked the idea as he wouldn't have to interact with too many people, he wasn't in the mood for small talk. The afternoon was pretty relaxing, he felt refreshed after the facial and was glad he had come out. The massage was also very good, except when he had been asked to lie face down, his breasts were still a little tender, and with them squashed against the massage chair it was a constant reminder of his transformed body.



A few months later

It was the start of September and summer was almost over. It was just shy of 9 months since David had gotten off the plane in Jakarta and it had been quite the adventure. He had arrived as David Lubis, a university graduate. But as the months passed that person had been changed beyond recognition. Anyone that saw him now, only saw Fifi Genevieve LaRue, a girly girl wedding planner. Life had sure changed a lot over the last few months. After wrapping up the last of the bookings back in Jakarta and saying goodbye to the family, he and Annisa had boarded the private plane and moved to Paris.

Sat on the roof of the 5-star hotel they were staying, while they looked for an apartment to live, they were chatting and catching some afternoon sun.



Things felt different this time around, for one the weather was much warmer but the biggest difference was that he was now actually living here and he was supposed to be local. He had spent most of the summer immersed in his French study, He had been watching French television shows only and even reading French newspapers. He was now confident he could get by in most situations, he would still not fool a local but if they didn't tell Annisa he wasn't from Paris, she would never know.

As the afternoon sun started to fade it was time to change for dinner. He put on a flowery skirt and a simple black top along with his spiked peep-toe Louboutin's. Ready first, he decided to go downstairs and get a bottle of water from the shop around the corner.



Walking was easier now, after readjusting to his new breasts, he still had to watch his footing, in the towering shoes he was forced to wear, in case he stepped in a hole on the cobbled pavements of Paris. But most of the time he didn't even think about his feet these days. Back from the shop, Annisa was still not ready, he texted her, and she replied with, "be there in 5 xoxo". David knew that 5 Annisa minutes were more like 30 normal minutes, as he considered whether or not to take a short walk while he waited for her.



The first week in Paris was all about acclimatising and getting used to the new pace of life. Annisa was pretty busy organising the opening of the new shop, David helped out here and there, but she told him to relax as she had it under control. This was a strange experience for David, In the past, he had never had a problem doing things by himself, but being alone as Fifi was scary, he had always had Annisa with him for support but now he was going to have to look after himself.

Not wanting to stay in the hotel all week, he decided to get out into the city and practice his French. On the first day, he visited China town. After a tasty lunch, he walked along the river and around Notre Dame. It was under construction after the fire, and he felt a little sad that he had never seen it in all its glory.



Halfway through the week after a few trips to random parts of the city, he started visiting museums, most were free and he could learn some interesting facts while testing his French reading skills. The museums were great for passing the time but it just didn't seem as fun without Annisa, he missed her company. He even started doing things she would do, like when he bought a skirt with cherubs on, at a museum gift shop. He had no idea why he had bought it, never mind why he put it on in the bathroom, he didn't even like cherubs, finding them incredibly creepy.



Towards the end of the Week, Annisa said the shop was progressing well and it would be ready to open in a few weeks. She also told him that she may have found them somewhere to live. So, that evening David found himself walking through a park close to the apartment they were about to view. The weather was definitely changing, as he felt a cold gust of wind brush against his nylon covered legs, making him shiver. It might be time to wear some thicker tights and bring out the winter coats, he thought.



Annisa didn't seem to notice the cold and was in a great mood as she chatted away in front of him. "Just think Fifi, if we take this apartment, this could be our local park, imagine coming here for a summer picnic or sunbathe. And we're so close to the new shop, it would be just perfect, I hope the place is nice"

The next week was Paris fashion week. Annisa was incredibly excited to go and had even managed to get some tickets to attend a few shows.

On the first day, they didn't have any tickets to the shows but Annisa insisted on dressing up and heading over to watch the street style and the show attendees. Annisa told him, "People watching during fashion week was one of the best things to do". So, they spent the day walking around the streets and parks, laughing and commenting on all the outlandish outfit people were wearing.



For once David didn't feel out of place in his designer outfit and sky-high heels, it seemed during fashion week, no one gave him a second look, he just blended into the background. It reminded him of old times when everyone used to just ignore him.



On the second day, they were actually going to watch a few shows. The locations for some of the shows were absolutely sensational and the atmosphere in the whole place was electric, stylists were floating across the Jardin Des Tuileries, designers were posing outside the Grand Palais, and photographers were running around like headless chickens trying to get that special shot. David, on the insistence of Annisa, had made an extra effort to dress up that day and even got asked if he could have his photo taken by a few photographers. Imagine if a photo of me dressed like this ended up in one of those fashion magazines Ani reads, he thought, but would she even recognise me?



They spend one more day at the event, David had a lot of fun being around Annisa again, he had really missed her last week, when she was busy. He had realised recently, that she had become his best friend and he had never really had a best friend before. Arriving back outside their new apartment, the place they viewed the previous week, Annisa hung up the phone and she had some news for David. "That was Kartika earlier, she and Daddy are flying out in a few days for a visit, they are going to help us with the final preparations for the shop opening next week, oh I'm so excited, everything is working out so perfectly.

Yeah perfectly, thought David as leaned against the wall easing the pressure on his feet after walking around in his platform heels all day and scratching the top of his thigh where his tights had become rather itchy.



A week later

David sat in a park outside his new apartment, deep in thought. The weather had really taken a cold turn, and even wearing his thick winter tights and a warm jacket, he still felt a chill every time a gust of wind blew in. Despite the cold, David liked the peaceful nature of the small park, as he watched the colourful leaves dance around his shoes.



He felt confused and it was a problem of his own making. If the real Fifi was here, he was sure she'd be ecstatic, but for him, it was just terrifying. Annisa wanted to name the new shop after him, Fifi. She thought it sounded elegant and on top of this, she wanted him to attend a photoshoot that afternoon, where the pictures taken would be used on flyers and handed out to promote the new business.

He sat in the park for a long time until his legs were ice cold and he was starting to lose feeling in his fingers. But he made a decision. He was going to stop worrying about things and just be Fifi, eventually, he knew he was going to have to come clean-or run away but in the meantime what good was worrying doing? If he got caught, he got caught. He leaped to his high heeled feet and stumbled a little, due to his cold legs. But he felt great like a weight had been lifted off his mind. Looking at his phone he had 3 missed calls, he was late and he had a photoshoot to get to.



"OK, Fifi, perfect, keep that sultry look", Snap "a little more pout", snap went the camera as the photographer took picture after picture. The shoot in a famous park was more intense than David thought it would be. There was a makeup artist a hairstylist and a team of photographers. He was made up and dressed in some of the girliest dresses he'd ever seen to as he was asked to roll around the floor of the Parisian park. The strange thing is nobody really cared, he guessed it was something that happened quite often.



Not worrying about things all the time was having a real impact on things. David was so much happier and everyone around him was enjoying the more relaxed fun girl being around.

It was the day before the grand opening of the new bridal business, the sun was out and David and Kartika were out shopping, while Annisa and her father attended to some business. They spent the morning, trying on dresses and shoes, looking for an outfit for the opening party, the following evening. He enjoyed spending time with Kartika, she was so bossy which always made him laugh. The way she would make the shop clerks run around after he was hilarious.



The next day and with a dramatic change in the weather, David sat shivering while waiting for Annisa, Kartika, and their father. He was wearing the new little black dress he had bought when out shopping the day before with Kartika. He had paired it with a pair of black tights and his red and black shoes for a touch of colour. It wasn't the most practical outfit for the current weather and even with his fur coat wrapped tightly around him, he still felt like he was about to freeze. The opening party was due to start in 2 hours and they were all going over to the shop to open up. David was quite excited; he hadn't seen the place in a few weeks as Annisa wanted him to see it all done and finished. After a few minutes of waiting, a car pulled up and out came the family, David smiled as he carefully climbed down off the wall and tottered over to greet them.



The shop was only a short walk from where they had met, David linked arms with Annisa as they navigated the cobblestone street in their sky-high designer heels. Annisa chatted away excitedly, saying how she couldn't wait for him to see the place.

As they turned the final corner, the shop came into full view. David couldn't believe his eyes, it looked picturesque on the corner of the old street lined with trees. The building looked historical with its stone façade, but the shop downstairs looked clean and new. There was a big window, next to the door, full of mannequins wearing beautiful dresses, the whole window display looked so elegant.

David didn't notice any of this though, as he was focussed on something else, the first thing he had seen was the name, Fifi, in huge pink letters on a white backdrop. But the thing he couldn't take his eyes off was the huge photograph behind the mannequins, filling the entire window.



A week later

The opening party went well and all the invited guests seemed to have a wonderful time. The shop opened the next day for business but it was a quiet first week, they had no booking and only a few people wandered in off the street. Annisa didn't seem worried though and assured David business would pick up once word spread.

But today the shop was closed. It was her father's and sister's last day in Paris before flying back to Jakarta and they were going out to a fancy restaurant to see them off. Annisa had booked herself, Kartika, and David into a famous salon for a little makeover dinner. So, at 2pm after stopping to grab a coffee, David arrived at the fancy salon.



His stylist was a flamboyant over the top French man called Jean Pierre, who instantly took a liking to the girls, but especially David, and kept calling him his little doll. David decided to just let Jean Pierre do his thing, and after 3 hours of beauty treatments, he was left with a full head of blonde hair. He had been blonde when he walked in of course, but now, he was a few shades lighter and the extensions had added so much more volume to his hair, he looked really sexy and it scared him a little.

Leaving the salon, they took a taxi back to the apartment and after a change of clothes and a few glasses of wine they were off to the restaurant for dinner.



Mr Wijaya wasn't a very affectionate man by nature but before he left Paris, he wanted to treat his daughter and Fifi, who he now considered part of the family, to a nice meal. The restaurant was really nice and the food served on a set menu was delicious.

Before the final course arrived, Mr Wijaya had a surprise for David, he rummaged around for a second before bringing out what looked like a paper bag, he passed it to David with minimal fuss and said "A little thank you for helping my daughter, she has never been so happy". The paper bag turned out to be a designer handbag. David thought it was quite cute and thanked Mr Wijaya for the gift.

"No, open", Mr Wijaya replied. Inside the bag was stuffed with Euros, a shocked David quickly pushed the bag under the table in case anyone was looking.



"I can't accept this, it's too much," he was shocked by the man's generosity.

"Now, now put it away, I don't want to talk about it anymore" Mr Wijaya answered, to him the amount of money in that bag was nothing.

"Thank you, it's very generous," David said knowing better than to argue with the billionaire.

"Very good, now where is that dessert? Fifi, ask that waiter, and order us another bottle of champagne".

A few days later, David found himself in the usual place he went, when he had a problem, the park. The fresh air and peacefulness always helped him to think clearly. He needed to do something with the money Mr Wijaya had given him and Annisa was also pestering him for his bank details, so she could start paying him his salary. He knew what he had to do, he had been putting it off for as long as possible, but he had to open a French bank account as Fifi, and he was dreading it.



The next day he was up early to prepare for his trip to the bank. He was incredibly nervous so he decided to dress in an extremely girly outfit. He wore a pink jacket and matching miniskirt and a pair of blue platforms. In his mind, looking as feminine as possible would somehow help with his disguise. So, with the handbag of cash, containing 20,000 Euro, his passport, and proof of address he trotted off towards the bank.

Wanting to delay the encounter as long as possible so he decided to walk along the river on his way to the bank, he had hoped the walk would calm him down but he was terrified the whole way.



Having arrived outside the old stone building, David was shaking like a leaf and his feet were refusing to move. He could feel his heart racing as he thought it was about to pop out of his chest.

He took some deep breaths and reassured himself it was going to be Ok. He had already committed identity fraud when he got the passport, another crime on top wouldn't make much difference now and it's not like he was stealing from the real Fifi.

In the end, David needn't have worried because as soon as the bank teller found out he wanted to make a large deposit; David was taken to a back room to see the manager; where he was treated like a VIP as the manager eagerly got him signed up to a current account. Back out on the street, David felt so relieved to have got through the experience without any issues. As he skipped happily towards the shop, he realised something. He now had his own money; he could leave and get back to being David. But not straight away, he thought, I can't leave Annisa alone to run the new business, that wouldn't be fair.



A month later

They finally had a booking. Annisa hadn't said anything but he could tell she was starting to worry about the lack of business. The bride's name was Marion, she had just walked in one day with her mother and sign on, right there and then. Usually, there would be a few months to organise things but Marion wanted to get married 2 weeks later, being desperate for the custom, they took the booking. In the 2 weeks that followed everything was hectic, rushing about trying to organise everything in a foreign country and in a foreign language. David as the native speaker was put in charge of finding a reception venue. He spent day after day travelling all over the city trying to find the perfect place. When he found one that seemed suitable, he would call Marion and get her opinion. She turned out to be a tough customer and found a fault in every place he found.



But in the end, it all came together. They found a venue after the seventh viewing and on the big day everything went smoothly, the bride and groom were really happy and thanked David and Annisa for all their hard work. With all the guests departed, exhausted after being on his feet all day, David was walking up and down checking the room for any damage. When he spotted Annisa, she was sat on a table eating a piece of cake.



David couldn't be angry she had worked hard all day and she looked like an angel sat up there on the table with legs crossed.

"Hey, are you going to help at all?", He said jokingly

"Hey, jobs over girl, come and have some cake, it's delicious", David smiled, they had just completed their first booking and it was time to celebrate.



In early January, David and Annisa went on a trip. They travelled to the French Alps, where they met Kartika and her older sister Fitri, whose room David had lived in back in Jakarta. David had only met Fitri a few times before but she had seemed like a nice person, she also looked taking pictures and became the groups unofficial photographer for the trip.



David was really excited about the trip, as they had been quite busy over the Christmas period with bookings and he loved snow. Or as he quickly found out, he used to love the snow. 6-inch heels and snow are not a good combination, he lost count as to how many times he ended up on his backside, much to the amusement of everyone that saw him trying to navigate the snowy conditions in his high heeled shoes.



He felt ridiculous in his high heels but it's not like he had a choice, these days, his feet wouldn't bend at all, after almost a year of wearing nothing but 6-inch heels, so flat shoes were out of the question. He tried to ski with the rest of the family on one occasion, but after a few falls, he just watched on as everyone else had fun. One thing he could do thought was dog sledding, after a little practice all the sisters turned very competitive and wanted to race. David found out he was a natural dog sledder, and won by a country mile. In fact, he was so far ahead, he was off the sled and playing with the dogs before Kartika came in to sight in second place.



All in all, it was a difficult trip for David as he was reminded that with the condition of his feet there were now going to be things he just couldn't do like before. But back in their lodge, as he and the sisters all laughed, joked, and celebrated the end of their vacation. He realised; he had also gained some things.



Damn, thought David, as he rushed through the streets of Paris. He was late and Annisa was going to kill him. His heels clicked loudly on the pavement with every step he took and he walked as fast as he could trying to make it home.



Tonight, they were meeting a new client, but not just any client, Chloe Vandermeer, the famous fashion designer. She had contacted them a week ago about planning her wedding for the coming summer. They talked about the details and she had signed on as a client. She then invited David and Annisa to one of her shows, the one David was now rushing home to get ready for.

When he entered the house Annisa was furious, He apologised and rushed upstairs to take a shower. 45 minutes later, and probably a new record time for getting ready, he carefully descended the stairs. From the bottom of the stairs, Annisa watched as Fifi gracefully navigated the stairs in her billowing skirt and towering shoes, thinking back to a year prior, when she looked like a tomboy and stomped about.



They were met at the event by Chloe's assistant Kendra, she was wearing a simple orange dress and was very business-like. She got them some drinks and showed them to their front row seats. The fashion show was fine, David had been to a few by now and didn't really see what the fuss was about. After the show they were joined by Chloe, as a tall former model, Chloe dwarfed David making him feel tiny even wearing one of his tallest pairs of heels.



On the way home Annisa was really pleased, "This is going to be big for us Fifi, with Chloe Vandermeer as a client, word is bound to spread, before you know it, we'll have so many clients, we'll be turning them away. We may have to open a second Fifi store"

A few weeks later on a pleasant spring afternoon, David sat in one of his favourite café's drinking a coffee. Normally he'd be working in the shop or out organising something for an upcoming wedding. But today was different, he was going to meet a woman from a fashion magazine. Chloe Vandermeer had put them in contact, and the journalist wanted to write a story about the business.



After finishing his coffee, he checked the map on his phone again to make sure he knew where he was going. 25-minute walk, that didn't seem so bad, he thought. 15 minutes later he was in a part of the city he had never been to before. It was a mass of small winding street lined with little boutiques and patisseries, all very beautiful apart from the cobblestones. Cobblestones were David's nemesis, there weren't many things he hated more in the world, they were so difficult for him to walk on without looking ridiculous. Luckily for him on this occasion, there seemed to be a thin path up the middle with smooth flat ground to walk on.



Unfortunately, just up the road, the smooth path abruptly stopped, leaving only cobblestones ahead as far as he could see. With it was too late to find another route, he had no choice but to hobble along the uneven ground as others commented on his poor choice of footwear.



After slowly mincing his way to the meeting spot, now 10 minutes late thanks to the cobblestones, he was met by a blond Asian girl named Dora. They hit it off right away as Dora was friendly and loved to talk. They talked about the shop, his time in Jakarta, and his plans for the future. Describing their dream to open more Fifi shops and cater to international clients around the world, David stopped to wondered if he was still just lying to get by or were these dreams actually things he wanted to happen now.



Annisa was right about Chloe Vandermeer opening doors for them as over the next few weeks they were inundated with people wanting them to plan their wedding. They had to turn people down which only seemed to make them more popular as they were now exclusive. Speaking of Chloe, she had requested that someone fly out to meet her in her home in Stockholm to go over some details about the wedding. With Annisa too busy, it was given to David and this time he wouldn't be flying by private plane.

He had been pretty calm recently but having to go through airport security with a fake passport was very nerve racking. He was sweating and nervous as he went through security and not just because of the warm outfit he was wearing in preparation for the freezing weather of Stockholm. Staying for only the day he didn't need to check in a bag so he went straight to security. Apart from tiptoeing about on his nylon covered feet and looking a bit ridiculous, as he was asked to take off his heel to be scanned, he passed through without incident.

2 and a half hours later he landed in Stockholm, passed through security again and was met by the driver Chloe had sent.



The drivers name was, Sammi. He welcomed David to Sweden and asked him to follow him to the car. They exited the airport to be faced with something David now hated, snow. Sammi, looked down at Davids red platform pumps and said "You know shoes like that might be fashionable in Paris but here in Sweeden they're not very practical, are you going to be ok? the car is a few minutes' walk from here"

David made a girlish little giggle and said he'd be fine.

After only 30 seconds and 2 falls, Sammi had gone ahead to get the car, leaving David standing in the snow, feeling embarrassed and angry that he was force to always wear such ridiculous shoes.



Half an hour later, he was in Chloe's hotel room trying to warm up. See welcomed his in and got him something warm to drink. The discussions about the wedding went fine, with David taking notes on specific things she wanted to be included. The meeting lasted little over an hour before they said their goodbye's leaving David to fly back to Paris.



Business was booming, Annisa had been forced to hire some part-time help as the 2 of them couldn't cope. They were part way through converting the upstairs storeroom into part of the shopfloor to give them more space. That's where David was when Annisa came running in waving around a magazine.



"Look, look, the article about the shop is out" She thrust the magazine in his face, where he came face to face with a picture of himself, in a big poufy yellow skirt looking like a catalogue model.



"Oh, my god, I forgot about this", David said taking the magazine and turning the page. "Wow you look so beautiful in this picture Nis, was that taken in our apartment?"



"Yeah, I like that picture, Dora took it in the lobby, she a great photographer, but no one's going to be looking at me, when you're looking this hot girl" She turned the page again and even David was a bit taken aback by the image. The girl in the white dress with the mischievous look in her eye was gorgeous, he would have moved mountains to go on a date with a girl like this once upon a time. The problem was it was him.



After almost a year and a half of living as Fifi, you'd think David would feel more comfortable. But he still felt nervous and repulsed when men would stare and check him out. Like this morning entering the buffet breakfast of his Marseille hotel. The young waiter didn't try to hide the fact he was undressing him with his eyes. The way he looked him up and down smiling, sent a shiver down David's spine, like he was a piece of meat to be devoured.



He was in Marseille to meet some very important people. The business was starting to get more and more international and celebrity clients and David or Fifi, as the name of the company, was tasked with meeting and greeting them. After finishing breakfast and deciding it was a little too chilly that day for bare legs, he went back to the room and changed before heading outside the hotel. He sat on a bench in his simple white blouse and black skirt paired with black tights. He wore his red and black Charlotte Olympia platforms, who was quickly becoming his favourite designer of shoes, their shoes just fit his feet so well and all the pairs he owned were surprisingly easy to walk in.



He didn't have to wait long before a black BMW pulled up. Two women exited the car, greeted him, and asked him to join them in the car. As they drove to the restaurant, where they were to eat lunch, they made small talk. They told David how much they loved the brand and felt it was in a really good place for investment. The conversation continued over lunch before they dropped David back outside his hotel.



Inside the hotel, David called Annisa. He told her the lunch went well and they seemed very keen on investing but he was meeting them again later that evening for drinks.

The investors owned a string of designer shops throughout Europe and were interested in investing in Fifi, where they would help build it into a worldwide brand.

A few hours later David sat in the hotel bar sipping a cocktail. He had dressed in a simple outfit as he didn't want to expose too much skin in front of the 2 women in a business meeting. It still amazed him when he thought about the series of events that had ended up with him as Fifi living the life he now lived. But he tried not to dwell, all he could do was stay positive and try to make the most of things, starting with sealing this business



After a morning in the salon with Jean Pierre, David was doing his make up before heading out. His hair was now much longer than it had ever been thanks to the extensions and was again a shade of very light blonde.



Everyone seemed to love his blonde hair, and with him being pretty much used to it at this point, he had given up fighting it. The thing that worried him more though, was all the other beauty treatment he was receiving. It had started out as lotions and face masks, but lately, he had been getting injections in his face and lips. The first time it happened he wasn't really listening when he was asked. He sat there in a panic too scared to move in case he got stabbed in the eye.

He wasn't too happy after Jean Pierre was done, but he didn't really notice the difference. Jean Pierre said it was just to keep him looking youthful and doll-like. But today was the 3rd time he had been given the fillers and he was starting to see some differences. His face looked smoother and a little rounder and he was sure his lips were a little fuller.

Out on the street. In a navy-blue dress and a pink coat, he was waiting for Annisa.



With the investment in the company and the demand for their services at an all-time high, they were planning on hiring a new employee, with the hope they could train them up to manage the store as they expanded. Annisa was running late and called David, telling him to go ahead to the meeting. As he clicked down the street on his way to the meeting, he felt the cold breeze sweep around his exposed thighs. How is it this cold? He thought, isn't it supposed to be summer?



When he arrived at the restaurant. Liliane was already there. She introduced herself and told him to call her Lily. David asked her some questions about her work experience and was impressed with the answers. The girl was very experienced and gave the impression of a very mature and reliable young lady. By the time Annisa arrived, 20 minutes later. David had already decided, he wanted to hire this girl.



After the unusually cold weather they were having in France, it was nice to be somewhere warm again. Lily had been brilliant since they hired her, so good in fact Annisa decided to leave her in charge of the store while David and she took a trip. They were about to open a second Fifi and it was her chance to prove she was capable of managing it.

David and Annisa were in Indonesia to visit home and the family, but before they went to Jakarta, they were visiting Bali. 7 Days of drinking cocktails and sunbathing by the pool.



Having the sun on his skin again felt nice, even if he was spending most of his time in a bikini. It was so nice to relax after a busy few months, and a 5-star luxury resort was the perfect place to do it.



After a few days in the resort, Annisa suggested a day trip to a botanical garden. It was a beautiful place but David couldn't help but feel a little uncomfortable. After an hour they decided to go back to the hotel and have a swim, the weather was too warm to be walking around in a greenhouse all day, especially if you were wearing sky-high heels and the paths were mostly made of pebble stones.



At the end of the week, fully relaxed and recharged, they were off to Jakarta. David sat in the lobby as Annisa checked out of the hotel. He thought about how different he had looked last time he landed in Jakarta, as he looked down seeing his blonde hair bobbing up and down on his enhanced chest as he breathed in and out. He could feel the smooth silky material of his designer pencil skirt, he had tucked neatly beneath his smooth legs, and the angled position of his feet, locked in position in their high heeled prison.



Being back at the apartment in Jakarta was bringing back a lot of old memories of who he used to be and the person that first walked in, looking for a lost suitcase. It seemed so long ago now and the thought of going back just seemed impossible. It's not like he didn't want to, it's just the pretence had gone on too long and now telling the truth would carry too many unwanted consequences.



The week in Jakarta was pretty uneventful, there was a nice dinner out with the family. He wore a black and white top, skirt, and another pair of Charlotte Olympia heels, which everybody loved giving him plenty of compliments.



He spent a few days in the original bridal shop, now run by one of Annisa's cousins. They were going to change the name to Fifi to match the Paris shop and David was there to give the girl some training, while Annisa spent time with her family. It was still strange to him that he was the one giving the training as 18 months ago he would have had no idea how to run a bridal shop.



Summer had finally arrived in Paris. The sun was shining and the temperature was in the high 90's. David had spent the day modelling for a magazine piece. They had asked if they could change his hair colour and seeing it as a chance to get rid of the blonde hair, he agreed. He wasn't sure he liked the result, but the hairdresser said the silver colour on top of the brown was only temporary and would wash out in a few days.



Looking over the pictures from the afternoon shoot, he didn't really get the theme. In each picture he was dressed in some sort of gown and around him props were scattered around to look like broken furniture. Perhaps he was a clown who had lost their mind and smashed up the room, he thought chuckling.



All done for the day, David thanked the team and headed home. He was asked if he'd like to keep any of the clothes, they had used that day. Most were stuff he would never wear, so he politely refused, but he did like the red platforms with the chain across the front. He thought they matched the red flowers on his skirt, so decided to take them with him.



David stood in the breakroom of the newly opened Fifi shop, which was being run by Lily and another man they had hired called Henry. The shop was much nicer than the original shop. More spacious with a fancier facade and it even had a place to relax and have some lunch, which is what he was about to do, when Lilly walked in.



“Hey, Fifi, what’s for lunch?”, Lily asked

“Oh, hey Lily, nothing special, just some leftovers. I'm warming up”. David replied

“Hey I love your dress today; you always look so elegant”

“Thanks, it’s something I just threw on” replied a slightly embarrassed David.



“Hey, I was thinking and feel free to say no, if you think it will make things awkward or you just don’t want to, but me and some friends are going to see this new band tomorrow evening and, I've got an extra ticket. Do you want to come?”

David didn’t know what to say for a second. It had been so long since he had been invited out. Well, he refused dates from men all the time but he hadn’t been out with a friend in so long, hell, apart from Annisa, he had no friends. “I’d love to, what time are you going?”

“We can get ready together here after work if you want? And then go and meet my friends”



David had a lot of fun out with Lily and the girls. Lily’s friends were silly and liked to joke about. They made fun of everything, in a playful way, including his choice of footwear to a music concert. But by the end of the night, they were amazed as David danced around in his tall stilettos as if he was in flats. They on the other hand were exhausted, in their much lower heels.

The concert itself was great, David couldn’t remember the last time he had watched a live band. It must have been before his Fifi days. He made a promise to himself to try and get to more concerts in the future.



Having had so much fun out with Lily and her friends, David decided to accept Henry's offer to go shopping after work. It wasn't like a date or anything as Henry was as gay as they came.

"Oh, Fifi darling, look, look, these shoes are so you, you have to try them on," Henry said picking up a platform heel from the display to show David.

"I'm not sure I need any more shoes Henry" David replied thinking about the shelves of high heels he had back at the apartment.

But Henry wasn't to be deterred, spotting a shop assistant "miss we want to try this in a 39.5, a 40 and a 40.5"

"How do you know any of those sizes will fit me?" David said as the shop assistant scurried away.

"I have a gift, you'll see" Henry replied smugly.

The size 40 was a perfect fit, David stood up and walked a few laps of the store



The shoes were really high, perhaps higher than any heels he had worn before but they weren't uncomfortable.

"Oh, Fifi baby, you look so good, those shoes were made for you" Henry cooed.

"Are you sure? I think they might be a little high" David replied sitting down on a chair in the corner.



"For you, nonsense, you could run a marathon in high heels you are like a superhero"

David left the shop having purchased the shoes, he had no intension of buying when he walked in the door, he even wore them out of the shop. Henry was a great salesman, but David already knew that he had hired him after all.

Henry was a fun person to be around, he was always positive and liked to make people feel good. He carried all of David's bags and opened doors wherever they went, making David feel like a celebrity. After a few more shops and a few more purchases, David knew he'd regret later, they called in a little restaurant for a light dinner.



As David enjoyed a Caesar salad, he realised that it was much easier to make friends as Fifi compared to when he was David. Was it just the girly appearance that attracted people or had he somehow changed as well? Either way, he was not complaining.

Sat on the sofa looking down at his newly purchased shoes, he was still regretting his decision. It's not like he hated them, in fact, he thought they were quite sexy. He just hated the fact he had just spend what he used to get paid for a month of flipping burgers, on a pair of high heels. But now he had bought them, he planned to get his money's worth.



He was leaving soon to meet Lily. The 2 of them were going to a Chloe Vandermeer fashion show. It was more work than pleasure but going with Lily would be fun, he thought.

The show was a big event with a red carpet and photographers snapping away, trying to get the perfect shot of a celebrity guest. David had been to a few events like this before but never quite as big as this. He usually just walked the red carpet and one or 2 people might snap a picture out of habit. But this time it was a little different, he made it halfway before one photographer said, look it's Fifi LaRue from that celebrity bridal shop. David was then blinded as cameras flashed all around him as people asked him to pose for photos.



It was quite an odd experience and he was glad when the photographer got bored with him and moved on to their next victim, leaving him to enter the show in peace. They were shown to their front row seats and given a glass of champagne. The show was as dull as ever for David, he really didn't enjoy these fashion shows no matter how many he went to, but Lily was good company, and the afterparty, that Chloe Vandermeer invited them to later on, was a lot of fun.



started as a normal day. David woke up showered, did his makeup, and got dressed.



He left the house about 11am headed towards the original Fifi shop. Walking down the street, he heard the familiar clicking sound of his heels and a swishing sound as the thin material of his tights rubbed together every time his thighs brushed past each other.



But then he heard another noise, the noise of the footsteps running up from behind him. Before he could react, someone struck him on the back of the head and he stumbled and fell to the ground. A man wearing a hood, grabbed at his handbag, forcing it out of his hands before running away down the street. David screamed, and stumbled to his feet, his first instinct was to give chase but looking down at his designer 6-inch pumps, he knew it would be pointless.

He held the back of his head as the thief made his escape. Then out of nowhere, another man threw himself towards the thief, tackling him to the ground. They fought, rolling around on the ground before the thief kicked out. Seeing an opening, the thief quickly got to his feet and escaped out of sight. David stumbled over to a nearby restaurant bench and sat down in a state of shock.



“I believe this is yours,” said the man in French, he was holding David’s handbag after wrestling it away from the thief.

“Oh my, thank you, that was very brave” David replied looking at the man, probably in his early thirties, dressed in a business suit.

“Are you ok? did he hurt you?” the man asked concerned.

“I think I’ll be ok” but David spoke too soon, as he tried to stand up, losing his balance landing in the man’s arms.

“Come on, let me take you home, my name is Marcel, what should I call you miss?”

“Fifi” David whispered, the man was holding him tightly, their lips only a few inches apart.

“Well, Fifi, where to?” Marcel replied in a cheerful voice as he gently released David and put his arm around his waist for support.

“My shop is just around the corner and my friend is there” David not knowing what to do with his loose arm, put it around Marcel’s waist. Even with all the things he had had to endure since becoming Fifi, at that moment, as he hobbled off with his arm around some stranger like some little damsel in distress from a 50’s movie. Never had he felt so helpless and emasculated.

Even weeks after the incident, David still felt frightened walking alone. It had acted as a wake-up call for him. He wasn't Fifi Genevieve LaRue, he was David Lubis. He needed to somehow get back to his old life, starting today.



He had booked an appointment with a specialist doctor he had found online to look at his feet. He had spoken to the woman over the phone and asked him to come to the clinic to see what she could do.



With his boots off he sat upon the cushioned chair, as the woman started touching his feet. She started off by massaging them and it felt pretty good, but she soon started bending and clicking his bones. After 10 minutes David thought he was going to pass out, the pain was becoming unbearable.



When she stopped, his feet were in agony and the diagnosis wasn't good. The doctor explained to him that she had seen girls from South East Asia with this kind of issue before. But his feet were much more severe than any case she had ever seen. She told him had he stayed off his feet in the beginning, with some stretching exercises, his feet would have gone back to normal. He on the other hand had compounded the issue by wearing nothing but the highest of heels for the last 18 months or so, forcing the bones in his feet to shift position. The only way to change that position now was by an operation and it came with a 50% chance he would lose the ability to walk altogether.

That evening when David met up with Lily and the girls, he tried not to think about what the doctor had said. He would smile, hiding his inner feelings just like the socks he wore, hiding his bruised feet.



David didn't know what to do, on the one hand, he had a chance of correcting his feet and perhaps go back to being himself. On the other hand, he could permanently disable himself.

Which was better? Life as Fifi, forced to totter about on 6-inch heels, or life as David, in a wheelchair. For weeks he debated it in his mind, going back and forth.

This week had been a welcome distraction, as he had been incredibly busy. A famous Indonesian singer was getting married in Paris and they were organising the wedding. There was going to be media and even television coverage. David spent every day, overseeing things at the venue, making sure everything was perfect.



"Are you OK, Fifi", Lily asked, seeing David in deep thought, standing in front of the mirror wearing a beautiful long gown and platform heels with dangerous looking spikes on the toes.



"Yes, I'm fine, now, is everything ready? Today has to be perfect"

"Don't worry, we've tripled checked everything, it's going to be a great day"

"I know, I know, thanks for all your help, I don't know what I'd do without you Lily. I'm just going to check with the caterers one last time" David announced before strutting gracefully away, the train of his gown fluttering behind him, looking like a celebrity himself.



As expected, the day was a great success. The bride and groom were very pleased and wanted to take pictures with everyone from Fifi. Being a bit camera shy, Henry took the picture. He got everyone lined up, before saying "Say cheese".



"So, what do you think?" David asked.

Annisa chuckled "definitely not you, perhaps we could give it to my mother"

David pouted "I know, they dropped them off for the photoshoot later, at least I'll be covered up this time"



Back wearing his own clothes, a top with a map of South America on it, a satin grey flared skirt, and a pair of tall Louboutin's with spikes on the toes. He joined Annisa in the front of the shop, it was unusual for them to be in at the same time these days, as over the last few months they had opened 2 new stores, making a total of 4 in France and 1 in Jakarta.

David was wandering around putting a few things back in their correct positions and thinking about his latest visit to see Jean Pierre. He was sure his face was looking different now, after the continued treatments, he made a mental note to say no next time he went.



Annisa, interrupted his thoughts "Fifi, someone is here to see you".

David turned around, stood by the counter, next to Annisa was Marcel, the man that fought the mugger and got back his handbag back all those months ago.

"Fifi, how are you doing? You look well. I was in the neighbourhood and wanted to come in and check on you. Sorry I didn't come sooner; I was away on business" Marcel said.

"I'm OK, it was a bit scary that day but thanks to you, no harm was done" David replied as he walked over to join the 2 of them.

"Think nothing of it, anyone would have done the same". Marcel replied. David wasn't so sure. If it had been regular old David that day, without the blonde hair and not wearing a white mini dress and heels, he doubted Marcel would have jumped into action as he did.

Nevertheless, he was grateful.

Marcel continued "while I'm here, I was wondering if perhaps you'd like to catch up some time over dinner or a cup of coffee? I'd love to get to know you a little better"

The question came as a surprise to David, he was being asked out on a date. He had no interest in dating men and was thinking about how he could let him down gently when Annisa took the decision away from him.

"She'd love to", Anisa said stepping over next to David and putting her arm around him, a beaming smile on her face.

"Wonderful, let me get your number and we'll sort something out" replied a happy looking Marcel.

5 minutes later with Marcel gone and the date arranged, David sat on the steps inside the shop.

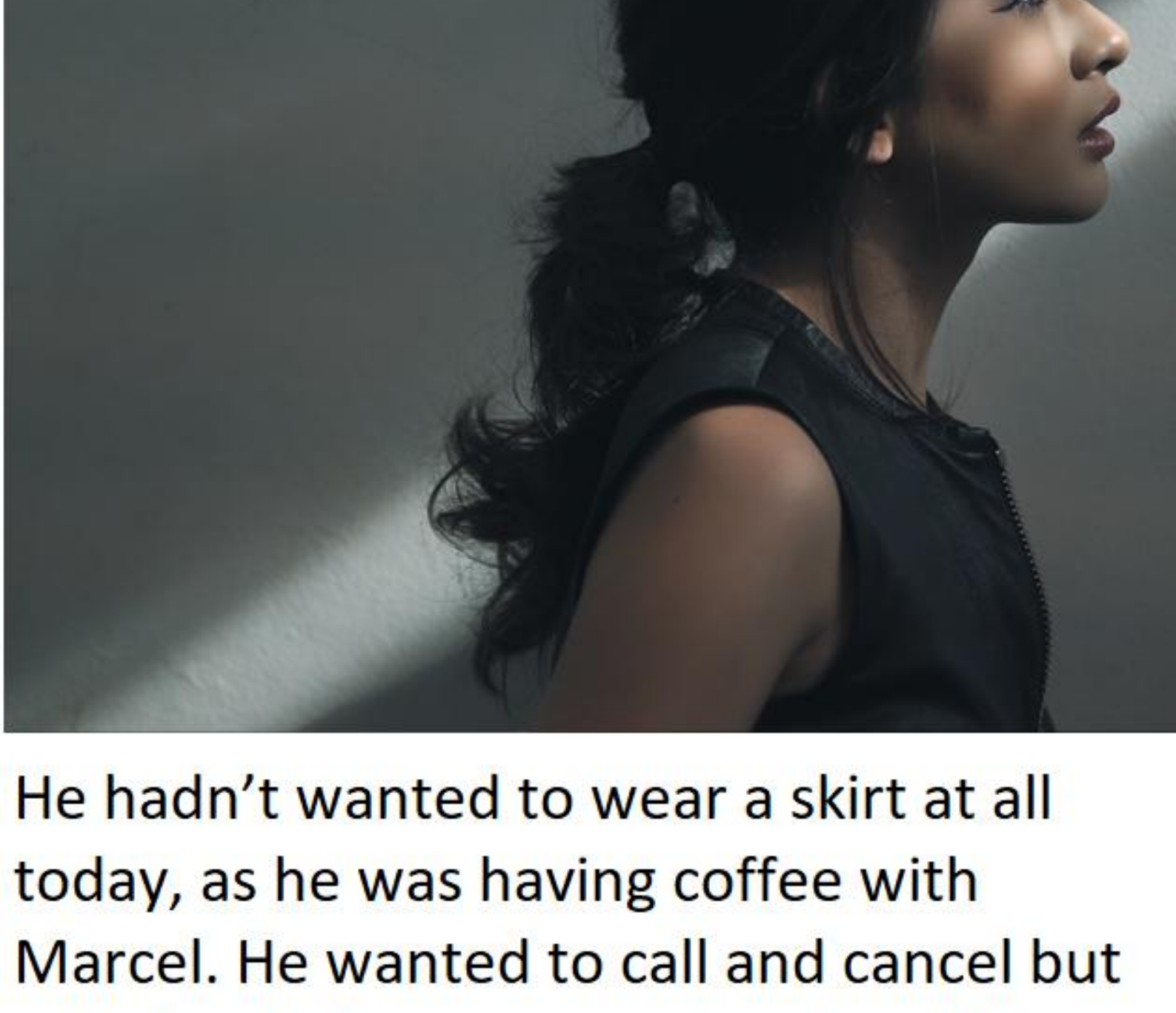


Annisa didn't know what the fuss was about.

"Come on Fifi, it's just coffee, he did risk his life to get your bag back," David said nothing "For goodness sake, Fifi, cheer up he's really handsome and obviously rich, anyone would think you weren't interested in men"

5 days later

David was in his room terrified. He was wearing a black leather dress with a pencil skirt that finished mid-ankle and of course high heels.



He hadn't wanted to wear a skirt at all today, as he was having coffee with Marcel. He wanted to call and cancel but with Annisa's comment about not liking men ringing in his ears, he felt he had to go. He could of course tell Annisa, he liked women but in David's mind, Fifi wasn't that type of girl, plus with all the times Annisa had changed in front of him, he thought it might cause a problem.

Annisa was sat in the kitchen, waiting for Fifi, before going out to meet some friends herself. She was starting to grow impatient; she had helped her pick out an outfit and wondered what was taking the girl so long.



It was only coffee; she thought and couldn't understand why she was so reluctant to meet up with Marcel. It was the least she could do, thinking back to the day they had stumbled into the shop. Fifi was in a state and if Marcel hadn't been holding her up, she surely would have fallen over. He was so kind and sweet, checking to see if she was ok, he even went out and bought them some coffee while Fifi told her what had happened.

Finally, she thought as Fifi entered the room.

"Do I look OK?" said a nervous looking David.

"You look absolutely gorgeous as always, come now, don't be nervous, just be your natural fun self, talk about anything you want and if you're stuck for something to say, just ask him questions about himself, men love to talk about themselves"

After a few more words of encouragement, Annisa wished David luck and watched him walk out the front door.



Arriving at the coffee shop, his heart was beating a thousand times a second and he was beginning to sweat. He tried to calm himself down. It was a coffee with another human being, in the middle of the afternoon, he told himself. Nothing bad was going to happen, the world wasn't going to end. He looked up and saw Marcel on a table by the far wall. He gave him a little wave and slowly walked over, here goes nothing, he thought.



“You look happy? The date went well then?”, Annisa asked upon finding David in the living room the next morning. She had been out late last night the night before and she had not had a chance to catch up with him before going to bed.



“Well, I guess it was kind of fun”, David replied, not wanting to admit he had really enjoyed himself.

After an awkward start, David remembered Annisa’s advice to just ask him questions about himself. He found out that Marcel ran his own small business and spent a lot of time in China working with factories. He had gone to university in London and loved all things British. They had a lot of things in common, they talked about football and who was going to win the Premier League that year, bands they had both seen, and places in London they liked to visit. Before David knew it, they were laughing and joking like old friends, it had been a long time since David had a male friend, he sometimes went shopping with Henry from the shop, but he was as camp as they came and it was like hanging out with a girlfriend. Marcel made him forget the situation he was in and made him feel like his old self again.

“You had a great time I can tell by the smile on your face, when are you seeing him again? What did you talk about? Come over here and tell me all about it” Annisa giddy with excitement.



As it happens, David had arranged to meet Marcel again and only 2 nights later. Marcel was flying out on business for a few weeks and wanted to take David out for dinner before he left.

So, 2 nights later, this time in a short dress, David was about to go on a second date with Marcel.

After exited the taxi, David stood outside the restaurant, and out of habit looked down to check his appearance. He suddenly felt a gust of cold wind, blow around his legs and up his skirt, almost showing the whole street his silky black panties and making him shiver. Summer was coming to an end, he thought, soon it would be winter again.



After another nice evening chatting and getting to know each other. Marcel went away on a two weeks business trip. But they text each other almost every day just to catch up or to send a silly meme.

While Marcel was away David also had work to do, along with Lily and Henry they had a wedding to organize.



This wedding was a celebrity client but David had never heard of her. When he looked her up online, he found out she was some French reality TV star, famous for showing her boobs it seemed.

The venue was a 5-star hotel and David and the team were there to make the room look a little more glamorous. As he looked around at the drab furniture and dirty windows, he knew they had a busy couple of days ahead of them.



But, as always, the wedding was perfect, everybody had a great day and thanked David and the team for all their hard work. After the event David decided to take the team out to celebrate, they had worked hard and he wanted them to know they were appreciated.

In the first bar they went, as it was close to Lily's apartment, David cause quite a scene the way he was dressed. The flowing designer skirt and sky-high Louboutin pumps didn't really fit in with the rest of the casually dressed customers.



But, once got to the centre of the city everybody had a great time. They hit a few bars before the night ended in a nightclub. It was a lot of fun as they drank, chatted, and danced the night away.

stood at the airport, David was still amazed at what he was about to do. Nearly 2 years ago he had been working in a fast-food restaurant, bored and dreaming about travel and adventure. Now here he stood in a designer white dress, that showed a hint of his breasts beneath, and 6-inch platform heels, about to fly over to Indonesia to walk the catwalk in a fashion show. This was definitely not what he had imagined all those years ago.



As Fifi (the business) had grown in fame, so had Annisa and David, but as the name of the company, he always seemed to get invited to things. When this invitation came, he wanted to decline but Annisa insisted he go saying it would be good publicity.

With his hair and makeup done it was time. He was shaking as he looked around the side of the curtain, out at the crowded room.

I just have to walk to the end turn and come back, easy, he told himself, but what if I fall? It was an unusual thought, as at this point David was a pro walking in heels and never stumbled even on the roughest of ground. But there was something about a room full of people staring at him that just made him doubt himself.

A woman appeared to his left and told him it was his turn to go. He stepped out into the lights and started his strut down the smooth white runway.

As the crowd looked on, David concentrated on his walk. One foot in front of the other, heel down first just like Annisa had taught him years ago. The runway wasn't very long but as he confidently strode along, heels clicking and cameras flashing, it seemed to take an eternity to reach the end.



As he left the runway and headed backstage, he was incredibly relieved, but he had made it and not fallen over, now he could relax.

The other models around him were rushing to change outfits, ready to walk again but as a special guest, David only had to go once. Or so he thought, as 15 minutes later he was invited out to join the designers as he once again walked down the runway.

The second time wasn't as bad, as he was with the designers. But as the people cheered and called out Fifi, he looked around at the crowded room and wondered if he was now little famous?



As David entered the Paris bar, He saw Lily waiting for him. He went over, kissed her on both cheeks, and ordered a gin and tonic.



“So, how are things going with Marcel, you guys have been out a few times now right?” Lily asked after the drinks arrived.

“Good, I think, we went out a few times before he went off to China and twice again since he came back last week,” David said sipping his G and T.

“Four times already! sound like things are getting serious girl?”

“No, it’s not like that we’re just friends” David replied

“Hmm, doesn’t sound very likely, what did you do on your last few dates?”

“They weren't dates, just 2 people hanging out. Last Wednesday, we went out for dinner to catch up after his business trip and then Saturday he took me to the Moulin rouge”

“Really, the Moulin Rouge? I’ve always wanted to go. What did you wear?” Lily asked excitedly.

“He had always wanted to go too, perhaps because of all the scantily clad dancers. My outfit was perhaps a bit much, I wore this really sparkly black asymmetric dress with the skirt longer at the back”

“I bet you looked fabulous”

“Marcel seemed to like it, but the top was really bothering me, the dress had this deep v at the front and had to be taped into place”

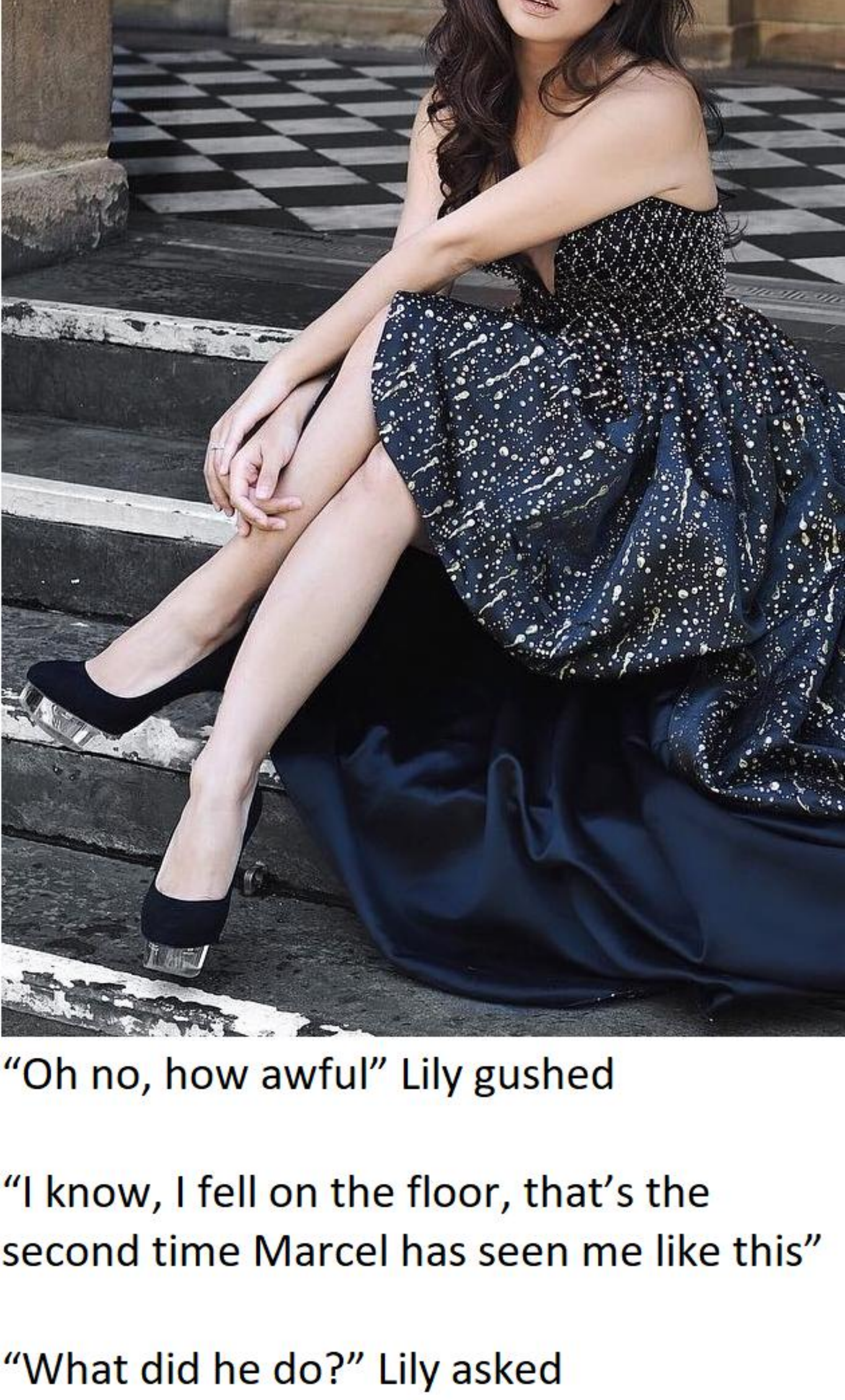


“Well, you know girl, we have to suffer for fashion” Lily replied with a giggle, raising her glass and clinking it against David’s.

“Oh, but you haven’t heard the worst part,” David said

“Go on” Lily was listening intently.

“Towards the end of the night, we were walking when I must have stepped in a hole. I heard a crack before the heel of my new Charlotte Olympia’s, you know the black ones with the clear platform, snapped clean off”.



“Oh no, how awful” Lily gushed

“I know, I fell on the floor, that’s the second time Marcel has seen me like this”

“What did he do?” Lily asked

“He was a perfect gentleman, he helped me up and then supported me for the rest of the night as I hobbled around, I told you about my feet, right, so I couldn’t walk barefoot”

“You know Fifi, I think that man of yours sounds like a keeper”, Lily said with a smile.

Another day and another magazineshoot. These photoshoots were becoming pretty common for David these days, but today's shoot was a little different. Being part-owner of a bridal shop, of course, meant he had tried on a wedding dress or 2 before, but he had never actually had a team of professional hair and makeup artists transform him into a bride. It was early morning when he had arrived at the original Fifi store, where the shoot would take place, but it was almost noon by the time they started taking pictures.



The final look was breathtaking, His hair and makeup had taken hours. The biggest difference being the eyelash extensions they had attached to his own lashes. He had worn fake eyelashes before but these were different. They were so full and long. He could see them at all times, and the way they fluttered every time he blinked, would take some getting used to. The white gown with its huge skirt with layer upon layer of fabric enveloped his legs, making it difficult to walk. The top half of the dress was a mesh like material, covering his shoulders and arms, leading into a more solid corset style top, laced up until he could hardly breathe.



It was a long afternoon with lots of looks and outfit changes. But they were almost done, David was in the last of the outfits and looking forward to going home and relaxing in front of the television when he looked up to see Marcel at the back of the room smiling. He suddenly felt a little embarrassed having Marcel see him like this.



20 minutes later with the shoot over, David shuffled his way to the back of the room in his wedding gown, to talk to Marcel who was still waiting patiently.

Marcel kissed him on both cheeks "Well don't you look wonderful, the perfect bride to be, I came to see if you wanted to get something to eat?"

"Uh, sure actually I'm starving" David replied.

"Or perhaps we should go to the church and I'll make an honest woman of you" Marcel joked.

"Don't get any ideas you, dinner's the only thing on offer here, just give me 10 minutes to change.

David stood in the bathroom of his apartment waiting for Annisa to finish her makeup. She had a new boyfriend and it always took her twice as long to get ready, when she was meeting a man.



They were going out tonight on a double date, which was Annisa's idea, David could meet her boyfriend Hugo, and the four of them could get to know each other.

They somehow arrived at the bar first, even with David having to drag Annisa from the bathroom. David was wearing a black satin sheath dress, black tights, and black platform pumps, Annisa joked that he looked as though he was going to a funeral. They ordered 2 glasses of white wine and chatted until their dates arrived. Marcel was the first to arrive, walking up to David and greeting him with a kiss on each cheek.

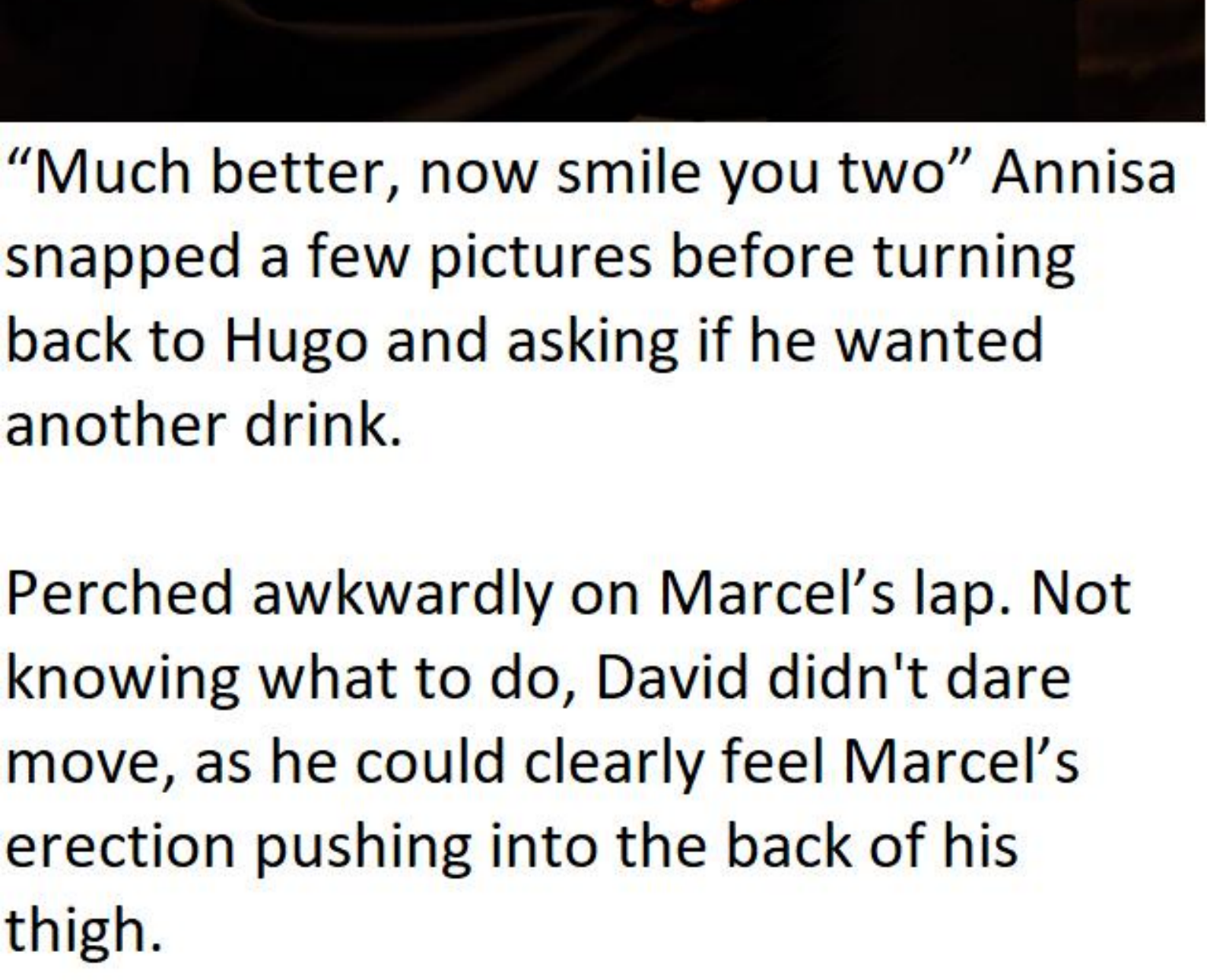


Hugo arrived a few minutes later and the four of them drank wine and chatted. The men started talking about their businesses about business as David and Annisa quickly grew bored of the conversation about manufacturing and profit margins, so they just had their own conversation, telling funny stories about awkward clients they had worked with recently.

After a while, the conversation changed to how the couples met, David stated they weren't a couple, to which Marcel looked a little sad and Annisa looked annoyed. Annisa decided they just needed a little push.

"Ok picture time", Annisa said grabbing her phone and pointing it towards David and Marcel.

"No, come on, get closer" David shuffled a little towards Marcel. "Oh, for goodness sake Marcel help her out". Marcel put one arm around David's waist and another under his knee and gently lifted him, as David let out a little squeal, on to his lap.



"Much better, now smile you two" Annisa snapped a few pictures before turning back to Hugo and asking if he wanted another drink.

Perched awkwardly on Marcel's lap. Not knowing what to do, David didn't dare move, as he could clearly feel Marcel's erection pushing into the back of his thigh.

In a luxury spa in the middle of Paris, David was enjoying a relaxing massage. He had learned to love coming to the spa over the years and would always leave feeling great. He had the day off today and wanted to look his best before his date with Marcel later that evening.



Marcel was taking David to the theatre; he had never seen a theatre show in Paris and was looking forward to it. He had dressed up for the occasion wearing an elegant black evening gown, which sparkled as he moved and matching black platform pumps.

After dinner in a nice restaurant, which Marcel insisted on paying for, they watched the Lion King. It turned out to be a spectacular show, the singing and dancing were amazing and they both left happy.

With it still being early Marcel suggested a stroll along the river Seine.

A few minutes later, they were having such a good time talking about the show, David didn't notice as Marcel's arm slipped around his waist.



They walked on for a little while before stopping on a bridge overlooking the river. At this point Marcel turned and looked at David telling him he had a fallen eyelash just under his eye, David tried to get in unsuccessfully before Marcel offered to help. He gently brushed it away with his thumb looking David straight in the eyes, With their faces now only an inch apart. Marcel kissed him; David froze as Marcel's lips gently massaged his own. After a few seconds, which seemed a lot longer to David, Marcel pulled away.

"Fifi, you are the most perfect woman, I have ever met. Beautiful, funny, and even like football. I'd like you to be my girlfriend". He took out a small jewellery box from his jacket pocket and presented it to David.

Stunned at what was happening David didn't say a word, he just opened the box to reveal a beautiful necklace.

"Well say something", Marcel said



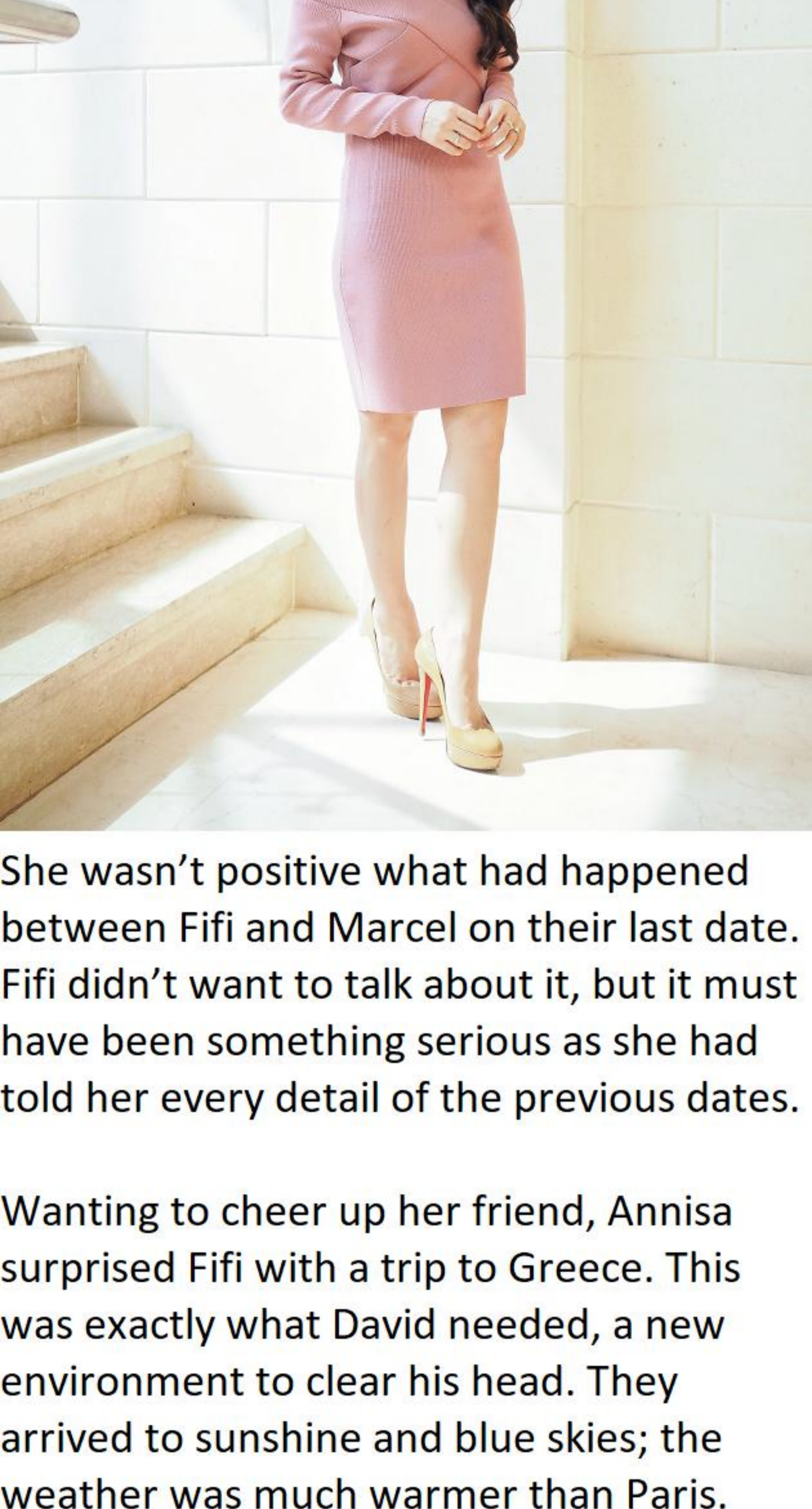
"Please, I need some time to think about this Marcel, it's been a long time since I dated anybody" David was not sure why he had said that, he could have just said no. Perhaps he didn't want to hurt Marcel's feelings and lose his new friend or perhaps part of him actually wanted to be Marcel's girl. It was so confusing.

"OK, take as much time as you need, I'll be ready when you have your answer" Marcel always the gentleman, didn't push the issue before making sure Fifi made it safely to a taxi.

Over the next week, David was very confused as an inner dialog kept running through his head. I'm not gay, I like girls, I always have, but I do like hanging out with Marcel, will we have to stop hanging out if I say no, and was the kiss really that bad, of course, it was, it was terrible I'm a man and I kissed another man.

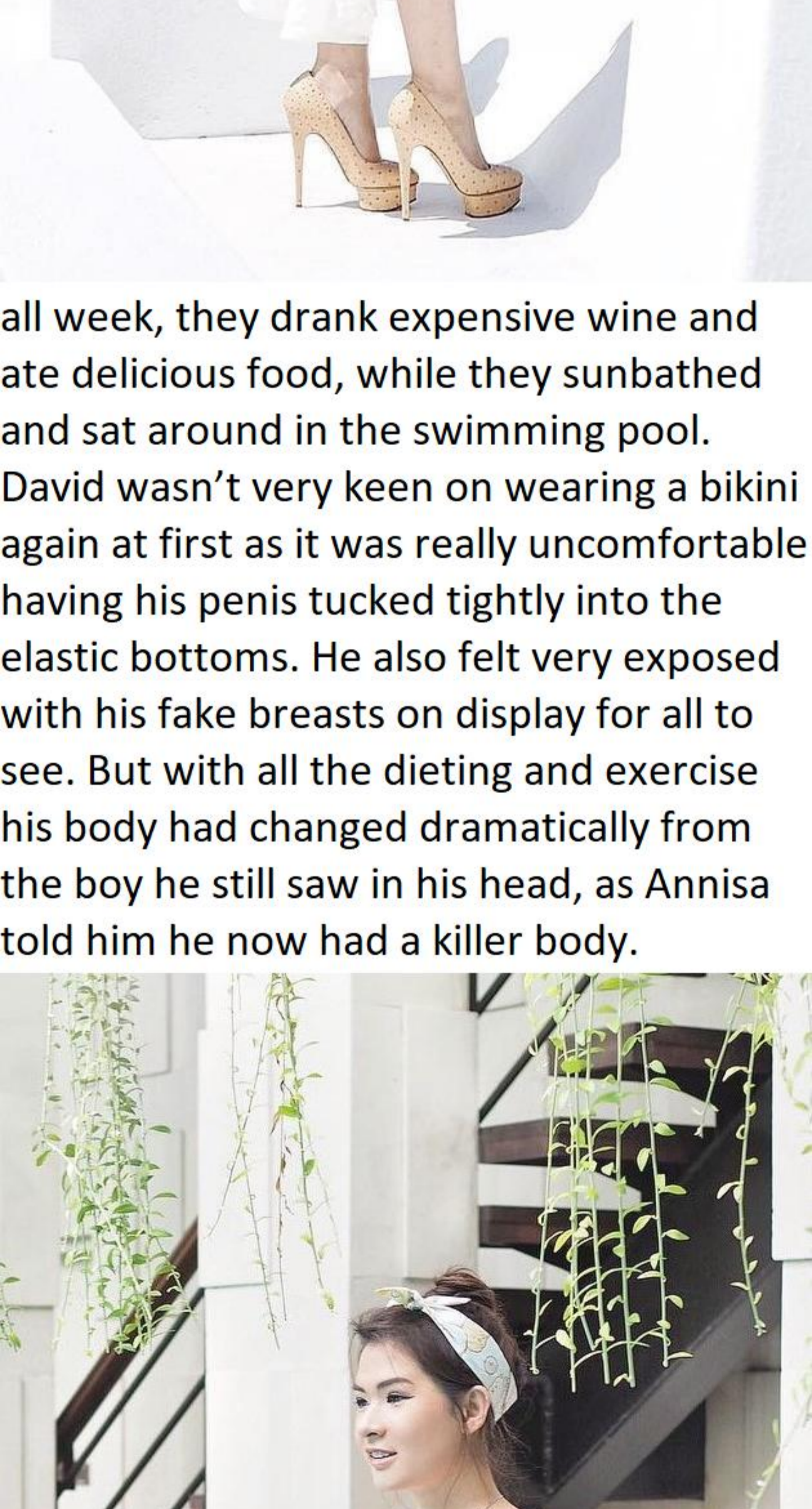
He barely spoke to Marcel; who had gone away on another business trip. They had exchanged a few texts but David tried to ignore him as much as possible.

Annisa had noticed something was wrong. Fifi seemed to be lost in her own head. She would see her mopping about the apartment or just staring into space, deep in thought.

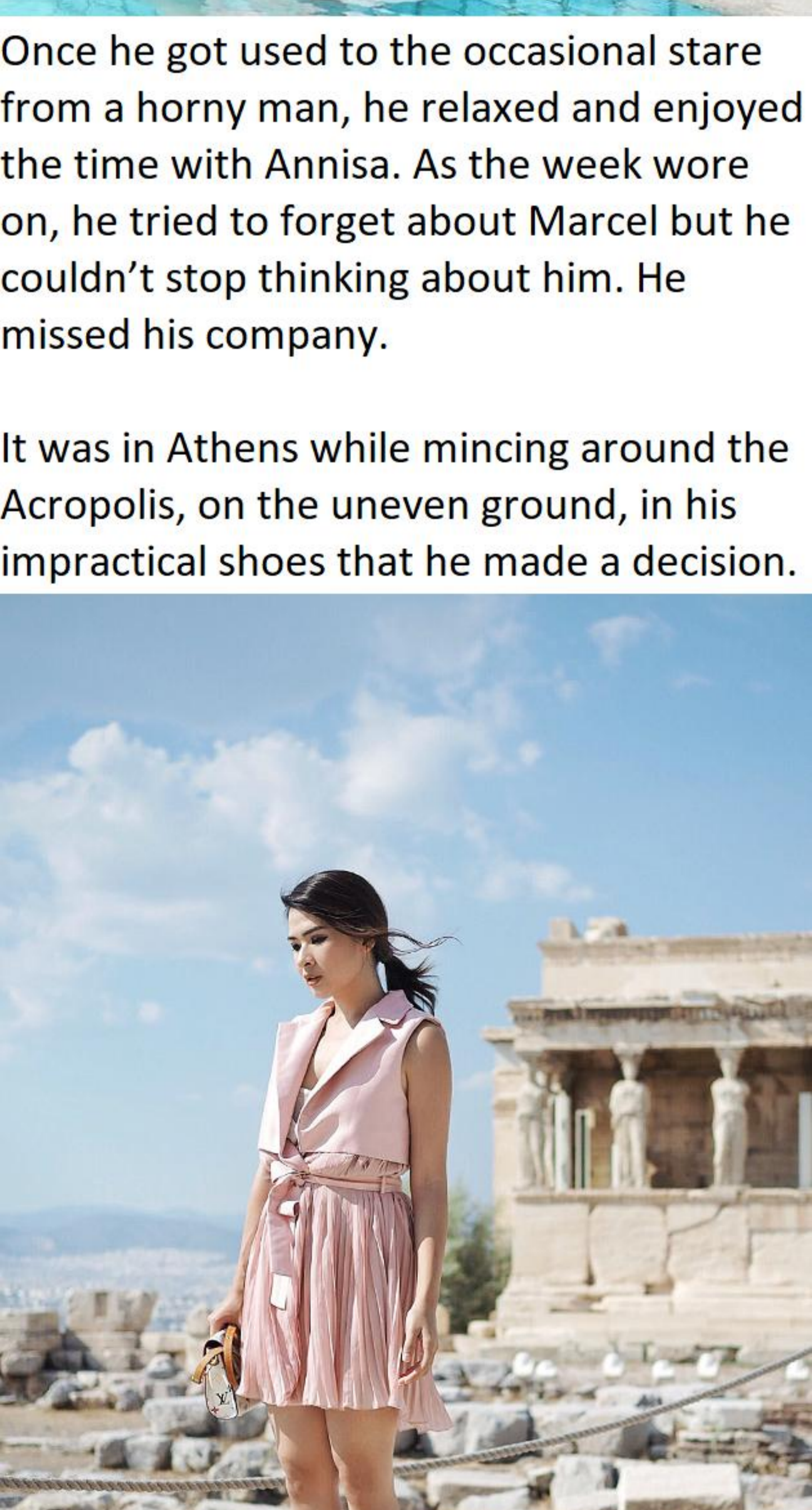


She wasn't positive what had happened between Fifi and Marcel on their last date. Fifi didn't want to talk about it, but it must have been something serious as she had told her every detail of the previous dates.

Wanting to cheer up her friend, Annisa surprised Fifi with a trip to Greece. This was exactly what David needed, a new environment to clear his head. They arrived to sunshine and blue skies; the weather was much warmer than Paris.

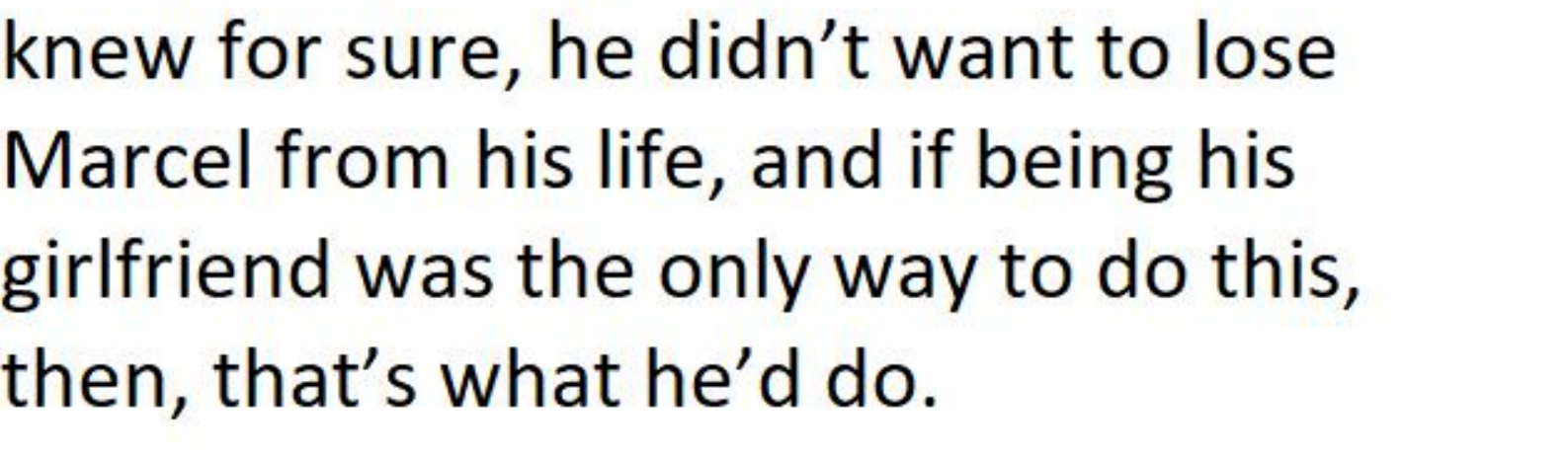


all week, they drank expensive wine and ate delicious food, while they sunbathed and sat around in the swimming pool. David wasn't very keen on wearing a bikini again at first as it was really uncomfortable having his penis tucked tightly into the elastic bottoms. He also felt very exposed with his fake breasts on display for all to see. But with all the dieting and exercise his body had changed dramatically from the boy he still saw in his head, as Annisa told him he now had a killer body.



Once he got used to the occasional stare from a horny man, he relaxed and enjoyed the time with Annisa. As the week wore on, he tried to forget about Marcel but he couldn't stop thinking about him. He missed his company.

It was in Athens while mincing around the Acropolis, on the uneven ground, in his impractical shoes that he made a decision.



He had always been fascinated with History and the Acropolis was somewhere he had always dreamed of visiting. But while he was there, all he could think about was how much he was looking forward to telling Marcel about it when he got home.

At that moment, he wasn't sure how everything was going to work out, but he knew for sure, he didn't want to lose Marcel from his life, and if being his girlfriend was the only way to do this, then, that's what he'd do.

“Hey Fifi”

“Hi, Hugo” David replied as Annisa and Hugo entered the room.



“Are you ready? Annisa asked,

“I don’t know, I feel so nervous, do I look OK?” David asked fidgeting with his top.

“You look stunning as always, but are you sure about the jeans? It’s not your usual style”

“I just want to feel comfortable today and not have to worry about wearing a skirt with this crazy wind we're having at the moment,” David said playing with one of the rips in his tight jeans.

“You would look a million dollars wearing a bin bag now go get your man,” Annisa said before coming over and giving David a big hug.

David arrived first to meet Marcel. He had already told him the good news by text but as he saw Marcel approach, he didn’t know what to say. He needn’t have worried because Marcel greeted him with a passionate kiss. David still not completely sure of his feelings accepted it and kissed him back. His lips parted slightly and he felt Marcel's tongue briefly enter his mouth and touch his own. When Marcel broke the embrace, David was out of breath and felt a little flush.

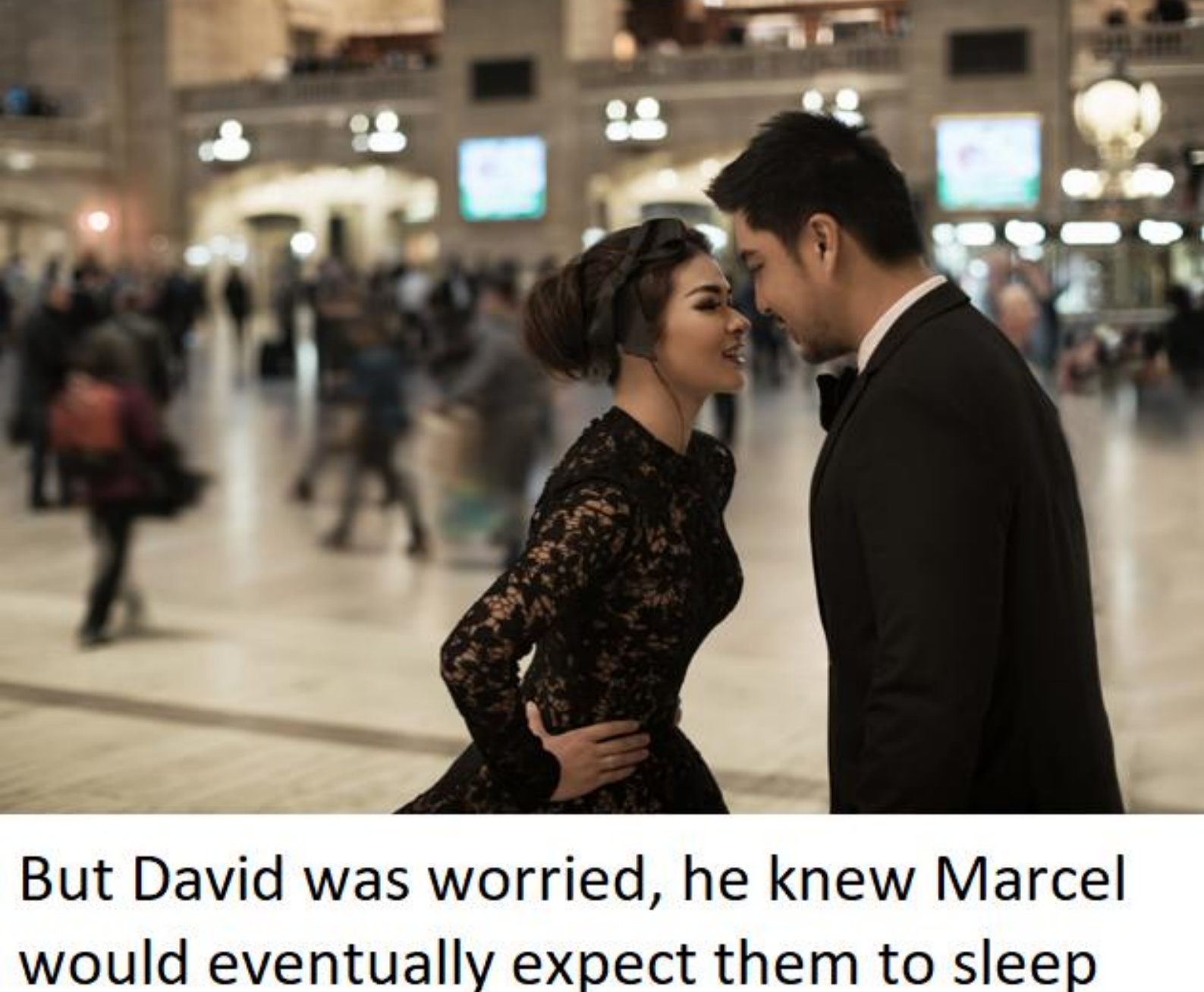


David was still conflicted and fighting the feeling that what he was doing was wrong, but he didn’t hate the kiss and wanted to spend more time with Marcel to see where things went.

With his heart still racing, David accepted Marcel’s hand and they set off across the street. With all the stress and anticipation before the meeting, David couldn’t even remember where they were going. It didn’t really matter, he thought, he had missed Marcel and had loads of stories to tell him.



Over the next few weeks, they went on plenty of dates. David was really enjoying Marcel's company as they became closer and more intimate.



But David was worried, he knew Marcel would eventually expect them to sleep together. What was David going to do? He could make up an excuse. No sex before marriage or that he was on his period. but nothing he came up with sounded believable or was only a short-term solution.

In the end, no excuse was needed. Out one night in a club, having drunk probably a little too much. Marcel and David were sat in a corner heavily making out. David felt so turned on as Marcel's fingers played with his nipple, through his silky top. When Marcel's other hand, which had been caressing his inner thigh, moved up and felt the outline of something that shouldn't be there, though his panties.

"Wait David cried" but it was too late.

Marcel turned and looked him in the eye. There was a moment of silence where David felt the world was about to end. Before Marcel smiled.

"It's OK, I had a feeling you might not be like other girls down there" Marcel lifted David's chin and kissed him on the lips.

"I love you, Fifi," He said as their lips parted.

A little hungover and still a little sore David woke up to the smell of eggs and coffee. He was in Marcel's hotel room where he lived, and breakfast had just arrived.



As David was finishing his eggs benedict, Marcel said he needed to leave for a meeting soon, kissed him on the forehead, and went to take a shower. He was back in 20 minutes showered and fully dressed, David was jealous, he remembered the days when he could be in and out of the shower, these days it took forever to get ready.

Marcel kissed him goodbye, told him to stay as long as he wanted and he'd see him later for dinner.

a few hours later, David now showered and dressed sat on the edge of the bed and slipped his high heeled shoes on to his feet. He couldn't stop smiling, he had been worrying for weeks about Marcel finding out his secret, now it was all out in the open and he could stop worrying.



Part of him now wanted to tell Annisa the truth, he was sick of lying to her. The problem was, he was scared, Annisa would freak out, he had been lying to her for so long and even if she did accept him, where would it lead? Would he then need to have an operation to make him a real girl? The thought made him shudder and was too much to contemplate. For now, he was happy, the truth could wait a little longer.

A month later

On a beautiful Autumn day in Paris, David was leaning against a railing, waiting for Marcel before their lunch date.



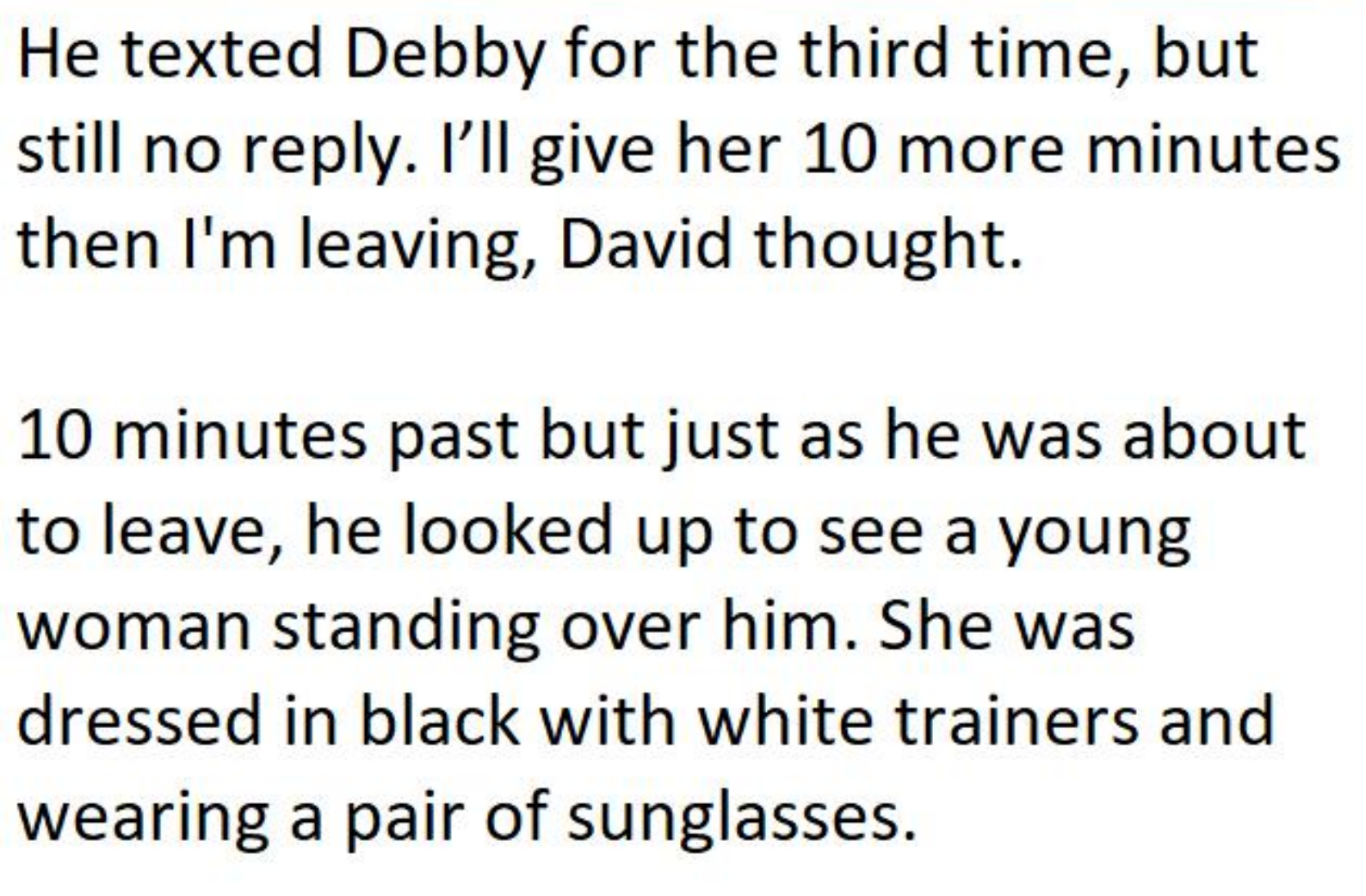
When Marcel texted earlier, he had told David he had a surprise for him that day. David didn't know what to think, he wasn't really a big fan of surprises but hoped it would be something good. After a 5 minute wait, Marcel arrived, apologised for being late and they set off towards the restaurant.

"So, what is this surprise you mentioned?" David asked. He couldn't wait any longer.

"Oh yeah, my baby sister Debby, is visiting for a few days. But the thing is, on her last day here, I need to leave on a business trip. You wouldn't mind spending the day with her, would you? Do some shopping or something, she's dying to meet you"



So, a few days later David again found himself waiting, but this time not for Marcel but for Marcel's little sister. He had been here for almost 30 minutes now and he was feeling a bit cold as he regretted not bringing a coat.



He texted Debby for the third time, but still no reply. I'll give her 10 more minutes then I'm leaving, David thought.

10 minutes past but just as he was about to leave, he looked up to see a young woman standing over him. She was dressed in black with white trainers and wearing a pair of sunglasses.

"You must be Fifi? Marcel said you'd be easy to find, he said to look for the pretty girl wearing really high heels", Debby with a smile.

David stood up and smiled ignoring the fact she was late and hadn't even apologised. "Hi Debby, nice to meet you, what do you want to do today?"

"You too Fifi, anything is fine, just do what you usually do and I'll tag along"

4 hours later and David was exhausted, Debby had so much energy and they had been on the move nonstop. They visited some famous places, did a little shopping, and just walked around chatting.

It was a little quiet at first as neither knew what to say. But the ice was broken pretty quickly. They were walking down the street when a big gust of wind, blew David's hat right off his head. He scuttled along after it, looking rather silly trying to run and grab his hat, wearing his high heels, the hat ended up in the road where a bus flattened it. Debby found this hilarious, and after a second David also saw the funny side and burst out laughing himself.



David was having one of the best weeks of his life. Marcel had invited him along on one of his business trips to China. It was an amazing place, the food the culture and the general pace of life was completely different from anything David had ever experienced.

Stood on a little bridge in a beautiful park, dressed all in white, David thought about the last few days, while he waited for Marcel.



He thought about the day they had arrived and he was dropped off in the center of the city. It was so crowded and busy with people going about their daily business. It was so exhilarating.

Over the week it had become one of his favourite places to visit, while Marcel was in his business meetings, he would shop or just sit around and people watch, making up stories about their lives and where they were going.



His favourite day by far was yesterday when Marcel didn't need to work. They had travelled to this old town outside the city. It was full of old buildings and a traditional market, where Marcel bought him a new hat, similar to the one that got squashed by the bus. The amazing thing about the town was that part of the market was on top of the train tracks. This meant every time a train passes through, every 10 to 15 minutes, all the vendors would scramble around lowering the top of their stall and in some cases move the whole stall backward and off the tracks, only to put it all straight back as soon as the train had passed. It was an amazing sight but it did mean navigating some really rocky ground in his 6-inch platforms, but by this point, it didn't faze David at all.



After a short wait in the Park, watching the ducks swim by in the water below, Marcel arrived from his meeting. He came up and kissed David passionately.

"Hey babe, how was the meeting?" David said after breaking the kiss.

"Oh, so boring, all I could think about was you and me back in the hotel room, having a little fun for the rest of the day"

David gave Marcel a playful slap on the chest and pouted. "typical man, he thought, only one thing on his mind. but it does look like rain, perhaps it's not such a bad idea after all.



A few weeks later

Back in France, David was on his way to meet a client. It was a really cold day and David had dressed appropriately, wearing a thick jumper dress, thick black tights and a woolly hat. He was wearing a new pair of shoes he'd recently been given at a photoshoot and liked the unusual design of the heel. As he strode along, humming to himself happily, life was good. He was in love, he had a great job and great friends, he had plenty of money and he was also a minor celebrity. He would have preferred not to have to live as Fifi and all the girly things that went along with it, but after pretending to be her for so long, he wasn't even sure if he remembered what it was like to be a man.

When his phone beeped, distracting him from his thoughts. He rummaged around in his bag and fished out his phone. As he opened up the message and started reading, he started to feel faint, he stumbled almost falling, before grabbing a nearby bicycle rack. Sitting on top to catch his breath, he felt like crying.



It was from his sister Ani, it read.

"David, can you come home? Dad is really sick. The doctors don't know what it is but they think it might be terminal".

In a state of shock, David stumbled over to the curb and sat down. He didn't know how long he had been sat there before an old lady politely asked if he was OK? And if she could do something to help him.



He just kept thinking about what he was going to do. And no matter how many times he thought about it, he always arrived at the same conclusion. There was no way around it. It was time to go home.

David sat on the steps outside a London train station, waiting for his sister to pick him up. It had been almost 2 years since he had left home, but with his father sick and his family needing him, it was time to be brave and visit his family. As he sat there waiting, gently tapping his heels against the steps, the irony of the situation wasn't lost on him. For the first year away, he would have done anything to escape and get back home, but sitting here now, he wanted to be back living his life in Paris.

Annisa had understood when he told her about his father, she told him to take as much time away from the shop as he needed. Marcel was very concerned, when David told him, but said he would visit him once things had settled down.

So, here David sat looking nothing like his former self. Two perky breasts on his chest, long highlighted hair, and a face full of Botox. He was wearing a little pleated skirt, a silky patterned blouse, and tall 6-inch platform heels. On the step next to him sat his handbag and two cases full of designer clothes and shoes. He sure had changed a lot.



It was a cold day in London but David didn't notice. He was warm with anticipation as his heart beat quickly, and he took deep breaths to try and calm himself down. Then he saw her, his sister Ani approaching on the other side of the street. she looked good, slim, and toned. She must have been working out, David thought as he admired her figure. She walked up, looked at straight at him, and smiled, but then just walked on by.



He chuckled to himself a little, she hadn't recognised him, but who could blame her. Ani stopped about 20 meters up the road and leaned against a wall. She pulled out her phone and started texting, 10 seconds later Davids phone vibrated, the message read "I'm here, where are you? Are you running late?"

David picked up his handbag and hauled himself on to his feet. He took a deep breath and looked over at his sister on the other side of the road.



OK, you can do this Fifi, he said to himself before carefully walking down the steps, tottering across the road and over to Ani. As Ani heard the sound of high heels approaching, she looked up from her phone to see who it was.

"Tu avais raison, ce voyage m'a vraiment change" David said smiling at her.

"I'm sorry miss, I don't speak French," Ani said looking very confused.

"I said, you were right, sis, that trip really changed me". David repeated, this time in English. As he watched his sister's eyes widen and her mouth drop open in disbelief.

THE END

