



# RAIFU SWITCHI PART 2 BY DS1000

## Raifu Switchi Part 2

Written and illustrated by ds1000

Thrust into an unfamiliar world of fancy dresses and sky-high heels, our protagonist Allen perseveres in his goal of winning the ludicrous Japanese gameshow, he and his partner Sofia have somehow found themselves on.

But with the director of the show having an ulterior motive, he may struggle to come away with the lifechanging sum of money on offer, but more importantly, will he ever be able to return to his life as the man he once was?

## Chapter 1 – The daily grind

137 pounds read the scales, as Allen stared down past his smooth hairless legs and shiny black toenails, horrified as he read the number off the bathroom scales. As the morning light shone in through the window of the very femininely decorated bathroom, Allen wondered if it was even possible to get down to 125 pounds. With his thick mass of black hair, still damp from his morning shower, clipped on top of his head, Allen stood in just his black bra and panties, shivering. In his mind he already looked incredibly thin as he glanced at his reflection in the mirror to his right.



He quickly looked away, not wanting to linger on his feminised image. His face even without makeup, with its feathery lashes, thinly arched brows and pouty lips, gave him a distinctly exotic feminine look. His skin was flawless after all the skin treatments and its slightly unnatural covering of fake tan, smooth to the touch, devoid of a single hair anywhere below his eyebrows. But somehow this wasn't enough for the insane television show he was somehow apart of, he still needed to lose another 12 pounds in the next five days.

After a good showing in the quiz section of the show, last Saturday, Allen and Sofia had safely made it through to the next round. Their reward was another week of torture and of course another challenge, and to Allen this challenge seemed impossible. The contestants were tasked with matching their partners weight when entering the show, the furthest away by percentage would be eliminated. He remembered being measured and weighed on the day he first entered the studio, at the time thinking nothing of it but it seemed all the information gathered that day was coming back to haunt him, as he still felt embarrassed thinking about his impersonation Lady Gaga on national Japanese television.

At the start of the show he had weighed 145 pounds but just by being on his feet all day, the inconvenience of having to move apartments and not having his usual junk food around to eat, he had already dropped a few pounds. His stomach rumbled and his muscles ached, from a lack of food and a heavy exercise routine. He hadn't eaten a solid meal since Saturday afternoon, his diet now consisted entirely of fruit juice and he was forced to spend his evenings following along to dance and aerobics videos. He wasn't sure how he could go another day like this as he thought about Sofia and how easy she had it this week being able to eat whatever she wanted as she tried to put on 20 pounds.

Having stood on the scales for probably longer than he should, it was time to finish getting ready for work. That had been something else revealed by the show on Saturday, his time doing Sofia's job, at the fashion magazine, was not just for a week, once something was switched the couples would be expected to live with those changes for the duration of the show. For Allen this meant for the foreseeable future, he would be waking up early, dressing in feminine outfits to fit in with the company dress code, and trying to live up to Miss Hitori's high standards or risk being eliminated from the competition.

Stepping down of the scales, he headed for the bedroom where he started the time-consuming task of blow drying his huge mass of hair. He had never considered before this week, how much time it took women to get ready in the morning as he ran the end of the hairdryer along the length of his long black locks over and over again. Having got it mostly dry, he picked up some argon oil, dispensed a blob into his palm and brushed it through with his fingers before picking up the flat irons, that had been heating up, and straightened his hair.

"Shit", he muttered as he glanced at the clock, he was running late and he still had lots to do as he made a mental note, to wash his hair before bed in future. He stood up quickly, from where he had been sat cross legged on the bedroom floor and moved over to the vanity to do his makeup. He didn't need a tutorial these days as he had enough experience to know what he was doing. He still watched the odd video now and again to get some tips and inspiration, but these days he knew enough about colour combinations to experiment a little and not end up looking like a clown.

Picking up a sponge with his long black nails, Allen dispensed a little foundation on to a sponge and started to dab at his face. After sealing the foundation with powder, he moved on to contouring. Applying light and dark shades to different parts of his face really did make a big difference, accentuating certain parts to make him look more feminine and at the same time masking some of his more masculine features. Taking a little time to shade in his eyebrows, not wanting to end up with one thicker than the other, he looked in the mirror and was satisfied with the job so far.

His eyes were next but before he started it was time to put in his black circle lenses, as Sofia didn't have blue eyes. After struggling for a while being extra careful not to poke out his eye with his weapon like claws, he managed to get them in, he was getting quicker at it but still cursed that he was being forced to wear them in the first place. With the contacts in, he started on his eyes, as much as he hated the eyelash extensions, that annoyed him throughout the day, they did shorten the time he had to spend on his eyes. After blending in a little purple and silver into his eyelids, Allen picked up a liquid eyeliner pen and lined his eyes like a seasoned pro, with a quick brush of the mascara wand he was on to his lips.

Again, glancing at the clock, he needed to hurry. He picked up the first lipstick he found a bright red colour by MAC and decided that would be the one he'd wear that day. Finding a matching lip liner pencil, he puckered his lips lining them before applying a generous coat of the creamy red lipstick. He finished by adding some gloss, as all the ladies in the office seemed to do, before spraying his face with a setting spray. The doll like appearance he was getting used to seeing was again looking back at him, his mind still couldn't understand, how in just a few weeks and with a few beauty treatments and products, the masculine face he had looked at all his life had been replaced by this uber feminine one. Feeling a mixture of pride and guilt he got up from in front of the vanity and went over to find an outfit for the day.

Running really late now, wishing he had picked out something to wear the night before, he took out a dress almost at random and placed it on the bed. Finding his breast forms on the bedside cabinet, he placed the jiggly mounds inside his bra before picking up the dress and pulling its stretchy material over his head, being careful not to ruin his makeup. The dress fit very snug and was very short, but with no time to dwell, thinking a dress is a dress, Allen sat on the edge of the bed and buckled on a pair of wedge sandals that were closest to hand.

Raising to his feet, he stumbled slightly before regaining his composure. The shoes were high but having worn them before, he knew he could walk in them, their wedge bottom making them much easier to manage than some of the stilettos, he had worn recently. He tottered towards the door, put on a white fur coat, that looked warm and picked up a handbag which already contained his purse. Placing his phone, lipstick and few other bits and pieces inside, he quickly checked he had everything before stepping out into the hallway, locking the door behind him and starting his slow decent down the four flights of stairs to the streets below.

Feeling the cold air attack the exposed skin of his hairless legs, Allen again felt annoyed at himself for not thinking about the outside weather. It was another cold day, not surprising being mid-October and he knew his legs were going to be like blocks of ice by the time he got to work.

With his toes numb from the cold, he rushed into the office, he was late and of course being the receptionist there was no hiding it, everybody who had arrived before him would have seen the unoccupied desk. He stepped into the office and looked around hoping not to see Miss Hitori. Luckily, she was nowhere to be seen as Allen hoped that perhaps she was running even later than him. Scanning the room, he locked eyes with Evelyn, who he hadn't seen since the Friday evening as fond memories of dancing with her as she rubbed her sexy body against his came rushing back. Upon seeing him Evelyn, strode across the room confidently on her warm looking high heeled boots and stopped in front of him. "Hey gorgeous, love the dress, but aren't you a little cold dressed like that, it's like two degrees outside", Evelyn said smiling.

Allen smiled back playfully and looked down at his inappropriate outfit. "Oh hey, yeah I'm freezing, I was running late and didn't think about the weather, how are you"?

"I'm great, but talking of late, Miss Hitori is in her office and asked to see you as soon as you arrive. We can catch up later, she looked pretty pissed when she saw you weren't here, you better go".

"Oh shit, ok let's catch up later I better go apologise", Allen replied before rushing off towards Miss Hitori's office.

Passing the large window that looked into her office, Allen saw Miss Hitori sat at her desk. Standing outside not sure if he should disturb her as she was talking on the phone and making some notes.

Looking up from her call Miss Hitori saw Allen standing in the hallway and gestured for him to come in. He walked over open the door and stepped inside. Miss Hitori took the phone and covered the mouthpiece with her hand "Take a seat Sofia, I'll be right with you". Allen nodded slowly walked over to the chair facing her desk, smoothed out his skirt and sat down as gracefully as he could, crossing his legs and placing his manicured hands on his lap.

"Yes, of course sir, she's with me right now, I'll let her know", Miss Hitori said as she hung up the phone. "Sofia, nice of you to finally arrive".

Allen looked down at his high heeled sandals nervously, "I'm really sorry Miss Hitori, it won't happen again".

"Well being late is becoming a habit of yours, what is this now, twice in as many weeks? But lucky for you I have something else to discuss with you today". Allen looked up wondering what it could be, "something else"? He asked.

"Yes, that was the CEO of the company on the phone, and as you may have overheard, he called to talk about you". Miss Hitori said pausing to get a reaction.

"Me, am I in trouble"? Allen asked nervously fidgeting with a silver button on his warm coat.

Miss Hitori smiled coldly. "Trouble, no. It's the opposite in fact, you're being promoted. Starting today you'll be working as a writer, but I'm not entirely sure what you've done to merit such a promotion Miss Cannavaro".

"A writer? But I don't know how to be a writer, what do I do? Allen said as he stared at her in shock.

"Don't worry, Mr Kawaguchi, the CEO has asked Namiko one of our best, to show you the ropes, you know Namiko, right?"

Allen knew who Miss Hitori was referring to, Namiko was one of the office supervisors and from all the interactions Allen had had with her, she came across as a cold and unfriendly. "Yes, I know who she is" he replied.

"Great, you should be fine then. And Sofia, try to think about your outfits a little more in future, you're a writer for an influential fashion magazine, red lipstick doesn't match a pink dress, now off you go and find Namiko, she's expecting you".

"Ok, thank you Miss Hitori", Allen said as he stood up and bowed and shuttled out of the room.

Outside, he stood for a moment as he tried to process what had just happened. He had walked in Miss Hitori's office expecting to be told off and walked out with a promotion. It must be something to do with the show, but why would they want him writing magazine articles about women's fashion? He guessed it was done to embarrass him in some way as he vowed to do his best and not give them the satisfaction.



## Chapter 2 - Reliving the past

On Tuesday morning, Allen woke up extra early, determined not to be late again. He also remembered to wear a pair of tights and was glad of it as he stood at the bus stop snug and warm for once even if the heels on the ankle boots he had chosen turned out to be more difficult to walk in than he had initially thought.

He arrived outside the office, twenty minutes early that day and wanting to please Namiko, who was essentially his new boss now, he decided to buy her a coffee, he couldn't have one himself of course as he was still on his juice diet as his growling stomach constantly reminded him.

Still early, Allen found Namiko by her desk. "Good morning Namiko, I brought you a coffee", Allen said smiling.

Namiko looked up "Oh yeah, put it over there". She pointed towards the end of her desk.

"Typical Namiko ", Allen thought to himself as he carefully placed the coffee cup down, as friendly as ever. "So, Namiko, what do you want me to do today", he asked.

"You're writing a piece about a new cosmetics brand, they've sent over some samples, you'll find them on your desk. Test them out, take some photos and write a review. Send it to me by the end of the day", Namiko said without looking up.

Allen stood there, wanting to ask some questions but not sure if he should as he already felt embarrassed enough, standing there in his little pleated skirt as Yamato the camera man filmed him from across the room.

"Why are you still here"? Namiko said loudly looking up for the first time.

Allen smiled "enjoy the coffee", he said adding the word bitch, quietly so she wouldn't hear, before trotting off to his new desk in the next room.

Arriving at his desk, Allen spotted the large brown cardboard box, guessing it was the samples Namiko had spoken about, he opened the box to reveal more lipsticks than he had ever seen in his life. The first thing he did was take them all out and count them. Stood in a row, like little soldiers on his desk, Allen counted 150 tubes, with 10 different shades. They all had interesting names like, passion punch and peach pop. After noting down the names of all the different colours on a pad of paper and opening them up to smell them, Allen was at a loss. With an empty word document open, on the computer in front of him, Allen just stared at the row of silver tubes in front of him, not knowing where to begin.

He spent most of the next hour like this occasionally writing a sentence or two, only to delete it again. Until he heard the clicking of heels approach, he looked up to see Evelyn looking down on him. She looked stunning in her white blouse and floaty orange skirt. Her long legs were encased in tights that extended down to her towering platform pumps, in a shade that matched her skirt. "Why so glum"? she asked.

"Oh, hey", Allen said sitting straight up in his swivel chair, "Well to be honest with you I haven't got a clue what I'm doing", he said.

Evelyn stepped closer, "Maybe I can help, what are you working on"?

"I'm supposed to be reviewing these lipsticks, Namiko is expecting a report later today and I have no idea what to write", Allen said picking up one of the silvery tubes between two of his long acrylic nail extensions.

Evelyn took the tube from him and opened the lid, "Oh it's easy, you just try out the colours, pick out a few that look best and write some nonsense about turning heads and the latest trend", she said as she twisted the tube, extending a bright orange colour and applied it to her lips. She leaned in close to Allen's lips, "what do you think, do they make my lips look kissable"?

Allen breathed heavily, feeling very turned on but trying to think of something else, "err...yeah but you didn't need the lipstick for that".

Evelyn smiled and playfully hit him on the shoulder, "Easy tiger, we're in work but thanks for the compliment", she stepped back, "how about I help you out? I'm not super busy today and it might be fun".

"Yes, please" said Allen, loving the idea of spending time with Evelyn and getting his work done all in one.

For the next few hours, Allen and Evelyn tried on every shade of lipstick as they took pictures and picked their



favourites. Allen had a lot of fun, he was used to working alone in his room and working alongside Evelyn made the time fly by, it hardly felt like work at all. By the time lunch rolled around, Allen was almost done with the assignment. He had taken some pictures of the tubes and had some with him modelling the shades on his plump pouty lips. He had written up a small review, with the help of Evelyn, as they had made a game of it, challenging each other to come up with sentences using random words like, exhilarating and euphoric. By the time Evelyn suggested they head off and get some lunch in a local restaurant, all that was left to do was to edit it and add the pictures.

Arriving back at the office, still hungry having only had a fruit smoothy, Allen arrived at his desk to find Aiko sat in his chair with her feet on his desk. He felt a familiar feeling of dread, he felt every time he saw Aiko as it only meant one thing, a new challenge or switch, usual one that left him even more feminized or humiliated.

“Sofia, how are you? I love the boots, aren’t you adjusting well to the new you”, Aiko said with a big grin.

“Hello Aiko, nice to see you too, how can I help you today? Allen said suddenly aware of his spiky heeled boots, shocked that he had been wearing the really tall heels all morning and hadn’t really thought about them as he suddenly became aware of a dull ache of his ankles.

Evelyn who had been listening in jumped in, “I’ll leave you two alone to talk, see you later Sofia”, she said before disappearing into another room.

“A friend of yours”, Aiko asked.

“just a work colleague” Allen said not wanting to mix Evelyn up in his already complicated life, “So what have you come to tell me”? he asked.

Aiko stood up “oooo, so bossy today, lots of work to get on with I imagine, alright I’ll get straight to the point. As you know this week’s challenge is to replicate your partner’s weight, but to really show your progress, this Friday we have an extra challenge”, she paused for a moment for dramatic effect, “This Friday you and Allen will recreate your first date together. Same venue, same outfits, same night exactly, this way the viewers can get to know you a little better, where was your first date again”? Aiko said with a little giggle.

Allen gulped “A nightclub”, he said quietly

“Wow, that’s going to be so much fun”, Aiko said enthusiastically “I hope you’ve been sticking to your diet; I imagine Sofia’s outfit that evening was pretty sexy”. Allen didn’t respond.

“OK, I’ll let you get back to work, we’re sending a crew to follow the date and you’ll have the day off work Friday to prepare, we’ll be in touch about transportation later in the week, see you later Sofia”, Aiko said before leaving. Still in shock Allen pulled out Sofia’s phone and quickly text the real Sofia. They needed to meet and talk about the bombshell Aiko had just dropped on him

After finishing his report Allen handed it in to Namiko, who looked genuinely surprised, even complementing him on a professionally written piece. He then took the bus home, having arranged to meet Sofia at the bus stop outside her old apartment, she got off work earlier than him and they had things to discuss they could only do at her apartment.

-----

After initially struggling to come to terms with giving up her femininity and living life as Allen, in the last few days Sofia had made peace with it. All her life she had felt pressured to dress, act and look a certain way, it was tiring and living the life of a man for the time being at least didn’t seem so bad to her anymore. She was viewing it as a sort of vacation, she no longer had to wake up at ridiculous o’clock in the morning to do her hair and makeup, she could now just throw on some old clothes and leave the house, as a woman this was deemed by society and especially her workplace as unacceptable but as a man it was just the norm.

She had also enjoyed eating whatever she wanted for the last few days, she had been conscious about her weight for years and had been on a diet since she was fourteen, when Rosa Inzaghi had called her chubby in the school playground and all the other girls had laughed. Now she could eat whatever she wanted in fact she was being forced to for the show. She had already put on 6 pounds in just 3 days, she had been exploring the local restaurants around Allen’s apartment as she ate a diet of mostly meat and sugary desserts.

Waiting at the bus stops for Allen, Sofia looked around and was reminded of all the morning she had stood in that very spot uncomfortable in her flashy clothes and high heels as the other commuters would stare at her legs. There were plenty of things she missed about her old life but that was definitely not one of them.

She had been waiting around fifteen minutes, and was starting to get cold, as the message came through on her phone. It was from Allen saying he was on the next bus. “About time”, she thought as she shivered. Allen’s clothes weren’t as warm as her old ones and she would need to buy some new ones with winter on the way, jeans, thin jackets and trainers were just not going to cut it.

The bus pulled a few moments later, a teenager followed by an old couple got off as Sofia waited wondering if this wasn’t Allen’s bus after all. But just as she was about to check the message again, she saw a high heeled boot carefully step down on to the pavement. She scanned up from the tall ankle boots seeing a pair of thin shapely legs wrapped in a pair of thin tights. The long legs disappeared under a short black skater skirt and a thick fur coat. Sofia recognised the clothes immediately as they were hers. It was a strange feeling watching someone else wearing them as she remembered when she had bought them and some of the occasions, she had worn them herself.

She gave Allen a wave and he returned the gesture before she walked over to greet him with a hug. Wearing her 6-inch platform boot Allen towered over her as he had to lean down to greet her. “Hi Allen, how are you doing”? Sofia said breaking the embrace.

“Hey Sofia, well I’ve been better, but let’s talk about in inside its freezing out here and my feet are killing me”. Allen said, rubbing his hands down the sleeves of his black fake fur jacket.

“I’m not surprised, I’m impressed you made it all day in those boots, they are not my most comfortable. In fact, I only ever wore them one as they gave me a blister”, Sofia said.

They walked off the main street and into the maze of side alleys that Sofia knew off by heart. It was slow going as Allen hobbled alongside her, his feet obviously hurting after a day in her platform ankle boots. Ten minutes later they reached the door of her old apartment. she watched on silently as Allen rummaged around, struggling to find the keys with his long nails, in what was her favourite handbag.

Through the door, the next task was to climb the four flight of stairs to the apartment itself, Allen went first, and she followed. She felt bad for him as she watched him wobbled up the final flight of stairs, remembered the many occasions when she had literally been in his shoes, she knew the pain he was feeling with every step and tried to keep his mind off of it by telling him about her day at work.

With Allen out of breath, they reached the fourth floor and entered the apartment. Sofia watched on in amazement as Allen dropped her handbag on a chair, hung up her jacket and walked into her living room. "Would you like something to drink?" he turned and asked standing in the middle of her old living room.



It was so strange being back amongst all her things, it had only been a week, but it felt like a lifetime. There was her coffee cup sat on the table, her collection of books and her stuffed lion, Fredrick. She looked back at Allen, his hair and makeup styled like she used to do it, wearing the top she had bought when her Mother last came to visit and felt faint. Allen seeing her wobble rushed over and took a hold of her arm, "hey, are you OK? here sit down for a moment", he said concerned leading her over to the sofa.

As Allen looking down at her concerned, she assured him she was fine and would take a glass of water. "No problem be right back", he replied before clicking away across the wooden floor and into the kitchen. He returned a few moments later with two glasses of water, he passed one to her and sat down next to her, unzipping the back of his killer boots and kicking them off to give his feet some relief. "Are you sure you're OK"? he asked again.

"I'm fine", Sofia responded, "I just felt dizzy for a minute, perhaps it was the stairs, I must be out of practice".

"Tell me about it, going up and down every day in heels is no joke, great exercise but not something I'm going to miss when this is all over", Allen said as they both laughed.

After a few moments sitting and sipping the water, Sofia brought up the topic they were there to discuss. "So, we need to recreate our first meeting, it's going to be so strange", Sofia said.

"It's going to be awful, that's what it's going to be, Aiko said we have to act out everything just as it happened, problem is I was so drunk I barely remember the night", Allen said. Sofia looked a little hurt, "you don't remember anything"? she asked

Allen backtracked "Well I remember the club and coming back here, I remember you looking hot". He said trying to please her.

"Oh really, what was I wearing then"? Sofia said bluntly.

"err... a dress, yeah, a blue dress", he guessed.

Sofia sighed “typical man, you never remember the details, I was wearing a white dress not a blue dress, the same dress you’ll be wearing on Friday night as it happens”.

“In my defence, I was really drunk, what’s the dress like, can’t we just tell the show, you were wearing pants and a T-shirt”? Allen said hopeful.

“No can do I’m afraid, remember the forms we filled in when we first went to the studio. There was a box asking us to detail our first date”.

“Allen opened his mouth in surprise, “and you described your outfit, I just wrote a nightclub”.

“Well I wanted to impress them, it was a lot of money and I’m always thorough when there is a task to be done; I didn’t know we would have to re live the night”. Sofia said apologetically.

“It’s OK, it’s not your fault, you better show me the dress I suppose and the rest of the outfit but I can’t help you with what I wore, I can’t remember” Allen said as he planted his panty-hosed feet into the white shagpile rug and hauled himself to his sore feet.

Sofia stood up next to him “OK, I’ll talk you through what I did that night before I met you and how I got ready, and don’t worry about your outfit, I remember what you were wearing”, she said, before turning and leading the way towards her former bedroom.

### Chapter 3 – A day in the city

Friday morning started with a lie in, which was very welcome after a week of waking up before 6am. The studio had been in touch the day before and had informed him filming would start at 12pm and a car would be sent to pick him up.

At 10am, well rested but absolutely starving Allen made his way to the kitchen to have his breakfast. He cut up some bananas, some passion fruit and opened a tin of pineapple chunks, placed them in the blender and blitz them until they were fully liquified. He poured the juice into a glass and downed it in one. It was nice to feel something in his belly again, but as he knew from the last few days, he'd be hungry again within the hour.

Making his way to the bathroom, he took off the oversize T-shirt he had slept in and dropped it on the bathroom floor before jumping into the shower. The warm water felt good against his smooth skin as he massaged in some sweet-smelling shower gel being careful not to get his hair wet.

After a good long shower, he exited into the steamy bathroom and wrapped a fluffy pink towel around his chest, it was time to weigh himself, eager to see if all the days of suffering had shown any results. He looked down past his skinny legs as 128 pounds popped up on the led display. He didn't know whether to be happy or horrified, he had lost 17 pounds in just under a month, was that healthy?

Turning to look in the mirror to his right, the reflection of a skinny dark-haired girl looked back at him, her bright blue eyes looking out of place contrasted by her tanned complexion. "My god, I'm so skinny", he thought as he dropped the towel to the floor, causing the reading on the scale to drop another pound. Staring at his emaciated upper body in the mirror, he had never been the most muscular of men, but now he didn't seem to have a single one, he had the upper body of a pre-pubescent boy.

Leaving the bathroom, he had about an hour until the film crew arrived. He went into his bedroom and spotted the two outfits Sofia had picked out last night, when she had come round to help him prepare. It seemed as though he would be reliving the day he met Sofia in full, except this time he would be experiencing it from her point of view.

After stepping into his soft panties, strapping a bra across his chest and inserting his breast forms, he sat down in front of Sofia's makeup station and rubbed some moisturiser into every inch of his buttery soft skin, before proceeding to do his makeup for the day. He thought back to Sofia's detailed instructions as he blended in pinks and purples around his darky lined eyes with their huge fluttery lashes. With his eyes looking sickeningly beautiful, he finished the look by colouring his lips with a bubble gum pink lip stain before coating them with a generous amount of bright lip gloss.

Sofia had helped him with his hair the night before, plaiting it into pigtails, this would save him some time as he went over to the wardrobe to inspect his outfit for the day. He shook his head looking at it, apart from the high wedge sandal, the outfit looked quite comfy and casual, perfect for running some errands in the city. The problem was, when Sofia had worn it, it had been the middle of August, when the weather was hot and Sunny. Today was October the 23<sup>rd</sup> and the thin white top, short denim shorts, and floppy summer hat were definitely not appropriate attire for this time of year.

With little choice he dressed himself, placed some large hoop earrings in his recently pierced ears, slid some bangles on to his wrist, and put on a pair of large round sunglasses. Looking in the mirror, he was dressed like a thousand other girls, he had seen milling around Tokyo on a summer's day. But it wasn't summer, he was not only going to stand out, but he was going to freeze his arse off.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang, and he let Aiko and the film crew in. After complimenting on how feminine he looked, making Allen cringe, Aiko told him the schedule for the day, which Allen already knew and was dreading after Sofia had filled him in. With the everything set and the camera's rolling, Aiko asked Allen a few scripted questions. "Good morning Sofia, don't look wonderful, what do you have planned for today"?

Allen looked into the lens, smiled and read out his rehearsed response "I'm off into the city to touch up my tan and redo my nails, I'm meeting my besties later and plan to let loose and dance the night away", Allen said with a big fake smile not quite believing the words had just come out of his mouth.

With the short interview over, they descended the apartment stairs and headed outside where a grey minivan was waiting to whisk Allen off to the tanning salon, the last place Allen wanted to go as he knew his skin was going to be re-sprayed some fake looking shade of orange. His skin had only just about returned to a normal shade after all the scrubbing in the shower and now all his efforts would be in vain. At least it was a pleasant day, he thought as he stepped out into the street, not exactly warm dressed as he was, but the sun was out and the weather was at least bearable as he trotted over to the minivan and was let in through the back door.

An hour and a half later, Allen left the tanning salon with a newly sprayed on darker complexion feeling rather foolish. He had been told to remove the makeup, he had painstakingly applied that morning only to reapply it again after being sprayed, much to the amusement of the film crew and the salon staff. After thanking the woman who had just stained his skin and laughed at him, he was pleased to hear it was time to go but upon leaving the salon he found the weather had turned. It was now pouring down with rain and he neither had a coat or an umbrella.

"Aiko, it's pouring down out there, how am I going to make it to the van, without getting soaked"?

"You'll be fine, the van is just around the corner, if you move quickly, your hat will keep you dry, and with those huge platforms on your feet you'll be able to glide right over any puddles". Aiko giggled.

Unconvinced Allen stepped out into the street. He tried to move as quickly as he could as Huge globs of water pelted off his exposed legs and arms as he made a dash for the car. Splashing through puddles, soaking his feet and ankles, he made it to the minivan and tried the handle but found it locked. Aiko walked up in her raincoat, holding an umbrella, accompanied by Yamato, the cameraman.

"Aiko, can you open the door please, I'm getting drenched here", Allen shrieked.

"Calm yourself, it's just a little rain, we just need a quote for the film then I'll let you in", Aiko said as she looked at Yamato, "Yamato roll the camera". Yamato held up his fingers and counted down 3,2,1. Before giving Aiko the thumbs up, "Loving the new tan Sofia, so where are we off to next"?

Allen looked at her with anger in his eyes, water dripping off the front of his summery hat, "to get my nails done", he stated in an angry voice, glaring at her.

"Cut", shouted Aiko before turning to Allen, "Come now Sofia the audience want to see you excited on the day you meet your boyfriend Allen, I know the weather isn't the best but let's do it again with a bit more enthusiasm, OK"?

Allen wanted to scream and swear, but not wanting to do anything to jeopardize his position on the show, having already made so many sacrifices, and wanting to get out of the pelting rain, he nodded and said "OK".

Yamato once again counted down and Aiko asked her question again. Cold wet and wanting to get into the warmth of the minivan Allen channelled his inner Sofia, “time to get my nails done, for my big night out” he said holding his hands out in front of him, wiggling his long black nails as rain drops bounced off them, “I’m super excited”, he said giving Aiko a look while pouting.



Satisfied with his answer Aiko unlocked the car and Allen jumped in. Aiko joined him on the back seat and passed him a towel to dry off his arms and legs, which became instantly stained orange, “was that really necessary, Allen asked annoyed while patting the moisture from his legs.

“Just doing my job, I’ve got a boss to please you know”, Aiko replied as the engine started and the driver pulled away. The next stop was the nail salon that Sofia regularly visited. The car pulled up right outside the entrance and Allen along with the crew rushed inside as quickly as he could manage on his sodden wedge sandals without slipping.

For the next hour or so, Allen tried to relax, but found it difficult in the cold salon, with the air conditioning on what seemed to be full and wearing a damp summer outfit, as a smiley Japanese woman removed his acrylic nails, trimmed his cuticles, massaged his hands and feet before applying a brand new set of acrylic nails. Fanning out his fingers Allen examined his newly acquired bright red claws, that matched his toenails, they were less pointed compared to earlier, with the tip squared off but he couldn’t help but think they had made them longer than when he had arrived.

The camera appeared in his face, “wow, sexy nails girls, do you like them”? Aiko asked. A little embarrassed but playing the part Allen responded, “Oh, I love them”, he gushed. Aiko giggled at his response and asked a follow up question, “It’s still early Sofia, what are you going to do now”? She asked. Having been told what to say, Allen looked at the camera and smiled, “I’m going to look around and do a little window shopping maybe try on a cute dress or two, would you like to join me”? He said with a wink at the camera. Aiko smiled at the performance and told Yamato to stop filming. “Very good Sofia, you’re getting the hang of talking to the audience now”.

Allen gave her a false smile as the manicurist came over with the bill, Aiko turned to Yamato, “Yamato, take care of that will you”, she said before turning her attention back to Allen as Yamato scuttled off to pay.

“OK Sofia, time to do a little shopping, there is a door over there that will take you right into a shopping centre, so no need to go back out into the rain” Aiko said pointing to the other side of the nail salon. “Yamato will go with you, I’ve got some things to sort out for later”, she said handing him a list with some names on it”.

“What’s this”? he asked, taking a hold of the note and watching Yamato hand over a credit card to the woman who had just given him his new fire engine red acrylic talons.

“It’s a list of shops Sofia went to that day, walk around pick out some outfits and try them on, and make sure Yamato films it”. Aiko said while putting on her raincoat. Allen looked at the note stunned at how much detail Sofia had given the studio and wished she had just written nightclub like he had.

“Well I’m off now, I’ll meet you by the car at 4pm, don’t be late, we have a packed evening ahead of us.”, Aiko said before walking out the front door into the rainy Tokyo street.

Not waiting for Yamato, who gave him the creeps, always panning the camera up and down his body and staring at his legs, Allen left the nail salon. He entered a huge flashy looking room, looking up he saw a row of balconies above him and was surrounded by fashion shops he had no interest in visiting. But through the shopping centre he walked, in his summer outfit, not wanting to stand around for too long as people were starting to

stare at him. As he tottered about trying not to look out of place amongst all the fashionably dressed women out shopping for the afternoon, he had felt really self-conscious as in his mind everyone was staring, whispering about him and commenting on his poor choice of outfit. It was made all the worse when Yamato finally caught up with him as people looked over to try to work out why he was being filmed. Flustered he ended up walking around in circles, trying to find any of the shops on Aiko's list.

Finally, after almost giving up, thinking that the shops were made up and it was some kind of joke, he spotting one of the shops on the list. He quickened his pace, desperate to get away from the staring crowds but walking in through the door, he didn't know what to do as his senses were overwhelmed. Pop music blasted across the store as his eyes tried to take in the rack upon rack of colourful girly outfits. Standing like a deer in the headlight, he scanned the room, trying to decide what to do. He caught the eye of a saleswoman and not wanting to have a conversation, he turned right and walked aimlessly through the racks of clothes. Completely lost Allen walked along the aisle, running his hand along the fabric of the clothes, until he felt something thick and warm, stopping to take a closer look, he grabbed the thick warm fur coat from its rail and held it in front of him imagining how warm it must be as he shivered in his skimpy outfit.

He was interrupted from his thoughts by a voice, "Good afternoon Miss, that coat is from our new collection, would you like to try it on", said the saleslady who had quietly snuck behind him.

Allen turned on his heels, "ahh, no, I'm just looking thanks", he said quietly. But the saleslady was persistent, "Are you sure, it's a very cold today and if you don't mind me saying, your outfit doesn't look very warm".

Allen again shivered, looking down at the goosebumps on his streaky tanned legs, thinking back to what Aiko said about trying on a few outfits, "um, I guess it wouldn't hurt to try it on", he said.

The saleslady smiled, "Of course, let me help you". The woman took the coat from Allen and held it out for him to slip his arms in. He balled his hands into fists so he wouldn't catch a nail on the fabric of the coat, as the saleslady pulled the back up and over his shoulders. He instantly felt its warmth as he pulled it tightly around him, feeling like a comforting hug. The saleslady smiled, "Wow, kawaiii" she exclaimed, "It looks so perfect on you. I have to ask are you a celebrity, I couldn't help but notice the camera".

Allen looked over at Yamato stood there with a gormless expression. "No, but I am on a TV show", Allen said.

"Wow, that sounds exciting, what's it called", the excited girl asked.

Hesitantly Allen replied, "Raifu Suitchi".

The saleslady's eyes lit up, suddenly realising she had been talking to a man even though she couldn't quite believe it, as she eyed Allen up like a predator spotting its prey and smelling a sale, "Oh, I love that show, the new season just started right, but I haven't had chance to watch it yet. Wow, you are really beautiful, If I hadn't seen the show, I never would have guessed you were a man. My name is Mai by the way, what should I call you"?

Allen looked around to see if anyone had heard her, not wanting to cause even more of a scene or attract a crowd, "thanks", he said embarrassed, "you can call me Sofia, I guess".

"Well Sofia, I would say the show has been a bit naughty dressing you like that today, you must be freezing, how about we find you something warmer to wear that matches that coat, we do a 20% for celebrities".

Allen thought about it for a minute, he could try on a few warm outfits and pass the time or return to wandering the shopping centre, it was an easy decision. He was led to a small changing room on the side of the store where Mai told him to wait while she went to gather a few things.

She returned a few seconds later with an arm full of clothes, she hung up a top and skirt by their coat hangers on the wall of the changing room before placing a pair of edgy looking ankle boots on the floor next to his feet. She then ripped open a new pair of tights from a cardboard box, "These are a sample pair from the distributor, they are a gift to you" she said as she passed them to Allen, "I'll leave you to get dressed, don't hesitate to call if you require any assistance, I'll be right outside.

With the curtain closed Allen undressed to his underwear and sat down on the wooden bench, He rolled the tights into a donut shape and placed his shiny red toenails into the hole. He carefully rolled them up his legs, trying not to snag them with his nails and snapped them tightly against his thin waist. The tights were very snug and restricting as they compressed his waist and legs, but they felt wonderful to be wearing something warm after the damp clothes he had been wearing for the last few hours.

He picked up the top, which was made out of a thick luxurious felling fabric and placed it over his head before fastening an attached belt around his midsection. Next was the tiny black leather skirt, the part of the outfit he liked least but with nothing else in the room he placed his feet into the opening and shimmied it up his smooth legs ending just above the patterned portion of the tights, on his upper thighs. Breathing in deeply to suck in his stomach, he zipped up the front sealing himself in the extremely tight and short leather material.

Sitting back on the bench, causing his skirt to stretch across him backside and make a squeaky noise against the wooden seat. He picked up one of the towering ankle boots, with what looked like an impossible to walk in platform, placed a nylon covered foot into the opening and slipped it in. After repeating the process with the other boot, he tied the laces tight and tentatively got to his feet, feeling incredibly tall in his new footwear. He took a step forward and discovered that they weren't actually too uncomfortable, they had an incredibly tall blocky heel, but the front platform compensated for it, leaving his foot reasonable comfortable inside. Slipping back into the warm fur coat, he took a deep breath and called out to Mai "I think I'm ready".

"So, come on out girl!", Mai, who was just outside the curtain replied. A little wobbly at first Allen, stepped out into the bright lights of the shop floor as Mai clapped her hands "Wow Sofia", she exclaimed excitedly. "you look like a rock star, so cool and edgy, but hang on let me try something".

Allen watched as Mai walked to the centre of the store, took a lilac wig off one of the mannequins and walked over to him. "Those plaits you've got are cute, but they don't match your new edgy look, try this". Mai said, as she gathered his plaits on top of his head positioning the wig on top before turning him to face the mirror.

"What do you think, like a real rock chick now, right"? She said as Allen stared open mouthed at his reflection in the large store mirror. The girl staring back at him looked hot, dressed all in leather and fur, sexy long legs perched on tall ankle boots. He would have loved to have dated a girl like this, he just wasn't sure he wanted to be her.

“Hey Sofia, turn this way for the camera”, Yamato said. He had positioned himself on the back wall and for a moment Allen had forgotten about his creepy stalker. Spinning around on his heels, he came face to face with the camera and a grinning Yamato, who was looking him up and down like a piece of meat. “show us a sexy pose”, he said while drooling.



Allen was furious as the comment got to him. After the day, hell weeks, he had, the last thing he needed was Yamato the lecherous cameraman, giving him orders. He turned to Mai who was stood to his right, “Mai, I’ll take the outfit and I’m going to wear it out”, he said, and with the faintest of glances he added, “Yamato take care of it will you”. The stunned look on Yamato’s face as turned back towards Mai was priceless, “Mai could you remove these tags please, and bag up my old clothes Yamato will carry them out”.

Seeing that Yamato was about to say something, and not wanting to lose a sale, Mai quickly came over towards Allen and put her arm around him, “Of course Miss, I have a pair of scissors by the counter, this way please”, she said as they both strutted off leaving Yamato stood there open mouthed.

## Chapter 4 – Date night

Strutting back through the shopping centre to meet Aiko at the car, Allen had an epiphany, he didn't need to feel embarrassed anymore if he just played a character. If he acted like a bitchy diva, glaring at anyone who looked his way he found they quickly looked away, and the more he acted like this, the more his confidence grew.

Looking out of the window of the minivan, just after 4pm, Aiko almost didn't recognise the lilac haired glamourpuss, dressed all in black confidently striding towards her. If it hadn't been for Yamato, ambling along behind struggling to carry his camera and the shopping bags hanging from his wrists, she may have mistaken him for someone else. He opened the door, placed his leather backside on the seat next to her and swivelled his patterned legs into the car. "Hi Aiko, sorry we're late, I lost track of time shopping", Allen said nonchalantly.

Aiko raised an eyebrow, "I can see, what happened to your other outfit and where did you get the money to buy these clothes", she said scanning his sexy new outfit.

"Oh, Yamato took care of it, he's such a doll", he replied straightening the hem of his mini skirt as Yamato climbed into the front seat of the minivan out of breath.

Aiko opened her mouth to ask Yamato a question but stopped, seeing the frazzled look on his face. She had to admit, she was impressed, perhaps this foreign boy next to her had more about him than she had given him credit for. They drove back to the apartment in silence, as Allen tapped away on his phone.

Just before reaching the apartment Aiko broke the silence. "OK, we're almost at your apartment, you've got a few hours to relax and get yourself ready to go out later, we'll be back to pick you up at 7.30pm, do you know what you're wearing", Aiko said. Without looking up Allen replied, "Yes, mother, everything's under control", keeping up his new bitchy persona. Aiko was surprised by the response but kept her mouth shut, wondering what had come over the normally shy awkward boy.

Back in the apartment, Allen took off his coat and threw it on top of a chair, where he also placed the bags containing the summer outfit, he had worn out earlier. He unlaced his new boots and pulled them off his feet, wriggling his toes to get the feeling back before plonking himself down on the sofa, curling his nyloned feet up under him. He had just over two hours before he'd be forced to leave again, and he wanted to relax for a little while before started to get ready.

After 30 minutes of watching television, he hauled himself up and walked to the bedroom, eyeing the dress, he would soon have to put on, taunting him from its coat hanger on the wardrobe door, it was going to be another cold night, he thought to himself. Peeling off his mini skirt and rolling down his tights, he looked down at his legs to see them covered in streaky lines, "I guess rain and fresh spray tan are not the best combination", he thought to himself as he took off the rest of his clothes and headed for his second shower of the day to see if a little scrubbing could even out his tan.

Having scrubbed until his skin felt saw, Allen gave up, satisfied he had fixed most of the damage. After patting himself dry, with a big fluffy towel, that ended up like the one earlier, covered with an orange stain, he started to unravel the plaits from his hair, which proved to be quite fiddly with long nails. After getting the last knot untied and brushing out his hair, he was surprised to see how curly his hair now was, as large coils cascaded over his shoulders. Having neither the skills or the will to do anything about it, Allen took some styling mousse and tried to tame the curls as much as he could before moving on to his makeup.

He followed the instructions left by Sofia, as he gave himself a smouldering smoky eye look and painted his lips to match his nails. Happy with the final look, it was time for the moment he had been dreading all day, it was time to slip into the flimsy white dress and stilt like platform sandals and head out for a night of partying and clubbing. Gulping down the last of his strong gin and tonic which he had prepared before his shower, there was no putting it off any longer as he tentatively removed the dress from its hanger feeling the soft flimsy material with his fingers.

Fully dressed, he picked up a bottle of perfume and sprayed his neck, wrists and chest as Sofia had shown him, instantly reminded her as the fragrant flowery scent was the one, she always wore. Turning to take a look at himself in the mirror, he almost fell off his tall sandals as he made a mental note to take care when manoeuvring that evening, with their tall heels and no side for support, he would need to take little mincing steps, especially when drunk, which he planned to be to starve off the cold and try to forget about the bizarre scenario of going on a date with himself, dressed up and acting like Sofia Cannavaro.

At 7.30pm, Allen exited the apartment building to a miserable rainy evening. He carefully made it over to the car, trying to avoid stepping in the deepest of the puddles in his unstable platforms. They drove into the centre of Tokyo and arrived at an okonomiyaki restaurant. Allen had been briefed in the car on what to expect, Sofia had gone out to dinner that evening with two old school friends, before heading out for drinks and ending up in the club where they had met.

Two girls awaited him at the table, but they were not Sofia's friends, they were actors provided by the studio. Supposedly they had asked Sofia's friends if they wanted to appear on the show and they had refused. The two strangers, dressed up for a night of partying, stood up upon seeing Allen and the camera crew arrive and as everyone in the restaurant looked on, Allen trotted over and hugged them awkwardly, as the two girls jumped up and down and squealed pretending to be excited seeing their good friend Sofia.

The meal was an odd experience for Allen, having to pretend these strangers were his best friends, but with the drinks flowing and his diet on hold for the evening, he eased in the role, taking inspiration from his performance in the shopping centre earlier, even if he was sure a lot of what the girls said was scripted to embarrass him. Yumi, a girl with red hair, wearing a blue dress, was the worst of the two, asking all kinds of personal questions. "So, Sofia, have you met any hunky guys recently", Yumi asked as Allen cooked his cabbage pancake on the hot plate that separated them.

Trying to image how Sofia would respond, Allen did his best to answer. "No, afraid not, I'm still free and single", He said trying to act like these embarrassing questions didn't bother him.

"Oh, that won't do, you need to get laid girl, how long has it been since you slept with a man"? Yumi said smiling.

Uncomfortable but determined not to let it show, Allen made up an answer, "oh too long, but hey, perhaps I'll find my perfect man tonight"?

Yumi and Raiko both smiled, "oh yes, definitely, we are going to make it our mission tonight to find you the perfect man to scratch that itch of your", Raiko said as they both giggled.

The meal continued in the same fashion, with the girls asking probing questions, that no man would feel comfortable answering, but Allen tried to block it out, they weren't going to get to him as he enjoyed the first solid meal he'd eaten in almost a week.

After finishing up in the restaurant, the next stop was a bar up the road where it was ladies night, which meant free drinks. “Perhaps this night won’t be that bad after all Allen thought by this point already feeling a buzz from the alcohol actually enjoying being in the company of two beautiful actresses. Even being asked to walk down the street to the bar, like it was a catwalk, so the show could shoot a fun shot, didn’t ruin Allen’s mood. He was still imagining he was someone else, a young girl out to have fun, as he confidently strutted down the wet street, stopping in front of a nervous Yamato, smiling and striking a pose.



Being a Friday night, the bar was full and typical for what had been advertised as a ladies night, the place was filled with a disproportionate amount of men out trying to get lucky. The three of them in their little mini dresses and sky-high heels, made quite the entrance walking in, as almost every man in the room stopped what he was doing to gawk at them.

Dragged through the crowd by his two sexy companions, Allen found himself in standing front of the bar looking around feeling very vulnerable. Before suddenly, as if it had been staged, probably because it had, three men in suits surrounded them. One of the men placed his hand on the small of Allen’s back and leaned in. “Can I buy you beautiful ladies a drink”? he asked having to shout to be heard over the music.

Allen jumped slightly surprised by the sudden intrusion and before he could come up with a witty response, telling this man how the drinks were free and to get his hand off him, Yumi interjected, “Thanks handsome, bring us three cocktails, we’ll be sat over there”, she said pointing to an empty table. “Whatever you want baby”, replied the man as Allen was dragged off towards the table feeling like he was acting out a scene in a soap opera.

Sat awkwardly, with his legs crossed and his skirt pulled down as far as it would go but still showing a lot of sexy smooth leg, Allen soon realised the whole evening had been orchestrated, the booked table, the three men hired by the studio to flirt with them. Reverting to his bitchy persona, he got through by giving one-word answers and drinking copious amounts of alcohol. Unfortunately, this wasn’t enough to discourage one of the persistent men, who just kept on asking him questions and touching him on his bare shoulder and knee.

When it was time to go on to the club, Allen was relieved, buzzing from all the drinks, they said goodbye to their three new male friends, with a quick hug and a peck on the cheek, which Allen was far too drunk to care about before they staggered off into the street giggling, holding on to each other for balance as they hailed a taxi to take them the short distance to a popular nightclub. As drunk as he was, walking into the club was a sobering experience. Allen hadn’t been back there since the night he met Sofia and as he stood on the edge of the dance floor on his shaky feet, music blaring, coloured lights illuminating his dress and exposed legs, he felt very strange. The reality of the situation suddenly hit him, he had just lived out Sofia’s night and now he was going to meet himself, well Sofia acting as him, but it was still weird. He knew how the night went from here and he didn’t know if he could go through with it.

He felt a tug on his arms, as Yumi took hold of one and Raiko the other as the two girls dragged him on to the dancefloor. Like riding a bike, he started to sway his body to the music, remembering his experience a week ago with Evelyn as the girls seemed impressed with his moves and how he danced in heels, they quickly joined in as the three of them formed a little circle and gyrated their bodies in time with the beat of the music.

A few songs in and completely lost in the moment, Allen spun around and stopped in his tracks seeing a familiar face, stumbling and almost falling off his towering sandals. Steadying himself he looked down to see Sofia or was it Allen now, his drunken mind was confused. She looked so small

from a top his 6-inch heels and knowing they were essentially the same height, give or take an inch, he suddenly felt embarrassed knowing this is how he must have looked to her, that night he approached her all confident and cocky.

“Someone call heaven, because I think I’ve found an angel” Sofia said looking up, as Allen cringed hearing the cheesy chat up line, he had used that night, as Sofia looked embarrassed just repeating it.



In shock Allen stared at now now butch looking Sofia in front of him wondering if that is how he used to look, so pathetic and small. He couldn't remember how Sofia had responded to the cheesy chat up line, all those weeks ago, but he just burst out laughing, which as a matter of fact was the exact same response Sofia had originally given, which had broken the ice and gotten them talking.

Sofia's day had been vastly different from Allen's. where he had been out all day in the city, running errands and meeting friends, she had stayed at home. She had realised in the last week or so, Allen was a bit of a loner, he didn't seem to have many friends and didn't seem to have many hobbies either. When she had asked him what he did when alone, he had told her he liked to watch movies and play computer games. But computer games were not really her thing, so she spent a lot of time researching topics for her blog, for when she got her old life back and watched a lot of Korean dramas. That's how she had spent the day binge watching a Sappy Korean drama as she waited for the studio to pick her up at 8pm.

The day they had met Allen had stayed at home and played computer games all day, at around 7pm, a friend had text asking if he wanted to get some food and a few drinks. After a quick shower and throwing on some clothes, Sofia was ready to head out.

She still missed her long hair terribly but being able to wash and dry this shorter style quickly was a nice change. The fact she didn't have to spend half an hour on her makeup was also something she was getting used to, she had felt naked at first being in public without her face painted, but the more she did the it, the more confident she grew, nobody said anything, in fact nobody gave her a second look these days, another little bonus of being a man for a little while.

She met Allen's friend Paul in an izakaya where she struggled to keep up as he liked to drink a lot. Whereas her friends had refused to appear on the show, Paul had loved the idea of being on TV and after the initial awkwardness, they got on quite well as they drank pints of beer and ate an assortment of meats and sticks.

Around 11pm, they got in a taxi and headed to their final destination of the night, the club. They spent a little time drinking by the bar before Haruto, Sofia's equivalent of Aiko, told her it was time to go and find Allen on the dance floor. She walked over to the balcony overlooking the dancefloor and scanned the room, it was her dress she noticed first and then her painful strappy sandals, that she had worn out that night and that night only. She stood there for a moment in awe, as Allen danced about in her killer heels like they were flats, he looked like he was really enjoying himself.

Finishing the last of her beer, she placed the bottle on the balcony ledge and headed out onto the dancefloor, pushing past the excited partygoers. Until she stood directly behind him. She cleared her throat to get his attention, scaring him almost causing him to fall. He spun around whipping her in the face with a mass of black curls as she stood looking up at the feminized man, with large pouty kissable lips and long plummy eyelashes. She took a deep breath and delivered what she thought was possibly the cheesiest chat up line in the world.

“Yeah, I laughed the first when I heard that awful line too, Did it every work with any other girls”? Sofia asked

“Oh, you’d be surprised, how are you”? Allen said wrapping his arms around Sofia and almost falling again, “it’s great to see you, weird but great.

“Wow, someone’s had a few to drink tonight”. Sofia said, her head buried mountain of hair.

“Well can you blame me”, Allen said pulling away and looking her in the eyes. “this is not a normal situation”. They looked at each other for a moment before bursting out laughing, “come on I’ll buy you a drink”, Sofia said.

“Yes, great idea” Allen said suddenly aware of his aching calf muscles, he took Sofia’s hand and was led off the dance floor for a quick break.

A next evening stood alongside Sofia, towering over her in her suit, neither of them could watch as Sofia gripped his hand tightly as a highlight reel of their week played behind them on the big screen. The footage had been cut to be as humiliating as possible even adding cringy music and sound effects.



The audience oohed and aahed as they watch the two of them dance together on the screen. It was a strange out of body experience watching himself and Sofia dance. He now had two sets of memories of the same event, one in which he was the guy dancing with the pretty girl and another more recent set, where he was the pretty girl in the white dress and killer heels being spun around on the dance floor.

Knowing what was coming next he didn’t want to watch but as he looked down, but the sight of his slim dark legs under a sinky red dress, with a slit showing most of his left leg, ending in a pair of shiny red stiletto pumps, wasn’t much of a better sight. The crowd clapped and cheered, as Allen knew they were showing the moment they had kissed on the dancefloor. The studio had insisted on it, saying it was an important moment of their

relationship. Allen even being paralytically drunk at the time remembered it well, even though he knew he was kissing Sofia, the girl he had found extremely attractive a few weeks prior, it felt different with her dressed like him. It felt like he was kissing a man and it had repulsed him. The video played for a few more seconds as it showed the two of them going back to Sofia apartment and entering together. This is where the film crew left them for the evening, nothing else happened as Sofia had slept on the Sofa, it had just felt like the right thing to do.

As the crowd quietened down, Enzo spoke, "Wow a hot steamy first encounter for Allen and Sofia, but the question is what did our audience think of it? Time to vote now". Some dramatic music started and the lights in the studio flickered as the audience gave them a score of 1 to 5. Allen looked at Sofia as they both hoped after all the effort they had put in; the audience would give them a favourable score.

As the number 437 flashed up on the screen Enzo smiled, "there we have it, a new high score, these two are definitely the ones to beat this year", said the charismatic host. The screen changed to a leader board and Allen and Sofia's names moved to the top. They had been weighed before the highlight reel and scored well. Allen had weighed in at 130 pounds, having put a few pounds back on after a night out of eating and drinking.

Sofia really surprised him when she weighed in at 138 pounds, she was now 8 pounds heavier than him after a week of eating junk food and going to the gym to do weight training. Neither had made their target weight but with the scores from the date and only a few contestants left to go, they had done enough to put them safely through to next week of the competition.

Enzo congratulated them but reminded them they still needed to work hard to reach their target weight as once a switch had been made, they would need to stick to it or incur a penalty with points being deducted.

An hour later, after a break in filming and Enzo sending home the couple with the lowest score, the remaining couples were asked to line up on the stage as they found out what awaited them in the week ahead. "Well ladies and gentlemen we have now reached the halfway point of this year's show, some couples have been voted out and some have given up, the question is, how many of our six remaining couples, if any, will make it to the end and take home the grand prize?" The crowd cheered and Enzo continued, "This next week should be a fun one, as next is Halloween week", again Enzo paused as the crowd cheered, "we have a few challenges and surprises lined up for our couples, but unfortunately like you, they are going to have to wait to find out what they are". Allen and Sofia looked at each other knowing it was going to be another crazy week, but they had made it this far, how bad could it be?

## Chapter 5 – It's all for a good cause

As his 6am alarm brought him out of his slumber, Allen groaned. He reached up to rub the sleep from his eyes and gave out a little squeal, as he forgot about his long claw like nail and poked himself in the nose painfully. "Great", he muttered to himself realising it was Monday morning and the start of another week enfemme.

He went through his tiring morning routine and dressed in the outfit laid out, these days he would video call Sofia each evening and she would help him select and outfit for the next day. He enjoyed their nightly chats, glad to talk to someone who knew what he was going through, apart from when she filled him in on what topic, she had written about on her beauty blog that day, in case anyone from the studio asked. He was now more familiar than he wanted to be about makeup products and brands, topics his male brain had very little interest in.

It was a fairly typical morning in work, well as typical as it could be for a grown man wearing a skin-tight pleather skirt, tall suede ankle boots, and working for a fashion magazine where most the employees were women. He had been tasked that morning with researching local trends in the area and spent the rest of the morning browsing through twitter and Instagram to see if anything new was trending.

The highlight of his morning was when Evelyn came over and brought him a coffee, no sugar as he was still trying to lose the final few pounds to reach 125. They flirted a little and talked about perhaps going out again soon as Allen wondered if she would still like him when he went back to being a man or was only interested in this girly version of him

Just after lunch, Allen's quiet day was interrupted by the arrival of Aiko. He was walking back from the bathroom, when he noticed the camera that had been set up at the end of the corridor. Allen slowly walked over as Aiko awaited his arrival microphone in hand, "Sorry to interrupt you at work Sofia, but it's time to explain our first Halloween challenge. I have some good news for you, tomorrow you won't need to work as you'll be taking part in our Halloween calendar shoot".



Allen's eyes grew wide upon hearing the news and imagining the ridiculous costumes he would be forced to wear. "A photo shoot, as in modelling"? he asked.

"Yes, we have a studio and a professional photographer lined up, all the money raised will go to charity, isn't that wonderful", Aiko said smiling.

Allen smiled, which was his default thing to do when he was confused, "Yes, wonderful", he repeated through gritted teeth.

"Don't worry about preparing anything, we'll provide the costumes, we'll pick you up at 9am", Aiko said smiling. There was a pause as they both looked at each other before Allen spoke "OK great, is that it"? he asked. "Of course, that's not it, you can't expect to take time of work and not ask your boss, right"? Aiko said.

"Oh yes, I'll do that thanks", Allen said wanting the camera out of his beautifully made-up face. Again, there was a silence before Aiko spoke, "so, go on then", she said. "What now"? Allen blurted out with surprise.

"Yes, Miss Hitori is waiting for you", Aiko said as Allen smelt a set up. Without much choice, he turned and sauntered over to Miss Hitori's office, followed closely by Yamato. He knocked on the door and was told to enter. "Sofia, how lovely to see you", Miss Hitori said looking up from behind her desk, "I love your hair today, what did you do to it".

"Hello Miss Hitori, thank you for the compliment, I didn't really do anything special, I just tied it up to keep it out of my face", Allen said touching his hair and feeling very self-conscious as he always did when someone commented about his appearance.

"Well, it looks very pretty on you and I love that skirt, so stylish, you're learning quickly". She replied as Allen blushed and thanked her for the compliments.

“So, what brings you to my office today”? Miss Hitori asked knowing exactly why he was there.

“Oh, I kinda need the day off tomorrow”? He said looking at his hands and fiddling with his nails nervously. There was something intimidating about this woman that made Allen feel like a child who was about to be told off.

“A day off, this is a bit late notice isn't it, why an earth would you need a day off”? She asked in a stern voice.

“Yes sorry, I just found out myself, it's for the show, we are shooting a charity calendar”, Allen replied nervously.

Miss Hitori's demeanour changed as a smile appeared on her face, “Charity, oh you are such a sweet girl, OK you can have the day off, but you'll need to work overtime for the rest of the week to make up the lost hours”.

Allen sighed, “Thank you Miss Hitori, you are very kind”, he said forcing a smile knowing his week just got a lot worse.

“You are very welcome, my girl, now run along, I've got things to do. Oh, and send me a copy of the calendar, I want to do my part for charity too”.

-----

The next day, Allen found himself stood in a little Tokyo studio on a set, decorated entirely in bright shades of pink, that hurt his overly made up eyes, as a stylish looking Japanese man took pictures of him and barked orders. Allen wanted a hole to appear beneath him and swallow him up, he had submitted to a lot of feminine things in the last month, but this outfit was by far the most humiliating, he looked and felt like the biggest sissy in the world, completely emasculated as he kept catching his reflection in the mirror on the back wall. How had his life come to this he thought to himself as he was forced to perform the most feminine of poses, he had just spent the last hour learning.

“Smile for me Sofia”, the photographer shouted. Allen forced a smile on to his plump lips as he again caught a view of himself in the mirror on the back wall and died a little inside. His costume was like something straight off the streets of Harajuku, he was dressed in light shades of whites and pinks in the Lolita style, like the girls he had seen milling around that area, doing whatever it is they did.

The costume was obviously designed to embarrass him as he imagined a room full of producers, sitting around a table trying to come up with the most embarrassing costume they could imagine. If that was their goal they had definitely succeeded as Allen couldn't fathom anything more girly than the outfit he currently wore.

The soft white top was form fitting and decorated with flowers, peeking out from beneath a white furry shrug draped over his shoulders. The light pink tights encasing his legs were decorated with white butterflies. The skirt he wore was huge puffy and again covered in little flowers, the way it hung flaring out to his knees gave the impression it was lightweight, but it was actually pretty heavy due to its many petticoats underneath. His feet were strapped into a pair of cream coloured block heeled Mary Janes, with a strap around his ankle and a big bow on the toe area.

Everything felt so strange and unfamiliar to him, especially the platinum blonde wig placed on his head, styled to have to voluminous pigtails and a cute front fringe. His face felt caked in makeup which had been piled on to lighten his skin, hiding the fake tan to give him a sweeter and more innocent doll like appearance that made him feel sick to his stomach.



The photoshoot took almost an hour as the cameraman, changed the lighting and props several time trying to get the perfect shot. But even when finished the torment didn't end for Allen, as he had to sit around in his girly outfit and wait for all the other contestants to finish. Looking around the room, he unquestionably drew the short straw as he would have much rather have worn any of the other costumes in the room. The variety in the

costume choice was baffling as there didn't seem to be much of a theme, there was everything from traditional witches and vampires all the way to Anpanman sailor moon. Humiliated and just wanting the day to be over, Allen sat in a corner and kept his head down most of the day trying to avoid a conversation with anyone dressed as he was, even though Sofia, dressed as a pirate, kept trying to start on.

-----

On Wednesday Allen found himself back in the magazine office, it was a long day due to the overtime he had to put in and by the time he got home and kicked off his heels he was utterly exhausted.

Thursday started off similar to Wednesday, As Allen helped out Namiko research some local jewellery company she was writing a piece on. Until at a similar time in the afternoon to her first visit that week, Aiko again made an appearance, this time she marched right up to Allen's desk as the whole office staff stopped what they were doing to listen in. "Good afternoon Sofia, how are you today"? She asked in a cheery voice.

"Err... I'm fine thanks Aiko", Allen responded wondering why she was suddenly taking an interest in his wellbeing.

She was holding a brown paper bag in her manicured hands and passed it to Allen, "What's this"? he asked.

"Well open it and see"? Aiko responded excitedly.

Sliding the tip of one of his long acrylic nails into the opening, he pinched the laminated object inside and slid it. His eyes lit up as he looked down at the glossy front page of a calendar. Speechless, he just stared at the girl, on the front cover in the pink Lolita costume, bending over in a cheeky pose, winking, with two fingers up making a cutesy v sign.

"Isn't it great, your picture was their favourite, so they made you the cover girl", Aiko said clapping her hands together excitedly. Great was not the word he would have used to described it as he flicked through the glossy pages, showing his fellow contestants in their ridiculous costumes and silly poses. Towards the back, he found another picture of himself equally as cute on the month of September. By now the other office girls had gathered in, as one of them asked to take a look. Allen handed the calendar over and they huddled around giggling happily.

As Allen heard the comments of "he looks so sweet" and "kawaii". Aiko turned to deliver yet more news. "OK, time for some more news", Aiko said as Allen didn't want to hear it," so, you're probably thinking you're going to be judged this week on who took the cutest picture, right? But you'd be wrong". Aiko stated as Allen, having not really thought about it before that moment, felt a nervous feeling washed over him in preparation of what awful news Aiko was about to deliver. "Well this week's challenge is going to be sales challenge, tomorrow all the contestants will hit the street of Tokyo trying to sell as many calendars as they can, remember the proceeds go to charity so do your best, but perhaps more importantly for you, the couple that sells the least amount of copies will be eliminated, any questions"?

Allen stood there stunned still trying to take in all the information, "tomorrow"? He replied. "Yes tomorrow, it's going another day off work for you so remember to ask your boss. it's also going to be an early start, so be ready at 7am, we need some time to get you looking pretty and fit you into your costume", Aiko said. Allen started to panic, the street of Tokyo, in a costume, "what costume"? He asked.

"Oh, sorry I forgot to say, when you joined the show you were asked a question about the last Halloween costume you had worn, So for tomorrow you get to experience your partners experience, tomorrow will be a costume SU-IT-CHI", Aiko said as some of the office ladies jumped at the unexpected loudness in which she said the word suitchi.

Allen waited for a reply after he text Sofia to ask her what her last Halloween costume had been, as he imagined all the potential costumes he might be forced to wear. Could they be worse than the frilly Lolita costume he had worn for the photoshoot? Possibly as images of himself dressed as a fairy or Catwoman in the middle of Tokyo, flashed through his head. The answer he received ten minutes later, as his phone vibrated on the desk, wasn't much better. He quickly picked up the phone in its girly case, and struggled to unlock it, with his ridiculously long nails. He was greeted by just two words, "Schoolgirl, sorry". Allen sighed; it was going to be another long day and humiliating day.

-----

Up early the next morning, Allen showered before stepping on the scales, he had stuck to his diet for the last week and if he hadn't been watching the number on the scales drop each day, he would have been shocked. He now weighed 123 pounds and he looked incredibly skinny. But there was also a sense of relief, now that he had reached his goal, he could start eating proper food again, even if he were going to have to watch his portion size and count calories.

He dressed in a casual outfit, put on some light makeup and some big sunglasses, as he knew they were going to make him up once he arrived. The drive to the studio seemed to take an age as he stared out of the window at the tired looking commuters on their way to their ordinary boring office job. For the first time in his life, Allen was jealous of them, wishing he were one of them.

They wasted no time upon his arrival at the studio in transforming him in to what was not, in his mind at least, a typical Japanese school girl, pretty sure the show had taken some liberties as he had never seen a schoolgirl in Japan wearing 6-inch platform pumps.

The rest of the outfit consisted of a bright white blouse with a string around the collar tied in a bow, a red checked pleated mini skirt that showed a lot of smooth leg beneath his black tights, and a little red blazer that refused to close all the way. The stylist spent a lot of time on his hair, backcombing and curling it, before arranging it into huge twin pigtails a top his head. With its new volume his hair looked massive as it flowed over his shoulders, ending at his waist. The makeup they applied was also out of place, as from his memory schoolgirls in Japan rarely wore any at all and if they did it was very subtle. His look on the other hand was very bold, his long thick eyelashes made his eyes dazzle and stand out, they had loaded on the blusher, giving his cheeks a pinkish shine, and his lips looked huge and kissable, the red lip gloss shining in the light of the studio.

Once they announced him ready, he was taken into a room to meet Sofia. She was astonished when she saw his look, giving out a little chuckle.

"Oh, please don't laugh", Allen said embarrassed as he trotted in on his tall platforms, "this is your costume remember".

"OK sorry", Sofia apologised, "but about the costume, yes and no".

"What do you mean, yes and no"? Asked a confused Allen.

"Well I was a schoolgirl last Halloween, but my costume was less sexy and much scarier, more like a zombie schoolgirl with lots of fake blood, your costume is more like fantasy schoolgirl", Sofia said with a snigger.

"Great", replied Allen knowing the studio had stitched him up once again, wanting to change the subject, he asked about her costume, "Why are you in school uniform too? That's not a costume I've ever worn".

“Well, they told me you had never dressed up in a costume before, bit sad if you ask me, so they picked one to match yours”, Sofia said dressed as a schoolboy.

“Well dressing up never really appealed to me and having lived through these last few weeks of torment, I haven’t changed my mind”, Allen said as Aiko and Haruto walked telling them it was time to go. They walked to the front of the studio and out the front door. It was a bright sunny day for November, but still a little blustery as Allen instantly felt the chill down his thinly covered legs, as a gust of wind blew in, causing him to quickly grab the hem of his little skirt to stop it from lifting up and revealing his silky black panties beneath.

There was no car waiting for them that day as they were told they would be walking to the location, more good news, Allen though shivering and a little wobbly still getting accustomed to his shoes for the day. As the man, Sofia was handed a heavy cardboard box, full of calendars to carry, which she wasn’t too happy about but after a few weeks of weight training and building up her upper body strength, she found she could manage easily.

They walked for about 15 minutes through the busy city as people stopped to stare at the unusual sight of two adults in school uniform, being followed by a camera crew, before they arrived at their destination, Harajuku. The street as always was busy with locals and tourists walking around and shopping. One good thing about the location was, Harajuku was famous for its unusual fashion, and in the company of some of the crazy outfits on display, Allen and Sofia didn’t stand out at all, they actually looked quite normal in comparison.



But the downside of not standing out, was sales were hard to come by as they struggled to sell more than a handful of copies in the first few hours as people refused to stop and talk to them. Worried about losing their place in the competition, Sofia had an idea that Allen wasn’t too keen on, but out of desperation, he agreed to give it a chance. Picking up the box of calendars they headed towards Shinjuku, finding a spot just outside the train station.

Where they had blended into the crowd in Harajuku, in Shinjuku they stood out, they were also outside Japan’s busiest station and rush hour was about to hit. As the crowd poured out of Shinjuku station, sales exploded. Allen was extremely popular in his little outfit and got a lot of attention from the evening commuters as the majority of them were older businessmen heading home.

They sold through their first box of calendars in less than five minutes as one of the film crew brought them over another. Sales continued for the next 30 minutes as they sold through a further three boxes before the crowds started to dry up. This was about the time Aiko appeared, informing them they only had 30 minutes left, before they had to stop selling for the day

Sofia looked Allen up and down, in a way that made him feel uncomfortable, and started shouting, “free hugs with every calendar sale”. Allen was shocked but before he could tell her to stop, an overweight Japanese businessman appeared and asked if he bought ten calendars, could he have a kiss on the cheek too. Sofia immediately said yes and took his money. Allen stood there, with his hands by his sides horrified as the enthusiastic man with a big smile plastered on his face bounded over, wrapping his arms around him and squeezing him tight. The man took out his phone for a selfie waiting for Allen to plant a kiss on him. Scowling at Sofia, Allen puckered up and gently pressed his lips against the chubby cheeked stranger, leaving behind a bid red lipstick mark. The man thanked him profusely before skipping away, still not pleased with the situation Sofia had put him in, at least he had made someone’s day, he thought as he saw another man handing over money to Sofia and looking over at him with a lustful stare.

In the following 30 minutes they sold four more boxes of calendars, as Allen had a constant stream of men hugging, squeezing him and occasionally pinching his bottom. As the time ran out, Allen was angry and exhausted, he refused to speak to Sofia for the duration of the walk back to the studio, pissed off that she had put him in that position, it didn’t help that his feet and ankles were incredibly sore after a day on the streets in 6-inch pumps

Saturday night, stood on the stage, still dressed in their School costumes, Allen had forgiven Sofia. After calming down he realised that she was just been trying to win and if their roles had been reversed he would have seen anything wrong with her giving a few lonely men a kittle affection to raise money for charity and as a bonus help them to win. As he was forced to watch their highlight reel from the week, he could help but marvel at the transformation in both of them, in just a few weeks the show had completely changed their outward appearance. Coming in first place, by quite a large margin, was a pleasant surprise but his joy soon turned to utter disbelief as they were told what the next week’s challenge would be.

“Well done to our five remaining contestants, you have made it through to another week”, Enzo said smiling at the camera, “Now only half the contestants remain, they have probably become quite confident, perhaps they think they can win. Well this week we will put that to the test because by the end of the week they will have shown commitment to the cause and to each other, the challenge this week is to get married”. Even the audience seemed surprised at first by this announcement as the room gave out a aww sound before becoming silent. But the silence didn’t last for long before a few people started clapping, then a few more, and before the whole room erupted in noise and cheering. “But wait there is more ladies and gentlemen”, Enzo said quietening them down, “Of course our contestants are not getting married as their old selves, so before they can become husband and wife, they will need to take a trip down to the court house for a name SU-IT-CHI”. The room erupted once more. Allen felt faint, not quite believing what he had just heard as he stared out at the applauding crowd, a fake smile plastered on his made-up face. Could he go through with it, get married, surely this was all just a joke.

## Chapter 6 – The night to forget

Sunday afternoon, Allen and Sofia were taken to a government office. After an anxious wait, still not certain if he really wanted to do what they were asking of him, his number came up on the board and he followed a smartly dressed woman into a little back office.

“Good afternoon Mr Dolberg, do you have your paperwork”? the woman asked.

“Yes Miss”, Allen responded as he hesitantly passed her a clear folder containing the paperwork the studio had given him, before straightening his skirt beneath him and positioning his backside him on the cushioned chair in front of her desk. The woman opened the folder and examined the contents, “This all seems to be in order”, she said as she typed into her computer.

Allen sat there fidgeting as the woman typed await before she picked up one of the documents and marked some of the pages, she then handed it back to Allen with a pen, “OK Mr Dolberg, or sorry Ms Cannavaro, just sign where I’ve marked and I’ll submit the paperwork”, she said. Picking up the pen, shaking, Allen was having major second thoughts about signing the document and giving up his given name. “Is everything OK”? The woman asked. “Yes, yes, just reading it one last time”, Allen said stalling. He stared at his long red acrylic nails, holding the pen and then down at his feminine outfit. He had come too far to give up, he took a deep breath signed the pages, marked with an x and passed it back to her.

“Thank you”, the woman said taking the document and adding it to a pile of papers, “All done, it will take a few days to go through the system and then your name change will be complete. Remember to take a picture for your ID, before you leave”. She said as she stood up and bowed, indicating it was time to leave. Allen stood up on his heels, thanked her and went back to join the others outside.

Trying to put the thought of what he had done and what he was about to do later in the week out of his mind, Allen tried to focus on his work during the next few days. The diligent working Allen even caught the attention of Miss Hitori who noticed him working hard and even complimented him on a few occasions, saying he was becoming one of her best employees.

Wednesday after work, the preparation for Friday’s wedding started with a nail appointment. Used to getting his nails done by now, he just sat back and let the woman do her thing as she worked on his hands and feet, giving him a new set of acrylics, she said the shape was called, “coffin shape”, and from all the research Allen had been doing for the magazine lately, he knew they were a popular style amongst young women these days. As soon as he was done, having just taken his hands out of the UV machine and having looked down in awe at his new long pastel coloured claws, with their flattened off ends, Aiko walked in the door. She smiled at Yamato, who had been filming the whole time, walked over to where Allen was sat and placed something on the table, without saying a word.

Gasping, Allen looked down at the shiny plastic ID card on the table, quickly reaching over to pick it up, as the manicurist told him to be careful not to mark his new nails. What he saw frightened the life out of him, it was his feminised image and next to it the name Sofia Bella Cannavaro.



He was in a state of shock as he tried and failed to pick up the thin card, with his new nails, before Aiko stepped in, "Let me help you Sofia, we can't have you ruining that beautiful new manicure", she said picking up the card and placing it Allen's outstretched hand

He just stared at it examining every detail, hoping he was about to wake up from a bad dream. He had legally changed his name and as much as he had tried to forget about it, the proof was now in his perfectly manicured fingers.

Looking at the card in more detail, he noticed they had updated his visa status, this new card would last another 4 years. But that was the only good news, as he looked at his picture with full pouty lips and long black hair. It had his birthday and still said male, but his job was now listed as Fashion writer, typo and all. He sunk back into his chair and felt like crying, what had he done? People had been calling him Sofia for weeks, but it was now his official name. Would it be as easy to change back when all this was over?

"It came back quickly, I'm surprised, these things usually take longer, your passport will take a bit longer but I'll let you know when it arrives", Aiko said snapping him out of his trance. "My passport, no, no, no", Allen shrieked in horror not realising that would be altered too.

"Of course, all your documents have been officially changed, you are now officially Sofia Cannavaro, fashion writer and fashionista, how exciting", Aiko said clapping her hands with glee. "Come on cheer up, it done now, and nobody forced you to do it, beside tonight's going to be fun, go out the back and change into your dress, we have to get going soon".

Allen nodded sullenly, Aiko was right, no one had forced him to do it, he only had himself to blame. He thanked the nail technician for her work, before standing up and heading to the back of the salon to change out of his work clothes not looking forward to the night ahead.

As he was getting married in a few days the studio was throwing him a bachelorette party that evening. All his colleagues from work were going to be there and even some of the real Sofia's friends, that he had never met as Allen planned to get through the night with the aid of alcohol once more.

In the backroom, looking at the over the top sparkly party dress hanging up, waiting for him to slip on, he thought back to that seemingly random encounter with Jin Wantanebe on the streets, all those weeks ago, if only he had said no and not gone with him to the studio or just stayed at home and not gone out at all that evening. But it was pointless dwelling on something he couldn't change, what was done was done as Aiko always said, it was time to get dressed and parade around the city, in his flashy outfit, he tried to change his mind set back into his bitchy persona from the other day, it somehow didn't seem as bad that way as he could just imagine he was someone else.

Wearing only a little thong, that held his man penis and tucked away testicles firmly between his legs, Allen picked up an odd-looking bra from the pile of clothes Aiko had laid out earlier. He had only worn this type of bra one before, as he usually just wore his breast forms, but tonight with his dress being low cut and sheer, with the whole top part being virtually see through, he would have to do something different. The bra was strapless and just covered the front part of his chest, the inside on the cups were padded and very sticky. Taking a handful of the skin on his chest, he stuck on cup in place, then pushing his skin together to form a realistic looking cleavage and stuck down the other cup, he picked another bra, this time white and strapless and fastened it over the top, holding everything in place.

Sitting on an empty chair, he picked up the slippery almost weightless tights, silky smooth to the touch, and rolled them carefully up his legs without snagging them with his new nails. He stood up and took the short black dress, with its flared skirt of its hanger. The tiny dress was covered with rhinestones that sparkling like diamonds in the light as he brought it towards him. He balled up his hands and forced them through the thin sleeves of the dress until they popped out the other side. With his arms in, he lifted the skirt over his head and wriggled the dress down his body and into position. It was indecently short, if he bent down the wrong way, he was definitely going to show the world his underwear but perhaps that was the point, he thought as he looked down at his chest with his bra clearly visible beneath the bodice of the short dress.

He tried smoothing the wide flared skirt beneath him as he sat back down on the chair, but it just wouldn't fold beneath him, meaning he would be sitting on his pantyhose backside for the rest of the evening. There was only one item left, a shoe box, which he had been putting off looking inside as he knew the footwear that it contained were going to be ridiculous and flashy. His fears were realised as he gently peeled back the lid of the box, dazzled by the light reflecting of the surface of the huge platform pumps. They were black but like the dress they were decorated with sparkly rhinestones, he was definitely going to be centre of attention that evening.

He slipped them on his feet and went back out into the main room of the nail salon. He was greeted by a chorus of oooo's and kawaii's and noticed a chair that had been set up for him. He recognised one of the makeup artists from the studio next to it and knew she was there for him He trotted over and greeted by the stylist; it was time to get his hair and makeup done.

It took over an hour before she announced him ready, he passed the time on his phone letting the woman get on with painting his face and curling and pinning his hair. Professionally made up to turn head he now looked like the diva, he had been impersonating as he sat there pouting in his fancy dress, eyes locked on the beauty looking back at him from behind the mirror. The woman finished by attaching a pair of large hoop earrings to his lobes, spritzing him with Sofia's favourite perfume before announced him ready. "About time", Allen thought, he was freezing sat there in his thin dress, only the thin tights separating his backside from the cold chair beneath him, he hoped they had brought a coat for him to wear to hide his exposed body and to brave the November weather outside.

He was told to stand up and move over to the over side of the salon, he knew the drill, it was time to reveal the full look in a full length mirror, capturing his reaction for the audience that would soon be watching on. Stood in front of a large covered up wall mirror, Aiko, after making sure Yamato was filming, turned towards him and spoke, "Oh Sofia, you look so lovely, Allen is a lucky man having such a beautiful bride", He wrinkled his face in disgust and let her continue, "well it's time for the big reveal, are you ready"?

Realising she wanted an answer, he responded, "Yes, show me the damage", he replied. Aiko walked over and pulled away the cloth covering the mirror, Allen gasped, he was prepared to fake a reaction for the camera, but his reflection genuinely shocked him. The slim girl in the mirror, in the sparkling dress, teetering on equally as sparkly towering heels was quite the sight. He turned left and then right to see himself from different angles as the light sparkled off his dress and shoes almost blinded him. He looked up at his hair; it had been pinned up to look ultra girly, arranged to look like a big bow on top of his head, and just to rub salt in the wound, Infront of it they had pinned a sparkly tiara.

"So pretty right", Aiko said. Allen was speechless as his mouth grasped trying to find something to say. Happy with the reaction, Aiko told Yamato to stop filming. "OK princess, stop admiring yourself in the mirror, we have a party to attend and they are all waiting for the bride to be" He was given a matching sparkly purse and ushered out of the salon in to the cold neon lit streets of Tokyo. He trembled as he hurried towards the car not only to warm up but to avoid anyone seeing him in his over the top getup.

In the car, with the heater on full, Allen sunk back into his bitchy persona, relaxing a bit as he was driven through the city streets. The Car pulled up outside what looked like a club and he was told to get out. He fought with his skirt, trying to be graceful as he exited the car, doing his upmost not

to flash the bouncer his panties. A smiling bouncer welcomed him as Miss Cannavaro and told him the party was downstairs and everyone was waiting for him. Slowly and carefully, he made his way down a dimly lit staircase, placing down one foot at a time, terrified of falling down the steep staircase. But if the staircase wasn't scary enough what greeted him at the bottom was even worse. He emerged in some sort of cabaret club with male strippers and waiters, topless apart from little bowties. His first instinct was to turn and escape back up the stairs, but Aiko who was right behind him was blocking his escape.

"Now come on Sofia, let's go and greet your guests", Aiko said, placing her hand on the small of his back and leading him over to the group of 30 or so rather excited women who had been invited to his bachelorette party.



## Chapter 7 – The blushing bride

It was tough waking up for work the morning after the party, his memory was foggy, and his head was pounding. After a hot shower, where he was glad to see almost all of the horrible orangey fake tan wash away, he wrapped himself up in a big fluffy warm towel he wandered to the kitchen and made a hot cup of coffee which helped to make him feel somewhat human again.

He arrived at work pissed off from his tiresome commute, if the cold weather wasn't bad enough, the bus had been packed that day causing him to stand squashed up against a stranger as he struggled to keep his balance wearing high heels. He arrived at the office late again but at least no one seemed to care, half the office had been at the party and everyone was a little slow to get started that morning.

It was a very unproductive morning at Bloom fashion magazine offices as no one really spoke and just sat around nursing their hangovers. Around eleven o'clock Evelyn appeared at Allen's desk, passed him a coffee and pulled up a chair. "Do you feel like I do"? She asked.

"If you mean, like you've been hit by a truck, then probably", Allen replied taking the coffee and thinking her. Evelyn smiled, "So crazy party last night huh, I still can't believe you're getting married, is it all faked for the show or will you two really be married"?

"I'm not really sure to be honest, from what they have told us it sounds like the real thing though", He said shaking his head.

"Wow, and you're going through with it just for the money"? Evelyn asked probing.

Allen looked hurt, "no, not just for the money, even though it is a big incentive, it's about getting back at the studio, they went too far with some of these changes. So early on, Sofia and I made a pact, we would complete all their challenges and do it without complaining, win the money and not give the show the footage of us looking embarrassed like they want.

"Sounds like you're going to end up hurting yourself more than them though at this rate", Evelyn replied.

"Your probably right but, I've gone too far to give up now, and besides everyone gets divorced these days, right"?

Evelyn laughed, "True, but I guess we'll have to postpone that date we were planning, I can't go around kissing married women now can I? and beside after your performance at the cabaret club last night, I'd say you might be into men more than women now anyway". Allen looked confused, not sure how to take the comment until Evelyn smiled.

"Evelyn what happened in the cabaret last night? After the third or fourth drink, my memories are a blur", Allen asked.

"You really don't remember? What anything"? Allen shook his head, "Oh my god, are you going to be surprised watching the footage back on Saturday's show", Evelyn said then giggled.

"Really! Was it that bad"? Allen asked not really wanting to know the answer.

"Ha-ha, well there was the stage dancing with the strippers, or how about the half-naked man who covered himself in whipped cream and got you to lick it off his chest and oh my god, when you took that strippers G-string off with your teeth...". Allen interrupted her. "OK, OK, stop please, I don't want to hear anymore", as he started to feel sick thinking about the things she was saying.

"Hey, it's not that bad, there's going to be some embarrassing film footage out there but hey no one died". Evelyn said as she leaned over and gave Allen a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"I guess your right", He replied feeling comfortable for the first time that day in Evelyn's arms, "But promise me something".

"Go on", Evelyn said.

"Let's never talk about G-strings or whipped cream again", he said as they both laughed.

-----

Still trying to wake up, Allen was in a minivan sipping a coffee on the way to a spa clinic. It was early Friday, and it was going to be a busy morning making him look his feminine best for his wedding later that day. With his nails done on the Wednesday evening to save time, he spent most of the morning undergoing hair and facial treatments. He tried to keep track of all the things they were doing, but even with his extensive knowledge of beauty treatment, having come across them while doing his job at the magazine, he still didn't know what all of them were called or what purpose they served. Some treatments were familiar like the facial mask or when he had his eyelash extension touched up, but other treatments were unfamiliar to him, like the machine that was rolled all over his face, supposedly to tighten his skin and close his pores. After a while he decided to just have a nap and just let them work, it's not like he could refuse anything they were doing anyway.

He was woken by a gentle tap on his shoulder as Aiko informed him it was time to go. Allen felt butterflies in his stomach as he knew what that meant. They were heading over to the registry office, where he was going to get married. He changed out of the robe he was wearing and put back on his casual outfit, well casual for him anyway, he was still wearing a knee length skirt and wedge heels.

The anxiety he was feeling only built as they drove to the registry office and by the time, he was shown into a dressing room to change into his gown, he felt as though he was going to pass out. Someone brought him some water and he sat there sipping it for a moment, taking deep breathes.

Needing a drink to get him through the event, he asking one of the production team if they had anything stronger to drink, one of the girls went off to the Familymart down the street and returned with a bottle of Vodka, after a few big swigs, Allen calmed down and tried to psyche himself up to do what he needed to do, reminding himself of all the reasons why he was still on the show.

Undressed to his wedding undergarments, which he had put on under his casual clothes to save time, he didn't know what to feel more embarrassed about, stood there dressed in silky white panties, a matching push-up bra, his waist cinched into a tight corset with garter and white stockings attached, or the fact he needed someone to help him get into his wedding dress.

As one of the girls from the studio helped into a white gown, he couldn't quite believe he was about to wear the most feminine of garments, he had worn all sorts of dresses over the last few week, but there was something different about wearing this dress that just felt so wrong, in the past, he had entertained the thought of settling down and getting married one day but never in his wildest dream did he think he would be the bride.

As he felt the last of the back buttons being done up, he knew full well he was now stuck in the outfit, having no chance of removing the dress without someone helping him out. The floor length silk gown, which he was seeing for the first time that day, fit him like a glove, he had been measured a few days ago so the dress could be tailor made to fit him perfectly. And fit him perfectly it dig, the restrictive gown clung to his body

like a second skin, tight around the waist stopping him from bending at all, he couldn't even reach down far enough to slip on his shoes, he had to watch from the mirror as a girl slipped the tall white platform pumps, with a clear yet sparkly 7-inch heel, on to his feet, while he held up the billowing skirt of his gown and tried not to topple over..

After an anxious wait at 3pm it was their turn as he was called. Allen was led to the door of the office and asked to wait while they set up the cameras inside. Normally in a registry office in Japan the bride and groom would just arrive together, some couples not even bothering to dress in traditional wedding attire, as they said their vows and signed a document. But this was not a normal situation, this was Television and they wanted drama. Sofia in her tuxedo stood waiting inside, they hadn't seen each other for a few days, and they catch the look on her face as Allen walked down the aisle, or across the room of the registry office at least.

The signal was given, Allen lifted up the bottom of his huge skirt, grasping it tightly between his colourful nails, as the door swung open and he was told to go. The sight of Sofia stood in the centre of the room, next to the registrar, would be something that would stay with him for a long time. Her face went pale in shock upon seeing him, looking like a deer caught in the headlights as she looked more frightened than he was.

He took a tiny little step forward, carefully placing down his foot, in his high wedding shoes as the huge skirt of the gown billowed out obscuring his silky-smooth legs. With a forced smile on lip pouty lips, he started the slow walk towards his husband to be.



The walk towards Sofia was only about 10 meters, but taking tiny mincing steps in his crippling heels, trying now to think about the cameras and the millions of people who were going to see him looking like someone straight off the cover of a bridal magazine, in his mind taking an eternity to reach Sofia and the registrar. Arriving at the table with the document ready to sign. Allen looked over at Sofia, "Are you OK"? He asked. She nodded meekly and looked away.

The registrar introduced himself and asked if they would like to say any vows, Allen was about to say no when Aiko, came running up, "yes", she said passing Allen and Sofia a piece of card with some written vows on, "And here are the rings", she added, placing two ring boxes on the table before hurrying away.

The registrar asked the them to pick up the cards, with the written vows and read them out, starting with Allen, Gripping the card between his trebling hands Allen read out the words "I Sofia Bella Cannavaro take you Allen Peter Dolberg to be my husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, In the presence of all in attendance, I make this vow". He put the card on the table and felt like he was going to throw up.

Sofia picked up her card and after a moment of hesitation read out hers, "I Allen Peter Dolberg take you Sofia Bella Cannavaro to be my wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, In the presence of all in attendance, I make this vow".

The registrar smiled, "I now pronounce you husband and wife", he turned to Sofia, "you may kiss your bride". Looking terrified, Sofia leaned in and gave Allen a little peck on his glossy plump lips. Aiko, Haruto and rest of the production team cheered and clapped as Haruto gestured to Sofia to

take Allen's hand, which she did. They walked out of the room hand in hand trying to act as though they were happy as the camera panned in to get a close up of the happy couple.

Outside the room, they looked at each other, Sofia was clearly shell shocked and Allen tried to cheer her up, "Hey I was wondering, does this mean I have to change my name back now I'm Mrs Dolberg, if so that must be some kind of record for the quickest name change in history". Sofia smiled a little as Aiko came bounding up. "Congratulations, you two that was a lovely wedding, does anyone need to use the restroom before we head out"? Allen and Sofia both shook their heads, indicating they didn't, "OK great then let's make our way to the car", Aiko said pointing the way.

Stepping out into the cold November weather in a white wedding gown as people stopped to stare, they saw their car for the ride out of there. Where they had both come to the venue in casual clothes in a minivan, they would be leaving in a much fancier fashion, a stretch limousine was parked up in front of the building with a driver waiting to open the back door for them.

Sofia took Allen's hand and helped him towards the car as he fought with the layers of his skirt being blown around his legs and he struggled to manoeuvre in the restrictive gown and gigantic platform pumps. Arriving at the limo, the driver opened the back door, Sofia looked at Allen and smiled, "Ladies first", she said.

"Ha-ha, very funny", Allen replied while pulling a face before falling face first into the back seat, buried under a pile of soft white material.

Sofia jumped in laughing and helped him into a sitting position, at least she seemed happier, Allen thought as he watched Aiko, Haruto and Yamato, the cameraman, pile into the limo and sit on the seat opposite them. They didn't speak much as they drove to the reception party, Yamato kept the camera rolling the whole time as Aiko poured them champagne, making them toast their marriage and give each other a little kiss. Allen just remembered faking a smile the whole time, he was still determined to not give the show the footage they wanted, they wanted humiliation and embarrassment, they weren't going to get it.

They arrived outside a fancy 5-star hotel and were taken into the lobby, where all the staff were lined up, giving them a round of applause as they hurried in and out of the cold, Allen hobbling and holding on to Sofia to keep his balance. They made it to the lift and were taken up to the 14<sup>th</sup> floor, they walked down a corridor before stopping in front of a large, closed set of double doors.

Aiko came over and spoke to them, "OK you two, inside are all your wedding guests, when the doors open, I want you to slowly walk to the other side of the room and smile for all the pictures, remember all these people have come to see you and to celebrate with you on your happy day, so don't walk too fast and try to look happy".

Before they had a chance to process what she had said, the doors flew open and a soppy love song by Bruno Mars started playing loudly throughout the room. They looked into the large venue, filled with large round tables, each able to seat ten guests, but at that moment most of the guests were standing around the central aisle, lined with a red carpet, ready to greet the bride and groom and get a picture of them arriving.

With a little shove from Aiko, they stepped into the room filled with all their work colleagues, friends and probably a few actors as there was close to 200 people in the room. They started their slow excruciating walk across the enormous room, as everyone applauded, cheered and blinded them with camera flashes. On the far side of the room, their destination, a small stage had been set up and above it was a huge television screen showing old pictures of them. Allen was shocked seeing the pictures of him as a child, as a teenager, graduating from university, how had the show gotten a hold of these pictures? He wondered.

As time crawled to a halt, the embarrassed duo, hand in hand, slowly edged their way through the centre of the room, placing a one foot forward, bringing the other one to join it, counting to three before they took their next step, just like Aiko had demonstrated earlier that day.

If it weren't for the layers of makeup piled on his face Allen would have been bright red, like Sofia currently was, as he didn't think it possible to be any more humiliated. But led on to the stage and looking down into the room of people, he discovered that he had been wrong. On a table to their left, one a little fancier than the rest, as it was reserved for the families of the bride and groom, Allen saw the last person he was expecting or wanted to see, as his legs turned to jelly and he wobbled on his ludicrously high heels.

Sofia gripped him tightly to stop him from falling, as Allen stared down into the eyes of his little sister Emily standing by the family table and looking up at him in disbelief. As Allen started to freak out Sofia gave out a gasp, letting go of Allen, causing him to stumble and almost fall off the stage, as she saw someone she also recognised, her mother stood next to Emily.

With no time to do anything, the event MC for the evening introduced them to the room, the audience clapped one last time before taking their seats. For the next half an hour, they stood up on the stage nervously smiling as work colleagues and some of their real-life friends came up and told amusing stories about their past. Some of the speakers looked embarrassed to be there but others were loving the attention, really reveling in the embarrassing stories they were sharing with the room.

With the humiliation stories told, the torture continued as it was time to take a lap of the room, stopping at each table thanking the guests for coming and sharing a toast. First up was the family table, Allen somehow made it down from the stage on his wobbly legs and numb toes without falling, his eyes firmly fixed on his silky skirt with the occasional appearance of glistening pump, not just to avoid falling but mainly to avoid the gaze of his sister staring right at him. Taking the deepest breath, he could muster in the tight corset, he shuffled up to Emily, his long, beautiful nails, holding up him billowing white dress. He stopped in front of her and nervously looked her in the eyes. Emily just stared at him, her eyes as wide as saucers, "Good grief, is that really you under their AI"? she asked.

Allen's heart was beating a million miles a minute as the last person he ever wanted to see him dressed like this, was his baby sister. "Hey Em, yeah it's me, I guess I look a little different from the last time we saw each other".

"A little, yeah right AI, you look like a princess, you're stunning, hell I'm jealous".

Allen looked down in shame, "It's for this show I'm on, it's a long story, I didn't know you would be here".

"Well you've got to have to tell me all about this later. I came as the show called the house and invited us all over for the wedding, I have to say it was quite the surprise when we heard you were getting married and were not the groom, Ma almost had a heart attack", Emily said in her thick Australian accent.

"Oh my god, Ma and Pa know, they're not here are they"? Allen said eyes darting around the room.

"Na, they couldn't fly because of Pa's health but they sent me to see what the hell was going on, and I have to say I'm flabbergasted, who would have thought my smelly older brother would make such a gorgeous bride".

Before Allen could respond Aiko interrupted the conversation between the siblings and the similarly awkward one Sofia was having with her mother, "Ah, nice to see you all catching up but I'm afraid I'm going to have to borrow the bride and groom for a second, I'll bring them back soon I promise, it's time to thank the guests for coming". Allen looked at Emily, "I have to go Em, but we'll talk in a minute when I get back".

"OK big sis, I'll be waiting, be careful where you step in those skyscrapers your wearing", Emily said giggling.

Arriving at the first table, Allen and Sofia were poured a glass of champagne, thanked the mostly random people for attending, and given a toast, wishing them happiness and good fortune. It was then on to the next table, the next, and the next as they started get a feeling of Deja vu from the never-ending repetitive carousel they were stuck on. Halfway around the room with his feet killing him, Allen was getting a bit lightheaded from all the toasts as Aiko him, he didn't need to drink the whole glass every time, it was fine to just take a sip.

After almost an hour of standing on his colossal heels and mingling with the guests, trying to make small talk, they were finally done. Relieved they were led back to the family table where the first course of the fancy seven course meal was about to be served. Staving having not eaten all day Allen salivated as the food started to arrive and the smell of delicious food wafted through the room. But just as he was about to take his seat between Sofia and Emily, Aiko came over to once again to ruin his day. "Sorry Sofia, not you I'm afraid, it's time to get you changed into your second outfit".

"But I...", he was cut off, "no buts", Aiko said firmly, "It's tradition for an Asian bride to change a few times during her wedding reception, you only have one change, so you're getting off lightly, now follow me, the makeup artist is waiting".

Trotting along behind Aiko on his numb feet, he tried to make a quiet exit, but the MC prevented that plan by making an announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen, please stand and give a round of applause see off our beautiful bride, she is going to change into her evening gown". Everyone in the room looked over at him, stood up and began to clap and cheer as he limped down the central aisle as fast as he could, embarrassed beyond belief.

An hour and a half later, he again stood outside the large double doors outside the room, as he waited to make his second appearance of the night, not so nervous this time around, perhaps as he knew what to expect, or perhaps thanks to all the champagne he had drunk earlier making him feel a little giddy.

He was now dressed in a much more comfortable green asymmetric dress with dark horizontal stripes, the skirt of the gown was awfully short in the front, fully displaying his long slim legs, sheathed in a pair of super soft dark semi-opaque tights, but the back of the dress reached the floor, trailing behind him as he walked.

On his feet, he now wore a shiny pair of designer patent pumps. The flimsy footwear had a tall stiletto heel, that he couldn't have imagined walking in a few months back, but compared to the white death traps he had stumbled about in earlier, these shoes were surprisingly easy to walk in.

He had just sat through the painstaking process of having his hair restyled as he sat bored and hungry with head full of rollers, as the makeup artist masterfully painted his face. She was a perfectionist, making sure every feminine feature was enhanced and every masculine one was hidden.

With his face looking like a covergirl, she started the slow process of removing the large rollers from his hair one by one, as Allen watched long black curls spring from the top of his head, bouncing in front of his face. The woman worked meticulously as she brushed, pinned and sprayed, making sure not a single hair was out of place as Allen started to lose the will to live. Finally done, he was left with a full head of beautiful wavy curls that cascaded over his bare shoulders, reaching the middle of his back, and to Allen horror, the dreaded tiara was back perched atop his head.

Back outside the room, forced to stare at his feminised silhouette reflecting back at him from the polished doors he faced, Allen saw a shapely figure that could only belong to a woman, he couldn't see her face clearly but he knew he looked good after all the careful painting, blending and spraying he had just sat through. He recalled the image of his feminized face in the mirror, after he had thanked the makeup artist for all her work and was sickened that beauty looking back at him in the mirror was actually him.

Suddenly, the speakers burst into life as another love song loudly played, and the doors opened. He took a deep breath, forced a smile on his lips, and started the long walk to the other end of the huge room. He stepped into the room, this time without the support of Sofia, as he was again blinded by camera flashes and counted to three between each step, which actually worked to take his mind off the ridiculous predicament he found himself in. A 26 years old Australian man, called Sofia, wearing a strappy evening gown and sky-high heels, having just got married in Japan to a person who had his old name, walking at a snail's pace through a room of strangers as they cheered and took pictures of him.

When he reached the other side of the room, he found the stage had been taken down and in its place was a table with an elaborate 5-tier wedding cake. He looked around slightly annoyed as he noticed that everyone had already finished eating as his stomach growled.

Sofia was called up to join him as they were invited to cut the cake. But not before giving a few words. Allen looked out into the crowd, seeing his little sister, Miss Hitori, Evelyn and a room full of strangers staring back at him waiting as Yamato scrambled into position in front of him.

Allen kept it brief, "thanks for coming everyone, the day has been just perfect", He said cringing but smiling the whole time as everyone applauded.



Sofia gave her own short thank you message before she was handed a knife. Both taking a hold of the handle they sliced into the cake as again everybody cheered. Someone came over and showed them back to their table, as an army of waiter started cutting and distributing the cake around the room. Allen was the first to be served a piece and too hungry to even think about talking to his sister, who was sat staring at him with an open mouth, he tucked into the tasty sponge cake. Having not eaten all day it was like heaven on earth and having something in his empty stomach instantly made him feel a little better.

After quickly polishing of the slice of cake, the dinner was over. Most of the guests would be going home with about a third moving to a room upstairs to continue the celebrations. This left Allen and Sofia with just one more duty to fulfil as the bride and groom, standing in a set up area at the exit for the guest to come up in small groups and take pictures with them as they departed.

Thoroughly exhausted, they finally made it up to the after party where a DJ had set up and music was playing. They were called up for the first dance, where they awkwardly held each other and swayed as everyone joined in. The drinks flowed and everybody seemed to be having fun.

During the third song, Emily cut in. Sofia stepped away and Emily took her brother's delicate hands, "Wow look at these nails", she said holding Allen's hands up in her own, "I thought mine were long, but these are wild".

Allen smiled, now much more relaxed and actually happy to see his little sister, “yeah, they took some getting used to, but they are not that bad now, as long as I don’t want to do anything, like pick anything up for example”, he joked.

Emily laughed, “I still can’t believe how beautiful you look, is this really all for a TV show or is there something you’ve been hiding from all of us”?

“No, really it’s for the show, it started off as a random encounter in the street and kind of snowballed out of control”. Allen said.

“snowballed, Allen you look like a chick and a sexy one, some of these changes look pretty permanent, I mean those pornstar lips aren’t going away anytime soon”. Emily said.

Allen was surprised by the comment and felt a little self-conscious, he explained how it was forced on him without his consent and told her that was one of the reasons he was so determined to finish the competition and teach the show a lesson. She listened intently before asking, “but how far are you willing to go Al? I mean, I assume those are fake”, she said looking at the small cleavage showing from the top of his dress, “what are they going to ask you to do next”?

“Of course they’re fake, they’re not going to make us do any permanent changes, that would be illegal”. Allen said confident in his answer. She looked at him and smiled, “well I hope you know what you’re doing big brother, otherwise I might end up with the sister I never had”. They danced for a while before taking a seat and catching up about things back home.

By the time most people started leaving, Allen was ready for bed. The show had booked them a room upstairs, it was an amazing suite, the nicest Allen had ever stayed in, but even having to share a bed Allen and Sofia had no intention of consummating the marriage as they fell asleep with their backs facing each other glad the day was finally over.

-----

The next evening, Jin Watanabe, watch the show being filmed from his box high above the studio. Enzo had just informed the contestants they were through to the next round. Two couples had dropped out refusing to get married, leaving only three. They had been told, in the next week they would be tasked with living out a traumatic experience from their partners past as the audience lapped it up.

Jin watched on shocked and angry as Allen just stood there grinning like an idiot, what did he have to do to get to this foreigner? He had set it up to make everything as embarrassing as humiliating as possible, but nothing seemed to faze him. Now with only two weeks of the show left, he worried that he might actually win, which would be a disaster. Not only was no one supposed to win, the president of the company had been very clear about this, but for Allen of all people to take away the large cash prize, the man who had ruined his daughter Riku’s life. No, he was not going to let that happen, he needed to make some calls, it was time to put an end to this charade once and for all.

## Chapter 8 – A traumatic experience

Monday morning saw Allen back at work, as there was no honeymoon or time off even though he'd just been forced to marry someone he had only met a few months ago, But besides this Allen was in a good mood, knowing there was only two weeks left helped him to focus and relax, the end was in sight and win or lose, he was looking forward to getting back some semblance of normally in his life, even if he did have to look a bit feminine for a while.

He arrived at the office just after nine and made himself and Namiko a cup of coffee. He found her by her desk and she also seemed in a good mood. "Ah, thank you Sofia, mines black right? I'm trying to lose a few pounds", Namiko said taking the coffee.

Allen wanting to keep her in a good mood and knew just what to say, "of course boss, but are you sure about losing a few pounds, there will be nothing left of you".

Namiko smiled, "You really think so? She beamed, "I have been exercising four times a week, do you think I look thinner"?

"Definitely, whatever you're doing, keep doing it's, it's working wonders", Allen lied.

"Thanks sweetie, you're looking in great shape yourself, and I love that dress you're wearing today, it's very office chic", Namiko said.

Still not very comfortable with compliments, Allen changed the subject, "so, what the assignment today"?

"Right, time to get down to work", Namiko said, "there's this new shoe company, which is gathering a lot of attention online, we're going to take a look at their line and write a review". Namiko said ducking under her desk, opening and closing a few shoe boxes before finding the one she was looking for, placing it on her desk. "Here", she said, opening the box and taking out an extremely tall platform pump and passing it to Allen. He took the shoe and looked at her quizzically.

"Well how are you going to write a review without trying out the product, these blue pumps match your dress perfectly, wear them for the rest of the day and see how comfortable they are, they should be no problem for you with the way I see you gracefully gliding around the office in you stilettos these days, it's like you were born to wear heels", Namiko added.

A little shocked by the comment and wondering if he really had become so proficient walking in heels, when a few weeks ago he was stomping about like a rhino, Allen blushed. "Yes boss", he said putting the shoe back in the box and picking it up, "but If I break an ankle in these I'm going to sue", he joked before heading back to his desk leaving Namiko giggling.

Mid-afternoon, he received an email from Miss Hitori asking him to come to her office. He slipped his nylon clad feet back into the tall blue shoes, that had been resting under his desk, and trotted off towards her office. It wasn't a long walk, but these shoes were really uncomfortable as he tried to imagine what nice things he could possibly say in his review, they were tall, not quite as tall as the wedding shoes, but still forced his feet into an uncomfortable position, but that wasn't the main issue, his main problem with the shoes was that they were really tight in the front, squishing his toes painfully and crushing his feet.

Before he could even made it to Miss Hitori's office, he bumped into her in the corridor, on her way back from the bathroom. "Hello, Sofia, how are you today, lovely wedding on Friday, it's not often we close down the office early on a weekday, but it was such a beautiful reception, and you looked just fabulous in you gorgeous gown", Miss Hitori said stopping to talk.

Allen smiled awkwardly, "Thank you Miss Hitori, it was a very eventful day, did you want to see me"?



"Ah, yes, it won't take a second and it's a little unusual actually", Miss Hitori said looking surprised, "our CEO, Mr Kawaguchi called moments ago, he wants someone to interview a local wealthy businessman and he asked for you specifically".

"Me", Allen said shocked, "Why me"?

“He didn’t say and I didn’t ask, you don’t get to be in my position by asking questions like that to the CEO of the company, now here’s the address”, She walked over to Allen and placed a folder in his hand, “he’s expecting you in an hour, so go and finish up whatever you were doing and then take a taxi, keep the receipt and the company will pay you back”.

Allen looked down at the address written on the front cover of the folder puzzled, “Who is this man and what do I ask him”?

“Who knows. some rich friend of the CEO’s probably that wants some free publicity, the questions you need to ask are in the folder, oh and I love those shoes, are they new”?

Allen rolled his eyes, “yeah, brand new, thank you Miss Hitori”, he said before walking back towards his desk.

-----

The cab dropped him off at Kabuki-chō, and Allen followed the direction on google maps down a dodgy looking Alley. It was a strange location for a business meeting as he knew Kabuki-chō was the red-light district of Tokyo, full of hostess clubs and love hotels. His initial thought was perhaps this was the weekly challenge Enzo had told them about, but with no Yamato or any one from the studio, Allen was alone. He stopped outside a building and after confirming it was the right address, he typed 309 into the intercom. A deep voice answered, “3<sup>rd</sup> floor”, it said, as the heavy metal security door buzzed open.

He pushed it open and was greeted with dingy looking stairwell with a flickering light. Regretting not insisting he wear his other shoes as he looked down at the blue toe crushers still on his feet. Namiko had insisted he wear them, saying it was the perfect opportunity to see what they felt like outside on the streets. Feeling a little vulnerable and nervous being faced with the unknown, he placed a heel on the first step and started his ascent up the gloomy stairwell.

Out of breath, he arrived on the third floor to find an equally depressing looking corridor. He tottered down the corridor, scanning the door numbers, until he stopped outside room 309 to find the door slightly open.

Something didn’t seem right as he quickly turned to leave before suddenly having a thought. He thought back to what Enzo had said last Saturday, this week the challenge would be a traumatic experience, a random meeting, an old building and an open door, this had to be it.

Now convinced it was a setup and inside he was going to have some sort of jump scare and find the film crew, he nervously pushed opened the door and shouted hello, there was no reply.

in hindsight he should have turned around and run away, but still believing this was part of the show, he stepped into the dimly lit room thinking he was prepared for what he would find.

Allen didn’t hear or see as a man, dressed in black, snuck up behind him, but he did feel a strong-arm wrap around his upper body pinning his arms as another pushed a cloth over his nose and mouth. He flailed wildly, kicking his legs backwards, as the smell of chemicals choked him, but even catching the assailant in the ankle, with a stiletto heel, causing him to cry out in pain, didn’t help him, as his eyes felt heavy and he lost consciousness.

### Chapter 9 – Hell hath no fury like a Watanabe scorned

When Allen regained consciousness, he was lying on his back staring at a white ceiling. He tried to move but had no strength, he was also in a lot of pain as everywhere hurt. He tried to call out, but he couldn't speak. Panicking trying desperately to work out where he was and what was going on, a worried looking woman came in to view, wearing a white uniform, "she's awake", she cried out loudly. He heard heavy footsteps rush into the room. A second voice said "give her 20 milligrams of some word Allen didn't understand in Japanese, before he felt his eyes become heavy as he once again returned to his slumber.

The next time he woke up was different, the pain was gone but he still felt incredibly weak. He tried moving his arm and found it was bound to the bed as was his other arm and both his legs. "Help", he shouted in a croaky odd sounding voice. He heard footsteps approach and into his field of vision came an older man with grey hair and a beard, wearing a casual looking suit with the top button undone. He seemed familiar but Allen couldn't place him.

"Sofia Cannavaro, how nice to see you awake, I've been waiting a long time to meet you again", The man said as he loomed above him smiling and not in a warm caring way, it was creepy and filled Allen with dread.



"Who are you? And where am I"? Allen croaked quietly.

"You don't remember me, my name is Jin Wantanebe, I'm the director of Raifu Suitchi, I was the one who recruited you for the show", Jin said ignoring Allen's second question.

Allen was confused and felt lightheaded, "Raifu Suitchi, is this part of a challenge"?

Jin chuckled, "Well your life from now on may be full of challenges, but to answer your question, no. The show is over, you were disqualified when you didn't show up".

"What! Allen said almost choking". Jin leaned over, picked up a glass of water from a bedside table and pressed a button on a dangling remote attached to the bed, raising Allen in an almost sitting position and put the glass to his lips. Allen sipped the water feeling like someone had filled his mouth with sand. After a few more sips, Jin removed the glass, placing it back on the table.

Allen looked around slowly, as the artificial light hurt his eyes, He still couldn't move much as he became aware of a thick band across his forehead holding his head in position. From what he could see, he was in some sort of hospital room, Mr Watanebe stood to the right of the bed and another man, who was built like a gorilla was stood by the entrance to the room.

"Where were we? Ah yes, the show, you didn't show up and the rules state, if a contestant fails to show up, they and their partner are eliminated. But don't worry, nobody won this year, everyone dropped out as expected, failing to complete the final challenge".

Allen blinked trying to process what this man was saying and trying to piece together what had happened to him, "Was there an accident, am I hurt"?

"No, there was no accident, but you did need some time to recover, but as of today you are 100 percent healed, that's why I made the trip over, to wake you up". Jin said with a wicked smile.

"How long have I been here"? Allen asked panicked.

Well Sofia, "let me ask you this, what is the last date you remember"? Jin asked smiling once more.

Allen thought back, "November 2<sup>nd</sup>", he said in his croaky voice, "and please, Mr Wantanebe, call me Allen".

Jin paused looking down, chuckled and then leaned in close, "Sofia, today is March 15<sup>th</sup>, you've been here for over four months", Jin said ignoring the request to call him by his male name and revelling in the shocked look on Allen's face. "Four months", Allen said exclaimed, trying to get up as he struggling against his restraints.

"Now, now, calm down Sofia, or we'll have to sedate you again, I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself". Allen stopped struggling, out of exhaustion more than anything, being in an induced coma for four months had pretty much wasted away any muscles he had.

He looked up at Jin with pleading eyes, "Please, tell me what is going on here, I don't understand"? Jin's face turned as he looked profoundly serious all of a sudden, "OK, no more game, you want to know what is going on, fine, Saito, pass me my briefcase". The huge man in the doorway walked over, passed Jin his suitcase which he popped open, taking out a photograph and holding it up in front of Allen's face. "Tell me, do you recognise this girl? Do you remember her"?

Allen stared at the picture of a young girl standing in some sort of arch made of branches, bent around to look like a tunnel, she was pretty and looked happy in the picture. She did look vaguely familiar, but he didn't know from where.



"She's pretty", Allen croaked, "but I don't think I know her". Jin snatch the photo away, looking furious, "Yes, she was very pretty, until she met you that is". He shouted. Allen jumped a little and suddenly felt terrified.

Jin stared at Allen, strapped to the bed shaking for a moment before regaining his calm, "That girl is my daughter, her name is Riku and you do know her, you met her in a nightclub, you had your wicked way with her and destroyed her life".

Allen suddenly remembered the girl, she was his stalker, the crazy girl he had slept with after a drunken night out and then wouldn't leave him alone. She looked younger in the picture and more innocent than the girl he had met, caked in makeup and dressed in skin-tight slutty clothes. He thought back to the las time he had seen her, he felt bad about shouting at her to leave him alone, but the girl was like a bad rash and wouldn't leave him alone, showing up at the most inconvenient time and blowing his chances with any other girl he was interested in.

Jin could see by the look in his eyes he remembered her, "good, you do remember her, I see it took you a while to recognise her, well that happens a lot these days as she looks a little different to that picture". Jin reached into his briefcase once more and brought out a second picture, thrusting

it in front of Allen's face. He recoiled in horror but couldn't look away due to the band tightly holding his head in place. This time Riku wasn't smiling, she was horribly disfigured, sitting in a wheelchair with the whole right side of her face smashed in and covered with scars.

"This is the result of your actions", Jin shouted, "look at what you did to my little angel". Allen feeling completely overwhelmed and frightened started to cry. "Tears won't help her now, it won't turn back the clock", Jin said loudly, peering down at the weeping Allen.

"I, I, don't understand, I didn't do that", Allen said distraught.

"Oh, but you did, with your disregard for other people or their feelings, with your carefree, selfish lifestyle, thinking you could come over to my country and do whatever you pleased, treating our women like animals and to hell with the consequences, right. You tricked her in to loving you and then you cruelly broke her heart, her pure innocent heart, you might as well have pushed her off the roof yourself.

Jin held the picture in front of his face, hands shaking with fury, for a few more seconds before he violently slammed in back in the briefcase and took a lap of the room to calm down. The other man in the room walked over, put his hand on Jin's shoulder and whispered something to in his ear, looking like he was trying to console him.

Allen watched on petrified, not knowing what was going to happen next. This was crazy, yes, he had been thoughtless and if he could change what had happened, he would, but blaming him for the someone else's actions, seemed utterly unfair. Was this really be happening? Was this man really holding him responsible? And what would this clearly irrational man do next? All these thoughts and more spiralled through his head as he watched the two men finish their conversation before Jin walked back towards him and the huge brute like man, retook his position by the door.

When he returned, he had calmed down a bit, he returned to his position to the right of Allen, who was still trembling and went back into his briefcase. "Let me show you another picture, Sofia", he said as Allen begged him not to.

Ignoring the request, Jin found the one he was looking for and place in again in front of Allen's face, "How about this one, do you recognise him"?

Allen who had closed his eyes, opened them slowly and became more confused than ever, the picture was of himself with a carefree look on his face, taken on the first occasion he had visited the Raifu Suitchi studio.



He remembered the day well, it was before all the craziness, before his life had been turned upside down. He wished he could travel back and warn his past self, telling him to get out of there, to run and never look back.

Jin smiled seeing the confusion on his face, "Of course you do, that's Allen Dolberg, you used to know well, but as you're about to see, just like my little Riku, the person in this picture no longer exists, Saito can you take off her restraints". Saito nodded, he then bound over and released his head followed by both of his arms.

"Now, don't do anything stupid", Jin said as he reached a final time into his briefcase and brought out a rectangular object with a handle.

Allen held back the urge to try and fight his way out of there, knowing he was outnumbered and lacked the strength.

Jin brought the object closer towards him, he looked at the object in Jin's hands wondering what it was, before in a flash, he spun it around, revealing its reflective surface and the face of a stranger.



He was staring into a mirror, but the person looking back at him wasn't someone else. The image in the mirror was of a Japanese girl, with pale porcelain coloured skin and delicate features. He slowly brought a thin hand up to his face and touched his cheeks as the girl in the mirror, opened mouthed and wide eyed, did the same.

His skin felt so smooth and soft as he traced out the outline of his little button nose, with the tip of his fingernail. He suddenly felt sick and very dizzy as he tried to comprehend how this was possible. He slumped back into his pillow feeling an unfamiliar and very disturbing wobble on his chest. He looked down to see two mounds from beneath the soft robe he was wearing, with his hand shaking he touched his chest and gasped. Jin chuckled, "Yes, you are quite the beauty now, perhaps more so than you deserve to be, but living life being treated as nothing but a sex object from now on, will have to do as retribution for you actions".

Allen moved his other hand up to his chest, still in shock and gave the two soft mounts on his chests a little squeeze before letting out a little moan, surprised by how sensitive they were. He quickly pulled his hands away before and had an awful thought. Allen's hand darted down between his legs and felt a familiar bulge, relieved to find his manhood still intact. Trembling he looked up at Jin Watanebe with his huge doe like eyes, "but how is this possible?" he asked, "what have you done to me"?

"Oh, you want to hear about your surgeries, Saito tell the girl", Jin said stepping aside and allowing the massive Saito to take his place. Saito took a clipboard of the bottom of the bed and began to read in a monotone voice, "hairline lowering, brow bone reduction, brow lift, eyelid surgery, canthoplasty, cheek augmentation, rhinoplasty, earlobe reduction, jaw reduction, chin recontouring, lip lift, facial lipofilling", "Please that's enough", cried Allen, not sure if he could take anymore.

"Continue Saito", Jin commanded and Saito nodded, "Trachea shave, laryngeal chondroplasty". "That's the cause of that raspy voice of yours but don't worry, you'll soon be speaking with a beautifully sweet high pitch tone", Jin said interrupting for a moment before nodding at Saito, indicating to carry on, "breast augmentation, Removal of lower ribs, liposuction, Brazilian butt lift". "OK thank you Saito", Jin said taking the clipboard from his giant companion. "So as you've heard, you've had quite the metamorphosis, an ugly caterpillar transformed into a beautiful butterfly, but we couldn't just leave you as an average girl, you have had some special touches added. You may have noticed your black coloured eyes, they aren't contact lenses, they are artificial lenses implanted to give you the doll like appearance all asian girl crave, it's a dangerous procedure, with a high risk of damaging the eye, but luckily for you, they've healed nicely". Allen listened on stunned to the never-ending torture as each revelation seemed to be worse than the last.

Jin again continued, "You've also got that perfect doll like complexion, you can thank the hours of skin lightening and hair removal lasers for that, you'll never have to shave again", Jin saw Allen's eyes glaze over as he slumped further into his pillow, "What had enough? Or is all this medical jargon too hard to understand, I have a better idea, how about we just show you? Saito help her up and take her over to the mirror", Saito came over once more, he removed the straps around Allen's ankles and lifted him like a ragdoll to the edge of the bed.

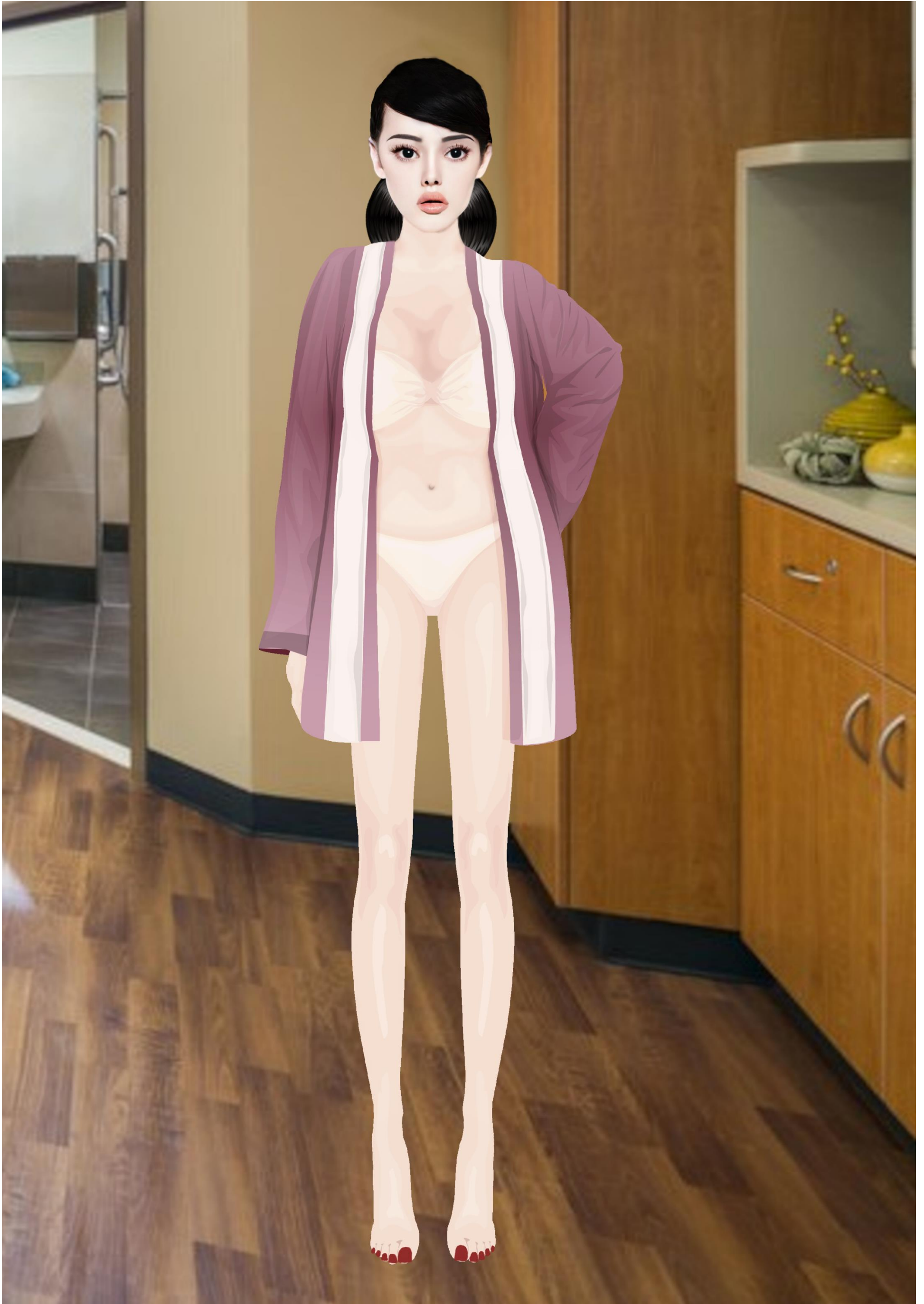
"Now take it slow, you haven't used your muscles in months and with the surgery to tighten your lower leg muscles, you'll won't be able to put your feet flat, after all you girls do love to parade around in those cumbersome high heels, for you that will no longer be a problem". Jin said with a little chuckle. Saito helped him place his feet on the floor and clutching the bed Allen tried with all his might to flatten his feet, but no matter how much pressure he applied, they refused to budge from their locked arched position as he looked down in disgust.

Saito came over as if to lift him up, "I can do it", Allen said pushing him away, not wanting to be touched, but standing up his legs instantly gave out from beneath him as he landed in a heap on the floor. Allen looked up at the gigantic man and felt pathetic as Saito scooped him up as if he weighed nothing, carried him across the room. It was a surreal experience as the image in the mirror, of a huge man holding a tiny asian girl, grew

larger and larger as they approached their destination. When they stopped, maybe from adrenaline, Allen felt a little more energetic, he looked up at Saito, "I think I can stand", he said.

"Are you sure"? Came the reply to which Allen nodded. Saito slowly placed him on to the cold floor, making sure he kept his balance. He was a little wobbly but could stand by himself as Saito stepped aside.

He peered into the mirror in disbelief, the modifications to his body were almost too drastic to believe. Not wanting to but needing to see his body, he opened the light pastel coloured robe tied around his tiny waist and tried to take in the new him.



He gulped, somehow the alterations to his body were more astonishing than the ones to his face. He was somewhat used to seeing a girl's face looking back at him after living as Sofia for so long, but the sight of huge breasts and an hourglass figure instead of his usual scrawny body was utterly terrifying, these were not changed he was easily going to be able to reverse.

As Allen stared on at his feminized form, all his hopes and dreams for the future, and any hope of returning to his former life vanished as new emotion washed over him, anger. He looked over at the smirking face of Jin Watanebe, "You sick son of a bitch, he screamed, "you won't get away with this".

"But I already have", he replied, "In Japan we have something you will not be familiar with, honour, we belief in paying for our crimes, this is also the belief of my good friend Mr Kawaguchi, CEO of Bloom magazine and Mr Aso, one of the most talented cosmetic surgeons in Japan, whose work you are admiring in the mirror, you have brought great shame to our country and now you live with the consequences of your actions.

The room started to spin again, and Allen felt lightheaded as he wobbled trying to remain upright on his tippy toes. He spread his arms wide for balance, looking down at the ground as he noticing his little red painted toenails at the end of his stick thin legs. The last thing he remembered thinking, was how odd it was, that someone must have painted them while he was sleeping, before his legs gave out for a second time and he fell to the ground unconscious.

## Chapter 10 – A new life

Allen spend the next few weeks in his hospital room as Saito, who as it turned out was a physiotherapist and trained nurse, worked with him to regain his strength. He was put through a tiring daily exercise routine to rebuild the muscles, which had wasted away during his months asleep, and vocal lessons, where he relearnt to use his tightened vocal cords. He could now speak without the scratchy feeling in his throat but his voice was now much higher in pitch, and trying to speak in his former voice or anything that resembled the voice of a man was impossible, he now sounded like an excited schoolgirl at all times.

Three weeks later, when Jin Watanebe accompanied by another man, who hung back by the door, came to visit, they were met with a much stronger and alert Allen. Entering the room, Allen sat upright in his bed, there was much more colour in his face, and he looked a lot healthier.

“Sofia, you are looking much healthier, how do you feel”? Jin asked looking into the feminized boy’s eyes.

“How do you think I feel”? spat an angry looking Allen, “you’ve turned me into a woman”.

Jin smiled, “Well that’s not quite true now is it, I’ve never seen a woman with what you’ve got between your legs, but that can be changed if don’t change your attitude£.

“No, no, please, don’t do that, I’m sorry”, Allen replied as his attitude quicky changing from anger to concerned.

“That’s better, you will never show your anger towards me again and when addressing me you will call me Mr Wantanebe. Is that understood”? Jin said forcefully, wanting a reply.

“Yes, Mr Wantanebe”, replied a sullen Allen.

Jin smiled, “Much better and a pretty girl like you should always smile”, he added as Allen eyes narrowed and he faked a little smile, “now that you are fully healed you will be leaving this facility today, you’re going home”.

“Home”? He asked as he felt a wave of excitement wash over him for a moment but somehow knew it was too good to be true.

“Well, your new home that is”, Jin stated, “and your new role in life. You will now live with the consequences of your actions”.

“What are you going to do with me? Where am I going”, Allen asked in a tiny high pitch voice.

“I won’t be doing anything with you, but my good friend Mr Nikushimi here, well that’s another story”, Jin said as Mr Nikushimi slowly walked over and stood on the other side of the bed. He was a tall thin man with his hair in a long ponytail. He was wearing a flashy purple suit and gave off an aura of authority.

“Yes, she will do nicely, Mr Wantanebe, some of my special clients like a girl with something a little extra and this one looks like a little doll, payment has been transferred to your account, I will take it from here”, Mr Nikushimi said.

Now more terrified that ever Allen looked back at Mr Wantanebe with mouth open in shock. Noting that even Mr Watanebe looked nervous in the presence of this mystery man. Jin bowed, “ Of course sir”, He then turned to Allen, “You are the property of Mr Nikushimi now, if you know what is good for you, you’ll do what he asks, Yakuza have a low tolerance for disobedience”, he paused for a moment to see Allen’s terrified reaction, “You’re life from here will most likely be one you never imagined but this is your punishment, remember that as I will every day when I see my formally beautiful sweet confident daughter, goodbye Allen Dolberg, we will not meet again”, Jin said bowing once more to Mr Nikushimi, before exiting the room without looking back.

After watching Jin Wantanebe, leave the room, Mr Nikushimi turned to Allen, “Now what shall I call you, you have a new look, so you need a new name” He paused for a moment to think, “I have it, your new name will reflect you appearance. As you look like a living doll, you will be known as Dori”. He stated in his deep voice. Allen didn’t respond, he just stared at the man, shaking and try to hold back his tears.

“Now, I will uncuff you, an associate of mine will enter the room and help you dress for our trip, I presume there will be no acts of defiance from you”, Mr Nikushimi said, his intense stare seemingly piercing into his soul.

“No”, Allen responded quietly.

His new home was to be a seedy love hotel in the Kabuki-chō area of Tokyo. Having been shown his new room, which was not much better than a prison cell, with a little bed and a tiny bathroom. With the door locked, he had been left for the night hungry to cry himself to sleep.

Awoken the next morning by the door loudly opening, in stepped an over the top made up older Japanese lady, “Get up Dori, we have work to do”, she stated. Allen got up slowly and followed her down a succession of brightly painted pink corridor to a room that looked like a beauty salon. He was given a cereal bar and a glass of water, which he quickly dispatched of into his empty stomach and found himself on a chair facing his feminized reflection.

“My name is Aiya, and my job is to make you look presentable and take care of you”, stated the woman.

“Please, can you help me get out of here, I’m not supposed to be here”, Allen said looking at her with pleading eyes.

Aiya let out a sigh, “No one is meant to be here my girl, but we all have a role to play, now you can cooperate and make this easy or you can be awkward and get us both into trouble, what will it be”?

Allen looked at the tired looking face of the woman behind him, realising she was most likely here against her will just like him, “I’ll co-operate”, he said dropping his head in defeat.

The next few hours were a blur as Aiya, as she had called it “made him presentable”, by the time she had finished he didn’t recognise himself, his hair had been dyed bright red which matched his new set of acrylic nail extensions. Makeup had been heavily applied to his face to give him a very sultry look. The outfit provided was all black and consisted of a short black lacy top, that fully displaced tiny waist and a fair amount of cleavage. On his legs he wore black sheer tights and over them a pair of black satin short shorts, that clung to his enhanced hips and backside and were held up by the laces in the front. To finish off the outfit he had been given a pair of extremely high heeled boots, they were stretchy and had no zip, once on they tightly gripped his legs ending just above his knee with an open toe displaying his rather long red painted toenails.

With no time dwell on what she had done to him, he was marched, on his stiletto heels, which now felt strangely comfortable, thanks to the surgery to shorten calf ligaments, into what looked like a hotel room. He scanned the room and noticing a double bed covered with rose petals, a sofa in the shape of a heart and a table with a bottle of champagne and two glasses, before Spinning back around to look at Aiya in the doorway.



“I don’t understand”, he muttered.

Aiya looked back, with a certain sadness in her eyes, “you will Dori, soon a man will walk through this door, you need to do everything possible to please him”.

“What”, cried Allen, “you mean? No, I can’t, I...”

“You must Dori”, Aiya interrupted, “You will, or they will have no further need for you, if you want to live you will do what they want”.

“But I... I shouldn’t be here”, Allen said almost tearing up.

Aiya tottered over on her heels, “Now don’t you cry. We have no time to fix your makeup, be strong, just smile, don’t think about it and do what the client wants”.

“What will he want”? Allen asked with trepidation.

“Who knows, every client is different, some want full sexual intercourse, some a blow job, some might ask you to dance for them. If you’re lucky you might get one of the ones that just want to cuddle and chat, but they are quite rare”. Looking at her stunned with his mouth open, Allen didn’t know what to say as his mind tried to process the fact, he was now a Japanese prostitute.

Aiya smiled at him, “now when the client arrives, stand where you are now, bow and welcome him by saying, good evening sir, it’s an honour to meet you, how can I please you this evening”. She said before giving him a hug.

Allen held her tightly, it was nice to feel some kind of affection. She leaned up and gave him a little kiss on the forehead, “you can do this Dori, there is always a first time for everyone and everyone is scared, but it will pass and the world will keep spinning. Now before I go this is very important, do not talk back to the clients, only speak when you are spoken to, I will come and help you get ready for bed when your shift is over. Is there anything you want to ask me before I go”? Allen looked down at his slutty outfit and feminized body before looking back up at Aiya, “can I go home”? He asked quietly.

Aiya took a deep breath, “Now none of that talk, there is alcohol in the cupboard there”, she said pointing”, drink some for you nerves, I will see you later, be brave Dori”, She gave Allen’s hand a little squeeze and left through the door behind her.

After locating the drinks and taking a few swigs, Allen paced the room. It didn’t take long before where he was and what he was being asked to do dawned on him, in a panic he looked for some way to escape. He tried the handle to the door but found it locked, before seeing a window on the far wall. He quickly trotted over but pulling back the curtains he was only met with disappointment. He was on what looked like the fourth or fifth floor above a dark Alleyway and even if he could survive the jump, he’d need to first get through the thick iron bars that covered the window. Closing the curtains, he made his way back to the bed, where he sat on the edge with his head in his hands wanting to be anywhere else, but he didn’t have long to sit and think as he heard a click before the door slowly opened.

He jumped to his feet in fear, his heart pounding as a middled aged, slightly overweight Japanese man in a suit entered. He closed the door and walked over stopping two feet in front of Allen. “Hello Miss”, He said, “I am Raizo, please to make your acquaintance”. Allen looked down unintentionally looking shy and innocent, trying to avoid his gaze, as the man looked him up and down like a piece of meat.

The man just stared at him expecting him to say something as Allen stood there shaking and feeling very vulnerable. Raizo took the lead. "Is that champagne, I see, come let me pour us a glass". He walked over, took Allen's limp hand and led him towards the heart-shaped sofa.

Stopping in front of the sofa, he took Allen's other hand and gently guided him down into a sitting position. He then pulled over the small table, sat down and took the bottle of champagne. After a few seconds of fiddling, he popped the cork, sending it flying across the room and filled up two glasses. He handed one to Allen, who took it in his quivering hand. "Don't be nervous", Raizo said, "I am not a monster", he then took his own glass from the table, clinked it against Allen's and took a mouthful before placing it back down.

Raizo gazed at Allen, through his thick glasses, who sat there like a statue, knees tightly pressed together, clutching his champagne flute tightly. Raizo reached over and took the glass from him, placed it on the table next to his own. He then shuffled up closer to Allen and placed his hand on Allen's upper thigh. Allen sat there motionless too frightened to move as he felt the man's fingers rub up and down the inside of his nylon encased thigh. "you are very pretty", the man said, "let me help you take this top off", he said as his other hand reached around Allen's back and started to lift his short top. Allen jumped, batted away the stranger's hands and moved down as far as he could on the sofa, "No, please stop", he said, "I am a man". Raizo looked surprised at the sunned outburst, "I know", he replied "I paid extra for you".

"Please, help me, I've been kidnapped, I'm not even Japanese, I'm Australian, I was taken and transformed into a woman against my will, help me get out of here, please Raizo", Allen said moving over and grabbing the man by his collar, "you can be a hero or you can be part of a crime and go to jail".

Raizo pushed Allen with enough force to send him tumbling to the floor, knocking over the small table and spilling champagne everywhere. "This is not what I paid for", He said angrily standing up, "I don't expect this kind of behaviour here". He then stormed out of the room, slamming the door.

Allen mentally and physically exhausted curled up into a ball on the floor and burst out crying. He remained like that for the next ten minutes before the door flew open, making a loud crashing sound, as it bounced off the wall. Allen looked up to see Mr Nikushimi marching towards him, with a look of fury on his face.

Allen let out a scream as he was hauled off the ground by his hair, "how dare you embarrass me and this establishment like that", he screamed as he slapped Allen hard across the face and dropped him back to the ground sobbing. "You belong to me now and this is your life, you do what the client wants, and you smile, nothing else. If you ever speak to a client like that again I'll take you back to visit the doctor and he can remove your vocal cords, now look at me".

Terrified, Allen got to his knees and looked up at Mr Nikushimi, two streams of mascara running down his cheeks and a big red slap mark on his left cheek. "I'm sorry", he mumbled.

"Now my little, Dori, I'm a reasonable man, everyone makes mistakes and I'm always willing to give people a second chance", he said unbuckling his belt, "let's see how sorry you are", he said before unzipping his suit pants and pulling out his erect penis.

Allen felt repulsed, eye to eye with another man's penis, he tried to turn his head, but Mr Nikushimi stopped him by again taking a hold of his long red hair. "Put it in your mouth Dori, this is your second chance, there won't be a third".

Allen felt his head pushed forward as the hard rod pushed against his shiny red lips. Mr Nikushimi pulled hard on his hair, making him shout out in pain, using the opportunity to slide his member into Allen's open mouth. With tears streaming down his face, Allen did what he needed to do as he moved his painted lips back and forth, imagining he was somewhere else. After what where the worst couple of minutes of his life as his captor thrust himself in and out of his mouth causing him to gag, before warm liquid erupted, hitting the back of his throat.

Mr Nikushimi released his hair and he fell back onto the cold hard floor, he coughed and spat out the salty liquid as Mr Nikushimi zipped himself back up and fastened his belt, "Now you know your place, do not embarrass me again or believe me what happened to you before will seem like a walk in the park, compared to what I'll do to you", he said looking down. He then left Allen in a heap on the floor and left the room.

It was a few hours later when Aiya, entered the room, Allen had crawled to the bed and was lying there curled up in a ball a top the rose petals. He looked up to see Aiya above him and was shocked. Her face looked awful, she had a black eye and a huge swollen lip. She climbed onto the bed and held Allen tightly. "I'm sorry, I couldn't do it", Allen said sobbing.

"I know Dori, but you must", she became very serious, pulling back and looking him directly in the eyes, "you must, or we will both be killed, do you understand me, this is the Yakuza, you don't disobey the Yakuza". Allen nodded before Dori again held him tightly, rocking him gently in her arms.

-----  
After a day of rest and more training from Aiya, Allen again sat in the salon room as Aiya prepared him for the evening ahead. She had given him some pill, which she said would help him relax and although he still felt apprehensive, he was also surprisingly calm as she did his hair and makeup before helping him dress. The world seemed to be moving in slow motion around him, he moved his long, newly painted pink fingernails in front of his face, leaving blurry trails of colour in the air behind them.

Stood in front of the mirror, looking at himself with a dead expression on his face, he marvelled at the sexy girl looking back at him in her revealing tarty outfit. A tiny white crop top barely covering her ample bosom, a skin-tight pink pvc mini skirt, clinging to her round bottom and wide hips. Her shoes were ridiculous, Allen had never seen anything quite like them, they were extremely high heelless wedge sandals, he brushed a strand of long red hair out of his face as the girl in the mirror, with the long pink finger nails copied, confirming the image was his.

He looked into his heavily made up eyes with his long fluttery lashes, he was no longer Allen Dolberg, he was now Dori, if he was going to get through the evening, he had to put all thoughts of his old life to the back of his mind, it was life or death and he had to do what he needed to survive.

He was again taken to a hotel room, this time decorated pink, there was a large canopy bed with white drapes and heart shaped pillows. Aiya gave him some final words of encouragement and left him to wait. He poured himself a drink of neat vodka and down it in one, and as the warm burning feeling in his throat and chest subsided, he heard a click from the door, it was game time.

He moved over to the position ready to meet the client, he couldn't disobey again, he had to do this for himself and for Aiya. The door closed and a man entered the room. He took a deep breath and bowed his head, "Good evening sir, my name is Dori, it's an honour to meet you, how can I please you this evening"? He said with a forced smile on his glossy pink lips and he died a little inside.



## Chapter 11 – Yagami

2 month later

Unsure of how long he had been held captive, the days all blended into one another as Allen, with the help of copious amounts of alcohol and Aiya's tranquilizer pills, got through what was now the living hell that was his life. Night after night clients would appear in his door and night after night, he would do whatever it took to please them. He had given up of ever getting back to his old life as he reluctantly accepted his new role in life as a Japanese shemale call girl.

Sat on the edge of a heart shaped bed in a tacky hotel suite, he was waiting for his next client to appear, they had already sent him two that evening but he knew many more would follow in the coming hours. He looked down, getting an eye full of cleavage highlighted by the push up bra strapped around his chest. Below, a pair of sexy legs encased in patterned black tights, poked out from beneath his indecently short frilly red dress, they looked incredible skinny and definitely shouldn't belong to a man. On his feet were ankle breakingly tall red platform boots, they were almost impossible to walk in even after his surgery, but with a regular client, with a shoe fetish, supposedly coming to visit later that evening, he had been force to wear them, making it incredibly difficult to move about but it's not like he would be doing much walking anyway that evening.

There was nothing to do but wait, the agonizing wait before some stranger arrived and asked him to degrade himself. He had just checked his makeup in the bathroom, which was now second nature, replying his lipstick and spraying himself with perfume between clients. Looking presentable again he played with his highlighted blond hair, which he was still getting used seeing.

He heard the familiar sound of the door unlocking, sending a shiver down his spine, stood up and hobbled over to his position, ready to greet the next client. In walked a man in jeans and a leather jacket, he took to step forward and stared into Allen's eyes.

Allen gave his usual introduction, "good evening sir, my name is Dori, it's an honour to meet you, how can I please you this evening"? He said as he bowed his head.

The man in the leather jacket, didn't respond, he just stared at him, he tilted his head to one side and opened his mouth as if to say something, but no words came out. Allen was used to the odd shy client and had been told what to do in this situation, "Would you like something to drink sir, I can pour us some champagne if you'd like"? He asked in his angelic voice.

"No", replied the man, "I want to ask you a question and it may sound strange"? Allen looked at him confused but nodded his head encouraging the man to ask.

"Is your name Allen, Allen Dolberg"? the man asked. The question was a bolt out of the blue as a shocked Allen nervously responded, "yes".

The man looked relieved, "My name is Yagami", he replied, "and I am a private detective, I was hired by some friends of yours to find you".

Allen's eyes lit up and the first real genuine smile for months crossed his lips, "my friends"?

"Yes, Emily, Sofia and Evelyn, they have been worried about you, are you ready to get out of here"?

Allen tottered over quickly almost running, wrapped his arms around Yagami and hugged him tight, "Yes, thank you, thank you, please get me out of here, I can't take anymore".

A bit taken aback by the sudden display of emotion, Yagami stood there accepting the embrace. When Allen finally let go, Yagami placed his fingers between Allen's long red acrylic nails and gripped his hand tightly, "OK, stay close to me". He said leading him towards the door, Yagami opened it and they stepped out into the bright pink corridor. "OK, this way", Yagami said pointing down the corridor.

Hand in hand they made their way down the corridor, hearing the strange loud noises emanating from behind the multiple closed doors they passed as Allen tried to keep up with Yagami's large stride, which was not easy wearing monster heels and taking tiny mincing steps.

They made it about halfway down the corridor before Allen's heart sank as a man appeared from around the corner, "hey you shouldn't be out here", he screamed, "hey I need some help here someone's trying to take on of the girls".

Yagami stopped and looked Allen in the eyes, "stay behind me", he said as he let go of his hand. The Yakuza thug ran towards them screaming but Yagami, not looking fazed in the slightest stood his ground looking cool, calm and collected. The footsteps got louder as Allen began to panic, but as the Yakuza thug reached their position, Yagami sprang into action. Like a coiled spring, Yagami launched himself into the air, jumping higher than Allen had ever seen a human being jump before, swung his right leg and connected with the side of the man's head with tremendous force, sending him crashing through a wooden door.

Stunned at what he had just witnessed, Allen stood there in shock peered into the room with the smashed door. Inside lay the unconscious body of the man and behind them, a naked man stood equally as shocked, having jumped up at sudden intrusion, behind him on the bed sat a topless woman screaming.

"Come on", Yagami said as he took Allen's hand once more, almost dragging him down the corridor as they headed for the reception area, where the elevator located there was the only way in or out of the building. As Allen began to dream of freedom but as they turned the final corner, he saw Mr Nikushimi, stood blocking the path to the elevator surrounded by two men armed with blades.

But to Allen's surprise, Yagami again didn't seem to look worried, he let go of his hand and took a few steps forward, stopping staring in to the eyes of Mr Nikushimi, "We are leaving, if you don't want to get hurt you move out of our way".

Mr Nikushimi laughed, as the other two men looked at each other in disbelief, "Us get hurt, do you know who owns this place"?

"Let me guess, some low ranked Yakuza scumbags, the kind of arseholes that kidnap people and force them into prostitution for their own personal gain", Yagami said in a serious tone. Mr Nikushimi looked furious, "You'll pay for you arrogance, kill him", he yelled. The two men either side of Mr Nikushimi's charged forward, small katana blades in hand.

The first man arriving at Yagami's position took a swipe at his head but with lightning quick reflexes, Yagami ducked to avoid a swinging blade, he grabbed the back of the man's arm, leaned across him and delivered a devastating blow with his elbow to the man's face, blood exploded from his nose and he dropped to the floor convulsing. Without wasting a second, Yagami, stepped over the man and struck the second man's knee with a well place kick, an awful crunching sound was heard as the man's leg crumpled beneath him. But before he hit the ground, he was struck again with a left hook, this time straight to the face, leaving the assailant in a mess on the floor next to his friend.

Yagami stepped forward over the bodies, taking a few steps forward to where Mr Nikushimi was standing, “Last chance dickhead, are you going to move or are you going to force me to go through you”? Yagami retorted.

Mr Nikushimi screamed and lunged forward, Allen watched mouth ajar as Yagami ducked and dodged the aimed blows, before jumping forward with ferocious force, connecting with his knee directly to the face of Mr Nikushimi as the loud crunching sound of bone breaking echoed down the corridor. Allen watched in slow motion, with a massive grin on his face, as his tormentor slowly tumbled through the air, landing on and obliterating a glass coffee table.

Yagami turned, “Allen, let’s go”, he said calmly bringing him out of his trance. Allen over the unconscious bodies of the two goons in front of him, careful where he placed the heels of his towering boots and struggling to keep his balance. He waddled over to Yagami, where he hugged him again, “That ... that was amazing, I’ve never seen anything like it”, he said.

“All part of the service now let get back to the office and we’ll call your friends”. Yagami said uncomfortably as Allen squeezed him tightly.

“Yes, thank, thank you”, Allen said releasing his vice like grip on Yagami and watched him reach over and press the button to call the elevator.

They stood silently for a moment, as Yagami looked at Allen’s skimpy outfit, he saw a row of coats hanging to his left and took a leather jacket off one of the hooks, “here put this on”, he said. Allen thanked him and slipped it on, thankful to cover up a little, even if he did look like a little girl wearing her father jacket with his now miniscule frame.

Stepping out into a busy Tokyo Alley, Allen took a breath of the smoggy city air, no air had ever smelled better, it was the smell of car exhaust fumes and barbecued food but more than this it was the smell of freedom. Being outside for the first time in months Allen felt on top of the world, and not even the stares of the local people passing by couldn’t damp his mood.

As Yagami led him towards a parked car, Allen minced along on his impractically tall boots and felt nervous. He couldn’t wait to see Emily, Evelyn and Sofia again but how would they react to his new look? And what did the future hold for him now? He didn’t have the answers to these questions but whatever was going to happen he knew his future looked a hell of a lot brighter than it did an hour ago.



2 Years later

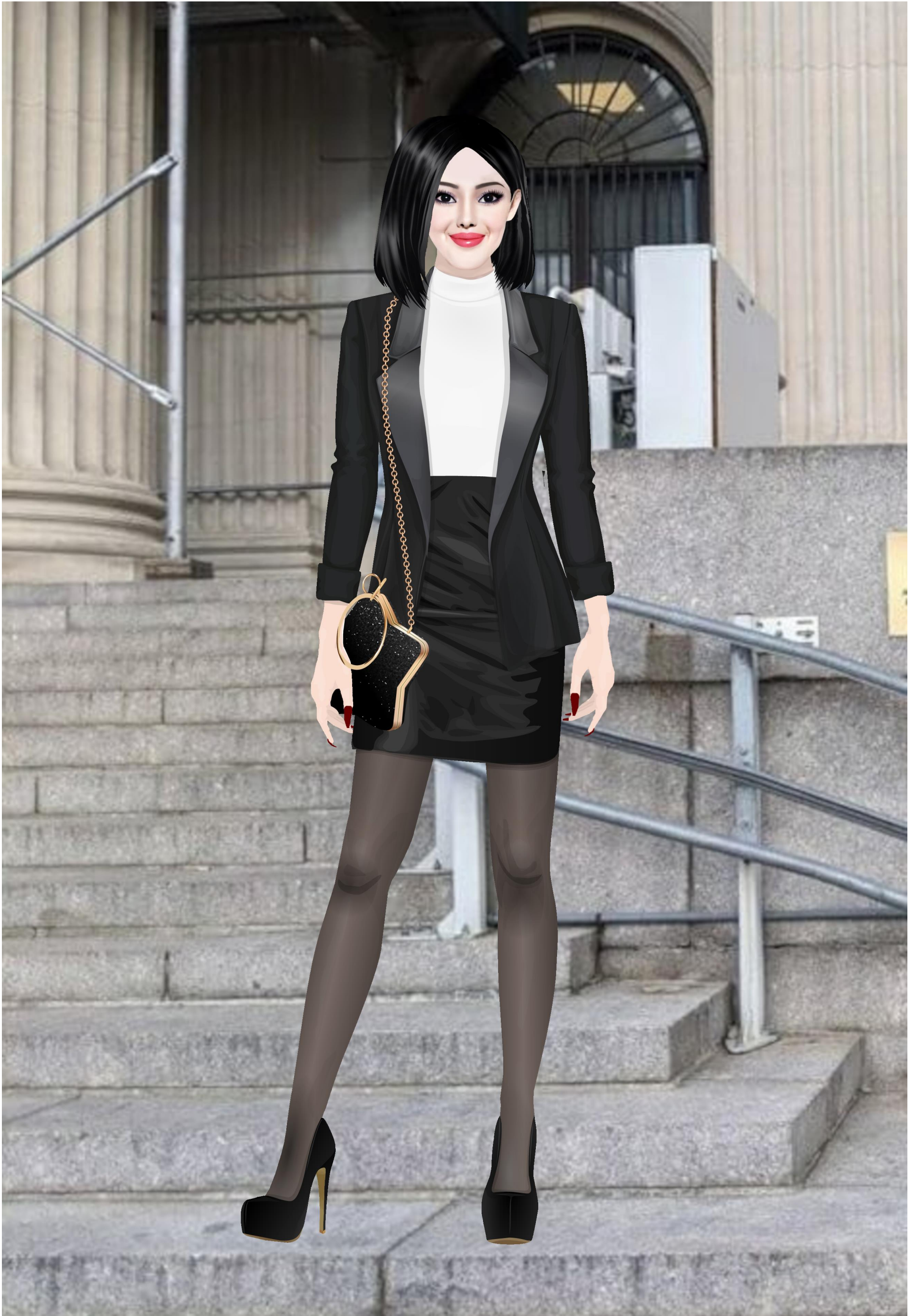
The court case had dragged on and on, but finally Allen had just witnessed, Mr Wantanebe sentenced to 18 years in prison, for kidnapping and a slew of other charges. Watching him being taken away in cuffs by two policemen, head bowed in shame felt relieved as justice had been served. As he left the courtroom, he felt a weight lifted of his shoulders, he could now finally get on with his life.

Before stepping outside, he checked his appearance, in the large mirror situated in the reception area. His makeup was fine, his hair looked good and he looked smart in his skirt suit. After escaping from the brothel, he had for a time, tried to live as a male again but with his girly high pitch voice, surgically enhanced body and feet that could only walk in high heels, he had looked comical trying to act like a man. His lawyer had also told him it would be best to turn up to court as he was to show the jury exactly what had been done to him.

But it wasn’t all bad these days, Allen was used to the skirts and the heels, the salon appointments and the stares from men in the street and thought nothing of it. He was dating Evelyn, who seemed to like his feminised appearance, and after moving in together a few months back, things were looking positive for the future. He straightened his skirt, took a deep breath and walked outside into the bright sunshine. He carefully navigated the stone steps outside the courthouse, stopping near the bottom as he was blinded by camera flashes and deafened by journalists and news reporters shouting his name. The court case had been a huge story both in Japan and internationally as the world’s biggest news outlets had sent someone to report on it.

Someone in the front row shouted a question, “Allen, how do you feel now the case is finally over? And what will you do next”?

Allen smiled, “I feel great, I was forced to endure many hardships that I hope nobody out there ever has to go through, but I’m still here and I am thankful that the men responsible will now be punished for what they did to me”, he said as the flash of cameras went off all around him, “and as for what I’m doing next, first I’m going to take a vacation, perhaps visit my family, but first before all that it’s time for lunch, I’m starving, I’ve heard there is a famous ramen place around here”, he said smiling before he turned and walking away, his heels clicking loudly on the stone pavement.



**THE END**