

RAIFU SUITCHI BY DS1000



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Japan, the land of the rising sun, known for its' traditional arts, high tech electronics industry and of course wacky gameshows, is where Allen Dolberg, a young womaniser, looking for excitement has decided to live. Originally from Sydney, Australia, the lifestyle in Japan allows him to do whatever he pleases, whenever he wants. But when he gets the chance to enter a TV gameshow called Raifu Suitchi, his life will undergo some drastic changes. Will he survive the demanding and unusual challenges?

Chapter 1 Opportunity arises

The streets were uncharacteristically quiet for an early Saturday evening as Allen Dolberg and his date for the evening, Sofia, walked through central Tokyo, where he had lived for the last 2 years. Being a computer programmer meant he could work anywhere as long as he had his computer and internet access.

Allen grew up in Sydney, Australia, with a Swedish father and a Korean mother, but he never felt at home there, so after graduating from university, he set out to see the world. Now 26, he had been to and worked in over 20 countries before settling in Japan, there was just something the country that made it special in his eyes, it felt like a fantasy land, where he could find whatever he wanted.

Allen had met Sofia in a nightclub and after giving her his best chat up lines, they had gone home together that night. Sofia, 22, half Italian and half Japanese, had grown up in Florence Italy. But moved to Japan with her mother after her parents divorced 6 years ago. She worked as a receptionist for a magazine but her real passion was writing her online blog, where she provided her readers with daily updates on all the latest beauty trends. Not that Allen knew any of this, as this was only the second time they had met, and they hadn't done much talking a few weeks ago in the nightclub.

Allen hadn't planned to call Sofia again after that night but a few days ago he had received an email saying he had won a romantic dinner for two, in one of Tokyo's best restaurants. He didn't remember entering any competitions but after phoning the restaurant to confirm it was real, he wasn't about to turn down an offer like that. Sofia was not too happy to hear from him when he had phoned, after not hearing from him in weeks after their one-night stand, but when he mentioned the famous restaurant's name and a free meal, she agreed to join him.

So here they were on their second date but in Allen's mind it would also be their last. He did find her attractive and liked the way she looked after herself, nice hair, long nails and, and a sexy outfit. The problem was she was just so boring. She was incredibly quiet and reserved and even when she did speak, it was clear that they had nothing in common.



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As they walked towards the restaurant with Allen searching for something to say, a middle-aged businessman approached followed by a cameraman. He introduced himself as Jin and said he was from a TV gameshow Allen and Sofia had never heard of, but that wasn't surprising as neither of them watched much Japanese TV.

Jin was soon talking to Sofia, as Allen tried to keep up with the conversation, his Japanese was good but Jin was speaking very quickly. After a minute, Sofia turned to him, saw the confused on his face and explained what Jin had said. The gameshow in question was due to start filming in a few hours but some contestants had dropped out at the last minute. He wanted Allen and Sofia to replace them.

"This feels a bit odd Sofia, why us? What's this the show even about? Asked Allen.

"I'm not sure? Sofia replied, "but he said it's a show for couples to test their commitment to one other by completing challenges".

"Well he should probably look for someone else, we're not even a couple, and what about dinner"? Allen said.

"I know, I know but listen to this, the prize money for winning the show is 100 million yen and he's going to pay us 200,000 yen each, just to take part today." Sofia said nodding at him with a huge smile.

Allen did some quick maths in his head and realised winning was about one million US dollars and this man was going to give them almost \$2000 to take part today, "Right O, dinner's cancelled, tell him we're in"

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An hour later

Inside a television studio, around the corner from where they had encountered Jin, Allen stood in a room with 14 other men, all contestants on this year's show. They looked around his age, mid to late 20's and were mostly Japanese, although Allen did spot a few foreigner men amongst the group.

After arriving at the studio, Allen and Sofia were given some light refreshments before being separated. Allen was taken to the room he now stood in and asked to fill out a form. Containing a series of questions. It started out normal enough, name, Address, DOB, things like that. But then questions started becoming more obscure, who was his favourite K-pop group? Or if he could be an animal for a day, which one would he chose and why? There were also lots of questions like, what he had worn on his first date with Sofia? It was all very strange, but he completed it, and signed and dated the last page before handing it to an extremely attractive Japanese girl.

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3,2,1 "Welcome back, I'm joined now by our next pair of contestants Allen and Sofia. A new couple who have only been dating for 3 weeks", the audience oohed, "Let's get to know them, Allen tell us a little about yourself and something interesting", Enzo the charismatic TV host said looking in to the camera.

"Hi, I'm Allen Dolberg, I'm 26 and from Sydney Australia, Interesting fact, let me think. Oh, I've travelled to 20 countries in the last 5 yea.."

"OK great, thanks Allen, Enzo said cutting Allen's answer short. How about you Sofia"?

"Hello all, I'm Sofia Cannavaro, I grew up in Italy but I'm half Japanese", the audience cheered, " my interesting fact would be my hair, I haven't cut it in over 6 years", Sofia said as she took her hands and pulled her long hair over her shoulders for the audience to see.

"Wow, what beautiful hair, hey, ladies and gentlemen", the audience cheered. "Well let's get on with round one".

The questions Allen had been asked to answer earlier suddenly made sense. With cameras pointed at him, bright lights shining in his face and an audience of a of 100 people screaming loudly, he was being asked to answer questions, about Sofia.

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Enzo repeated the question a bit slower “Who was Sofia’s best friend as a child”? Allen had understood the question despite it being in Japanese, the problem was he just had no idea what the answer was. He had barely had a conversation with Sofia, hell, he didn’t even know her last name until she had said it moments ago.

“Julia” Allen guessed. A buzzer sounded and Enzo told him he was incorrect.

At the end of the round, Allen and Sofia had only one point, and that was thanks to Sofia somehow guessing his favourite sport was Cricket. Allen knew, in that moment, they had no chance of winning the million, with the team currently in first place having 13 points.

Enzo then announced there would be a second and final round, where everything could change. 1st place would get 15 points, 2nd place would receive 14 points and so on. They still had a chance, Allen though, they just had to score highly in this round. But, when Enzo explained what they would have to do, he thought he’d miss heard him. He turned to Sofia, who also looked a little shocked and she confirmed what Allen thought he had heard.

Trying to get his head around the ludicrous sounding challenge Allen scanned Sofia’s outfit, starting with her long suede boots with a 4-inch blocky heel stretching up her shapely legs and ending about mid-thigh. Above the boots only a small portion of legs could be seen encased in a pair of off black tights. Around her waist was a short predominantly yellow patterned mini skirt, that Allen had thought looked really sexy on her, when he had met her earlier. Continuing to scan up, his eyes were drawn to the sexy black leather jacket she wore, that hugged her frame and accentuated her nice figure.

Allen shook his head in disbelief, were they really expecting him to wear it?



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Returning from the 30-minute break, Allen spotted a series of little changing rooms that had been set up on in the centre of the studio floor. They looked flimsy and cheap, with a thin wooden frame and a white scratched up door. Under the door was a small gap, allowing the audience to get a glimpse at what was happening inside.

The challenge was to switch clothes with their partner as quickly as possible before crossing the studio floor and pressing a big red button to finish, points would be deducted for missing items of clothing.

With each couple stood in front of their little changing room, Allen was having second thoughts. Was it really worth humiliating himself on national television with the chances of actually winning the money slim at best?

Sofia turned to him, shaking with adrenaline. "We are going to win this, don't let me down, OK"? Allen had never seen this side of her, she was really pumped up and had a crazy look in her eyes.

There was a countdown, signalling filming was about to start, 3, 2, 1. "Welcome back, so, our couples are ready, who will be the fastest? Who will look the prettiest? Let's find out as it's time for outfit SU-IT-CHI", Enzo said as the crowd chanted along to the word SU-IT-CHI really emphasising the syllables, "ready everyone? Go". A loud horn sounded in the studio, signalling the start of the contest.

Sofia darted into the changing room dragging Allen with her and slammed the wooden door shut. She wasted no time in starting to undress. Allen slowly took off his coat before kneeling to undoing the laces of his converse trainers. Just as he finished taking off his second shoe, he looked up to see Sofia in just her underwear looking angry at his slow progress.

"Hurry up", she roared, as she pushed him over on to his backside. She took hold of a sock in each hand and whipped them off his feet before placing them on her own. She then ordered Allen to unbutton the top of his skinny jeans, and no sooner had he got the button open, Sofia gripped the bottom of each leg and peeled them down and off. After another barked order, Allen proceeded to take off his jumper followed by his T-shirt, leaving him sat in his underwear on the cold studio floor as a buzzer sounded in the studio, indicating the first couple had already finished. Sofia now wearing Allen's jeans, and with his unlaced Converse trainers on her feet, looked down towards him. She had rolled her tights into a donut shape and motioned for him to slip his foot into the hole. Allen pointed his toes and placed his foot into the hole, and in an instant the soft black stretchy material was stretched up his leg stopping just above the knee, Sofia rolled up the other leg and Allen once again slipped his foot inside. Sofia ordered him to stand up, the audience outside where laughing and cheering, they couldn't see much but the small gap under the door gave them a glimpse of the couples scrambling about.

As Allen wriggled trying to pull, the alien feeling tights, up over his upper legs and position them around his waist, Sofia had slipped into his T-shirt and jumper and laced up his trainers. She turned to once again help Allen, pulling her top over his head and tightening the large belt buckle around his midsection, before holding out the skirt, motioning for him to step in. With a million dollars up for grabs, Allen lifted one of his shiny black legs and placed it through the opening, his right hand on Sofia's shoulder for balance, before repeated this with the other leg. With his legs pushed tightly together, Sofia quickly pulled the thick loop of material up over his legs to rest snugly around his waist, brushing his thighs and causing him to shudder from the unusual sensation. Wasting no time, she then spun him around and zipped him in, causing a lot of pressure around his waist, as the skirt was probably a size too small for him even with his slim frame.

Now making some progress, Sofia grabbed one of her thigh high boots as Allen gulped, but he had no time to think as another buzzer sounded, indicating a second couple had finished as Sofia told him to lift his foot. With a hand on her shoulder, once more for balance, he placed his foot in the opening of the long suede snake about to envelop his left leg. Allen prayed that the boot would be too small for him but with the shiny tights he was now wearing, and Sofia pulling with surprising amount of strength, the boot flew up his legs, stopping around mid-thigh, where the elastic top compressed his thigh, held the boot in place.

They had just finished dressing, when the buzzer in the studio rang out for a third time as the two of them stood looking at each other, both feeling very strange seeing the other in their outfit. Allen was feeling especially strange and insecure. His whole body felt constricted from the tight outfit as he was forced to stand on his toes.

"Let's go" yelled Sofia, unlocking and swinging open the door. Seeing Allen's reluctance, she gave him a push in the back, sending him wobbling out of the little changing room. He stumbled about 4 steps before regaining his balance, only to be faced with a room full of people laughing and screaming.



Three teams had already finished at this point and four more emerged at the same time as Allen and Sofia. Sofia screamed at him and told him to run. “Run”? He thought. How am I supposed to do that exactly? As he struggled to keep his balance in the unfamiliar footwear.

With the audience screaming all four teams made a dash for the buzzer, Allen moved along as quickly as he could, wobbling and stumbling with every step. Until disaster, he slipped on the slick studio floor, lost his footing and hit the ground hard with a thud, his skirt lifting revealing his boxer shorts beneath his tights. The crowd gave out a massive roar as Allen lay on the ground red faced and humiliated. He prayed for the ground to open and swallow him as he pulled at the little skirt back in its position around mid-thigh.

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Looking up Allen saw Sofia standing over him. She didn't ask if he was OK, she just bent down, put one arm around his back as the other gripped the back of his nylon covered thighs before lifting him off the ground in a surprising display of strength. With Allen in her arms like a damsel in distress, she ran across the stage, even passing another team that was also struggling with their changed footwear. At the other side of the studio an incredibly embarrassed Allen reached out and hit the button as the crowd gave them a huge cheer. They had come in 6th but with some of the other teams not fully dressed, points would surely be deducted.

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With all the couples finished 30 nervous and self-conscious cross-dressed couples stood in a line waiting for Enzo to reveal the final points total. After a short recap and some long pauses to increase the tension, the big screen changed to show Allen and Sofia's their 10th place finish. "Crikey, what a day", thought Allen, as he looked down at his tight outfit and then at the cheering crowd, "I hope to god, no one I know sees this".

"Congratulations to our top 10 and this year's contestants", Enzo announced as the crowd clapped. Allen and Sofia looked at each other confused. As Enzo continued to speak, they were shocked to discover this was not a one-off show but a weekly series.

"Please give our top ten a round of applause, ladies and gentlemen, I think this year's show is going to be the best yet". The crowd clapped loudly. "From now on, each week our contestants will be set a challenge, they will have a week to practice and prepare before returning to the studio to complete it. You the audience will score their performance, so contestants work hard as the lowest score will be eliminated. And of course, at some point in the week, there will be a surprise as something gets...." The whole crowd chanted "SU-IT-CHI".

For our first challenge our contestants will impersonate their favourite singer and perform a song here in the studio. The screen suddenly changed showing the contestants names listed down the left-hand side. Each person had a picture of a singer to the right of their name as Allen noticed a picture of Freddy Mercury next to his. He didn't know who to choose when asked who his favourite male singer was, earlier on the form. Freddy Mercury came to mind as he had just heard a Queen song on the radio, before leaving the house.

With all the contestants having internalised what was expected of them, Enzo started to speak again. "So, our contestants have a busy week of practice ahead of them, we have arranged a mentor who will teach them the choreography and everything they need for their performance. there will be costume fittings and a makeover to truly become their idol, it should be a great show. But before I leave you today, there is of course one final thing to do, ladies and gentlemen, it's time to ...," The whole audience stood up and shouted along with Enzo "SU-IT-CHI".

Allen stared, with his mouth open and eyes as wide as saucers, as the picture of Freddy Mercury moved across the screen and stopped next to Sofia's name, while the picture of the extroverted blonde megastar, Sofia had chosen, moved over and stopped next to his.

Chapter 2 Doubt

“Sofia are you sure this is necessary”, It was Sunday afternoon and Allen was in Sofia bedroom.

“Of course, it is, you’re going to have to go out in public a lot this week, we need to see what you look like with makeup” Sofia answered, getting slightly annoyed with all Allen’s complaining.

“OK, fine, but nothing I can’t wash off or change back later, I want to leave here looking like I arrived”.

“Fine but, only if you stop complaining, come on we’re a team and we’re competing for a 100 million yen.

“OK, I get it, I want to win too, but this is all so new to me” Allen said seated in front of her makeup mirror.

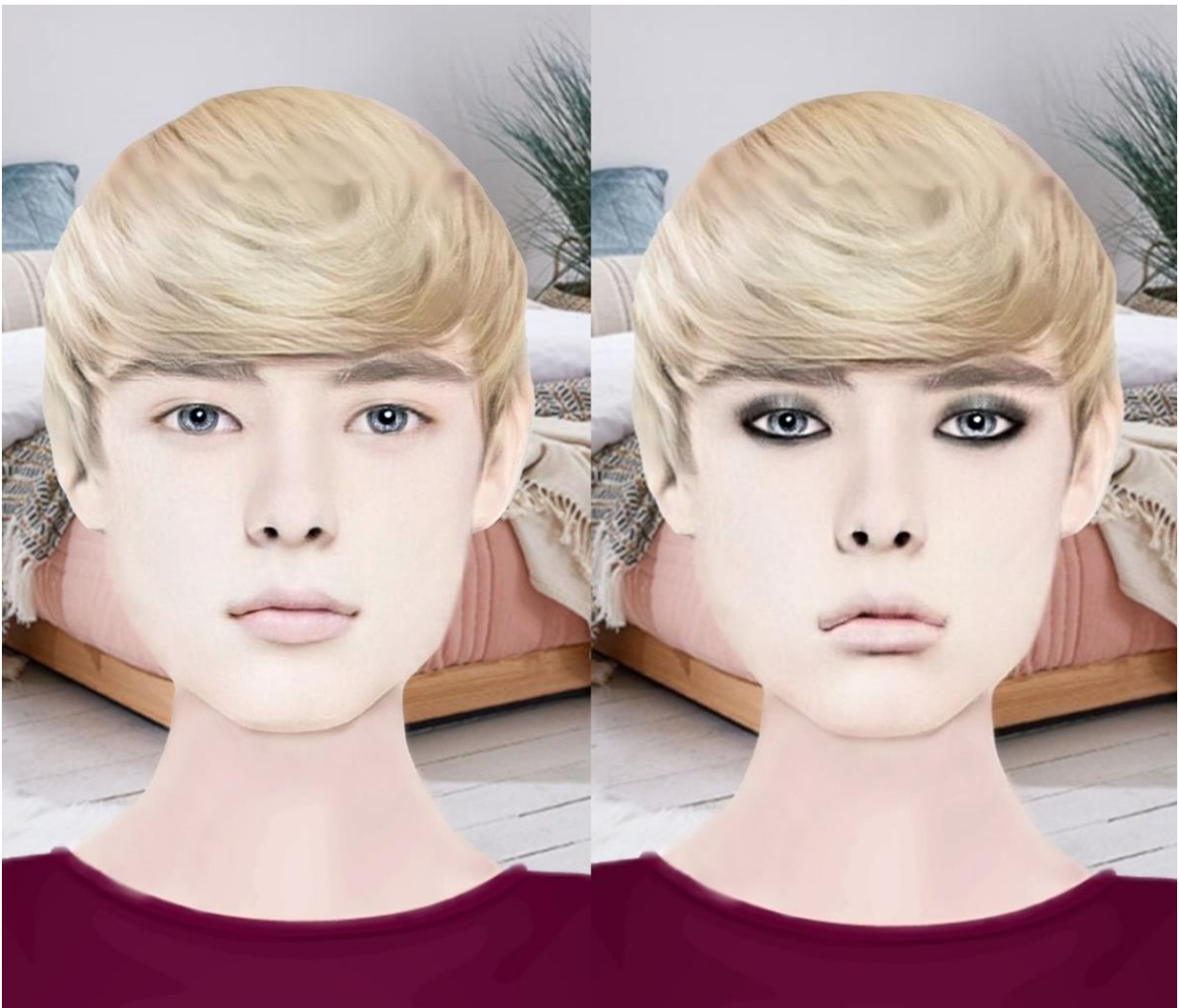
Sofia got to work. Having already applied foundation and concealer to his face, she took out her eye shadow pallet and asked Allen to close his eyes, when he reopened them, his eyelids were now a silvery green colour.

Sofia could tell he was getting stressed, so she picked up a towel and threw it over the mirror. “Just let me finish, OK, then you can see, try and relax”. She picked up her liquid eye liner and told Allen to look at her and not to move. But he freaked out as soon as she brought the pen near his eye, “woah, no way, you’re gonna take my eye out”. He exclaimed.

“Come on Allen don’t be such a baby, it’s only makeup, it won’t kill you and promised to stop complaining”, Sofia said angrily.

“OK, Sorry I’ll try, Allen replied before planting his nylon covered feet into Sofia’s soft fur rug and pushing himself into a more upright position on her stool. The second attempt was much more successful, Sofia managed to line both his eyes, as he sat there like a statue too scared to move.

When done, Sofia was not entirely happy with the result, but with Allen now quiet she moved on to his lashes. Now listen, this is mascara, I need you to open your eyes wide and trust me, if you don’t move, I promise I won’t poke you in the eye”, Sofia said as she slid the mascara wand from its bottle with a plop sound and stroked the brush along Allen’s upper lashes.



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Having his lashes covered in a thick black goop was a strange feeling for Allen, he couldn't spot blinking and he really wanted to rub his eyes. But Sofia stopped him before he had the chance. "No, just leave it", she said knocking his hand away from his face, "you'll get used to it in a minute".

"I'm not sure if I'll ever get used to all this, Sofia", Allen said, gesturing down towards the short skirt, riding up his thighs.

"Half the world are women and they get used to this stuff, why are you special? Anyway, we're almost done with your makeup, try being a little more positive and this will be a lot easier for both of us". Allen didn't respond to the comment as Sofia picked up a pair of tweezers.

"Woah, stop, no way" said Allen knocking them from her hand, "we agreed, remember? That I would leave here looking like I arrived, eyebrows don't just grow back".

"Oh god, are you going to be so difficult about everything? Fine have it your way, but you're just delaying the inevitable, girls don't have big slugs above their eyes like you, they are going to get groomed eventually".

"Eventually, but not today", Allen replied.

Determined to finish the job Sofia carried on with the makeover. She added some blush to his cheeks, to give him a bit of colour, before taking out a red lipstick and telling him to pucker his lips. Allen thought about the money as the slippery red lipstick slid across his lips, coating them with a sticky substance. "OK all, done", Sofia announced as she closed the lid of the lipstick,

"Can I see the damage now", Allen asked needing to see what she had done to him.

"OK, but remember I'm not a professional makeup artist, I tried my best, I've never put makeup on someone else before, it's not as easy as doing it to yourself" Sofia said, before lifting the towel from the mirror to give Allen a look at the new him.



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“Oh god, I look like a clown. I’m going to be a laughingstock next Saturday”, Allen said looking at his sissified reflection in Sofia’s bedroom mirror. Sofia’s bed in the background, mocking him as the memory of the two of them having sex there, a few weeks ago, was still fresh in his mind, and in the memory, he was looking a lot more manly.

“Come on, don’t be so negative, sure you need some work, but no one said winning a 100 million yen was going to be easy. They’re not just going to give away that amount of money for nothing. They want to see us embarrassed and suffer, that’s what the viewers of these sort of shows want. Anyway, let’s see if the wig helps”. Sofia answered, as she picked up an old wig, she had worn to a costume party and placed it on Allen’s head.

“Geez Sofia, I’m not gonna win any beauty pageants” Allen said looking again at himself in the mirror with the wig in place.

“It’s not just about the look, we’re being judged on our performance too, which means we need to get you walking and moving gracefully” Sofia said holding up a pair of heels with an ankle strap and a blocky heel. “Time to practice your strut”.

An hour later, Allen stopped to take a break, he had just spent the last hour hobbling around Sofia’s apartment as she shouted instructions on how to move and walk in a feminine manner. He lent down to massage the back of his right calf, through the shiny material encasing his legs, as muscles, he didn’t even know he had, were screaming at him. He had lost the feeling in his toes awhile back and wanted nothing more than to throw these dam torture devices, strapped to his feet, out of the window.



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Seeing the effort, Allen had put in, Sofia walked over and put her arm around his shoulder “OK, that’s enough for now, you’re doing really well, I know this must be tough for you, but, just know, I’m here to help, if you listen to my advice and do what I say, we can win this show and be rich. Now let’s rest a bit and see what we’ve signed up for.

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A few hours later they were both sat on Sofia’s sofa watching reruns of last year’s RAIFU SUITCHI, while Sofia checked the weeks schedule on her laptop.

“Well, we are not back in the studio until the performance next Saturday but it’s going to be a busy week, the show has arranged some appointments for us, and they’ll be filming us all week. I guess they’ll show some sort of montage to recap the week”

Allen looked over at the computer screen on Sofia’s lap, there seemed to be something arranged for everyday of the week. Classes with their mentors every afternoon to prepare for the performance, interviews, a costume fitting session and a few just titled beauty treatments.

Having never watched the show before, it was shocking how much some of the couples changed throughout the episodes, some seemed completely committed to winning the money and others would refuse and drop out. After the third episode. Allen and Sofia had seen enough and turned off the TV to have a chat.

“Allen, they are going to ask us to do some pretty embarrassing things and we’re going to end up looking pretty different. Unless we are willing to fully commit to this, we might as well quit now”. Sofia said in a serious tone, they had both seen the makeovers and knew they were in for some big changes to their appearances.

They decided to think it over for the rest of the day, if they wanted to quit, they would call the show in the morning and drop out. But If they were going to carry on, when the cars picked them up at 9am, they would be fully committed to do whatever it took to win the money.

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That evening, back in his little studio apartment, Allen had every intention of quitting and getting on with his life. That was until he opened his emails to see that the company, he currently worked for, was filing for bankruptcy and he was out of a job. It wasn’t the worst news ever, it’s not like he would struggle to find another job, but for the time being, he was going to struggle to pay the rent.

The timing of the email felt like a sign, like some divine power was telling him do the show. He sat there and considering his options. He currently spent most of his time inside the apartment on his computer, had very few close friends and was now jobless. He could put up with no body hair, girly eyebrows and long hair for a few weeks, nobody was going to see him, and it was very unlikely his family back home would ever watch the show.

“Let’s do it”, he thought “when else am I ever going to get the chance to win a million dollars”.

Chapter 3 A rude awakening

The next morning, Allen was picked up by a private car and driven to a big office like building. From watching the show, the day before, he knew he was about to get some ridiculously girly outfit to wear, for this reason he had brought the wig from yesterday, thinking he might not look quite as ridiculous with it on. The car had been held up in traffic and he was a little late as he walked into the lobby. he went over to the reception desk, where he was told to take the lift to the 4th floor.

As the lift doors opened on the fourth floor, Allen was met by a pretty woman called Aiko, who had been appointed by the show to look after him. She led him down the corridor and into a beauty salon. He recognised some of the other contestants sat in salon chairs, all wearing clothes meant for the opposite sex, some of them looked pretty funny and if Allen weren't about to join them, he would have probably laughed. Aiko pointed him towards the changing rooms, told him to put on a robe, leave his clothes in locker 15, including his underwear, and head to room number 3.

Standing in the changing rooms completely naked, Allen quickly put on the pink satin robe. He deposited his clothes in locker 15 and decided to put on the wig he had brought. He closed the locker and the door clicked as it locked shut; he realised he didn't have a key. How was he going to get his clothes back? He was a little worried but decided to just ask Aiko about it later.

Room 3 turned out to be a room of pain as Allen experienced his first ever full body wax. When he left the room, red and sore he didn't have a single hair below his eyebrows, even waxing his face and neck. Back outside room 3, he was met by Aiko once again. She gave him a key and told him to head back to the changing room, where he would find his outfit for the day in locker 17. He was to dress fully in the outfit, before coming back to meet her. He was half way towards the changing rooms when he spotted Sofia in an adjacent room sat in one of the salon chairs, she was red in the face and had obviously been crying, seeing the pile of what used to be her beautiful long black hair all over her lap and the salon floor, Allen could guess why. He kept on moving and headed for the changing rooms.

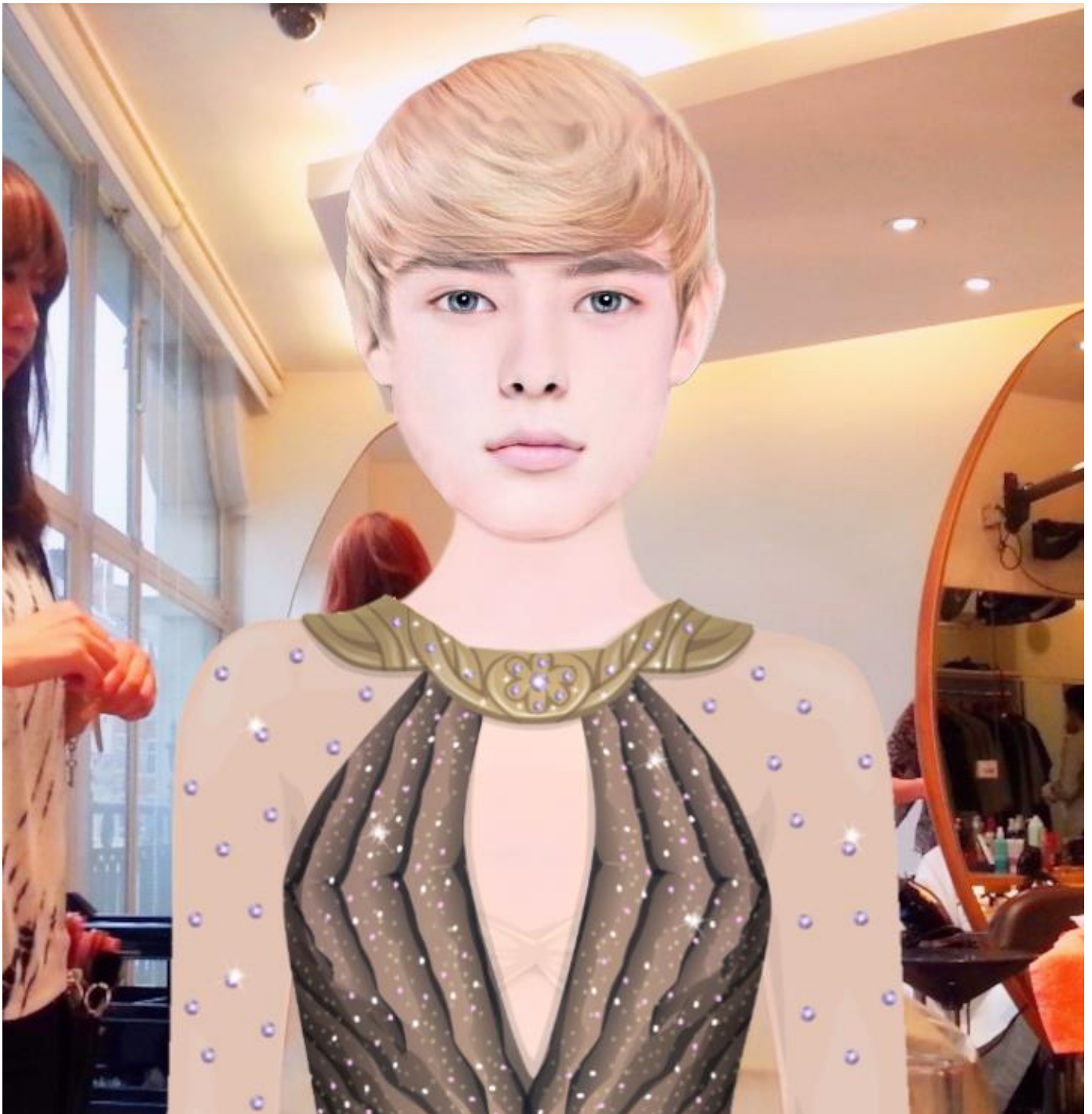


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Allen had expected his outfit to be bad. From what he had seen of the show the previous day, the whole show seemed to be set up to humiliate and embarrass the contestants. Being prepared was one thing but he was still shocked seeing his outfit as he slowly opened the locker door, almost blinded by the sparkly contents. Picking through the items, he identified a pair of pink panties and matching padded bra along with a pair of dancers' tights. The main part of the outfit though, was incredibly confusing, and he wasn't sure what to call it, all he knew was, it was tiny and sparkled like a thousand diamonds as he picked it up. He then noticed the shoes, the impractically tall, ankle boots that sparkled like the outfit. The old Allen would have run away and refused to put on the effeminate outfit, but having decided the day before to do whatever it took, he was now committed, he would not back down, he would complete every challenge thrown at him and do it with a smile on his face.

With difficulty and a lot of trial and error, he managed to somehow get into the outfit and hobble slowly back to the salon, where he was greeted by Aiko. She didn't comment on his outfit, she just walked him over to a salon chair and introduced him to his stylist for the day.

A red-haired Japanese woman said hello and introduced herself as Emiko, asking him to take a seat. The first thing she did was run her fingers through Allen's hair, and quickly discovered he was wearing a wig. She took it off his head and passed it to a nearby colleague telling her to do fix it up



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A cameraman came over and started recording as it was time to start Allen's makeover. Emiko was joined by another stylist and the two women got to work, one on his face and the other on his nails. With his newfound attitude, Allen just sat back and let the women do their work. It wasn't so different to when Sofia had put makeup on him the day before. He sat and watched as Emiko brought out brushes and powders and applied them to his face, working quickly and precisely. He tried not to look down as the sight of his fingernails being painted bright pink, the first time he looked, was not something a young man wanted to see.

All done the woman who had taken his wig earlier returned and passed it back to Emiko. Or at least he thought it was his wig, it looked different, it had been washed, cut and styled, and now shone in the light. It also smelled much nicer, like cherry blossom. Emiko took a few pins and securely attached the wig tightly to his own hair before announcing he was ready.

Like all shows that do makeovers, there had to be a big reveal. The mirror had been covered the entire time to prevent Allen seeing his reflection, in fact he hadn't seen his reflection since he left the house that morning. The cameraman repositioned himself to capture Allen's reaction as Emiko removed the cover from the mirror, "3,2,1". Allen's face dropped in utter shock as he gazed upon the reflection in the mirror, it was so over the top. His face looked so smooth with the thick layer of foundation and his golden eyeshadow really made his eyes pop. He was wearing fake eyelashes, which made his eyes look wide and alluring. He had had hated the feeling of the mascara Sofia applied the previous day, but these big spider leg lashed were annoying on a whole new level, they fluttered about and tickled his face as he blinking furiously, trying to get used to the new sensation. Trying to distract himself he looked up at his eyebrows, he had felt them trimming and plucking but luckily hadn't gone overboard, they definitely looked to have a little more shape, but he was glad to see nothing too drastic.



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Aiko, who had been watching the reveal, came rushing over. She complimented him on his new look, saying he looked very pretty, as Allen gave her no response. She told him his mentor was waiting and it was time to learn the choreography for his dance routine. Allen looked down at his platform boots and wondered if he would be able to walk let alone dance, all he had done so far was sit in a chair and his feet were already starting to feel a dull ache. But he would do whatever they wanted and take their money, he reminded himself as he got to his feet and tripped along behind Aiko as he tried to keep up.

They walked out of the salon and down a long corridor, which seemed to go on forever with Allen forced to take tiny mincing steps in his tall boots. The corridor was also a bit cold, unlike the heated salon, and his little outfit was doing nothing to keep him warm. Aiko noticed him shivering and said he's soon warm up once he started dancing.

At the end of the corridor they went up a flight of stairs and into a large room with mirrors covering the walls. Aiko introduced him to his mentor Yoko, A Japanese lady and former dancer, who seemed very strict. She proceeded to tell him about their schedule for the week. Allen listened as Yoko told him he would be expected to learn two songs with one being a backup. he would need to memorise the words so he could mine along. But the most important and probably the most difficult part was to match the singer's movements, which he would be judged on come Saturday.

What followed was an incredibly challenging few hours, He was first put through his paces as the mentor asked him to stretch out his body. Having not stretched in years Allen wasn't very flexible and it was made all the more difficult by his outfit riding up his crotch and squashing his crown jewels. It was tough for Allen as he stretched muscles, he had never used before and struggled to keep up with Yoko, who shouted at him constantly.

Next was an exercise routine involving, sit ups, star jumps and leg lifts. It felt like he was back at school in in P.E class. Except in school he was able to keep up, today he looked and felt like a sissy in his sparkly outfit and tall platform boots, as Yoko screamed at him and called him pathetic.

Finally, they were on to the choreography. He thought the stretching and the exercise were bad but the way in which he was expected to dance was a nightmare. He was forced to follow Yoko through a series of sexy movements and poses. He was told to bend and flex his body showing off his hips and ass, he was shown how to strut across the room before stopping to run his hands slowly down his body while biting his lip and looking at the camera. He had never felt so emasculated in his life as the cameraman filmed everything from multiple angles.

He ended up on his backside more than once and come the end of the day he would have quite a collection of bruises. But Allen just tried to zone out and get through the routine that was definitely designed to get men excited. Every time he fell over, he would pick himself back up and carry on, he was determined to keep going and kept reminding himself of his earlier promise not to give up, to do whatever was asked of him without complaint, and to smile throughout.

Raifu suitchi



At 3pm, utterly exhausted Allen made his way back towards the locker room with Aiko. She produced a key from her pocket. "This is for your locker", she said smiling.

"Oh thanks, yeah I was going to ask you about that", said Allen.

"Well, don't thank me yet as there has been a SU-IT-CHI" Aiko said, saying the show's catchphrase much louder than the rest of the sentence and giving Allen a bit of a shock.

"Err, what do you mean"? Allen asked confused.

"You will see, remember locker 15, now quickly, get changed", Aiko said gesturing for him to go into the room.

He entered the room to find a few of the other men in various stages of dress and intuitively knew what Aiko had meant. His suspicions were confirmed when he opened the locker, to find the clothes, he had worn that morning, replaced by what he guessed Sofia had worn. He pulled the items out and examined them, a soft white wool jumper, a dark blue denim mini skirt, a pair of thin black tights and some leather knee high platform boots. He sighed, wishing Sofia had worn something else that day, before starting to take off his dance costume.

He quickly got dressed as all the men in the room tried to avoid eye contact, all were feeling embarrassed and no one was in the mood to chat.

In Allen's mind After wearing the tight dance outfit all day the clothes in the locker were actually an improvement. The tights were not so constricting, the skirt allowed his crushed manhood some relief and the jumper was comfortable and warm. The only part he didn't like were the boots, that had heels that were probably as tall as the boots he'd worn all day, except these boots had a smaller platform and covered more of his legs. He wrestled the boots up his legs and stood up feeling a bit wobbly. Under normal circumstances, he would have been totally embarrassed to be seen in this outfit but after his exhausting day he just wanted to get out of the place.

Aiko was outside once again to meet him; she didn't say anything about his outfit and told him of the plan to meet Sofia downstairs where they were going to be interviewed together before being driven home.

He followed Aiko once again, through a maze of corridors and this time down several flights of stairs, which was a scary experience for a high heel novice like himself. He gripped the banister like his life depended on it and tentatively descended, planting both feet on each step in an dreadfully slow manner.

They eventually made it to back to the lobby of the building and although his feet and legs hurt, Allen felt he was definitely getting better at walking in heels, after all the practice. He was now only stumbling occasionally instead of every step.

In the lobby, Allen was reintroduced to the new Sofia who looked completely different. The biggest change of course was the hair, which was now cut in a boyish style and gelled up in a sort of boy band style. Gone also were her long black acrylic nails and she looked much younger and more fragile without her makeup on. Her outfit was familiar of course as it was the one, he had chosen to wear that morning.

Sofia wouldn't look Allen in the eye as he approached, obviously a little insecure to be seen dressed as she was. Also, in the lobby stood a cameraman and a presenter from the show, called Mariko. Allen recognised her from when he had watched the reruns of the show with Sofia, she was the woman who interviewed the contestants when out of the studio.

Mariko welcomed them and got straight into the questions, she asked them about their new looks and the day of practice, Allen and Sofia's tried to be positive, but it was clear to see they had not enjoyed their day.

Mariko then continued. "So, as you can see ladies and gentlemen, Allen and Sofia have had a tiring first day practicing for their performance, and of course a new look. What do you guys at home think? Cute huh? But we still have one more surprise for them today", Allen and Sofia's heads dropped simultaneously in frustration. They had had enough surprises for one day.

Someone passed Aiko, Allen's wallet, keys and phone and Sofia's handbag. "It's time for Apartment SU-IT-CHI", Aiko shouted in an exciting voice, before handing Sofia's handbag to Allen, and Allen's belongings to Sofia.



Raifu suitchi

Waking up the next day in Sofia's apartment was a very strange feeling. Allen had none of his clothes or belongings and was nervous about touching someone else's personal belongings.

He had given himself two hours, to get ready that morning, before the car was scheduled to pick him up, but he had no idea how to get ready or what to wear. He started with a shower, the warm water felt good on his aching muscles but the only body wash and shampoo he could find caused him to end up smelling like a florist.

Out of the shower he realised he didn't have his toothbrush, he considered not brushing his teeth but having a history of cavities, he felt it was important to keep up the routine of brushing his teeth twice a day. The initial moments using Sofia's toothbrush were a little uncomfortable, but he managed to get through it thinking it was no different than when they had kissed.

The next problem he encountered was what to wear, Sofia had a huge selection of clothes and shoes, but most were dresses, skirts and heels. He already knew from the last few days; her clothes and shoes would fit him. He and Sofia didn't seem to be that different in size, they even seemed to be a similar height, unless one of them was wearing heels.

After spending far too long looking through Sofia's entire wardrobe, he finally decided on something to wear. After seeing how tight or colourful, the few pairs of pants he found were, he tried to find some shorts to wear, but then remembered it was early October and with the weather being pretty cold outside, he would need to wear tights or freeze all day. So, looked again trying to find a pair of jeans, but surprisingly she didn't seem to own a single pair. The closest thing he could find were a stretchy pair of black pants, they were a little too tight and shiny for his liking, but they would have to do. This brought on a new problem, the pants were so tight, you could clearly see the outline of his package, which would cause quite a scene if anyone were to look down and see an unexpected bulge. He looked through the wardrobe again and found a long black and white top that cover up the unsightly bulge, well it could have been a dress, but Allen didn't really care anymore. He found a pair of socks which he slipped them on his feet, before picking out a pair of snow boots to wear, which were one of the only flat pairs of shoes Sofia owned. The last thing he chose to wear was a fluffy black and white jacket, it was warm and had pockets, meaning he could store Sofia's, keys and pink phone and not have to carry a handbag.

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An hour later Allen found himself walking through the backstreets of Tokyo after being dropped off by his driver. Aiko was with him, along with the cameraman. They were headed out for breakfast before going to get measured for his performance costume. He wouldn't see the real costume until the day of the performance as it was going to be tailor made to fit him. Allen hoped his costume wouldn't be too extreme, but having seen some of the extravagant outfits, his singer usually wore and the boots he was being made to practice in, he wasn't holding out much hope.

Walking along the street with Aiko reminding him to take tiny little steps and swing his arms, he felt like a complete sissy with all the stares he was getting from everyone he passed. Of course, from the perspective of someone on the street it was hard not to stare, as the red-haired foreigner slowly walked along taking tiny little steps and swinging her arms in an exaggerated fashion. She was being followed by a cameraman and the people on the street wondered what she was filming and if she was a famous celebrity.



Chapter 4 – showtime

It was 1.45pm on a Saturday afternoon and Allen hardly recognised the person looking back at him in the mirror. “2 mins Allen”, Aiko said, from behind him, letting him know it was almost his turn to perform. He had been watching the other contestants from backstage, on the monitor above him, and he had to admit, most of them were rather good. After each performance, the 100 people in the studio audience had pressed a green button if they liked the performance and a red button if they did not, meaning there were 200 points per couple up for grabs tonight.

The nerves were really getting to him now as he stood there shaking, with the worst feeling of butterflies in his stomach, he’d ever had as Sofia was shown back into the room by her helper. Her performance of “I want to break free”, hadn’t gone too well, the audience had laughed their heads off as she fumbled her way through the performance.

“Hi Sofia, tough crowd eh”, Allen said trying to cheer her up and to take his mind off what he was about to do.

“I’m sorry Allen, I got so really nervous and forgot everything”, Sofia said shuffling her feet and picking at the fake moustache glued on her upper lip. “This whole outfit just feels wrong”,

“Tell me about it, at least as a girl you sometimes wear outfits like that, Men just don’t wear this kind of stuff everything, I mean look at this dress, it so short and tight, and these shoes are ridiculously high, I’m definitely going to fall down the stairs” Allen said, gesturing towards his flashy costume.

“If it’s any consolation, I think you look pretty good, definitely one of the most passable men here”, Sofia said smiling for the first time in a while. “just take small steps and you’ll be fine”.

Aiko then appeared to their left “Allen it’s time, come with me”.

“Good luck”, Sofia said as Allen tottered off towards the door leading to the main stage.

He could here Enzo introducing him as he stood there shaking atop his high platform sandals, brushing the long blonde tresses of the wig out of his face. He jumped as a smoke machine erupted from either side of him before the double doors slid open revealing him to the cheering audience as the intro to the song started.

He stepped out into the bright studio lights and carefully descended the first step, as the lyrics kicked in and Allen tried to mime along.

Ra-ra-ah-ah-ah

Ro-ma-ro-ma-ma

Ga-ga, ooh la-la

Want your bad romance



With his heart beating like a drum, Allen hobbled down the remaining steps and mimed along to the words, desperately trying to remember the dance moves. He was clumsy and awkward looking, as he swayed from side to side and stomped about the stage in his white open toe platforms and restrictive leather mini dress.

After 3 of the longest and most humiliating minutes of his life, Allen stood in the centre of the stage, the audience were laughing hysterically as Enzo came over and put his arm around him.

“Ladies and Gentlemen give it up for Lady Gaga”, the audience once again burst out laughing, “OK it’s time to vote, please press your green or red button now”. Enzo said smiling.

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An hour later.

All the contestants had been called back to the stage, where they stood in a line waiting to hear their scores, which had been kept from them so far. Allen gripped Sofia’s sweaty palm as he feared the worst, that after everything he had been through that week, they would end up in last position and be eliminated.

“Welcome back to RAI-FU SU-IT-CHI”, where our 10 couples have just performed as their favourite artists, what a treat, ay.” the audience laughed, before Enzo continued. “So, time for the scores”. There was a dramatic pause and some tense music, before finally, one by one, the scores were listed on, the big screen from highest to lowest.

Raifu suitchi

Allen and Sofia watched nervously, as the scores were revealed, waiting to see their names come up. It appeared near the bottom, they had come in 9th, only two points from the bottom team. Sofia turned and gave Allen a massive hug, relieved that they had made it through, or so she thought.

“Some great scores and some great performances tonight, congratulations to our top teams, but not everyone can finish top and unfortunately some teams didn’t do quite as well. But do not despair as there is still a chance as the bottom 3 teams will perform once more in a battle to survive, I hope you all learnt a second song”, the audience erupted cheering at this announcement. Allen and Sofia just stared at each other; the jubilation they had just felt had turned to fear as the thought of having to go through that terrible experience again ran through their heads.

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They were given 3 hours to consult with their mentors and change into a new costume. For the first few minutes Allen was still in shock, but he soon snapped out of it as he watched the top team, Rin and Sakura celebrate their victory. With 174 points they were miles out in front and definitely the team to beat. Allen went over to congratulate the couple and to see if he could get any tips.

“Hi, I’m Allen, congratulations on getting first place, you guys were great out there”

“Oh, thank you, Allen, I’m Rin and this is Sakura” Said a short thin man dressed as Hyuna from the K-pop group Wonder girls.

“Hi”, said Sakura stood beside Rin and dressed as some male K-pop star Allen had never heard of.

“Well it Looks like I’m going to have to perform again, any tips”? Allen asked

Rin looked him up and down and then smiled “There is little hope for you I’m afraid, to win you need to have an inner peace, you need to be calm, smile throughout and execute the moves with perfect timing, like us. You just don’t have what it takes, if I were you, I would quit now and not embarrass myself anymore”,

“Fuck you”, Allen said as he turned and walked away from the grinning couple. “The nerve of those people, how can they be so arrogant”? He thought, but he did gain something from the conversation, he was now focussed and determined, to not only get through the next performance, but to beat Rin and put him in his place.

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Stood for the second time waiting for the stage doors to open, Now wearing a black leather dress, not as tight as the first but with huge puffy shoulders giving him a very strange silhouette on the studio floor. His legs shined from the black tights clinging to his legs, and his feet were angled in an extremely uncomfortable position squashed into the sky-high platform pumps, he was going to struggle to keep on his feet through the dance routine.

The show wanted to make him look foolish, they wanted the audience to laugh at him, but Allen wasn’t going to give them the satisfaction. This time he wasn’t nervous, he was fully concentrated and calm, as he pictured the order of the dance steps in his head and kept reminding himself to smile.

The smoke machine started up again, covering him in smoke as he heard Enzo introducing him “Ladies and gentlemen, for possibly the last time please welcome to the stage, with his rendition of Poker face by Lady Gaga, Allen Dolberg”. The door opened, the crowd roared, and the music started.

There was a moment of hesitation as he looked at the studio audience before a huge smile filled his face from cheek to cheek. Allen strutted down the small staircase, hips swaying like a catwalk model, where he was greeted by his backup dancer and went into his routine.



Raifu switchi

It was nearly 9pm, as the three couples fighting to stay in the competition, lined up on the stage waiting to hear their fate. A tired looking Sofia stood next to Allen on the end of the row dressed in a classic Freddy Mercury white vest, sporting a short black wig and a moustache. Allen was also feeling tired, his face felt uncomfortably thanks to the layers of makeup, the hot studio lights, and the feathery fake lashes glued to his eyelids that fluttered about tickling and annoying him. His tight bra rubbed and pinched his chest and his silky thong was riding up between his arse cheeks. He held back a yawn as his silky-smooth black legs threatened to buckle under him, he had been wearing high heels for the best part of 9 hours now, and his legs were more than a little wobbly.

But he was feeling much more confident this time around, there was a vastly different reaction when he finished his song, no one was laughing and there was a moment of silence before the crowd got to their feet and cheered enthusiastically. He had somehow remembered every dance step and gave each one plenty of sass. His miming of the lyrics was perfect, and he had smiled throughout. He knew he couldn't have done anymore as he stood looking at the camera, feminised beyond recognition, with his legs locked tightly together as he tried to control his shaking legs.



Raifu suitchi

A relieved Sofia reached up and gave Allen a hug after Enzo announced the scores, with a combined total of 167 points Allen and Sofia were comfortably through to the next round.

“I’m sorry, Yuta and Misai, with the lowest score you have been eliminated, give them a round of applause ladies and gentlemen”, the audience clapped and cheered as the disappointed cross-dressed couple, dressed as Adele and John Lennon, left the stage, “and let’s also give our appreciation to Allen Dolberg, ladies and Gentleman, his score of 98 was the highest of the evening, it was like Lady Gaga was really with us”. The crowd went wild whooping and hollering, as Allen forced a smile and gave a little wave.

As the clapping died down Enzo spoke once more. “Well I think the crowd have a new favourite. There is of course, one last thing to do before we finish tonight’s show, we need to tell the contestants what we have in store for them next week.

There was a short break as the rest of the contestants were brought back to the stage before, a video was played on the big screen. It showed all of the couples, apart from Allen and Sofia as they were last minute stand ins, going about their daily lives with people talking about them. As the clip continued, Allen wasn’t sure what it was trying to hint at, as it jumped from location to location. The people on the video were saying things like, “Rin is responsible”, and “Nozomi was an integral part of the team”.

When the video stopped the audience were talking quietly, trying to guess what the weeks challenge would be. Enzo didn’t keep them guessing for long. “That’s right ladies and gentlemen”, it’s time for job SU-IT-CHI, the audience joining him once again to chant SU-IT-CHI.

“Starting Monday, our couples will experience what it’s like to work a week, literally in each other’s shoes. They will have all the same responsibilities and take on all the tasks their partner would do in a typical week, I hope none of our contestants are brain surgeons”, the audience chuckled, “You may be wondering how we will judge this challenge, well, there will be three parts The first worth 100 points will be judged on how well they dress, act and perform in their new role, this will be reported on by their boss for the week. The second part, also worth 100 points will be a quiz to test the contestant's knowledge and see how much they have learnt about each other during the week, so pay attention to everything contestants, from your boss's name to what your colleagues eat for lunch, we could ask you anything”. The audience cheered as Allen tried to think what Sofia did for a living, had he ever asked? And the final 100 point will be decided by you the audience as you discover what the contestants got up to during their working week.” The audience started to clap hearing this news.

“Well, that's all we have time for today, we started the evening with 10 couples, we are now down to 9, join us next week, where one more will be sent home, on Raifu SU-IT-CHI.

Chapter 5 A stumble out of the gates

Allen and Sofia spent most of Sunday talking on the phone, trying to find out as much about each other's lives as possible. They had been told that for the next week they couldn't meet unless it was organised by the show so talking on the phone was their only means of communication.

Allen discovered Sofia was a receptionist at a fashion magazine, she had worked there for 4 months and didn't enjoy it very much, but she dreamed of being a writer and hoped to gain valuable experience working there. She also blogged about the latest makeup and beauty treatments. This was the main focus of her week and there was nothing more important to her than growing her followers and giving them exciting content to read.

Allen on the other hand was unemployed at the moment, but the show had organised a series of online courses and a week of work experience in an IT company for Sofia. Having some experience with computers when building her website, Sofia hoped she had the necessary skills to get through the week.

After talking for a long time about their family and friends, places they liked to go and things they liked to eat and drink. The topic of fashion came up and more specifically, what Allen was going to wear to work the next morning. Allen hadn't really considered it important, but Sofia explained that part of her job was to create a good impression for any visiting clients. He would need to dress the part, but luckily for him Sofia was happy to give him some tips.

"It's a fashion magazine, so the girls there like to dress to impress, you're probably not going to like this, but it's got to be dresses or skirts and a pair of high heels", Sofia told him over the phone.

"Really, can't I just wear a woman's suit or something and some flat shoes"?

"Not worth the risk, you'll stand out in that office and remember the show said one of the things we are going to be judged on is how we dress, so suck it up and do what you have to". Sofia replied sounding a little more forceful than she had intended.

"OK, so what do I wear"?

"Anything you like as long as the outfit has a skirt and the shoes have at least a 4-inch heel. When it comes to colour coding, choose a pair of black shoes is your going for simple but elegant, or choose a colour that matches your top or skirt if you want to make a statement. It's cold out at the moment, so perhaps wear a pair of tights, they will keep your legs warm, and try to accessorise with a bag that matches your main colour theme and..." Allen started to zone out as Sofia continued. Who knew it would be so difficult to pick out an outfit for work?

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Monday morning

It was twenty after nine when Allen arrived at the tall office building, he rushed inside and over to the reception desk, his wedge shoes clicking loudly on the tiled floor and being followed by an overweight cameraman. Behind the reception desk he found by a familiar face, it was Aiko, his helper, sat there and smiling at him.

"Not a good start to the week Allen, you're 20 minutes late on your first day, I hope you don't get fired" she said giggling.

"I know, but it took longer than I thought to get ready and then I had to take the bus here, what happened to my driver"?

"No driver for you this week, you're a normal working girl, you take the bus to work like everyone else. Anyway, you better get going, take the lift on the far wall up to the 7th floor, look for a company called Bloom, it's on the righthand side. Inside ask for Miss Hitori, she is your new boss, listen and do what she says, as it's her report at the end of the week that may determine whether you stay in the competition or get eliminate. Oh, and Allen, remember to apologise for being late". Allen thanked, Aiko before hurrying towards the lift.



Allen found the office just where Aiko had described it, with his heart racing he pushed open the large glass door and walked inside. He spotted a reception desk on the left-hand side, but no one was there. He looked around the room for some help as his eyes widened, the room was full of beautiful women all dressed in sexy office outfits, busily going about their business. He stood there watching them in awe for around 30 seconds, captivated by the graceful way they glided around the room, until a young woman strode over to him. She had seen the camera and had worked out who he was, overly excited she talked to the camera instead of him, “Hi, welcome to Bloom, where fashion is life, you’re going to love working here, I’ll go and find Miss Hitori for you”, the girl said before hurrying off.

Allen took a few steps forward to get a better view of the room, he tried to imagine himself working in a place like this, a fashion magazine full of beautiful women wearing sexy outfits, when he was interrupted.

“Uhm”, came a noise from over his shoulder as he quickly spun around, coming face to face with Miss Hitori, who looked terribly angry.

“Hello, I’m Allen..”, He was interrupted. “Yes, I know who you are miss Cannavaro, can you explain to me why you are 25 minutes late to work today”?

Wow Miss Hitori is really getting into character for the TV show, Allen thought. He thought it would be best to play along. “I’m very sorry Miss Hitori, I was trying to decide what to wear and I missed my bus”.

“Miss Cannavaro, you’ve worked here for 4 months now, you know work starts at 9 o clock, but I expect you at the receptionist desk at 8.45, look it’s sitting there empty. I’m happy to let this TV show, you are part of, film here, but I expect you to do your job to your usual high standards, do you understand me young lady?”

“Yes, Miss Hitori, Allen answer sheepishly, he felt like he was back in school being told off by the teacher, the rest of the room had stopped what they were doing by this point and were loving the early morning entertainment.



“And what is this outfit you’re wearing today? This is not your usual look. Where is the colour? You’re so grey and drab. And you haven’t even done your makeup, you’re usually much more feminine looking than this. As our receptionist, you are the first face that greets our visitors, your image is a representation of our company, you know this. I expect to see you back to

your normal self tomorrow, Miss Cannavaro. This will be going in my report this TV show of yours asked me to write. now let's get to work, Mai here will show you to your desk and help you get set up, you obviously aren't feeling yourself today.

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On the phone that evening to Sofia, Allen told her all about Miss Hitori, the awful first impression he had made and how she had insisted on pretending he was her all day. Sofia made him describe his outfit and she wasn't impressed.

"Really, all grey, I said to choose some colour, were you not listening"?

"Come on, I tried, I even wore a skirt". Allen said frustrated and tired.

"OK, but tomorrow we need to improve your look or Miss Hitori is going to give you a bad report, She really anal when it comes to details you can't get anything past her, which is one of the reasons I don't enjoy working there. I'll video call you and we can pick an outfit out together, now tell me exactly what she said to you"?

They had different opinions on what he should wear but with Sofia seemingly fixated on Miss Hitori saying he wasn't looking feminine enough, Allen was far from happy at the final selection. With the outfit chosen their attention turned to hair and makeup. Sofia wanted his wig to look more natural and directed Allen to the bathroom, where he found a box of hair dye. He put on some plastics gloves and after washing the wig he covered it in the smelly solution before putting it on a wig stand for the dye to do its work, in the meantime Sofia asked Allen to log on to her computer and open up her blog. When he did, he was surprised to see the professionalism of the website, it covered different makeup brands, break downs of the latest beauty treatments and lots of how-to videos. Sofia told him to open one of the how-to videos, specifically the one titled work look. She then asked him to sit at her makeup mirror and follow the steps while he watched the video.

While painted his face, pausing and rewinding many times as he got left behind, Sofia gave him some extra tips and told him about her day. She had woken up and dressed in his one and only suit, she found at the back of his wardrobe. She then took the bus into the city and went to an IT company. She was asked to do some data entry work, which she did for the rest of the day. It had been pretty boring, but she had gotten through it without any major incidents.

The makeup lesson continued for many hours until Allen could complete Sofia's work look, without the video, and to Sofia's satisfaction. After washing out the wig and giving it a blow-dry it was time for bed, it had gotten pretty late and with a 6.30 alarm he needed to get some sleep. Being a girl is a full-time job, he thought, while getting into bed, wearing a long T-shirt and a pair of pink cotton shorts, hoping that tomorrow would be a better day.

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The alarm was like a jackhammer going off next to Allen's head, as he groggily located the alarm and slammed his fist against it to make it stop screaming. It took him a minute to realise where he was as he looked around the dark unfamiliar room, until he saw the silhouette of his wig on its stand in front of the window, instantly reminding him of what he had to do that day, he sighed loudly before throwing off the covers and heading for the shower.

An hour later, sat in front of Sofia's vanity, he had done the best makeup job he could for 7.30 in the morning. He stood up and dropped his robe to the floor. Now stood in the middle of Sofia's room wearing nothing but her panties and a padded bra. He looked at his outfit for the day hanging on the wardrobe door, was he really going put on such a girly outfit and leave the house, where people would see him?

But he couldn't be late again today, if he were, he might as well call and quit the show now. With no time to choose a new outfit and remembering he had promised himself he'd do whatever it took to win, he took a hold of the soft delicate material with his trembling hands and slipped it of its hanger.

He arrived at the bus stop early that day. He had walked very quickly that morning, despite the tall blocky heels he was wearing, as he didn't want anyone to look or talk to him in his poncey outfit. But stood waiting for the bus there was nowhere to hide, he felt like a fairy with the layers of his skirt swirling around his ankles in the morning wind. He was also drawing more than a few stares, dressed all in white and perched on a pair of shiny pink heels, a stark contrast to the other morning commuters, dressed their darker more practical outfits.

Raifu suitchi



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He arrived at the building just after 8.30, where his cameraman, along with Aiko were waiting for him.

“Good morning Allen, don’t you look precious today”, Aiko said.

Allen blushed and looked down only causing himself to feel more embarrassed seeing his dainty pink pumps poking out from under his long white skirt. “Morning Aiko”, he mumbled.

“You’re here early today, that’s good. Oh, by the way, you have an appointment tonight after work, a driver will pick you up at 5.30, meet him outside the building”.

“Where am I going? What type of appointment”? Allen asked confused.

“Well as you know Sofia has not one, but two jobs, she writes a successful blog, where thousands of people log on every day to get the latest beauty secrets, and seeing as you’re Sofia right now, it’s up to you to write it”.

“What? But I don’t know anything about beauty secrets or blogging, what do I write”?

Aiko shrugged. “Well that’s up to you, but I suggest you write a review on the beauty treatment you’ll receive this evening. From looking through Sofia’s blog those posts are always popular, people like to know if they are going to get a good service when they visit these types of places”.

“And what type of treatment am I getting exactly”? Allen asked now a little nervous.

“Just a manicure and pedicure, the place is called Lily nails, I hear they’re quite popular”.

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Allen was already behind his reception desk as Miss Hitori entered the office that morning, she nodded with approval and walked over to greet him.

“Good Sofia, you’re on time today and looking more like yourself, you look so much better with a little colour in your cheeks. Now stand up and let me see the rest of your outfit”.

Allen stood up slowly and tentatively stepped out from behind the desk. “hmm, better than yesterday, but it’s a bit fairy-tale princess isn’t it? Perhaps try a shorter skirt tomorrow, you have great legs girl, it’s a crime not to show them off”. As Miss Hitori walked away, a once again humiliated Allen, made his way back to behind his reception desk. “Smile”, he thought to himself, “they can’t see your embarrassment if you smile”.

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After a long day of filing, photocopying, answering the phone and the occasional coffee run, all Allen wanted to do was go home to his little apartment, put on some comfortable clothes and spend the evening playing video games. Unfortunately, he had other plans. He had an appointment at the nail salon, where he’d have to spend god knows how long making his nails all pretty, before returning to Sofia’s apartment to write a review about his experience.

The car to pick him up was on time, and as he climbed in with the cameraman, he felt relieved he would not have to take the bus that evening in his swishy outfit. He regretted insisting on a long skirt and no bright colours as he realised Sofia’s initial choices would have shown more skin, but he would have fit in better with the rest of the office girls. They had made such a fuss over his outfit, calling him Cinderella or princess Sofia, making him twirl every time he passed by.

The reception area at Lily nails was clean and bright as he nervously walked in. He saw a smiling young girl behind the reception desk and walked over. She asked for his name, and with gritted teeth, he said he was Sofia Cannavaro.

“Ah, yes miss Cannavaro, right on time, we have you booked in for tips, a gel coat and a pedicure, follow me please”. Allen didn’t understand anything she said apart from pedicure, but he already had pink nails from the salon, the week before, so in his mind, anything they did would be an improvement.

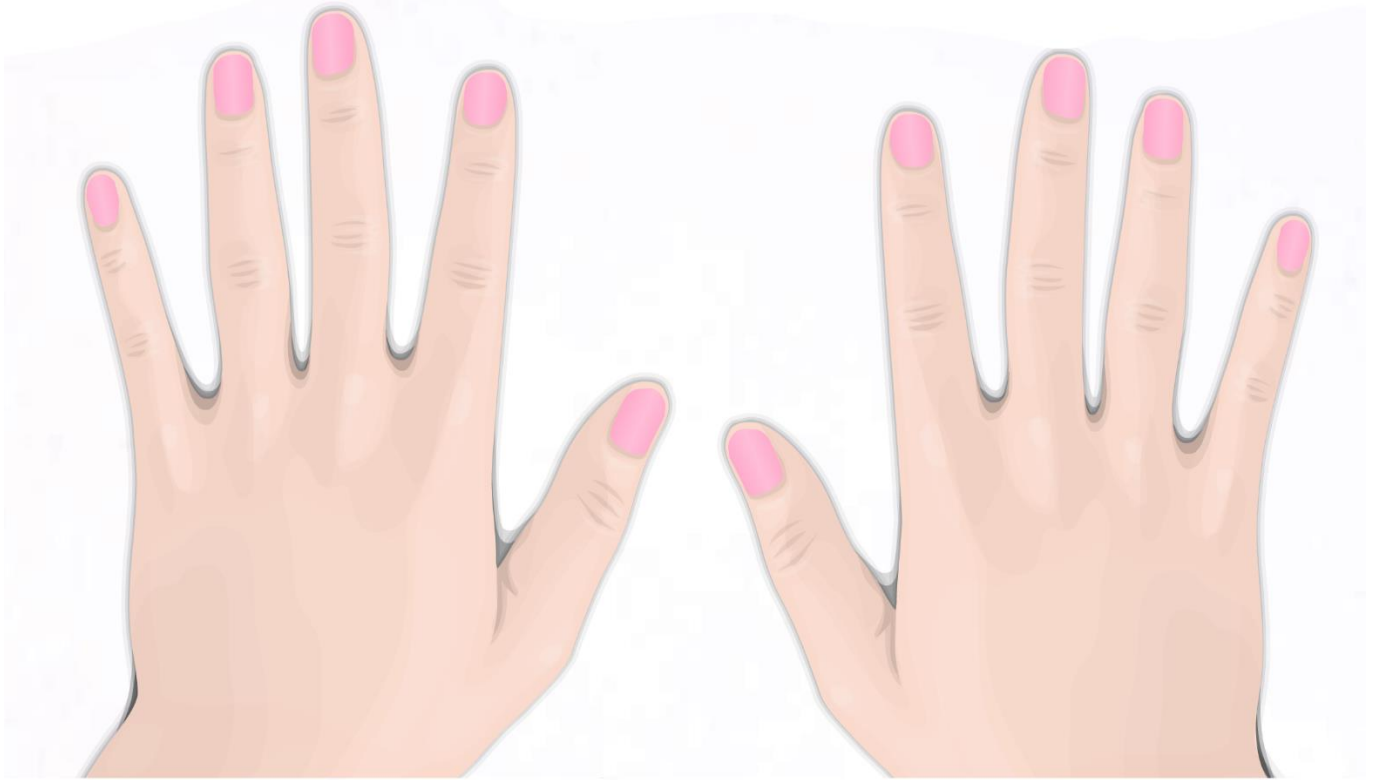
He was asked to take off his shoes and tights and sit in the chair. It felt good to be out of the heels after wearing them all day. And it felt even better when the nail technician started massaging his feet and rubbing them with oil. She confirmed he would be getting a black top coating and Allen nodded, enjoying the massage. The woman then produced a warm bowl of liquid and after removing his toenail polish, placed his feet inside to soak. Moving on to his hands, she asked him to place them flat on the table in front of him as she removed the pink nail polish from his fingers.

The smell of chemicals was nauseating but Allen smiled as he watched her remove the awful barbie pink colour from his nails. The nail technician then picked up a little stick and a pair of scissors and started pushing and trimming his cuticles. It was a slow process and Allen decided to put his head back and rest a moment in the comfortable chair. It had been a long day and early start and he was absolutely shattered.

He was woken by the woman, who told him he was all done, and he could put his clothes and shoes back on now. He thanked her before she stepped back and started gathering her things. He must have dozed off for a moment, he thought, raising his hand to rub the sleep from his eyes. “ow”, he shouted, as he poked himself just above the eye. He quickly moved his hands in front of his face to see what had stabbed him. His eyes widened as he tried to process the sight in front of him. His nails now extended way past the end of his fingers. They were black, at least an inch long and glistened in the salon light.

“Careful” said the nail technician, “they’ll take some getting used to, take your time getting your things together, I’ll meet you our front when you’re ready”, she said before walking out of the room leaving Allen to stare at his new claws.

Raifu switchi



“How am I going to do anything with these ridiculous things”, he thought. As he tried pushing a nail against the table to see how firmly it was attached it was. The result was a sharp pain as he quickly pulled back his hand feeling as though his real nail, beneath the acrylic layer, was about to rip off.

He tried to stay calm. He could cope with these new nails, it was only for a few weeks, he had seen plenty of girls with nails this long in the past, and they managed to survive, he would learn and adapt. But adapting proved difficult as he tried to put on his tights. After fumbling about a few minutes, he put a huge rip down the left leg. “Dam it”, he said aloud. Before giving up and putting the torn tights in his handbag. The next challenge was doing up the buckles on his pink platform Mary Janes. No matter how he twisted his hands he just could quite get the metal fastener to go through the little hole. It took fifteen minutes of frustration and swearing before he finally managed to buckle up his shoes. It was crazy to him, that a simple task like closing a buckle, something he had done in seconds that morning now seemed a near impossible task.

Raifu suitchi

Relieved and ready to get out of there, he awkwardly picked up his little heart shaped handbag and tottered out of the room. The receptionist looked up as he approached. "Miss Cannavaro, your bill is all taken care of, how was your experience with us today"? Allen tried to pass by as quickly as possible but smiled seeing the camera pointed at him, "oh, yeah, great, thank you".



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“Oh my god, I can’t believe this, they look just like mine did, before they forced me to remove them”, Sofia said as Allen showed her his hands over the video call.

“You mean they gave me an exact copy of your nails”?

“Exactly, remember when we met, that’s the way I had my nails, 1.25-inch black acrylic tips in a stiletto style, wow this is crazy, this show is really serious about us switching lives”.

“Do they come off”, Allen asked, looking down at his massive nails and remembering a few weeks ago, thrusting himself into Sofia as she scratched down his back with her nails. Nails just like the one’s now attached to his hands.

“Of course, but you need to soak them in acetone, you probably won’t be able to do it yourself. But you’ll get used to them, I’ve had long nails far years until recently” her voice suddenly sounded a little sad, “trust me in a few days you’ll forget they’re even there, you just need to learn a new way of doing things, let have a practice. You’re going to take off and then reapply your makeup, while you tell me about your experience at Lily nails, I will type it up and upload it on to my blog”.

So, for the next few hours Allen practiced tasks he could do that morning with ease but were now frustrating beyond belief, as he found it difficult to grip or keep a hold of anything. But having Sofia to chat and joke with made him feel a little better, he was really glad he had her with him through this experience, he was really starting to enjoy her company.

Sat in his dark office, working late as usual, Jin Watanabe, Raifu suitchi’s director, was reviewing the day’s footage. He was happy to see some good shots of the couples struggling to complete their daily tasks, sure to get some laughs from the audience and please his bosses.

He finished the last sip of his whisky as his assistance knocked on the door, “Mr Watanabe, you asked me to bring you this as soon as it came in”.

“Yes, thank you Ando, bring it here”, Jin replied taking the SD card, with the words Allen Dolberg written on the front, from his assistant.

Jin, poured himself another whisky and loaded up the footage. Jin had a put a lot of time and effort to get Allen on the show and so far, he wasn’t happy with what he had seen. With the singing contest from Saturday fresh in his mind, where Allen had scored 98 points and the crowd gave him a standing ovation as he grinned like an idiot. He was supposed to be suffering not enjoying himself, this was supposed to be his punishment for what he had done to his little Riku. She had been such a confident sweet girl, so full of life until she had met Allen.

He loaded up the SD card showing the footage of Allen going about his day in the white frilly outfit, all the girls in the office were having fun with him and he was twilling about. Jin skipped forwards to find Allen getting his nails done in a fancy nail salon. Jin watched the footage again from the start. He was getting angrier and angrier before his rage boiled over, picking up his whiskey glass and smashing it violently against a wall, screaming. “Why are you smiling? Are you enjoying this? Is this fun for you, sissy boy”? He sat back in his chair and took some deep breaths to calm down.

“Or perhaps I just haven’t pushed you hard enough yet”? These foreigners think they can come to my country and do whatever they like, never considering the consequences or the people they hurt. If he wants to be a girl so much, let’s give the boy a proper makeover and see if he is still smiling after”.

Chapter 6 Down the rabbit hole

5.30am. Allen had set his alarm an hour earlier today, he didn't have anywhere he needed to be, he just assumed he would need some extra time to go through his morning routine with his new nails. Showering wasn't a problem, it even felt nice raking his long nails across his scalp, as he washed his hair. But his first hurdle was fastening his bra, Sofia had told him to fasten it at the front and then spin it around, but even with that knowledge it took a few minutes of huffing and puffing to finally get it closed. After the struggle with the bra, Allen decided he needed to find something easy to wear, no laces, no buttons, no clasps, no zips and definitely no more buckles. He just couldn't face the struggle right now in his tired state. He just wanted something stretchy he could slip on. He searched through Sofia's wardrobe and found something that fit the description, a stretchy dress, with no buttons or zips, it would also please Miss Hitori's, as he thought back to her comments about his outfits over the last two days. "If she wants colour, today I'll give it to her", he thought, "holding the multi-coloured mini dress with his long dark nail tips.

With time ticking away, he needed to do his makeup. He opened up Sofia's blog and clicked on the daytime look section, with no time to waste he chose at random and ended up with one titled Korean. If Allen thought his first attempt at makeup was challenging, with inch long pieces of plastic glued on to the tips of his fingers. it had now become a painstaking task and a big test of his patience. Even holding the pens and brushes was a challenge, as he slowly worked his way through the steps. Glad of his practice with Sofia and the extra time he's allowed himself that morning as the whole process took almost 90 minutes. The nails had caused him all sorts of issues as he had accidentally put mascara all over his eyelid and had to do his eyeliner three times before it looked somewhat acceptable. He was also constantly rewinding the video clip, which proved a difficult task in itself using Sofia's touchpad on her laptop with the sides of his fingers. But he had done it, it was a little on the heavy side, but in a funny way he felt proud, like he had overcome another big obstacle and he was one step closer to the million dollars.

He slipped the dress, brushed out his wig and positioned it on his head, making sure it was on straight, now he just needed a pair of shoes. He chose a pair of patent black stiletto pumps, they were a lot higher than he would have liked but with the memory of the buckle incident, at the nail salon, fresh in his mind, these pumps just slipped on to his feet.

He looked a little too effeminate for his liking as he checked his reflection in the mirror, but in his mind, he would fit in much better amongst the other girls, when compared to his frilly outfit he'd worn the day before. He turned to the side and looked at his slim figure, he had lost a lot of weight over the last week or so. He was not really eating regularly and with all the changes and the endless tasks he was expected to do, he really was looking thin.

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Allen exited Sofia's apartment building and stepped out into the quiet backstreet and instantly thought about going back inside to put on a pair of tights. It was a freezing cold day in Tokyo and the icy wind chilled his legs and blew up his skirt, sending a shiver down his spine. But the thought of climbing back up the four flights of stairs he had just carefully traversed in his already uncomfortable shoes and then trying to put on a pair tights without ripping them with his long talons sounded like an utter nightmare, he'd also be late. He took a hold of the white collar of his fur coat, pulled it tightly around himself and braved the cold as he tottered off towards the bus stop.

The bus was crowded that morning, meaning Allen had to stand. He again wondered why he had chosen the stiletto pumps he now wore as he moved from one foot to the other, trying to get some relief from the pressure on his toes. Keeping his balance was also proving to be difficult as the bus stopped and started between traffic lights causing the people around him to lean into him, making him feel extremely uncomfortable.

But not as uncomfortable as when the palm of a stranger's hand brushed itself slowly down Allen's back before resting itself on his backside. He did a little shake and moved forward as far as he could, but the hand moved with him. The fingers then started to move, slowly caressing his left bum cheek before giving it a squeeze. Allen gave out a little squeal and quickly turned around to try and find the culprit, but as the bus braked, he lost his balance and fell into a businessman who caught him. No-one else was looking at him on the crowded bus and the man who he had just fallen into didn't seem the type, as he looked annoyed and pushed Allen back to his high heeled feet. Alan apologised as the man and turned back to face the opposite direction. He had his backside squeezed three more times, before he couldn't take it anymore, getting off the bus.

He stopped at the side of the road and took out his pink phone, with its hello kitty case, to check the time. 8.25, he still had 20 minutes to get to work and it was a 15-minute walk from here, according the map app. He wouldn't be late; it was just the

Raifu suitchi

dam cold wind and the height of his heels that he had to worry about. He again pulled his pink coat tightly around himself to try and stay warm, as he felt the icy cold wind on his legs as he waited to cross the road.



Raifu suitchi

With 8 minutes to spare he arrived at the building, Where, Aiko and the cameraman were waiting for him. “Hey, love the nails, Allen, but they’re probably a little too long for me”, Aiko said looking down at Allen’s hands.

“They’re too long for me too but I didn’t really get a choice in the matter”, Allen said holding up his acrylic nails.

“I’m sure you can cope for a million dollars, anyway, you’ve got another appointment later, for the blog”.

“What another? Isn’t this a bit much? I’m exhausted”.

“Hey, I’m just the messenger, one appointment today and one tomorrow, then as far as I know Friday night, you’re free”.

“Alright, where to this time”?

“It’s a fancy new spa type clinic that has just opened, the car will be here at 5.30 again, have a great day at work”. Aiko then walked away leaving the cameraman with Allen to document the day’s activities.

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Miss Hitori must have had the morning off as Allen didn’t see her come in that morning, from behind his reception desk. Which was probably just as well. He was already slow at his completing his daily tasks, still learning how to be a receptionist, having only started the job two days ago. but today he had been working at a snail’s pace, learning how to complete his morning tasks using his acrylic nails. Typing was particularly difficult, he had to hold his fingers much further away from the keyboard and move his fingers in a very delicate and precise way to hit the keys he wanted, after a few hours, his hands were sore and cramping from their unfamiliar position, but he was getting faster as he adapted to the nails.

It was just after lunch, when Allen saw Miss Hitori for the first time, he was in the photocopying room, doing a mountain of copying when she walked in.

“Sofia, how are you my girl? Working hard I hope”?

“Just doing the best I can Miss Hitori”.

“Good girl, and I have to say apart from that lovely long hair you used to have, you are looking much more like your old self again today. I love that dress and you’re even wearing your favourite shoes”.

Allen didn’t really know what to say, this conversation was now getting strange, the cameraman was on a break, but Miss Hitori was still acting like he was Sofia and not Allen. He thought about mentioning it but didn’t want to make things more awkward than they already were, and with only 2 more days to go, and needing her to write a positive report for the TV show, Allen just smiled and thanked her for the compliment.



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At 6pm, Allen arrived for his evening appointment in a part of Tokyo he had never been to before. When he entered “new you clinic”, he was surprised by the size of the place, he had expected somewhere bigger when Aiko had called it a spa. The clinic was on the second floor of a nondescript building and had only four rooms, one was for waiting and the other three were for treatments. Allen hobbled up to the front desk on his sore feet, said he was Sofia Cannavaro, and that he was there for an appointment.

“Good evening, Miss Cannavaro, you’re right on time. Can I get you something to drink”? The perky receptionist said.

“Urm, yeah sure, I’ll take a water, thanks”. Allen replied, as the receptionist reached into a small fridge to her right and passed him a bottle of cold water.

“So, you’re going to be here for quite a while tonight as I’ve got you down for our October special offer, brows, lashes and lips, is that right? Having no clue what he had been booked in for, by the show, he just said yes.

“Great, well if you’ll just sign her, I’ll take your coat “, She passed him a piece of paper and a pen and came around to help him out of his coat.

He thought about reading the two-page document but tired and knowing he’d have to sign it, or risk being kicked off the show for refusing. Hesitantly, he signed and dated the document before passing it back to the receptionist”.

“Thank you, you can take a seat over there, your technician should be out in just a minute”.

10 minutes later he was in a little room that looked like a doctor’s office. The technician, a short plump woman asked him to take a seat in a large reclining chair, with all sorts of equipment scattered around.

“It’s nice to meet you, Miss Cannavaro, the first thing I’m going to do is remove your makeup, if that’s OK”? Allen didn’t mind at all; it would be one less thing to do when he got back to Sofia’s apartment that night.

She was about halfway through the task when she stopped and looked at him. “Sorry if this is a sensitive subject but would you mind if I removed your wig too? It will make it much easier to work”, Allen again agreed and became a little self-conscious about his appearance, was it that obvious he was wearing a wig? Had he been walking around this whole time with everyone laughing at the man wearing a wig and dressed up like a woman”?

“OK Sofia, I’m going to start with your brows, it is OK, if I call you Sofia”?

“Yes”, Allen replied in a nervous voice, he knew eventually his eyebrows would be plucked to look more feminine, he just hoped this woman wouldn’t pluck too much.

“OK, great, lie back on the chair Sofia and close your eyes, I’m going to numb the area, but you may still feel some small amount of discomfort”.

Allen lay back and closed his eyes while the woman coated his eyebrows and forehead with a cold liquid. He sat there for a few minutes until the top part of his head felt completely numb.

She took a small wooden stick and poked Allen in the forehead. “Can you feel that”? she asked.

“Feel what”, replied Allen.

“OK, great let’s begin, just sit back and relax and let’s make you more beautiful than you already are”. The woman got to work, Allen knew what she was doing first, as he had been waxed the week before, he felt the warmth of something being spread across his forehead before something was pressed firmly down on top. Then rip, rip, rip. The sound was incredibly loud, but Allen didn’t feel a thing. Sat there Worrying, that this woman had waxed too much, he started to feel little points of pressure on his forehead, like someone was touching him lightly with the end of a pencil, it didn’t hurt but it was a little uncomfortable.

The process seemed to go on forever as the woman alternated from one brow to the other, before she announced she was done and asked Allen if he wanted to see. He wasn’t sure if he did, but curiosity got the better of him as he opened his eyes and nodded his head. The woman brought over a hand mirror and held it in front of his face, his extremely girly looking face.



Even without any makeup on, the new brows had completely changed his face. They had been shaped into delicate arches that framed his eyes and made his face look extremely feminine. He brought a nail up and carefully brushed it along one of his new brows. It was a little sore and oddly completely flat against his forehead.

“Do you like them? they really open up your face and allow your pretty features to shine”. The technician asked.

“It’s a big change, why are they so flat? Allen asked

“It’s called microblading, first, I waxed away your natural brows then I added some pigment with the nanoneedle, They’re so easy to maintain, all you have to do is pluck away any stray hairs that grow back in and you’ll wake up with fabulous looking brows every day”. She removed the mirror and Allen just stared at the ceiling in shock. He didn’t know such a thing was possible, as his mind tried to come to terms with the change.

“OK, sweetie on to the lashes, I’ll need you to close your eyes again”.

“You signed up for this” Allen thought, “you committed, you said you’d do whatever it takes”. He closed his eyes and felt some cotton pads being placed under his eyes. He felt the woman combing through his lashes, she then separated one and clamped down hard. She repeated the process over and over until Allen fell asleep.

Allen felt a tap on his shoulder, “you can wake up now, we’re finished Sofia. Wow, you’re a really heavy sleeper, I couldn’t have slept through all that”. All what? He thought as he popped open his eyes only to see massive eyelashes fluttering in front of his face.

“Did you stick some false lashes on me, while I was sleeping”? Allen mumbled, feeling confused.

The woman giggled “Don’t be silly Sofia, they’re the eyelash extensions I’ just added”.

“Eyelash extensions”? He mumbled again

Raifu suitchi

“Yes silly, wow you really are out of it after your nap, I’ve just spent the last hour adding extensions to each of your lashes, they’re much more natura looking compared to fake lashes and you won’t have to put mascara on for a weeks, unless you’re going for a real dramatic look”

“Weeks? Can I see”? Allen said, noticing how he couldn’t speak clearly.

“Of course, but before I get the mirror I have to warn you, you had a bit of a reaction to the lip fillers, it happens sometimes, the swelling will hopefully go down in a few days, but they look a little extreme right now so be prepared”

Swelling, extreme, Allen was now starting to panic. What had this woman done to him? He pushed his lips together in a pout and to his horror, when he looked down, his lips looked huge. The technician returned with the mirror and held it up so Allen could get a good look at what she had done to him.

He grabbed the mirror from her hands, it was a lot worse than he’d imagined, the first thing he saw were his lips, two big swollen slugs, sat in place of his normal lips. He touched his top lip with a long nail, and it bounced and jiggled. Was this permanent? Was he stuck with these porn star lips forever? No, she said the swelling will go down, he thought trying to convince himself things weren’t as bad as they seemed.

He looked up and saw up his new lashes, which he’d momentarily forgotten about, but the way they changed his appearance was just as dramatic as the lips. Staring at the huge voluminous and perfectly curled jet-black lashes extending from his eyes he was extremely aware of the difference they made to his face and was stunned by their grandeur. He opened his eyes wider and felt them touch socket above his eye causing him to blink a few times. As they fluttered and tickled his cheeks, he wondered how he was going to live with these irritating monstrosities, at least they would fall out after a while, or so he hoped.



Raifu suitchi

It was all too much for Allen as he felt overwhelmed with the changes, he needed to get out of that place and away from this woman who had mutilated his face. He passed the woman back the mirror, got to his feet, picked up his wig and handbag, before walking out of the room without saying another word.

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As he watched back the footage of Allen's transformation, Jin Watanabe, smiled. The boy would have to learn to live with these changes to his appearance, just like his little Riku, who had had to adapt to live with her injuries after the failed attempt to take her own life.

Riku had met Allen, when a friend had introduced them in a club, and his charm and good looks had easily won her over. She had fallen for him hard and she didn't resist as he asked her to go home with him at the end of the night. She didn't refuse as Allen asked to film them having sex or even when Allen took her up the bum for the first time in her life.

For weeks after Riku tried to call Allen, who was ignoring her, she went back to the same club night after night hoping to bump into him again. After 6 weeks she spotted him on the dancefloor with another girl. She waited for the girl to go to the bathroom before going over to talk to him. He was drunk and told her to get lost, that she meant nothing to him, and all his friends had loved watching the sex tape they had made. She ran out in tears and up to the roof of the club.

Jin watched the footage again. The show should also be at no risk of being sued, he thought, as he watched the receptionist tell Allen he was booked in for brows, lashes and lips and then got him to sign the consent form. He picked up his bottle of whisky and poured himself a nice full glass. "How long until he drops out, I wonder"? he thought, sitting back in his chair, "but before he does, how much further can I push him"?

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Chapter 7 Doppelgangers

When Sofia answered the phone that evening, Allen was mumbling and sounded terribly upset. He was talking about quitting and how they had disfigured him. Sofia tried to calm him down by telling him he was overreacting, but when she opened the selfie, he sent her, she had to admit, it was an extreme makeover.

She tried to calm him down by agreeing with him that the show had gone too far. "How could they go so extreme? I bet they're trying to get us to quit. They saw how well we are doing and are worried we will win".

"Do you think so"? Allen said feeling angry.

"Definitely, I looked on the shows wiki page, do you know in the past 5 year only one couple has ever won the money, every other year all the teams have either dropped out or failed the final challenge".

"Those cheap bastards", Allen shouted

"Yeah, you know what we should do"? Sofia said

"what"?

"We should complete all their challenges and not give them the reactions they want. We act like robots, making sure the shots they take are really boring and no fun for the audience to watch, and then we take their money".

"Yes, those fuckers are going to pay for what they have done to me". Allen shouted.

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Allen woke up the next morning still angry and more determined than ever, after his chat with Sofia, He no longer cared about himself as he looked at his feminised face in the bathroom mirror, still looking immaculate even after a night of sleep, he just wanted the TV show to pay. He took extra care to make sure his appearance was perfect that morning. He chose an outfit he thought would look cute on Sofia and made up his face.

His nails, after a day of practice, weren't giving him as many problems anymore as he had learnt new ways in which to use his hands. He managed to slide a thin pair of tights up his legs without causing any runs and even managed to close the tiny buckles on the ankle straps of his wedge sandals in under a minute.

As Allen sat behind his reception desk with his legs crossed, filling his nails, his colleagues started to arrive. The shock on their face upon seeing him was very evident as they complimented him on his new look. They loved his makeup and lashes and asked where he had gotten them done. They also loved his outfit that day, telling him looked like sexy secretary, wearing his black satin knee length pencil skirt with a slight ruffle design, and a red satin long sleeve blouse with a large bow around his neck. His huge plump lips glistened in the office light and now rested in a natural pout and his long feathery lashes lined with black eyeliner gave him a doll like appearance. Allen took all the compliments and thanked the girls, complimenting them in return. Inside, Allen's male mind was screaming with embarrassment at all the feminine adjective being used to describe him, but he was also a lot calmer and was worrying less about his appearance. He was determined and focussed to stay the course, in the mindset of, what else can they possibly do to me?

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At 5.30, a car arrived to whisk Allen off for yet another beauty treatment. He was told they were visiting a salon, where Allen would have his hair styled. Compared to all the other things they had done to him yesterday; a new haircut didn't sound that bad. He was actually surprised it had taken them this long for them to do his hair, as Sofia had been sporting a boy cut for over a week now.

Upon arriving he went through the motions, he knew the drill by now, tell them he was Sofia, agree to some feminising beauty treatment, he didn't want and then spend hours sitting there bored and having a nasty shock seeing the final result.

Once registered he was asked to undress, remove his makeup and wig, and put on an exceedingly small pair of elastic underwear that looked like a speedo. Confused he put them on and slipped into the robe provided. The tight undergarments became clear when he was taken to a room to receive a spray tan. He took off the robe, put on an elastic cap and a pair of goggles to protect his eyes. Standing in the glass booth, almost naked and feeling very insecure, a very pretty girl asked him to spread his legs before taking a spray gun and covered him from head to toe in a light mist. He then stood there for what seemed like hours, but was in fact just a few minutes, while the spray dried, and the cameraman panned up and down his skinny frame, getting the perfect shot for the show.

15 minutes later, he was back in his robe and sitting in a salon chair, having just had his hair washed. He assumed they had used some hair dye too, as the familiar chemical smell of when he dyed the wig filled his nostrils once again. He wondered what colour his hair would be, probably black he thought, like Sofia.

After being given a fashion magazine to read he waited for the dye to do its thing. After glancing at a few articles and discovering that animal print patterns were in style right now, he was directed to a nearby sink to wash out the dye. He was right with his guess, his hair was now jet black and with his fake tan, which was a big change from his usual pale skin tone, he looked like a completely different person.

He was told to get comfortable, as they were going to add some extensions to his hair, and it would take a while. He took out Sofia's phone from his handbag and looked through it for something to do. He found a game, where he had to match coloured shapes into lines and started to play, determined not to sleep this time.

His new nails were a problem at first until he learnt, that if he bent his fingers back as far as they could go, he could still use the tips of his fingers to swipe along the screen. Time seemed to fly by as he continued to play the addictive game, failing to notice his head getting heavier and heavier.

Engrossed in his new game having just passed level 63, a woman tapped him on the shoulder. "Miss, we are finished, you can go and get dressed now, but leave the towel on your head for now". Looking into the mirror, Allen understood what she meant, seeing a towel wrapped around his hair, its size making his face look tiny. He got up from the chair, suddenly aware of just how heavy his new hair was, as he stumbled a little before finding his balance.

He went to the changing area and quickly redressed in his little business outfit as he reflected on how quickly he had adapted to the longer nails, he was still very aware of their presence especially as they caused him to swish his hands about in a very girly fashion, but he could now do most things without having to think about them. Just like Sofia had said.

Returning to the salon, he felt nervous as he saw Aiko waiting for him. From experience he knew, it was never good news when she showed up.

"Hello Allen, come and take a seat, I've come to join you for the big reveal today and interview you for your thoughts".

"Hi Aiko, oh OK, what do you want to ask me"? Allen walked across the room and sat back on the stylist chair.

"Not yet, first we must finish the transformation, which brings me to our first surprise, "eyes SU-ITCHI". Allen gulped looking at the box of coloured contact lenses she was shaking in her hand.

"No, I'm not wearing them", Allen stated bluntly. Aiko looked a little taken aback and turned to the cameraman "Yamato, go and have a smoke and give us a moment", Yamato was happy to oblige, putting down the camera and leaving the salon.

"Now listen Allen, if you refuse a SU-IT-CHI, you will be eliminated from the show, it's in your contract, are you leaving the show"? Aiko asked looking him straight in the eye.

"No, no, I don't want to leave the show, but what contract? I don't remember signing a contract"

“You were given it on your first day, it had some questions on it which you answered about yourself. You don’t remember signing it”?

He did remember and suddenly started to worry about what he had signed. His spoken Japanese was good enough for everyday life, but his reading skills weren’t the best, he had just flicked through the final five or six pages of the document that day and signed the last page without reading it thoroughly.

“So, what will it be Allen”? Aiko was becoming impatient.

“But how will I get them out again”, Allen showed Aiko his long black nails.

“I will show you; you just need to be careful; I take mine out every night with no problem”. Aiko replied showing him her own long nails, albeit about half the length of Allen’s.

20 minutes later, completely fed up and exhausted, wanting to go home. Allen stood in front of a covered-up mirror. The black circle lenses felt strange in his eyes. Having never worn contact lenses before, it was an uncomfortable sensation having something touching his eyeball as he blinked furiously, casing his lashes to flutter about. After being released from the towel his hair had been brushed out and styled. He was told not to look down and ruin the surprise, but he could tell his hair was now really long just by the weight of it.

Allen nervously waited, gently rocking from one wedge heel to the other trying to dull the ache of his feet as all the salon staff gathered around. Aiko asked the cameraman if he was ready and with a nod from Yamato, she yanked away the covered from the mirror. Allen stared at his reflection, trying not to react, which was difficult given how shocking his makeover was once again.

“Oh, you look so beautiful, like a perfect little doll”, Aiko said, “pull your hair forward and show the people your gorgeous hair”.

With shaking hands, Allen reached behind his head, dug his nails into the masses of black hair and pulled the heavy strands over his shoulders.



“So, Sofia, how does it feel to have your hair back”? Aiko asked. Allen looked at her with a confused look on his face. Had she just called him Sofia? She had always called him Allen up until that point.

Getting no response Aiko turned towards at the camera, “Give the new Sofia a second ladies and gentlemen, I think he’s had quite the shock. The hair attached to his head is the exact same hair we cut from his girlfriend a week ago, we took it away and turned it into a set of extensions that have now been glued and weaved in to his own hair, completing the hair SU-IT-CHI”.

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Last day, you can do it Allen told to himself as he hobbled into the lobby of the office building around 8.40am, the next morning. He was really dressed up today wearing a short-patterned dress, a little leather jacket and sky-high heels, which had caused quite a few stares on his morning commute as he shivered his way to work.

Yesterday, one of the girls had invited him to join them for drinks after work that next evening. He had tried to politely refuse but Miss Hitori was having none of it. As he shuffled his way into the lift, he recalled the conversation yesterday, in her office, as he had taken her morning coffee in.

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“Thank you, Sofia”, Miss Hitori said sipping the coffee, Allen had just handed her. “I hear you’re not coming out with us girls as usual tomorrow night, is something wrong”?

“No, I’m fine it’s just been a pretty crazy week, I just feel like heading home and relaxing”, Allen said desperately hoping she would just drop the subject.

“Nonsense, a pretty young girl like you, at home alone on a Friday evening, I won’t have it. Plus, it’s tradition, you always join us on a Friday, Sofia, this will have to go in my report I’m about to type up for that TV show of yours”.

“Ah, no, there’s no need for that” stammered Allen, worried about a bad report eliminating him from the competition after all he had been through that week. “You know what? I’m being silly, of course I’ll go, it’s tradition after all”.

“Great, be sure to let Evelyn know, we’ll go from here straight after closing and remember to pick out a nice dress and heels, you know the club we usually end up in has a strict dress code.

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Back in the present, Allen stood tugging down on his short skirt that kept riding up his smooth thighs, as Miss Hitori joined him in the lift.

Miss Hitori greeted him with a smile, “good morning Sofia, oh, I love the hair, I’m so glad you decided to go back to your old style”.

Allen looked at her outfit and was a little surprised, he had expected to see her dressed up like he was, and not wearing her normal business attire.

“Good morning, Miss Hitori, I like your dress today, but I’m a little confused, is the night out cancelled”?

“Cancelled no, of course not”, Miss Hitori replied looking confused, before realising what Allen meant, “Oh, you mean my clothes?”

Don’t worry I’ve got something a little sexier to change into later”. She said holding up a bag and opening it to show Allen the outfit inside.

Raifu suitchi

“Well not as sexy as you in that outfit, but I’m not too sure if it’s appropriate for work though, didn’t you want to change here later, with the rest of the girls”? Allen looked at her with his mouth open, not knowing how to respond.

“Well I guess I can allow it, just this once, but those shoes are going to be murder on your feet all day, rather you than me girl.” She said chuckling as she exited the lift, leaving Allen stood there, feeling rather stupid, having not thought to change after work.



Raifu suitchi

After a painful day of rushing around the office in his 6-inch stilettos, Allen found himself in a familiar environment, but dressed in an unfamiliar way. He used to love a good night out in the city and coming to bars like the one he was currently in, flirting with all the pretty girls, and the thrill of the chase. But tonight, he found himself not the hunter but the hunted, as he tried not to think about how he was dressed. It was an uncomfortable experience stood in a city bar with all the men staring and checking out his leg. Was he this obvious when he used to check out girls, he thought, noticing a man walk past him for at least the 5th time, in the last 10 minutes, before sitting on a table opposite, occasionally glancing at his legs, trying not to get caught.

The only good thing about the night was his colleague Evelyn. As the only other foreigner in the group they had really hit it off and he was enjoying hanging out with her, it also helped that Allen found her really attractive. Evelyn was a British girl, who was obsessed with Japanese culture, she had blonde hair, big brown eyes and a great body, which was squeezed into a tight white dress.

“So, we need a new name for you, you’re not Sofia and it seems odd calling you Allen dressed like that”, Evelyn said, leaning in close, having to speak loudly to be heard in the crowded bar.

“That’s true, I guess, what did you have in mind”? Allen replied.

“How about Alena? It’s close to your real name and sounds quite sexy”, Evelyn said with a smile.

Allen thought it over, “sure, tonight call me Alena”, he said as he clinked his glass against hers, “cheers”.

“So, Alena, what’s it like being on Raifu suitchi? It seems rather intense”, Evelyn asked.

“To be honest it’s terrible, I’ve been forced to change my entire appearance and character, I’m followed around all day by a cameraman, In fact, I wouldn’t be surprised if he was hiding in here somewhere tonight, and it’s so tiring, they always have me doing something”.

“Doesn’t sound like something I’d want to do, if it makes you feel any better though, I like you’re new look, I think you’re gorgeous”, Evelyn said staring him directly in the eyes, as Allen wondered if this beautiful woman was coming on to him.

Evelyn held the stare for a few seconds before taking a sip of her drink, “so if you hate it so much why not just quit”?

“Well, I thought about it last week, but if I quit Sofia loses her chance of winning too”.

“Really, you’re telling me you care that much about a girl you’ve known for a few weeks, that you’re willing to change yourself into a woman”?

“Well, no you’ve got me there, to be honest, I’m angry. Angry at myself for not knowing what I was getting myself into but mostly angry with the show for forcing all these changes on me without my consent. I want them to pay, I’m going to win their money, do it smiling so the viewers don’t get the laughs they are looking for and then sue them for every penny they’ve got” Allen’s voice got louder and louder as he gave his speech, and Evelyn was hanging on his every word.

“Wow girl, I’m impressed, you really are a determined one”, Evelyn said raking her long nails gently down his upper arm through the material of his dress, causing Allen to shudder slightly.

“Yes, once I put my mind to something, I never give in and by the way I may look like a girl on the outside but I’m all man where it counts”, Allen said in a flirtatious voice.

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A few hours later and after probably too much to drink, Allen found himself in an alternative Tokyo night club with Evelyn and two other girls. He had been here a few times in the past and always enjoyed the scene, but he was usually dressed very differently, not perched on super high stilettos and showing off his legs for all to see.

The large central dance floor was packed, with people watching and chatting from the surrounding balconies as Allen returned from the ladies’ room, which he had chosen to use as it seemed the best choice in current circumstances, to see Evelyn calling

Raifu suitchi

him over. He tottered passed a dancing girl on a raise platform, thinking how strange it was to be wearing higher heels than her and made his way towards Evelyn.

“Hey, Alena, were going to dance, and you’re coming, no arguing. But first Sofia wants to say hi”, looking across the group, he saw one of the girls holding up a phone on video call as Evelyn put her arm around him and told him to give Sofia a wave.



Raifu suitchi

Out on the dancefloor with the music pumping, Allen realised he didn't know how to dance in his tight dress and towering high heels. He stood around awkwardly as the other girls swayed and moved their bodies to the music. He felt a bum press up against his from behind and start grinding against him moving from side to side. He pulled away and looked around to see a smiling Japanese man, who winked at him. He scooted in closer to the girls and the safety of the group.

Evelyn leaned over "come on girl show me your moves, you're as stiff as a board".

"I don't know how to dance as a girl", Allen shouted over the loud music.

"Oh, it's easy, just loosen up your body and let it sway with the music, watch me". Evelyn put her hands above her head and swayed side to side in a sexy manner. She then spun around and pushed her backside in to Allens crotch and started girating up and down.

Incredibly turned on Allen started to sway with her. They danced together for the next few songs as their bodies rubbed agaisnt each other. "Wow, perhaps this outfit is not so bad after all", Allen thought, enjoying electric feeling of Elelyns nylon covered legs rubbing against his own and the touch of her nails through the thin material of his dress.

His problems melted away as all his attention was fixated on the sexy blonde slowly caressing his body with her own. When their lips touched it felt amazing, with his new pouty lips covered in lip gloss. The kiss felt completely different to any other he'd experienced, so soft and sensual as their slippery lips glided against each other. After a heavy makeout session, Evelyn pulled away and leaned in next to his ear, "You know, I think I prefer you to the real Sofia, be right back sexy", she said, putting her hand under his skirt, grabbing his left ass cheek and giving it a hefty squeeze before strutting off across the dance floor and into the restroom.

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On Saturday afternoon, a slightly hungover Allen was back in the TV studio. He had just had his hair and makeup done and he was stood staring at himself in the mirror. He found it difficult to look at his reflection for long. His huge eyelashes and pink pouty lips just looked so wrong on his face and completely different to the face he'd seen all his life, up until that point. He was wearing an outfit the studio had chosen for him, and he looked so young and inocent in the white layered dress. He was also pretty nervous about the show that day, he had worn clothes like these before but with everything together and having to go out in front of a large crowd like this, it was extremely intimidating.

He looked away from the mirror in disgust to see Sofia, who looked even more nervous than him. She was sat in a chair on the other side of the large room, tapping her hand on the armrest. It was the first time he'd seen her in the flesh this week and she had received quite the makeover herself. He already knew her hair had been chopped off, of course, as Allen now had it grafted to his own and had to put up with the huge mass of black hair, everywhere he went. What he hadn't seen until today was, they had dyed her hair blonde and styled it similarly to how he used to wear his own. Also gone was her fake tan, Allen had no idea how they had removed it but he imagined it was not as easy or as quick as when he received his own spray tan. The other noticable change were the bushy eyebrows above her now blue eyes a stark contrast to the little arches she had when Allen first met her. It was strange looking at her sittling there styled to look like him, wearing a slim fitted shirt that showed no signs of any breasts beneath and a pair of jeans with a slight bulge in the crotch.

But if it was strange for Allen looking at Sofia, it was much stranger for her, seeing him stood across the room in a flowery white dress with a some heavy padding beneath to give the impresssion of breasts. His tanned skin looked healthy, as she looked down at her pasty white forearms and sighed. His long acrylic nails shined in the light as she thought about her trip to the nail salon a few weeks back, where she had chosen the exact colour that his nails where now painted. His makeup looked perfect, the genreal style and colours were very similar to how she used to apply her own, but with some notable differnrces. She had tried eyelash extensions a few time but found them too high maintenance, sticking to the glue on fake lashes, but the huge feathery eyelash extensions allen had been given really made his eyes look beautiful and combined with the huge black circle lenses ,made his eyes almost doll like, her own blue contact lenses just her eyes looks washed out. But perhaps the thing that stood out most though, were the huge pouty lips coated in pink lip gloss and begging to be kissed. This part confused Sofia as her own lips were actually quite thin. It was something she had always felt a little self concious about, she had considered getting fillers for years, but was just too scared to actually commit to something so permanent.

Sofia shook her head in disbelief at the changes they had both gone through over the last few weeks, staring across at the man who had taken her home and screwed her brains out a few weeks ago, now completely feminised, looking like he was about to attend a celebrity wedding, dressed in his crisp white mini dress and a little pink jacket, designed to look like feathers, his polished toenails peeking out from a pair of 6-inch strappy white platforms, and his hair and makeup, styled to look just like hers had, a few weeks earlier.

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As Jin Watanabe watched the show being filmed from his spot in the director room, He saw Allen totter out on to the stage in a flouncy mini dress followed by a pale thin lweedy looking Sofia and stop in the center of the stage.

Enzo welcomed them and cracked a few jokes about their new looks before a montage was shown on the big screen, giving the audience an insight into their week. When it finished the audience were clapping and whistling in excitement, Allen and Sofia had become a bit of a crowd favourite and that was reflected in their score of 87, after the vote, causing Jin, who was watching intently from position high above the studio floor, to grit his teeth and clench his fists.

Then, the big screen behind them changed and a picture was revealed. It showed an unhappy looking Allen and a smiling Sofia the first time they appeared on the show, just two weeks ago. "Awww" went the crowd loudly, as they took in the incredible transformation the couple had been through before clapping. Enzo then read out the reports submitted by Miss Hatori and Sofia's supervisor for the week, highlighting some of the funny or awkward moments to get a laugh from the audience, before reading out the scores they had awarded. Allen scored a 29 out of 50 and Sofia scored a 42 out of 50, giving them a combined score of 71 out of 100 and 158 out of 200 in total.

With the first two parts of the scoring revealed and a healthy points total it was on to the quiz section, they would be asked 10 questions each, related to the job they had done that week and each one was worth 5 points.

All the while, Jin was watching on from above. His plan for revenge had seemingly worked out perfectly. The private detective he had hired to follow Allen around, had not been cheap and he'd had to pull some favours to organise the fake meal at the restaurant. But It was all supposed to be worth it, to put this arrogant, selfish foreigner in his place, to strip away his macho appearance and attitude, and show him what it's like to feel vulnerable and helpless, just like his Riku had felt as he treated her like she was nothing causing her to jump from a five storey building. But jin wasn't satisfied in fact he was furious. He slammed his fist on to the table in anger, "why the hell is he smiling", he yelled to no one in particular, as everyone in the room jumped and looked in his direction. "Is he enjoying this,?" He thought, as a few of his colleagues backed away frightened. "Well I guess it's time take things up a notch, when I'm done with you boy, not even you're own mother will recognise you".



END OF PART ONE