

RENT OR FORFEIT

A TG TALE BY DS1000



34 ILLUSTRATIONS

Rent or Forfeit

After his mother ups and leaves soon after his eighteenth birthday, Tommy Jenkins is thrown a lifeline by his older sisters, who reluctantly take him in - an act of kindness they quickly regret. Tommy is still the same unmotivated, selfish little brother who used to insult and torment them as kids, and now he's freeloading under their roof without a care in the world.

Day after day, they come home from work to find him sprawled out on their sofa, wallowing in the mess he's made, with no intention of pulling his weight. Frustrated by his lack of ambition and fed up with the intrusion into their lives, they decide to give him some motivation. Unfortunately for Tommy, their idea of encouragement takes the form of a game - one where every week he fails to get off his lazy backside and pay his share of the rent, he faces a forfeit.

At first, the punishments seem harmless enough, but as the weeks go by, they take on a different tone, stripping away his masculinity piece by piece until there's little left of the brother they once knew.

Authors Note

This book will always have a special place in my heart. It was one of the first I ever wrote, and the story made me fall in love with writing these kinds of novels. But back then, I was new to writing, and the original was riddled with grammatical errors. This rework - complete with a more satisfying ending and a few new images - sets out to fix that.

To everyone who has supported me on Patreon over the years - this is dedicated to you. I couldn't do what I do without your continued support. I hope you enjoy revisiting this story as much as I enjoyed rewriting it.

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Chapter 1: New Beginnings

Following his sisters, Sarah, and Monica, into the spare bedroom of their modest apartment, Tommy Jenkins exhaled deeply as he gently set down his suitcase beside the bed. Inside was a pitiful collection of his earthly belongings: some worn-out clothes, his game console, and a handful of trinkets. Scanning the room, he couldn't hide his disappointment as he prepared to face his new reality. "There isn't even a TV!" Tommy moaned as he turned to face Sarah. "How am I supposed to play my games without a TV?"

Sarah, five years Tommy's senior, was far from thrilled at the prospect of having her younger brother stay with them. In fact, if she had her way, she would have left him to fend for himself on the streets. Forcing a smile, the blonde-haired woman tried to conceal her true feelings. "We've never needed one in here before. But if you really need one, I'm sure you can find a cheap second-hand one online," she said through gritted teeth. With a weary turn, Tommy faced the large full-length mirror on the wall. He had no money for a TV - second-hand or not - making this already frustrating situation even more unbearable.



Staring into the mirror, flanked by the two sisters he used to torment in his younger years, Tommy knew he had hit rock bottom. At eighteen, he should have been preparing for university, but after partying and skipping classes throughout his final year of A-levels, he had failed every subject. Now penniless, he faced the prospect of being homeless if Sarah and Monica decided not to take him in.

Things had turned sour on his eighteenth birthday when, instead of receiving a new game for his PlayStation, Tommy's mother announced she had cancelled the rental agreement and was moving halfway across the country to live with her latest boyfriend, Jeff. She had never been the most loving of mothers, but this move was cold, even by her low standards. With nowhere else to go, Tommy packed an old suitcase that had once belonged to his departed father and trekked across town to find the only people who might consider helping in his time of need - his estranged older sisters.

Having just returned home from a shopping trip, the sisters clashed fiercely for nearly ten minutes after opening the door to find their scruffy, bearded brother begging to be taken in. Still haunted by memories of living with him, Sarah strongly opposed the idea. However, Monica, the younger and more compassionate sister, took a different approach. Though she too, harboured less-than-fond memories of living with Tommy, the thought of him out on the streets alone broke her heart. After a frank conversation with Tommy, in which he promised to find a job and turn his life around if allowed to stay, Monica convinced Sarah to give him a chance, provided he contributed to the monthly rent.

For the first few days, Tommy kept true to his word. He woke up early to scour job listings, even submitting his CV to a few prospective employers. However, as the days turned into weeks, his efforts in the job search gradually dwindled until they were forgotten entirely. A month later, Tommy had contributed nothing towards the rent. He spent his days lounging in the living room, devouring every scrap of food in the fridge, and hogging the main TV to play his computer games. By rarely showering or changing his clothes, he had quickly turned the once-pristine apartment into a foul-smelling pigsty.

The sisters initially tolerated their younger brother's behaviour, believing he was genuinely trying to find a job. However, as Tommy continued to disrespect their privacy and the shared living space, their patience wore thin. The tension reached a boiling point on a fateful Friday night when Sarah returned home after a gruelling day at work to find Tommy unconscious on the sofa, surrounded by empty food packages and a drained gin bottle - the very bottle she had planned to enjoy with her friends that evening.

Wanting to kill her good-for-nothing, lazy brother, Sarah marched over, ready to wake him from his stupor and give him a piece of her mind. However, before she had the chance, Monica arrived home and intervened to defuse the situation. Although frustrated herself, Mónica tried to remain calm and logical as she consoled her older sister. As she listened to Sarah rant, an interesting idea occurred to her. She shared her thoughts with Sarah, who, after considering them for a moment, quickly warmed to her idea. It was a little unusual but full of fun, involving some tough love to teach their slacker of a brother an important life lesson. They hoped this kick in the backside would be the wake-up call he needed to take responsibility and make something of himself.

As the sun set on that fateful evening, Tommy's eyes fluttered open, groggy, and disoriented from his drunken slumber. However, as he tried to shake off the cobwebs, he was met with the furious glares of his two older sisters, their anger palpable as they issued an ultimatum. From that moment on, he was to pay his fair share of the weekly rent. If he didn't have the money, he would suffer a forfeit. Refusing to comply would mean packing up his suitcase and taking his chances on the streets.

In his bleary state, Tommy failed to grasp the seriousness of the situation. "Sure thing, girls," he slurred, his words thick with sleep. "I'll find a job tomorrow. Promise."

Monica, noticing her sister's face flush with rage, knew she needed to intervene quickly. "That's great, Tom," she exclaimed, her face breaking into a wide grin. "But we're starting right now. Do you have this week's money?"

Shifting upright, Tommy raked his fingers through his long, unkempt hair, which, after missing more than a few haircuts, now cascaded down to his shoulders. "Uh... Well, I'm a bit short at the moment, Mon. Can I get it to you in a few days?" he replied, clearly confused by the situation.

"Sorry, Tommy boy," Sarah said, jumping into the conversation. "You've had plenty of time to come up with the money, and to be honest, I don't really believe you're trying anymore. So, it looks like you're going to need to pay a forfeit or leave." Producing a bright purple hat that she had once worn to a wedding, Sarah held it out to her brother. Inside were ten pieces of folded paper - five written by her and five by Monica. Each contained a task, something embarrassing that Tommy would never choose to do of his own free will.

"What's this?" Tommy asked, squinting as he peered into the fancy headpiece.

"My God, do you ever listen?" Sarah exclaimed in frustration. "These are your forfeits, dummy. Now, pick two, then choose one you're going to do."

Tommy was unimpressed. "Err... I don't really feel up to playing right now, Sare," he said, his drunken mind slowly grasping the rules of the game. "Let's do this another time, yeah?"

"That's a shame, Tom," Monica answered, leaning in. "I spent ages convincing Sarah to give you a chance. To prove that you want to change. But I was wrong. Your bag's already packed and sitting by the front door. I put £50 on top - that should get you food and somewhere to sleep for a few days," she added, her voice cold and firm.

Tommy's eyes widened in surprise as he looked towards Monica. Usually the nicer sister, her stern stance signalled that the situation was more dire than he had realized. Clearing his throat, he peered down into the hat once more. "I pick two but only have to do one of them, right?" he asked, glancing up at Monica. "Exactly," she replied, nodding her head as Sarah tutted loudly behind her.

With a sense of trepidation, Tommy reached into the hat and pulled out two small pieces of paper. Unfolding them, he read the shocking options aloud. The first: 'Learn how to apply makeup and wear it every day,' made his top lip curl in disgust. The second: 'Shave off every hair below your eyebrows and keep your skin smooth after. All long pants are banned,' was no better, causing him to groan loudly as he hunched forward. Looking back at Monica and then glancing towards Sarah, Tommy searched for any hint of a smile - some indication that this was all some sort of joke or prank. Unfortunately for him, all he found were two extremely serious faces staring back at him.

Chapter 2: Smoothly Does It

Backed into a corner after his pleas for more time to find the rent money fell on deaf ears, Tommy, with absolutely no intention of wearing makeup, reluctantly chose the second option. No sooner had he uttered the words, and before his groggy brain had fully grasped what he was agreeing to, Tommy was pulled from the sofa and ushered up the stairs by his smiling older sisters. He was practically dragged into the bathroom, handed a pink packet of razors, and told to strip.

"Now lather up your body and take long, smooth strokes," Sarah instructed with a stern tone. "You don't want to cut yourself, do you?"

"Sarah! You're not really going to make me do this, are you?" Tommy groaned, the thought seeming to cause him physical pain. "How is shaving my body hair going to help me find a job?"

"It's going to inspire you to take action and do something other than sit around playing games and getting drunk all day. Start with your beard, so you don't dull all the blades on your legs," Sarah replied, her comment eliciting a playful giggle from Monica.

"What!? No way! You want me to shave my beard too? It took me forever to grow it!" Tommy cried out in horror.

"Of course! Didn't you read the forfeit? Every single hair below your eyebrows must go. And trust me, we're doing you a favour here, Tom. You look like a homeless bum! Oh, and that reminds me. Use the shampoo in the pink bottle and the conditioner next to it. Your hair is disgusting."

Tommy looked at Sarah and then Monica, his expression dumbfounded, searching their faces for any hint of a joke. Finding only cold, unyielding gazes, he bowed his head in defeat, the pounding in his temples growing. Gritting his teeth, he undressed and stepped into the bathtub.

After a monotonous hour of shaving - having failed Sarah's inspection three times - Tommy emerged from the tub, his skin as smooth as a newborn babe. Monica was there to offer him a fluffy white robe, which he gratefully accepted to shield his hairless frame from his sisters' scrutinizing eyes.

"Good job, Tom," Monica called out cheerfully, as Sarah smiled beside her. "Let me help you dry your hair."

Tommy, longing for an end to his nightmare and peculiar without his usual fuzzy coat, let Monica - who was now being nice to him again - work her magic. Over the

next five minutes, as the blow-dryer's loud hum resonated in his hungover skull, Tommy gazed glumly at the reflection of his exposed cheeks and chin. By the time Monica pronounced him done, his formerly shoulder-length, grungy rocker hair had been transformed. It now shone, flicking outward at the shoulders, mocking him from the mirror.

Seizing his chance to escape, Tommy darted past his sisters toward the refuge of his bedroom. He slammed the door behind him, eager to put some real clothes on. The sight of his smooth, pink ankles protruding from the bottom of the robe - far too delicate and girly for his taste - was making him feel nauseous.

Charging towards the chest of draws, Tommy wrenched open the top drawer expecting to find his trusty jeans. Instead, his heart sank at the sight before him. His beloved jeans - along with all his other long-legged clothing - had been replaced by neat piles of vibrantly coloured material. As Tommy unfolded one, his upper lip curled in disgust. It was full of shorts! Desperately examining each pair, which had been 'kindly' donated by his sisters, he hunted for something acceptable to wear. However, after a brief and fruitless search, he discovered every pair to be extremely short and designed in a distinctly feminine style.

Reflecting on the words from the small piece of paper he had unfolded earlier, Tommy suddenly realized the literal and serious nature of the game his sisters had thrust him into. Backed into a corner, Tommy reluctantly chose the least feminine pair of shorts he could find and pulled the tight denim material up over a clean pair of boxers. The underwear bunched up uncomfortably underneath, but that feeling paled in comparison to the cringe-inducing sight of having his hairless legs on full display for the world to see. Not wanting to dwell on the strange, unfamiliar sensations he was experiencing, Tommy quickly threw on a dark T-shirt and slipped his feet into his trusty Converse. Once dressed, he took a few tentative steps across the room before coming face to face with the full-length mirror on the far wall.



Slowly shaking his head, Tommy's eyes widened as he took in his new look. It was truly shocking how something as seemingly insignificant as a lack of body hair could change his appearance so dramatically. Without his beard and with his neatly styled long hair, scented with lavender from the shampoo, he looked younger and more androgynous. At that moment, as he glared at his altered reflection, he vowed to do whatever it took to avoid another forfeit the following week, fearing what other punishments lay in wait on those little folded pieces of paper.

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For the next few days, Tommy scoured the internet for job opportunities. He detested the feeling of having smooth, hairless skin and found the daily task of shaving his entire body tiresome. However, as the week progressed, Tommy slowly

reverted to his old habits - lazily lounging around while indulging in hours of computer gaming. His urgency to find a job had dwindled as he deemed all available positions beneath him.

By midweek, with nowhere to go and no one to impress, Tommy had grown accustomed to life in shorts with hairless legs. As his sisters grew tired of poking fun at him, his feelings of embarrassment gradually shifted to accepting his new normal. It was at this point; he reasoned that his sisters were simply trying to bluff him into becoming their cash cow. Having pranked each other throughout their teenage years, he was confident he could outlast them. He believed they would eventually give up on their silly game, allowing him to return to enjoying his life as before.

When Friday night descended upon the house, Tommy was in the thick of an intense online FIFA match with his friend Henry. He was on the brink of scoring the winning goal when Sarah and Monica burst into the living room. "It's that time of the week, Tommy boy," Sarah exclaimed with excitement, "do you have our rent money?"

Tommy ignored her question, not even bothering to acknowledge her presence. Clearly irked by his lack of response, Sarah tensed her body, marched across the room, and yanked the TV plug from the socket.

"Hey! What the hell?" Tommy yelled; his voice tinged with anger. "I was about to win!"

"I don't give a shit about your stupid game," Sarah snapped, looming over her younger brother with her arms crossed. "Do you have any rent money for us?"

"Nope," Tommy replied nonchalantly, shrugging. "I've been looking for jobs all week, but there's just nothing out there right now."

From across the room, Monica watched as Sarah's fingers clenched into a fist. However, before her sister could react, she stepped forward to intervene. "Really? I just checked online, and I found a few places you could have applied."

"What? Wait tables or deliver flyers?" Tommy scoffed. "No thanks."

"Well, I guess you're doing another forfeit," Monica shot back, producing the purple hat from behind her back.

Tommy rolled his eyes. "Come on, Mon. Are we really doing this again? You've made your point. I'll get a job as soon as something decent comes along. I Promise. So why don't you put the hat away, and we can all go back to enjoying our evening, okay?" he stated defiantly.

Sarah, now calmer, stared down at her self-confident little brother. "This isn't a game, Tommy! This is your life now! And it ends one of three ways: You get a job and pay your own way. You move out. Or you become our little sister. Your choice!" She declared, snatching the hat from Monica and shoving it in Tommy's face.

"Whatever," Tommy scoffed, reaching into the hat. His bravado faded quickly as he unfolded the two slips of paper he'd drawn. He regretted his earlier stubbornness as he read his choices: 'Paint your fingers and toes with nail polish and maintain them properly' or, equally daunting, 'Wear tights or stockings at all times.'

Chapter 3: A Tight Call

Staring down at the scraps of paper unfolded on the living room coffee table, Tommy wrestled with the consequences of each decision. He considered the pros and cons of having painted nails. It wouldn't be the end of the world, he thought, recalling some goth guys he'd seen with black polish. However, the paper specified bright colours, and the idea of sparkly pink polish on his fingers and toes repulsed him. Then there was the maintenance part - the embarrassment of repainting his nails each evening, no doubt under his sisters' watchful eyes. No, that option was out of the question. It had to be the tights.

Having decided on the lesser of two evils, Tommy tried to convince himself that wearing pantyhose wouldn't be so bad. After all, they were essentially just long socks, right? With the recent cold weather and him having nothing to wear but shorts, he'd at least be a little warmer. "I'll wear the tights," he declared confidently, looking up at Sarah and nodding.

"Great choice, Tom. Your legs are going to look so pretty in a pair of sheer nylons," Sarah teased, eliciting a burst of laughter from Monica.

Sarah then exited the room, returning a few minutes later with a plastic bag. She approached Tommy and handed it over. "Here, these are for you," she said with a grin.

"What's this?" Tommy nervously asked as he took the bag.

"Just a little donation from me and Mon," Sarah replied, sharing a smirk with her sister. "It'll give you something to wear, and an opportunity for us to go shopping. Feel free to buy your own too if you want?"

Tommy's top lip curled as he peered into the bag, discovering what appeared to be rolling hills of soft, colourful material. He tentatively reached in and felt the soft fabric, then quickly pulled back his hand as a shiver ran up his hairless body. "These will do just fine, thanks," he choked out, not thrilled about wearing his sisters' hand-me-down pantyhose, but without the means or the desire to buy his own - especially since he viewed the situation as temporary.

"So, go on. Choose a pair and we can show you how to put them on properly," Monica quipped. "They're easy to snag if you're not careful."

"What?! Like right now?" Tommy exclaimed, suddenly regretting his decision as he noticed the excitement on Monica's face.

"Of course," Sarah confirmed. "The forfeit begins as soon as you make a decision. From now on, unless you're sleeping or showering, we expect to see you with colourful, nylon-covered legs. And as per the rules, the timer has been reset. You have seven days to find next week's rent money, or you choose again. Of course, you always have the option of moving out!"

Feeling defeated, Tommy sighed. "Okay, show me," he grumbled, much to Monica's delight.

Ten minutes later, Tommy stood in front of the full-length mirror in his room, gazing at his legs in disgust. He had chosen a black pair for his first experience with tights. Seated on the sofa, he had cringed as Monica demonstrated how to roll the thin, stretchy fabric into a doughnut shape. Talking him through the process, she first, rolled and then tugged the tights up his smooth legs, adjusting them around his waist. After a few final tweaks and helping him back into his girly-looking denim shorts with frayed edges and his Converse, Monica stepped back. Tommy seated on the sofa, slowly looked down at his legs encased in the strange, alien material, as a wave of nausea washed over him. Excusing himself, he bolted from the room.

As they heard their little brother's footsteps fade up the stairs, Sarah turned to Monica and gave her sister a congratulatory high-five. They could imagine the peculiar new sensations Tommy was experiencing at that moment, the figure-hugging garment compressing his legs, stretching, and swishing as he retreated to the safety of his room. It had been a challenging week, as they inspected their brother daily to ensure he continued to shave his legs and use the shampoo and conditioner in the bathroom. Although not part of a forfeit, they insisted he continue to use these products as they gave his hair a pleasant smell and added feminine volume and shine.

"It won't be long now," Sarah said, smiling at Monica. "I give him two more weeks, max."

"Maybe," Monica replied, shrugging her shoulders. "You know how stubborn he can be when he sets his mind to something."

"Well, he can be as stubborn as he wants," Sarah chuckled. "But he's going to break at some point. There are some real stinkers in there," she added, referring to some of the more extreme challenges that awaited her brother in the hat of forfeits.

Up in his room, Tommy grimaced as he twisted his body left and then right, viewing his legs from different angles. The stretchy, dark material clung tightly to his skin, highlighting every curve and contour under the artificial bedroom light. The sensation of having his hairless legs held in a soft embrace of tights was as disturbing

as it was fascinating, with the delicate material having transformed his legs into those of a woman.



Balling up his fists, Tommy swore to himself that he would find a way to make some money the following week. He had thought he could beat his sisters at this game by staying strong, but if the next couple of forfeits were as transformative as the first two, he dreaded how feminine he'd look in a few weeks' time. The thought of what could come next sent chills down his spine - high heels, a mini skirt to match the tights! No, there was no way he would let them humiliate him any further. He would find a job, earn enough to silence them, and then quit to resume his leisurely existence.

Frustrated and annoyed with his predicament, Tommy flopped onto his bed and pulled out his phone. He desperately needed a distraction, and his favourite mobile game was just the ticket. He spent the rest of the evening lost in the virtual world, trying to forget the sensation of the nylon fabric caressing his smooth skin, refusing to go back downstairs where he would face the mocking laughter of his sisters.

Starting the next morning, Tommy frantically searched job listings, but the sensation of silky nylon slipping over his legs whenever he moved proved a constant distraction. The annoying swishing sound of his steps and the unsettling way his thighs slid across chairs constantly reminded him of the further changes to come if he didn't find a way to make money quickly. He applied for several positions he thought matched his intellect, but as the week progressed and he received no responses, a sense of desperation set in. He even reached out to some old school friends for a loan, but they refused, knowing they would likely never see their money again. Tommy's conversations with old friends had an unexpected effect: he felt more isolated and lonelier than he had in a long time. Previously, he'd regularly engaged in conversations while playing his online games. However, the macho bravado he adopted during gaming now seemed silly with his delicate girly legs constantly on his mind. Trapped in his sisters' home, frustration mounted as he realized he had let the situation get out of hand. The thought of being labelled the freaky man in tights left him too paralyzed with fear to go for a short walk outside. As the week wore on, his sense of entrapment only deepened.

On Friday evening when the dreaded purple hat was placed atop his nylon-clad thighs, Tommy hardly uttered a complaint. With a heavy sigh, he drew out two slips of paper, clutching them tightly as a wave of apprehension washed over him. He knew something about his appearance was about to change, and the worst part was that he had genuinely tried that week to get the rent money.

“Sarah, please can we not do this?” Tommy pleaded, looking up from the sofa at his sister with hopeful eyes. “I tried so hard this week.”

“That’s great, Tom,” Sarah replied, “but you obviously didn’t try hard enough, or you’d have some money for us.”

Glancing over at Monica and seeing her nod in agreement with Sarah, Tommy inhaled deeply. His heart pounded with anticipation as he reluctantly unfolded the papers and laid them on the coffee table to consider his options. As giggles erupted from his sisters, he leaned forward to uncover his fate, then quickly leaned back, scratching his head in indecision. He struggled to determine which option was worse: ‘shaping his eyebrows into high, delicate arches and maintaining them,’ or ‘piercing his ears and starting to wear an assortment of earrings.’

Chapter 4: Russell

Tommy gritted his teeth, staring in horror at his reflection. His brows, once thick and bushy, had been plucked into almost non-existence. He had agonized over his decision, flip-flopping between daunting forfeits, before finally settling on this one. Monica, visibly surprised by her brother's choice, had eagerly set to work, while Sarah captured the entire process on camera, her giggles filling the room. Running his fingers over his now nearly pencil-thin arches, Tommy was overwhelmed by regret.

Most men, faced with the same options, might have opted for piercings. But Tommy couldn't bear the thought. His fear of needles was so intense that even a glimpse could make him faint. Worse still, Sarah had bluntly told him that getting pierced meant going out. The idea of venturing to a piercing Parlor, especially on a bus where he'd have to show his girly legs, filled him with dread.

Turning away from his reflection in disgust, Tommy examined his outfit with growing frustration. The silvery white shorts he had grabbed that morning—a snakeskin pattern glinting off the fabric because all his regular denim was dirty—felt slippery to the touch. The oversized grey sweater, a hand-me-down from Sarah, seemed to strip away another piece of his identity. And the thick, vertically striped, white tights made him feel utterly ridiculous.

Trying to muster some positivity, Tommy reminded himself, "Eyebrows grow back, whereas piercings are much more permanent." This thought offered a flicker of comfort until he caught his reflection again. His new, overly thin eyebrows altered his face so dramatically, pushing his appearance towards the androgynous, if not outright feminine. The mirror didn't lie, and the truth was hard to face.



Tommy scrutinized his bedroom's reflection behind him, his frown deepening. It was another sobering reminder of his sisters' resolve—they had threatened to overwhelm him with femininity until he secured a job, and they were sticking to their word. Over the last week, the washing machine had become a black hole, devouring all male clothing that entered. In their place, more feminine outfits began to appear, like the grey hoodie he now reluctantly wore. But the new, effeminate clothing wasn't the only thing changing.

Every other day, something would appear or change in his room. First, it was a plant on his dresser. Next, the framed poster on the wall changed to one with a girly motivational message. Then there were the candles that were now always lit when he entered the room, filling the space with a sickly, sweet, floral scent. The latest intrusion was a little brown teddy bear, its cuteness almost mocking.

The bear, tagged with the name Russell, almost met a swift exit through the window when Tommy, frustrated after another fruitless day of job hunting, found him ensconced on the bed. But as he unlatched the window, Russell's sad, almost

pleading eyes halted him. The thought of throwing the bear out into the cold seemed too cruel a fate, one that Tommy feared for himself should his sisters make good on their threat to evict him. Reluctantly, he returned Russell to the pillow next to his, and before he knew it, found himself talking to the bear, half-convinced he was losing his grip on reality as he did so.

Tommy's week ended as fruitlessly as it began. Despite dedicating countless hours to scouring the internet for any possible source of income and even launching an online T-shirt venture, he hadn't made a single sale.

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On Friday evening, Tommy sat on his bed, clinging to the faint hope that his sisters might forget about him. That hope shattered when Sarah and Monica burst through the door without knocking. "Time to choose again, Tommy boy," Sarah announced with a mischievous grin. "I wonder what you'll pick this week. If it's makeup again, I've got the perfect red lipstick that'll look fabulous on you."

"Please, Sarah. Can I get a pass? Just for this week!" Tommy begged, his voice trembling. "I've been working so hard to find a job and making real progress with my new business. I'm sure I'll have some cash for you soon."

"What? That online T-shirt business?" Sarah scoffed, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "Don't make me laugh. Have you sold anything yet?"

"Err... well, no. Not yet," Tommy admitted sheepishly as Monica rolled her eyes. "But I uploaded some cool new designs earlier. Someone's bound to place an order soon."

"Tommy, I appreciate the effort, but you need a real paying job," Monica said, stepping closer. "I have a friend at a temp agency. I could set up a meeting if you want."

"No!" Tommy blurted out, panic rising at the thought of venturing outside in his sister's clothes, subjected to stares and ridicule. "The business will take off soon, you'll see," he insisted, trying to sound confident.

"Okay, suit yourself," Monica replied, shaking her head in disappointment. "I really hope you're right, Tom. But since it hasn't yet, you know what that means, right?" She extended the hat towards him.

With a heavy sigh, Tommy reached into the hat and pulled out the week's forfeits. 'You are banned from wearing any item of men's clothing,' the first slip read, making his stomach churn. 'Start carrying a purse at all times and leave the house at least once a week to buy something with your new purse,' read the second. Glancing down at his nylon-covered legs and then over to Russell, his trusty teddy bear, hoping to find some semblance of comfort in its shiny, inanimate eyes, Tommy let out a loud sigh of frustration.

Chapter 5: Reflections

Tommy gazed down at his legs, encased in thick, stretchy material, peeking out from beneath a pair of Monica's shorts. Over the shorts, he wore her hoodie and a T-shirt beneath it. Looking up to see Russell the bear smiling at him, Tommy let out a deep, growl-like groan. "Don't say it, Russell," he said firmly. "I know what I look like, but what choice did I have?"

Terrified that the few remaining items of his own clothing would disappear like every other item he tried to wash, Tommy had worn each piece until they reeked of sweat and grime. Sarah had even threatened to burn them if he dared to sit on her new sofa one more time in his filthy clothes. Consequently, for the last few days, he had been relegated to wearing nothing but women's clothes. Discovering plenty of unisex hoodies and jumpers in his sisters' closets, he found them surprisingly warm and comfortable, especially with the recent drop in temperature. This realization had swayed his decision, leading him to the bold choice of exclusively wearing female clothing as his forfeit.

The choice seemed to surprise and delight his sisters in equal measure, who even asked if he was sure. Tommy hesitated for a moment when asked but remained firm in his decision. He was determined not to be seen in public looking like he was, especially while carrying one of his sister's little handbags.

At that moment, Sarah excused herself to use the bathroom, leaving the room momentarily. In her absence, Monica probed Tommy about his job hunting, asking about his strategies for the week ahead, and how he planned to turn his luck around. Annoyed and not in the mood to talk, Tommy responded with vague answers, his mind clouded by regret. When Sarah returned with a big grin on her face, Tommy sensed trouble. "Done," she announced as she sat down next to Tommy on the sofa. "Feel free to borrow any of our clothes, but make sure you wash them when you're done," she added, giving Tommy a sly smile. "Oh, but not our underwear. That would be a bit icky," Monica chimed in, settling on the other side of her brother. "We've donated a few old pairs and put them in the top drawer of your dresser, but you might want to buy a few pairs of your own once you start making some money."

"What have you done?" Tommy shrieked in fear as he dashed from the room. Entering the bedroom, his worst fears were confirmed. All his clothes were gone, including his underwear and beloved Converse. In their place was a bag of hand-me-down tops and, as promised, a drawer full of old panties. There was also a white fur rug on the floor, and on his dresser, replacing the nearly burned-down candles, sat a pink heart-shaped lamp and a hairbrush.

After collapsing on the bed, he cycled through a succession of emotions. First, he felt anger towards Sarah and Monica for doing this to him. This was quickly followed by frustration for allowing himself to be manipulated. Finally, he felt fear. The absence of any male clothing was terrifying; it meant that if he left, whether of his own accord or if tossed out by his sisters, he would be leaving dressed as a woman.

On the first day, Tommy sulked in his room all day, only venturing downstairs late in the evening when hunger got the better of him. After scrounging for leftovers in the fridge, he went to bed hungry and frustrated.

By the second day, determined not to let his sisters' threats of changing into a girl become a reality, shoeless, Tommy went down to the living room to use the computer. He spent hours researching ways to make money, some traditional, some not. By the time Sarah and Monica returned from work, he had a few new leads to pursue the following day and felt a little more positive.

That positivity faded when Sarah noticed the run in his tights. "You can't walk around in just your tights; they're delicate. Look, you've ruined this pair," she lectured. "Take them off right now. Monica, fetch him a new pair."

As Monica exited the room, Tommy hesitated, glancing down at his girly shorts before looking back up at Sarah.

"Oh no," Sarah huffed. "Don't tell me you're going commando in my shorts."

"Err... No!" Tommy stammered; his voice filled with embarrassment.

"Eww," Sarah cried, pulling a disgusted face. "I think this has gone on long enough," she added, shaking her head. "I really thought you could change, Tom. But I guess I was wrong."

"You mean, I don't have to dress like this anymore?" Tommy asked, hope rising in his voice.

"You can dress however you want, but it won't be in this house," Sarah replied sternly, her arms folded tightly across her chest. "Why don't you go and grab anything you want from upstairs."

"What? No!" Tommy's voice cracked with horror. "Sarah, please. I have nowhere to go. Please, I can change. Give me another chance."

Sarah's gaze pierced deep into Tommy's soul; her expression unreadable as she deliberated silently. The air hung heavy with tension, and after a long pause, she exhaled a weary sigh. "Okay, one last chance," she finally conceded, shaking her head slightly as if to dispel her reservations. "But you wear the underwear I gave you and

choose a pair of shoes from either mine or Monica's closet. If you ruin any more of our clothes, you're out of here. Is that clear?"

"Yes! Thank you," Tommy burst out, a wave of relief washing over him. "I won't let you down. I promise!"

The scolding in the living room provided more than enough motivation for Tommy to first, reluctantly slip into a pair of his sister's old panties - an experience he found both unsettling and disgusting. Second, he began to rummage through his sisters' extensive collection of footwear. To his dismay, Tommy discovered that he could easily fit into both Sarah and Monica's shoes, as it appeared everyone in the house wore the same size. He also reaffirmed something he already knew: his sisters loved high heels, even their sneakers had strangely elevated backs. With no intention of wearing heels, Tommy found his options limited. After carefully narrowing down his choices to three pairs, he finally settled on a pair of sheepskin boots. He wasn't particularly fond of the leopard print around the ankles, but with their cushioned insides and flat soles, he could at least pretend they were a pair of house slippers.

What followed was another unsuccessful week where he failed to earn any money online. Therefore, on Friday evening, Tommy once again found himself hiding in his room, staring anxiously at the door. The imminent arrival of his sisters and the dreaded hat loomed over him. Taking a moment to examine his reflection, he wondered what new feminine alteration awaited him. Though he didn't want to admit it, he realized that with the right outfit and a bit of makeup, he could probably already pass for a girl.

His hair was silky smooth and voluminous, thanks to the daily use of the shampoo and conditioner. He had also lost weight—likely the result of hardly eating, as his sisters only ever prepared vegan dishes and served them in small portions. Initially, the change had gone unnoticed due to the baggy jumpers and hoodies he usually wore. But now, recognizing his thinner frame, he couldn't deny that it made him look more like the very thing he wanted least—a young woman.



Mesmerized by how long and feminine his legs now looked; Tommy was gazing at his reflection when a sudden knock at the door startled him. Quickly, he leapt onto his bed, not wanting his sisters to catch him examining himself in the mirror. Once settled with his legs tucked beneath him, he called out for them to enter.

Monica opened the door and walked in, followed closely by Sarah, who was carrying the infamous hat. Tommy's heart began to race as they approached. "Alright, Tom. Shall we get this over with quickly tonight?" Monica asked, seating herself next to her brother, who looked into her eyes and simply nodded.

Without hesitation, Tommy reached deep into the hat. He rummaged through the remaining options, feeling a sense of unease as he realized there weren't many left. He pulled out two pieces of paper and dropped them on the bed. He unfolded them one at a time. The first elicited a loud sigh. It read, 'Get hair extensions.' Glancing up at Sarah, who was grinning mischievously at him, he shook his head and redirected his attention to the second paper, hoping for something less extreme. He was sorely disappointed, opening the folded paper to see the words, 'Get a spray tan,' written neatly in Monica's handwriting.

Chapter 6: Extended Punishment

"Oh, goody!" Monica exclaimed, clapping her hands together excitedly as she saw the two options Tommy had pulled out. "Time for a trip out. You've been cooped up inside for weeks."

"What?! No way! I can't go out!" Tommy protested, a hint of fear creeping into his voice. "I don't have anything to wear!"

"Don't worry about that," Sarah reassured him, "You can borrow something from us."

"But why do we have to go out?" Tommy whined.

"Come on, Tommy! Do you think Monica, or I know how to do a spray tan or put in hair extensions?" Sarah teased, clearly enjoying the chance to give her little brother a hard time. "I can tell you now, I don't - and neither does Mon. We'll have to make a salon appointment, but first, you must make a choice. So, what's it gonna be, little bro? New hair or a fresh new tan?"

Looking up at Sarah, Tommy's heart sank. The choices before had been tough, but this week's felt downright cruel.

Two days later, Tommy stood outside his sisters' apartment, feeling the gentle caress of the wind through his beautifully extended hair.

"Please, Sarah, can we go inside already?" Tommy pleaded, nervously scanning the overlooking windows for any moving curtains. He dreaded the thought of being spotted by their neighbours in his feminized state.

"What's the rush? The lighting is perfect out here. I just wanna snap a picture or two. Then we'll go inside," Sarah replied, her phone clicking away as she captured the moment.

"C'mon. We can do this inside. It's freezing!" Tommy whined, feeling very strange and vulnerable. He thought he had gotten used to the sensation of tights slipping over his smooth legs, but the tingling cold intensified the feeling - The sheer black nylon encasing his legs doing little to shield him from the biting chill.

"Fine, just give me one or two with a smile and we'll head inside," Sarah conceded, showing a hint of sympathy for her shivering, crossdressed brother.

Forcing his lips into a smile, Tommy clutched Monica's cosy winter coat tighter around his chilled frame. It concealed the frilly-edged denim shorts and the striped woollen jumper he was mortified to be seen in public wearing. Yet, it couldn't cover

his dramatically transformed hair that cascaded down to the middle of his back, nor his makeup-covered face.

Feeling more embarrassed than ever before, Tommy held his smile, grinning at the camera as his teeth chattered. Having just been forced to trudge through ice and snow to a salon and back in Sarah's knee-high leather boots, he pondered what would happen if he bolted straight to the bathroom upon entering the house and chopped off the long locks that a cheerful stylist named Rachel had spent the entire morning meticulously sewing and glueing into his hair.

Reflecting on the humiliating day, several things troubled Tommy. He regretted not choosing the fake tan, realizing it would have been the easier option since it probably wouldn't have lasted long, especially if he had showered frequently.

At the time, the decision to avoid the tan had felt right. The thought of getting a fake tan had angered him, bringing back painful memories of his neglectful mother and the stained bath towels she would leave scattered across the bathroom. His mother had perpetually sported a dark, orangey tan, even in the depths of winter. Tommy couldn't bear the thought of looking like her, even slightly. Since he already had long hair, opting for slightly longer hair didn't seem so daunting. However, he hadn't anticipated that the salon would only have silvery grey extensions, left over from a cancelled customer, which required dying his brown locks to match. The new hair colour, bordering on blonde would take some getting used to. Yet, what troubled him the most was that as he had crunched through the snow to the salon, not a single person seemed to recognize him as a boy in girls' clothing. And if they had noticed, they hadn't cared! He wanted to believe it was the makeup that confused them - the mascara that lengthened and darkened his lashes, the lipstick that turned his lips a bright, glossy red, all of which Monica had assured would help him blend in. However, deep down, he knew the truth: in just a few weeks, his sisters had already altered his appearance to the point where he now looked unmistakably like a girl. And it was only going to get worse from here.

Finally allowed back in the house, Tommy clomped up the stairs in his boots and darted into his room. Thankfully, it was just as he had left it, with no additional girly touches added during his absence. The only change was him. Gazing into the mirror, Tommy's mascara-covered lashes fluttered slightly as he took in the full effect of his salon makeover.



“What do you think, Russell?” Tommy asked, glancing at the bear perched on his bed, its beady eyes staring right back at him. “Do I look like a girl? Actually, don’t answer that. I already know what you’re going to say.”

Turning away from his feminized reflection and the bear’s silent gaze, Tommy shuffled over to his bed. With a heavy sigh, he leaned down to unzip the boots, his movements slow and weary. He placed them carefully beside the bed before reaching down to rub his chilled legs. As he did so, a cascade of long, silvery-blonde hair spilt forward, to tickle his nylon-coved thighs.

Exhaling loudly, Tommy shook his head, the strands of his extended hair fluttering with the motion. “I don’t want to be a girl,” he declared aloud to the empty room. “I need to do something about this, and now.” The weight of his situation felt heavier with each passing moment, the room’s silence amplifying his resolve.

The rest of the week passed by quickly, with Tommy glued to a computer screen, determined to find a way out of his predicament. He managed to make some money

through a series of online surveys, but after hours of answering questions, he only earned £20 - nowhere near enough to cover the rent.

On Friday night, Sarah and Monica had a surprise. With the hat running low on options, they decided to each add ten new ones. Tommy had hoped that the game would end once the few remaining forfeits ran out, so he groaned as he watched his sisters drop the new folded pieces of paper into the hat on the living room table. As they fluttered in, he couldn't help but wonder what terrible options had just been added.

He didn't have to wait long to find out, as two of the new options came straight out. "Start wearing shoes with a heel," read the first, as a giggling Sarah informed her frowning brother that it was one of hers. Tommy shook his head in disbelief and reached into the hat again, desperately praying for a better option. His prayers went unanswered. The next option, announced by Monica as one of her contributions, read, "Every outfit must include at least one pink item of clothing - two on weekends!"

Chapter 7: Mr Smarty 'No' Pants

"I can't pick one of these!" Tommy exclaimed in despair, throwing his arms in the air. "It's too much! Please, can I pick again?"

"Sorry, Tom," Monica replied sternly, her tone brooking no argument. "You know the rules."

Shaking his head, Tommy let out a heavy sigh as he weighed the consequences of his choices. Whichever choice he made, he was going to look even more feminine; it just boiled down to which option he could stomach more. Tottering around the apartment like his sisters in their uncomfortable-looking high heels was far from appealing. However, the idea of bright pink tops and shorts with his long, girly hair was equally daunting.

With Sarah and Monica looking on, Tommy's eyes darted from one paper to the next, his indecision clear, until suddenly, a spark of inspiration ignited within. A sly grin spread across his lips as he realized he might be able to outsmart his sisters at their own game. After weeks of borrowing their clothes and shoes, Tommy knew they owned a few pairs of low-heeled boots - some that could easily pass as unisex. One pair, in particular, came to mind, reminiscent of what a worker on a building site might wear.

After one final glance down to confirm that there was no specification for heel height in the forfeit, Tommy breathed in deeply through his nose and nodded decisively. "I'll do the one with the heels," he declared confidently, catching his sisters momentarily off guard with his bold choice.

"Oh, how fun," Monica responded, her eyes twinkling with excitement. "Go up and pick a pair right now," Sarah urged, her smile broadening, "there's a cute pair of kitten heels on the top shelf that you might find easier than some."

"Be right back," Tommy responded, rising from his seat with a determined stride. He looked forward to seeing the disappointment on their faces when he returned wearing Monica's Dr Martens boots - masculine in style with a small, blocky, one-inch heel.

Sarah and Monica heard Tommy's approach before they saw him, the sound of his boots clomping down the stairs preceding his entrance. Tommy burst into the living room, clad in a soft, zip-up top and a pair of red corduroy shorts, striking a triumphant pose in front of his sisters. "Guess you didn't think this one through, huh?" he taunted, puffing out his chest while twisting his pantyhosed leg to showcase

his choice of footwear. "Looks like I outsmarted both of you this week," he added, a smug grin spreading across his face.

Tommy braced for a heated reaction or some display of emotion from his sisters, but instead, all he received was a nonchalant shrug from Sarah and an eye roll from Monica.

"You look great, Tom," Monica said, her voice flat as she lifted the hat from the coffee table and stood up.

"A great first choice," Sarah chimed in as she rose to join her sister. "But remember, the forfeit specified shoes in plural, so you can't wear those every day." She pointed out before she and Monica walked out of the room, leaving Tommy feeling like he had just won an important battle.

Tommy's fleeting sense of triumph faded as soon as he entered his room and caught his reflection in the mirror. Despite sidestepping pink outfits and towering heels, he still appeared unmistakably feminine, with long hair, arched brows, and smooth legs. Russell the bear, perched silently on the bed, offered no words of comfort, and Tommy's situation was about to worsen.

Sarah and Monica, fiercely competitive by nature, weren't about to let their little brother gain the upper hand. As he slept that fateful Friday night, they went to work - stealthily removing every low-heeled shoe from their collection, hiding them where their overconfident brother couldn't find them.

The next morning, Tommy awoke to discover the boots from the previous evening gone. He searched high and low for them or any other shoes with less than a three-inch heel. Giving up, he stormed down the stairs to get some answers.

"Where are the boots from last night?" Tommy demanded as he approached Sarah, who was engrossed in her phone on the sofa.

"Gone," she replied, without looking up.

"Gone where?" Tommy pressed; his voice tinged with frustration.

"Donated to charity," Sarah said nonchalantly. "Mon and I decided to do a little decluttering this morning, and those were among the pairs we didn't like anymore."

The words struck Tommy like a sledgehammer. "What!" he exclaimed in panic. "What am I supposed to wear now?"

Sarah finally looked up; her smile sly as she noted Tommy's bare feet. "There are plenty of shoes to choose from," she remarked with a tut. "Better go put on a pair -

and some tights. Right now, you're breaking the rules. And you know what that means."

"You'll kick me out!" Tommy spat back defiantly. "Fine, do it. I don't care anymore."

A tense moment followed as Sarah stared deeply into her brother's eyes. "If that's what you want," she finally snapped, suddenly standing and gripping Tommy's arm with surprising strength. "I'm sick and tired of your moaning anyway." She pulled him toward the front door with an impressive display of force.

"No! Wait! Sarah! Stop!" Tommy cried out, struggling unsuccessfully to break free. "Please! I'm sorry! I'll wear the shoes!" he pleaded, realizing the dire consequences of being thrown out into the frost-covered streets wearing nothing but Monica's gym shorts and one of Sarah's old T-shirts.

Sarah halted just short of the door, then fixed her gaze menacingly on her brother. "I don't want to hear any more complaints or see any rules broken. Is that clear?" she demanded.

"Yes," Tommy replied in a shaky voice, nodding furiously. "I get it."

Sarah released her grip and watched as a sullen Tommy trudged back upstairs. She disliked playing the role of the bad cop, but she was convinced that maintaining the game would motivate Tommy to turn his life around. In her eyes, her actions were a necessary, albeit extreme, form of tough love.

Flustered and still in a mild state of shock, Tommy shuffled towards his sisters' shoe closet. He rummaged through their collection with a sense of resignation, eventually selecting a pair of shoes with a somewhat sturdy-looking three-and-a-half-inch heel. He then opened a chest of drawers and pulled out a fresh pair of semi-opaque tights, a turquoise sweater, and the first pair of shorts he came across - high-waisted and made from black pleather.

Minutes later, Tommy stood tall, frowning at his reflection in his bedroom mirror. "Guess this serves me right for trying to be clever," he muttered to Russell the bear, who offered no reply as usual.



Glancing at his shaky feet, he groaned loudly. After tripping twice, he had barely managed to shuffle back to his room, narrowly avoiding a disastrous tumble down the stairs. Walking in heels was proving to be a daunting task - one he had no desire to undertake.

The following days were filled with multiple wobbles, stumbles, and near falls. However, with Monica's guidance, Tommy gradually became competent at walking in heels. Phrases like "heel to toe" and "swing your arms" were constantly on his mind as Monica drilled them into him each evening while he paced up and down the living room.

By the end of the week, Tommy had adjusted so well that there were moments he forgot he was wearing heels, only to be reminded by the loud click on the hardwood floor when he entered the kitchen. However, each day ended with a familiar ache that started at the tips of his toes and worked its way up his legs. Every evening, the release of his throbbing feet before bed was accompanied by a loud sigh of relief.

The silver lining was that after a day spent tottering about on heels, sleep, which had recently been elusive, came almost instantly.

Constantly seeing his silky thighs and hearing the click of his noisy new shoes was mentally taxing for Tommy, who just months ago had been a typical eighteen-year-old. But motivated by his confrontation with Sarah and spurred on by a burning desire to get back his former self, Tommy redoubled his efforts in his job search. That week, after signing up on a few new sites, he finally struck gold.

A surge of excitement ran through him when he received a reply from a call centre on Friday afternoon, inviting him in for an interview the following Monday. Without hesitation, he eagerly accepted the offer and quickly devised a plan to ensure he wouldn't appear foolish. He would ask his sisters to help him pick out a unisex outfit from their closet, confident they would assist now that he finally had a real chance at earning money.

Sitting on the sofa on Friday evening, ready to draw a new forfeit, Tommy was more nervous than ever. This job, if he got it, would be his ticket back to manhood. All he had to do was avoid drawing any overtly feminine options that night.

As he stuck his hand into the hat, his stomach dropped when he saw his options: 'Get acrylic nail extensions' or 'Get eyelash extensions.'

Chapter 8: As Hope Flutters Away

With Monday's interview at the forefront of his mind, Tommy faced a critical decision. He had never had long nails or work false eyelashes before, meaning he wasn't sure how easy either would be to remove. However, his decision was ultimately influenced by a memory of Ruby O'Shay, an old classmate who was never seen without her long, colourful nails. He remembered how she had once broken one, the pain evident as she nursed her finger while cursing. Not only did she look in agony, but also the nails themselves seemed firmly glued in place. Conversely, he had often seen girls sporting long, fluttering faux eyelashes, which he assumed wouldn't be so popular if they were that difficult to remove. This reasoning led him to choose the eyelashes, believing they were the safer bet.

Convinced he had picked the right option; Tommy was surprised when he was told on Saturday morning to dress warmly before being rushed out of the house towards the bus stop. Stumbling down the icy pavement in a pair of knee-high boots with four-inch heels - what Sarah called 'proper heels' - Tommy struggled to keep pace with his sisters. It wasn't his first outing dressed as a woman, but it was certainly the coldest. The recent drop in temperature made his nylon-clad legs tingle - a bizarre and unfamiliar sensation.

Shouting ahead to Monica, he asked, "Mon, I know you said we were going out, but to where exactly?"

"To get your lashes done, Tom. You chose that option, right?" Monica responded; her tone laced with amusement.

"So, we're going to the supermarket or something?" Tommy moaned, his feet already hurting. "Couldn't we have just ordered them online?"

"Oh, Tommy, you may look cute as a button today, but you're such a boy. You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into, do you?" Monica teased, sharing a chuckle with Sarah.

Approaching the crowded bus stop, Tommy decided to end the conversation there, feeling self-conscious to be approaching a group of people while wearing Sarah's baby blue fur coat and matching bobble hat. The ten-minute wait for the bus seemed like an eternity as Tommy shifted his weight from one heeled foot to the other, trying to keep his head down and avoid eye contact. The last thing Tommy wanted was for someone to recognize him standing at his local bus stop, with long girly hair and wearing his sister's clothes. To make matters worse, Monica had even applied pink

lipstick to his lips before they left the house, arguing that it would help him blend in. Despite her reassurances, Tommy felt anything but inconspicuous in that moment.

Upon entering the salon, Tommy initially felt a wave of relief wash over him as he escaped the bitter cold outside. However, as he stood teetering by the reception desk, the potent mix of chemical scents from hair products and nail polish filled the air, causing his anxiety to mount rapidly as the reality of his surroundings set in. Monica gently guided him towards a desk, where Sarah began conversing with the receptionist. When the cute blonde-haired woman turned to Tommy, his face flushed with embarrassment. She inquired about the style he wanted for his lashes. Caught off-guard and knowing nothing about the treatment he was about to receive, Tommy fumbled through her questions about length, thickness, and style, agreeing to suggestions he barely understood.

Minutes later, Tommy was reclining on a plush salon chair, his heart pounding as a technician instructed him to close his eyes. For the next ninety minutes, he was plunged into darkness, his anxiety mounting with each passing second. Too frightened to voice his concerns, he endured the unsettling sensation of not knowing what was happening as he felt the gentle yet persistent poking and prodding of his eyelids and lashes. Unaware that hundreds of individual lashes were being bonded to his own - now tinted black to match the extensions - the young man could only wait, tense and uneasy, his imagination running wild as he tried to envision the transformation occurring.

When he finally opened his eyes, the reality was even more shocking than he had feared. Thick, voluminous lashes sprouted dramatically from his eyelids. He blinked in disbelief, feeling them fan air onto his cheeks, their flutter almost theatrical.

A small mirror was then presented to him, revealing the full extent of the makeover. Tommy's mouth fell open in shock at the sight of his eyes, now incredibly cute and undeniably feminine. The wispy, voluminous extensions curled elegantly past the corners while dark, doll-like lashes adorned his lower lids. At that moment, he knew he had made a grave error. With these dramatic, unmistakably feminine lashes, there was no way he would be removing them without professional help.

"Wow! You look so pretty, Tammy!" Monica exclaimed, snapping Tommy back to reality with her enthusiastic tone.

"You can admire yourself when we get home, but if we don't hurry up, we're going to miss the 4:10 bus," Sarah added, the smirk on her face making it clear she enjoyed the spectacle.

“Tammy?” Tommy echoed, confusion furrowing his brow as he turned to face his sisters, who were both now grinning from ear to ear, clearly impressed by his new, fluttering lashes.

"Mon's idea. You don't look much like a Tommy anymore," Sarah said with a chuckle. "Come on, put your boots on," she urged, handing Tommy the uncomfortable footwear he had a brief respite from during his lash appointment.

Tommy opened his mouth to protest but thought better of it upon noticing everyone in the salon looking his way with amused smiles. Embarrassed, he accepted the boots from his sister and tugged them up his smooth, pantyhosed legs, eager to escape the scrutinizing eyes.

Stumbling out of the salon door, Tommy was immediately assaulted by the icy wind, which swooped up the hem of his coat, briefly revealing the tiny pair of black shorts hidden beneath. Glancing over her shoulder, Sarah couldn't help but grin as she watched her feminized little brother hobbling along behind her in the knee-high suede boots, she had worn all last winter. He looked miserable and frustrated, but Sarah felt justified in her actions. She remembered the challenging years they shared under the same roof, haunted by the terrible things he had put her and Monica through. Now, she relished her chance at payback. The ultimate punishment would be to transform her good-for-nothing brother into a functioning, pleasant member of society.

Lost in thought, Tommy trudged behind his gleeful, chatting sisters, carefully navigating the cobblestones as he approached the bus stop - this time, thankfully, with far fewer people around. He stopped a good ten feet behind them, glaring with a look of anger and disbelief, trying to comprehend how he had ended up in this absurd situation. Just a few months ago, he was a typical teenage boy, his biggest concern being to outscore his best friend Henry in Call of Duty online. Now, here he was in the heart of the city on a chilly December day, cold, miserable, and unrecognizable.

Bit by bit, the old Tommy had been replaced. The removal of his body hair had left him feeling naked. Then, to add insult to injury, his eyebrows had been plucked into oblivion, leaving his face looking unfamiliar, especially without his familiar beard. The long silky hair, while not as drastic a change on its own, combined with his girly outfits and the sway imposed by high heels, created a startlingly feminine appearance. And now, he had foolishly allowed his eyelashes to be transformed into a style that no man would ever willingly select. They fluttered irritatingly with every blink, making him feel as though there was constantly something in his eye. Worse

still, he knew these new lashes would not only take a lot of getting used to but would also be impossible to hide.



Tommy caught the 4.10 bus that afternoon, but the overwhelming embarrassment over his dramatically transformed eyelashes meant he never made it to his interview the following Monday. Instead, he spent the day wallowing in self-pity, racking his brain for a way to escape his ever-deepening predicament.

Then, midweek, inspiration struck. Perhaps if he showed some initiative by cleaning the apartment, his sisters might recognize his efforts to improve his behaviour and give him a break. Motivated by the possibility, Tommy dedicated all day Wednesday to domestic chores, dusting, vacuuming, and scrubbing the kitchen until the entire place was immaculate.

Unfortunately, his efforts did little to alter his circumstances. Sarah and Monica were both surprised and grateful for the unexpected help with the chores, and they even expressed their thanks by cooking Tommy his favourite meal for dinner that evening. However, one act of selflessness wasn't enough to convince them that he

had changed his ways. So, as Friday evening rolled around and with still no money to his name, Tommy once again faced the dreaded task of choosing a forfeit.

Reluctantly, he pulled out two slips of paper from the hat, his heart sinking as he read the first option - something he had vowed never to do: 'Wear skirts and dresses at all times from now on!' The second option was equally daunting: 'Learn to apply makeup and create a social media account. Post a makeup picture every day.'

His pretty eyelashes fluttered as he gazed at the slips, his heart heavy with the realization that, regardless of his choice, his unwanted journey toward becoming Tammy was about to worsen.

Chapter 9: The Social Butterfly

Tommy looked up slowly, his eyes meeting those of his sisters, who loomed above him with amused smiles. "You can't be serious! These choices are awful," he exclaimed, his voice cracking.

"Come on, Tammy! Are you sure you're not secretly loving this?" Sarah teased, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she playfully rolled them. "You've plenty of chances to find a job."

"Of course, I'm not loving this!" Tommy responded sharply. "I've been looking for a job, I really have. But it's not easy when I look like a freak. And now you expect me to wear dresses and skirts? I'll never get a job!"

"You don't look like a freak," Monica interjected softly, her voice soothing. "In fact, you look quite pretty. Why not make a job profile as Tammy? Who knows, it might open up some new opportunities."

"And if you don't want to wear a dress, choose the other option. It's only make-up. Lots of guys wear it these days," Sarah added encouragingly, nodding to emphasize her point.

Tommy's shoulders dropped as he let out a deep sigh, the reality of his situation sinking in. "Okay, I guess I could try. But will you help me? I have no idea what to do," he murmured meekly, his plea for assistance revealing his vulnerability. "I don't want anyone to recognize me."

"Of course, we'll help!" Sarah exclaimed; her voice filled with enthusiasm. "That's what big sisters are for, right?" She then lowered herself down to sit next to Tommy, who looked so different from the little brother she once knew, noting his recent compliance and submissiveness. The observation solidified her belief that a part of him was actually enjoying his transformation into their sister, Tammy.

The following afternoon, after a restless night, Tommy found himself teetering in front of his bedroom mirror. He was perched atop a pair of towering white heels that Monica had once braved at a bachelorette party and vowed never to wear again. Squinting his heavily made-up eyes, enhanced with beautifully curled eyelash extensions, Tommy gulped nervously. The person looking back at him was undeniably a woman - Nothing about her reflected the boy he once was.

Having worn a little makeup before on his forced trips to the salon, Tommy thought he was prepared when Sarah told him to 'relax' and began working on his face. However, the experience was far from relaxing. Watching his features morph into

those of a pretty girl with each brushstroke was almost otherworldly - as if his masculinity were being erased bit by bit.

Sitting still as brushes tickled his skin and powders filled his pores tested his patience to the maximum - Every male cell in his body urging him to jump up and run away. But with nowhere to go, he had endured the suffering. By the end, he could only stare in disbelief at the stranger in the mirror. His face, caked with foundation, featured dark and light shades that contoured away his masculinity and accentuated a newfound femininity. Eyeliner and gold shadow complemented his theatrical lashes, making his eyes pop dramatically. His lips, outlined for fullness and glossed with a sticky pink, shimmered under the bedroom lights.

Feeling overwhelmed by the entire process, Tommy offered no resistance as Monica began to paint his fingernails and toenails a vibrant pink. She then warmed up a curling iron and expertly styled his extended hair into big, bouncy curls, giving him the appearance of someone ready to step onto the stage of a 1980s beauty pageant.

By the time his sisters had finished with him, the young man's entire outward appearance had undergone a drastic transformation - but he wasn't the only thing that had changed that day. Before starting the makeover, his sisters had revamped his room into a makeshift beauty studio. They moved his bed to one side to make space for shelves overflowing with beauty products and specialized equipment. Besides these, they set up a makeup station complete with a large mirror and an adjacent tripod, ready to record his practice sessions and snap pictures for the daily uploads to Tammy's newly created social media account. The final touches included a chic painting of multicoloured lips above the bed and a plant in the corner, lending a feminine flair to the room.

After hours of work, Sarah and Monica finally left, leaving Tommy to try and come to grips with his new look. Slowly, he pushed himself up onto his tall, Mary-Jane-style pumps and plodded over to the full-length mirror, feeling his ankle ligaments stretching nearly to their breaking point by the highest heels he had ever managed to balance in for more than a few seconds.

His pink lips pursed in a frustrated frown as he observed his reflection.

“Why have they done this to me, Russell?” he moaned to his silent bear companion, blinking rapidly to clear the sensation of something in his eye, only to realize it was just his eyelashes.

For the next few moments, Tommy stared on while twisting and turning, examining his feminized frame from all angles as his thin white tights shone.

Suddenly focusing on his outfit - a gleaming white, lacy, off-the-shoulder top that made him feel uncomfortably fairy-like, and what looked like a skirt, even though Monica insisted it was shorts due to the two leg holes - a wave of nausea washed over him. He worried about the pictures his sisters had taken, capturing multiple humiliating poses of him in this girly ensemble.



The following week flew by for Tommy, filled with the challenges and small victories of mastering makeup. He spent countless hours engrossed in online tutorials, his fingers fumbling awkwardly with brushes and pencils, often leaving him looking more like a clown than the polished influencers on his screen. However, despite the frustrating slips and mishaps, his persistence paid off. Gradually, his techniques refined, driven by the desire to present a credible image online and avoid being recognized.

By week's end, Tommy had not only significantly improved his skills but had also grown strangely proud of his accomplishments. His daily posts began to gather likes and comments, offering him a sense of achievement that was both novel and exhilarating for someone who had always been a bit of a slacker. Despite the steep

learning curve, he had gained a newfound respect for the artistry behind a well-executed look, marvelling at how routinely many seemed to manage this task each morning.

On Friday evening, as Tommy prepared for another feminine addition to his daily life, Monica dropped onto the sofa beside him with a bright grin. "I've got some good news for you, Tammy," she declared. "I may have found you a job."

Tommy's eyes sparkled with hope. "Really?" he burst out, excited by the thought of walking flat-footed again without the constant sound of his swishing legs.

"Yeah, it's through the temp agency I mentioned before," Monica continued enthusiastically. "My friend Claire manages it. I ran into her today and mentioned you needed work. She told me that if you go meet with her on Monday, she can almost certainly find you something."

Tommy's lips, brightly painted, curled into a smile. "Thanks, Mon," he said gratefully. "That's brilliant. I just need to find something to wear, and get rid of these ridiculous lashes, then..."

"Woah, hang on there," Monica cut in. "Before you get too excited, she's expecting Tammy, not Tommy."

Tommy slumped back, his initial excitement deflating as he gazed down at his pantyhosed thighs pressed neatly together. "Oh, great, I should have known," he sighed.

There was a moment of reflective silence, during which the young, feminized man fully grasped the seriousness of his situation. If he didn't start earning some money soon, he might never get back to his old life. Resolved, Tommy looked up at Monica with a look of determination mixed with uncertainty. "I'll meet with your friend," he declared.

"Amazing!" Monica exclaimed, excitedly clapping her hands before reaching for her phone. As Monica began to type a confirmation message to Claire, Sarah moved in, placing the dreaded hat onto her little brother's lap. "Perhaps by next week, you'll have made some cash, Tammy," she said with a wicked smile. "But right now, it's forfeit time."

Delving in with his hand, Tommy slowly stirred the contents of the hat with his pink nails, his heart racing. Finally, he pulled out two slips of paper and read his options: 'Get a new hairdo, Sarah's choice of style,' and 'Get a spray tan,' an option he had seen before. His frown deepened as he considered the choices, instantly knowing which one he would choose.

Chapter 10: Rapunzel

On Monday morning, Tommy was jolted awake by the shrill sound of his alarm, feeling utterly exhausted. It was a strange experience to be up so early, meticulously applying makeup to ensure it was perfect for his interview. Despite the sleepiness weighing on his eyelids as he carefully blended his eyeshadow and lined his waterlines, he tried to stay positive as he prepared for the day ahead.

As Tommy stepped out of the house into the freezing morning air to catch the bus into the city, he felt a mix of anxiety and vulnerability. It was his first solo outing dressed as a girl, yet he found some comfort in knowing that on his previous trips with his sisters, he had passed without incident. He remembered Monica's advice as he tottered to the bus stop atop a pair of heels far too high for such a crucial day. She had assured him that if he carried himself with confidence and kept his head high, people would be less inclined to stare - after all, nobody likes maintaining uncomfortable eye contact in a public space. To her credit, it seemed to work. After a few initial nervous encounters, Tommy relaxed into his role as an attractive office lady, with onlookers either pretending not to notice him or quickly averting their gaze.

Everything was going smoothly until a creepy man chose to sit unnecessarily close to him on the bus, pinning Tommy against the window. With his pantyhosed legs squeezed tightly together, putting pressure on parts that a typical girl wouldn't have, Tommy felt incredibly uncomfortable. To make matters worse, the man persistently tried to engage him in conversation, which Tommy countered with the occasional one-word answer and staring intently out the window. He learned a valuable lesson that day: in the future, always sit by the aisle.

Twenty minutes later, Tommy found himself on a plush black sofa in a high-rise building in the city. Rubbing his hands up and down his silky legs, he tried to warm them after the chilly journey that had left them numb. The wait was torture as he fidgeted and fussed with the hem of his tiny shorts while strands of platinum-blonde hair filled the peripherals of his vision.

He was still adjusting to his new, ultra-girly hairstyle, with every frustrating strand that fell across his makeup-caked face serving as a reminder of his questionable life choices. Saturday afternoon had once again led him to an unwanted trip to the beauty salon, where the feminized man was forced to sit for hours while his hair was tediously dyed and extended. He had opted for this partly because he still couldn't stomach the thought of a spray tan, and partly because his hair was already long and femininely styled, making him question what difference a change in style would

make. To be fair to Sarah, she could have chosen a much more embarrassing style than the one he ended up with. That isn't to say Tommy liked having his hair transformed into a platinum blonde mane extending to the small of his back. Especially when Sarah had chuckled afterwards, telling him his hair now matched one of her childhood dolls - a doll whose hair Tommy had once maliciously snipped off with scissors, a spiteful act from their younger days that now seemed like a lifetime ago.

Tommy's heart raced as he sat on the sofa, waiting anxiously to meet Monica's friend Claire. He readjusted his position, crossing one leg over the other and resting it above the knee - a movement he had observed many women make and one that helped him feel like he was blending in. As he shifted, the sheer black tights sliding against each other produced a soft swishing sound of nylon on nylon, echoing through the quiet office space and heightening his nerves.

Straightening up, Tommy reached to remove a strand of his sickeningly feminine hair that had adhered to his glossy red lips, feeling like a fish out of water in his feminine outfit. He regretted giving in to Monica's suggestion to wear her blouse and blazer to the interview, but he had only himself to blame. That morning, unsure of what to wear, he had asked his sister for help. She agreed on one condition - he wasn't to complain. At the time, he had been grateful for the assistance, but now, as he felt the suffocating snugness of the silky blouse and the agony in his feet from what Monica had called "her matching Mary-Janes," he wished he had just gotten ready on his own.

"Tammy Jenkins!" a voice called out, sending shivers down Tommy's spine. "Miss Jones is ready for you!" With a deep breath, Tommy rose to his aching feet, his towering heels clicking loudly against the hardwood floor as he forced a smile toward the woman who had called his name.



"So, how did it go?" Monica asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity as soon as Tommy stumbled through the front door. Despite her eagerness, Tommy didn't share her enthusiasm.

"Awful," he replied quietly, relieved to be home and longing to retreat to his room to rest his weary body.

"What? No way! What happened?" Monica asked with concern, taking her crossdressed brother's arm and leading him to the living room sofa.

Flopping down on the sofa, Tommy looked at Monica and took a deep breath. "Well, first I embarrassed myself in front of the receptionist by leaving my purse on

the sofa. Then, I was so nervous I messed up all the questions. It was super humiliating, Mon.”

“I’m sure it wasn’t as bad as you think. These things happen,” Monica replied, trying to reassure her brother. “What did Claire say after? Can she help you out?”

"Yes," Tommy replied glumly, lowering his heavy eyelashes, “she thinks she can find me some work, but she thinks I'm a girl!" he added, his frustration showing as he balled his fingers into fists. “What if I slip up and she sees that I’m not?”

"Well, I'm not surprised if she treated you like that," Monica replied, rolling her eyes. "Have you seen yourself lately? You look like a super cute young woman! I hate to say it, but that outfit looks way better on you than it ever did on me."

"Then don't say it," Tommy replied, sounding annoyed. "I don't want to look like a cute woman. I want to look like a man!"

"Hey! Don't get all moody on me," Monica snapped. "I’m the one who spent hours helping you get ready this morning. Try to look on the bright side. Now you can finally make some money to pay the rent. After that, you can dress however you want. Oh, and don't worry about Claire. I already told her you were my brother.”

"What?!" Tommy exclaimed, his head shooting up in surprise. “Are you serious!? She called me Miss Jenkins the whole time!"

"Well, what did you expect her to call you when you look like an adorable little Barbie doll?" Sarah said, strolling into the room to join the conversation.

Tommy didn't respond, deciding it was better to hold his tongue than get into an argument when all he wanted to do was get to his room and free his throbbing feet from their high-heeled prisons.

By the end of the week, Tommy had come to terms with the fact that, for the short term at least, he would need to work as a girl. Each morning, he eagerly checked his emails, hoping that Claire from the agency would have something for him. He kept telling himself that a few weeks of work would pass quickly, and then he could return to his normal life of computer games and comfortable clothing.

The situation he found himself in was surreal and far from ideal, yet the prospect of earning money gave him hope. He hoped the forfeit he would choose that Friday evening might be the last, allowing him to leave all the "girly nonsense" behind for good. And just in time, as the options seemed to be getting worse. This week, the choices presented to him were: ‘Fill the cups of your new bras with breast forms and tuck your member flat inside your new matching panties,’ or ‘Pierce your ears and start wearing an assortment of earrings.’

Chapter 11: Work It Girl

"I hate my sisters," Tommy thought to himself as he stood in a high-end boutique watching the clock tick down towards the end of another long and boring shift. His feet throbbed having been on in high heels all day, clomping around the shop floor folding and re-folding pieces of clothing, tidying racks, and worst of all - interacting with customers while pretending to know what he was talking about.

It was his third and final day and he couldn't wait for it to end. As temp work was, he had placed in the clothing store to cover for a woman on vacation. The thought of this woman he had never met, sunning her elf by some pool, while he did her tedious job while looking out at the winter street was enough to make him sick. Sarah and Monica had tried to raise his spirits each night when he went home to soak his feet and moan about his day, telling him it was an easy job - getting paid to literally stand around and do nothing most of the day. However, with very little stimulation for his mind, and the compulsory uniform that forced him to spend all day in public in a skirt, Tommy was living his own personal hell.

Today his outfit was the worst yet, having pretended to forget it, Miss Watson - the store manager - hadn't seemed fazed, simply telling him she would find him something off the shop floor. The silky high-waisted pencil skirt had taken some getting used to, the unfamiliar feeling of it clinging to his nylon covered thighs, as it held his legs tightly together was unsettling at best. It also put extra pressure on his concealed manhood, tucked away inside his tight panties.

The soft white blouse he wore on top wasn't as bad, however the low-cut top that gave the world a view of the impressive cleavage formed by one of his new bras, was a strange sensation. Just having the glued-on breast forms there, jiggling and pulling at his skin beneath, redistributed his centre of gravity, forcing him stand differently just to balance. This time he knew he had chosen wrongly after pulling the two forfeit options the previous Friday evening. He should have faced his fear of needles and gone for the piercings, but unable to do so, he had ended up in female underwear with two huge globs of silicon firmly attached to his chest.

"I hate my sisters," Tommy muttered under his breath as he watched the clock tick down towards the end of another long and tedious shift. His feet throbbed from standing all day in high heels, clomping around the shop floor, folding and refolding items of clothing, tidying racks, and, worst of all, engaging with customers while pretending to be a fashion expert.

It was his third and final day in the high-end boutique, and he couldn't wait for it to be over. Temp work had landed him here, filling in for a woman on vacation. The

thought of this unknown woman lounging by a pool while he slogged through her mundane job, staring out at the dreary winter street, was infuriating. Each evening, as he returned home to soak his swollen feet, Sarah and Monica would cheerily remind him that it was easy work - essentially just standing around and getting paid to do next to nothing. Under other circumstances, Tommy might have agreed with them.

But the lack of mental stimulation, combined with the compulsory uniform, made each day feel like a personal hell. Today's outfit was the worst yet. Having pretended to forget his uniform, Miss Watson, the store manager, hadn't flinched. She simply chose something off the shop floor for him. The silky high-waisted pencil skirt was a nightmare; it clung awkwardly to his nylon-covered thighs, squeezing them together and putting extra pressure on 'Little Tommy and the boys,' who were tucked uncomfortably away inside his panties.

The delicate white blouse was less troublesome, except for the low-cut front that showcased an impressively crafted cleavage, courtesy of what now lay inside his new bra. Feeling the weight and jiggle of the glued-on breast forms that shifted his centre of gravity was surreal. He had to adjust his posture constantly just to maintain balance. Reflecting on his choices from Friday's forfeit draw, Tommy knew he'd made a mistake. He should have confronted his fear of needles and chosen the piercings. Instead, he found himself with heavy silicone forms affixed to his chest and a sore back.

Lifting his right foot, Tommy momentarily rested it on its heel to try and alleviate the discomfort. After manning the changing rooms for two hours, his legs were beginning to cramp. He glanced down at his suede pumps, the tall stiletto heels pushing him to his physical limits and making him feel painfully out of place among the female staff, who wore lower heels or even flats. But having chosen the forfeit to wear high heels - a decision he now deeply regretted - he had no choice. It seemed the only footwear available in the house these days were towering stilettos and sky-high platforms.



"Tammy, can you come here a moment, please?" a voice called out, startling Tommy and making him jump.

"Yes, Miss Watson," he replied, managing a forced smile as he slowly clicked his way across the shop floor.

"I just want to say, we've really enjoyed having you here the last few days. Usually, when the temp agency sends us a girl, she's late and surly, if she turns up at all. It's been a breath of fresh air having someone like you, who's not only feminine and pretty, but also comes to work with such a positive, can-do attitude. If you're looking for a more permanent job, come and speak to me later," Miss Watson said enthusiastically.

The words 'feminine' and 'pretty' made Tommy blush. "Thank you, Miss Watson. I'll consider it," he replied, the smile on his bright red lips hiding his inner turmoil.

"That's all," Miss Watson added, noticing the feminized man still awkwardly standing there. "I'll let you get back to it."

Tommy nodded before tottering back toward the changing rooms. He had no intention of taking her up on her offer. A future working in the fashion industry, squeezed into a tight uniform, bored out of his mind, and waiting for his feet to fall off was not a career path he wanted to pursue.

The days dragged that week, each second ticking by at what seemed like half speed. To make matters worse, the temp agency wouldn't be paying him until the end of the month. Meaning all he had to look forward to after a frustrating week of work was another forfeit and an impossible choice. He knew he just had to hang in there; the money for the rent was on its way. Nonetheless, this didn't make the week's options any more palatable: "Join an online dating website and find a boyfriend," or "Get lip filling injections."

Chapter 12: The Pouting Princess

The room fell silent after the possible forfeits were pulled from the hat. Everyone seemed to realize these choices were perhaps the most extreme yet. Breaking the tension, Sarah finally spoke. "So, what will it be, Tammy? New lips or a new man?"

Monica suppressed a giggle as Tommy turned to glare at Sarah. "You can't be serious?" he whined, his voice filled with frustration. "Why would you even put those choices in there? Do you really hate me that much?"

Sarah appeared visibly shocked by Tommy's emotional outburst, prompting Monica to intervene and calm the situation. "We don't hate you, Tom. But you have to understand. All you've ever done is make our lives more difficult - from stealing and breaking our things to freeloading. We don't earn a lot of money, and we work hard for it. You need to contribute."

"I know, but these choices are horrible," Tommy protested. "You're being unfair."

"Unfair?" Sarah spat back, clearly triggered by the comment. "What's unfair is you expecting us to go out to work every day, while you sit around, eating our food, and making a mess. You've always been selfish, expecting others to look after you. And worse still, you're cruel. I remember the comments about Monica's weight when she was still living with you and Mum. If she hadn't moved in here with me then..."

"Sarah! Stop!" Monica interjected, slowly shaking her head. "That's enough."

Seeing Monica's pleading eyes, Sarah stopped, folded her arms, and turned away in a huff, leaving a heavy silence hanging in the air. Tommy - sandwiched between his sisters - sat with his pantyhosed legs trembling, weighed down by guilt as he realized the impact his thoughtless behaviour had once had on Monica. He hadn't intended to hurt her; at the time, he was dealing with feelings of anger and neglect, and lashing out was his way of coping. Breaking the silence, he finally asked in a hushed voice, "Are these lip injections thingies permanent?"

Surprised by his question, Monica smiled gently. "No," she replied. "I tried them once. They looked great for about two months. Then they went back to their normal size. Is that what you're going to choose?"

"Well, I'm not gay," Tommy stated firmly. "And there's no way I'm going out with a man. So, I guess I've got no choice."

"You could leave," Sarah muttered under her breath, clearly still upset.

"Hey!" Monica snapped, calling out to her sister, "Tommy's trying to change. Give him a chance, will you?"

Catching Monica's eye, Sarah scoffed. "Fine," she said before standing and leaving the room.

When she was gone, Monica turned to her crossdressed brother. "I'll see if I can get you an appointment tomorrow," she said, pulling out her phone. "I don't think it will be as bad as you think. Lots of guys have fuller lips. Look at Mick Jagger."

* * * * *

"Not as bad as I think?" Tommy groaned into the mirror; his words muffled slightly by his huge, inflated lips. "I look ridiculous!" He averted his gaze momentarily to catch the reflection of Russell the bear, whose ever-smiling face offered no consolation. Turning back to his feminized image, he took a few deep breaths through his nose, exhaling slowly through his puffed-up pink lips. The lip gloss, matching the colour of the coat he had borrowed from Monica for the trip to the clinic, shimmered under the light. The coat had kept him warm - necessary given that the rest of his outfit consisted of extremely short jean shorts, a silky white low-cut top, and sheer nude-coloured pantyhose. However, when closed, the bright, girly puffer coat made it look as though he was wearing nothing underneath. Monica had chosen his outfit, and he had let her, still feeling guilty about the previous evening's altercation. However, he had regretted that decision from the moment he first stepped out of the house that morning.

Lost in a trance, Tommy's Bee stung lips hung open in horror as he took in his new look. Back at the clinic, he hadn't really had a chance to see the full extent of the transformation; he had barely glanced in the mirror when it was held up to his face, eager to leave as soon as possible. He had certainly noticed the difference - a tight, pulling sensation, as if someone had attached an invisible thread to his lips and was tugging outward. He could also see them sticking out from his face when he looked down, especially after Monica decided to add a layer of sticky gloss on the bus to cover the puncture marks. All the way home, he had hoped the effect wouldn't be as noticeable as he feared, but now, staring at his two plump, pillowy lips - swollen and more than twice their normal size - he felt like crying.



Unable to bear the sight of his girlified image any longer, Tommy angrily stamped his blocky-heeled boot, sending a jolt of pain up his tired legs. He had allowed his sisters to turn him into a girl - and an attractive one at that. There was no denying it anymore. If he saw a girl who looked like the big-lipped bimbo in the mirror walking down the street with long, lean legs, silky blonde hair, and ample cleavage, he would definitely stop to stare.

Tearing off his coat and flinging it to the ground, Tommy wobbled over to his bed, unzipped his uncomfortable boots from his aching feet, and tossed them aside. He then crawled under the covers, where he remained for the rest of the afternoon.

During dinner a few days later, Tommy was still upset about his lips, but his initial frown had settled into a cute pout - something Sarah couldn't help but point out. Instead of snapping back, Tommy smiled at her and pulled out his phone. Opening Tammy's social media account, he was shocked to see it had exploded with new followers over the past few days. Flicking through to the photo he had posted on Monday - his first makeup look with his new lips - he was stunned by the number of

likes and comments. Eighty-six likes and twenty-seven comments, all praising how sexy and fierce he looked.

He still wasn't sure how to feel about the overwhelming positivity. At first, he had been ashamed of looking so feminine. But as the number of followers grew, that shame began to shift into a strange sense of pride. With plenty of time on his hands and a determination not to look like a boy in makeup, he had spent hours perfecting his makeup looks. And as long as he didn't have to meet these people in person, the positive attention felt strangely satisfying.

“So, any offers today, Tam?” Monica asked between mouthfuls of the low-calorie salad the siblings were eating.

Startled, Tommy shook his head, causing his long blonde locks to bounce around his perfectly made-up face. “No, Claire hasn't been in touch since I turned down the offer on Monday,” he replied, setting his phone down next to his plate.

“And why did you turn down the offer again?” Sarah asked, raising an eyebrow.

“It was too far to travel each day,” Tommy lied, knowing he had really turned it down as he was feeling sorry for himself and didn't want to be seen.

“I see,” Sarah replied, clearly sceptical. “Well, you'd better take the next one she offers you, or she might not ask again.”

Tommy gulped and forced his plump lips into a smile. “Yeah,” he said, nodding, suddenly worried she might be right.

On Friday, a job offer finally came through. Although Tommy wasn't thrilled about the duties, he agreed to take it since it sounded like easy work. However, that was the highlight of his day, because later that evening, he faced yet another challenging decision: 'Wear blue-coloured contact lenses' or 'Get acrylic nail extensions.'

Chapter 13: A New BFF

Stretching out his aching body in a rare moment of quiet, Tommy cursed his luck for landing what felt like the worst job imaginable. Standing in a bustling shopping centre with a forced smile plastered across his painted red lips, he had been tasked with greeting parents and their children before escorting them to visit Santa.

He glanced down at the glossy red claws protruding from the tips of his fingers - acrylic extensions he was still struggling to get used to. He wished he had paid more attention at the nail salon; maybe then he wouldn't have ended up with such long nails. These new nails made everything more difficult - he had barely managed to pick up his spoon at lunch to eat the soup Monica had prepared for him. Even going to the bathroom had become a challenge as he wrestled with his white tights, trying not to tear the delicate nylon. But despite all the inconveniences, he still preferred the idea of these nails over the alternative - contact lenses. The thought of touching his eyeballs to insert and remove the lenses still made him feel nauseous.

As he slowly wiggled his fingers, watching his lengthy nails glisten under the department store lights, he couldn't help but feel that these frustratingly long extensions were partly to blame for his current predicament - greeting guests while dressed in an indecently short, fur-trimmed red dress, cinched in by a corset beneath and a chunky belt above that crushed his waist to tiny proportions. All the while, teetering on ligament-stretching knee-high platform boots that he could barely stand in, let alone walk.

The week had started with Tommy working in an office, doing some data entry. But with his typing speed reduced to a snail's pace thanks to his new nails, he wasn't invited back the next day. On Tuesday, Claire called, offering him a position in Santa's workshop - having heard about his struggle the previous day and thinking this role might be more suitable. Desperate for the money, Tommy accepted the job without asking for the full details.

To complete his sexy Mrs Claus look, Tommy wore a Christmas hat with a white bobble and dangly candy cane earrings. Yes, he now had pierced ears, a change made at the insistence of the stylist responsible for making him look the part. The piercing process had been quick and relatively painless - a fact that irritated Tommy, especially since he had opted for thin, girly brows over getting pierced just a few weeks earlier. The final look was sickeningly girly, with his hair plaited into pigtails and his makeup applied to attract maximum attention. His job was to smile and look seductive, and he despised every minute of it.

Lifting his throbbing right foot off the ground to get some momentary relief from the crippling pain pulsating from his toes up to his calves, Tommy was suddenly startled by a familiar voice. “Excuse me, miss. Do you know how long the wait is? We’ve been here for almost an hour now.”



Peering past his luscious lashes, Tommy felt his stomach drop as he came face to face with the last person on Earth he wanted to see in his current predicament. Startled, like a deer in headlights, the colour drained from his makeup-caked face. “Maddison!” he blurted out without thinking.

Maddison looked puzzled. “Do we know each other?” she asked, her pretty features furrowing in confusion.

Tommy’s heart began to race, and he mentally kicked himself for being so careless. Why had he said her name? It must have been the shock of seeing the girl he’d had a crush on throughout school standing before him. Desperately trying to salvage the situation, he only dug himself deeper. “Err... I think we went to the same school.”

Maddison tilted her head to the side, her piercing blue eyes locking onto Tommy as she carefully examined the person before her, dressed in a daring Christmas dress with sparkly makeup and pouty red lips. “You do look a little familiar. But sorry, I can’t place you. Which is odd as I’m usually really good with faces. What’s your name?”

Panic set in as Tommy began to sweat. His mind went blank, and despite his best efforts, he couldn’t come up with another name to lie to her. The silence became unbearable, and he finally whispered, “Tammy.”

The moment his feminine name slipped from his inflated lips; Tommy knew he had made a terrible mistake. As Maddison’s eyes widened in recognition and her mouth dropped open in disbelief, Tommy stood there trembling, feeling like he was about to faint.

When she finally spoke, Tommy felt on the verge of throwing up. “Tommy? Tommy Jenkins?” she asked, seeking confirmation of what she already suspected. “Is that really you?”

Tommy froze in place, lost for words, as he gritted his teeth and tensed his neck. “Oh my God! It is you! Wow!” Maddison exclaimed in shock. “You look... wow!”

“Maddison. I can explain. Please don’t tell anyone you’ve seen me like this,” Tommy blurted out in a panicked voice, his eyes darting around nervously.

Maddison looked him up and down, scanning the entirety of his sexy Christmas outfit before meeting his eyes again. “Tommy, I had no idea you were trans,” she said to Tommy’s horror. “Don’t be embarrassed. I think it’s great that you’re finally showing the world the real you. It’s so brave of you.”

"Brave?" Tommy echoed, feeling utterly appalled. "Isn't this a bit... weird?"

“Hell no!” Maddison shot back enthusiastically. “You look amazing. Did you do your makeup yourself?”

Relieved that she wasn’t screaming out that there was a boy dressed up and pretending to be a girl, yet feeling completely emasculated - crossdressing in front of the girl of his dreams, Tommy lowered his head. “No, they have a makeup artist here. I’ve been practising at home, but I don’t usually go this bold.”

Maddison smiled warmly. “Well, either way, you look stunning - better than most of my girlfriends. We should definitely hang out sometime. You can tell me the story of how you ended up working here,” she said, rattling out the words without taking a breath.

“Sure,” Tommy replied, still in a daze, momentarily forgetting how he was dressed. The idea of spending time with Maddison sent a rush of excitement through him.

“Okay, great! I’ll text you. Do you still have the same number?” Maddison asked, her eyes sparkling. Tommy nodded. “Perf. I’ll set something up. Oh! I should probably get back to my family now. Do you know how long the wait to see Santa will be?”

“Uh... shouldn’t be long,” Tommy mumbled, shuffling his angled feet in their uncomfortable boots, “five or ten minutes, max.”

“Oh, thank God. I only came along today because my little sister begged me. All the waiting around was super boring. But now that I’ve run into you, I’m so glad I came. See you around, Tammy,” Maddison said, leaning in for a brief hug before skipping back to join her family.

The following evening, after another long and uncomfortable day on his feet, trying to act cheerful as snot-nosed kids ran around screaming, Tommy was relaxing in his room with Russell when his phone buzzed. Quickly picking it up and fumbling to unlock it with his cumbersome long nails, he saw a message from Maddison. “Hey gurl, how r u? Let's hang out Sat night round mine. U free?”

For a moment, Tommy didn’t know how to reply. The last thing he wanted was to go out dressed as Tammy on a Saturday night. But the thought of spending time with Maddison - alone in her room - excited him. He mulled it over for a few minutes, but what ultimately swayed his decision was the fear that Maddison might tell someone what she had seen, or worse, spread rumours that he was trans. He needed to talk to her and set the record straight. Picking up his phone, he typed his reply. “Sounds fun. What time?” He hesitated, his finger hovering over the send button as uncertainty gnawed at him. After a nervous gulp, he finally pressed send.

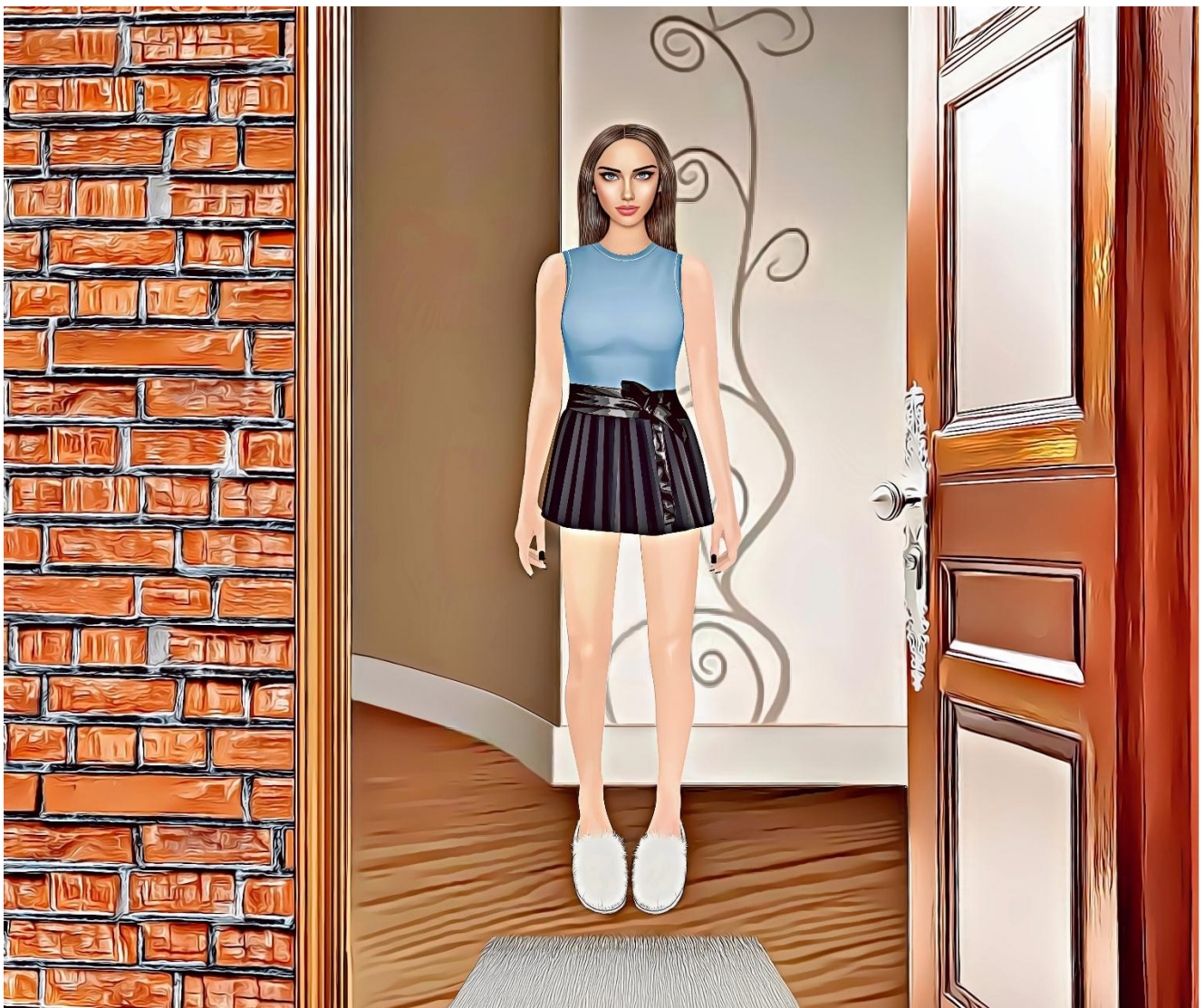
Tommy was a nervous wreck for the remainder of the week, mincing about atop his skyscraper heels, trying to ignore the lustful stares from all the fathers. His mind kept dwelling on what he would say to Maddison and how he could explain the truth without making her hate him. He barely thought about the forfeit he’d have to choose on Friday until he found himself awkwardly clutching the options between his shiny red nails, trying to decide which one he hated more: ‘Dye your hair pink’ or, making its third appearance from the hat, ‘Get a spray tan.’

Chapter 14: Maddison

Shaking atop a pair of Sarah's stiletto-heeled boots, Tommy waited nervously after ringing the doorbell. His trembling wasn't just from the cold, though the December wind bit through his sheer tights as if they weren't even there. The main reason was that he was waiting outside his long-term crush's house, dressed like a woman. He glanced down at what he was wearing - a playsuit, as Monica had called it - and let out a long, drawn-out sigh. Though comfortable, the material was thin and rode high on his thighs, offering little protection against the elements. As a particularly strong gust of wind sent his bleached blonde hair cascading across his face, a surge of frustration welled up in Tommy, making him instantly regret agreeing to come.

Reaching up with his long red acrylic nails, Tommy carefully brushed away the strands of hair that had stuck to his glossy red lips. With his other hand, he pulled his little fur jacket tighter around his ever-slimming frame, trying to shield himself from the biting cold.

Finally, the door opened, releasing a comforting wave of warm air and revealing Maddison, dressed in a cute top and skirt, her piercing blue eyes locking onto his. "Hey, Tammy! I'm so glad you made it!" she squealed with excitement. "Come in!"



"Hey, Maddy. Thanks for inviting me," Tommy replied, carefully stepping into the hallway of the two-story townhouse on his incredibly tall and rather snug knee-high boots. When Maddison opened her arms for a hug, he stepped forward, and for just a millisecond, the world felt like a better place. With his head buried in her sweet-smelling auburn hair and the slightly unsettling sensation of his fake breasts pressing against Maddison's real ones, Tommy melted into the embrace.

"Oh! Hi," Maddison giggled as she felt Tommy gripping her tightly. Realizing he might be overdoing it, Tommy quickly released her and stumbled backwards, feeling a bit embarrassed.

Maddison closed the door and turned to look at Tommy, who was grinning nervously. "Wow, girl! Don't you look glam today. Let me take a look at you," she said, stepping back to take in his appearance from head to toe. "Caught a bit of sun, I see?" she added with a playful giggle.

"Err... Yeah... No... It's not real," Tommy stuttered, now feeling even more self-conscious. "I went with my sisters earlier, and they sprayed my whole body this colour."

With the spray tan option coming out of the hat for the third time, Tommy had reluctantly chosen it, unable to imagine himself with pink hair and the humiliation that would bring. In the end, the trip to the tanning salon hadn't been as bad as he'd feared. He was in and out in under an hour, and although his dark orangey-brown skin reminded him of his neglectful mother, he tried to push those thoughts aside, telling himself it was only temporary.

"Yeah, I kinda guessed," Maddison replied, still giggling. "December isn't typically sunbathing weather. But, hey! Sorry, I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable. You look great," she added, noticing that Tommy was staring down at the ground, shuffling awkwardly from one high-heeled boot to the other.

"Thanks," Tommy replied, forcing a smile onto his bloated lips. He appreciated Maddison's attempts to make him feel more comfortable, but internally, he felt emasculated, and silly being there dressed as he was.

"Let me take your coat," Maddison offered, stepping forward. Tommy hesitated for a moment, still feeling the lingering chill from outside, but then handed it over. Maddison hung it on a hook next to the door before leading the crossdressed boy towards the kitchen. An awkward silence settled between them as they navigated the hallway, broken only by the loud clicks of Tommy's heels, a sound that made him cringe, especially in contrast to the soft, almost silent padding of Maddison's fluffy slippers.

"Are you hungry, Tammy? Mum made a cake earlier. It's really good," Maddison said as they reached their destination, her gaze fixed on him. She couldn't help but

be mesmerized by the transformation from the plain, grungy-looking boy she remembered from school into someone who now looked so polished and glamorous.

"Sure, I'll take a slice," Tommy replied, still hungry after the small piece of salmon and tiny portion of salad he'd had for dinner with his sisters.

"Coming right up. Go take a seat," Maddison said cheerfully, turning to cut the cake.



"Erm... thanks," Tommy replied, feeling awkward. He turned, pulled out a chair, smoothed out the fabric covering his panty-clad backside, and carefully sat down.

"So... I've got to ask," Maddison said after Tommy had crossed his legs and settled into the chair. "Have you always known you wanted to be a girl?" she blurted out while handing him a plate with a thin slice of cake.

Tommy was caught off guard by the question and looked up in surprise. "Oh! It's not like that. I'm... It's... umm... complicated," he stammered, trying to find the right words.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to ask like that," Maddison said, sitting opposite while offering a reassuring smile. "I get it. Changing your whole life can't be easy. Just know that I'm a good listener if you ever want to talk."

"That's nice of you to say, Maddy, but really, it's not what you think. I'm just dressing like this because my sisters are making me," Tommy replied, his frustration slipping through. Seeing the confusion on Maddison's face, he sighed and lowered his head, realizing how absurd it must sound.

"You don't have to make stuff up, Tammy. We've known each other like forever. You can be honest with me," Maddison said softly.

"I am," Tommy insisted, his eyes meeting hers, his long lashes fluttering.

Maddison raised an eyebrow. "So, you're telling me you dyed your hair blonde, got inch-long acrylic nails, shaped your brows, and got lip fillers - all because your sisters told you to? That sounds a bit far-fetched, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I guess it does," Tommy sighed. "But it's true. You've got to believe me. It's like a game to them," he added, clearly flustered.

"And that outfit - who picked that out?" Maddison asked.

"Err... I did," Tommy admitted quietly. "But..."

"Stop," Maddison cut in. "You don't need to feel embarrassed around me. Just be yourself. I saw the way you walked in here on those boots, you've defo been practising. Tell me you haven't?"

Lost for words, Tommy just sighed. The cute girl in front of him - the one he'd always dreamed of making his girlfriend - was determined not to believe him. The evidence in front of her was just too convincing. "Can we talk about something else?" he asked, desperate to change the subject. "How's Janae? Do you two still hang out? You were inseparable in school."

Sensing that it might be hard for Tommy to admit the truth, Maddison decided to drop her questioning, at least for now. "Of course, she's my best friend. The plan is to meet her later."

"Later!" Tommy gasped. "You told her about me?"

"Of course, silly. I know you asked me not to tell anyone, but I don't keep secrets from Janae," Maddison said with a sweet smile. "Don't worry, she's cool with it, and she's dying to see you."

Tommy's stomach twisted into knots as his blubbery lips parted in shock. "She's coming here?" he asked, his voice rising with a nervous tremble.

"Yeah, she'll be over in an hour or so," Maddison replied, nodding excitedly. "We're thinking of having a few pre-drinks here, then heading into the city. Have you been out properly as Tammy yet?"

Tommy slowly shook his head, his pantyhosed legs beginning to tremble.

"Oh my god!" Maddison exclaimed, clapping her hands in excitement. "So tonight will be your first time? We're going to have so much fun!"

Chapter 15: Time to Face the Music

"Maddison, I don't think going out tonight is such a good idea," Tommy said, his tone giving away the anxiety churning inside him.

Maddison rolled her eyes and scoffed. "Come on, Tammy. It's the Saturday before Christmas. Why wouldn't you want to go out and have fun?"

"I... I just don't think I'm ready," Tommy muttered, gritting his teeth.

"Ready for what? To have fun? Nonsense. You took the bus over here, right? And when I saw you the other day, you were working in a busy shopping centre, wearing a teeny tiny Mrs Santa dress," Maddison replied, clearly puzzled.

"Yeah, I know. But I don't feel comfortable going on a night out dressed like this," Tommy said, gesturing toward his short playsuit.

"Ahh! Got it," Maddison said, thinking she understood the issue. "Don't worry, Janae will be here soon, and between the two of us we'll sort it."

"But..." Tommy began, only to be cut off.

"No buts!" Maddison replied cheerfully, flashing Tommy a heart-melting smile. "Now, let's get some drinks going and start having fun, shall we? It is Christmas, after all."

Janae arrived shortly after, and after the initial shock of seeing Tommy Jenkins looking hotter than most of the girls she knew, she quickly joined them in a drinking game involving a pack of cards and far too much vodka.

Tommy was at a disadvantage from the start, unfamiliar with the rules of the complex game. The aim was to play cards of the same suit, each one higher than the last, with certain cards having special rules attached. If a player couldn't take their turn or a special card was played, they had to drink. After forty-five minutes, Tommy was feeling woozy. His vision blurred, and the room began to spin.

"Hey Maddy, I don't think Tammy's going to make it out tonight if we carry on playing much longer," Janae said, giggling as she looked across at Tommy trying to pick up a card he had dropped and failing due to his cumbersome nails. "Maybe you should get her some water."

"Yeah, probably a good idea. It's time we started getting ready anyway," Maddison replied, standing up. "I'm going to take a shower. Oh! Tammy was worried earlier about not being dressed right for clubbing. Can you take her to my room and pick something out for her?"

"Sure, sounds fun," Janae giggled to Maddison before turning to look at Tommy, who was slumped over the table. "Any colour preference for tonight, Tammy?"

Glancing up, Tommy felt disoriented, unsure of where he was or what was happening. He took a sip of the water Maddison had placed in his hand and stared at his red nails wrapped around the glass, mesmerised by how shiny and long they were. "Whaaat?" he murmured, the question slipping from his plump lips, slow and slurred.

"Colour," Janae repeated. "What colour do you want to wear tonight?"

Tommy tried to say, "Anything but pink," but instead, a garbled sound escaped his lips, with the only recognisable word being, "pink."

The next few hours were a blur for Tommy. Janae helped him get ready, and before long, Maddison joined them as they embarked on a whirlwind night of bar hopping in the city. Drunk out of his mind, Tommy floated through the evening on autopilot, barely aware of what was happening around him.

When he finally snapped back to reality, he found himself seated on a plush sofa in what looked like a nightclub, surrounded by beautiful people. Loud music pulsed through the air, matching the throb in his head. To his right, Maddison, Janae, and another girl he didn't recognize were engrossed in conversation with a group of three men. Tommy then noticed something strange - a hand, resting on his bare inner thigh, slowly caressing his smooth skin. Startled, he instinctively swatted it away and turned to face the owner of the wandering hand - a dark-haired stranger seated next to him.

"What the hell, babe? Those nails are sharp! You could have seriously injured me," the smartly dressed man said, inspecting the scratch Tommy had left on his hand.

Ignoring the man, Tommy's gaze dropped to his long nails, feeling both shock and confusion. He vaguely remembered the trip to the nail salon with his sisters, where acrylic extensions had been expertly glued to his fingers. But weren't they red before? He stared at his nails, trying to focus, his foggy mind struggling to make sense of the details.

He then noticed something horrifying - his outfit was different from what he had left the house in earlier. Seeing himself squeezed into a low-cut pink dress that matched his nails perfectly, Tommy's pink lips parted in shock. The snug, revealing fabric embraced his body in ways that made him suddenly long for the comfort of his simple playsuit. His shoulders were bare, save for curled blonde hair cascading over them, and the hem of the dress sat dangerously high on his thighs. The cut-out sides left him feeling exposed - especially with his legs fully exposed, a bizarre and unsettling sensation after having them encased in smooth nylon for so long.

Panic set in as Tommy scanned the crowded nightclub, frantically searching for the exits. "Are you alright?" the man beside him asked, sensing his discomfort. "I'm fine," Tommy snapped, his voice tense with unease. He had never felt so exposed,

the soft pink fabric of his dress lightly draped over his skin, while his glued-on breast forms loomed in his peripheral vision. With a shaky hand, he tugged at the hem of the dress, trying to shield his bare legs, but the action only made matters worse, pulling the fabric lower and revealing even more of his cleavage.

Then, the throbbing in his feet hit him. He extended one of his scarily feminine legs and immediately understood why - he was strapped into towering platform sandals, their hue matching that of his dress. He wiggled his toes, repulsed by the sight of shiny pink toenails peeking through the open front of the sandals. As he twisted his leg, a wave of dread washed over him. The sandals had towering heels, easily seven inches high. Walking would be a challenge; surviving the rest of the evening felt impossible.

Before Tommy could collect his thoughts, the man beside him, misinterpreting the extended leg as an invitation, placed his hand back on Tommy's thigh. Fury surged through him as he slapped the hand away, whipping his head around, his long blonde hair flying and hoop earrings jangling with the sudden motion. "If you touch me one more time, I swear, I'll knock you out. Now fuck off!" he bellowed in a rather masculine voice.

The man leapt up, clearly taken aback by the outburst. "What's your problem?" he spat, throwing his arms up in frustration. "You were all over me earlier. Whatever, your loss, bitch!" He then stormed off, leaving Tommy feeling humiliated as the rest of the group turned to see what all the commotion was about.

"Hey girls, Tammy's back with us! Let's go dance," Janae called out excitedly. Before Tommy could object, Janae strutted over in her heels, grabbed his arm, and hauled him to his feet - his burning, aching feet. The rest of the group eagerly followed, leaving Tommy teetering in place, barely able to balance, let alone imagine himself dancing.



“Hey! Come on. I’ll look after you,” Maddison said, letting the group go ahead. She extended her arm for Tommy to link with his, her perfect smile beaming at him.

Tommy stood there, shell-shocked, everything feeling wrong, wanting nothing more than to go home. Yet, the alluring scent of Maddison's intoxicating perfume wafted through the air, her radiant smile beaming at him. The thought of her perfect body inside the tiny black dress she wore, pressing against him on the dancefloor, clouded his mind. Despite the panic surging through him, Tommy hesitated before reluctantly taking her arm.

“Are you going to come dance with me?” Maddison purred, her glossy lips pouting seductively. Nodding slowly, Tommy allowed himself to be led by his dream girl, both of them tottering carefully toward the dancefloor.

The rest of the night was a whirlwind of highs and lows. Dancing with Maddison brought moments of exhilaration as their hands playfully roamed over each other, surrounded by a sea of beautiful women. However, his stilt-like sandals were absolute torture, cutting off circulation to his toes. The entire experience was an overload for his senses. Having only occasionally visited the local indie rock club

with his friend Henry, this neon-lit, bass-thumping environment was overwhelming. And then, there was the unwanted attention - guys constantly grabbing at his waist or pinching his bottom, trying to get his attention as he hobbled awkwardly around.

When the girls whisked him off to the bathroom for a moment of respite, the sight that greeted Tommy in the mirror left him speechless. A living Barbie doll stared back at him, and for the first time, Tommy fully understood why he had been so popular with the men in the club that night. The reflection showed a heavily made-up blonde girl, her appearance far too slutty for his liking. As he took it all in, Janae stood beside him, casually explaining what she had done earlier when applying his makeup. Tommy nodded and muttered vague responses as Janae rambled on about how his faux eyelashes had been clumped with mascara earlier, explaining how she'd cleaned and separated them. By the time she launched into a detailed explanation of the contouring techniques she had used, Tommy's tired eyes were ready to close, his body completely drained from the night's events.

The long, exhausting evening finally came to an end after yet another round of shots, followed by a final burst of dancing that pushed the feminized man to his absolute limits. Thankfully, when the taxi dropped him off at home in the early hours of the morning, his sisters were already fast asleep. The next day, they teased him relentlessly when he finally stumbled out of bed, nursing a killer hangover. The teasing only stopped when desperate for some peace, Tommy begrudgingly promised to join them for a night out as Tammy sometime in the future.

With all of Sunday to recover, Tommy was feeling somewhat refreshed by Monday. Back at work in his sexy Christmas outfit, he spent the rest of the week in his skimpy outfit, greeting shoppers and wishing the hours away.

When Christmas Day arrived that Friday, Tommy indulged in a delicious roast turkey dinner with all the trimmings, lovingly prepared by Monica. Feeling stuffed, he lounged in the living room, the top button of his velvet shorts undone to relieve his bloated belly. Just as he began to relax, Sarah walked in, the dreaded hat in hand.

"Time for another forfeit, Tammy," she said with a mischievous grin.

"Come on, Sare. It's Christmas Day," Tommy groaned. "I get paid soon. Can't we just stop this already? I've been a good sport, haven't I?"

"You have," Sarah replied, "and in a few days, you can pay your share of the rent. But until then, you still have to pick. Make it a good one if it's going to be your last."

Annoyed but hopeful that this would indeed be the final forfeit he would have to endure, Tommy reached into the hat, his acrylic nails - still pink from Janae's paint job - brushing against the folded slips of paper. Pulling out two options, he unfolded

them with a sigh. His choices were: 'Wear only skirts and dresses from now on' or 'Go on a juice-only diet for the next week'.

Chapter 16: Familiar Faces, Unfamiliar Truths

After overindulging on Christmas Day, Tommy's stomach had churned with discomfort, making the idea of a detox seem almost appealing. However, after a few days on a strict liquid diet, those thoughts had vanished. He felt perpetually hungry, and although there was no limit on how much juice he could drink, it never truly satisfied him. By Tuesday, he was beginning to doubt how much longer he could endure the emptiness gnawing at him.

Thankfully, salvation arrived when his first paycheck was deposited into his account. It was less than expected after the agency's commission and registration fees were deducted, but it was enough to cover two weeks' rent. For the first time in a long while, Tommy felt a sense of accomplishment as he transferred the money to Sarah. Though she seemed slightly disappointed, she thanked him, while warning that if the same amount wasn't paid again in two weeks, the forfeits would start up again.

Oddly, the relief Tommy had anticipated didn't wash over him. Instead, there was an unsettling hollowness, both in his stomach from the juice diet and in his life. With his bank account drained and no male clothes left in the house, he realized he'd still have to rely on his sisters' wardrobe until he could afford to go shopping.

When Maddison texted him on Wednesday, asking if he wanted to hang out on New Year's Eve, he almost said no. But with his sisters threatening to take Tammy out on the town with them, the idea of spending time with the beautiful Maddison seemed like a much better option. He just needed to be careful about how much he drank this time, and when the moment was right, he'd try to explain his situation to her - hoping she'd understand.

It was just after noon on Friday when Tommy met up with Maddison at a popular coffee shop hangout. Dressed warmly in a casual outfit - a cosy knit sweater and skinny jeans - he finally felt a little more at ease being out in public. As soon as he stepped through the door in his low-heeled boots, Maddison greeted him with a beaming smile and pulled him into a tight hug.

"Hey, girl! How are you doing? I ordered you a skinny chai latte. Hope that's okay?" Maddison said, squeezing Tommy tightly.

"Hi, Maddy. Thank you," he replied, forcing a smile. He wasn't exactly thrilled with her drink choice, but he didn't want to seem ungrateful.

"So, how have you been?" Maddison asked as the fashionably dressed pair took their seats on opposite sides of a small round table.

"Oh, not so bad," Tommy said, his eyes darting around to make sure no one was staring at him. "Well... a little tired, I guess. I've been on a juice diet, and it's really drained me. But I got paid, so there's that." He added a smile, hoping to lighten the mood.

"Ugh, juice diets are the worst. But good for you, girl, trying to shed those Christmas pounds. And if you got paid, does that mean the drinks are on you tonight!" Maddison teased with a wink.

Tommy chuckled. "I wish! I gave it all to Sarah and Monica for rent. I'm totally broke again."

"Ouch, that's rough. You should talk to them if they're asking for too much," Maddison said sweetly, clearly trying to offer some support.

Tommy quickly shook his head. "No, it's not like that," he said, pausing, unsure how to explain. "I hadn't paid them in a while and kinda owed them. That's... you know... how Tammy happened."

Maddison leaned in closer, clearly confused. "What do you mean, happened?"

"Erm... never mind," Tommy mumbled, deciding it was too early in the day to get into that.

"Okay," Maddison said with a smile. "Don't worry about the coffee, it's on me. And later, we can flirt our way to a few free drinks, if you know what I mean." She added with a giggle.

"Yeah," Tommy replied in a strained voice, knowing exactly what she meant and not liking the sound of it. "So, what's the plan today anyway? You didn't tell me."

"I'm throwing a party at my house," Maddison said, her voice animated with excitement. "It's going to be so much fun!"

"A party? Will people from school be there?" Tommy shot back, horror spreading across his makeup-covered face.

"Some, yeah. But don't worry, everyone coming is open-minded," Maddison said, trying to comfort him. "Besides, you'll have to tell people about your transition at some point, right? Why not show them how good you look while you're at it?"

Tommy gulped, desperately searching for an excuse to avoid having to tell everyone he knew that he was now living as a girly girl named Tammy. "Yeah, I guess so," he muttered, sipping his coffee, the chai's spicy sweetness only adding to his discomfort as it lingered on his taste buds.

"Oh, don't look so glum. Seriously, it'll be fun. Trust me," Maddison said, nodding her head confidently. "You're going to blow them away with how amazing you look - especially after we visit my sis."

"Your sister?" Tommy asked, confused.

"Yeah, you'll see," Maddison replied with a grin. "Like the coffee, it'll be my treat."

They chatted for another half-hour before leaving the coffee shop and heading to Maddison's car. After a tense ten-minute drive, they parked and took a short walk, soon arriving at a beauty salon. The moment they stepped inside, Maddison excitedly darted across the room to embrace what appeared to be an older version of herself. Tommy, meanwhile, stood frozen in place, the overpowering smell of chemicals overwhelming his senses as a sinking feeling twisted in his gut. 'This isn't going to end well', he thought, glancing toward the exit while contemplating an escape.

Four hours later, Tommy teetered awkwardly in Maddison's living room, feeling more out of place than ever. His freshly waxed skin felt silky smooth, causing his tights to cling to his legs and his satin minidress to slip and slide with every movement. The royal blue dress Maddison had picked with an intricate gold pattern was anything but modest! The flared skirt barely covered his flimsy thong, while the deep V-neck plunged past his faux cleavage, almost reaching his belly button. Only strategically positioned tape kept everything in place.

It was a daring outfit, especially paired with the highest heels he had ever worn, but the worst part was that Tommy knew he didn't look like a boy in a dress. In fact, after struggling into the sexy party dress, he had turned to the mirror and felt a disturbing twitch in his panties. Seeing what looked more like a glamorous celebrity than a boy hidden beneath the sewn-in hair and feminine garments. After his makeover, he had left the salon with his eyelashes and nail extensions refilled. His lashes were long, voluminous, and full once again, while his nails, still the same glossy pink - glistened and shone.

His hair hadn't changed much in terms of length or colour, but whatever the stylists had done during all the wrapping and washing processes had left it impossibly shiny, with a lingering, overpowering floral scene. Now, back at Maddison's place, quaking with fear as he helped her set up for a party he didn't want to attend, Tommy felt trapped. With his hair gleaming like silk and his feminized body tightly constricted by an outfit that forced him to take slow, mincing steps, Tommy couldn't help but wonder why he had gone along with it all. At any point, he could have said no or come up with an excuse, but here he was, acting like one of Maddison's girlfriends -

pretending to be cheerful and excited, all the while feeling terrified about who might show up that evening.

“Smile,” Maddison called out, lifting her phone to snap a picture. Forcing his plump lips into a half-hearted grin, Tommy posed, knowing Maddison would tag him for everyone to see.



“This is the one, Tam! You look so beautiful. Come and take a look,” Maddison said, holding out her phone.

Tommy tottered slowly towards her, his feet already aching in the towering heels he had been wearing for only twenty minutes. “Maddy, can I change these shoes? They’re way too high,” he complained, his impressive pout emphasised further by his expertly applied makeup.

“No way! It’s a party,” she replied with a playful grin. “Those flats look super cute on you. Have a few drinks, and you won’t even notice them in an hour or two.”

Tommy didn't like her answer, but he chose not to argue. Instead, he reached for the strong vodka and orange he'd left nearby and pressed his glossy red lips to the rim, taking a sip.

The party guests started arriving soon after. Tommy tried to remain calm, but as he came face to face with familiar faces, he broke his promise to himself and drank heavily to get through the humiliating encounters.

It was surreal. Girls he knew from school showered him with compliments, gushing over his hair and outfit, while the boys mostly reacted with a mixture of shock and uncertainty. But the worst moment came when his best friend, Henry, arrived. Tommy had been avoiding him for months, making up excuses not to hang out, communicating less and less until their contact had dwindled to practically nothing.

Now, wobbling on aching legs, the extra seven inches from his merciless stilettos making him tower over Henry, Tommy was at a loss for words. Maddison had just revealed to Henry that the blonde beauty he had been eyeing up was actually his old friend Tommy. The look of astonishment on his face as he realised Maddison wasn't joking was almost comical.

"I'll leave you two to catch up," Maddison said, trotting off to fetch another drink.

"Tom, is that really you?" Henry asked, his voice full of shock and disbelief. "What the hell are you wearing?"

Tommy inhaled sharply, his faux chest rising as he felt his short skirt ripple against his pantyhosed thighs. Trying to steady his trembling body, Tommy wrestled with the decision: should he come clean and tell Henry the truth, risking a scene? Or should he just go along with the lie that Maddison - and seemingly everyone else - had accepted without question?

Chapter 17: Edgy Resolutions

“Erm... hey Henry. Maybe we can talk somewhere a little more private?” Tommy said nervously, glancing around at a group of girls he used to go to school with, all eagerly listening in.

“Er... yeah... sure,” Henry replied, looking shell-shocked at the sight of his oldest friend looking more feminine than most of the girls in the room.

Spotting the open door to the kitchen, Tommy led the way, mincing across the living room, his painful heels making every step torturous. He gritted his teeth, trying to keep his knees from buckling and his dinner from making a reappearance. Meanwhile, Henry followed silently, his eyes scanning up and down the person he could barely recognize as his old mate. As the feminine figure wiggled ahead of him, each tottering step sent the flared hem of his minidress fluttering around his smooth, shiny thighs. With every glance, Henry’s disbelief only grew.

In the kitchen, they found Maddison and some other girls chatting as they finished preparing a round of drinks. Maddison handed the drinks out before gently ushering them out of the room. On her way out, she handed one to Tommy. “Breathe, it’ll be okay,” she said softly, giving him a reassuring squeeze and a kiss on the cheek.

Now alone, Tommy felt more awkward than ever. Leaning against the wall, he rested one foot on its tall stiletto heel, giving the ball of his aching foot a brief respite as the wall supported his weight. He didn’t know what to say, and seeing Henry staring at him wide-eyed and speechless only worsened the situation.



“So...” Henry began, then paused, turning away with a huff, also uncomfortable and unsure of what to say.

“I know, I look ridiculous, right?” Tommy said with a nervous giggle, avoiding Henry’s gaze as it once again locked onto his feminised frame.

“No,” Henry replied in a serious tone that made Tommy’s head snap back up. “You look... In that dress, you look pretty hot!”

A small squeak escaped Tommy’s pouting red lips as they opened and then closed again. The unexpected compliment took him by surprise, leaving him staring blankly at his best friend through thick, extended lashes.

“Oh, sorry,” Henry said, flustered, looking away again. “That came out wrong. I’m not hitting on you or anything. I mean, you look good. But I’m not into... I just wanted to say I’m okay with this,” he finally managed, offering a weak smile.

Silence hung between them for a moment. “It’s okay. Thank you,” Tommy finally said, his voice softer now. “I get it. It’s a lot to take in. For both of us.”

“So, I guess I should call you Tammy now?” Henry asked, for once, sounding unsure of himself.

“That’s what everyone seems to like calling me,” Tommy replied, taking a sip of the drink Maddison had handed him, finding it both sickly sweet and devilishly strong.

“Wow, Tom... Sorry, Tammy. I can’t get over how convincing you look. Maybe I should have seen it sooner - you were always a little effeminate. But honestly, I had no idea you were... one of those people.”

“What do you mean by ‘one of those people’?” Tommy shot back, clearly offended by the effeminate comment, wanting to know exactly what Henry was insinuating. “Just because I’m dressed like this, it doesn’t make me some kind of poof.”

“Woah, calm down,” Henry said, reaching out with his arms defensively. “I didn’t mean it in a bad way. Girls, guys, whatever you’re into, it doesn’t bother me. I saw this documentary about people born in the wrong body. They had it tough, needing therapy and surgery just to be who they are. What’s that condition called again?”

“Transgendered?” Tommy snapped back.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Henry nodded. “All I meant was I had no idea you were transgendered. But don’t get me wrong, I’m cool with it. Shocked, but cool. You’re my friend, and you always will be. Besides, now that you’re a hot chick, you can help me score some dates.”

“Even as a chick, I can’t perform miracles,” Tommy said with a grin, and the pair laughed together, finally breaking the tension.

When their laughter finally subsided, Henry smiled, his body language looking more relaxed. “I have to ask... your tits look amazing. Are they real?” He blurted out, staring at Tommy’s enhanced chest, pushed up by the special bra under his sexy party dress.

“What do you think? You watched that documentary, right? Do you think it’s possible to grow breasts this quickly?” Tommy shot back, watching as Henry tilted his head, looking confused. “God!” Tommy sighed, frustrated by the gormless expression on his friend’s face. “No! They’re fake. Just like my hair, my eyelashes, and these annoying nails!” He added, lifting his hands to shield his chest from Henry’s piercing blue gaze.

“Yeah, thought so,” Henry replied, nodding. “And sorry if that made you uncomfortable. I guess I should be more sensitive now that you’re... you know, a bird. Fewer questions, more compliments.” He paused before adding, “Erm... I like your shoes. They make your legs look really long.”

Tommy groaned loudly. "If you like them so much, you can wear them," he retorted while glaring. "Just... be... normal. Okay?"

"Err... sure. Normal. I can do that," Henry replied with a cheeky grin. "So, if we're being normal, why don't you fetch me a drink? I bet Maddy's dad has some good stuff stashed somewhere."

"Sure," Tommy replied with a chuckle before tottering across the room in search of the liquor cabinet.

The rest of the evening was a typical New Year's Eve affair. Everyone got very drunk, "Auld Lang Syne" rang out as the clock struck midnight, and the next day was spent cleaning up the mess while nursing hangovers. But for Tommy, it was anything but typical. He spent the night fielding personal questions from people he barely knew, all while pretending to be a girl in an outfit that made him feel vulnerable and shoes that left his nylon-clad toes throbbing by the end of the night.

At midnight, as usual, he didn't get a kiss to ring in the new year. But unlike previous years, he had a few willing participants, judging by the lustful glances aimed in his direction.

* * * * *

On Thursday morning the following week, Tommy was up early. He showered, applied his makeup, and trudged into Sarah's room to pick an outfit for the day. Flicking on the light, he flung open the wardrobe doors, making as much noise as possible in an attempt to disturb his still-sleeping sister. Rattling through the coat hangers, he huffed, glancing at her snoring form before a mischievous idea crossed his mind. Spying the neatly folded outfit Sarah had planned to wear that day on her sofa, he tiptoed over with a grin.

By the time Tommy clambered onto the bus that morning, he was already starting to regret his decision. In line with the rules of his forfeits, he had swapped out Sarah's planned jeans for a pair of patterned tights and tight leather shorts. As he felt the arches of his feet stretch uncomfortably inside the leather ankle boots, their tall, stiletto heels clicking loudly as he made his way down the centre aisle, he drew several curious glances.

The chains on his boots rattled softly with each step, making Tommy feel more like a groupie heading to a rock concert than a commuter on a regular weekday. But

with his head held high and his natural resting bitch face firmly in place, Tommy didn't care. He had grown used to the stares, even if part of him still felt a bit ridiculous. He knew his high ponytail, large hoop earrings, and pouty lips commanded attention. Yet, the thought of Sarah's inevitable fury when she woke up and realised what he had done made it all feel worth it.

He arrived at the temp office just after 9 am. Tired from the short walk and cold, since his leather jacket and thin top provided little warmth, he gladly accepted the receptionist's offer to wait on the sofa. After ten boring minutes of contemplating his life choices, Claire, Monica's friend, appeared with a bright smile. "Good morning, Tammy," she called out cheerfully. "Would you like to follow me?"

Tommy stood up, making sure to grab his little black handbag this time, forcing a smile as he greeted her. "Good morning." He echoed through gritted teeth, acutely aware of the uncomfortable wedgie caused by his thong panties and tight leather shorts riding up his backside.



Waiting for Claire to turn, Tommy discreetly reached down, his long pink nails carefully tugging at the hem of his shorts to fix the uncomfortable bunching of fabric before trotting after her down a short, carpeted corridor. They soon entered her office, and once both were seated, Claire offered him another warm smile.

“So, what can I do for you today, Tammy?” she asked, noticing the determined look on the feminized man's face.

“I’d like some work,” Tommy replied, his voice coming out more forcefully than intended. “When I first came here, you promised to find me a job, but I haven’t had any offers for over a week.” Softening his tone, he added, “I could really use the cash right now.”

Claire, slightly taken aback by Tommy’s newfound assertiveness, especially in his edgy outfit, paused before nodding. “Well, you’re in luck. Two temporary positions just came in, and since you're here, I’ll give you first pick. The first is secretarial work in an office - easy, but the pay’s not great. The second one pays a lot more, but... there is a costume involved.”

Chapter 18: Office Politics

The offer of more money was awfully tempting. But after the experience as Santa's helper in that humiliating costume, Tommy wasn't eager to repeat it. Deciding to avoid the risk of an even more embarrassing situation, he took the secretarial position instead.

On Wednesday morning, Tommy clicked through the doors of a private law firm in a head-turning pair of platform pumps. The journey had been a long one, requiring two trains and a bus to get there. Despite the usual ache in his ankles caused by his borrowed Mary-Jane pumps with dangling tassels, the hour-long commute wasn't nearly as bad as he'd expected. Dressed in business attire, he blended in among the suited professionals and fellow secretaries heading into the city. He found a seat on each leg of the journey, put on his headphones, and tuned out everyone around him. On a gloomy January morning, it seemed as though the other commuters had a similar idea.

Arriving just after 8:30, Tommy was shown up to the third floor and introduced to his new boss, Miss Terry, a smartly dressed floor supervisor. Like Tommy, she wore a silky blouse - his bright red with poofy bishop sleeves, hers an emerald green with cap sleeves. They both wore knee-length skirts, though Tommy's asymmetric design revealed more leg. The similarities ended there. While they both wore heels, Tommy's were a good four inches higher than Miss Terry's. He also wore much more makeup - or looked to be, given his dark, fan-like lashes and plumped red lips. Where Miss Terry's conservative bob made her look professional and authoritative, Tommy's platinum hair, scraped back into a high ponytail to showcase his gold hoop earrings, gave him an entirely different look.

"Good morning, Tammy," Miss Terry greeted him warmly. "Thanks for coming in. You'll be covering Karen's responsibilities while she's away on holiday. Do you have any prior office experience?"

"Good morning, Miss Terry," Tommy replied, trying to sound as upbeat as possible - a challenge, considering how early he'd had to get up to do his hair and makeup. "Thanks for the opportunity. I've had a bit of office experience, but never in a place as important as this," he added, buttering her up a little and stretching the truth - With the entirety of his office experience consisting of half a day of data entry before he's been fired. That day, his newly extended nails had caused him all kinds of trouble while typing, but with a few more weeks of practice under his belt, he was optimistic they wouldn't slow him down as much this time.

“Oh, wonderful!” Miss Terry replied, looking genuinely pleased. “You never know what you’re going to get with a temp agency. The last girl we had... well, let’s just say things didn’t work out. Anyway, let me show you to your desk and get you set up. If you’ll follow me, please?” she said, striding away confidently on her low heels.

* * * * *

Later that afternoon, having spent the day as a secretary, Tommy was starting to settle into the role. It wasn’t so bad, really. Sure, it could get a little dull at times, but the tasks were straightforward, and everyone was quite friendly. His main responsibilities involved answering the phone when it rang, making coffee when someone wanted one, and reminding Mr Hopkins - the manager he was assigned to - of his appointments. The rest of the time, he was expected to transfer data from two large folders of forms into the system. Without a set deadline, he worked slowly, taking regular breaks to surf the internet and relax.

Returning to his cubicle after a round of photocopying and delivering coffee to Mr Hopkins, Tommy was eager to get back to his comfy swivel chair and rest his aching legs. After tottering around the office in his tall black pumps for the last thirty minutes, his calf muscles were beginning to cramp. But his respite was delayed as a strikingly beautiful woman stood up from the desk across from him.

“Hey, new girl! Are you busy?” Jill called, striding over to him with purpose.

“Erm... yeah. I mean... no, not really. How can I help you?” Tommy replied, a bit flustered as he turned to face the red-haired beauty.



“Just thought I’d come over and introduce myself. I’m Jill,” the woman said with a smile.

“Hey, Jill. Nice to meet you. I’m To... Tammy,” Tommy replied nervously, feeling strangely intimidated by this attractive, yet domineering woman.

“How are things going, Tammy?” Jill asked, her tone confident, her posture upright, and her eyes piercing. “Mr Hopkins isn’t working you too hard, is he?”

“Erm... no, no problems,” Tommy replied, shifting his weight back onto his heel. “He seems like a good guy.”

“Ha,” Jill scoffed. “I wouldn’t exactly call him that. But he is easy to manipulate if you know how to play the game. I mean, that prim and proper look you’ve got going on here,” she gestured at him with a sweeping hand, “is cute. But if you want to turn your temp role into something more permanent, I’d suggest a shorter skirt and a top that shows some cleavage,” she added, giving him an appraising look.

Tommy glanced over at Jill's outfit - a short leather mini skirt and a low-cut top - much bolder than his own. "Really? Surely women don't have to do those sorts of things these days," he announced, sounding genuinely surprised. "They taught us in school that women have equal rights in the workplace now."

Jill burst out laughing. "Oh, you're an innocent one, aren't you, Tammy? Hate to burst your bubble, girly, but in business, there's only one way for a woman to reach the top: flirt, agree, and make the men above you feel smarter. But don't worry, Blondie. Jill here can show you the ropes."

Tommy forced a nervous smile, noting Jill's odd quirk of referring to herself in the third person. "Erm... thanks for the offer, Jill, but I think I'm good."

Jill's expression soured slightly as she eyed him. "Nonsense," she replied, her voice loud and firm. "I see potential in you, Tammy. I can tell by your choice of shoes you're not as shy as you look. You just need a mentor. Bring a nice dress on Friday. You're coming out for drinks with me and the girls. We can discuss the details over lunch tomorrow."

"I... I..." Tommy stuttered, taken aback by Jill's forcefulness.

"Or don't," Jill shot back, sensing his hesitation. "I could always talk to Miss Terry, tell her to get someone in who's more fun."

"No!" Tommy replied quickly, knowing he needed to keep this job if he ever wanted to get his life back. "Sounds like fun! Count me in," he added, forcing a cheerful tone.

"Great," Jill said, a satisfied smile spreading across her face. "I think you and I are going to be the best of friends." She then turned and strode back to her desk.

With the conversation over, Tommy slowly made his way back to his desk, his mind reeling. As he sank into the chair, feeling the smooth satin of his skirt glide over his nylon-clad legs, a sense of dread settled in. He took a deep breath, staring blankly at his computer screen, wondering what exactly he'd just agreed to.

Chapter 19: Cold Reality

Tommy arrived at work on Friday morning with absolutely no intention of going out with Jill and the girls later that evening. The very thought of strutting around the city centre, all dolled up with the other secretaries, was the last thing he wanted to do. Unfortunately for him, Jill had other plans. After shooting him a disapproving glance mid-morning - his modest pencil skirt and a long-sleeved blouse not to her liking - Tommy did his best to avoid her for the rest of the day. But an hour before clocking off, Jill marched over to his desk, clearly not happy.

"Tammy, I thought we had an understanding," she began, her voice sharp. "I told you; you're not going to get anywhere dressing so conservatively. I hope you brought something more fun to change into for tonight?"

"Uh, about that," Tommy stammered, trying to keep his cool in the intimidating woman's presence. "Something came up... I can't make it."

"Well, whatever it is, it'll have to wait," Jill said, her tone leaving no room for argument. "I've already told the girls, and I'm not about to look like a fool because you're backing out now. So unless someone's died, you're coming. End of story."

"I appreciate the offer, Jill, but going out drinking isn't really my thing," Tommy lied, trying to get out of the situation. "You'll have more fun without me, trust me."

Jill scoffed. "Oh please. Do you expect me to believe that a pretty little thing like you, with your Barbie doll looks, doesn't enjoy a good night out? Look, I'm trying to be friendly here, but if you don't want to be my friend, I'll go have that chat with Miss Terry. You may as well start packing your things because you won't be back next week."

Panic set in as Tommy realized he was about to lose his job, no matter how much he disliked it. "What? No! There's no need for that. Of course, I want to be your friend, Jill," he stammered, his desperation showing. "I'll come tonight, I promise. I was just feeling a little nervous about meeting so many new people, that's all."

Jill narrowed her eyes at him for a moment, then smiled. "Didn't peg you for the shy type. Don't worry, once I introduce you to everyone, you'll have a blast."

"Okay," Tommy muttered in defeat, "but I didn't bring anything to wear."

"Don't worry about that, Blondie," Jill said with a grin. "We'll find you something. Meet us in the toilets after closing. The girls always get ready together, and no one can ever decide what to wear, so I'm sure there'll be a few extra outfits for you to

choose from." With that, Jill turned on her heel and sauntered off, leaving Tommy feeling like he'd just been hit by a truck.

Later that evening, after a whirlwind of activity in the cramped work bathroom, seven women - including Tommy - helping each other with hair and makeup, all while gossiping and sipping the cheap wine they'd brought along. The air was filled with the scent of hairspray and perfume, punctuated by laughter and shrieks as outfits were swapped, heels were clicked against the tile floor, and last-minute touch-ups were applied to already overdone faces. Tommy, awkwardly perched on the edge of the sink, had let Jill and the others take control of his makeover. His protests had been drowned out by compliments about his 'killer figure' and 'irresistibly shiny lips'.

"Come on, Tamtam. Stop pouting and hurry up, will you?" Jill called from up ahead, her voice breaking through the quiet of the night, disturbed only by the sound of clicking high heels.

Tommy looked up to see Jill's commanding figure standing confidently on the other side of the street, completely unfazed by the chill in the air. He couldn't help but be impressed by the way she glided effortlessly in her tall stiletto boots, as though she were wearing flats. Meanwhile, he struggled to keep pace in his sky-high platform pumps, each step sending jolts of pain up the back of his legs.

Having minced through a deserted market area - the kind that might be bustling during the day but felt eerily abandoned at night - Tommy paused briefly to rest his throbbing feet. A tight black dress clung awkwardly to his padded frame, and a pair of sheer, patterned tights did little to shield his legs from the biting cold. His overfilled lips, slick with bright lipstick, quivered as his teeth chattered, and his heavily made-up face, stiff from a combination of Botox and the howling wind, only added to his discomfort. Despite the faux fur coat wrapped around his shoulders offering some relief, his legs felt as though they were submerged in ice water.



Looking over at Jill, feeling completely disconnected from the boy he once was, Tommy couldn't understand how she wasn't freezing. Dressed in a black leather top that revealed an almost indecent amount of cleavage and a short denim skirt with no coat in sight, she stood there waiting, completely unfazed by the cold. Tommy shivered at the sight of her and couldn't help but wonder what she had planned for them that evening.

"Coming," Tommy called back, frustration bubbling inside as he wobbled uncomfortably on his ridiculously tall, sparkly pumps. They had already been out for two hours, and after being dragged to three different bars, Tommy's feet were in agony.

Seeing the rest of the girls disappear around the corner, with only Jill waiting for him, Tommy took a deep breath. As much as he hated being dressed like some blonde bimbo on the prowl, the thought of being left behind felt worse.

After catching up with Jill, the two joined the rest of the girls at a swanky wine bar, packed with well-dressed patrons who looked like they had money to burn. After

checking their coats, Jill led Tommy over to the bar. Nervously, Tommy picked up a cocktail menu, his long acrylic nails tapping against the glossy pages as he flipped through them. His eyes widened at the prices. "Jill, I can't afford this place," he whispered nervously, leaning closer to the intimidating redhead. "I've only got a few pounds left, and I need that for the bus home."

Jill chuckled softly. "Oh, Tamtam, you've got so much to learn. Girls like us don't pay for our own drinks. Time for a lesson - watch and learn."

Tommy looked on as Jill scanned the room, her eyes locking onto her target like a predator. With a confident stride, she made her move, "accidentally" stumbling into a smartly dressed man standing at the bar. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction. "It's these new shoes." She casually rested her hand on the man's shoulder before lifting her leg off the ground to show off her towering platform heels.

The muscular man smiled, "No problem at all. I can see how walking in those might be a challenge. They're pretty high, but I have to say, you look incredible in them. I'm Connor, by the way. What's your name?"

"Jill," she replied, flashing him a playful smile. "That's sweet of you, Connor, but these heels are a bit much for me. Tammy here convinced me to wear them - she's an expert in heels. Trained as a dancer for years. You should see how flexible she is. Tammy, come over here and show Connor your shoes."

Tommy, caught off guard and unsure how to respond, awkwardly tottered over. When Jill insisted he lift his leg to show off his sparkly pumps, he did so hesitantly, feeling utterly humiliated.

Connor leaned down to get a better look. "Very nice," he growled as he ran his fingers up the back of Tommy's pantyhosed ankle. His gaze then slowly trailed up the feminized man's patterned legs before settling on his cleavage. "Nice to meet you, Gorgeous," he said, a grin spreading across his face.

Blushing furiously, Tommy averted his eyes, wishing he could disappear, while Jill smoothly took control of the conversation. "So, what do you boys do?" she asked, eyeing the other athletic-looking men in Connor's group.

"We're footballers," Connor replied with a proud smile.

"Wow! That's amazing! I've never met a famous person before," Jill gushed, her excitement clearly exaggerated.

"We're out celebrating," Connor said with a grin. "That's Keano at the end, Adi in the middle, and this is Dom." He wrapped an arm around the man next to him.

“Dom here made his debut today and scored a screamer. He’s gonna be the next big star.”

As the group of footballers smiled over, Tommy felt a wave of discomfort wash over him, forcing a polite smile and a small wave in return.

Spotting the bartender, Connor quickly turned back. “Four pale ales, and whatever these lovely ladies would like,” he said, flashing another look at Jill, clearly impressed by her appearance.

“Thank you, Connor. That’s very generous of you,” Jill responded sweetly. Then, catching sight of a blonde woman who worked three cubicles down from Tommy at the office, she called out, “Devon! Over here!”

Tommy watched in a mix of awe and unease as the other girls sauntered over and ordered several bottles of pricey wine. As Jill shot him a knowing glance, Tommy, despite his discomfort with her manipulative ways, had to admit that it was impressive how Jill had just taken what she wanted.

As the evening progressed, the group mingled, and Dom ended up chatting with Tommy. To his surprise, Dom was easy to talk to, especially after discovering that Tommy had an extensive knowledge of football. Before long, the two were deep in conversation, laughing and bonding over their shared love of the game as drinks flowed freely.

A couple of hours later, tipsy and relaxed, Tommy found himself wedged between Dom and Adi on a sofa, listening to more stories about the discipline required to make it in professional football. Suddenly, he felt a hand slide onto his upper leg, jolting him out of his drunken haze. Dom's fingers were gently stroking his inner thigh, uncomfortably close to his tucked-away member.

Looking down through his thick lashes, panic surged through Tommy as he noticed his silky dress bunched up around his waist, exposing his skimpy panties to the entire bar. His hand shot down to push Dom’s away, too weak to move it, he only managed to grip it awkwardly instead. “Erm... Dom, where’s Jill?” Tommy asked, his voice trembling with worry as he scanned the room for her.

“Relax, babe,” Dom murmured, his lips brushing against Tommy's neck. “She left with Connor a while ago. Don’t worry, I’ll look after you.” His other hand reached up to twirl a lock of Tommy’s long, platinum hair.

“What? She left? What about the other girls? Where are they?” Tommy's voice grew more frantic as he tried to wriggle free.

"No clue, babe. They're gone," Dom slurred, pulling Tommy closer before pressing his lips to his in an uninvited kiss. "God, you're sexy," he whispered between breaths.

As Dom's eyes closed shut, Tommy's flew wide open in horror. He tried to move, but Dom's strength pinned him in place, leaving him feeling nauseous as a hand squeezed his thigh, and even worse as Dom's tongue forced its way past his bloated lips, invading his mouth.

"Get the fuck off me!" Tommy shouted, finally yanking his arm free from Dom's grip. Like a cat cornered, he unleashed his claws, slashing them across Dom's face.

"Ow! What the fuck? You bitch!" Dom yelled, pulling back and clutching his face. As he wiped his hand across his cheek, he stared at the blood on his fingers in disbelief. "Oh, hell no! My face... I've got a shaving commercial on Monday! My agent is gonna kill me!" he fumed.

Seizing the moment, Tommy scrambled to his feet, staggering on his heels before crashing into a nearby group of people. Drinks splashed onto the floor, and angry glares shot his way. "Sorry! Sorry!" Tommy blurted out, his eyes darting around in search of the exit. Finally spotting it, he bolted towards the door as fast as his towering 7-inch platforms would allow.

Two streets away, completely out of breath and exhausted, Tommy finally stopped to lean against a wall. The adrenaline from his escape had worn off, and he was suddenly hit with the cold reality of his situation - quite literally. His coat was back at the bar, and now, here he was in the middle of the city, freezing, his breath visible in the night air. He ran his fingers through his long, silky hair, then dropped his hands to cover his face. "Fuck," he muttered under his breath, feeling goosebumps rising on his bare arms and shoulders. Overcome with emotion, he glanced down at the towering heels that would make walking home impossible, furious with himself for ending up in this mess.

Then he noticed the purse still clutched in his trembling hand - something he must have instinctively grabbed before bolting out of the bar. As much as he wished there was another way out, Tommy knew he had to call for help. Shivering, he fumbled with the zip of his bag, cursing his long nails yet again as they seemed to do everything in their power to slow him down. Pinching the zipper between the acrylic extensions on his thumb and index finger, he finally managed to open it and pulled out his phone.

He unlocked the screen and then froze. Who could he call? He couldn't call his sisters - he'd never hear the end of it. That left him with two options: Henry or Maddison.

Chapter 20: A Friend in Need

The next morning, a bleary-eyed Tommy descended Maddison's stairs and entered the living room, dressed in the short nighty he'd borrowed from her the night before.

Maddison, lounging on the sofa and watching TV, looked up with a smile. "Good morning, Tammy. How did you sleep?"

Tommy managed a small, embarrassed smile. "Okay, I guess," he replied, glancing down. "Thanks for letting me stay over last night, and... I'm really sorry for calling you so late."

"Oh, don't be silly," Maddison scoffed. "That's what friends are for. I was just about to make breakfast. What would you like?"

"Thanks, but I'm not really hungry," Tommy mumbled, folding his arms and shuffling his feet.

Picking up on his mood, Maddison slid over and patted the cushion beside her. "Hey, come sit with me for a minute."

Tommy nodded and trotted over, carefully folding the flimsy skirt of the nighty beneath him as he sat down. He tucked his smooth legs under him, feeling the warmth of the sofa.

Maddison gently pulled him towards her, letting his head rest against her shoulder as she ran her fingers through his hair. "What happened last night, Tammy? You were pretty shaken up and hardly said a word after I picked you up. I was really worried."

Maddison's fingers combing through his long hair felt surprisingly comforting, easing Tommy's nerves as he began recounting the events of the previous evening. He explained how he'd gone out with Jill and the women from work, how he ended up alone with Dom, and how exposed and vulnerable he'd felt. At first, Maddison asked gentle probing questions, but as Tommy continued, the story started pouring out, and he found himself relieved to finally get it off his chest.

When he finished, Maddison looked outraged. "What? She just left you there?" she exclaimed.

"Yeah... I didn't know what to do," Tommy replied, sniffing slightly.

"That's awful! She sounds like a horrible person. Why did you go out with her in the first place?"

“I didn’t have a choice,” he said defensively. “She basically threatened to get me fired if I didn’t go.”

“And what? You’re that attached to the job?” Maddison asked, incredulously.

“No, it’s not that,” Tommy stammered. “I just... I really need the money.”

“For what?” Maddison pressed.

Tommy hesitated. He’d tried explaining the truth to Maddison before, but she hadn’t believed him. This time, he chose to simplify things. “I need to get away from my sisters. They’re trying to control me - what I wear, what I do. I just... I can’t take it anymore.”

“Oh, Tam, I had no idea,” Maddison replied, looking shocked. “So, because you’ve been brave enough to show the world who you really are, they’re punishing you?” She was visibly upset on his behalf.

“Kind of... but no. It’s complicated,” Tommy answered, wondering if he should try explaining his situation again.

“Complicated how? Tam,” Maddison followed up, her eyes full of genuine concern.

Tommy glanced down, seeing himself in one of Maddison’s nighties, blonde hair spilling over his shoulders. It wasn’t the time for the truth. “I’m being silly,” he said with a forced smile. “It’s not that bad. I think they’re trying to help in their own way, and maybe I’m just overreacting because of last night. They did take me in when Mum abandoned me, so I should be more grateful... It’s just hard sometimes.”

Maddison nodded sympathetically. “I get it. But don’t let them control you, okay? I’ve got an older sister too, and trust me, standing up for yourself is important.”

“Thanks, Maddy,” Tommy said, turning to look her in the eye, appreciating how supportive she had been. “And... I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? For what?” she asked, giving him a reassuring squeeze.

“That I never made the effort to get to know you better. You’re a really nice person,” he admitted, feeling a twinge of guilt over the years he’d spent fantasizing about her, objectifying her in his mind in ways that felt shamefully similar to how Dom had treated him the previous night.

“Aww, that’s really sweet, Tam,” Maddison replied, sounding touched. “But don’t worry about that. Better late than never, right? I have a feeling we’re going to be best friends from now on,” she added, pulling him into a warm, tight hug.

Four hours later, after an afternoon spent lounging and watching cheesy movies, Tommy, now showered and refreshed, returned to the living room. Finding it empty, he tottered to the centre of the room and called out Maddison's name.

“Coming!” she called back, her footsteps approaching. “Just cleaning up the kitchen. Nothing worse than...” Maddison stopped mid-sentence as she rounded the corner, her gaze falling on Tommy, a smile spreading across her face as she looked him over with an amused expression.

“What? Is something wrong?” Tommy asked, noticing her reaction and suddenly feeling a bit self-conscious.

“No, nothing at all!” Maddison replied with a giggle. “I just can’t get over how different you look these days. In a good way, though.”

“So, why are you looking at me like that?” he asked, worried he’d made some kind of mistake.

“Sorry, I’m just surprised by your choice. That’s my favourite skirt, and you look better in it than I do,” she giggled.

“Oh, sorry! I didn’t realize,” Tommy stammered, glancing down at the black-and-white pleated mini-skirt that ended halfway down his pantyhosed thigh while smoothing his hands over its sides. “It was on your chair with this sweater. I didn’t want to go through your things, so I just put it on. I can change if you want?”

“No need! It looks great on you,” Maddison replied warmly. “I told you to pick whatever you wanted. You look super cute!”

“Er... okay. Thanks,” Tommy replied, feeling a bit awkward and suddenly regretting not searching for a pair of jeans or perhaps some sweatpants instead.

“Oh, don’t be embarrassed! You look amazing,” Maddison teased, giving him an approving once-over before her gaze settled on his feet. “Really into heels, huh? Funny, I dug those old wedges out of my closet yesterday. I wore them to death back in the day, but I was going to donate them. If you like them, they’re yours.”

“Thanks,” Tommy replied, forcing a smile as he glanced down at his feet. It struck him then why these towering wedges felt so familiar - Maddison had practically lived in these during their final year of school, and he’d often watched her gliding around in them, looking incredible. Now, perched awkwardly atop them, he felt anything but graceful. In reality, he’d have preferred a pair of trainers, but he knew that if his sisters caught him returning home in flats, his next forfeit would mean drawing twice. And that was a risk he wasn’t willing to take.

Maddison smiled. “You know, I was a bit shocked when I first saw you at the shopping centre, but now I can’t believe I didn’t see it sooner - You’re definitely a girl - maybe even girlier than me!”

“What?” Tommy blurted out. “Why would you say that?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Maddison replied playfully. “Could be the hair, or that adorable outfit you put together. Perhaps it’s the six-inch heels you seem to live in now. Or maybe,” she added with a smirk, “it’s that as tired as you were, you still put on makeup before coming down this morning.”

Tommy was at a loss for words. Here he was, finally in Maddison's panties - just not in the way he’d dreamed. He wanted to explain - tell her he wasn’t wearing a stitch of makeup, that the lash extensions and lip plumping just made him look like this now. But instead, he managed only a nervous grin until Maddison spoke again.



“Right, let me grab us some coats and I’ll drive you home,” Maddison announced cheerfully as she skipped out of the room. "Drop it back next time you're over."

Back home that evening, Tommy tried to steer clear of his sisters, but they had other plans. Around 9 p.m., a knock sounded on his bedroom door before Sarah and Monica let themselves in.

“So, are you going to tell us where you were last night? We were worried,” Sarah said, watching him closely from the doorway.

“Really? I didn’t know you cared,” Tommy shot back, irritation flickering across his face.

“Of course we care! We’re family. Where were you? You didn’t even call to let us know you’d be staying out,” Monica said softly, stepping out from behind Sarah with a look of genuine concern.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Tommy shot back, his tone sharp. “And if you really care about me, then why are you holding that hat?”

Sarah’s expression hardened. “Fine, be like that,” she said, shaking her head. “You’re old enough to make your own choices, but next time, at least send a text. Got it?” She took a step forward, hand extended. “Do you have the rent money?”

“You know I don’t,” Tommy replied, his tone tinged with frustration. It would be weeks before his next paycheck, and they all knew it.

“Then put that pretty little hand of yours in and pick,” Sarah said, holding the hat out with a challenging smile.

Resigned, Tommy reached forward before pausing, his long pink nails hovering over the hat. “There are only two slips in here,” he noted, a bit thrown.

“Well, since you stayed out last night and worried us sick, we decided to give you two very special options this week. One from each of us,” Sarah explained, a wicked grin spreading across her face. She reached in and unfolded the first slip, reading it aloud. “Maid for the week. That one’s mine,” she announced smugly. “Pick this, and you’ll be at our beck and call all week, doing all the housework for a change.”

The corner of Tommy’s plumped lip curled as Sarah reached in for the second slip and read it out. “Princess for a week,” she declared, trying to keep a straight face. “That one’s Monica’s. Not sure what ‘princess duties’ she has in mind for you, but it sounds like fun.” She raised an eyebrow, clearly enjoying his discomfort. “So, Tammy, what’ll it be?”

Chapter 21: Princess Tommy

The day had started off miserably, and not just because of the freezing January wind whipping through the city. After opting for Monica's challenge over Sarah's, not wanting to give Sarah the satisfaction of having him as her servant all week, Tommy woke to find an outfit waiting for him. A quick glance at the ensemble hanging from his wardrobe door filled him with regret.

Walking over to the eye-catching outfit, he inspected it with dread, knowing he'd have to wear it out in public. Reaching out, he ran his fingers over the frilly skirt, feeling its soft, lightweight fabric. For most eighteen-year-old boys, wearing a skirt like this in public would be a nightmare - not to mention the strappy, low-cut top and thigh-high boots with their towering stiletto heels. Yet, Tommy was almost used to wearing such clothes by now; what turned his stomach was the colour. Apart from the crisp white top, the whole outfit was girly-girl pink - a colour he despised.

After a long shower, trying to ignore what the day might bring, he returned to his room to find Monica waiting on his bed.

"Morning, Tammy! How did you sleep?" she asked with a bright smile.

"Yeah, just great," Tommy mumbled, his irritation evident.

"Oh, don't be like that. Remember, you chose to be my princess for the week. Now that it's happening, you can either sulk all day, annoy Sarah, and make things harder for yourself, or you can put on a smile - like a proper princess - and try to have some fun with it."

Tommy sighed, too mentally drained to argue. "Okay, Mon, I'll try," he said, forcing a small smile onto his plump lips.

"That's the spirit! Now come over here, and I'll help you with your makeup," she said brightly, gesturing toward the vanity.

Tommy trudged over and sat down, eyeing the pinks and pastel colours laid out in front of him. "I'll be out of this crazy house soon," he thought, taking a deep breath. "I just have to tough it out a little longer."

* * * * *

After being made up by his sister, Tommy endured an excruciatingly uncomfortable bus ride into the city - each stop bringing fresh stares, whispers, and the occasional stifled laugh. He tried to ignore the attention by looking out the window, praying the journey would end. Shrinking into his seat hid him from view but also made him more aware of his humiliating outfit: the frilly pink skirt riding up his pink-pantyhosed thighs, the towering heels of his boots clattering against the floor as he struggled to find a comfortable position. Finally, after what felt like hours, the city centre came into view. Yet, any sense of relief vanished as his sisters led him straight from the bus to an unwelcome destination: a hair salon.

He followed his sisters inside, the bell on the door chiming loudly, drawing every gaze in the room. Almost immediately, a stylist came over, clearly expecting him, and began fussing over his outfit, asking him to spin and pose while showering him with compliments like “precious,” “dainty,” and “beautiful.” Tommy’s cheeks burned, and he felt a strange relief when he was finally led to the stylist’s chair, letting the attention turn elsewhere.

“You just relax,” the stylist said with a bright smile. “Everything’s arranged, and when I’m done, you’re going to look like a million dollars.”

Tommy grunted as the stylist guided his head back into the sink. He had no idea what “look” they had planned, but at this point, he wondered what more she could possibly do to make him look even more like a girl.

* * * * *

Hours later, Tommy stepped out of the salon, feeling tense and uneasy. The cold wind immediately bit through his short, bright-pink jacket, making him shiver as he adjusted to the change in temperature.

“Look, Mommy! That lady looks so pretty, just like one of my dollies!” a little girl’s voice rang out nearby, making Tommy cringe. He ducked his head, hoping to avoid her gaze.

“Come along, Jessie,” the girl’s mother replied, pulling her daughter closer. “Let’s not bother the woman,” she added, giving Tommy a disapproving glance as she hurried them away.

With his head bowed in shame, Tommy tottered through the town centre, painfully aware of the stares from nearly everyone he passed. He hated the attention, but he

couldn't blame them for looking - he'd have stared too if he saw someone strutting around in head-to-toe pink, a low-cut top leaving little to the imagination, and trying to navigate the uneven cobblestones in towering thigh-high, hooker boots. Worse still, his hair and makeup were just as eye-catching as the outfit below.

How much the salon session had cost or who was footing the bill was a mystery to Tommy, as was the reason behind the barrage of photos they'd taken of him before he left. None of that, however, changed the jaw-dropping transformation he had undergone. They had gone all out on his new look, starting by removing his previous eyelash extensions only to redo them with even thicker, more dramatic ones. Then came the main event: his platinum blonde hair extensions were removed, and the stylist mixed up a strong-smelling dye, applying it liberally to his natural hair. Forced to sit through the process with the pungent paste on his head, he caught glimpses of other customers stealing glances, and he wondered what on earth the final colour would be. Anything seemed like it would be an improvement - until the stylist rinsed out the dye and brought over a set of incredibly long extensions in a pale, pastel purple. He nearly leapt out of the chair at the sight, dreading the thought of walking around with such a daring colour.

Resigned, he sat in a daze as the stylist carefully sectioned his hair and applied the new extensions, each strand meticulously fused into place. Lost in thought, he didn't even flinch when another stylist arrived to reshape his eyebrows, simply closing his eyes and wishing he were anywhere else.

Reaching the bus stop in the centre of a large, open square, Tommy stood outside, braving the cold rather than joining the two elderly women already seated inside the shelter. The unforgiving cobblestones beneath his feet made standing still a challenge; any small movement risked his stiletto heels slipping into a crack and setting off a wobble that would be a fight to control. Cold and exhausted, he stood like a statue, silently willing the bus to arrive.



"Stop pouting, Tammy. You look gorgeous," came Sarah's voice as she approached, hands full of shopping bags.

Tommy lifted his head slowly to see his two sisters watching him with barely concealed amusement. Their eyes sparkled as they took in his new look. "Oh, wow! They really did make you look like a princess," Monica said, sounding almost surprised. "Your hair is amazing, and - oh my god - your brows are so thin!"

Tommy took a deep, steadying breath, clenching his jaw. "Everyone's staring at me, and I feel ridiculous," he grumbled. "Can we please get a taxi home?"

Sarah laughed, clearly delighted by her brother's discomfort. "People are only looking because you look so unhappy. Try smiling a little. It looks strange for a girl dressed like you to look so miserable."

"Smile? Seriously?" Tommy whined. "The only thing that would make me smile right now is getting home. Please, Sare, can we just get a taxi? I'm freezing."

Sarah paused, taking a moment to look her feminized brother up and down before finally taking pity on him. "Fine," she said, reaching into her bag to find her phone.

Sarah unlocked her phone, scrolling casually before pausing. "Oh, by the way," she said with a sly grin, "I spoke to the salon manager before we left. She's sending over the photos they took once they're edited."

Tommy's eyes widened, dread creeping over him. "Photos? Why would they send them to you?"

"Oh, didn't I mention?" Sarah replied, feigning innocence. "The salon's using your pictures in their new promotion. You know, for their website, social media, maybe a few posters."

"Promotion?" Tommy's voice cracked. "You let them take photos for that?"

"Relax, Tam," Monica chimed in, barely suppressing her laughter. "It was a win-win. The stylist needed a model for her portfolio, and you got a free makeover. They were thrilled you agreed."

Tommy's face paled as the reality hit him. "You mean... anyone who walks in there is going to see me like... like this?"

"Oh, don't be so dramatic," Sarah replied with a dismissive wave. "It's just a few photos, Tammy. Besides, you look amazing."

Tommy opened his mouth to argue but couldn't find the words. His mind spun with the thought of every future customer walking into the salon and seeing his feminized image plastered across the walls. "But what if... what if someone I know sees them?"

Sarah shrugged "Well, I guess they'll see just how stunning you now look."

Chapter 22: Confrontation and Confusion

On his crowded bus ride to work that Monday morning, Tommy couldn't decide which was worse: the lustful glances from the men or the hostile looks from the women. Among the drab commuters, he stood out in one of the outfits his sisters had bought during their relentless shopping spree the day before. He'd lost track of how many pink skirts and dresses he'd tried on, dragged from shop to shop as his feet throbbed mercilessly.

For the coming week, at least, it seemed he'd have to get used to being dressed head-to-toe in his least favourite colour. The lilac hair, glossy pink lips, and bold makeup drew more attention than he'd like, making him feel all the more visible among the sea of black and grey business suits.

As the rain pounded against the bus window, Tommy noticed a woman stealing glances at him. When he turned, she quickly looked away. Studying her comfortable-looking outfit, he couldn't help but envy how she blended into the crowd. He imagined how nice it would feel to be inconspicuous like her, legs wrapped in warm trousers rather than the restrictive leather pencil skirt limiting his every movement.

Halfway through its route, the bus hit a bump, throwing the crossdressed boy off balance. He scrambled to steady himself atop the patent pink platform pumps strapped tightly around his pantyhosed ankles. However, the blocky heels - stable enough on the pavement outside - proved trickier inside the swaying bus, especially with his legs restrained by the rigidity of his skirt. As his pink-nailed hands slipped from the rail, he braced himself for a fall. But, just as he closed his eyes, a strong pair of hands grabbed his waist through his furry pink coat, hoisting him back into an upright position.

"Thank you," Tommy squeaked, looking up to see a balding business grinning down at him. "But you can let go now," he added, noticing the man hadn't released his grip.

"Maybe I should hold on, just in case we hit another bump," the man replied, his thumb lightly tracing Tommy's waist through his silky pink top.

"Hey, creep! Leave her alone!" came a sharp voice from nearby. The woman who'd been glancing at him earlier had left her seat and now stood at his side. Unsettled by the confrontation, the man swiftly released his hold and backed away into the crowd.

"Miss, please take my seat," the woman offered kindly. "It can't be easy standing in those pretty shoes." With all eyes on him, Tommy thanked her, cheeks flushed, and

carefully eased into the seat. The rest of the ride passed with his head down, nervously playing with his nails and the hem of his skirt, willing the time to pass faster.

Arriving at the office, cold, wet, and utterly miserable, Tommy barely stepped inside before being bombarded with questions and compliments about his new hair colour and outfit. He responded as graciously as possible, brushing it off with a casual “just fancied a change,” before finally making it to his desk. After a few hours of typing emails and arranging appointments for Mr Hopkins, he was feeling a bit more settled as he headed to the break room for a much-needed coffee.

Unfortunately, his timing couldn't have been worse; as he walked in, he found himself face-to-face with the last person he wanted to see.

“Well, don't you look precious today,” Jill called out from near the coffee machine. “Love the hair colour! But that skirt - chic as it is - it's not going to turn heads in the right way, if you know what I mean.”

“Save it, Jill,” Tommy shot back, stopping in the middle of the room, frustration clear on his face. “I'm not in the mood.”

“Whoa, easy, princess. Who got your knickers in a twist?” Jill replied, arching a brow, clearly taken aback by his response.

“You did,” Tommy replied sharply, his glossy pink lips pursing into a scowl. “Leaving me on Friday night, drunk, and surrounded by a bunch of guys who couldn't keep their hands to themselves.”



"Left you?" Jill exclaimed. "I'm not your mother, Tammy. I thought you could handle yourself. What was I supposed to do, turn down a guy like Connor to babysit you? Besides, you looked pretty cosy with Dom when I left."

"I was drunk, I didn't know what I was doing," Tommy shot back, though part of him couldn't ignore the parts he had enjoyed.

"Oh, so what happened? He made a move? Got a little handsy? Maybe kissed you? Look, he's a man, and you're a gorgeous girl. I even asked one of his friends to keep an eye on things. And, from what I hear, you're the one who left your mark on him. He needed stiches, you know?"

"You... you heard about that?" Tommy stammered, remembering the mark he'd left on Dom's cheek with his claw-like talons.

Jill rolled her eyes. "He called Connor, right when things were heating up between us," she huffed. "Had to practically beg him not to call the police, totally killed the vibe. So really, I should be the one mad at you, and you should be thanking me."

Shuffling his feet and feeling his leather skirt clinging to his nylon-covered thighs, Tommy started to wonder if he had overreacted.

Jill's expression softened. "Listen, Tammy. I'm just trying to look out for you. You're doing a good job here, and the girls all like you. It'd be a shame to lose you on Wednesday when Karen gets back. But if I put in a good word, maybe I can get you a permanent role."

Tommy considered it. A steady job meant no more temp office, and the pay wasn't bad. But he sensed a catch. "Really? And what's in it for you?" he asked.

Jill's smile was cool and knowing. "Simple. I like you, Tammy. You remind me of me back in the day - naïve, with a lot to learn. A woman in my first job took me under her wing, taught me a few tricks. Now, life's come full circle, and I get to pass on that knowledge."

Tommy glanced at her, still wary, his expression uncertain.

"Anyway," Jill continued, "if you want my help, show up tomorrow dressed to impress. I want to see you in a skirt that makes you hesitate before bending, and a cute top that shows off that delicious cleavage. Let's charm the boss a bit, yeah?"

"I... I don't know," Tommy murmured, his voice wavering. He'd worn revealing outfits before, but this felt like a slippery slope.

"Up to you," Jill said with a shrug. "I'll know your answer by morning." With that, she turned and strutted from the room, leaving Tommy to wrestle with the uneasy feeling settling over him.

Chapter 23: Dressed For Success

Back home that evening, Tommy was slumped on the sofa watching television when Monica knocked softly on the door frame. “Hey, can I come in?” she asked with a gentle smile.

“Sure, take a seat,” Tommy replied in a tired-sounding voice, gesturing to the cushion next to him.

Monica crossed the room and sat down, her hands resting in her lap. “So, how was work today?” she asked lightly.

“Alright, I guess,” Tommy muttered, not taking his eyes off the screen. “Well, apart from everyone thinking I’m a girl obsessed with the colour pink,” he added, the sarcasm dripping from his voice.

Monica let out a small sigh. “Look, I know all this seems a little extreme, but it wasn’t supposed to be like this. It started as a way to help you, to push you to get your life on track. But you know Sarah... she always takes things too far.”

“Too far?” Tommy snapped, finally turning to look at her, his glossy lips twisting in frustration. “Monica, look at me! She’s evil. That’s what she is. Why else would she try to turn her brother into a girl?”

“I know,” Monica said softly, her tone apologetic. “You’re right. Things have gotten out of hand. I’ll talk to her, okay? See if I can get her to ease up. But you need to understand... Sarah’s been through a lot. She’s the one who found me... after... after I tried to end things.”

The room fell silent. Tommy’s eyes widened as the words hit him, and his lips parted, but no sound came out. After a moment, he looked down. “Because of me?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper, guilt etched into every word.

“It’s not about blame,” Monica said, offering a sad smile. “That was a long time ago, and I’m in a better place now. And honestly, so are you, right?”

“Right,” Tommy echoed faintly, lowering his gaze to his painted toenails and smooth legs. His throat tightened as he swallowed hard.

Monica reached over and squeezed his hand. “I didn’t mean it like that,” she added quickly, sensing his discomfort. “I just meant you’ve grown up a lot. You’re more considerate, more responsible. And honestly,” she smirked slightly, “you make a super cute girl. I know there’s a part of you that likes being Tammy.”

“What? No way!” Tommy exclaimed, yanking his hand away and waving his long-nailed fingers in protest. “I’m a man! Men don’t like... this!”

Monica shrugged with a knowing look. “Some do. And there’s no shame in that. People like what they like. I’ve seen the way you look at yourself in the mirror when you think no one’s watching. Are you seriously telling me there’s nothing about being Tammy that you enjoy? Not even a little?”

Tommy opened his mouth to protest, but the words didn’t come. Finally, he sighed, looking sheepish. “Well... I guess it’s not all bad,” he admitted quietly, a faint blush creeping into his cheeks. Then, almost immediately, he straightened up and added, “But there’s a lot I don’t like: my feet hurt like hell after a whole day in heels, these nails make everything a nightmare, and all the pink! It’s super embarrassing.”

“I knew it,” Monica exclaimed, latching onto the part she wanted to focus on. “And there’s no need to be embarrassed. It’s just a colour. I actually think you’re really brave. It takes guts to do what you’ve done - experiencing life from the other side. You’ve even seen first-hand what it’s like for women in the workplace.”

“Well, not for much longer,” Tommy muttered, shaking his head, and crossing his arms, frustration etched across his face.

“Why? What happened?” Monica asked, her concern evident as she leaned forward.

“Nothing, really,” Tommy groaned. “It was always just a temp job. But this woman, Jill... She said I could stay on, but only if I go into work looking like a—” He hesitated, searching for the right word. “Like some... slut.”

“What?” Monica gasped, her voice rising in shock. “What do you mean? Explain. What exactly are you talking about?”

Tommy rolled his eyes and chuckled dryly before launching into the story of his conversation with Jill earlier in the break room. He didn’t sugar-coat anything, recounting Jill’s pushy behaviour and how she wanted him to dress provocatively to impress the boss. Monica listened intently; her expression serious as she let her brother vent without interruption. When he finished, she tilted her head, her eyes narrowing thoughtfully.

Then, probing for information to a question that confused her, she asked gently, “Do you like the job?” Her tone was calm, but her intent was clear - she was trying to understand. Did some part of Tommy actually like the idea? Was he bringing this up because, deep down, he was looking for her permission, her acceptance?

“Kind of,” Tommy admitted after a moment’s hesitation, his tone softening. “It’s easy work, and everyone else is really nice. And honestly... I don’t fancy going back to that temp office to start over.”

Monica nodded slowly, understanding dawning on her face. “Okay,” she said, her voice firm but kind. She had her answer. “I think you should do it, but on your terms. Don’t let this Jill woman push you into doing something you’re not comfortable with.”

“And how exactly do I do that?” Tommy asked, scepticism clear in his voice.

Monica smiled warmly, her confidence reassuring. “Set your alarm for an hour earlier tomorrow, and we’ll figure it out. Together. Deal?”

Tommy stared at her for a moment, his plumped lips pressed into a reluctant pout before he nodded. “Deal.”

* * * * *

The next afternoon, Tommy tottered into a conference room on sky-high pumps, their tight ankle straps biting slightly with every step. Mr Hopkins, already in the room, was leafing through a folder on the far side of the large space. He barely acknowledged Tommy’s entrance, leaving him standing awkwardly in the middle of the room, unsure of what to do with himself.

After what seemed like an eternity, Mr Hopkins finally looked up and smiled politely. “Tammy, would you call down and ask for a pitcher of water for the table? Our guests will be arriving shortly, and I’m sure they’ll appreciate something to drink.”

“Yes, Mr Hopkins. Of course,” Tommy replied, forcing a nervous grin onto his heavily made-up face.

Before he turned to strut over to the phone, he caught Mr Hopkins’s gaze lingering on him. The businessman’s eyes roamed over his feminine form, pausing just a little too long, making Tommy’s stomach twist with a mix of nerves and a strange, confusing thrill. He felt a warm flush creep up his neck, his face heating beneath the layers of makeup.

His outfit certainly demanded attention. The pink pleather miniskirt clung tightly to his hips, its hemline ending daringly high on his nylon-clad thighs. It was the kind of

attire that turned heads and raised eyebrows, hardly what one would call professional office wear. But Jill had been thrilled with the look that morning, her approval as enthusiastic as it was unsettling.

Jill had been equally excited about the matching long-sleeved sweater which clung to his slender frame and dipped low enough to showcase an eye-catching glimpse of his faux cleavage. “Perfect for charming the boss,” she’d remarked with a wink, her eyes lingering on his dramatically voluminous hair. Monica had insisted on blow-drying and styling it that morning, giving it a fullness that only added to Tommy’s discomfort as Jill’s gaze swept over him.



Apart from the grogginess of waking up extra early, Tommy had surprisingly enjoyed spending time with Monica that morning. Her cheerful attitude and endless compliments had been contagious, and they’d shared plenty of laughs while putting together his look. The final pink ensemble screamed "girly girl" - a look that Tommy couldn’t have imagined himself wearing a few months ago. Yet, as he left the house that day, he felt an unfamiliar sense of confidence. The stares and whispered

comments didn't seem to bother him as much; he held his head high, deciding to own the attention.

The business meeting was long and, for Tommy, a surreal experience. Standing by Mr Hopkins at the door, he greeted two sharply dressed men with a forced smile. After the introductions, he tottered over to the sofa, carefully navigating the plush leopard-print carpet in his towering 16-centimetre stiletto heels. Every step was purposeful, his full focus on not wobbling. Once the men were seated, Tommy smoothed the short hem of his form-fitting skirt over his backside with his long, acrylic nails, the creak of the material audible in the otherwise quiet room. Slowly, he lowered himself onto the sofa, folding his nylon-clad legs neatly at mid-thigh.

For hours, he sat in silence, scribbling notes while the men discussed business. The tightness of the skirt and the pressure crossing his legs applied to his groin area caused all kinds of discomfort, but he didn't let it show. Keeping his posture straight, he smiled throughout, pushed out his enhanced chest, and occasionally bounced one leg in what Jill had called "a flirty way." This, of course, was all part of her master plan - she'd been the one scheduled to accompany Mr Hopkins to the meeting, but claiming to feel unwell, she'd arranged for Tommy to take her place.

At the end of the discussions, a deal had been struck, and the mood in the room was triumphant. The departing men were all smiles, none more so than Mr Hopkins.

"Thank you, Tammy. That went perfectly," he said as Tommy closed the door behind the guests. "Mr Patel really took a liking to you. Mr Simons too." Tommy blushed, remembering the way the men's eyes had lingered on his legs throughout the meeting.

"Come over here for a moment," Mr Hopkins added, gesturing to the sofa. "There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

* * * * *

"Oh my god! He didn't? What a perv!" Maddison exclaimed, her voice brimming with outrage as Tommy recounted his day during their evening phone call.

"It wasn't that bad," Tommy said, trying to downplay Mr Hopkins' light squeeze of his pantyhosed thigh as he offered him a permanent position at the company. "The important thing is, I've got a proper job now. And besides, he seems like a nice guy."

“Oh my god! Do you have a crush on your boss?” Maddison teased, her tone shifting to playful curiosity.

“Eww! No way! He’s like forty or something,” Tommy shot back, horrified by the suggestion. “I just meant he’s... you know... like smart and funny.”

“Uh-huh, sounds like a crush to me,” Maddison teased playfully.

“Stop!” Tommy said with a groan. “Stop being gross. I don’t fancy Mr Hopkins. I’m just grateful for the job, that’s all. It’s going to be my way out, Maddy. A few months of saving, and I can quit, move out of here, and start over.”

“Sounds like a solid plan,” Maddison said approvingly. “But what are you going to do about your ID?”

“ID? What do you mean?” Tommy asked, his light-hearted tone vanishing as confusion crept into his voice.

“Well, you mentioned signing a contract, right?” Maddison replied, her tone taking on the air of someone explaining the obvious. “With the temp agency sending you, they probably didn’t check. But now that you’re going to be an official employee, they’ll for sure ask to see your ID. Are you seriously going to hand over a passport that says Tommy Jenkins with a picture that looks nothing like you?”

“Oh, shit! I didn’t think of that,” Tommy groaned, twisting a strand of his long, pastel-purple hair between his thumb and forefinger. “What am I going to do?”

“Hang on, give me a minute,” Maddison said briskly. “I’ll check something and call you back.”

The line went dead, leaving Tommy alone with his thoughts. For the next twenty minutes, he stared at his phone, his long nails tapping anxiously against its screen as he played out possible scenarios in his mind - none of them good.

When Maddison finally called back, he answered clumsily, his acrylic nails still not cooperating with the touch screen. “What did you find out?” he asked, his voice taut with nerves.

“Okay, I did some research,” Maddison said confidently. “And it looks like you’ve got two options.”

Two options?” Tommy repeated, his voice tinged with sarcasm - the image of the dreaded purple hat flashing through his mind. “Alright, hit me with them.”

“Option one,” Maddison began, “you tell them the truth - that you’re transgendered. Legally, they can’t refuse to hire you. It’s discrimination, and if they try, you could take them to court and win a ton of money.”

Tommy winced. "And the second option?" he asked not liking the thought of everyone at the office finding out what was beneath his skirt or having to go to court - money or no money.

“Well,” Maddison continued, “you could legally change your name and gender. You'll probably do this sooner or later anyway, right? And it’s easier than you think! You can do something called an unenrolled deed poll. Basically, you write a few sentences renouncing your old name, as they call it, and then declare a new one." Her voice took on a slightly hesitant rhythm, as though she were reading unfamiliar information. "Get two witnesses to sign it, and voilà! You can apply for a new passport. If you fast-track it, you’ll have it in a few days. What do you think?"

What did he think? Tommy didn’t know what to think. He sat frozen, stunned as Maddison rattled off the details like it was the simplest thing in the world. Could it really be that easy? One form, a couple of signatures, and poof - just like that, he'd become someone else. The simplicity felt almost surreal for such a life-altering decision. Yet, it wasn’t the process that gnawed at him - it was whether he could take such a drastic step.

Chapter 24: Past Transgressions and Future Choices

Friday evening, Tommy stood alone in his room, gazing into the full-length mirror on the wall. The girly figure reflecting back was a shadow of his former self, a stranger that bore no resemblance to the young man he remembered. As he slowly shook his head, sending smooth, sleek strands of lilac hair rippling across his shoulders, he struggled to comprehend his new reality. He was no longer Thomas Edward Jenkins. The piece of paper tucked away in the top drawer of his bedside cabinet made that official. He was now legally named Tamsin Emilia Jenkins!

Is this my life now? He thought as he examined the lilac-haired princess pouting back at him. She wore a short pink satin dress, the fabric shimmering under the warm light and decorated with a playful butterfly design. The neckline plunged low, showcasing her faux chest, while the flared hemline ended high on her thighs, encased in sheer pink tights.

His face was, as always, fully made up. Thin, arched brows - carefully pencilled - looked impossibly feminine. His lips, still swollen from fillers, glistened under a thick coat of pink gloss, and his doll-like eyes seemed enormous, framed by thick eyelash extensions that brushed against his cheeks with every blink.

Turning his head, causing his hoop earrings to jangle loudly in his ears, Tommy examined his long, sleek hair for knots. Satisfied that there were none, he sighed. He didn't particularly care about looking good when he was alone in his room, but with another Instagram post to make that evening, having his hair and makeup presentable would save him some time.

Shuffling back slightly, one of the tall six-inch heels of his hot-pink pumps caught on the edge of the rug, causing him to stumble. "Son of a..." Tommy muttered in frustration, glaring down at the towering heels he'd been wearing all day while running errands for Mr Hopkins. His feet were throbbing, but the days of wearing anything but heels felt like a distant dream.

The rug made Tommy reflect on the other changes to the room since he had moved in. The once plain white walls were now painted a girly pink, adorned with pictures no boy would hang. The old bed had been replaced with a grander frame, while dresses and skirts were piled on a chair in the corner. High-heeled shoes were scattered across the floor, and cosmetic items cluttered the vanity and nearby shelves. It was fair to say that the room, like himself, had undergone quite the transformation.

Turning back to the mirror, he took in his feminized image once more and scoffed. Not long ago, his days revolved around playing computer games; now, he couldn't remember the last time he'd held a controller, and given the length of his nails, he doubted he could even use one effectively. The absurdity of it all hit him as he studied his reflection. What would past Tommy think if he could see present-day Tammy? A busty secretary who turned heads and made men double-take. The thought made him shake his head, a mix of disbelief and bitter amusement washing over him.



He continued to study his image in the mirror, marvelling at how wearing skirts and dresses had somehow become a normal part of his daily routine. It was strange to think he'd been stepping out in them for weeks without the overwhelming sense of wrongness he used to feel. Once, the idea of walking out the front door dressed like this would cause him to sweat and shake, but now it was just something he did. And if he were being honest, there was a small part of him that didn't entirely hate the attention it brought.

As a typical boy, he'd been invisible. No one gave him a second glance, let alone opened doors or offered a seat on a crowded bus. But now, people noticed him. They stopped, smiled, and sometimes even went out of their way to speak to him. Though the occasional pang of unease lingered, the sheer terror he used to feel about being seen in public as a girly girl had largely dissipated.

I guess these things help, Tommy thought, lowering his gaze to his large, incredibly realistic fake breasts. It was astonishing to believe that someone had not only invented such a product but could make a living selling it. Tentatively, he raised his right hand and cupped his left breast, watching in the mirror as the girl with long pink nails gave it a light squeeze. He felt nothing, of course, but the sight stirred an odd curiosity. What would it feel like to have real breasts? Would they be sensitive?

“Am I interrupting something?” Sarah announced, clearing her throat with an air of amusement.

Tommy's hand snapped away as if burned, and he turned to see his older sister leaning casually in the doorway, a mischievous grin plastered across her face. “Erm... no. I was just... erm... What do you want, Sarah?” he asked, his frustration bleeding into his tone.

“Still acting like a little bitch, I see? Or were you always a diva just waiting to get out?” Sarah shot back, her words dripping with sass.

Tommy let out a heavy sigh, his shoulders sagging. “Look, I'm sorry I snapped. Can we not do this right now? It's been a long week, and after walking around everywhere on stilts, I haven't got the energy to fight.”

Sarah raised an eyebrow at his unexpected response, “Well, I guess so,” she said, her teasing tone softening. “But let's not forget - you're the one who got yourself into this situation with all your lazy, mooching ways.”

“I know,” Tommy replied quietly, surprising her further by agreeing without protest.

“Hmm,” Sarah murmured, stepping further into the room as she cupped her chin in mock thought. Her gaze travelled over her brother's feminized frame. “Maybe you are changing, like Monica said,” she mused, her voice unusually contemplative. “You are a lot nicer to be around these days. Tell me, how does it feel to be a beautiful woman?”

Tommy blinked, caught off guard. “You think I look beautiful?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he glanced back at the mirror. His thick lashes framed his wide eyes, and his makeup - flawless and vibrant even at the end of the day - reflected the care he'd taken earlier that morning.

“Beautiful? Come on, Tammy. You’re an absolute knockout,” Sarah replied with a playful scoff. “Hell, I’m even a little jealous. You get Mum’s bone structure and hair, and I get Dad’s jaw and man hands. How is that fair?”

Tommy studied his reflection, his slender figure wrapped entirely in soft pink fabric. A whirlwind of emotions surged through him - a little scepticism, some pride, and a lot of embarrassment - before he turned to face Sarah. “I’m so confused, Sarah,” he blurted out, his voice cracking as a tear formed in the corner of his eye. “Why did you do this to me? Do you hate me that much?”

Sarah’s teasing smile faltered, and she sighed, shaking her head. “Come and sit with me on the bed for a moment, Tammy,” she said, her tone softer now, as she gestured with her arm. Without waiting for a response, she walked over and perched herself on the silky pink covers.

Tommy hesitated before tottering over to join her, the faint clicking of his heels filling the quiet room as he rounded the bedframe. He lowered himself onto the opposite side, smoothing his skirt and folding his pantyhosed legs mid-thigh as he waited for her to speak.

Sarah watched her little brother as he lowered himself onto the bed with a grace that was almost unsettling. His movements were more fluid, more feminine than she could have imagined when all this began. She let the moment settle before speaking, her tone honest but firm.

“To answer that we need to remember that before Tammy, there was Tommy,” she began. “And Tommy was vile. Cruel. He hurt everyone around him and acted like it was all one big joke.”

Tommy’s pout deepened, his glossy lips trembling as he processed her words. He wasn’t a saint - he knew that - but had he ever done anything so terrible that he deserved to have his entire life destroyed through being forcibly feminized? “I was young and angry,” he said, shaking his head. “Mum was hardly ever there, and when she was, I wished she wasn’t. She was always so mean to me, while you and Monica could never do anything wrong.”

Sarah nodded slowly. “She has issues. She’s been hurt in ways you’ll never understand, and as a result, she has this deep hatred for all men. It was wrong of her to take it out on you, but it was just as wrong for you to take it out on me and Monica.”

Her words hit him like a punch to the gut. “I didn’t mean to—” he started, but Sarah cut him off.

“Maybe you didn’t mean to, but you did,” she said firmly. “And maybe you didn’t notice, but we were going through Mum’s shit too. Why do you think I got out of that house the second I turned eighteen? And Monica - she was an easy target, right? Because she’s sensitive, because she wouldn’t fight back. You bullied her to the point of clinical depression. She’s still on medication to this day. Did you know that?”

Tommy’s thick lashes fluttered as tears welled in his eyes. His throat felt tight, and his voice came out in a whisper. “I’m sorry,” he said as the first tear slipped down his cheek. “I.. I wish I could take it all back.”

Sarah’s glare softened, though only slightly. “I’m not the one you should apologise to,” she said sharply. “But if you really have changed, then prove it. For the next few weeks, be Monica’s sweet, caring sister. Give her the support and kindness she never got from having a brother.”

Tommy blinked, the tears now streaming freely. “I.. I’ll try,” he stammered, his voice cracking. “No, I will. I’ll change. I’ll be a better person.”

Sarah studied him, her eyes narrowing as if searching for cracks in his sincerity. After a long pause, she finally nodded. “I want to believe you mean that,” she said. “So let’s test it. No more forfeits, starting today. But instead, I’ll set you a challenge - a chance to make amends.”

Tommy’s heart raced. “What kind of challenge?” he asked, his voice trembling.

Sarah leaned in, locking eyes with her brother. “A do-over,” she said firmly. “An opportunity to revisit some of the moments where you hurt Monica the most - starting with the night you destroyed what should have been one of the best nights of her life.”

Tommy swallowed hard, the guilt tightening his chest. “What do I need to do?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

“To help you understand that, let’s go back five years, to the night Monica was supposed to attend her senior prom,” Sarah began, her voice sharp with restrained anger. “For once, everything seemed to be going right for her. She’d been asked by a boy she really liked, and after weeks of working in that horrible fish and chip shop every evening and weekend, she finally saved enough money to buy her dream dress. Do you remember how that story ends?” Sarah’s glare bore into Tommy, daring him to answer.

Tommy bit his plump lower lip and lowered his head in shame. Of all the terrible things he’d done, the memory Sarah was dredging up was at the top of the list. He had spent that afternoon at Henry’s house, playing video games and underage

drinking with a gang of their friends. Coincidentally, Monica's prom date that evening had been Henry's older brother, Harry.

The memory came rushing back, sharp and unforgiving. Someone - he couldn't even remember who - had discovered that Harry had left one of his social media accounts logged in on the family computer. Fuelled by alcohol and the boys egging each other on, the boys had decided to have some fun. They photoshopped Monica's head onto a pig's body and posted it on Harry's profile with the caption: "Princess Piggy. Oink! Oink! Can you believe this fat pig actually thought I'd take her to prom? Guess she's even dumber than she is ugly."

But the cruelty hadn't stopped there. Not content with just posting it online, they printed dozens of flyers - enough to drain the house printer of ink - and plastered them all over their neighbourhood. For the final blow, they sneaked into Monica's room and covered her walls, laughing the whole time.

Tommy vividly remembered Monica coming home that afternoon. She had been beaming with excitement, her hair styled and nails freshly manicured for the big night. Then, she saw the flyers. The sound of her heartbroken sobs still haunted him. She'd run out of the house in tears, never making it to her prom. She moved in with Sarah shortly after, and it was years before Tommy saw her again.

"I remember," Tommy muttered, his voice barely audible. "It's not something I'm proud of."

"You're not proud of it?" Sarah snapped, her voice rising with emotion. "Do you know what happened after she ran out of the house? Little, heartbroken Monica swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills and chased them with vodka!" Sarah's hands shook as she took a deep, shuddering breath. "If she hadn't called me... she'd... she'd be dead!" Her voice faltered, the weight of the memory pressing down on her. "I got her to the hospital just in time. They saved her, but barely."

The silence that followed was suffocating. Tommy felt the full force of Sarah's words as if they had physically struck him. His glossy lips parted, but no words came. He wanted to disappear, to undo the damage he'd caused, but it was impossible. The realization of what he had done left him nauseous with guilt.

"You asked me earlier why I hate you," Sarah said, her voice softer now but no less piercing. "Does that answer your question?"

Everything clicked into place. The disjointed pieces of the past slotted together, forming a picture that made Tommy sick to his stomach. Tears streamed down his cheeks, smudging the mascara he'd carefully applied earlier that morning. "What

can I do to make this right?" he blubbered, his voice trembling. "I'm not that person anymore. The person who did all those awful things is gone. He disgusts me."

Sarah's gaze softened as she reached out and placed a hand on Tommy's trembling shoulder. "Show me," she said, her voice steady but kind, a faint, closed-lipped smile appearing. "Tomorrow is going to be a special day, Tammy. We're going to give Monica some new memories - better ones."

Chapter 25: Rewriting the Past

The ear-piercing shriek of the alarm shattered the stillness of Tommy's bedroom, prompting a groggy hand to slam down in search of the snooze button. Instead, he knocked the clock clean off the bright pink bedside cabinet, sending it clattering to the floor.

He lay there for a moment, his long hair covering his face, as a familiar sense of dread crept over him. He brushed a strand of lilac hair tickling his nose out of the way and reluctantly swung his legs over the side of the bed, shuffling toward the bathroom.

After relieving himself, Tommy stood at the sink, staring into the mirror. The face staring back was still strange to see, though it had become disturbingly familiar over the weeks - a girlish visage with full, pouty lips, long fluttering lashes, and a cascade of sickeningly bright lilac hair. Yet the image looked unsettling, the faint shadow of morning stubble on his chin disrupting the otherwise flawless femininity staring back at him. It had to go.

He lathered his face with shaving foam, the task made clumsier by his long pink nails, and picked up a razor. As it glided across his skin, Tommy felt conflicted. The stubble was his last trace of masculinity, a small reminder of who he really was. But keeping it would only draw unwanted attention. Sighing, he continued carefully, each swipe leaving his face smoother until there was no trace of the shadow.

Twice a day - that's how often he shaved now. The tedious ritual had become routine, a necessary effort to avoid the paranoia that crept in every evening, wondering if a telltale dark patch might betray his secret beneath his foundation.

Placing the razor back on the counter, he inspected his reflection. His thoughts wandered to Sarah's offhand suggestion a few weeks earlier about laser hair removal. At the time, it had sounded absurd. But now, looking at his doll-like face, it didn't seem quite so ridiculous.

Smoothing moisturiser over his freshly shaved skin, Tommy's gaze settled on his collagen-enhanced lips. They showed no signs of reducing, remaining as plump as the day they'd been injected. His thinly arched brows, meticulously shaped and feminine, were another reminder of his situation - though that was likely his own doing, given how he plucked away any stray hairs growing back in to keep them neat.

After a long, soothing shower, Tommy dried his hair and applied a light layer of makeup. Feeling a mix of nerves and determination, he left his room and found his

sisters lounging in the living room. Making himself a quick bowl of cereal, he joined them on the sofa.

“Good morning,” he greeted, offering a tentative smile as he sat down.

“Someone seems unusually chipper this morning,” Sarah remarked, glancing at him with a raised eyebrow. “I thought you’d be sulking.”

“Well, today’s not about me,” Tommy replied sincerely, though a twinge of apprehension lingered in his voice. “Today’s for Monica. I want to make it special for her.”

Monica’s face lit up with a genuine smile. “Really? That means a lot, Tammy. I think today is going to be super fun, and if you’re really all in, it’ll be even better.”

“I am,” Tommy said, turning to Monica with a warm smile of his own. “I’m sorry, Mon. I didn’t realise how horrible I was to you back at Mum’s. I can’t change what I did, but I want to make it up to you.”

Monica reached out and squeezed his hand. “Let’s not dwell on the past, okay?” she said softly, her smile bright and reassuring. “I’ve made peace with it, and I want you to know - I forgive you, Tammy.”

The words hit him hard, making his throat tighten and his eyes well up. “You were only thirteen,” Monica continued. “I can see you’ve grown, and it means so much that you’re willing to come out with us tonight. I know you probably nervous.”

“A little,” Tommy admitted, lightly biting his plump bottom lip.

“I’ll look after you,” Monica assured him, patting his thigh gently. “Now, finish your breakfast so we can start getting ready. Like I said, it’s going to be a really fun day.”

* * * * *

A few hours later, Tommy found himself sitting under a hair dryer in a beautician’s chair at a day spa, the promised fun still nowhere to be seen. He sighed, trying to stay positive - after all, it was only one evening, and he genuinely wanted to make amends for the hurt his past-self had caused.

As the dryer clicked off with a mechanical whir, one of the beauticians came over, examining his hair with a nod of approval. “You can take a short break now,” she said with a polite smile. Grateful to be free of the hot air and incessant droning,

Tommy smiled back, though he wasn't entirely sure why he was thanking someone whose sole mission seemed to be making him look even more feminine - if that were even possible.

Carefully leaning forward, he maneuvered his lips toward the straw, his exaggerated pout opening and closing awkwardly, reminiscent of a fish at feeding time. With his hands immobilised under the UV lamp hardening his fresh acrylics, bending was his only option. He strained his neck to take a thirst-quenching sip, the motion feeling as awkward as the entire day had been so far.

Sitting back up, he glanced around the room, his thoughts churning as he tried to process the hours of transformation he had endured. Every step had played out before him in the mirror - from the sewing in of impossibly long extensions that now stretched to his lower back, to the resulting heavy locks being tightly rolled and piled atop his head for the dryer to work its magic. The bright pink dye had perhaps been the biggest surprise, leaving no doubt that he wouldn't just stand out - he'd be impossible to ignore.

Yet, despite it all, an odd sense of calm settled over him, as though he were detached from the surreal reality unfolding around him. He wasn't entirely sure what his sisters had planned for him, but it was already clear he would be a walking spectacle that evening. For now, the weight of the rollers atop his head and the lingering, sharp scent of hair dye served as silent reminders of just how far removed he had become from the person he once was.

After another hour of meticulous preening and primping, ensuring every detail of his appearance was flawless, Tommy was led out of the room and down a short corridor—it was time to get dressed. As he passed the mirrors lining the hallway, his gaze locked onto the reflection of the prissy-looking girl staring back at him. Long, curled pink hair tumbled down her back in voluminous waves, framing a face that could have graced the cover of a magazine. Surely, that couldn't be him.

Her eyes - his eyes - were lined with dark precision, the fluttering lashes having been refilled to appear impossibly long and thick. They sparkled beneath a shimmering layer of silver and pink shadow, making them disturbingly pretty. Yet, it was the lips that truly stole the show: full, glossy, and undeniably kissable. Coated in bright pink gloss and swollen from yet another syringe of collagen, they looked almost too perfect to be real.

As Tommy stepped into the room, he froze in place, his heavily made-up eyes immediately drawn to the striking dress hanging from a hook on the far wall. There was something about it that tugged at his memory, an uneasy familiarity he couldn't

quite place. He had anticipated something princess-themed, but the sight of the ultra-feminine gown was more than he'd prepared for. The bodice, a blush pink corseted bustier, shimmered softly under the room's light. The voluminous skirt, layered with petticoats and adorned with delicate butterfly embellishments, flared out dramatically.

Edging closer, Tommy's gaze shifted to the rest of the outfit, folded neatly on a nearby chair. A pair of sheer stockings with an accompanying garter belt rested on top of a silky pink thong. His stomach churned at the thought of having to squeeze himself into such intimate, revealing pieces. Beneath the chair, a pair of towering pink high-heeled pumps awaited him, their intimidating height making him gulp nervously.

Leaning down, he picked up one of the glossy pumps, his manicured fingers brushing over the shiny material. The slip-on design looked simple, but the towering heel was anything but. As he turned it in his hand, comparing the scary-looking heels to the one's he'd worn to Maddison party, a sinking realisation hit him - these were even taller.

"Are you ready?" asked the woman who had escorted him into the room, her voice pulling him from his thoughts. She remained by the door, clearly intending to assist him in getting dressed.

Tommy looked from her to the open door, an irrational urge to run surging through him. The idea of escaping, even if it meant fleeing in nothing but the short robe the spa had provided, was almost tempting. But he forced himself to take a deep breath, remembering the promise he'd made to Monica. This wasn't about him - it was about making things right.

Looking back at the woman, he gave her a hesitant nod. "Yes," he squeaked, the word barely audible.

He had just finished dressing when Sarah and Monica strolled into the room, their hair and makeup flawlessly done. They looked more glamorous than Tommy had ever seen them, but what caught his attention immediately was that all three of them were dressed in identical gowns.

"Wow! Look at you with all that hair. You look like you've just stepped out of a Disney movie," Sarah teased as she strode towards him with an air of confidence.

"Can we please stop with the comments for just one night?" Tommy pleaded, already painfully aware of how girly he looked. "I thought tonight was supposed to be about having fun."

“Yeah, come on, Sar,” Monica interjected, giving her sister a sharp glance. “Tammy’s being a good sport. Tonight, I just want us all to get along as sisters. Be nice, okay?”

Sarah softened, her lips curving into a smile. “Okay, okay, no more snarky comments. Tonight, we’ll be three loving, identical sisters hitting the town,” she said with a playful lift of her flowing skirt, letting it swish lightly around her knees.

“Yeah, about that - why are we all dressed the same, anyway?” Tommy asked nervously, glancing between his sisters. “Well, except for the shoes. Your heels look way more comfortable than these monsters you’ve put me in,” he added, carefully rotating his foot, only to wobble slightly.

“You’ll manage - you’re practically a pro in heels by now,” Sarah replied with a smirk. “And these dresses? They have a special meaning. I’m guessing you didn’t get a good look at it last time... you know, when Monica ran past you in tears.”

Tommy’s jaw dropped. “No way!” he mouthed, spinning around to examine himself more closely in the full-length mirror.

“Yes way,” Sarah replied firmly. “Monica never got to wear it to prom all those years ago - thanks to you. But I had three replicas made. Tonight, she finally gets to wear it out and create happier memories. And we’re going to be there to support her.”

Tommy remained silent, his eyes fixed on his sissified reflection, searching for the courage he would need to face the night ahead.

* * * * *

A few hours later, Tommy found himself in an alleyway, teetering precariously between a dumpster and a pile of old boxes, on the verge of tears. The evening’s venue - a local pub Sarah had hired out to recreate Monica’s school prom - had started off awkwardly and only gone downhill from there. She’d brought in a DJ, decorated the space with balloons and streamers, and even invited some of Monica’s old classmates. With the promise of a free bar, most of them had turned up, eager to relive their youth.

At first, Tommy had done his best to grin and bear it. Despite the snickers and whispered comments as people gradually worked out who he was, he tried to hold his head high. Even when a few drunken men started making unwelcome advances, their hands lingering too long on his waist or brushing against his backside, he bit his

tongue and tried to stay composed. But what finally broke him was Sarah. After one too many drinks, she laughed loudly and declared that he made such a perfect prom princess she might just keep him that way forever.

With his flared hem of his dress fluttering against his knees in the icy night air and his aching feet throbbing in their towering heels, Tommy leaned back against the rough brick wall, his mass of pink curls cushioning his head against the coarse surface. Shivering, he stared blankly ahead, holding down his massive skirt as it whipped around in the wind, feeling utterly lost and hopelessly alone.



He closed his eyes, desperately trying to fight back the tears. More than anything, he wanted to rip off the ridiculous prom dress and kick off the excruciatingly painful heels that were crippling his feet. He wanted to run far away, but deep down, he knew he wouldn't get very far on such a cold night with nowhere to go. Instead, all he could do was stand there, trapped in the moment, and wait.

A tear escaped, slowly rolling down his cheek as the sound of footsteps approached. Opening his eyes, Tommy looked up to see Maddison standing in front of him, her

casual outfit doing nothing to dull her beauty. Her expression was filled with concern.

"Tammy! Are you okay?" she asked, stepping closer. "I was so worried after you called. I didn't know what to think." Her voice trailed off as her eyes widened, taking in the sight of him in the extravagant ball gown. She looked him up and down, clearly confused.

"I can't do it anymore, Maddy. I can't take it," Tommy blurted, lunging forward into her arms.

"Hey, hey. It's okay," Maddison said softly, wrapping him in a warm hug. "Tell me what happened."

"Everything is so messed up," Tommy sobbed into her shoulder. "I don't even know who I am anymore. I tried to do the right thing, to make things right, but Sarah just keeps punishing me."

"Shush, shush," Maddison cooed, gently running her hand over his back in a soothing motion. "We'll sort it out. Together. But right now, let's get you out of the cold before you freeze to death, okay?" She leaned back slightly, lifting his chin to meet her gaze.

Tommy nodded reluctantly. "Okay. But I can't go home. I just... I can't."

"Then come stay with me for a while," Maddison replied, her tone tender as she reached up to wipe away the streaks of mascara smudged down his cheeks. "Mum won't mind, and that way, you can have some space to figure out what you want to do."

Tommy nodded again, but the weight of her words settled heavily on him. Living with Maddison would mean leaving Sarah and Monica behind, but it also meant living as Tammy. He had no male clothes, no way to revert to the boy he used to be. Maddison thought he was transitioning, and going to her house meant leaning further into that lie.

As Maddison held his hand and led him out of the alley, Tommy's thoughts churned. Would escaping this nightmare mean embracing a new one? Or was this his chance to take control of his life - even if it meant letting go of the person he once was?

Chapter 26: Excuses, Excuses

Wednesday of the following week, after a hectic morning spent re-organising Mr Hopkins's schedule to free up his afternoon for a round of golf, Tommy entered the office breakroom in desperate need of coffee and a well-earned breather. He had barely stepped inside when a familiar, shrill voice pierced the air.

"Tammy, babe! How are you? Feels like it's been forever!" Jill's voice rang out, her tone bright and loaded with energy.

Turning, Tommy forced a smile onto his pouty lips. "Busy. Super busy."

"Hey! Don't you work yourself to death now!" Jill scolded with a dramatic glare. "Didn't I tell you to work smart, not hard? With a smile and a flutter of those sexy lashes of yours, you'll have Hopkins eating out of the palm of your hand."

Still holding his strained smile, Tommy nodded, eager to deflect the conversation. "So, how have you been? I heard you've been feeling a bit under the weather recently?" he asked, his voice light and polite, though he couldn't help but notice Jill standing squarely in front of the coffee machine, blocking his path to the caffeine he desperately needed.

"Just a little tummy bug," Jill replied, her face lighting up as though pleased he had asked. "I'm feeling much better now, thanks. But enough about me. Look at you! Love the new hairstyle - very sophisticated."

"Thanks," Tommy replied bashfully as he thought back to the weekend.

After the miserable and humiliating events of Saturday evening, Tommy had made a vow to take back control of his life. That same night, he and Maddison had taken a taxi back to his place, where, with her help, he packed a bag with outfits for work and a few essentials. They then hopped into another taxi and headed straight to Maddison's. He felt a pang of guilt about leaving without telling Monica, but the thought of staying under the same roof as Sarah any longer was unbearable. Their relationship had become toxic, and he knew it wasn't healthy for either of them.

When Tommy woke up Sunday morning, he felt disoriented at first. The unfamiliar room threw him off, but as his eyes adjusted to the morning light, they landed on Maddison, still sound asleep beside him. She snored softly, her face peaceful, and Tommy couldn't help but smile. It struck him as ironic - he'd spent years fantasizing about sharing Maddison's bed, but now that it had finally happened, it couldn't have been further from his teenage dreams. Instead of passionate lovemaking, they had talked late into the night and fallen asleep in each other's arms. Strangely, Tommy didn't feel disappointed.

During a light breakfast, Maddison asked him what he wanted to do that day. Without hesitation, Tommy said he wanted to get rid of the ridiculously girly pink hair tied up in a messy bun atop his head. Maddison nodded, and after making a quick phone call, a plan was set.

By that afternoon, Tommy found himself sitting in yet another stylist's chair, facing the question that had him second-guessing himself: "What style do you want?"

This time, no one was forcing him into anything. He could have chosen a short, masculine cut, or at least gone for something resembling his old look. Yet, when he walked out of the salon, it was with a wavy mass of cascading brunette curls - anything but manly. He had picked the style himself, flipping through the salon's lookbook until landing on one he thought was "cute."

He told himself it was progress - after all, he had ditched the pastel pink for a shade close to his original hair colour. In his mind, it was a small step toward reclaiming a piece of his old identity. But deep down, Tommy was running out of excuses. The truth he wasn't ready to face, not even with himself, lingered just below the surface: he wanted to look good. The forty minutes he'd spent curling his hair that morning were proof enough of that.

"Oh, where are my manners?" Jill exclaimed, snapping Tommy back to the present. "I was just about to make myself a coffee. Can I get you one, hun?"

"Err... yeah. Sure," Tommy replied, a little caught off guard. "Just a splash of milk, no sugar. Thanks."

"Coming right up," Jill chirped, flashing him a warm smile that he hesitantly returned. "Go grab a seat, and I'll bring it over. Then we can have a little catch-up. I'm dying to hear how your first few days as a full-time employee have been."



As Jill turned to the coffee machine, Tommy took her cue and strutted over to the purple-lined sofa along the far wall. Stopping just in front, he smoothed his tight skirt beneath him before easing himself down onto the cushioned seat. The velvety fabric brushed against the back of his sheer black tights, sending an unexpected shiver up his spine.

With Jill bustling about in the makeshift kitchen to his right, Tommy placed his hands on his knees - pressed tightly together to avoid flashing his panties - and waited patiently. Jill's earlier comment lingered in his mind: how had his first few days gone? Days spent as a seductively dressed secretary.

Until now, he had convinced himself he was doing this because his sisters were forcing him. But was that really true? If he hated it as much as he claimed, wouldn't he have fought harder to stop it? Wouldn't he have found a way out?

No one had forced him that morning to wear a low-cut white blouse and a thigh-revealing skirt. Sure, women's clothing and a polished appearance were part of the job, but he could have chosen something more conservative, paired with lower heels.

Yet here he was, dressed to impress, his feet aching after a morning teetering atop six-inch platform pumps. The clothes, the heels, and the added height made him feel... powerful. Important. A feeling he'd never known as plain old Tommy.

“So, is this your natural colour?” Jill asked with a chuckle, interrupting his thoughts as she passed a cup of coffee into his freshly manicured hands and took a seat to his right.

“Not quite,” Tommy replied, curling his fingers around the mug. His painted black nails - shorter than they had been before his salon visit, but still longer than most women's - gleamed under the fluorescent lights.

“Well, it looks great,” Jill said, taking a sip of her coffee. “Though I bet you could shave your head and still have boys falling over themselves for you.”

“Yeah,” Tommy chuckled awkwardly, raising the mug to his plump lips to avoid her gaze.

“Speaking of boys,” Jill continued, clearly unwilling to drop the topic, “anyone on your radar?”

“Erm... no,” Tommy answered bluntly.

“What? Really?” Jill exclaimed, genuinely surprised. “Well, that won't do. That settles it - this weekend, you're coming on another girl's night out with us. I know last time wasn't ideal, but there are plenty of good guys out there. We'll find you your prince charming, you'll see.”

Tommy glanced at his bare wrist as if checking a watch. “Oh! Is that the time?” he said, feigning urgency. “I really should be getting back to work. Mr Hopkins is probably looking for me.”

He rose carefully to his high-heeled feet, wobbling slightly before composing himself. “Let me think about it and get back to you tomorrow, okay?” he added, already heading toward the exit, his heels rhythmically clomping in time with each tottering stride.

Back home that evening, curled up on the sofa in a set of cosy pyjamas, Tommy recounted his run-in with Jill to Maddison.

“Do you want to go?” Maddison asked, her eyes narrowing as she studied his face for any telltale signs.

“No!” Tommy immediately blurted out. “I mean, I guess I feel more comfortable now, knowing what to expect. But Jill's not exactly the type of person I want to be getting close to.”

“So just tell her you don’t want to go,” Maddison replied, her tone pragmatic. “She sounds like a nightmare.”

“It’s not that easy, Maddy,” Tommy groaned, slumping deeper into the cushions. “You haven’t met her. She’s like a dog with a bone once she gets an idea. She won’t give up unless I come up with a good excuse.”

“Well,” Maddison began with a sly smile, “the offer to come to my cousin’s wedding this weekend as my plus-one still stands. I get that you didn’t want to go because you don’t know anyone, but honestly, neither do I. I haven’t seen anyone from that side of the family in years. So what do you say? Wanna come and keep me company?”

Chapter 27: I Bet You Look Good on the Dancefloor

“Smile, girls!” Maddison’s mother called cheerfully from behind the camera. Both Tommy and Maddison held their posed positions, their expressions forced and weary. After ten attempts to capture the perfect shot, their patience was wearing thin. Snap went the camera. “Perfect! You two look absolutely beautiful,” Maddison’s mother declared, inspecting the image on her screen. “This is definitely the one.”



Tommy couldn’t see the photo from where he was standing, but he had a clear idea of how he looked. He’d seen his reflection earlier, right after the professional makeup artist had finished her work and finally allowed him to glimpse the results in the mirror.

Though Tommy considered himself fairly skilled when it came to styling his hair and makeup these days, the professional’s touch was in a league of its own. His hair, teased into a cascade of wavy curls pinned elegantly atop his head, was a work of art. His skin appeared flawless - silky smooth and glowing, like an actress on the red carpet. While his makeup was subtler than usual, the effect was stunning. Framed

by his long, fluttering lashes and expertly blended eyeshadow, his eyes looked captivating - innocent yet alluring, exactly as the makeup artist had promised.

Maddison turned to face him with a reassuring smile. "Feeling a little better now?" she asked.

"A little," Tommy lied, glancing down. "I still can't believe you talked me into being a bridesmaid. I don't even know the bride."

Maddison giggled softly. "Oh, don't worry about that. I'll introduce you later. She's beyond grateful you stepped in. When Gabriella got sick, she was panicking like crazy. You're like a hero - saving the wedding. And now we get to be twins for the day!"

"I'm not a hero, and no one would think we're twins," Tommy muttered, shuffling awkwardly in his towering platform sandals. "You look stunning. I look like an elephant standing next to you!" He tugged self-consciously at the low-cut silk gown that slipped around his smooth body with every move.

"Don't be ridiculous," Maddison said, suppressing a laugh. "You look gorgeous, and you know it. Just wait until your date sees you - his eyes are gonna pop out of his head."

"Yeah, about that. Do you have to call it a date?" Tommy asked, still uneasy about being paired with one of the groomsmen for the ceremony.

"Fine, I won't use the d-word," Maddison teased with a playful wink. "But try to have some fun, okay? It's not like you're marrying him. You just have to hold his hand a few times and dance with him later. You might even like him! I haven't seen Cameron in years, but he was always super handsome."

"Okay, girls, time to get moving," Maddison's mother called over.

"Coming, Mum," Maddison replied, before turning back to Tommy. "Promise me you'll try to enjoy yourself."

"I'll try," Tommy said, managing a small smile that made Maddison beam in return.

Tommy turned and followed Maddison and her mother through the beautifully decorated arch. Each sharp click of his towering heels against the marble floor felt deafening, blending with the pounding of his heart as he braced himself to face the daunting day ahead.

The grand room buzzed with lively chatter, bursts of laughter, and the soft clinking of glasses as the trio entered. Maddison's mother quickly peeled off to greet family members, leaving Maddison and Tommy to navigate the crowd together.

Tommy glanced around uneasily while trailing Maddison through a sea of unfamiliar faces. His sandals, sky-high and treacherous, seemed determined to test his balance.

Every step was an exercise in precision as he shuffled forward, his light ballgown swishing with an annoying flair that only heightened his sense of vulnerability and unease.

Maddison, ever the social butterfly, eased his nerves with a light pat on the arm. “Come on,” she said with a smile, steering him toward a small group of her extended family.

After a series of polite introductions, filled with names Tommy immediately forgot, he felt himself shrinking under the weight of their curious glances. Maddison, sensing his discomfort, guided him further into the crowd. That’s when she spotted him.

“Hey, Cameron!” Maddison called out, her voice cutting through the hum of conversation. A tall, dark-haired man turned, his easy grin widening as his eyes landed on her.

“Maddy! Wow, look at you,” Cameron said warmly, pulling her into a friendly hug. “It’s been years. How’ve you been?”

“Good, really good,” Maddison replied before stepping aside. “But let me introduce you to your date. Cameron, this is Tammy.”

Tommy hesitated, rooted to the spot. Maddison rolled her eyes and grabbed his arm, tugging him out from behind her like a reluctant show pony. His sky-high heels wobbled dangerously as he stumbled forward, barely catching himself before toppling over.

“Uh... hey. It’s... err... nice to meet you,” he stammered, his voice shaky as he looked up into Cameron’s piercing gaze.

Cameron gave him a once-over, the corner of his mouth twitching as if suppressing a smirk. “Yeah, you too, Tessa,” he said nonchalantly.

“It’s Tammy,” Tommy corrected, his pouty lips pressing together in irritation. “Not Tessa.”

“Okay, sorry, princess,” Cameron replied, his tone oozing with exaggerated sincerity. “Chill out. I’ve met a lot of people today. You can’t expect me to remember everyone’s name right away.”

Tommy’s eyes narrowed. “Not everyone’s, no. But I’d expect you to at least remember your dates’.”

“Woah, easy, babe,” Cameron said, raising his hands theatrically, his smirk widening. “Look, I know you probably like what you see, but I don’t think you’re my type.”

Tommy's jaw dropped, his fists clenching at his sides. "And what's that supposed to mean?" he demanded, his heel slamming into the floor louder than he intended.

"Relax," Cameron said, chuckling. "I just like girls who are a bit more laid-back, that's all. You're very pretty, but you seem... high-maintenance."

"High-maintenance?" Tommy shrieked, his voice rising an octave. "I'm not high-maintenance! I'm a very relaxed person!"

"Sure you are," Cameron said, the cheeky grin never leaving his face. Turning back to Maddison, he added, "Great seeing you again, Maddy. Let's catch up later, yeah?" Then, with a glance at Tommy, he added, "Catch you later too, babe. I'm gonna grab a smoke." With that, he walked away, leaving Tommy fuming.

Maddison stifled a laugh. "Well, that went well."

"Oh my God, Maddy. He's so arrogant!" Tommy hissed, his glossy lips trembling with frustration. "Can you believe the ego on that guy?"

"Looks like someone's got a little crush," Maddison teased, nudging Tommy as she caught him still gazing at Cameron through the crowd.

"What? Me?" Tommy squealed, spinning to face her. "No way! He's such a dick."

Maddison shrugged, still smiling. "Alright, alright. My mistake. Let's go find the bride. I'll introduce you."

With a frustrated huff, Tommy adjusted his dress and followed Maddison, doing his best to push the awkward encounter from his mind.

Thirty minutes later, Tommy found himself standing outside the main hall with the other bridesmaids, all dressed in matching shiny purple gowns. Opposite them, the groomsmen waited in their sharp suits.

When the music began, each groomsman stepped forward in turn, taking his partner's hand before leading her down the aisle. Except for Cameron, that is.

"Aren't you going to hold my hand?" Tommy hissed at Cameron, his voice brimming with irritation.

Cameron flashed a smug smile. "Sure thing, babe, if it'll make you happy. But like I said - you're not really my type."

Tommy glared at him, his jaw tightening. "It's not about making me happy - it's part of the ceremony! Look, everyone else is doing it."

"If you say so, babe," Cameron replied, extending his hand with a dramatic flourish. "It seems awfully convenient, but go on then."

With a sharp intake of breath, Tommy threaded his long-nailed fingers into Cameron's larger hand. He couldn't help but notice the firm grip as the man's hand closed around his.

Walking beside Cameron in his towering sandals, Tommy felt the weight of every pair of eyes on him. Strangers smiled warmly as they passed, but their attention only heightened his discomfort. The long, silky skirt of his gown shifted around his legs with every step, threatening to trip him up, while the bounce of his faux bosom threw off his balance just enough to keep him on edge. Each careful step stretched the moment into an eternity, his focus locked on one goal: making it down the aisle without a single misstep.

After an emotional exchange of vows, the bride and groom kissed, prompting a wave of applause and cheers from the guests. As the ceremony concluded, everyone moved to the reception hall, where tables adorned with colourful red tablecloths awaited, along with an abundance of food and drinks.

Seated between Cameron and Maddison at a round table, Tommy resolutely ignored the infuriating man, focusing instead on the festivities and downing glass after glass of wine.

A few hours later, following the speeches and cake-cutting, the bridesmaids and groomsmen were invited to join the happy couple for their first dance. Topsy and caught off guard, Tommy reluctantly accepted Cameron's outstretched hand. Before he knew it, he was wobbling unsteadily on his high heels, leaning on Cameron for balance.

The music began, and the couples swayed gently to the romantic melody. Avoiding Cameron's gaze, Tommy tried to block out the unsettling sensation of the man's hand resting on the small of his back. Instead, he focused on moving as gracefully as possible in his towering heels, each step a battle to stay upright.

As the first song ended and the next began, more guests trickled onto the dancefloor.

"You move pretty well on those stilts," Cameron remarked, breaking the silence that had stretched between them for what felt like hours.

"Is that a compliment?" Tommy asked, meeting Cameron's gaze while doing his best to ignore the throb of his steeply angled feet.

"Just an observation," Cameron replied with a smirk.

"You're not a bad dancer yourself," Tommy countered, swaying in the man's arms.

"Is that a compliment?" Cameron teased, his grin widening.

"Just an observation," Tommy countered, mirroring the smirk.

The pair danced for a few more songs before Cameron excused himself to go for a smoke, leaving Tommy teetering alone on the dance floor. He glanced around, searching for Maddison, but couldn't see her anywhere. His feet pulsed in agony as he minced through the crowd, scanning faces. Just as he was about to give up and retreat to his table, he felt a sudden, tight grip around his waist.

"Hey, beautiful. Let's dance," slurred a drunken voice. Tommy turned his head to see one of the groomsmen from earlier.

"Err... no thanks. I'm actually looking for someone," Tommy replied, trying to wriggle free from the man's hold.

"There's plenty of time for that later," the man said with a lecherous grin, sliding in closer. His arm locked tightly around Tommy's waist, making escape impossible.

Tommy's heart raced as he looked around, hoping someone would notice. Dancers swirled around him, oblivious to his plight. "Can you let go of me? I'm not interested," Tommy said firmly, his voice shaking.

The man's grip tightened. "Don't be rude, gorgeous. Just one dance. That's all I'm asking for." he replied, his breath stinking of cigarettes and hard liquor.

Tommy struggled, but the man's hand wandered lower until it landed firmly on his backside buttock and squeezed. Tommy gasped and shouted out in panic, but the music drowned out his cries. The man's other hand then roamed upwards, tracing over the silky fabric of Tommy's gown until it reached his left breast.

"How about a kiss, beautiful?" the man slurred, leaning in with his lips puckered.

"Get the fuck off me!" Tommy screamed, thrashing in desperation.

The man chuckled. "I like a feisty girl," he sneered, leaning closer until his face was just inches away.

However, before their lips met, the man suddenly flew up into the air. Tommy froze, watching as the man's smug expression twisted into stunned shock as he arced through the air before hitting the ground with a resounding thud.

"Not cool, man," Cameron said, standing over him. He nudged the groomsman's side with his foot.

"What the hell, Cam?" the man groaned, dazed as he looked up from the ground. "I was just having a little fun."

"You piece of shit," Cameron growled, grabbing the man by the collar and hoisting him up effortlessly. "Get the fuck out of my sight before I do something we'll both regret," he added, shoving him hard.

The man stumbled, barely keeping his balance, before scurrying away into the crowd.

Cameron turned to Tommy, his expression softening. “Are you okay? Did he hurt you?” he asked gently.

Tommy didn’t respond, his vision blurring as tears welled up in his eyes. He glanced at the crowd now circling him, their concerned faces only magnifying his sense of vulnerability. A single tear slid down his cheek as a wave of helplessness and humiliation washed over him. Clutching the skirt of his gown, he shoved past Cameron and the gathering onlookers, desperate to escape.

His exit was far from swift or elegant. The towering heels on his aching feet wobbled with each hurried step, forcing him to lurch and stumble. His unsteady movements made his body jiggle and wiggle, and his faux bosom bounce, deepening his feeling of utter humiliation.

Chapter 28: Clean up on Aisle 6

“You’re very quiet today,” Maddison said, dropping a carton of milk into her shopping cart. “Got something - or someone - on your mind?”

“No,” Tommy mumbled, glancing up at her through his thick eyelashes. “I mean... maybe. Ugh, it’s all so confusing.”

Maddison paused, turning to face him with a knowing smile. “What’s confusing?” she teased, noticing how Tommy had stopped a few steps behind her. “It was only a kiss. What’s the big deal?”

Tommy’s stomach tightened as his mind drifted back to the wedding a few days earlier. The memory hit him hard, and he flinched.

After tottering from the room in distress, Tommy didn’t make it far before collapsing at the bottom of the grand staircase. Hugging his knees through the material of his silky gown, he fought back tears, overwhelmed by shame and humiliation. That’s where Cameron found him.

“There you are, Are you okay?” Cameron asked, his voice gentle and caring.

Tommy didn’t respond. His mind was still spinning from everything that had happened. Cameron moved closer, sitting down beside him, and gently rubbed his bare back.

“I’m sorry you had to go through that. That guy’s an asshole. He thinks he can treat women like animals. But, he won’t bother you again, I promise.”

Tommy hesitated before slowly looking up. The sincerity on Cameron’s face caught him off guard. Sniffing, Tommy muttered, “I didn’t think you cared.”

Cameron smiled. “Listen, I’m sorry about earlier. I’ll be honest with you - when I’m around a pretty girl like you, I sometimes get a little shy.”

Tommy scoffed. “You? Shy? That’s hard to believe.” It wasn’t until the words left his mouth that he realised Cameron had just called him pretty.

“Well, I am. Believe it or not,” Cameron chuckled, glancing down. “Everything earlier was just an act. My brother Danny taught me how to act around girls I like. No girl wants to talk to a quiet nerd, but if you act like you don’t care, suddenly she’s interested.”

“That actually works?” Tommy asked surprised.

“Apparently not with you,” Cameron conceded, lowering his gaze.

Tommy shook his head, a small smile tugging at his plump lips. “Thanks for saving me back there.” Before he could stop himself, he leaned in and planted a soft kiss

on Cameron's cheek. The moment it happened, his face flushed with embarrassment.

Cameron's face also reddened as he glanced back up.

"I guess you are shy," Tommy teased, smiling for the first time since the incident.

"Well, only when I'm around someone as beautiful as you," Cameron replied smoothly.

Tommy chuckled, covering his face with his hands. "I'm not beautiful."

"You are," Cameron said, his eyes locking on to Tommy's. "Can I get your number? Perhaps we could hang out sometime. Maybe... go on a date?" He added pulling his phone from his pocket.

Tommy hesitated. "Listen, Cameron, that's probably not a good idea."

Cameron's smile faltered. "Really? Because I think it's a great idea. What's the problem?"

Tommy's throat tightened. "It's just... I'm not what I seem. I.. I'm..."

"You used to be a man," Cameron interrupted casually. "I know. And I'm cool with it."

Tommy stared at him in shock. "Wait... what? How did you know?" He glanced down at himself, suddenly feeling exposed.

"Hey, relax. Nothing gave you away," Cameron said gently, placing a hand on Tommy's cheek and lifting his face. "Maddy told me earlier - after I told her I fancied the pants off of you."

"And you still do? Now you know I'm not a real girl?" Tommy asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"You look like a real girl to me. The most beautiful one in this whole place," Cameron purred, leaning in slowly, stopping inches from Tommy's lips.

Something about those words sent a strange, warm rush through Tommy. Without thinking, he closed the gap and gave Cameron a small, hesitant peck on the lips. When he opened his eyes, Cameron was still there, smiling like a Cheshire cat.

Then everything seemed to slow down. Cameron closed his eyes and leaned in again. This time, when their lips met, Tommy froze for a second. His mind screamed that it was wrong - that he shouldn't be kissing another man. Memories of that horrible night with Dom in the bar flickered through his mind. But Cameron's kiss was different. It was gentle and patient. Tommy slowly relaxed into it, and, to his surprise, it started to feel... good.

They sat there on the stairs, lost in each other, kissing as the world around them faded. Neither of them noticed how much time passed until the sharp click of high heels echoed nearby. Quickly pulling back, Tommy's face burned with embarrassment as he looked up to see Maddison smirking.

“Oh, sorry! I just came to check if you were okay. I heard about what happened, but... well, I guess you're fine now,” she teased. “I'll leave you to it.” Before Tommy could speak, she turned and strutted away, a satisfied grin plastered across her pretty face.

Groaning, Tommy buried his face in Cameron's shoulder. “Ugh, that was so embarrassing.”

Cameron chuckled, gently running his fingers through Tommy's hair. “I've got nothing to feel embarrassed about. I'm proud to be seen with the most beautiful girl at this wedding.” He said before pausing briefly. “But if you want, we can head back and join the party.”

Tommy looked up at him, batting his lashes playfully. “Maybe in a minute, okay?” he whispered before leaning back in for another kiss.

“Things have gone too far, Maddy,” Tommy groaned as he leaned against the tall heel of his boot, his voice low but tense. “I need to put a stop to this before it's too late. I can't keep living like this. I need to go back to my old life as Tommy. As a man!”

Looking over at her glamorous friend, Maddison slowly scanned him from head to toe before she crossed her arms, her expression hardening.

“I thought we were past all this,” she said, her tone caught between frustration and disappointment. “It's okay to be different. It's okay to be Tammy.”

Tommy's jaw tightened. “But that's just it, Maddy. I don't want to be different. I don't want to be Tammy.”

Maddison let out a sharp scoff. “Oh, really?” she snapped, her eyes narrowing. “Have you looked in the mirror lately? Because you could've fooled me.”

Tommy instinctively glanced down at himself. His feminised figure was wrapped in soft pink and purple layers. Beneath his long winter coat, he wore a snug turtleneck sweater paired with a pleated miniskirt. His legs, encased in sheer black tights, led down to towering six-inch platform knee boots.

“You could've thrown on some sweatpants to go shopping today,” Maddison continued, her voice cutting. “But no - you're out here dressed to impress and strutting around on your stilts. Hair done, makeup flawless. That doesn't exactly scream ‘I'm a man' to me.”

Tommy's cheeks flushed. "I... I didn't really think about it," he stammered. "It's just how I've been dressing lately, I guess. And if anyone recognised me as a guy, it'd be like... really embarrassing."

Maddison shook her head slowly. "You're lying to yourself, Tammy." Her voice softened, but the edge remained. "You dress like this because you like the attention. I've seen how you smile to yourself when someone checks you out. Tell me I'm wrong."

Tommy opened his mouth to counter, but the words caught in his throat. Heat rushed to his face, and he quickly looked away.

"I... well...maybe a little," he admitted quietly, thrusting his long-nailed hands into the pockets of his coat. "But that doesn't mean anything!"

Maddison raised an eyebrow. "Doesn't it?"

Tommy looked over and pouted. "No! It doesn't. And why are you being so mean all of a sudden?"



“I’m not being mean,” Maddison replied, her voice softening. “I’m trying to help you be honest with yourself. I accept you as Tammy. And so does Cameron.”

Tommy’s expression hardened. “I don’t want Cameron!” he snapped, the words spilling out faster than he intended. His stomach twisted as he heard how defensive he sounded. “I want...”

Maddison tilted her head, a sly smirk curling at the corner of her lips. "You want me, is that it?" she pressed, her eyes narrowing.

Tommy froze, the colour draining from his face before it flared into a deep blush. His glossy lips parted as a small squeak escaped.

“You... you know?” he stuttered, barely above a whisper.

Maddison chuckled, shaking her head. “Please. You weren’t exactly subtle back in school. I caught you staring more times than I can count.”

Tommy’s gaze dropped to the floor, shame creeping over him, but Maddison wasn’t about to let it go.

“But I think your confused,” she said, her voice steady but pointed. “You don't fancy me. you want to be me!”

Tommy’s head snapped up, eyes wide in disbelief. “What?!” he gasped, the word catching in his throat.

“Think about it,” Maddison pressed, stepping closer. “At the hairdressers, what style did you choose? One just like mine. And at the wedding, when you were getting your makeup done, you told the artist to do it just like mine.”

“No!” Tommy shook his head, his voice rising with panic. “No, that... that can't be true.”

“Oh, really?” Maddison shot back, stepping in front of him. Slowly, deliberately, she took his hand and placed it on her left breast. “Does that excite you?” she asked, her voice dropping to a near whisper. “More than when Cameron had his big, strong arms wrapped around you?”

Tommy’s breath hitched. His hand jerked away as though burned. “Stop! Please,” he whimpered, his voice small and trembling. “Why are you saying all this?”

“Because I want you to be honest with yourself,” Maddison said, her tone softening as she let his hand fall. “I want you to be happy, Tam. And you won't be until you get things straightened out in your mind.”

She then stepped back, studying her crossdressed friend for a moment, her eyes lighting up as if struck by an idea. “Tell you what. Let’s settle it. This week, you’ll go on two dates - one with me, and one with Cameron. After that, if you still want to go

back to being Tommy, I'll support you. I'll help you. No judgment. What do you say?"

Tommy stared at her, his mind spinning, tangled in confusion and doubt. He didn't trust his voice, so he simply nodded, slow and hesitant.

"Perfect!" Maddison beamed, spinning back toward the shopping cart. Her mood flipped in an instant, back to her usual bubbly self. "Now, we just need a few more things, then we can head home and set things up with Cameron." She glanced down at the shopping list, tapping it thoughtfully. "Wait... did we already pass the bread, or is it in the back corner?"

Chapter 29: A Tale of Two Dates

“What do you think of this skirt?” Maddison asked, holding it up for Tommy to inspect.

“Erm... not really your colour,” Tommy replied, smirking.

“Yeah, you’re right,” Maddison agreed, twirling the hanger slightly. “It would probably look better on you.”

“What do you mean by that?” Tommy replied playfully, pretending to be offended, but his tone revealed a hint of genuine hurt.

“Oh, don’t be so sensitive,” Maddison said with a cheerful laugh. “Your skin tone just suits bright colours more than mine. Come on, let’s get out of here and find a snack. I haven’t eaten since lunch.”

Tommy’s stomach growled on cue, making him nod in agreement. “Good plan. What are you in the mood for?”

“Let’s check out the food court and see what we see,” Maddison replied, looping her arm through his.

The pair strutted out of the clothing store, their high heels click-clacking in perfect unison on the polished floor. The open-plan shopping centre stretched out before them, with its gleaming glass storefronts filled with overpriced gadgets and clothes nobody really needed.

The food court sat at the very top of the four-story mall, requiring two escalator rides to reach. As they ascended, Maddison shot a sideways glance at Tommy, her lips curling into a sly smile.

“So,” she began, her tone teasing, “are you going to tell me more about your date with Cameron last night?”

Tommy’s expression immediately shifted, nervousness flickering across his face. “I already told you,” he muttered, avoiding her gaze. “We had some drinks. We chatted. And then he brought me home.”

“At 1 a.m!” Maddison scoffed, raising an eyebrow. “Come on, what else did you do besides drink and chat?”

Tommy hesitated, glancing at the escalator steps beneath them. “Well... we danced a little at the club,” he mumbled.

The moment they reached the top, Maddison grabbed Tommy’s arm and turned him to face her, her eyes gleaming with curiosity. “Why are you being so cryptic? You know what I’m asking. Did you guys hook up?”

Tommy exhaled sharply through his nose, his frustration bubbling over. "And I know what you're getting at," he replied, his voice louder than he intended. "You want to know if I felt like a woman on a date with a handsome man. If I enjoyed it. If I'm ready to give up on being a man and live my life as Tammy forever!"

Maddison didn't flinch. Instead, she simply smiled, as if completely unfazed by his outburst. "Well... yeah," she said, her voice light but direct. "So you think he's handsome then?"

Tommy groaned, running a hand through his hair. "Why are you so fixated on this? Can't we just enjoy our date without turning it into some sort of interrogation?"

Maddison sighed dramatically, shaking her head. "You're really calling this a date, Tam?" she asked, giving him a pointed look. "We're out shopping like two girlfriends."

"Yeah, because that's what you said you wanted to do," Tommy replied, his tone defensive.

"Well, that's what I'm trying to get you to see," Maddison said, meeting his gaze directly. "Did Cameron ask you what you wanted to do? No, he didn't. He took the lead and made the decisions. Like a man should on a first date. Don't get me wrong - I'm having tons of fun today, but how is this any different from the hundreds of other times we've gone shopping?"

Tommy hesitated, searching for an answer. "Well... erm... I'm more dressed up than usual," he finally offered.

Maddison rolled her eyes. "Hardly," she shot back. "You look super cute in that top and skirt, sure, but you're dressed almost exactly like me."

"I'm wearing heels," Tommy said defensively, lifting a foot slightly. "And I got my nails done," he added, holding up a hand to show off the long, purple acrylics he'd had done the day before.

Maddison chuckled. "Tam, you always wear heels. And as for the nails, I seriously doubt you chose to get such long nails with me in mind." She tilted her head, a playful but knowing smirk on her face. "Come on, be real with me. I was there when you were getting ready last night - fussing with your hair and makeup for hours, worrying about what to wear. There was none of that today before we left the house."

Tommy folded his arms and looked away, his cheeks reddening. He hated that Maddison was right. The truth of her words gnawed at him, reminding him of how nervous he'd been before his date with Cameron. He'd spent what felt like hours trying on different outfits, wanting to find the perfect one. He'd wanted to look good. More than that - he'd wanted Cameron to find him attractive.

The thought shocked him, and once it entered his mind, he couldn't unthink it. He was suddenly transported back to the previous evening—standing in a nightclub in his sexy outfit. It was early, so the place was practically empty, but he remembered feeling good as he noticed a few heads turn to check him out. His six-inch leather pumps clicked on the floor as he strutted in, his shapely, nylon-clad legs catching the light, while his slim, feminine figure filled out his little black dress perfectly. In that moment, as he glanced at Cameron, he hadn't been wondering if Cameron was going to kiss him again—he'd been wondering why he hadn't already.



“So... I wanted to look nice for him. Where’s the harm in that?” Tommy said, snapping back to the present and glaring at Maddison.

“There isn’t any harm,” Maddison replied gently, her tone softening. “That’s my whole point, Tam. You’re allowed to want to look nice for Cameron. You’re allowed to feel pretty.”

Tommy’s cheeks flushed a deeper red, and he looked down, grimacing. “But... I’ve never liked boys. I’ve always been attracted to girls.”

“Maybe you’re bisexual,” Maddison suggested, placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “A lot of people are. But tell me this - do you fancy Cameron?”

Tommy hesitated, his heart pounding. Slowly, he nodded, the admission sending a shiver of fear through him - he wasn't just admitting it to Maddison, but to himself.

Seeing the vulnerability in his eyes, Maddison leaned in and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a warm hug. “Come here,” she said softly. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not okay,” Tommy replied sullenly, his voice barely above a whisper. “I shouldn’t be feeling this way. I shouldn’t be dressed like this.”

“Forget all that for a moment,” Maddison said, stepping back and gripping his shoulders firmly. Her tone was firm but soothing “Just take it one day at a time and focus on what feels right.”

Tommy hesitated, then managed a small smile. “It sounds easy when you put it like that.”

“That’s because it is easy,” Maddison replied, her smile lighting up her face. “Now, tell me - did Cameron ask you on a second date?”

Tommy chuckled nervously, glancing away before nodding.

“And... are you going to go?” Maddison pressed, her eyes gleaming with curiosity.

“Well, I haven’t answered him yet,” Tommy admitted, his wide eyes betraying a mix of nerves and excitement. “But... I think I want to.”

“Perfect!” Maddison said, her tone suddenly chipper as she clapped her hands together. “Well, you’ll need something to wear. Food can wait - let’s find you an outfit that will make Cameron’s eyes pop out of his head when he sees you!”

Tommy blinked, momentarily overwhelmed by her enthusiasm, but a small smile crept onto his face as he nodded. “Okay,” he said, letting himself get swept up in her energy again.

Maddison wasted no time, looping her arm through his as they strutted off, their heels clicking in perfect rhythm against the polished floor once again. She glanced over at him with a mischievous grin. “Alright, spill - how’s Cameron as a kisser? I want all the deets.”

Tommy felt his cheeks flush as he couldn’t hold back a shy smile. “Well...” he began, launching into a detailed account of Cameron’s soft lips and how he wasn’t shy about using his tongue.

Maddison listened intently, nodding along and offering little bursts of encouragement. To anyone watching, they looked like any other pair of fashionable, beautiful young women out for a day of shopping, chatting animatedly about boys

and the latest gossip. The world around them faded into the background as their laughter echoed down the gleaming hallways of the mall.

Chapter 30: Riverside Reflections

Tommy stepped through the front door, barely having time to drop his bag on the ground before Maddison burst into the hall from the living room. “So, how was your weekend in the big city?” she asked excitedly. “I want to know everything.”

Pushing his plump lips into a smile, Tommy chuckled. “Give me a minute, will you? I’ve just got back. I haven’t even closed the door yet.”

Maddison rolled her eyes playfully. “Yeah, yeah. I’m sure being driven around by a hunky guy was super tiring. Now, come sit in the living room and tell me everything.” She stepped forward, leaning in to push the door closed with one hand while threading her fingers through Tommy’s manicured ones with the other. Before he could protest, she was dragging him toward the living room, his high-heeled feet struggling to keep up with her longer strides.

Once comfortably seated, Maddison wasted no time in starting her inquisition. “So, judging from the pictures you sent, I’m guessing you had a pretty good time.”

Tommy shrugged, offering a coy smile. “Yeah, it was nice.”

Maddison scoffed loudly. “Come on! Don’t give me that. You and Cameron have been dating for three months now, and then you spend the weekend together in a fancy hotel. And all I get is ‘It was nice.’ Did you do it?”

Glancing into Maddison’s animated eyes, Tommy smiled and demurely nodded. Maddison erupted with excitement, bouncing up and down as she leaned in to hug him. “Amazing!” she exclaimed with a beaming smile. “How was it? Did you enjoy it?”

Nervously chuckling, Tommy looked away shyly. The idea of telling Maddison - the girl he’d fancied since the start of secondary school - about his intimate experience with another man would have seemed crazy not so long ago. But now, he felt secure enough in their friendship to spill the beans. “Well... it kind of hurt at first,” he revealed with a pout.

“That’s normal,” Maddison replied with a shrug. “My first time wasn’t exactly enjoyable,” she admitted, nodding thoughtfully. “But it gets better with time. Much better,” she added, emphasizing the last words with a warm, encouraging smile.

Tommy let out a nervous chuckle, placing his hands on his lap and lowering his head coyly. “It was better the second time. And... the third!” he confessed, then looked up at Maddison with a genuine smile spreading across his face. The pair burst into gleeful giggles, their shared amusement lighting up the room.

After a few more minutes of Maddison pressing him for details, the conversation took a more serious turn. Tommy, fidgeting with the hem of his short skirt, looked

up with puppy dog eyes, his voice wavering slightly. “Maddy...I’ve been thinking... maybe I should see a doctor.”

“For what?” Maddison asked suddenly, her expression shifting to concern.

“Well...I think I’d like to start taking hormones,” Tommy admitted, his eyes darting away from Maddison’s inquisitive gaze. “What do you think?”

Maddison paused, considering his words carefully. “It’s a big decision, and you don’t seem very sure. Cameron isn’t pushing you into this, like he did with the hair, is he?”

“No!” Tommy snapped, his tone defensive. “This is my idea. And the hair wasn’t just for him - I like having blonde hair.”

Maddison tilted her head, her voice playfully teasing but also sharp. “Yeah right. I remember you saying it made you look like a bimbo. Then Cameron mentioned he liked blondes, and suddenly you’re booking a salon appointment.”

Tommy sighed, his tone edged with frustration. “Okay, fine. I wanted to make him happy. But this... this is different.” His voice softened as sadness crept in. “I thought you’d be all for this.”

“If this is really what you want, then I’ll support you all the way, Tam,” Maddison replied, placing her arm on his shoulder. “I just need to be sure you’re not doing this because Cameron pushed you into it.”

Tommy smiled softly. “You’re a good friend, Maddy. But he didn’t ask me to do this - he doesn’t even know I’m thinking about it. The idea came to me when we were walking along the river yesterday. It was a beautiful day. Although, I probably shouldn’t have worn my new heels - you know, the ones with those huge platforms I got a few weeks ago.”

“You didn’t?” Maddy gasped, eyes wide. “You’re crazy.”

“Maybe a little,” Tommy admitted with a playful shrug. “But they matched my top perfectly and completed the outfit. But anyway, apart from my crippled feet, it was such a lovely day. All the trees were in blossom, and we were talking about our future. He looked so handsome in his striped shirt, and he kept complimenting my outfit.”

Tommy paused, glancing down at his chest before sighing softly. “I knew I looked good in the leather skirt you lent me and that blue spaghetti-strap top from the charity shop, but beneath. It was all padding. I kept thinking: wouldn’t it be nice to have breasts that I could actually feel when Cameron touched them? In that moment, I wanted so badly to be a real girl - his girl.”



After Tommy finished speaking, Maddison fell silent for a few long seconds. Her closed-mouth smile and the warmth in her eyes said more than words ever could.

“Come on, say something,” Tommy urged softly, nervously rubbing his arm as he searched for a reaction.

Maddison leaned over and hugged her feminized friend, this time her embrace more tender and supportive than the earlier excitement. “I think I’ll grab my laptop and that bottle of wine from the fridge, and we’ll start researching the next steps together,” she said. “I love you, Tam. And as far as I’m concerned, you’re already a girl.”

Tommy drew a sharp breath, the impact of her words and his confession making him feel emotionally raw. “Thanks, Maddy,” he whispered, a single tear rolling down his cheek. “I love you, too.”

Chapter 31: Sisterhood

“Do I look alright?” Tommy asked, flustered, as he turned left and right, checking his reflection in the living room mirror.

Seated nearby, scrolling through her phone, Maddison slowly lifted and then shook her head, her gaze sweeping over her best friend. It was still surreal sometimes - how effortlessly scrawny little Tommy from school had transformed into the stunning blonde creature before her. His silky hair cascaded down his back in a shroud of golden strands, framing his gorgeous face. A sparkly turquoise spaghetti-strap top hugged his budding breasts, while a pleated leather skirt sat high on his nylon-clad thighs, giving him a beautifully feminine figure. And the boots - patent leather, knee-high, with towering platforms - were so impractically high that Maddison doubted she'd even be able to stand in them, let alone make it through a whole night out.

“Terrible. Cameron’s going to hate it,” she said dryly.

Tommy’s head snapped around, a deep pout forming on his recently filled lips. “Really? Is it too much? Did I make my lips too red?”

Maddison managed to keep a straight face for all of two seconds before bursting into laughter. “Oh, you’re too easy sometimes,” she teased. “You look gorgeous, Tam. Cameron’s a lucky guy.”

“No, I’m the lucky one,” Tommy said, his pout vanishing into a soft, dreamy smile. “He’s so kind and caring. He always makes me feel so special when I’m with him.”

“And so he should,” Maddison replied, nodding firmly. “You deserve to be treated like a princess.”

Before Tommy could respond, the doorbell rang, making him pause. “That’s probably Cam now. Will you let him in while I add some gloss?”

Maddison groaned as she stood. “Anything else while I’m up? A glass of champagne? A back rub?”

“Oh yes, please,” Tommy quipped, grinning. “I’ll take one of each.”

Maddison scoffed but chuckled as she headed out of the room.

“Love you,” Tommy called after her before twisting open a tube of sticky red gloss, carefully manoeuvring it with the inside of his thumb and index finger - his long acrylic nails making the task trickier than it should have been. Tilting his head, he brought the wand to his puffy lips and applied a fresh coat, pressing them together with a satisfied hum.

“Erm... Tammy?” Maddison’s voice called hesitantly from the hall.

“In here, baby! I’ll be right with you,” Tommy called back, his voice light and excited. But as he turned, his face dropped.

Maddison stepped into the room, flanked by his sister, Sarah. The moment Sarah saw him, her eyes widened in shock, her gaze raking over her brother's transformed appearance.

“What are you doing here?” Tommy asked flatly, his tone dropping as he tossed his lip gloss onto the coffee table and strutted around it, folding his arms across his chest.



Sarah opened her mouth, but all that came out was a stunned, “Wow... you look... Wow!”

Tommy’s glare remained unmoved.

Sensing the tension, Maddison quickly took a step back. “I’ll, uh... leave you two to talk,” she said, already inching toward the door. “Tam, I’ll be in the kitchen. If you need me, give me a shout.” And with that, she scurried from the room, clearly wanting no part in the brewing confrontation.

Sarah, still staring, finally found her words. “Monica said you’d started hormones, but I didn’t expect you to look so... Are those real?” Her eyes flicked down to Tommy’s protruding chest, her voice unsteady.

Tommy’s jaw clenched. He had no desire to discuss his personal life - especially not with her. Her visit was unannounced, but after his recent reconnection with Monica, it wasn’t completely unexpected. He and Monica had been meeting up for coffee every few weeks, slowly rebuilding a bridge that had once been burned. During their last catch-up, Monica had mentioned that Sarah regretted how she had treated him and wanted to make amends. Tommy had expected a phone call, maybe a hesitant text. He hadn’t expected her to just show up on his doorstep uninvited.

“Yes, they’re real,” he shot back, his voice laced with venom. “So go on, say something nasty and then you can leave.”

Sarah let out a loud sigh, her shoulders sagging as she dropped her head. “I’m sorry, Tammy,” she said, her voice quiet but raw with sincerity. “I’ve been a terrible sister. I didn’t come here to fight. I just want to talk. Can we... can we sit and chat for a bit?”

The vulnerability in her voice threw Tommy off guard. He had braced for snide remarks, passive-aggressive comments, maybe even outright mockery - but not this. His arms slowly dropped to his sides as he studied her. After a moment of hesitation, he gave a small nod and gestured toward the sofa.

Sarah crossed the room, moving cautiously as if afraid she might say the wrong thing and make him change his mind. Even as she sat, her eyes never left him, the shock of his feminine appearance still evident on her face.

Tommy took a breath, steadying himself before sitting down beside her. A tense silence followed, neither knowing quite where to begin.

“You look nice,” Sarah said after a long pause.

Tommy glanced over, his expression unreadable. “I’m on my way out,” he replied flatly, smoothing his skirt. “I don’t have much time. Cam will be here soon.”

“Cameron. Your boyfriend, right?” Sarah asked, her lips pressing into something that resembled a smile.

Tommy gave a short nod. “Yeah.”

Sarah hesitated before speaking again. “I’m proud of you, you know?”

Tommy’s brow furrowed, caught off guard by the statement. “Proud of me?” he repeated, his voice laced with surprise. “For what?”

Sarah sighed, shifting in her seat. “For... everything. I know things weren’t easy after Mum left. But you figured things out. You built a life for yourself. You didn’t let anyone stop you.”

Tommy let out a bitter scoff. “No thanks to you,” he muttered, folding his arms again.

Sarah winced but nodded. “I know. And I’m sorry,” she said, her voice softer now. “I should have been more understanding. I should have been more mature.”

Tommy exhaled through his nose, looking down at his neatly folded pantyhosed legs. He wasn’t angry, not really. But the wounds were still there, even if they weren’t as raw as they used to be.

“I just...” Sarah hesitated, glancing down at her hands before looking back up. “I don’t expect you to forgive me right away. But I’d like to try and make it up to you. If you’ll let me.”

Tommy was quiet for a moment, his long lashes sending a waft of air across his rounded face as they lowered to process her words. “I don’t know,” he finally admitted, twisting his feminised body slightly towards her while straightening his back. “I’m not mad at you, Sare. I just... I don’t know if I can trust you after everything.”

Sarah nodded again, accepting his words. “That’s fair. I get it.”

Another silence stretched between them before Sarah exhaled and rose from her seat. “Well... I should probably go,” she said, her voice quieter now. “I don’t want to keep you.” She turned, taking a step toward the door.

Tommy watched her go, something twisting uncomfortably in his chest. Until his lips parted and he blurted out. “Sarah. Wait.”

She stopped mid-step, glancing over her shoulder.

Tommy hesitated, tapping together his long acrylic nails. “Maybe we could talk again. In a few days. Once I’ve had time to process... all of this.”

Sarah’s face softened into a warm smile. “I’d like that,” she said gently. “You’ve got my number. Call me when you’re ready.”

Tommy nodded, the corner of his mouth twitching into something that almost resembled a smile.

Sarah gave him one last look before heading out. Moments later, he heard Maddison show her out. Then, just as quickly, Maddison bounded back into the room, flopping onto the sofa beside him. “Well, that was.. something.”

Tommy exhaled slowly, staring at the door for a moment before shaking his head. “Yeah,” he admitted, rubbing his hands over his silky thighs. Then, he let out a small, almost disbelieving laugh. “But... I think maybe she wants to change.”

Maddison studied him for a moment before nudging his shoulder. “And what do you want?”

Tommy shrugged. “I don’t know. I guess... I want to believe her.” He glanced at Maddison, his expression unsure but hopeful. “People can change, right?”

Maddison tilted her head, considering. “Maybe.” Then, with a smirk, she added, “Or maybe she just realised how insanely hot her little sister became and now she wants beauty tips.”

Tommy rolled his eyes but couldn’t stop the small smile creeping onto his lips. “Oh, shut up.”

Maddison grinned, kicking her feet up onto the coffee table. “I’m just saying! If I were her, I’d be jealous.”

Tommy chuckled, shaking his head before glancing at the time. “Oh! Cam will be here soon,” he said, straightening up. “Does my makeup still look okay?”

Maddison leaned in, narrowing her eyes as she studied his face with exaggerated scrutiny. “Hmm... eyebrows even, eyes popping, lips lined to perfection. But... oh!”

Tommy’s breath hitched. “What?” he asked quickly, his hands twitching toward his face.

Maddison held her serious expression as she slowly raised a finger toward him - then burst out laughing. “Just kidding. Your makeup is still perfect, just like it was five minutes ago.”

Tommy groaned, swatting her hand away as she cracked up next to him. Crossing his arms, he turned away with a dramatic pout. “Honestly, I don’t even know why I put up with you.”

Maddison leaned her head on his shoulder playfully. “Yes, you do.” She flashed him a loving smile. “I’m hilarious.”

Epilogue

Tammy fastened the clasp on the back of her signature oversized hoop earring, feeling the familiar weight pull at her earlobe. Her nimble fingers moved with practised ease, the long red acrylic nails at the tips barely slowing her down. She was well used to them by now - just another part of her meticulously crafted femininity.

She turned to the mirror on the bedroom wall, the reflection still capable of catching her off guard. The soft, feminine features staring back at her no longer belonged to the boy she had once been. After her facial feminization surgery, any trace of him had been erased. Every time she saw herself, it only reinforced what she already knew - there was no going back. The thought of living as a man again wasn't just impossible; it was absurd.

Just over a year on hormones had sculpted her body, shifting and softening her form in ways that felt both foreign and completely natural. Her hips had widened, her backside had rounded, and the gradual redistribution of fat had left her with a silhouette that made grown men turn and pay attention. Her skin, now impossibly smooth, bore none of the roughness she once remembered. The changes had crept in little by little, but standing here now, fully dressed and ready for the night ahead, she could see the difference. She could feel it.

She glanced down at her "girls," straining proudly against the sparkly gold fabric of her dress. Lifting her hands, she cupped them gently, pushing them together to admire the deep valley of cleavage they created. The weight of them was still something she was adjusting to, the added fullness from her latest augmentation making them feel heavier and firmer than before. A shiver ran through her as the lingering tenderness reminded her that, while they were fully healed, they were still settling into place - a mix of residual soreness and pleasure flickering beneath her fingertips.

Growing up as Tommy, the idea of having a huge pair of knockers hanging from his chest would have seemed ridiculous - something completely outside the realm of possibility. But she wasn't Tommy anymore. She was Tammy in every way that mattered. And when Cameron had offered to pay for the surgery, she hadn't hesitated. The results were undeniable. She loved how they looked, how they moved, how they felt - especially when Cameron's hands and mouth went to work on them, worshipping every inch.

Satisfied with how her makeup had turned out - a sultry smoky eye framed by thick, dark lashes and glistening pink lips - Tammy ran her fingers through her platinum curls, loosening them just enough to give them the perfect bounce. She had spent the last forty-five minutes styling them, and the effort had paid off. A final spritz of perfume added a delicate floral sweetness to the air before she stepped into her extremely tall, sparkly platform pumps, bought especially for tonight.

As her nylon-covered feet slid inside, she felt the familiar stretch in her calves, the tendons pulling taut as her arch settled into the uncomfortably steep yet deliciously feminine position. There was something intoxicating about the added height, the sharp focus required to balance on such slender heels, and the thrilling danger lurking in every step.

Descending the staircase slowly, Tammy gripped the banister with her delicate fingers, her long acrylic nails tapping softly against the wood. Each step was careful, deliberate - her hips naturally swaying with every calculated movement. Reaching the bottom safely, she turned and sauntered into the living room, where Maddison was sprawled on the sofa watching TV.

Maddison sat up the moment she saw her. "Wow, look at you, girl! You look incredible!"

Tammy smirked, striking a playful pose. "Well, if you've got it, flaunt it."

"Oh, you've definitely got it," Maddison teased. "I hope my cousin puts in as much effort as you have for this anniversary dinner."

Tammy sighed, her expression softening. "I still can't believe it's been two years. The time's just flown by." She strutted across the room, her every movement poised and practised, before gracefully lowering herself onto the sofa. As she crossed her legs, the sound of nylon brushing against nylon filled the air, the gesture smooth, effortless - elegantly seductive without even trying.

Maddison studied her with a knowing smile. "So... how are you feeling? Nervous? Have you decided what you'll say when he asks?"

Tammy hesitated, toying with a sequin on her dress. "I don't know," she admitted, her shoulders rising in a delicate shrug, causing the golden fabric to shimmer. "He might not even ask."

Maddison scoffed. "Oh, he's going to ask you, Tam. Romantic anniversary dinner, expensive restaurant, weeks of hinting - it's happening." She grinned. "And honestly, you basically live at his place already."

Tammy bit her plumped lower lip, a dreamy look in her eyes. "Yeah, I know. I just don't want to jinx it. Everything's going so perfectly right now."

Maddison raised an eyebrow. "But if he does ask... you'll say yes, right?"

A slow smile lit up Tammy's beautiful face. "Maybe."

Maddison let out an excited squeal before wrapping her arms around her best friend. "Oh my God, I'm so happy for you guys! You're so perfect together."

Tammy laughed, leaning into the hug. "Sounds like you're trying to get rid of me."

“Oh, please,” Maddison scoffed, squeezing her tighter. “He lives like five minutes away. It’s not like we’re never going to see each other again.”

Tammy giggled. “Thanks for everything, Maddy. If it weren’t for you, who knows what would’ve happened to me? I love you, bestie.”

“I love you too, bestie,” Maddison replied, her voice thick with emotion. Then, blinking away the sudden dampness in her eyes, she cleared her throat. “And just so you know, you’ll always have a home here if things don’t work out.”

“Hey, no crying,” Tammy warned, carefully dabbing under her eye with the tip of a long red acrylic nail. “You’ll get me started, and I’ll kill you if you make me do my makeup again.”

Maddison laughed, shaking her head. “Fine, fine. Let’s change the subject.” She gestured at the TV. “So, Rory’s been seeing Jess, but he just found out...”

Ten minutes later, the doorbell rang, and Maddison leapt up to answer it.

Tammy took a deep breath, steadying herself atop her towering heels. She smoothed down her sparkly dress, casting one last glance at her reflection in the mirror. Butterflies swirled in her stomach as she turned toward the doorway, anticipation thrumming through her.

“She’s waiting for you in here,” Maddison said, her voice carrying in from the hallway.

Tammy’s breath hitched as she heard the heavy thump of footsteps, and then Cameron rounded the corner.

“There she is,” he said, his deep voice warm and loving. He looked relaxed and effortlessly handsome, his sharp suit hugging his broad frame in all the right places.

A smile spread across Tammy’s glossy lips as she trotted gracefully across the room, causing her feminine body to sway and bounce. The moment she reached him, she tilted her chin up, planting a passionate kiss on his lips.

“Wow, now that’s a welcome,” Cameron murmured, gazing down into Tammy’s sultry eyes. His strong hands found her waist, holding her in place as his eyes drank her in. “And you... look absolutely stunning tonight, babe.”

“You don’t look too bad yourself,” Tammy teased, stepping back slightly to admire the crisp suit he had chosen for the evening. “Do you want a drink, or are we running late?”

“We better get going, babe,” Cameron replied, still visibly distracted as his eyes scanned her from head to toe, lingering in all the places she wanted them to. “Not sure what the traffic will be like tonight.”

“Okay, I’ll just grab my coat, and we can be off,” Tammy said, turning to leave.

“Wait, hang on a moment,” Maddison interrupted, rummaging in her bag. “Tonight’s a special occasion - I need a picture of you two before you go.”

Cameron chuckled, shaking his head but obliging as he took Tammy’s hand and led her to the centre of the room. Tammy let herself be guided, feeling safe and secure in his presence. Despite standing in her highest heels, Cameron still dwarfed her, and somehow, that only made her feel more feminine.

“Okay, smile, you two,” Maddison chirped, holding up her phone. Just as Tammy flashed the camera a sultry smile, she gasped -her body tensing as Cameron’s hand suddenly slid beneath the back of her skirt. His fingers landed on her perky backside, roaming the curvature of her widened cheeks, his touch barely dulled by the sheer black tights stretched across her skin.

“I can’t wait to get you home later,” Cameron whispered, his voice low and full of promise. “Not sure I’m gonna make it through dinner with you looking this hot.”

A shiver ran through Tammy, but she quickly composed herself, smirking as she reached behind her, taking hold of his wrist and slowly peeling his hand away from her backside.



“Easy, tiger,” she purred while turning her head. “I didn’t squeeze myself into this tiny dress and spend all afternoon getting ready just to jump straight into bed.” Her smile widened as she leaned in, her voice a seductive whisper. “But later? I promise - I’ll make it worth the wait.”

Cameron groaned softly, clearly feeling a strain, but content to wait.

“Okay, that’s the one,” Maddison announced, lowering her phone. But as she looked at the screen, she found herself shaking her head in disbelief.

Her once girl-crazy cousin, the same guy who used to boast about his conquests and chase after every pretty face, now stood lovingly beside his blonde bombshell of a girlfriend. Tammy looked breathtaking, perched on an impossibly tall pair of heels, the shimmering gold dress clinging to her every curve. She looked less like someone heading to dinner and more like a movie star stepping onto a red carpet.

Maddison swallowed, a strange emotion tugging at her.

"You sure have changed from that awkward boy who used to follow me around back in school, Tommy Jenkins," Maddison thought, shaking her head with a quiet smile. "I hope your future is filled with adventure and happiness, Tam. You deserve it."

The End