

Rent or forfeit  
written and illustrated  
by ds1000



## **Rent or forfeit**

After his mother ups and leaves as soon as he turns eighteen, Tommy Jenkins is given a lifeline by his older sisters, who agree to take him in. Lazy and selfish, his sisters soon realize, Tommy hasn't changed much from the horrible little brother they remembered, who used to insult and torture them back when they lived at home.

Frustrated as they return from work each day to find Tommy lounging around the house making a mess, and wasting his life away, his sisters come up with a little game to motivate him to change, unfortunately for Tommy, the rules of this game, involve him being slowly feminized, each week having to pick a forfeit unless he can get off his backside and find a way to pay his share of the rent.

Can Tommy stop his slow transformation to Tammy? Read on to find out.

**Written and illustrated by ds1000**

**27 Chapters, 32 images**

## Rent or forfeit

### Chapter 1

As Tommy Jenkins was shown into the spare room by his two older sisters, he placed his suitcase next to the bed, filled with all his worldly possessions, which amounted to some old worn-out clothes and his games console, he was far from happy.



“There isn’t even a TV”, he moaned, “how am I supposed to play my games”, he asked.

Sarah his older sister, 5 years his senior wasn’t thrilled to have her younger brother staying, in fact if it were up to her, she would have rather seen him fend for himself on the street. She smiled and tried not to react at the comment from her selfish younger brother, “no, we never needed one in here, but I guess you can try and pick up a cheap second hand one online”, she replied through gritted teeth.

Tommy sighed knowing he didn’t have the money to go out and buy a TV, at eighteen Tommy Jenkins should have been preparing for university but having partied and bunked off class throughout his final year of A-levels, he had ended up failing all his subjects, he was now penniless, and worse still, if it weren’t for his sisters agreeing to take him in, he would have been homeless to boot. As soon as he reached 18, his mother had packed up her things and moved halfway across the country to live with her latest boyfriend, with nowhere to go Tommy had showed up at the apartment his two older sisters shared and begged them to let him stay for a while.

Sarah and Monica had argued for almost an hour trying to decide whether or not to let him stay, Sarah who remembered living with her brother years ago was dead against it, but Monica, the younger of the two-by-two years, took a more logical approach. She didn’t exactly have found memories of living with Tommy either, but she couldn’t bear to think of him out on the street alone. So, after talking to Tommy and making him promise to find a job and sort his life out, persuaded Sarah to give him a chance.

For the first week or so, Tommy really did make an effort, he would get up at a reasonable hour and scan through a few jobsite, even submitting a CV to one, but as the weeks went on, the job hunting became less and less of a priority until it was completely forgotten about.

Two months later, Tommy had contributed nothing to rent, all he did was sit around all day eating all the food in the fridge and playing computer games on the living room TV, with he had commandeered as his own. Rarely showing or changing his clothes, he had turned the small apartment in to a pigsty.

On a Friday night, having returned from a busy day at work to find Tommy passed out on the sofa, empty packages of food tossed all over the living room floor, and the bottle of gin, she had bought to drink that evening empty and lying next to her brother. She fumed as she opened a window to air out the room, trying to remove the awful smell, she had had enough, something had to be done.

After talking to Monica, who again calmed her down and convinced her that throwing him out wasn't the right thing to do, the two sisters decided their lazy slob of a brother needed some motivation to go out there and find himself a job.

It was around 8pm, when they confronted Tommy, bringing him out of his drunken slumber and presented him with an ultimatum, he needed to clean himself up and start contributing to the weekly rent and for each week he couldn't find the rent money, he would pay a forfeit.

Groggy and half-asleep Tommy thought they were joking, "sure thing Sarah, I'll find a job", he slurred.

Monica seeing her sister about to lose her temper stepped in, "that's great Tom, but the new rules start now, do you have the money for this week's rent", she asked.

Tommy sat up a little and scratched his head, "uh, well, I'm a bit short at the moment, I'll get it to you in a few days", he said.

"Sorry, a few days is too late, looks like someone is going to need to pay a forfeit", Sarah said producing an upside down bright purple hat, that she had worn once to a wedding. Inside were ten bits of folded paper, five written by her and five by Monica, each one with something embarrassing written inside, something that no man would want to do.

"what's this"? Tommy asked.

"My god, do you ever listen, you need to pick two papers and chose which one you will do as your forfeit", Sarah said frustrated.

"And if I refuse"? Tommy asked not liking the sound of this game his drunken had just grasped the rules of.

Sarah smiled, "pack your bags and get out, if you're not going to contribute anything to this apartment, you can leave", she replied in a serious tone.

Looking at Sarah and then at Monica and seeing that they were deadly serious, he placed his hand into the hat and plucked out two folded pieces of paper, he unfolded them, placed them on the table in front of him and stared at the two options in disbelief." learn to apply, and start wearing makeup, every day", and "shave your entire body below your eyebrows and keep it smooth. Wear nothing but shorts from now on, which must be a different pair everyday".

## Chapter 2

With absolutely no intention of wearing makeup and having unsuccessfully pleased with his sisters to give him more time to find the rent money, he accepted defeat and chose option two.

He was marched upstairs to the bathroom and given a pink packet of razors and some shaving foam, “now lather up your body and take long smooth strokes, if you want to avoid cutting yourself”, Sarah said sternly.

“Sarah, are you really making me do this, how is having a smooth body going to help me find a job”?

“It’s going to motivate you to get off your lazy backside and do something other than get drunk and play computer games, now perhaps you want to start with the beard in case you blunt all them blades on your legs”, Sarah replied causing Monica, stood beside her to let out a little giggle.

“what no way, you want me to shave my beard too, it took me ages to grow it out”, Tommy said in horror.

“Yes, every hair below your eyebrows has to go, trust me we’re doing you a favour, you look like a bum, oh that reminds me, use my shampoo in the pink bottle and the conditioner next to it, your hair is filthy”.

With his head pounding and no more energy to argue, Tommy bowed his head and started to fill the bathtub.

An hour later Tommy felt ridiculous stepping out of the bathroom as smooth as the day he was born, it had been a tiring tedious process and he had ended up knocking himself a few times, reminding him to take his times and watch what he was doing.

Quickly heading to his bedroom, dressed only in a dressing gown he found hanging on the back of the bathroom door, he couldn’t wait to get dressed so he could avoid looking at his smooth pink legs, that without their layer of hair looked a little too feminine for his liking. Steeping into his room he headed straight for his dresser to retrieve a new pair of jeans, but as he opened the draw where they usually lived, he was in for a nasty surprise, gone where his jeans along with all of his other pairs of trouser, in their place were folded up pairs of colourful material. Unfolding one he found them to be shorts kindly donated by his sisters, as he unfolded each pair hoping to find something acceptable to wear, he was sorely disappointed as each pair was extremely short and very feminine in design.

With nothing else to wear he picked out the least feminine pair of shorts in the draw and slipped them on over his boxer shorts. Once on they felt so strange with his underwear all bunched up beneath, and he felt half naked with the whole of his upper thighs on display. He found a clean T-shirt, and a pair of converse, that he quickly slipped on, before taking a few steps across the room coming face to face with the full-length mirror on the far wall.

He felt ridiculous as he stared solemnly at his reflection, stunned that something so seemingly insignificant as a lack of body hair could change his look so dramatically. Without his beard, he now looked years younger like a teenage boy again, but it was his smooth hairless skin and now shiny fluffy hair, thanks to Sarah’s sweet-smelling shampoo, that really made him regret not looking harder for a job, he made a promise to himself to look harder in the following week and do whatever necessary to avoid another forfeit, dreading what other awful things lay in wait, written on them little folded bit of paper.



In the following few days, Tommy spend a few hours each day looking for online jobs, as he slowly got used to the feeling of his smooth skin and tedious morning routine of shaving his whole body, on the second morning he had tried complaining to Sarah that the shampoo he had used made his hair look like a girl's, but the reply he got was not what he wanted to hear, telling him he was welcome to go out and buy his own if he didn't like hers.

By the middle of the following week, Tommy was back to his old ways, lounging around and playing computer games, the job hunting completely forgotten as he reasoned that his sisters were just bluffing, surly they would tire of this game when they saw he wasn't going to change, and besides having adjusted to the shorter shorts and smooth skin, he thought he could put up with whatever they threw at him, Tommy was now playing a game of his own, one where he would outlast his sisters and make them give up on the forfeits.

Friday night in the middle of a game of FIFA online against his friend Henry, he ignored his sisters as they entered the living room.

"So, have you got the rent money", Sarah asked.

Tommy ignored her and carried on playing his game, annoyed Sarah stopped over and pulled the plug out of the Tv, "Hey, come on, I was about to win", Tommy whined.

“I don’t give a shit about your stupid game, I want to know if you have any money for us”, Sarah said angrily.

“Nope, sorry”, he said nonchalantly.

Sarah felt her blood boiling and was about to scream at him, when Monica stepped in, “that’s a shame Tom, guess it’s time to choose from the hat then”? Monica said waving the hat in front of him.

“C’mon Mon, are we really doing this again, how long are you going to continue with this silly game”? Tommy moaned.

Sarah regaining her composure looked down at him wallowing on the sofa, “This isn’t a game Tommy, this is serious, and it ends one of three ways, you with a job and paying your own way, you moving out, or you looking more like our little sister than our brother, now pick”, Sarah said snatching the hat off Monica and pushing it into Tommy’s face.

“Whatever”, Tommy replied annoyed, delving into the hat, and choosing the next two pieces of paper. Opening them he gulped seeing the two options in front of him, not liking the first one where he would need to “start wearing nail polish (fingers and toes) must be bright colours and be looked after properly”, or second either, “wear tights (must be a new pair every day and not always black)”

### **Chapter 3**

Continuing to stare at the little pieces of paper, Tommy thought about each option carefully, having painted nails wouldn’t be the biggest inconvenience in the world, and he had seen plenty of goth guys with black polish, but the paper clearly stated he must wear bright colours. He pictured himself with sparkly pink polish on his fingernails and it send a shudder down his spine, he then got the image of him having to re-paint them daily changing the colour at the command of Sarah, who would be revelling in his misery, no, that option was out, tights it would have to be.

Once coming to his decision, he tried to justify it to himself, tights wouldn’t be so bad, they were just long socks after all, and he had been a bit chilli the last few days sitting around with his bare legs out, he looked up at Sarah, “I wear the tights”, he announced.

“Great choice, your legs are going to look so pretty with a pair of sheer nylons on”, Sarah said cheerfully as Monica burst out laughing behind her.

Sarah then left the room for a few minutes and returned with a plastic bag, she walked up to Tommy and handed it to him, “what’s this he asked?

“Call it a little donation from me and Mon, it’ll give us chance to go shopping to get some new pairs”. Sarah replied.

Tommy peered into the bag and saw what looked like rolling hills of soft colourful material, he carefully reached in and felt the soft material, quickly pulling out his hand like he was doing something wrong.

“So, go on then, chose a pair and slip them on”, Monica said trying to resist laughing.

“what, like right now”? Tommy asked.

“of course, the forfeit has begun, you now have seven days to find some rent money or you chose again”, Sarah stated, “or are you moving out”?

Tommy knew he had no choice as he slowly got to his feet, he tucked the bag filled with its scary contents under one arm and trudged up to his room.

Ten minutes later, he once again stood in front of the full-length mirror, suddenly very aware at the severity of the situation he now found himself in. Sarah and Monica didn't seem to be playing, and to his utter horror as he stared down at his feminine looking legs, he came to the realisation that if he didn't put a stop it, he would soon be looking very feminine.



He twisted to the side for a moment to get a look at the back of his leg, as the stretch dark material clinging to his legs shone in the light and slid across his smooth skin beneath, causing a very strange and unfamiliar sensation.

As he stared down at his lower half that looked like it belonged to a young woman and not a man, he once again vowed to find a job. This time he had to as he had an awful thought of what might await him next, a little mini skirt to go with his tights perhaps, "no, there was no way they were getting him in a skirt", but on the other hand if he picked it out of the hat, what awful other choice would he then be stuck with. Frustrated and annoyed with himself, he lay on the bed and played with his phone to take his mind of the situation, he stayed there for the rest of the evening with no intentions of going back downstairs and have his sisters laugh at him.

The next week was different, unlike the previous week where he adjusted to the change in his appearance, the feeling of smooth nylon slipping over his legs whenever he moved was something he just couldn't get used to, the swishing sound as he walked or the way his legs slid across the surface of chairs was a constant reminder of the further changes awaiting him if he didn't get some money fast.

As the week went on, he found it difficult to concentrate on anything even his computer games, as he tried in vain to avoid looking down at his lower half, each time surprised by the sight of the feminine-looking legs sprouting out from under his tiny shorts.

After no luck online, he tried calling up some friends to ask for a loan, but knowing Tommy well, and knowing they were very unlikely to ever see their money again, all refused. Worse still he was starting to feel a little isolated and lonely, stuck in the house, bored and frustrated, too embarrassed to venture out in public and be branded a freak.

With all options exhausted, at the end of the week, he was in no better position to pay rent than the last, in fact, it was probably worse, as now even if he did bother to arrange a job interview, no one would hire a boy who turned up to the meeting in tights and cut-off jeans shorts. When the hat was presented to him, he hardly complained, reaching in, and plucking out two more terrifying forfeits, with his heart pounding he nervously opened them up and laid them out on the table, letting out a heavy sigh as his sisters giggled behind him. “He scanned the first one reading, “shape eyebrows and keep them groomed”, before moving over to the second, “pierce your ears and start wearing earrings2, trying to decide which one was worse.

#### **Chapter 4**

With tears still in his eyes, Tommy winced looking at his over plucked brows in the mirror, Monica had done the honours as Sarah filmed the whole event. As he ran his finger along his now smooth flat brow, he wondered if he had made the right choice.



Given the choice he believed most men would choose the piercings, but for him that wasn't an option, he had always been terrified of needles, passing out at the mere sight of them, so the thought of being taken out to have two holes pieced through his ears, or worse still allowing Sarah to do it while she laughed at him, had made him feel physically sick. But the problem was he felt sick now, as he stared at his ever increasingly feminine image in the mirror.

As he stood there feeling sorry for himself, in his grey and white feminine outfit, he tried to justify his decision, his eyebrows would grow back, he thought to himself whereas piercings were more permanent, but as he looked up one more at the result of Monica's trimming and plucking and seeing how the thin arched brows, no real man would have, taunting him in the mirror, completely altered the appearance of his face, making him look more androgenous bordering on feminine look.

If he needed any more reminders that his sister's were serious with their threats and weren't going to get bored as he had originally hoped all he had to do was look behind him in the mirror. New items seemed to be appearing lately as his own clothes seemed to be disappearing, he now had set of candles that when lit filled his room with a fragrant flowery smell, and one day last week a teddy bear had appeared on his bed,

he had considered throwing it out of the window, but something about Russel's face, the name on his label, had seemed so sad and lonely, he could empathise as that's how he now felt all of the time. He had ended up keeping the bear and even started having little conversations with him, worried that he was slowly losing his mind.

He spent the week searching the internet in the hope of finding some source of income, he had even started an online T-shirt company, adding designs in the hope someone would buy them, but as he checked almost every hour finding no sales, and Friday clicked slowly nearer, he resigned himself to another forfeit and wondered what was in store for him.

Friday evening, he sat in his room hoping his sister's might forget about him, but that was wishful thinking as they came to him in his room hat in hand.

"Time to choose again Tommy boy", Sarah announced barging in through the door without knocking.

"perhaps, we can delay it this week Sarah, I've been working hard and making some progress with my online business", Tommy said hopefully.

"Ha, that online T-shirt business, did you sell anything"? she asked.

"err... well, no, not yet but I've put on some really good designs someone is sure to put an order in soon".

Monica stepped into the room, "Tommy, I'm glad you're trying but you need to get look for a more permanent job, I've got this friend who works for a temp agency, I could arrange a meeting if you want"?

"No", Tommy replied loudly, thinking about leaving the house and people laughing at him, "the business will take off soon, you'll see".

"Well, I really hope so Tom, but as it hasn't yet you know what that means", Monica said holding out the hat.

With a feeling of dread in his stomach, Tommy reached into the hat and brought out the week's choices. "You are banned from wearing any item of men's clothing". Read the first and, "start carrying a purse at all times, leave the house at least once a week to buy something with your new purse", read the second.

## **Chapter 5**

Tommy looked down at his legs clad in stretchy thick material, poking out from beneath a pair of Monica's satin shorts, the hoody he wore also belonging to her as Russell the bear sat looking at him, "don't say it Russel", Tommy said aloud, "I know what I look like".

Having brought only a few items of clothing with him, when he moved in, he had worn every item he owned until they stunk. What remained of his male clothes lay in a plastic bag by the front door ready to be washed, after Sarah had threatened to burn them if he wore the filthy clothes on her new sofa one more time. With no washing machine in the apartment and not wanting to go out to the nearby laundrettes, forced to dress as he was, Tommy had been wearing his sisters' hoodies and jumpers that were unisex in look for the last few week anyway, so thinking it wouldn't be much of a change, and not wanting to have to carry around one of his sisters' little handbag, especially outside where people would see him he had chosen option one, to the surprise and delight of his sisters, who even asked him if he was sure. Tommy hesitated for a moment when asked but didn't change his mind.

It was a scary feeling knowing that he didn't own a single item of male clothing after his room was cleared and the bag of dirty clothes next to the door had mysteriously vanished. But in a way he was right in thinking not much would change as over the next week, he didn't really notice much of a difference from what he was wearing to the previous week. In fact, without ever admitting it, he actually preferred these new clothes, the material was a lot softer compared to his own old T-shirts and hoodies, and in most cases much warmer too, now the weather was getting colder.

The one thing he hadn't bargained for though, was losing his favourite pair of converses. He had tried to argue that they were unisex, but his sisters weren't having any of it, and just like that they had disappeared along with the rest of his clothes leaving him with nothing but his sisters' shoes or having to walk around on the cold floors on only his nylon clad feet.

For a day he avoided wearing shoes around the apartment but after snagging and putting a run in his seconds pair of tights in as many days, he was told if he ruined one more pair of tights, he would be going out to buy some new pairs. That was more than enough incentive for Tommy and having been told he could borrow whatever pair he wanted; he went searching for something to wear on his feet. Having looked through all the footwear owned by his sisters, Tommy discovered two things, one that he could fit his feet easily in to both Sarah and Monica's shoes as it appeared everyone in the house had the same size feet, and two his sister's sure seemed to love their high heels and surprisingly didn't own not a single pair of trainers. Tommy of course had no intentions of wearing a pair of heels, which left him with limited options but after whittling the decision down to three pairs he finally settled on a pair of furry Ugg boots.

It was another unsuccessful week of trying to find work or make any money online as Tommy stood in his room on Friday evening dredging the arrival of Sarah and Monica and the nightmare inducing hat. Having just returned from the bathroom, Tommy paused a moment as he caught his reflection in the mirror, it had startled him for a moment as he the image he saw walking by looked like a girl. He turned to face the mirror that he had been trying to avoid for the last few days and took in his reflection. His hair was now silky smooth thanks to the shampoo and conditioner he was using every day and looked to have a lot more volume than usual. He was definitely losing weight too, he hadn't noticed at first due to the baggy jumpers and hoodies he normally wore, but when he thought about it, it wasn't surprising, he was hardly eating these days, as he spend most of his time alone in his room, with only Russel for company.



He was staring at his long slim legs, mesmerised by how utterly girly they looked, when there was a knock on the door, he quickly made his way over to the bed, not wanting his sisters to see him looking in the mirror. Once sat down with his legs tucked up beneath him, he called out, "come in".

Monica opened the door and walked in accompanied by Sarah, holding the hat as Tommy's pulse quickened as he caught sight of it making its way towards him.

"So, shall we just get this over with tonight Tom", Monica asked taking a seat next to him.

Tommy looked her in the eyes and just nodded silently. In went his hand and he rummaged around slightly noticing that there weren't that many options left, but knowing all were going to cause a change he didn't want and take him further down the feminization road, he picked out the first one, opening it up he didn't like what he read, "dye your hair blonde", he sighed and went back in a second time hoping for something less drastic, he was disappointed as he pulled out the second one that read, "get a spray tan".

## **Chapter 6**

"Goody, time for a trip out", squealed Monica clapping her hands looking over and seeing the two options Tommy had chosen.

"What? out"? No way, I can't go out, I have no male clothes". Tommy replied fearfully.

"That's not a problem, you can borrow some stuff from us", Sarah chimed in.

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

"Earth to Tommy, do I look like I know how to do a spray tan or dye hair? Well, I can tell you now, I don't and neither does Monica, we'll need to visit the salon, but first you need to make a choice", Sarah said looking like she was enjoying herself, "so, what will it be blonde or tan"?

Two days later Tommy, stood outside the of the apartment having just returned from the hair salon as Sarah insisted on taking some photos of his new hairdo before letting him back inside.

"Please, Sarah can we go in already"? Tommy said looking around scared that one of their neighbours might be watching".

"What's the rush, you haven't been out of the house for weeks, the fresh air will do you good", she replied snapping a photo.

"But it's freezing", Tommy moaned.

"Fine, just a couple more shots, then we'll go in", Sarah said taking pity on him.

Standing on the slippery patio scared to move and shivering from the cold, Tommy wrapping Monica's winter coat tightly around his body to try and stay warm It helped a little but didn't do anything to for his exposed legs, that felt as cold as ice with only a thin layer white nylon to protect them from the bitterly cold artic wind.

He felt emasculated and ridiculous posing outside as his newly dyed platinum curls gently blew in the wind and danced around his cheeks. He thought back to the terrible day he had just experience, dressed as a girl and force to trudge through the ice and snow in a pair of white lace up furry boots, that matched the rest of his outfit and its white theme.



The thing he couldn't get his head around as he took the bus into the city before walking for what seemed like miles to reach the hair salon, was that nobody had noticed he was a boy out in public wearing girls' clothes, or if they did notice, no one seemed to care. Perhaps it was the Sarah's large sunglasses, that covered most of his face, or more worrying, perhaps he was actually starting to look like a girl.

The choice of the forfeit had been an easy one that week as even thinking about getting a fake tan, made him really angry. It was bringing back memories of his neglectful mother and stained bath towels. Growing

up his mother seemed to never be without a dark orange tan coating her skin even in the middle of winter. He hated the thought of looking like her, even a little, so much so he instantly chose to dye his hair secretly hoping he would look more like Kurt Cobain than Barbie.

He had been a state of shock since they had revealed his new look to him back at the salon, as his heart sank, and he knew he didn't look like a rock star. He knew he would look different, but he hadn't expected such a drastic transformation. He was doomed from the moment he walked in accompanied by his sisters and was introduced to the hair stylist.

She had seemed nice enough at first but when Tommy took off his coat and she discovered it was in fact a boy stood before her wearing cut off shorts, a cute little white top, and sheer white tights, asking to have his hair bleached blonde, she got really excited. From that moment on she was a woman possessed, ignoring any suggestions from Tommy and went to work making him look pretty.

The rest of the week went by much like the last, with Tommy hiding in his room for only Russel for company, spending most of his free time trying to find a way to make money online without leaving the house, without any luck.

At the end of the week Sarah and Monica announced now that the hat was getting low on options, and as a result they would each be adding ten new options each. Tommy sat silently with his nyloned legs pressed tightly together as he watched them drop the new forfeits into the hat on the living room table, as he wondered what feminizing options had just been added, he didn't have to wait long as he was told to pick. The first one that came out was, "start wearing shoes with a heel", as Sarah giggled telling him that was one, she had just put in. He stuck his hand back in and pulled out a second option, hoping for something better, but was disappointed to instead read, "every outfit must have at least one pink item of clothing".

## **Chapter 7**

"I can't pick one of those", Tommy said in anguish, "It's too much, please can I pick again".

"Sorry Tom", Monica replied, "you know the rules".

Tommy sighed and considered the choices carefully knowing whatever he picked he was in for a miserable week; he hated the idea of wearing high heels, having to clomp about the apartment like his sisters on their ridiculously uncomfortable looking shoes, but on the other hand had always hated the colour pink, and the thought of wearing a girly pink tops with his platinum blonde hair made him cringe.

He checked papers in front of him once more time, wincing, reading each word carefully, when he suddenly had a thought, a little smile formed on his lips as he thought he could perhaps get one over on his sisters and beat them at their own game. He knew after weeks of borrowing their clothes and shoes that they definitely owned a few pairs of low-heeled almost masculine-looking shoes, one pair in particular came to mind and reminded him of a pair of shoes he used to own.

He looked at the paper one more time, confirming that it didn't specify how high the heel had to be and having talked himself into it, he announced his decision to his sisters, who looked completely shocked at his decision.

Insisting he change right away; Tommy went off to Monica's room to find the pair he had in mind. Doctor Martins style boots, very masculine with a small blocky heel, and actually quite comfortable. Arriving back in the living room, Tommy could see the look of disappointment on his sisters' faces showing they didn't approve of his choice.

Tommy couldn't help himself, "guess you didn't think that one through eh, "he gloated", looks like I outsmarted the two of you this week", he said with a smug grin on his face.

He was expecting an angry response or a show of emotion but all he got was a shrug from Sarah and Monica, who told him he looked good in his new shoes, letting him have his moment.

But his moment didn't last for long as a few days later Tommy found himself back in front of his mirror wobbling on a pair of 3-inch strappy pumps, "What am I going to do Russel"? he asked the bear behind him sat on his new pink bedside table that had appeared in his room yesterday.

"Maybe we should run away", Tommy asked, not expecting an answer, "but where would I go looking like this? I look like a freak".



After choosing to seemingly getting one over on his sisters, Friday night Tommy, had gone up to his room feeling triumphant, but waking up the next day he was in for a surprise, every shoe in the apartment with a low heel was gone, presumably hidden away where he couldn't find them, leaving him with only tall scary stilettos and platforms to wear.

He went straight to Sarah to complain, but she just reminded him it was his choice to wear heels, and calmly explained once again that if he weren't going to do the forfeit, he could pack his bags and leave. So, with little choice he picked out a tall pair of boots, which looked the most stable, with a blocky heel and tried them on. For the next few minutes, he remembered desperately trying to keep his balance as he stumbled around the room as Sarah and Monica watched on, laughing hysterically. After half a dozen falls and apologising for his comments the night before, the girls took pity on their little brother. Sarah went off to her room and returning a few moments later with a new pair of shoes with a much lower heel, "You can wear these until you learn how to walk", She announced.

Tommy although still far from thrilled with the girly shoes presented to him, slipped them on his feet and actually felt relieved. He took a few steps and found he could walk, he didn't exactly look graceful as he strode about, taking large steps, but compared to the ridiculously tall boots that had been killing his feet, he was just glad to wear a pair of shoes he could at least stand-in.

He was made to walk around for almost an hour, in the name of practice, before his sisters got bored and let him return to his room, he remembered gingerly making his way up the stairs, his ankles aching from all the walking, worried he was going to twist an ankle and fall as he made a mental note to not try to outsmart his sisters again.

By the end of the week, he was slowly getting used to his new footwear, but walking in an unfamiliar position had really caused his leg muscles to ache. Tottering about in his girly shoes, occasionally catching a glimpse of his silky thighs or a strand of blonde hair out of the corner of his eye, was mortifying for a young man, who just a few months ago had been a typical eighteen-year-old boy but spurred on by the desire to somehow get back to his old self, Tommy put in extra effort that week in looking for a job. After signing up to a few new job hunting websites, he got lucky.

It was Friday afternoon when he received a reply from a call centre job he had applied, and they were asking him to come in on Monday morning for an interview. He instantly agreed and even came up with a plan on how to attend it without looking foolish. He would fill a bag with a unisex outfit borrowed from his sisters, and after leaving the house in his shorts, tights, and heels, he would find somewhere to change, put on a hat to cover his hair, and hopefully get the job, and with it his ticket out of this game of feminization he was forced to play each week. He just had to avoid picking anything obviously feminine from the hat that night.

So, later that evening, when Tommy stuck his hand into the hat and picked out two options. without complaint, he felt like he had been kicked in the gut. As he looked down and saw, "go to the nail salon and get acrylic nail extensions", and "get eyelash extensions".

## **Chapter 8**

With Monday's interview on his mind, Tommy struggled to make his choice, the problem was having never had fake nails or eyelashes before, he didn't know how difficult they would be to remove, but in his mind having seen girls with extended nails and observing them to be stuck on quite firmly, he decided to go for the eyelash extensions. He seen girls he knew from school and on nights out before wearing fake lashes and knew they needed to be glued on. But In his mind, he reasoned that they couldn't be that difficult to remove or no one would ever wear them.

So, thinking he'd made the right choice and that his logic was sound, it came as quite a surprise to Tommy when on Saturday morning he was told to get dressed up in some warm clothes and was bundled out of the apartment and down towards the bus stop.

Stumbling awkwardly down the icy pavement and finding it difficult to keep pace with his sisters, thanks to the higher heels he was now wearing after Sarah deemed him ready for 4-inch heels, Tommy looked over at Monica, "Mon, I know you said we were going to the beauty salon, but I still don't understand why", he asked.

"To get your lashes Tom, you chose that option right"?

"Yeah, I know but couldn't we just have ordered some online, or just pick some up from the supermarket"? he asked confused.

"Oh, Tom, you may look cute as a button today, but you're such a boy, you have no idea what you chose, have you"? Monica replied giggling.

Tommy was about to ask more questions but realised they had arrived at the bus stop and seeing all the people he decided to end the conversation there. So, Confused and feeling very self-conscious, wrapped up warm in Sarah's coat, scarf, hat, and gloves, Tommy waited for the bus with his head down trying not to look at anyone in the eye. which as it turned out was probably the wrong thing to do if he didn't want to draw attention to himself as the people at the bus stop kept looking over to see if anything was wrong.

He could feel their eyes on him and tried to block out the fact he was stood at his local bus stop with blonde hair and wearing his sister's clothes, which was not that easy to do, as the sight of his nylon clad thighs poking out from beneath his coat, and the uncomfortable over the knee boots encasing his lower legs below, served as a constant reminder of all the poor choices he had made recently.

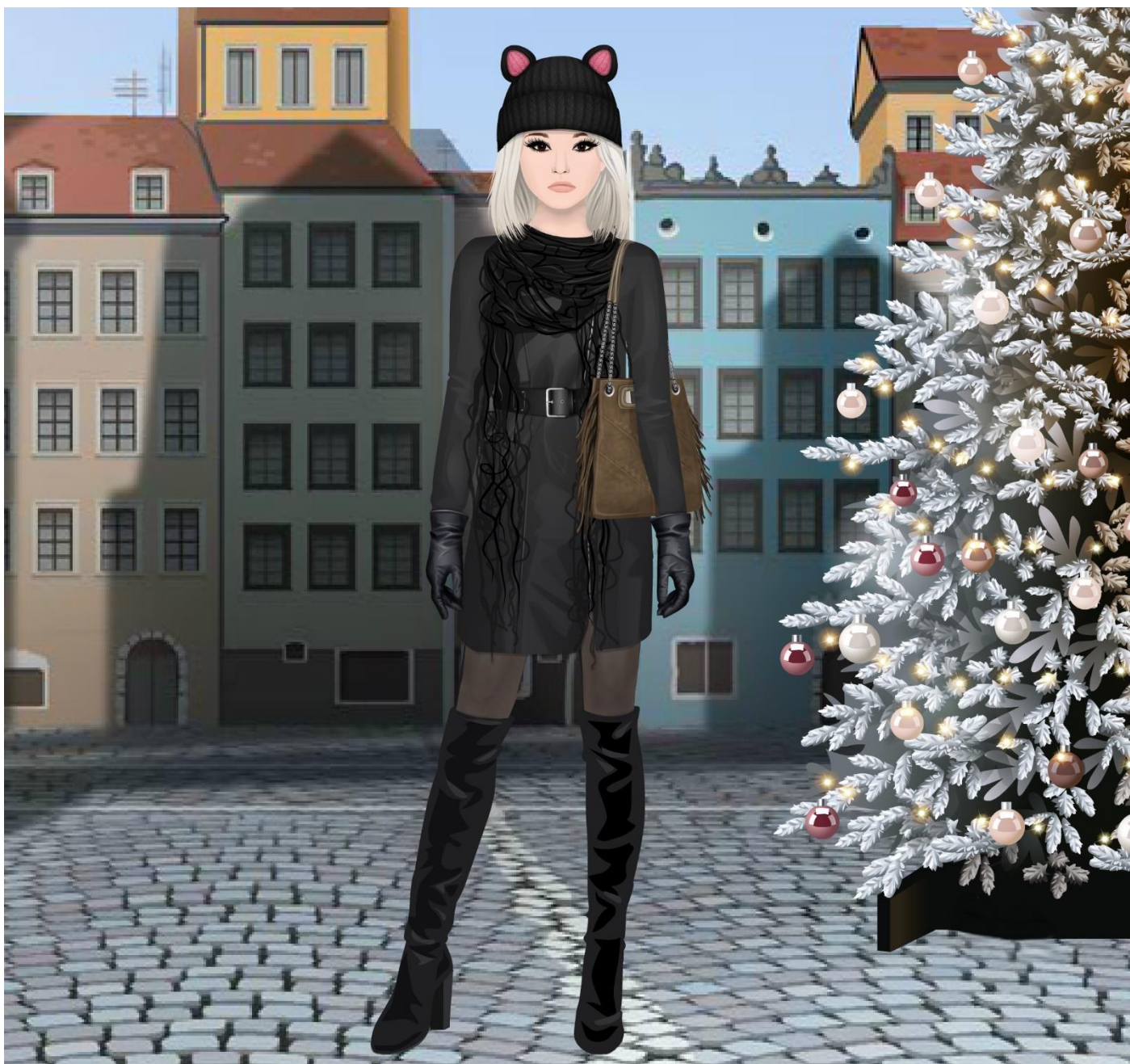
Entering the Salon, he was glad to get off the street and out of the cold but stood in the doorway awkwardly he remembered why he was there and suddenly felt extremely apprehensive. Monica took a hold of his arm and guided him over to the reception desk, Sarah might as well have been talking in another language as she told the receptionist he was booked in for Russian 5D volume lashes.

An hour and a half later, having lay in a chair with his eyes closed the whole time as he felt his lashes getting heavier and heavier. He didn't really know what to expect when he opened his eyes, he knew from the time it had taken to apply his new lashes, he hadn't just had some packed bought fake eyelashes glued on, but the sight that awaited him in the mirror almost caused him to pass out. as he opened his eyes, his vision was filled with thick voluminous lashes fluttering in front of his eyes that felt heavy and alien. As he blinked a few times and his new lashes fluttered away wafting the air in front of him like little fans, he instantly knew he had made a terrible mistake, as these lashes not only transformed his whole face to look incredibly cute and feminine, but there would also be no way of removing them before his interview, without professional help.

Walking back through the town square past the big Christmas tree, a place he had always enjoyed coming to as a child, Tommy was struggling with his emotions, he felt like he was doing something wrong as he tottered along next to his sisters, dressed as he was, but no one seemed to notice he was walking around crossdressed.

"Will you hurry up Tammy, we only have ten minutes to catch the bus", Sarah announced, using the new nickname Monica had come up with while they waited him get his eyelashes done. She couldn't help but smile as she watched her feminised brother hobbled along slowly behind her wearing her over the knee suede boots, looking miserable and frustrated, he was getting what he deserved, she thought, thinking back to some of the terrible things he had put her and Monica through as a teenager.

Tommy didn't reply, he was lost in thought as he was tried to work out how he had ended up in this ludicrous situation. A few months ago, he was just a normal teenage boy, whose main worry in life was finding a way to beat his best friend Henry on call of duty, now he was in the centre of the city on a cold December day with platinum blond hair, thinly plucked eyebrows and fluttery unmistakably feminine eyelashes, that fluttered annoyingly in front of his face as he constantly blinked, feeling like he had something in his eye. He was also constantly aware of his feminine outfit, his tight shorts were now halfway up his backside and exposed his smooth shaved legs, their only protection from the bitterly cold wind, a pair of silky black semi-opaque tights that still felt unnatural clinging to his legs even after weeks of wearing them.



Tommy never made it to the interview on Monday, too embarrassed to be seen with his new lashes and knowing no way to hide them. He spent the week feeling sorry for himself, trying to think of a way out of his predicament.

It was midweek when he had an idea, perhaps if he did a little housework, clean up a little, his sisters might see that he was trying. With that in mind he spent all day Thursday, dusting, hovering, and scrubbing the kitchen, until the whole downstairs living area was spotless, unfortunately for him, it didn't change much.

Sarah and Monica, surprised and grateful for the unexpected help with the weekly chores, thanked Tommy and even cooked him his favourite meal for dinner that night, but one good deed wasn't going to convince them that he had changed, so on Friday evening with still no money to his name, it was once again time to pick a forfeit, and once again, he was far from happy with his choices, the first one something he promised himself he would never do, "wear skirts and dresses only from now on" and the second one sounding utterly humiliating. "learn to apply makeup and make an Instagram account. Post a makeup picture every day.

## Chapter 9

Tommy looked up at his sisters smiling down at him, “You can’t be serious, these choices are awful”, he moaned. Sarah was the one to answer, “Come on Tammy, are you sure you’re not enjoying this, you had so many chances to find a job, we are just trying to give you some motivation”.

“Of course, I’m not”, he exclaimed, “you surely can’t expect me to wander around wearing dress and skirts? I’ll never get a job”.

“Well, you could try making a job profile as Tammy”, Monica chimed in as the Sarah giggled at the comment.

“And if you don’t want to wear a dress, chose the other option, it’s only makeup lots of guys wear it these days”, Sarah said. Tommy knew he was fighting a losing battle, “Ok, but will you help me? I have no idea what I’m doing”. Sarah smiled, “Of course, we’ll help, what are big sisters for”?

A few hours later Tommy stood in his room in shock at what a drastic change, “a little makeup” as Sarah had called it, had made to his appearance. Knowing once she was done, Sarah planned on taking a picture to post on his new Instagram account, and not wanting to look a fool, he had let her go to work on his face without complaint.

It had been a strange out of body experience, sat there as brushes tickled his face and the liquids and powders clogged his pores. But the strangest thing was his reflection when she was done, she had managed with not much effort to made him look unmistakably feminine. With his eyebrows pencilled they looked sleek and fashionable, with a layer of foundation, his skin had taken on a healthy glow, the eyeliner and shadow really made his eyes pop, and his lips coated in pink lipstick and gloss shined in the light. He hadn’t even put up a fight as Monica started painting his finger and toenails a bright pink colour before warming up a curling iron and curling his hair.

Back in his room, that had gone through quite a transformation itself, thanks to Monica adding in a makeup station and countless beauty products, while Sarah worked on him. He stood there pouting as Sarah started snapping pictures. “Come on Tammy, smile, will you? You look so moody”?



Tommy didn't respond, he just wanted it over as quickly as possible with, so he got out of the thin flowery top Sarah had chosen and change back into his more comfortable hoody. For the next 15 minutes, on command, he twisted and turned, this way and that, as his feet began to ache, perched on top of the highest heels he had ever managed to keep his balance in for more than ten seconds.

At least he wasn't bored that week like the previous ones, his mind too preoccupied with watching YouTube makeup tutorials, learning makeup techniques, and trying to copy the videos so he didn't look like a clown. Finding it difficult at first, to blend in the colours and not overline his eyes and lips, he gained an appreciation for how much work went in to putting on makeup and couldn't understand how women did this every morning before going off to work or school. But knowing he needed to upload daily pictures and determined not to look fool on his new Instagram account, he persevered. After a few days of practice, he felt oddly proud as he started getting a few likes and comments on his daily uploads, proof that all the hours of frustration and practice had actually paid off.

On Friday evening, about to pick another forfeit, Monica had an announcement, "I've got some good news for you Tammy, I may have found you a job".

Tommy looked excited, "really"? He answered, hoping that meant he could go back to dressing in his old clothes.

"Yeah, it's with the temp agency I mentioned a few weeks ago, as I mentioned my friend Claire, works there as a manager, I bumped into her today after work and mentioned you needed some work. she said she would be able to find something for you and to go over on Monday for a chat".

Tommy smiled, "Thank you Monica, that's great, I just need to find something to wear, and get rid of these ridiculous lashes".

"Woah hang on there, before you get too excited, she's expecting Tammy not Tommy", Monica replied.

Tommy sighed loudly, "Oh, great", he moaned knowing it was too good to be true, but what choice did he have if he didn't make some money soon, he was going to end up feminized to the point where he would recognise himself. Confident now in his makeup skills and knowing he could manoeuvre well enough in his heels to avoid causing a scene, he decided to go down to the office and see if he could find some way to make some money. Money of course, was what Tommy didn't have when it was time to choose another forfeit. He picked out the options and instantly knew which one he was going to be stuck with from now on, as out came, "get hair extensions" followed by one he had seen before, "get a spray tan".

## **Chapter 10**

Early Monday morning, feeling awfully sleepy having gotten up earlier than he had in years, to get his makeup looking just right and make it to his appointment on time. He was in an optimistic mood as he took the bus into the city that morning, despite his first time being out alone, dressed as a girl, Monica had told him to just keep his head up and act with confidence and nobody would bother him. It seemed to work as after a few nervous encounters, he started to relax a little, noticing that people would either just pretend not to see him or quickly turned away if he looked them in the eye.

That was apart from the slightly creepy man, who decided to sit next to him at the back of the bus, sitting so close their legs touched, making Tommy feel incredible uncomfortable, squashed up against the window with his pantyhosed legs pushed tightly together, putting pressure on the parts between his legs, a normal girl wouldn't have.

Sat on a comfortable black cushioned sofa in a high-rise building in the city trying to warm up after journey over. Tommy fidgeted, constantly changing position, and tugging on the hem of his tiny shorts and leather jacket, trying to get comfortable, as his newly extended hair filled his vision.

Saturday afternoon had brought with it another trip to the beauty salon, which had been just as unbearable as the last, He left with heavy flowing locks of hair extending to the middle of his back, amazed at how well the stylist had blended his new blonde extensions into his real hair, and having seen her sew them in, he knew the ultra-feminine hair-do was going to be with him for some time to come.

Readjusting his position once more, folding one leg over the other, crossing them above the knee, as he had seen many women do in the past, he felt the material of his sheer black tights sliding against each other and heard the familiar swishing sound of nylon on nylon, which still seemed unnatural to the young man, even after weeks of wearing tights every day.

Looking down past his long shiny dark legs, he shook his head as he looked once more at what he was wearing on his feet, still not quite believing he had managed to make it all the way into the city on the extremely tall platform ankle boots, dangling on the end of his foot. He reached down to rub his calf muscle, which was starting to ache a little as he wondered how he was going to get back home if the pain got any worse.

As uncomfortable as he felt sat there in his feminine outfit, he knew he only had himself to blame, that after waking up morning terrified at the thought of travelling into the city dressed as a girl, he had asked Monica to help him get ready. She had agreed but only if he didn't complain, he was grateful at the time but once dressed in the revealing outfit she had picked out, and laced into the killer ankle boots, that she insisted he wear as they matched the rest of his outfit, he wished he had just gotten ready by himself.

The outfit she had chosen, was something he had seen her wear in the past, a pair of velvet black shorts that barely covered his bum cheeks, but fine to wear with tight Monica had insisted. On top he was wearing her "fashionable" leather jacket, as she had called it, too short to cover his bum and decorated with fur on the shoulders that didn't keep him warm at all. Beneath the jacket, sat on top of his padded bra, he had on a silky peach coloured blouse with a round collar, that swished and slipped across his smooth skin causing odd sensations throughout his body.

"Tammy Jenkins" came a voice from in front of him, "Miss Jones, will see you now as Tommy hauled himself to his elevated feet, gulped, pulled his little shorts as far down his thighs as he could and gave the receptionist a little smile, before trotting along behind her to meet Monica's friend Claire in her office.



Back at home

“So, how did it go”, asked Monica excitedly.

Tommy didn’t look as excited, “good”, he replied quietly.

“What? that’s it? Just good”? Monica asked, slightly annoyed.

“Well, she thinks she can find me some work, but she thinks I’m a girl”, Tommy exclaimed.

Monica chuckled, “well, have you seen yourself lately, you look so cute?”

“I don’t want to look cute”, Tommy mumbled back.

“don’t get all moody on me, look on the bright side, you can finally pay some rent, and don’t worry, I already told Claire you were my brother, so she doesn’t think you’re a girl”.

“What? Are you serious? She kept calling me Miss Jenkins the whole time”, Tommy replied shocked.

“Well, what did you expect her to call you looking so adorable, blondie”, Sarah said joining the conversation. Tommy didn’t respond deciding he didn’t want to get into a fight and desperate to remove his throbbing feet from their high heeled prison.

As the week ended, Tommy felt more relaxed about things, he still wasn’t thrilled about all the girly things thrust upon him, but at least with the prospect of some money coming his way in the near future, he hoped that the forfeit he was about to choose might be the last. He hadn’t had any job offers yet. Having checked his emails each morning in the hope Claire had something for him but he knew it was only a matter of time. Soon he could go back to his life as a boy and put all the girly nonsense behind him, but not before choosing a new forfeit for the week, “Attach breast forms and start wearing bras and matching panties”, “pierce ears and start wearing earrings”.

## **Chapter 11**

“How had it come to this”? Tommy thought to himself, as he stood in the high street fashion store watching as the clock ticked down towards the end of another long shift. His feet hurt having been stood on high heels all day, walking around the shop floor folding and re-folding items of clothing, tidying the racks, and pretending to know what he talking about when asked a question by the customers.

It was his third and final day in the clothing store and he couldn’t wait for it to be over. It was a tedious job with little to stimulation for his mind as he seemed to be getting paid to just stand around. In other circumstances, that wouldn’t be so bad, but given the uniform he was given to wear, he felt incredibly awkward and uncomfortable.

The silky high-waisted pencil skirt had taken some getting used to, the unfamiliar feeling of it clinging to his nylon covered thighs, and the unusual feeling of having air circulating around his upper legs and concealed manhood, tucked away tightly in the silky panties he now wore beneath, was almost unbearable.

The soft blouse he wore on top wasn’t as bad, but the bra beneath housing his heavy chest, thanks to the glued-on breast forms, jiggling and pulling at his skin beneath, had redistributed his centre of gravity, making him stand differently to balance. But given that the alternative was once again to get a fake tan, and risk looking like his mother, what choice did he have?

Lifting his right foot, Tommy rested on his heel for a moment to take the weight of his tired leg, he looked down as he moved his suede pump from side to side, balanced precariously on its tall stiletto heel, and felt awkward and out of place amongst the rest of the staff standing around the room on their lower heeled or flat shoes, but having choosing the forfeit to wear high heels, which he now regretted more than ever, he had no choice, as the only options available to him these days were tall stilettos and sky high platforms.



A voice from across the shop floor startled him and woke him from his daydreaming, “Tammy, can you help Jenny in the changing rooms, please”? asked the store manager.

“Yes, Miss, Watson”, he replied spinning around and giving her a forced smile.

“Thank you, and I just want you 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, that is if she turns up at all, it’s been wonderful to have someone such as yourself, who’s not only feminine and pretty but comes to work with such a positive can do attitude, if you are looking for a more permanent job, come and speak to me later”, Miss Watson said enthusiastically.

Tommy blushed at being called feminine and pretty, “thank you Miss Watson, I’ll think about it”, he replied before staggering off towards the changing rooms on his aching feet with no intention of taking her up on her offer. A future of working in the clothing store, in the tight little uniform, he currently wore, stood around on his sore feet, bored out of his mind, was not a career path he wanted to follow.

The days dragged and the week went by slowly, and all Tommy had to look forward to at the end of it was being forced to feminize himself further by choosing another forfeit. He knew he had to put up with it for a little longer as the temp agency wouldn’t be paying him until the end of the month, but with the end in sight he knew he could get through it, that is until he pulled out that week’s options, leaving him speechless. “join an online dating website and look for a boyfriend”, and “get lip fillers”.

## Chapter 12

The room fell silence until Sarah finally spoke, “So, what will it be Tammy”?

Tommy glared at her, “neither, this has gone too far, I’m not playing this game anymore”. He stated angry and fed up.

Sarah looked surprised by the sudden outburst, “Ok, fine, so you have money to contribute to rent”? She replied.

“You know I don’t, but these choices are unfair”, Tommy said forcefully.

“Unfair”? Sarah spat, “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, you expect others to look after you, and to make matters worse, your cruel and mean, I remember all the comments you made towards Monica when she was still living at home with you and mum, you know what? you’re right, this game has gone on long enough, go and pack your bags and get out”, she screamed.

Tommy was stunned at the eruption from his sister and quickly back peddled, “but I can’t leave right now, not like this, where am I supposed to go”? He replied looking down at his nyloned legs and the little skirt resting on top.

“That’s your problem, I suggest a homeless shelter”, Sarah replied angrily.

“Hang on sis, let’s not be too hasty”, Monica said, trying to stop things from getting out of hand running over and getting between her siblings, “Tammy, just pick one of the choices, OK”?

“But I’m not gay, Monica, I can’t go out with a man”, Tommy said quietly, “and what exactly are lip fillers anyway? They sound pretty permanent”.

“It’s what girls do to pump up the volume in their lips a little, it’s not permanent, I have friends that do it and they have to go back every few months for a top-ups, the clinics don’t want it to be permanent, they want customers coming regularly, that’s how they make their money”, Monica said.

“A few months, you want me to have huge pornstar lips for a few months”? Tommy replied stunned.

“Come on, lots of guys have larger lips, look at Mick Jagger, it’s not a big deal, I tell you what, I’ve been thinking about getting them myself for a while now, how about we go together”? Monica said smiling.

With little choice, Tommy dropped his head into hands defeated, “Ok”, he responded quietly.

The next day

“It’s not so bad, right Russell”? Tommy mumbled still getting used to speaking through his inflated lips”, they said the swelling would go down a bit in a few days”.

As expected, the smiling bear sat on the bed behind him had nothing to say as Tommy turned to look his feminized image, still wearing the pink coat he had been given to wear for their trip down to the clinic.

He hadn’t really had chance to look at the damage back at the clinic as there was no mirror in the room and he was keen to get out of there and back to the safety of his room. He had hoped all the way home that the effect wouldn’t be too noticeable, but staring at his two plump pillowy lips, swollen and over twice the size they had been when he had woken up that morning, he felt like crying.

He looked like a girl, there was no denying it, and an attractive one at that. He felt sick thinking about it knowing that if he came across a girl looking like him walking down the street, long smooth legs, silky long blonde hair, and ample cleavage, he would have definitely stopped to stare.



Not able to look anymore, Tommy flung his coat on the floor and wobbled over to his bed where he ripped the uncomfortable boots from his tossing them next to his coat, before crawling under the cover, where he stayed for the rest of the afternoon.

Over dinner a few days later, Tommy was still upset about his lips, but his usual frown had now become a cute pout that Sarah couldn't help but point out.

To take his mind of things, he took out his phone and checked his Instagram account that continued to grow in terms of followers. Flicking through to the photo he had posted earlier; he was shocked to see all the comments and likes. He had received 47 likes and 16 comments in just a few hours, all very complimentary about his new pout, saying how sexy and fierce he looked. It filled him with a mixture of emotions, first he felt shame for looking so feminine, staring down at the blonde on the screen with the huge lips, but then he felt pride as he looked at the number of people following him, the attention he was receiving was nice as long as he didn't have to actually meet these people, and after the hours of doing his makeup and getting ready for the posts, it was nice to be appreciated.

That feeling didn't last very long though, as he again felt ashamed as a lock of blonde hair fell across his vision, how could that girl in the picture be him? was this his future? No, he needed to get his life back, and to do that he needed money.

Having not worked so far that week, turning down every offer from the temp agency, every job sounding humiliating and demeaning, he told himself he would take the next job on offer whatever it was.

There were no further offers of work that week but delving into the hat on Friday evening not thrilled at the thought of having to wear blue coloured contact lenses, or get acrylic nail extensions, at least he had some work lined up for Monday, and from the description it sounded pretty easy work.

## Chapter 13

Tommy cursed his luck having ended up with the worse job imaginable, stood in a busy shopping centre with a forced smile on his painted lips, greeting parents with their children, before they went through to visit Santa.

Looking down at the shiny red claws protruding from the end of his fingertips, he was still getting used to, he cursed his sisters for making him get such long extensions. He hated how these new nails made everything so difficult, hell he could hardly pick up a spoon without difficulty, never mind going to the bathroom in his skimpy dress and tights. But even with all the inconveniences caused by the long acrylics, he still preferred the idea of having them than something touching his eyes, he had always been sensitive about his eyes and the thought of having to touch his eyeball to get them out made him feel sick.

He slowly wiggled his fingers, watching his long nails glisten in the light, knowing they were partly to blame for the situation he now found himself in, greeting guests with a fake smile plastered across his face, dressed in an indecently short Christmas dress, its corseted waist crushing his insides, and teetering on ankle breaking red platform shoes that he could barely stand-in, never mind walk.

The week had started with him working in an office, doing some data entry, but with his typing speed down to a snail's pace thanks to his new nails, he wasn't invited back the next day. Tuesday, he sat at home worried about not finding anymore work that week, so when the offer came to work as Santa's helper, desperate for the money he had accepted without asking about all the details.

Lifting his right foot off the ground, to get some momentary relief from the crippling pain in his feet, he was startled by a voice, "excuse me, Miss, do you know how long the wait is? We've been here for almost an hour now".



Looking up, Tommy came face to face with the last person he wanted to see in his current circumstances, like a deer in the headlights, with the colour draining from his face, he said something he instantly regretted, "Maddison", he uttered.

Maddison looked puzzled, "Do we know each other"?

Tommy started to shake, kicking himself for being so stupid, why did he say her name? it must have been the shock of seeing the girl, he'd had a crush on all throughout school, standing right in front of him. Trying to repair the damage, Tommy dug himself a deeper hole, "err..., I think we went to the same school".

Maddison tilted her head to the side, as her piercing blue eyes locked on, examining his sparkly made-up eyes and his pouty red lips, "you do look a little familiar, but if we had gone to school together, I'd remember, I'm really good with faces, what's your name"? Tommy started to sweat, as his mind went blank, try as he might, he couldn't think of another name, as the silence became awkward, he quietly said, "Tammy".

Tommy instantly knew he had made another mistake as he saw a look in Maddison's eyes, she paused for a moment, almost hesitating, as his heart skipped a beat, "Tommy", she spoke aloud, "Tommy Jenkins"?

Tommy didn't know what to say, as he just stood there and pulled a ridiculous face, "Oh my god, Tommy, is that really you? Wow", Maddison stated in shock.

"Please, Maddison, I can explain, please don't tell anyone you've seen me like this".

Maddison looked down scanning the rest of his sexy Christmassy outfit before looking back into his eyes, "Tommy, I had no idea you were trans", she replied to Tommy's horror, "don't be embarrassed, I think it's great you are doing this, you're so brave".

"Really", Tommy said appalled, "you don't think it's weird".

"Hell no", Maddison replied enthusiastically, "you look amazing, did you do your makeup yourself"?

Relieved that she wasn't screaming out that there was a boy in the room dressed up and pretending to work as a girl but feeling completely emasculated stood in front of the girl of his dreams, Tommy lowered his head slightly, "no, they have a makeup woman working here".

"Well, either way, you look stunning, better than most of my girlfriends, we defo need to hang out sometime, you can tell me the story of how you ended up working here", Maddison replied.

"Sure", Tommy answered, still in a daze, forgetting how he was dressed for a moment and feeling excited by the idea of spending some time with Maddison.

"OK, great, I'll text you, do you still have the same number", she asked as Tommy nodded, "cool, well I should probably get back to my family now, do you know how long will the wait be to see Santa"?

"err..., shouldn't be long now, I think you're next", Tommy said shuffling his feet.

"Oh, thank god, I only came along because my little sister begged me too, but now I'm so glad I did, see you around Tammy", Maddison said with a huge grin on her face before turning and walking back towards her family.

A day later, chilling in his room with Russell after another long and painful day on his feet, trying to act cheerful as snot nosed kids ran around screaming, tommy's phone buzzed. Quickly picking it up and fumbling to open it with his cumbersome nail, he saw a message from Maddison, "let's hang out Saturday night round mine, are you free"?

Tommy didn't know what to do, he really didn't want to go out as dressed as Tammy on a Saturday night, but he was slightly excited by the idea of spending time alone with Maddison in her room. He thought about it for a few minutes but the thing that swung his decision was he couldn't help but worry that Maddison would tell someone she saw him crossdressed and that he is trans, he needed to speak to her

and set her straight. Picking up his phone, “he typed his reply, “sounds fum see y oar 7”. Looking down at his fumbled third attempt at typing and cursing his nails once more he pressed send.

He was a nervous wreck the rest of the week as he minced around as Santa’s helper in his skyscraper heels, trying to work out what he would say to Maddison when they met up, he was so deep in thought, he hardly thought about the forfeit he would have to choose on the Friday evening with his sisters, that is until he sat with the choices clutched awkwardly between his long red nails, trying to decide which one he hated most, “Dye your hair pink”, “Get a spray tan”.

## Chapter 14

Tommy stood shaking waiting for the door to open, partly due to nerves dressed as he was, but mainly down to the freezing cold weather outside. The sheer tights encasing his legs, were doing nothing to keep him warm as he stood awaiting, he looked down at his outfit, the playsuit, as his sister had called it, although quite comfortable, didn't cover much, as another gust of the bitterly cold December wind blew into attack his freshly shaven legs, and sending his bleached blond hair cascading across his face. As a few strands stuck to his glossy pink lips, he clutched the little fur jacket he was wearing and pulled it tightly around his ever-slimming waist with his long red acrylic nails.

He heard the lock turn and watched the door slowly open as a wave of warm air washed over him, "Hey Tammy, I'm so glad you made it, come in, come in", Maddison squealed excitedly.



“Hey, Maddy, thanks for inviting me”, Tommy replied as he carefully stepped into the hallway of the two-storey town house on his incredible tall but rather snug knee-high boots, and into the arm of the beautiful Maddison, who had opened her arms to embrace him.

With the sweat smell of Maddison’s perfume filling his nostrils and the slightly disturbing feeling of his fake breasts pressing against Maddison’s own chest, Tommy felt relieved to be off the street.

Maddison closed the door and Tommy instantly felt warmer as he carefully lifted his hands up to his face and gently removed the stray strands of hair stuck to his lips.

“Wow, girl you look gorgeous, let me take a look at you”, Maddison said standing back looking Tommy up and down. “caught a bit of sun I see”? She said giggling.

“Err..., yeah, no, it’s not real, I went with my sisters earlier and they sprayed my whole body this colour”, Tommy said embarrassed. With the spray tan option coming out the hat for the third time, he reluctantly chose it finding it hard to imagine how embarrassing it would be to have pink hair.

In the end the trip to the tanning salon hadn’t been as bad as he thought it would be, it was quick and painless, and although it looking down at his dark orangey-brown skin reminded him of his mother, he tried to push those thoughts to the back of his mind.

“Yeah, I kinda guessed, it’s not like there’s much sun out in December”, Maddison replied”, but hey sorry, I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable, the colour looks great on you”, she added noticing that her feminised guest was looking rather nervous, staring down at the ground, and shuffling awkwardly from one high heeled boot to the other. With the intended compliment making Tommy feel even more emasculated, he just said thank you and stood there looking down at his feet.

“Let me take your coat, and we’ll go through to the kitchen, so we can catch up”, Maddison said putting out her hand. Tommy took off his jacket now feeling much warmer and handed it to Maddison who hung it up on a hook next to the door. He then followed her down the hallway, the sound of his heels clicking loudly with each step he took, echoing through the house.

“Are you hungry Tammy? My mum made a cake earlier, it’s really good”? Maddison said again finding it hard to keep her eyes off her guest, amazed at how the plain grungy looking boy she remembered going to school with was now standing in her kitchen looking like a beauty queen.

“Sure, I’ll take a slice”, Tommy replied, “still hungry after the small piece of salmon tiny portion of salad, he had eaten for dinner earlier with his sisters.

Maddison smiled, “coming right up”, go and take a seat by the table”, she replied cheerfully, opening a draw, and finding a knife to cut the cake with.



Tommy replied pulling out one of the gold-coloured chairs, smoothed his shorts beneath him and gracefully sat down crossing his legs at mid-thigh and relieved to be able to take the weight of his feet.

“So, have you always known you wanted to be a girl”? Maddison blurted out passing him a plate with a slim slice of cake on it.

Tommy taken aback by the question looked up at her in surprise, “Oh, it’s not like that, it’s um complicated”, he replied having not expected the question.

“I get it, it can’t be easy to change your whole life, and the way people see you, I just want you to know, I think you’re incredibly brave”, Maddison said taking his hand and smiling.

“That’s nice of you to say Maddy, but it’s not like that, I’m just dressing like this because my sisters are making me”, Tommy said, seeing the confused look on Maddison’s face and realising how ridiculous it must have sounded dressed as he was.

Maddison pouted, “come on now Tammy, you’re telling me, you dyed your hair blonde, got inch long acrylics, shaped your brows into perfect little arches, got collagen lip fillers, all because your sisters told you too. Sounds a little farfetched”.

“Yeah, I guess it does, but it’s true, it’s like a game to them”, Tommy said perplexed.

“And that outfit your wearing, who picked it out”?

“Err..., I did but...”

She smiled once more, “come on now, I told you, you don’t need to feel embarrassed around me, you can stop with the ridiculous lies and just be yourself, don’t think I didn’t see how well you walked in here on those killer boots, are you telling me you haven’t been practicing?”

Tommy didn’t know how to respond, the cute girl in front of him, that he had always hoped of one day making his girlfriend, was determined not to believe him, the evidence in front of her was just too strong.

He decided to change the subject, “Can we talk about something else, how is Janae? Do you still hang out with her? You two were inseparable in school”, Tommy said remembering the large breasted girl who always seemed to be by Maddison’s side.

Thinking it must be difficult for Tommy to admit the truth, Maddison decided to drop her questioning for now, “Of course, she’s my best friend, in fact we’re meeting her later”.

“What”! Tommy gasped, “you told her about me”?

“Of course, silly, I know you told me not to tell anyone, but I don’t keep secrets from Janae, don’t worry she’s cool with it, and she’s dying to see you”.

Tommy just stared at her, mouth open in shock, “she’s coming here”? he asked worriedly.

“Yeah, she’ll be over in an hour or so, “we’re thinking of heading into the city later for some drinks, have you been out properly as Tammy yet”? Maddison asked as Tommy shook his head from side to side.

“Oh my god, so tonight your first time, we’re going to have so much fun”, Maddison said, clapping her hands with excitement.

## **Chapter 15**

“Maddison, I don’t think going out tonight, is such a good idea”, Tommy said petrified.

Maddison gave him a funny look, “But it’s the Saturday before Christmas, why on Earth would you not want to go out and have fun”?

“I..., I don’t think I’m ready”, Tommy replied.

“Ready? What to have fun, nonsense, you came over here on the bus right, and when I saw you a few days ago, you were working in a busy shopping centre, wearing a teeny tiny Mrs Clause dress”. Maddison replied confused.

“Yeah, I know, but I just don’t feel comfortable, going on a night out dressed as I am”, Tommy said gesturing towards his short playsuit.

Maddison thought she understood, “Oh, OK, I understand, you know, Janae will be here soon, we’ll sort something out ok, now let’s get some drinks on the go and start having some fun, it is Christmas”.

Janae had arrived shortly after, and after the surprise of seeing Tommy Jenkins, looking hotter than most of the girls she knew, she joined them in the kitchen, where they started playing a drinking game with a pack of cards.

Tommy was at a disadvantage from the start as he didn’t know how to play and there were just so many rules. The object of the game was to place cards on the table, of the same suit higher than the last, with some cards having special rules attached to them, if you couldn’t play or someone played a special card, that person would need to drink.

After an hour of playing, Tommy was feeling woozy, his vision was blurred and the room seemed to be spinning, “hey Maddy, I don’t think Tammy’s going to make it out tonight if we carry on with this game much longer, “Janae said looking across at Tommy giggling away””, perhaps I should get her some water, it’s probably about time we started getting ready anyway, right”?

“Yeah, good idea, I need to shower and get ready, Tammy was worried earlier about not being dressed right for clubbing, can you take her to my room and find her something to wear”? Maddison said while filling up a glass of water and handing it to Tommy, “here Tammy, drink this”? She said placing the glass in Tommy’s hand and helping him lift it to his lips.

“Sure, sounds fun”, Janae giggled.

Tommy was confused, he didn’t know where he was or what was going on, he took a sip of the water and stared at the long red nails circling around the glass and wondered whose they were.

“Tammy, I need to take a shower now, you can wait for me in my bedroom, Janae’s going to help you get ready, ok”?

A broad smile formed on Tommy’s face as he pictured a naked Maddison, exiting the shower with him in her room waiting to greet her. He tried to get to his feet but fell straight back on to his chair. With a puzzled look on his face, he looked down at his shiny legs, zipped into a pair of high heeled boots as he suddenly remembered how he was dressed and felt ashamed.

“Come on sweetie, let’s help you upstairs, you can rest up, while we get ready”, Janae said.

The next few hours were a blur for Tommy as Janae helped him get ready before the three of them embarked on a night out into the city, Tommy drunk out of his mind, went along on auto pilot with no clue as to what was going on around him.

When he finally came back to reality, he was sat on a sofa in what looked like a night club as he scanned his surroundings as loud music filled his pounding head. To his right was Maddison, Janae, and some other girl he didn’t know, paired up, and chatting with three random men. He was suddenly aware of something touching his leg, he looked down to see a hand resting on his bare inner thigh, gently caressing his smooth skin. Instantaneously, he smacked the hand away and spun to his left, finding the owner of the hand, a smiling man, he didn’t know, “What the hell, babe, those nails are sharp, you could have seriously injured me”, the man said looking down the hand Tommy had just scratched.

Tommy ignored him and looked down at his long nails in surprise and awe, remembering the trip to the nail salon with his sisters, where the acrylic material had been bonded firmly to his own nails, “but weren’t they red before”, he thought confused.

He then noticed his outfit, that was also different to what he remembered wearing earlier, he was now wearing a low-cut dress that matched his nail colour, his shoulders were completely bare apart from two thin straps and his sides were visible through the cut-out mesh side panes.

He started to panic, realising he was sat in a busy nightclub wearing a little pink mini dress, he felt strange and vulnerable as he felt the thin pink fabric caressing his smooth skin and barely containing his glued-on breast forms.

He reached down for the hem and gave it a tug, trying in vain to cover up his bare legs. The feeling of the material between his fingers felt so light and soft, as it sat draped across his upper thighs, barely concealing the silky feminine underwear he could feel beneath.

Becoming aware of his throbbing feet, he extended his leg to discover the cause feeling extremely exposed without his tights. He looked down aghast seeing his newly painted pink toenails, shining in the lights of the club, peeking out through the open toe area of an extremely tall strappy pale pink, platform sandal, that looked impossible to walk on.

Seeing the extended leg as an invitation, the man to his left placed his hand on Tommy’s thigh. disgusted by the sudden feeling of man’s hand running along his inner thigh and down towards him knee, Tommy again swatted the hand away, “If you touch me on more time, I’m going to knock you out, now fuck off”, he screamed in a rather masculine voice.

The man shocked and slightly embarrassed by the reaction, jumped to his feet, “What’s gotten into you, you were well up for it earlier, but hell, I don’t need this shit, your loss bitch”, he said before storming away.

At this point, Janae looked over, “Hey girls, Tammy’s back with us, time to dance”.

Before he could refuse, Janae tottered over and dragged Tommy to his aching feet, as the sofa quickly emptied, its occupants going on ahead towards the staircase and down to the dancefloor below. Tommy just stood there, next to the sofa, for a moment, trying to get his bearings as the group went on ahead.



“Hey, are you OK”? Maddison asked walking back over and giving him a hug.

Tommy nodded, noticing the smell of her perfume and the feeling of her sexy body beneath the tiny black dress she was wearing, pressing against him.

“Are you going to come dance with me”? she pouted.

Tommy forgetting how he was dressed, in that moment, could only focused on the beautiful girl holding him tightly, “uh-huh”, he responded.

The rest of the night was full ups and downs, he had fun dancing with Maddison, as their hands explored each other’s bodies, but the stilt like sandals strapped to his feet were absolute torture, as he struggled to manoeuvre around the dancefloor, hobbling about and trying to avoid the constant pinching and grabbing of his bottom, as guys tried to get his attention. But perhaps the worst part of the night was when he went to the bathroom and was shocked to see the image of a living Barbie doll reflected back at him, suddenly understanding why he was so popular with the men in the club that evening.

He examined his image in utter disbelief as slutty looking blonde girl, wearing too much makeup stared back. Were his eyebrows thinner? he thought as his eyes focused on the now obviously thinner and more arched line above his show stopping eyes, he sighed knowing there was nothing he could do about it in that moment, pulled up the top of his dress to cover as much of his fame bosom as possible, fluffed up his hair a little, and tottered off out of the bathroom for another few hours of torturous dancing.

He didn't see his sisters when the taxi dropped him off back home in the early hours of the morning, but they teased him relentlessly the next day when he finally crawled out of bed with a terrible hangover, only stopping when he promised to join them for a night out as Tammy sometime in the future.

Having all day Sunday to recover, he was ready for work on Monday, where he was back in his sexy Christmas outfit, greeting people at the shopping centre and wishing the hours away.

Friday was Christmas day, and after a delicious roast Turkey with all the trimmings, which Monica cooked, Tommy sat in the living room feeling full and happy, with the top button of his velvet black shorts undone to give his belly some room, when Sarah appeared with the dreaded hat.

"Time for another forfeit Tammy", She said smiling.

"Come on Sarah, it's Christmas day, and I get paid soon, can we just stop this already"? He pleaded.

"Well in a few days you can pay us your share of the rent then, but until then, go ahead and pick".

Annoyed but hoping it would be for the last time Tommy, plucked out two folded pieces of paper and looked down at the choices, "wear skirts and dresses only from now on", "go on a juice-only diet for the next week".

## **Chapter 16**

Having eaten far too much on Christmas day, Tommy felt sick to his stomach, the thought of a detox didn't seem so bad, but after a few days on a liquid diet, Tommy didn't know if he could take much more. He felt empty all the time and although there was no limit on the amount of juice he could drink, it never really hit the spot.

There were some positives in the coming week, the first was when his pay for the month was deposited into his account, it wasn't as much as he expected after the registration fees and agency commission was taken off, but it was enough to pay two weeks of rent, meaning he could avoid any further forfeits for a few weeks at least.

It felt good to transfer the money over to Sarah, who seemed somehow disappointed, but thanked him for the money and said she'd expect the same amount in two weeks' time, or the forfeits would start up again, the downside of course, he now had no money in his account, and he would still have to dress as a girl for the foreseeable future as there were no male clothes in the house.

When Maddison text 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 him out on the town with them, he thought spending some time with the beautiful Maddison would be a far better option, he just needed to watch how much he drank this time.

It was around 1 pm on Friday afternoon when Tommy met up with Maddison in a coffee shop in the city. He was dressed warmly in a casual outfit, and for once he didn't feel completely humiliated to be out in public.

He was greeted with a huge smile and a hug, "Hey Tammy, how are you doing? I got you a latte, I hope that's OK"? Maddison said squeezing him tightly and suddenly remembering his diet.

“Hi Maddy, that’s fine, I’m only supposed to drink juice, but this is the last day so screw it”, he replied before sitting down next to her.

“How has that been”? Maddison asked.

“Horrible, I feel so tired and weak, and I’ve definitely lost a few pounds, but at least I got paid this week,”? Tommy replied with a smile.

“Good for you girl, thinking positive, you look great by the way, and I guess the coffee is on you then”, She joked.

“Ha, not likely, I gave it all to Sarah and Monica, I owed them some rent, I’m now completely broke again”.

“Dam, that’s got to sting, but don’t worry, today is my treat”, Maddison said.

“What’s the plan today anyway? You didn’t tell me”? Tommy asked.

“Oh, didn’t I say? Well, I’m throwing a party at my house, it going to be so much fun”.

“A party! will people from school be there”? Tommy said, looking worried all of a sudden.

“Some, yeah, but don’t worry, they are all open-minded, and you have to tell them about your transition at some point, right”?

Tommy gulped, trying to think up an excuse to get out of it, “yeah, I guess so”, he replied, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Seriously, it will be fun, trust me, you’re going to blow them away with how amazing you look, especially after we visit my sis”.

“Your sister”? Tommy answered confused.

“Yeah, you’ll see, and I already said, today is my treat”.

They chatted for around an hour before they left the coffee shop and headed for Maddison car. They drove for about 15 minutes before parking up, and after a short walk entered a fancy looking beauty salon, where Maddison bounded across the floor and jumped on a slightly older looking version of herself. Tommy looked around, the smell of chemicals attacking his nostrils, and got a sinking feeling in his gut, “this wasn’t going to end well”, he thought to himself.

Four hours later Tommy, stood in Maddison’s living room looking and feeling more awkward than ever before. His body felt silky smooth after the waxing session, and with the soft tights, clinging to his legs, and the silky satin dress sliding against his upper body, he felt really uncomfortable. The dress Maddison had picked out, for him to wear to the party, was really revealing, it’s short, flared skirt barely covering his flimsy thong underwear, and its deep V-top showed way too much of his fake cleavage for his liking.

He had been given the works in the salon, and as Maddison got pampered by her sister, he was left to make awkward small talk with another salon employee as she feminised him against his will. His eyelashes had been refilled, and his nails had been redone. His lashes again looked long and voluminous, and his new dark blue nails, were much longer than before, making using his hands for even simple things really difficult.

Surprisingly, getting his ears pierced wasn’t as bad as he had imagined, a few weeks ago, when it came up as a forfeit, the thought of having a piece of his ear shot out, was terrifying, but it was quick and relatively painless, also not knowing it was happening until it was too late may have helped.

Knowing he was going to a party, the girl at the salon had styled his hair into a long ponytail, with the top part braided into a fancy style, with his new hairstyle and the dramatic party makeup covering his face, he was back to feeling awkward in public as he travelling back to Maddison’s house, his head looking out of wearing his casual outfit.

Tommy tried to smile as Maddison took a photo for his Instagram, which she had discovered a week or so ago, becoming obsessed with helping him ever since. “this is the one Tam, you look so beautiful in this one, come and look”? Maddison said, holding out her phone.



Tommy tottered slowly towards her on his extremely high pumps, his feet already aching due to the height, and he had only been wearing them for 20 minutes, “Maddy, can I change these shoes, they’re way too high”, he complained.

“No way, it’s a party, those flats, look super cute on you, have a drink, and you won’t even notice you’re wearing them in an hour or two”, she replied.

Tommy had his doubts but didn’t want to argue with her, taking the strong glass of Vodka and orange from Maddison, had just prepared, from her outstretched hand.

As the guests started to arrive and Tommy came face to face with a lot of familiar faces from his school days, he broke his previous promise to himself and drank heavily to get through the humiliating encounters.

It was a surreal experience as the girls he knew complimented him heavily and gushed over his hair and outfit, the reaction from the boys was mixed as most seemed shocked and unsure how to react, and others didn’t seem to care. But the worst part of the evening by far was when his best friend Henry showed up, Tommy had not spoken to him much in the last few months, making up excuses not to hang out, until he had eventually stopped texting.

Wobbling on his tired aching legs and looking down into Henry’s shocked face, staring at his boobs, now taller than his friend perched on his towering platforms, Tommy didn’t know what to say. Maddison had just told Henry that the blonde beauty he had been checking out for the last few minutes, was actually his old pal Tommy, and just like Tommy, he didn’t know what to say.

“I’ll leave you two to catch up”, Maddison said before trotting off to get another drink.

“Tom, is that really you”? Said a stunned Henry, “why are you dressed like that”?

Tommy had a decision to make, he could either tell Henry the truth but risk causing a scene or lie to him, which seemed the easier option.

## **Chapter 17**

“Hi Henry, maybe we can talk somewhere more private”, Tommy said sheepishly, looking around at a group of girls, he went to school with, eagerly listening in.

“Er... OK, perhaps we can go outside, I need a smoke anyway”, Henry replied still looking shocked from seeing his oldest friend looking more feminine than most of the girls in the room.



“Ok, let’s go”, Tommy said, as he started mincing across the room, on his painful heels. Henry followed looking down as his friend’s backside gyrating from side to side as his tiny, flared skirt danced around his shiny thighs.

Outside the house, Tommy leaned against the wall, lifting one foot off the ground to rest it for a while, as Henry lit up a cigarette, “Can I have one of those”, Tommy asked.

“Er, sure, but I thought you quit”? Henry asked.

“Right now, I need one”, Tommy said, looking up at Henry through his thick extended lashes and shivering, from the cold night air.

Henry took a cigarette from his pack and passed it to Tommy, who carefully took it from him with his long blue nails, He placed it between him pouty red lips, “got a light”? he said, quivering.

“Oh, yeah sorry”, Henry said, reaching into his pocket to retrieve his lighter before lighting up Tommy’s cigarette, “you look cold, don’t you have a coat”? Henry asked looking down at Tommy’s shiny blue mini dress and his long nylon clad legs beneath.

Tommy took a drag from the cigarette and smiled nervously, “It’s somewhere inside but I’ll be OK”, he replied wishing he had grabbed it on the way out, as his exposed arms and legs felt like ice.

There was silence for a few moments as the two old friends stood leaning against the front wall of the house smoking and not looking at each other, until Henry spoke, “So I guess I should call you Tammy now, that you’re living as a girl”.

“That’s what everyone seems to like calling me”, he replied.

“Shit, Tom, sorry Tammy, I can’t get over how convincing you look, I mean you were always a little effeminate, but I had no idea, you were one of those people”?

“What do you mean one of those people”? Tommy asked, turning around to face Henry, his long blonde ponytail almost whipping him in the face, shocked that his old friend had considered him effeminate and wanting to know what he meant by the comment.

“I mean, I saw a documentary about people who were born in the wrong body and then have a load of surgery to change gender, what do you call them”? Henry asked.

“Transgender”, Tommy stated.

“Yeah, that’s it, I had no idea you were a transgender, but don’t get me wrong, I’m OK with it, I’m just a little shocked, I mean, you look amazing as a woman, you’ve got a killer set of legs and that rack looks so real, it’s not real is it”? Henry asked staring at his fake boobs, pushed up by the special bra beneath his dress.

“No, they’re fake, just like this hair, these nails and these eyelashes”, Tommy replied, lifting his hands up to cover his chest, now feeling humiliated as his old buddy was not only telling him how feminine he looked but also treating him like a girl.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrasses you, I guess I should be more sensitive, now, “Henry quickly said realising he should try complimenting his friend as he did with other girls, “Hey I like your shoes, they make your legs look really sexy”.

Tommy was getting annoyed, “Yeah, well if you like them so much, you can wear them if you like, it’s like walking around with my feet inside a pair of torture devices”. He said as he finished his cigarette, tossing it on the floor and stumping it out under one of his giant heels, “actually I am a bit cold, I think I’ll going to go back inside now”.

“oh, ok, sure, I’ll just finish this, I’ll catch you in a bit then”? Henry replied, noticing the tension in the air. He then watched as his old friends, dressed to the nines, as a girl out to party on New Year’s Eve, stormed

away, heels clicking loudly on the tiled patio, and blonde ponytail bobbing from side to side, they didn't speak for the rest of the evening.

The next week, on Thursday morning, Tommy got up early, showered and got dressed. He picked out an outfit that made him feel tough. He didn't want any shit from anyone that day and as he looked in the mirror before leaving his room, the wannabe rock chick, looking back at him definitely fit that description.

The leather jacket and ankle boots decorated with chains, along with his high ponytail, definitely gave the impression of someone not to mess with. His pouty lips now naturally giving him a resting bitch face only added to the effect, after checking his makeup in the mirror one last time, he picked up his little black handbag and headed out to catch the bus.

Arriving at the temp office, tired from the walk, and cold from the outfit he had chosen not being as warm as he thought it would be, he sat on the sofa and waited for his appointment with Monica's friend Claire. After ten minutes bored, flicking through the awful gossip magazines, Claire appeared, "Nice to see you again Tammy, do you want to follow me to my office"?

Tommy stood up, carefully pulled down the bottom of his jean's shorts, that had ridden up a little too high and were giving him an uncomfortable wedgie.



“So, what can I do for you today, Tammy”? Claire asked.

“Well, you can find me some work, you haven’t offered me any jobs all week, I really need to make some money”, Tommy replied rather forcefully, “when I first came here you promised to find work for me”.

Taken aback a bit by his attitude Claire paused for a moment before she replied, “Well, you’re in luck, I actually have two temporary positions available for next week, one is some secretarial work in an office, easy work but low pay. The other pays a lot more, but there will be a costume involved.

## **Chapter 18**

The offer of more money was awfully tempting. But the last time he had taken a job involving a costume from Claire, he had ended up as Santa’s helper in an absolutely humiliating costume, he took the secretarial position.

On Monday, morning, Tommy arrived at the law firm of Cohen and Weinstein, it was a little far from his house, meaning he’d had to take two trains and a bus to get there, but funnily enough, the hour-long commute hadn’t really bothered him. He wasn’t out of place in his business attire, dressed just like all the other commuters heading into the city, he just put on his music and ignored everyone around him and at 7.30 on a cold January morning, everyone else seemed to have the same idea.

Arriving around 8.30, he was shown up to the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor and was introduced to his new boss, Miss Terry, the floor supervisor, and as far as bosses went, she seemed really nice, she welcomed him with a smile, “Good morning, you must be Tammy, thank you for coming in and helping us this week, you’ll be taking on Karen’s responsibilities while she’s away on holiday for a few weeks, have you worked in an office before”?

“Good morning Miss Terry, thank you for having me, and yes I’ve worked in an office before, but only for a short time,” Tommy replied, wanting to make a good first impression, and thinking back to the data entry job he did for a day, on that occasion his long nails had caused him all sorts of bother trying to type typing but with a few more weeks of practice since then, he hoped this time, the long red nails extending far past the end of his fingertips wouldn’t hinder him as much.

“Great, well let me show you to your desk and get you set up, follow me”, Miss Terry said before turning and expecting Tommy to follow.

On Thursday afternoon, having worked as a secretary for four days, he actually didn’t mind the job, sure it was a little boring at times, but it was easy work, and everyone was very friendly. All he had to do was answer the phones, make the occasional coffee, and make sure he reminded Mr Hopkins; the man he had been assigned to work for, when he had an appointment, the rest of the time he was free to surf the internet and relax.

Mid-afternoon as Tommy arrived back at his desk, after completing a few jobs and taking Mr Hopkins a coffee, he was ready to sit down in his comfy swivel chair and rest his legs for a bit, having walked around the office for the last 30 minutes on his tall black pumps, his toes were cramping up. Waiting for him at his desk was Jill the woman who worked at the desk next to. Tommy felt on edge as soon as he saw her, everyone in the office was really nice, but there was something about Jill that just didn’t sit right with him.

“Hey Tammy, busy”? Jill asked.

“Er..., yes, I mean no, how can I help you Jill”? He replied flustered standing up to talk to her.

“I just came over to see how things are going, you getting on ok with Mr Hopkins”?

“I’m fine, no problems, he seems like a good guy”, Tommy answered.

“Ha, I wouldn’t call him a good guy, but he’s easy to manipulate you know how to play the game, I mean this prim and Proper look you’ve got going on is really cute, but if you want to work here past next week, I’d consider a shorter skirt and a top that shows a little cleavage”, Jill said looking him up and down.

Tommy looked down at his silky red blouse, with its puffy sleeves, and his knee-length asymmetric skirt, shocked at what she had just said.



He looked up at Jill’s outfit with was much more risqué compared to his, with her short leather mini skirt and low-cut top, “really? Surely women don’t have to do those sort of things these days, they taught me in school about equal rights in the workplace”.

Jill burst out laughing, “ha, you’re so innocent aren’t you Tammy, so pure. No, for a woman in business, there only one way to the top, you have to give the men what they want, how do you think I made it to supervisor? But don’t worry blondie, jill is here to help you out”.

Tommy smiled nervously, always thinking it was odd when people referred to themselves in the third person, “Thanks for the offer Jill, but I’m ok with the way I’m dressed”.

“I’m not taking no for an answer Tammy, I see potential in you, and I’m going to bring it out, starting tomorrow night, me and some of the girls are heading out for drinks in the city, and you’re coming with us, make sure you wear a nice dress”.

## Chapter 19

Tommy arrived at work the next day with no intention of going out with Jill, in the young man's mind the thought of parading around the centre city with the other secretaries was probably the last thing in the world he wanted to do with his Friday evening, but Jill, unfortunately, had other ideas. After a disapproving look at his outfit mid-morning, which was similar to the previous day attire, a knee-length pencil skirt and long sleeve blouse, Tommy tried to avoid her for the rest of the day. It was an hour before the office closed for the week when she approached him and she didn't look happy, "Tammy, I thought I told you to show a little more skin in the office, you won't get anywhere dressing so conservatively, and I hope you've brought a change of clothes for later"?

Tommy felt nervous in her presence but tried to not to let it show, "yeah, about that, I'm not going to be able to make it out later", he replied.

"Oh no you don't, the girls and I are looking forward to getting to know you, so unless someone has died, you're coming end of story". Jill said forcefully.

"I really appreciate the offer Jill but going out drinking is not really my thing", Tommy lied.

"Come now Tammy, you expect me to believe that a pretty young thing like you, with your bleached blonde barbie girl look, flirty lashes, and those pouty lips, doesn't like a night out, ha. Now listen, I'm trying to help you here, but if you don't want to be my friend, I can make life very difficult for you here, one word to Miss Terry and you won't be back here next week, is that what you want"? Jill said now looking angry.

Tommy looked worried, being a secretary was not exactly his dream job, but he needed the money to be able to save enough to get away from his crazy sisters, "No, I..., I..., need this job, of course, I want to be your friend", he replied through gritted teeth.

Jill smiled, "Great, so what will it be? Are you coming out tonight"?

"Yes, I'll come", Tommy said as he lowered his head in defeat, "but I didn't bring anything to wear".

"Don't you worry about that blondie, I'm sure we can find you something, meet us in the toilets after closing, the girls all get ready together, no one can ever decide what to wear so there should be some spare outfits that will suit you". And with that Jill, turned and sauntered away on her heels, leaving Tommy feeling like he had just been hit by a truck.

Later that evening

"Come on Tam Tam, stop pouting and hurry up will you", Jill shouted from in front of him.

Tommy looked up at Jill intimidating presence, stood on the other side of the road, he couldn't help being impressed the way she glided around in her tall stiletto boot, like she was wearing trainers. He regretted not being stronger earlier, why hadn't he made up an excuse, a family emergency, or a medical appointment, instead he had met jill after closing, and for the next hour paraded around trying on skimpy dressed and revealing outfits, until the girls seemed satisfied, with the little black dress he currently wore.

Studying Jill's outfit, he couldn't understand how she wasn't cold, she was wearing a black leather top that showed off a ridiculous amount of cleavage, a black denim skirt and no coat. Tommy shivered just looking at her stood there waiting for him and wondered what she had planned for them that evening.



Tommy pouted, frustrated and uncomfortable as he tried to balance on his ridiculously tall sparkly pumps, they had only been out for two hours and having been dragged along to three separate bars already, his feet were absolutely killing him, “coming”, he shouted back realising the other girls were now almost out of sight as Jill was the only one who had stopped to wait for him.

He lifted the top of his warm fur coat back over his shoulder having fallen down as he adjusted his bra strap, which was pushing his fake bosom together giving him an impressive cleavage but also rubbing against his shoulder painfully. He felt much warmer as he felt the fur wrap once again around his body, concealing his little black dress and its indecently short skirt, so short the tops of his patterned stockings were constantly on show as the hem of the tiny minidress kept riding up his legs with every tiny mincing step he took.



Feeling utterly uncomfortable out in the city dressed like some blonde bimbo looking to get laid, he took a deep breath and trotted over to join Jill.

Their destination was a rather swanky wine bar full of people dressed in expensive clothes with money to burn. After dropping off their coats, Tommy led by Jill arrived at the bar and picked up a cocktail menu,

with his long acrylic nails, flicked through the first few pages and was astonished by the prices, "Jill, I can't afford this place, I only got a few pounds in my purse.

"Oh, Tam Tam, you're so funny, girls dressed like us don't buy our own drink, you have so much to learn, ok, lesson time, watch", Jill said scanning the room.

Tommy looked on in amazement as Jill, took a step to her left, stumbled and fell into a smartly dressed young man stood by the bar, "oh, I'm so sorry, it's these new shoes", she said, slowly running her hand across the young man's chest, batting her eyelashes seductively and lifting one leg up to give him a view of her tall platform heels.

The man smiled, "It's no problem, and yeah I can see walking being a problem in those, they sure are high, but you look fabulous in them, my name's Connor", the man said looking down at her sexy legs.

"Jill, nice to meet you Connor, yeah I'm still getting used to the height, but my friend Tammy here convinced me to wear them, she's a bit of a pro having trained as a dancer for years, you should see how flexible she is, Tammy come and meet Connor and show him your shoes". Jill said as she turned to the stunned looking Tommy.

Tommy tottered up closer to Jill and lifted one leg just like Jill had done moments earlier feeling completely emasculated showing off his sparkly party shoes.

Connor leaned over to take a look, starting at his feet, and slowly scanning upwards before his eyes stopped staring at his cleavage. "Nice to meet you Tammy, don't you look stunning tonight"?

Tommy blushed thanking Connor for the compliment as Jill once again took the lead, so what do you boys do"? she said looking over at the three other men in Connor's group standing by the bar.

"We're footballers", Connor answer proudly.

"Wow, that's amazing, I've never met a famous person before", Jill said lying.

"We're out celebrating, that's Keano on the end, Adi in the middle and this here's Dom", Connor said introducing the group and putting his arm around the man to his left", Dom's going to be the next big star, he just made his debut for the team today and scored a worldie".

The group looked over smiling again making Tommy uncomfortable the way they were looking at him, as the barman popped up, "so, who's next he said"?

Connor obviously the dominant member of the group took the lead, "four bottles of pale ale and whatever these lovely ladies would like". He said to the barman and smiling at Jill.

Jill thanked him and called over the rest of the girls, ordered a round of fancy cocktails and gave Tommy a knowing look, he had to hand it to her, as manipulative and brassy as she was, she knew what she wanted and how to get it.

As the group mingled, Dom approached Tommy and they started talking, Dom was easy to talk to and as soon as Dom found out Tommy knew his stuff when it came to football, they chatted away like old friends as the drinks flowed and the hours past.

Two hours later, tipsy and having learnt all about how disciplined a footballer had to be to make it to the top of the game, Tommy found himself sat on a sofa sandwiched between Dom and Adi as he felt a hand place itself on his upper leg, suddenly snapping out of his drunken stupor he felt Dom's strong fingers caressing his inner thigh and playing with one of his stocking tops.

Looking down he saw both of his stocking tops exposed as his silky dress had ridden up almost to the point of flashing his silky panties to the whole bar, panicked he tried to move the hand away, but just ended up holding Dom's hand instead as he was too weak to remove it from its position between his legs. "err..., Dom where's Jill"? he asked.

Relax babe, she went off with Connor a while back, but I'm here, I'll look after you", he said bringing his other hand up and running it through Tommy's long platinum hair.

"What? She left, what about the other girls, I was with"? He replied, trying to shuffle back but unable to move, sandwiched between the two men.

"No idea babe, gone too I think, god you're sexy", the drunken footballer said, leaning in and pressing his lips against Tommy's.

In a state of shock, Tommy opened his eyes wide and looked at the stupid face Dom was pulling as he felt the man's tongue slip into his mouth, "Get the fuck off me", Tommy yelled, pulling away and raking his nails across Dom's face, drawing blood from his cheek.

"Ow! What the fuck? you bitch", Dom screamed pulling away sharply, rubbing his hand along his face, leaving a few spots of blood in his fingers, "Oh fuck no, my face, I've got a shaving commercial on Monday, my agent is going to kill me", he said angrily.

Tommy leapt to his feet, stumbled on his heels, and fell into a group of people, who didn't seem too happy to have a drunken blonde ploughed into them, spilling their drinks all over the floor, "sorry, sorry", Tommy muttered as he regained his footing and located the exit which he then ran towards it as fast as his 6-inch platforms would allow.

He was two streets away and completely exhausted by the time he stopped running, he leaned on a wall to catch his breath only to realise he was now alone in the centre of the city, without his coat. He ran his fingers through his hair and brought his hands down to cover his face, "fuck", he screamed as he felt goosebumps appear on his exposed arms and shoulders, and looked down at his towering heels, which would make it impossible to walk home on.

He felt like crying as he slumped against the wall, how had he ended up here? Why was everyone trying to ruin his life?

He was startled by a voice, "Hi, are you ok"? One of the women asked concerned. Tommy looked up to see two women looking at him, who had stopped seeing a young lady in distress.

"No", Tommy replied in a small sad voice.

"Oh, it's ok sweetie, can we do anything for you? Do you want us to call the police"?

"No, Tommy announced quite forcefully, the last thing he needed was to explain the situation he was into the police, "sorry, I don't need the police, I've just had a bad night".

"Ok, but can we call someone for you, maybe your parents"?

Tommy looked down seeing his handbag somehow still hanging on his arm, "thank you but I have my phone, I'll be ok".

"Ok, you take care of yourself though, it's like minus two out here tonight you're going to freeze to death without a coat", the woman said before walking away with her friend down the street, looking back occasionally to see if he was ok.

Shivering Tommy, fumbled with the zip of his handbag, cursing his long nails, not for the first time before managing to grip the zipper between the nail protruding from his thumb and index fingers, he located his phone, unlocked it, and then froze. Who was he going to call? He couldn't call his sisters, he would never hear the end of it, that only left only him with two options, Henry, or Maddison.

## Chapter 20

Tommy descended the stairs the next morning, in the short nighty Maddison had lent him, and entered the living room.

Maddison who was sat on the sofa watching TV, looked up, “good morning Tammy, how did you sleep”? she asked.

Tommy gave her a little smile, “Ok, I guess, thanks for letting me stay over last night”.

“Any time, do you want some breakfast”? Maddison said cheerfully.

“No, I’m not hungry”, Tommy replied sadly.

Maddison changed position on the sofa, seeing him upset and patted the cushion to her left, “come and sit with for a minute”.

Tommy slowly made his way across the room, folded the flimsy skirt of the nighty beneath him and sat next to her, folding his smooth legs beneath him.

Maddison gently pulled his shoulders back, leaning his back against her, and started running her fingers through his hair, “so, are you going to tell me what happened last night, you hardly spoke a word to me after I picked you up, I was really worried”.

Her fingers raking through his long locks felt comforting, and as she started plaiting his hair, Tommy told her the story of how he had been dragged out by Jill, how he had ended up with Dom, and how vulnerable and stupid he had felt.

After listening patiently Maddison was outraged, “what she just left you there”?

“Yeah, I didn’t know what to do”?

“That’s awful, she sounds like a terrible person, why did you go out with her”?

“I had no, choice, she said she would get me fired if I didn’t go”.

“And what, you love the job that much”?

“No, I..., I..., I need the money”, Tommy stuttered.

“For what”?

“I need to get away from my sisters, they are controlling my life, they choose what I do and what I wear, I can’t take it anymore”.

“I’m sorry, Tam, I had no idea, so because you’ve been brave enough to admit to the world who you really are, they’ve been forcing you to become some caricature of woman, what the hell? That’s not right”, Maddison said now angry.

“Well, it’s not quite like that”, Tommy backpeddled.

“Well, what is it like then Tam? I’m confused”, Maddison replied.

Tommy thought about telling her the truth again, how he didn’t want to be a woman at all but remembered her reaction the first time, and how she probably wouldn’t believe him this time either, it was hard to believe looking so girly, sat in her lap, wearing one of her skimpy nighties, and having his platinum blonde hair plaited. So, he did what he had done a lot lately, he lied. “It’s not that bad, I think they’re trying to help in their own way, I’m probably just being over-emotional after last night, they did take me in after mum abandoned me, I guess, we just don’t find it easy to live together”.

“Well, don’t let them push you around or they’ll have me to answer to”, Maddison said now looking at him, and then giggling.

“Thanks, Maddy, I’m sorry”, Tommy replied, looking up at her, thinking about how kind she had been to him, and how he had known her for years and never bothered to get to know her, feeling ashamed of all the years he had spent late at night fantasizing about her, treating her in his mind, no different to how Dom had treated him the night before.

“What are you sorry about”? she replied.

“Sorry, I didn’t get to know you properly years ago, you’re a really nice person”.

Maddison blushed, “so are you Tam, but at least we found each other now, I get the feeling we are going to be best friends forever”, she said wrapping her arms around Tommy and hugging him tightly.

Four hours later, after an afternoon of sitting around and watching cheesy movies, Tommy walked back into the living room after going to get changed.

“So, you found something to wear then”? she said looking at him oddly.

“What? is something wrong?”, Tommy replied, noticing the way she was looking at him.

“No, sorry, I just can’t get over how different you look these days, in a good way though, I mean, that’s my favourite skirt and you look better in it than me”.



“Oh sorry, I didn’t realise”, Tommy blurted out, running his hands down the side of the black and white pleated mini skirt he was now wearing, “I just found it on the side along with this pink jumper, I didn’t want to go rifling through all your things, I can change if you want”?

“No, it looks great on you, you borrow it, that’s what girlfriends do, right”?

“Er... ok, thanks”, he replied now feeling a bit awkward, regretting not looking a bit more for a pair of jeans or some sweatpants.

“Why are you wearing heels”? Maddison asked looking down at his feet.

Tommy lied again, “I just don’t feel right in flats these days”, he said embarrassed looking down at the high wedge shoes on his feet, probably a size too small and squashing his toes. In reality, he would have liked nothing better than to put on a pair of trainers, but he knew if his sisters saw him breaking one of the rules, they had enforced, his next pick would be two forfeits instead of just one, and that was something he definitely didn’t want to do.

Maddison smiled, “you know, I was shocked when I first saw you that day at the shopping centre but looking at you now, I can’t believe I didn’t see it before, I think you might be more girly than me, I’m so happy you were brave enough to show the world the real you”, she said approaching him and giving him a little peck on the cheek, “ok, let me grab us some coats and I’ll drive you home”, she added as she skipped by and out of the room, leaving Tommy to look at his feminized reflection in the mirror on the wall, wondering if she might be right, the face looking back at him didn’t belong to a man, it looked so feminine and pretty, and the worst part was, apart from a little lip gloss, he wasn’t even wearing any makeup.

“Are you ready”? Maddison asked arriving back with the coats, surprising him and causing him to quickly turn around, “ready”, he said as he grinned awkwardly.

Back home that evening, he tried to avoid his sisters, but they had other ideas, it was around 9ish when they knocked on his bedroom door before letting themselves in.

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

“Really, I didn’t know you cared”, Tommy replied sharply.

“Of course, we care, we’re family, now where were you, you didn’t even call to say you were staying out”, Monica said with a sad expression, stepping out from behind Sarah.

“I don’t want to talk about it”, Tommy spat back”, If you really care, why is she holding that hat”?

Sarah’s expression changed, fine be like that, you know why I’m holding this, it’s time to pay rent, have you got it”?

“You know I don’t”, Tommy said annoyed, it would be a few more weeks yet until his next paycheck came through and Sarah knew this.

“That’s what I thought, time to pick a forfeit then”, Sarah said stepping over and holding out the hat.

Tommy resigned to his fate, reached out but then stopped, his long red nails dangling over above the hat and shining in the light, “there are only two papers inside”, he said surprised.

“Well, after you stayed out last night and worried us sick, we’ve decided to give you two very special options this week, one written by each of us”, Sarah said with a little grin, she then reached in and unfolded the first paper, reading it allowed, “Servant for a week, that one’s mine”, she said smugly, “ if you pick that one, you’ll be waiting on us hand and foot all week, doing all the work around the house for once”.

As Tommy looked on stunned, Sarah once again reached into the hat and unfolded the second paper before bursting out laughing, “Princess for a week”, she read trying to keep a straight face, “that one’s

Monica's of course, I don't know what she wants from you, but I guess she just wants to see you dressed you up like a princess, so which one will it be Tammy"?

## **Chapter 21**

It had been a miserable day, not in just in terms of weather, being an icy cold, windy, January day, but mood wise Tommy was fed up. Having chosen Monica's option, not wanting to give Sarah the satisfaction of being her servant all week, Tommy woke up to find an outfit laid out for him, and after a quick glance at the girly clothes he was expected to wear that day, hanging from his wardrobe door, he wasn't sure he had made the right decision.

He walked over to the eye-catching outfit and took a closer look, horrified by the thought of having to wear it and leave the house where people would see him. He reached out and touched the frilly skirt, feeling the soft light weight fabric, for most eighteen-year-old boys, the thought of wearing a skirt, like the one Tommy currently held between his long acrylic nails, out in public would be their worst nightmare, not to mention the strappy low cut top or the thigh high boots, with their tall stiletto heels, but by now Tommy was almost used to wearing such clothes, the part that sickened him to his stomach was the colour, the whole outfit was girly girl pink, the most feminine of colours and a colour he hated.

He took a long shower, trying not to think about what his sisters had planned for him that day and enjoying the feeling of the warm water against his skin. Re-entering his bedroom, he found Monica was sat on his bed waiting for him, "Morning Tammy, how did you sleep"? she asked cheerfully.

"Yeah, just great", Tommy mumbled sarcastically, annoyed at the stupid question.

"Oh, don't be like that, remember you chose to be my princess for the week, and now that it's happening, you can either spend the day miserable, piss off Sarah and make things harder on yourself or you can put a smile on your face, like a proper princess, and try to have some fun with it".

Tommy sighed, too worn out to fight with her, "Ok, Mon, I'll try", he said as he forced a little smile on his lips.

"That a girl, now come sit over here and I'll do you hair and makeup", she said cheerfully, moving over towards the vanity. Tommy trudged over and sat down, "I'll be out of this crazy house soon", he thought to himself, "just got to tough it out a little while longer".

A few hours later after a rather humiliating bus ride into the city, Tommy arrived at a soul-destroying destination, a hair salon. He followed his sisters in as the bell on the door rung out, announcing their arrival, prompting all the people in the room to turn and look and all the free stylists to rush over and greet them, they seemed to be expecting him, and made a big fuss over his outfit, asking him to spin around and pose, using words like words precious, dainty and beautiful to describe him, it was actually a relief when he was finally allowed to move over to the stylist chair allowing everyone else went back to what they were doing. With his head in the sink, and the relaxing feeling of the stylist running her fingers along the top of his scalp, Tommy listened on as his sisters and the stylist discussed what was to be his new look.

"So, what are we thinking today"? asked the stylist.

"What do you think Monica? What look do you have in mind for her"? Sarah asked.

"hmm..., I don't know, she already has such beautiful hair, can I just leave it up to you"? Monica said directing her question towards the stylist, "just make her pretty something that'll match her outfit, can you do that"?

The stylist smiled, "Oh I'm sure I can come up with something", she replied, as Tommy got a sinking feeling in his stomach.

“Look mommy, that lady looks so pretty, just like one of my dollies”, said a passing little girl, holding her mother’s hand.

“Come on Jessie, let’s not bother the woman, “replied her mother”, dragging her daughter past and giving Tommy a look of disgust.

Tommy hung his head in shame, ever since he left the salon, he had been the centre of attention as everyone he past stopped to stare or comment, but who could blame them, he would have starred himself, if he had seen a girl dressed like he was, dressed completely in bright pink, a stark contrast to all the other people in their dark wintery clothes, her boobs half hanging out, and trying to awkwardly to navigate across the uneven cobblestones in a pair of tall spiky hooker boots. He didn’t want to think about what he now looked like, even though the memory of seeing himself in the mirror earlier as the stylist relieved his new look, would be etched in his memory forever.

Earlier in the salon when she had removed the long extensions from his hair, for a brief moment, he had actually been happy, thinking about all the hours he had wasted washing and styling the long fake hair and how much easier it would be from now on, but those thoughts were shattered when he came face to face with his new look.

If he hadn’t already felt ridiculous parading around in his Barbie pink outfit, he now had the hair to match. He could still see the image of the of himself in the mirror, his pouty pink lips open in shock, long bubble-gum pink nails holding the side of his face, and his heavily made-up eyes wide open, staring at the pastel pink and blonde colours dyed into his real hair making him look like someone out of a pop video.

“Stop pouting Tammy, and hurry up will you”, Sarah said having stopped in front of him and getting impatient due to the cold wind.

“Sarah, please, everyone is staring at me, I feel ridiculous”, Tommy answered.

“People are only looking because you look so fabulous, try smiling a little, it looks odd for a girl dressed like you to look so miserable”.

“Smile, are you serious, look at me”? Tommy said raising his voice.

“Oooo, calm down you little diva, don’t get your panties in a bunch, or should I say thong”, she replied, bursting out laughing.

Tommy wanted to explode in anger but noticing the people who had stopped to look at his sudden outburst, including the mother and her daughter, from earlier who had stopped to look, he decided it wasn’t the time or the place for a full-on argument.



Tommy took a deep breath to calm himself, “Sarah, can we please just go home”? he pleaded in a quiet voice, utterly fed up and shivering as a cold gust of wind attacked his upper legs though his pink tights.

“Not, yet princess, we aren’t done, so pull yourself together and move that cute little butt of yours”.

## Chapter 22

Tommy couldn't decide what was worse, the looks he was getting from the men, lusting over him or the women giving him evils, as he made his way into work on the crowded bus. He definitely stood out amongst the other commuters dressed one of the outfits, his sisters had picked out and purchased for him the night before, as he was dragged from shop to shop, losing count of how many skirts and dresses he was forced to try on, and all of them in different shades of pink.

It seemed for this week at least, he would need to get used to seeing himself dressed head to toe in his most hated colour, which along with his lilac hair, was the reason he now stood out in a bus of black and grey outfits.

Watching the rain, pound against the window, Tommy noticed a woman staring at him out of the corner of his eye, but when he looked over, she quickly looked away. He looked down at the woman sat on her aisle seat in her comfy looking outfit, and wished he were dressed like her. He imagined how nice it would be to blend in with the rest of the people on the bus, and how warm his legs would feel inside a pair of pants like hers, rather than the tight restrictive leather skirt encircling his legs.

The bus hit a bump in the road, send Tommy stumbling, despite holding on to the handrail for dear life. looking down past his fake breasts, obscuring his view, he tried to desperately to steady his feet teetering atop his patent pink pumps, unable to open his legs wide enough to balance.

Just before he fell, he felt a strong pair of hands wrap around his tiny waist through his furry pink coat, having avoided the tumble, Tommy looked up to see a young man grinning from ear to ear, "thank you, "Tommy said shyly", but you can let me go now", "Perhaps I better hold on to you eh, just in case you fall again", the man replied rubbing his thumb along the side of his waist. "Hey, leave her alone dick", came a loud angry voice, it was the woman who had been looking at him earlier, she had left her seat and was now standing to Tommy's right. The man let go of him and moved away a little, embarrassed having been shouted at, "miss, please take my seat, it can't be easy to stand in those pretty shoes". With the whole bus now watching and completely humiliated, Tommy thanked the woman and tottered carefully over to the empty seat, he sat down, lowered his head, and started playing with his nails and the hem of his skirt, not wanting to look up to see if everyone was still looking.

Arriving at the office, wet and miserable, he listened as everyone complimented his hair and outfit before getting stuck into his morning tasks to take his mind off things. After a few hours of typing out emails and arranging some appointments for Mr Hopkins and feeling much better, Tommy headed into the break room to make himself a mid-morning coffee, unfortunately for him, his timing couldn't have been worse as he found himself alone with the last person he wanted to speak to.

"Well, don't you look precious today, that hair colour looks great on you, but that skirt is still a little long for my liking", announced Jill stood by the coffee machine.

"Save it, Jill, I'm not in the mood", Tommy said stopping in the centre of the room.

"Well, isn't someone acting like a little bitch today, what's your problem? You've been giving off a funny vibe all day".

"Can you blame me after what you did"? Tommy said angrily.

Jill looked surprised, "And what exactly have I done"? she asked.

"On Friday, you just left me with that creep".

"left you!" Jill exclaimed, "I'm not your mother Tammy, I assumed you could look after yourself, what was I supposed to do turn down a hunk like Connor to babysit you all night, and I have to say you looked rather cosy with Dom when I left".

“I was drunk, I didn’t know what I was doing”, Tommy said quietly, wanting to believe he hadn’t enjoyed some of the attention”.

“Come on, nothing bad happened, Dom’s just a typical man, he had a few too many to drink and tried it on with a pretty girl, and besides, I hear you left your mark on him literally”.

“So, you heard about that”? Tommy asked, remembering the scratch he had given him, thanks to his claw-like nails.

“Ha, he called up Connor, just when things were getting steamy, I could hear him whining down the phone like a little girl, you can do much better than someone like him Tammy, you deserve a real man, you leave it to Jill, I’ll find you Mr right”, she said smugly.

The thought of being intimate with a man send a shiver down Tommy’s spine as he shuffled his feet and felt the leather of his skirt compress his nylon covered thighs tightly.



Jill looked over at the timid looking girl in front of her, dressed entirely in pink, “listen, Tammy, I want to help you out, you’ve been doing a good job around here and the girls all seem to like you, it would be a real shame to lose you on Wednesday when Karen returns from her vacation, but you know, there could be a way to get you a permanent job here”.

Tommy thought about what she said, it would be nice not having to go back to the temp office again, and the money was surprisingly good, but he had a feeling there would be a catch, like he was signing his soul over to the devil, “Really? Why would you want to help me”? he asked curiously.

Jill smiled once again, “I like you Tammy, you remind me of myself at your age, just a bit more naïve about how the world works, anyhoo, if you want my help come into work tomorrow dressed to impress, I want to

see you in a skirt you're afraid to bend over wearing, and a cute top that shows a lot more cleavage, we need to charm Mr Hopkins".

## **Chapter 23**

Back home that evening, Tommy was sat watching television in his room, when Monica knocked gently on the open door and stepped in, "can I come in"? She asked.

"Sure, take a seat", Tommy sullenly answered, gesturing for her to sit on the bed.

Monica walked over and sat beside him, "so, how was work today"? She asked.

"OK, I guess, apart from, you know everyone thinking I'm a girl, who loves the colour pink", Tommy said sarcastically.

"I know this seems a bit excessive, you know, it started as a way to motivate you to get off your bum and do something with your life, but you know Sarah, always taking things to the extreme".

"Extreme! Monica, I'm unrecognizable, look at me!", Tommy exclaimed.

"I know, I know, things have perhaps got a bit out of hand, I'll try to talk to her, see if I can get her to give you a break to sort things out, but you know, you do look really cute at the moment, and I know some part of you likes being Tammy".

"What? No way", Tommy said shocked, "I'm a man, men don't like pretending to be girls".

"Some do, probably more than you think, come on I've seen the way you look at yourself in the mirror when you think no one is looking, are you telling me there nothing about being Tammy you don't like"?

"Well,", Tommy thought", I guess some parts aren't too bad" he replied, suddenly feeling embarrassed admitting it out loud, "but the heels, and the nails, and all this pink, it's too much".

"I knew it, there no need to be embarrassed, it's completely normal to be curious about how the other gender live, and now you've experienced it first-hand, you've even seen what it's like for a woman in the workplace, not many men get an opportunity like that", Monica said smiling.

"Well not for much longer" Tommy replied lowering his head.

Monica looked concerned, "why, what happened"?

"Nothing happened, it's just the job was only temporary, tomorrow is my last day, well unless I go to work dressed like a slut".

Monica looked confused, "A slut? What do you mean"?

Tommy spoke about the conversation with Jill earlier and what she had said, as Monica listened intently. When he finished, she went quiet thinking for a moment before turning back to face him, "do you like the job"? she asked.

"kind of, it's easy work and everyone there is really nice", Tommy answered honestly, "and I really don't fancy going back to the temp office and start looking all over again".

Monica smiled, "Ok, leave it to me, set your alarm an hour earlier tomorrow, let's see what we can do".

The next afternoon, Tommy stood in the centre of a large conference room of a 5-star luxury hotel with a nervous smile plastered on his face. His outfit that day was rather revealing, a short A-line pink miniskirt resting high on his nylon covered thighs, just long enough to be acceptable work attire, and a flowery pastel purple silk blouse that matched his hair colour perfectly, which looked twice it's normal volume thanks to Monica blow drying it that morning.

He wasn't a massive fan of the outfit she had chosen but he knew it could have been worse as he stood teetering on the sky-high pumps, laced tightly around his ankles. Monica being Monica, had, of course, chosen extremely girly items for the day, all bright colours and made from a delicate silky material. But surprisingly, it wasn't the tight girly outfit clinging to his body that was making him feel the most uncomfortable that day, that was down to the gift Monica had surprised him with that morning.

He wasn't sure what was going on when she had asked him to remove his breast forms, but it felt good to remove them, if just for a moment, as Monica stuck her hand in a bag and pulled it out to reveal, a stretchy flesh coloured item with two huge realistic breasts attached to it. She called it a breastplate and said Sarah had bought it a few days ago off the internet and had been thinking up a way to get him to wear it.

It was a struggle to get it on as Monica helped him wriggle his upper body through the tight head and armholes, and once in place, he felt the difference immediately, these new breasts looked incredibly realistic and after a touch of makeup, the high neck seem became completely invisible. They were also heavier than the last pair, he had just gotten used to, and really distracting as they jiggled about almost uncontrollably whenever he moved.

"Tammy, our guests will be here in just a second, can you call down to reception and ask for a pitcher of water for the table, please"?



"Yes, Mr Hopkins, of course", Tommy replied, before strutting over to the phone on the other side of the room, his body jiggling and gyrating as he felt Mr Hopkin's eyes staring at his backside the whole time.

A few minutes later the business meeting started as two men arrived in suits, Tommy welcomed them at the door and walked them over to where Mr Hopkins sat on the sofa, he then carefully sat down in his short skirt, folder one shiny leg over the other at mid-thigh, and for the next hour sat there taking the occasional note, when asked, and feeling bored as the men discussed a business deal. he didn't show his boredom though, he sat up straight smiled, pushed out his enhanced chest, and bounced his leg in a seductive way just like Jill had told him. It was all part of her plan, she was the one supposed to be there in the meeting that day, but having pretended to feel unwell, she had arranged for Tommy to take her place.

With the meeting ending in success, with the men all shaking hands having come to an arrangement, Tommy showed the men out, closed the door and was suddenly alone with Mr Hopkins.

"Thank you, Tammy, that went really well, I think Mr Patel really took a liking to you", Mr Hopkins said, making Tommy blush a little remembering the way the man had stared at his legs throughout the meeting", come over here and sit down for a minute, I want to talk to you".

Mr Hopkins didn't take his eyes off the feminised boy as Tommy glided across the leopard carpet, before once again arranging himself elegantly on the sofa next to him, "So, Jill tells me it's your last day today, it really would be a shame to lose you, do you like working here at Cohen and Weinstein"?

"Oh, yes sir, I love it here", Tommy replied batting his eyelashes seductively, not sure if he was doing the right thing and feeling slightly ridiculous.

"That's great to hear, this company needs bright, ambitious, and might I add beautiful, young women like you, "Mr Hopkins replied, as his hand slapped down onto Tommy's exposed thigh and gave it a little squeeze through his thin tights, "you come in tomorrow morning and we'll find a permanent position for you with us, don't worry about the details, for now, we'll get you a contract made up ready for next week", he said as he smiled and got to his feet, "I get the feeling you and I are going to be a great team, Miss Jenkins".

Back home, like he did most evenings, Tommy called Maddison to chat about his day.

"My god, he didn't? What a perv", Maddison exclaimed.

"It wasn't that bad, he seems like a nice guy", Tommy replied.

"Oh my god" Have you got a crush on your boss"? Maddison said excitedly.

"Eww, no way, he's like forty or something, I'm just grateful he's giving me a job, it's my way out Maddy, all I have to do is work there for a few months save up a bit of money, then I can quit, move out of here and start over".

"Sounds like a plan, but what are you going to do about your ID"? Maddison asked.

"ID? What do you mean"? Tommy asked confused.

"Well, you mentioned a contract, right? You were there with the temp agency before, so they probably didn't care, but now you're going to work for them, they'll want to see an ID for sure, are you going to show them your passport that says Tommy Jenkins and has a picture that looks nothing like your current self"?

"Oh, shit, I didn't think of that, I'm screwed", Tommy groaned, his hope of making some money crumbling away before his eyes.

"Hang on a sec Ok, I'll call you back in a minute", Maddison said before hanging up.

Tommy sat around in deep thought until 20 minutes later, his phone rang, he clumsily answered it, despite his long nails making pressing where he wanted, on the touch screen a chore.

"Ok, I've done some research", Maddison said.

“Research”? Tommy asked, “should I be worried”?

“Ha, well, in my opinion, you’ve got two choices, you can tell the truth, say you’re transgendered, they’ll have to hire you, there are discrimination laws about that kind of thing”.

“What’s the second option”? Tommy asked not liking the sound of everyone in the office knowing he was really a man.

“Well, I went on to the government website, and as it turns out, it’s not that difficult to change your name and even gender, you can do something called an unenrolled deed poll, all you need to do is write out a few sentences denouncing your old name and choosing a new one, get two people to sign and witness it, and it’s done, you can then apply for a new passport, if we say it’s needed urgently for work, we can get it processed in a few days, what do you think?”.

Tommy had listened stunned as Maddison fired off the information, was it really that easy? And more to the point did he really want to legally change his name?

## **Chapter 24**

Friday evening, Tammy stood alone in his room gazed at his reflection in the full-length mirror on the wall, the feminized image was a shadow of his former self and definitely didn’t look like a Tommy. He was still trying to get his head around the fact that from now on, he would need to get used to thinking of himself as Tammy as the piece of paper, in the top draw of his bed side cabinet made it official. He still didn’t know how it was possible to just sign a piece of paper and legally change your name but having looked it up on the government website, it seemed legit.

The words on the paper echoed through his mind as he stood in front of the mirror pouting, “I Thomas Edward Jenkins of Flat 7, Harker’s Close, London, SE16 7HT, have given up my old name and have adopted for all purposes the name Tamsin Emilia Jenkins”, it was signed and dated by Maddison and Monica who were more than happy to help, and having gone out the previous evening to get his picture taken, a new passport would be with him within a few days, identifying him as Tamsin Emilia Jenkins, the person in the picture would have girly lilac pink hair to match his new girly name.

“Was this to be his life from now on”? he thought, as he looked around his recently, pink decorated room, “could he live as Tamsin Emilia Jenkins? Who was she”? He looked back at the pretty girl in the mirror as Tamsin, not Tommy looked back at him.

Staring down at the towering pink pumps strapped to his feet, he had been wearing all day, running all over the office completing tasks for Mr Hopkins, he realised his feet and legs were not as sore as they had been a few weeks ago after a day of work, there was still a dull ache, but nothing like the pain he had experienced when he started living his daily life in 6-inch heels.

He scanning up past his bright pink pumps and scanned up the length of his smooth toned legs, admiring how sexy they looked encased in a pair of sheer pink tights, before realising what he was thinking, feeling slightly ashamed.

His eyes continued up his body reaching the hem of his satin pink dress, flared out and resting gently high on his pink tinted thighs. The dress itself was decorated with butterflies, its tapered waist giving him a nice hourglass figure, and its low-cut emphasising his fake breasts, making them look spectacular.

Lastly his gaze fell upon his brightly made-up face, he blinked as his extended eyelashes, which he knew would need to be topped up soon, wafted the air sending in down in a gently breeze towards his pouty pink lips. His mind thought ahead to the Instagram he would be making later that evening; he didn’t really want to do anything special that evening and was glad to see his makeup still looking presentable 15 hours after he had painstakingly applied it.



So much had changed in the last few months, it was hard to comprehend. He thought back to a time where he used to just hang around all day playing computer games. He thought about how the person, he was back then, would have reacted, seeing what he could now see in the mirror, and imagined his reaction. If he could go back and tell his past self, that in a few short months, he would end up with the outward appearance of an extremely feminine girly girl, having just returned from a day in the city working as a secretary, where he had endured the lustful stares of almost every man he met, the old Tommy would have freaked out.

The strange thing, however, was that the stares or even the feminine outfits didn't really bother Tammy that much anymore, he was now accustomed, if still not completely comfortable, wearing short skirts and sky-high heels, over the weeks of being forced to dress like that, his body and his thought had adjusted.

There was also some part of him, a part he was still coming to terms with, that quite liked the attention he got when he dressed up all sexy. All his life he had been a bit of a loner, having only a few close friends, no one ever really paid him much attention as Tommy Edward Jenkins but as Tamsin Emilia Jenkins, it was the polar opposite, everyone he met wanted to talk to him and get to know him, and it felt a little exciting.

Tommy's eyes were drawn back to his giant fake breasts, still shocked every time he saw them, that someone had designed a product like them and actually made their living by selling them, they looked so realistic as he had gathered from all the stares that day. Bringing up his right hand, he gently cupped his left breast, watching in the mirror as the girl with the long pink nails gave it a slight squeeze. He felt nothing of course, but for a moment he wondered, what it would feel like to actually have breasts, what would they feel like to touch?

“Am I interrupting something”? Sarah said grinning, stood in the bedroom doorway.

Tommy quickly removed his hand and looked down in embarrassment, “err... no, I was just... err... what do you want Sarah”? he asked annoyed.

“Still acting like a little bitch, I see? Or perhaps you’ve always been a little diva just waiting to get out”.

“Sorry, I’m just tired, it’s been a long week, and thanks to walking around on these stilts you insist I wear, I’m utterly exhausted”.

“Well, you got yourself into this situation, with your lazy mooching ways, to be honest, I didn’t think you’d turn out so beautiful, and if you think about it, although you may not like some of the changes, you have to admit, your future prospects look a lot rosier now, with that new job of yours”,

“You think I look beautiful”? Tammy asked, looking back towards the mirror, through his long thick lashes, his makeup still looking as perfect as when he painstakingly applied it that morning.

“Beautiful! Come on Tammy, you’re not blind, you’re an absolute knockout, hell I’m a little jealous, you could be a model”.

Tammy just continued to stare at himself in the mirror, a mixture of strange feeling washing over him, shame, pride, embarrassment, guilt, he looked back towards his older sister, “I’m so confused Sarah, why did you do this to me? Do you hate me that much”?

Sarah sighed, “come and sit with me on the bed for a moment Tammy”, she said.

The two made their way over, sat down on opposite sides of the pink satin covers, and after making themselves comfortable, Sarah began, “living with you back at mum’s was vile, you were a horrible brother, you know”? she stated.

“Horrible, that’s a bit strong isn’t it, I’m no saint, but I didn’t exactly have the best of childhoods, with mum coming and going, hell even when she was there, she was just mean and neglectful”.

“That doesn’t give you the right to take your anger out on me and Monica, we went through mum’s shit too, you know? why do you think I got out of that house as soon as I turned eighteen” Sarah said forcefully”, you know I could make you a list of all the awful things you said or did to me back then, but Monica, I guess she was an easy target, right? She got the worst of it, you might have been younger than her, but she’s a sensitive soul, you bullied her to the point of clinical depression, she’s still taking medication to this day, do you realise that”?

Tammy parted his thick lips and looked on at Sarah, stunned at what she was saying, had he really been that awful? sure he played a few pranks on her and called her a few name, but had he really made her life so miserable, he felt terrible, as a feeling of guilt and sadness washed over him, “I’m so sorry”, he mumbled as tears started to form in the corner of his eyes, “I didn’t know any of that”.

“I’m not the one you should apologise to, and you, being oblivious to the feelings of people around you was always the problem, you never think about others or how your actions might affect them”, Sarah shouted.

“I’m sorry”, Tammy repeated”, I’m, going to change, try to be a better person”, he said sincerely.

Sarah’s looked him in the eyes, “I want to believe that’s true, but time will tell, the good news is, there will be no further forfeits, I doubt we could make you look any more precious if we tried, but starting tomorrow, you’re going to make amends for your deeds in the past, starting with the time you turned, what should have been one of the best nights of Monica life into her worst”.

Tammy suddenly felt a little nervous as his palms became sweaty, “what did I do”? He asked quietly.

“Let me jog your memory, we need to go back five years, to a time when an excited Monica, having just finished school was fantasising about attending her senior prom, for once, everything seemed to be

working out for her, she had been invited by a boy she liked, and after working in that awful fish and chip shop, after school and weekends, for months on end to save up enough money, she bought her dream dress. Do I need to tell you how the story ends”? Sarah said glaring at him.

He remembered the night, having done many things in his life he was ashamed of, that day in particular, was one of his biggest regrets, as he sat there angry at himself, he desperately tried to remember, why he had done those things that day, and came up blank, he just felt awful about it.

That day he had spent the afternoon partaking in some underage drinking and playing computer games around at Henry’s house, along with the rest of their gang of friends. And it just so happened that Monica’s date that evening, for the prom, was none other than Henry’s older brother Harry.

He couldn’t remember who came up with the idea, but after logging on to the computer and discovering Harry had left one of his social media accounts logged on, the boys had decided to have a little fun.

They photoshopped a pig’s head on to a picture of Monica and posted it on Harry’s profile, tagged. “Princess piggy, oink, oink. Can you believe this fat pig really thought we were going to the prom together? guess she’s somehow, even more stupid than she is ugly”.

It got worse from there, not content with just posting the picture online, the drunken teens proceeded to print out so many copies, the printer ran out of ink, they then went out and stuck them all around their neighbourhood, and to really rub it in, all over the inside of Monica’s bedroom.

As you can imagine, coming home excited, after an afternoon getting her hair and nails done only to see all the posters plastered around her bedroom, before going online and seeing Harry’s post, broke her heart.

Tammy remembered her running out of the house in tears, never making it to prom, and seeing her again for years after that night, as he found out a few days later, she had moved in with Sarah.

“No please stop, I remember the night, I’m not proud of it”, Tammy said, hanging his head in shame.

“Not proud of it, “Sarah spat”, do you know what little heartbroken Monica did when she left the house? She swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills and washed them down with a bottle of vodka”, Sarah distressed and very emotional reliving the memories, “if she hadn’t have called me, well I don’t want to think about it, luckily, I got her to the hospital in time and they saved her”, she paused again and looked Tammy straight in the eyes, “you asked me earlier, why I hate you? Is it a bit clearer now”?

“Oh my god, I didn’t know any of that Sarah, why didn’t anyone tell me? Please, I have to do something to make this right, I’m not that person anymore, the person who did those awful things disgusts me, I’ve changed, please, I need to find Monica and apologise to her, where is she”?

“She’s out tonight having fun, so leave her be, but don’t worry little sis, you can make it up to her tomorrow, we’ve got a real special day planned for you”.

## **Chapter 25**

As the ear piercingly loud ringing, belted out across his bedroom, a blurry-eyed Tammy, slammed his hand down atop his alarm clock, knocking it clean off the bright pink bedside cabinet.

As he lay in bed, long hair covering his face, a feeling of dread washed over him as he remembered what he would have to do that day. He brushed a strand of lilac hair, that had been tickling his nose, away from his face, got out of bed and went to the bathroom to empty his bladder.

After washing his hands, he looked up at the strange but familiar sight in the bathroom mirror, the full pouty lips, and long thick fluttery lashes, along with the bright coloured long hair screamed girl, but the morning stubble that now covered his face and neck, looked ugly and out of place.

He lathered up his face with shaving foam and picked up a razor, clutching it awkwardly with his long pink nails. He felt conflicted as the razor glided across his face, on one hand, the morning stubble was his only remaining masculine trait, reminding him of who he really was, but on the other, it was tedious having to shave twice a day, and he was constantly worried, especially in the evenings, that a dark shadow beneath his foundation, might give away his real gender.

He thought back to a few weeks ago when had Sarah mentioning laser hair removal, at the time, it had seemed a ludicrous idea, but now looking at his once again clean-shaven, pretty face in the mirror, it didn't seem such a terrible idea. Not having to shave would save him a lot of time each day, and he also wouldn't be constantly worrying, but then again it would be permanent, and in a way felt like committing to living the rest of his life as Tammy.

He looked once more at the girl in the mirror, shaking his head as his eyes fell upon his collagen enhanced lips and thin arched brows, and wondered if he could even look like a man again, and even if he could, after all this time of pretending to be a woman, did he even remember how to behave like one.

After a long relaxing shower, drying his hair and applying a light coating of makeup, he found his sisters in the living room. He made himself a bowl of cereal and joined them on the sofa, "good morning", he said sitting down.

Sarah looked over at him oddly, "someone seems cheery today, I thought you'd be sulking".

"Well, today's not about me, today's for Monica, I want to make it a special day for her", Tammy said sincerely but feeling very apprehensive.

Monica smiled, "really you mean it? I was really looking forward to today and you saying that makes it even better".

"Yeah really, I never realised how awful I was to you growing up, but after Sarah told me the truth, I feel absolutely terrible about it, I'm really sorry", Tammy said looking across at Monica.

"Let's not talk about the past ok? I don't want to think about it, but I forgive you, Tammy, you were thirteen years old when you did all those things, and I can see you've changed since then. It really means a lot to me that you're willing to come out with us tonight, we're going to have so much fun", Monica said clapping her hands together excitedly.

"Yeah, fun", Tammy answered forcing a smile on to his plump lips.

Mid-afternoon sat in a day spa and halfway through having his hair done, Tammy was having the opposite of fun, but he was trying to stay positive, after all it was only one evening and he really did want to make amends for what his past self, had done.

Given a small break from all the beauty treatments he had lost count of, he carefully leaned down to take a drink from the straw, that had been placed in his can of diet coke, just as well because with his hands under the UV lights, currently hardening his new set of acrylics, he had no way of using them.

For the last couple of hours, he had sat watching himself being transformed in the mirror in front of him, his mind racing, wondering what they had planned for him later that evening. One thing he did know, was that he was going to stand out from the crowd, long hair extensions had once again been attached to his head, and if the lilac hair colour hadn't been bad enough, his large mass of hair, now sat tightly in a set of rollers on top of his head, had been dyed bright pink.

The pink theme extended to his makeup, as he looked past his newly extended fluttery lashes at the sparkling silver and pink eyeshadow framing his eyes and making them pop, but he knew his pretty looking eyes wouldn't be the first thing people noticed when they looked at him, as his bright pink lips, instantly drew the eye, looking so inviting and kissable, thanks to another syringe of collagen that had been injected into them a short while ago.

After another hour of preening and primping to make sure he looked absolutely perfect, he was shown into a small room, where his outfit for the evening was waiting for him.

He stopped in his tracks as he saw the long pink flowing dress, hanging from a hook on the far wall, he had expected the princess theme, but there was something strangely familiar about the ultra-feminine dress with its flounciness, just below the knee length skirt decorated with flowers, and its bustier top that closed with a front zip.

The only other things in the room were a pair of thin pink tights, a silky pink thong, and a pair of tall pink high heeled pumps, and what a pair of heels they were. He gulped leaning down picking one of the scary-looking shoes up, looking at it in disgust, he examined the ridiculously tall and probably extremely uncomfortable slip-on pump, comparing it to the almost impossible to walk in shoes he had been given to wear at Maddison's party, and shocked to find these shoes were far taller.

Tammy looked towards the door and had a sudden urge to run, but it was too late for that, leaving wearing only the short robe, the spa had provided, didn't seem very appealing. He reminded himself he was doing this for Monica, so he took a seat on the little bench, and started to manoeuvre his smooth body into the feminine garments. He had just finished dressing when there was a knock on the door, and after a moments pause, the door opened and in came Sarah and Monica, they looked good, more made-up than Tammy had ever seen them, but the thing that struck him first was, all three of them were wearing identical dresses.

"Wow look at you, with all that hair, you look just like a real-life Barbie", Sarah quipped.

"Come on Sarah, can we stop with the comments for one night, please, you were the one who said we should have fun tonight", Tammy replied.

"Yeah, come on Sar, she's being a good sport, can we all just get along for one night", Monica said.

Sarah smiled, "sure, ok, no more comments, tonight we are just three twin sisters out on the town", she said lifting the bottom of her flowing skirt and letting it cascade down around her knees.

"Sarah why are we all dressed the same anyway, well apart from the shoes, of course, those little heels you both are wearing look a lot more comfortable than these monsters", Tammy said trying to turn his foot to indicate his point and wobbling slightly.

Sarah smiled seeing him wobble, "What you don't recognise that dress"? She asked grinning.

"Well, there is something familiar about it", Tammy said. Then it clicked, "no way, it isn't, is it"? he said shocked.

"It is", Sarah answered, "the dress Monica never got to wear to prom all those years ago, I got three replicas made up, so tonight she finally gets to wear it out, and we're going to be there to support her and make sure she has the best night ever.

A few hours later, Tammy found himself stood in an alleyway on the verge of tears. Their venue for the evening had turned out to be a local pub, which Sarah had hired out for the evening trying to recreate a school prom. She had hired a DJ and invited all of Tammy's old classmates from school, and with the promise of a free bar, most of them had turned up.

Initially, he had tried to grin and bear it, feeling completely humiliated as people giggled and commented on his appearance, he even tried not to let it get to him as some of the men, after getting a little drunk, started making advances and got a bit hands-on, but the thing that put him over the edge was the comment by Sarah, telling him that he made such a perfect prom princess, she was going to keep him like that from now on.

As he leaned back on his mass of pink curls against the rough brick wall, shivering in the freezing cold night air, his flimsy dress fluttered around his knees, and his feet screaming in pain. Tommy felt lost and alone.



He closed his eyes and tried to fight the tears, He wanted more than anything to rip off his prom dress and the excruciatingly painful heels, crippling his feet, and run away, but he knew deep down he wouldn't get very far on that cold night and had nowhere to go.

As a tear formed in the corner of his eye, before dropping and slowly rolling down his cheek, Tommy heard the familiar sound of high heel shoes clicking towards him. Opening his eyes, he found Maddison stood in front of him looking beautiful in a short green dress and matching heels, "what are you doing out here silly? You'll freeze to death", she said looking concerned.



"I can't do it anymore Maddy, I can't take it", he said holding back the tears.

Maddison stepped forward hugging him as he started blubbering on her shoulder, "hey, it's ok, tell me what happened"? Maddison asked.

"Everything is so screwed up, I don't even know who I am anymore, I tried to do the right thing, make things right, but Sarah just keeps punishing me".

"What Sarah again? What has she done now"? Maddison asked gripping him tightly.

“She wants me to stay looking like this, like a fucking fairy princess, I feel so ridiculous Maddy, everyone keeps staring and commenting”.

“That bitch, I can’t believe she’s still is treating you like this; I’m going to go in there and give her a piece of my mind”, Maddison said furiously, stepping back.

“No please”, Tammy quickly answered, “It will just make things worse”.

“Well, you can’t keep letting her treat you like this Tam, you’ve got to stand up to her”.

“I’m scared Maddy, what if she kicks me out, where am I going to go? Can you image me on living on the streets looking like this”? Tammy said, waving his hands out over his pretty pink dress.

Maddison stepped forward and wiped a tear from his Tammy’s cheek, surprised to see that his makeup hadn’t run at all, “listen, how about you come and live with me for a while, mum won’t mind, and we can figure out together what type of woman you want to be”?

Tammy looked into her warm pretty eyes and considered what she was saying, moving in with her would mean getting away from Sarah, but also leaving Monica who he was trying to make things right with. It also meant committing to living as Tammy as he had a feeling once he moved in with Maddison, there may be no going back to the boy he once was.

## **Chapter 26**

Wednesday the following week, after a busy morning, trying to re-organise Mr Hopkin’s schedule, so he could free up his afternoon to play golf, Tammy entered the office breakroom to make himself a coffee and take a well-earned 5-minute break. He had barely stepped foot in the door, when he heard her voice, instantly knowing that he was not going to get much of a break after all, “Tammy babe, how are you? It feels like we haven’t seen each other in forever”.

“Oh, hey Jill, I’m doing fine, pretty busy, but fine, how are you? I heard you were feeling a bit ill the last few days”? Tammy asked Jill, who stood over by the coffee machine.

“Oh, I’m feeling much better thanks, just a little tummy bug, all better now, hey, don’t work yourself to death hun, I told you before, work smart, not hard, a little smile here and there, a little flutter of those sexy lashes and you’ll have that boss, taking orders from you”, Jill said pouring herself a coffee, “by the way, did you want me to make you a coffee, while I’m over here”?

Tammy smiled, “eh, yeah sure, a splash of milk, and no sugar please”.

“Coming right up hun, why don’t you take a seat and I’ll bring it over, we can have a little catch-up, I’m dying to know what brought on the new look”.



Tammy smiled again, before strutting over to the purple lined sofa on the far wall, he tucked his tight skirt beneath his legs and eased himself down onto the sofa, feeling the velvety material rub against the back of his legs through his sheer black tights, sending a shiver up his spine.

As Jill potted about in the makeshift kitchen to his right, Tammy placed his hands neatly on his knees, which were pressed together tightly in a very feminine manner to avoid showing his panties with his short skirt riding up rather high on his silky thighs. Sat there waiting he thought about Jill's comment, more than just his hair colour had changed since the last time he had spoken to her, and it all seemed a bit of a blur.

After a miserable Saturday evening humiliated in front almost everyone he knew, accompanied by Maddison, the two had left the party early and taken a taxi back to Tammy's house, it was late when they arrived but with Maddison's help, he packed a bag containing some outfits he would need for work along with a few other essentials, before taking another taxi straight to Maddison's. He felt a little guilty about not telling Monica before moving out, but he just couldn't be around Sarah anymore, their relationship was just too unhealthy.

Waking up on Sunday morning, Tammy felt disoriented at first being in a strange room, but as his eyes adjusted to the morning light, they fell upon the figure of Maddison sleeping soundly beside him. He smiled, as she lay there, snoring quietly, he couldn't help thinking how ironic it was, that for years he had

dreamed of spending the night in Maddison's bed, but having finally made it there, they hadn't had passionate sex like in his fantasies, but instead had just chatted and cuddled a little before falling asleep next to each other, like a couple of girlfriends.

After a light breakfast, Maddison asked if there was anything, he wanted to do that day, and only one thing came to mind, he wanted to get rid of the ridiculously girly pink hair, that sat tied up in a messy bun, atop his head, so with a quick call to her sister, he spent his second day in a row, in a beauty salon, getting the works.

His thoughts were interrupted by Jill, placing two mugs of coffee on the small wooden table in front of him, before sitting down to his right, "So, why the change"? she asked, "the lilac hair looked so cute on you"?

Tommy thought about how he should answer as he looked down at the wavy brunette hair cascading over his right shoulder. He kept telling himself, that he had gone back to his original colour to reclaiming a little of his old self, but that only told half the story, it didn't explain why it now extended past his shoulders or why he had spent 45 minutes that morning curling it.

The truth was harder to admit, sat in the salon chair, he could have asked for any look he wanted, he could have asked Chloe to cut it all off, but instead he had been drawn to a picture on the wall. The girl in the picture had looked so happy and sophisticated, and without thinking, he had asked Chloe to make his hair look just like hers.

It would have been hard for him to imagine a few months ago, that he would choose to dress and act like a woman but sat there next to Jill in his sexy office outfit, there was no hiding from it, some part of him liked looking cute and attractive. No one had forced him that morning to put on the revealing outfit he now wore, he could try and lie to himself, and make excuses like the little miniskirts and low cut tops, he had been wearing all week, were necessary as part of his job as a secretary or that he was dressing that way because Jill or even Mr Hopkins expected it of him, but the truth was, these days he really didn't care what anyone else thought of him, he had chosen his current outfit because it made him feel powerful and important. He had even chosen to wear towering heels every day that week, putting up with the pain and inconvenience, as strutting about the office, atop a pair of tall stilettos made him feel confident, he also liked the way they made him taller than everyone.

"I guess I just fancied a change", he said wrapping his finger around one of the locks and giving it a twirl with one of his shorter but still long black nails.

"Well, it looks great," Jill replied, "but being as pretty as you are, you could probably shave your head and still drive the boys wild".

"Ha, yeah," Tammy mumbled feeling awkward talking about men, leaning in to pick up his coffee mug from the table.

"Speaking of boys, anyone on the radar"? Jill asked probing.

"Err... no, no one", Tammy answered rather bluntly.

"Really"? Jill replied surprised, "Well we can't have that! That settles it, this weekend, we're having another girl's night out, I know last time didn't work out as you'd hoped, but there are plenty of good guys out there, we'll find you your prince charming, you'll see".

Tammy looked down at his wrist, at a watch he wasn't wearing, "oh, is that the time, I better get back to work, Mr Hopkins is probably looking for me, can I think about it and let you know tomorrow"? he said standing up.

"Sure, thing hun, but there's no need to worry, this time old Jill promises to look after you".

Back home that evening, huddled up and cosy on the sofa, in a comfy casual outfit, glad to be out of his restrictive work outfit and tall heels, Tammy told Maddison about Jill's suggestion.

“Do you want to go”? Maddison asked after he finished telling her the story of the encounter.

“Not really, I mean, I guess I feel a lot more comfortable with the idea of going out these days, now that I’ve done it a few times, but I’m not sure Jill is a person I want to be getting to close to”.

“Yeah, she sounds like a nightmare, just tell her you don’t want to go”, Maddison replied.

“I would but It’s not that easy Maddy, 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 give her a good excuse”.

“Well, the offer to go to my cousin's wedding, this weekend, is still open, I know you said you didn’t want to go as you don’t know anyone, but to be honest neither do I really, I haven’t seen anyone from that side of the family in years, you could come and keep me company”?

## **Chapter 27**

“Smile girls”, Maddison’s mother said cheerfully, pointing a camera straight at Tammy and Maddison before taking a picture without giving them a chance to do what she had just asked. “Perfect, you two look so beautiful”, she said looking down at the image she had just taken.



Tammy knew she was telling the truth, as he had seen his image moments earlier as the professional makeup artist had finished his hair and makeup and had finally allowed him to see himself in the mirror.

He considered himself to be somewhat of an expert these days at styling his own hair and makeup, but having had a professional work on him, he realised he still had a lot to learn. His skin looked like an actress', silky smooth and blemish-free. His eyes looked less dramatic than normal but framed by his long-extended lashes and the expertly blended greens and purples that surrounded them, his eyes looked spectacular as the makeup artist had definitely achieved the innocent but still sexy look, she told him she was going for.

Maddison, turned to face him, "so feeling a little better now"? she asked.

"A little perhaps", he lied, "I still can't believe you talked me into being a bridesmaid, I don't even know the bride".

Maddison giggled, "Oh don't worry about that, I'll introduce you later, she's really grateful you stepped in at the last moment when Gabriella got sick, besides, you look much better in than dress than she ever would have, and now we get to be twins for the day".

"I doubt anyone would think we're twins, you look amazing, you make me look like an elephant standing next to you", Tammy said looking down at his low-cut silk gown that slipped and slid all over his smooth body whenever he moved.

"Don't be silly, you look gorgeous, just wait until your date sees you, his eyes are going to pop out of his head".

"Yeah, about that, do you have to call it a date"? Tammy asked, still not feeling particularly comfortable at having to be paired up with one of the groomsmen for the ceremony.

"Fine, I won't use the d-word, just try and have some fun ok, it's not like you have to get marry him, just hold his hands a few times and perhaps a dance or two later, besides, you might like him, I haven't seen him in years, but I remember him being really handsome".

"Ok, girls, time to take our positions", Maddison's mother said walking over.

"Ok mum", Maddison answered before turning back to Tammy, "just promise me you'll try to have fun, ok"? She asked.

"I'll try", Tammy replied, before the three of them walked through the lavishly decorated arch behind them, the sound of his heart beating, and heels echoing filling Tammy's ears.

They entered a large room filled with people dressed in gorgeous gowns and smart tuxedos. After standing around for a few minutes feeling awkward, Maddison introduced him to a few members of her extended family, whose names he instantly forgot. Feeling nervous and extremely exposed in his fancy gown, the pair got around to Cameron, his so-called date for the afternoon.

"Hey, Cameron, remember me"? Maddison said as she stood in front of a tall dark-haired man, smiling.

"Wow, Maddy, look at you, I haven't seen you in years, how are things"? Cameron replied giving her a hug.

"Oh. You know same old, here I've brought you your partner for the ceremony, this is Tammy"? Maddison said, having to practically pull Tammy over who had been lurking behind her trying to hide.

Tammy stumbled slightly on his tall platform sandals but quickly regained his balance, looked up at the man in front of him and introduced himself, "Hi, nice to meet you, I'm Tammy", he said awkwardly.

Cameron smiled as he looked Tammy up and down before his face quickly changed to look more serious, "Yeah, you too, Tessa", he replied.

"It's Tammy, not Tessa", Tammy replied pouting and looking slightly annoyed.

"Ok, sorry princess, chill out, I've met a lot of people today, you can't expect me to remember everybody's name", Cameron replied.

“Not, everyone’s no, but you think you would at least remember the name of your date”, Tammy said frustrated and not understanding why.

“Woah, calm down a bit, will you babe? I know you probably like what you see, but I don’t think you’re my type”, Cameron replied smugly.

Tammy felt a rage build inside him at the arrogance of this man, “and what is that supposed to mean”, he said stamping his foot loudly, making a louder noise than he expected and drawing a few eyes.

“Shit, sorry babe, I didn’t mean to upset you, I just like a girl who’s a bit more laid back, that’s all, you just seem a little high maintenance for my tastes”.

Tammy’s dropped aghast, “I’m not high maintenance, I’m a very relaxed person, I’ll have you know”, he replied not sure why he needed to explain himself to this jerk.

Cameron smiled, “Yeah, I’m sure”, he said before turning to Maddison, “hey great to see you again Maddy, let’s catch up later”. He then turned back to Tammy still fuming, “well later babe, I’m going to smoke before this thing starts properly”.

As Cameron walked away through the crowd, Tammy watched him still fuming. “So, that went well”, Maddison said chuckling.

“Oh my god, Maddy, he’s so arrogant, can you believe the ego on him”?

“I think someone might have a little crush”, Maddison said playfully.

“What, no way, Him”? Tammy exclaimed turning to look into Maddison’s beautiful blue eyes.

“Hey, don’t get mad at me, just reading the signs, I thought maybe you liked him”, she replied.

“And what on earth could have given you that crazy idea”? Tammy exclaimed annoyed.

“I don’t know, perhaps because I’ve never seen you get so worked up and flustered before, or perhaps the fact you couldn’t take your eyes off him as he walked away” she giggled, “even now, you’re still glancing over at him as we speak”.

Tammy felt embarrassed to be caught looking and quickly turned back to Maddison, “I... I..., was just... can we just change the subject, I can assure you I have no interest in someone like him”, he said pouting.

Maddison smiled, “Sure thing Tam, how about we go and find the bride, I’ll introduce you”.

30 minutes later, Tammy stood outside the main hall with all the other bridesmaids in their identical shiny purple dresses, opposite all the groomsmen, ready to walk down the aisle. He looked over at Cameron, still angry from earlier, “so are you going to hold my hand”? he said embarrassed.

Cameron smiled, “wow babe, you must really have it bad for me, I already told you you’re not really my type”.

Tammy glared at him, incredibly irritated at his response, “oh get over yourself, we have to hold hands when we enter, right”?

“If you say so, sounds rather convenient to me, but I guess it won’t kill me”, Cameron replied, offering his hand.

Tammy placed his long nails carefully into Cameron’s larger palm, feeling Cameron’s strong grip as he closed his finger around his as Maddison’s words from earlier echoed through his head, why was he letting this man, he had just met work him up so much? He wondered.

The ceremony started, as all the groomsmen, one by one led their partner bridesmaid down the aisle, where at the end they separated and stood on either side of the room, waiting for the bride to make her entrance. It was a strange experience for Tammy, as he trotted along in his tall sandals, trying not to

stumble as a room full of strangers watched and commented, but perhaps most annoying of all, was when he noticed that only about half the couples walking down the aisle actually held hands, making him feel rather foolish.

After an emotional exchanging of vows, the bride and groom kissed and the room of people clapped and cheered, everyone then left the room to relocate to another larger room, for food and drinks.

Sat between Cameron and Maddison, Tammy tried to forget about the embarrassing incident of the hand holding, chatted with Maddison, completely ignoring Cameron, as he ate and glugged down glass after glass of wine.

It was a few hours later, after all the speeches and cake cutting, that all the bridesmaids and groomsmen were invited up to take part in the first dance between the bride and groom.

Having been led to the dancefloor, Tammy felt Cameron place his large hand around his tiny waist, and in return he moved his right arm up and onto Cameron's shoulder, trying not to look him directly in the eye.

The music started and the couple started swaying side to side in time to the romantic love song, Tammy still not looking at Cameron, tried to block out the feeling of having the man's hand on his side and concentrated instead on moving his towering heels gracefully without falling.

As the first song ended, and the next one began, some of the other guests, one by one, left their seats and started joining them on the dancefloor. "You can actually move dance pretty well in those stilts", Cameron said looking down at Tammy's sandals, that were now pretty sore due to the straps digging into his bare feet.

"Is that a compliment"? Tammy asked glancing at him.

"Just an observation", Cameron replied with a smile.

"Well, I guess you're not a bad dancer yourself", Tammy said looking away from his annoying grin.

"Is that a compliment"? Cameron shot back.

Tammy smiled glancing at him once more, "just an observation", he replied.

The couple danced for a few more songs before Cameron excused himself going off to smoke, leaving Tammy stood alone on the dance floor feeling self-conscious and a little tipsy. He looked around for Maddison but couldn't see her anywhere, he wandered a little past a few people dancing, on his aching feet but still didn't see her. He was about to give up and return to his table from earlier when he was grabbed tightly from behind.

"Hey, beautiful, let's dance", slurred a drunken man, who Tammy recognised as one of the other groomsmen from earlier.

"err... no thank you, I'm actually looking for someone", Tammy said trying to wriggle free.

"There's plenty of time for that later", the man replied as he slid around to face Tammy, his vice-like grip around his waist preventing any attempt at an escape.

Tammy looked around frightened as people danced around them to the loud music, seemingly oblivious to his situation, "err. Please, let me go", Tammy asked.

The man's grip got tighter, "come on darling, don't be rude, I just want one dance", the man replied stinking of alcohol and cigarettes.

Tammy tried to struggle but the man was too strong, he started to panic as he felt the man's hand place itself on his right buttock before giving it a hefty squeeze, causing him to shriek.

Nobody seemed to notice over the loud music as the man continued to explore Tammy's body, his hand now tracing up over his silky gown and before finding his right breast, "How about a kiss beautiful", the

man said as he leaned in. Tammy again tried to struggle, but couldn't move, "get the fuck off me", he screamed.

The man laughed, "I like a feisty girl", he replied closing his eyes and bringing his face closer to Tammy's, who's eyes were now wide open as the feminised boy's mind panicked.

"What the fuck, Derek? get the fuck off her, you creep", Cameron said appearing out of nowhere and pulling the man away.

"Fuck sake Cam, I was just having a little fun, I thought you weren't interested"?

"You piece of shit, get the fuck out of my sight", Cameron shouted pushing Derek to the ground as a few people stopped dancing to see what was going on.

"Are you ok"? Cameron asked turning to Tammy.

Tammy looked around at the crowd of people who seemed to be gathering and staring, as a tear rolled down his cheek. Everyone staring and with what had just happened was all too much for him, he picked up the trail of his long asymmetric gown and made a run for it, feeling and looking ridiculous tottering across the room, in a half walk, half jog, as fast as his could on his extremely high platform sandals.

As Cameron turned the corner his eyes fell on, on the pretty girl in the shiny purple dress, sat at the bottom of a staircase and on the verge of tears "There you are, I've been looking for you".

Tammy didn't respond as Cameron moved over, sat down beside him, and gently started rubbing his bareback, "I'm sorry you had to go through that, that guy is an arsehole, he thinks he can treat women like animals, are you ok"?

Tammy looked up to his left, saw the sincerity on Cameron's face and nodded, "I didn't think you cared", he replied sniffing.

"Listen I'm sorry about earlier, I'll be honest with you, when I see a pretty girl, like you I get a little shy".

"You shy, that's hard to believe", Tammy answered as he realised Cameron had just called him pretty.

"Well, I am, believe it or not", Cameron said looking down, "Everything earlier was just an act, my brother Danny taught me how to behave around girls I like, and like it or not, it does work, no woman wants to talk to a quiet nerd, but act like you don't care and suddenly she's interested".

"That's crazy, that actually works"? Tammy asked astonished.

"Well not with you as it seems, I'm sorry", Cameron said bowing his head even more.

"It's ok, and thanks for saving me back there, from that creep", Tammy said leaning forward and planting a kiss on Cameron's cheek, instantly feeling embarrassed and wondering what on earth had possessed him to do it.

Cameron smiled and looked up, having gone a little red in the face, "I guess you are shy", Tammy stated, smiling for the first time since the incident.

"Well only when I'm around someone so beautiful", Cameron answered.

"Shit now you're making me feel embarrassed", Tammy replied laughing.

"Perhaps, I could get your number, we could hang out sometime, go on a date perhaps? Cameron asked fishing his phone out of his pocket.

"Listen, Cameron, that's probably not a good idea", Tammy said conflicted.

"Really, because I think it's a great idea, what's the problem"?

“The thing is I’m not really as I seem, you see, I... I’m...”, “you used to be a man” Cameron interrupted, “I know, and I’m cool with it”, he said smiling.

Tammy looked at him in shock, “how... how did you know”? he said looking down at his body and feeling really self-conscious.

“Hey sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrass you, you don’t have to worry, nothing gave you away”, he said placing his hand on Tammy’s cheek and gently lifting up his face, “Maddy told me earlier after I told her I fancied the pants off of you”,

“And you still do, knowing I’m not really a girl”? Tammy asked looking into his deep brown eyes, feeling really confused.

“You look like a girl to me, and the most beautiful one in this whole place”, Cameron said as his face crept slowly towards Tammy’s, stopping mere millimetres away from his plump lips.

Hearing those words made Tammy feel all tingly inside as a sudden urge rushed into his head, he closed his eyes and gave Cameron a little peck on the lips.

Opening his eyes, a second later, Cameron was still directly in front of him smiling like a Cheshire cat. Tammy watched as the world became slow motion, Cameron closed his eyes and leaned in as Tammy felt their lips touch once more, he hesitated at first, thinking that it was wrong to kiss another man, and thinking back to the time in the bar with Dom, the forceful footballer, but as he felt the gently caress of Cameron’s lips on his, he relaxed into it and started to feel good.

The two sat on the staircase making out passionately as time seemed to lose all meaning, and as he heard the sound of high heels approaching, Tammy had no idea how much time had passed by. #

Quickly breaking the kiss, Tammy, looked up to see Maddison, standing over them with a huge grin on her face. “Oh, sorry, I came to see if you were ok? I heard what happened with Derek, but I guess you’re ok by the looks of things, I’ll leave you two alone”, she said before clicking away, the huge smile still plastered across her face.

Tammy turned back to Cameron and placed his head on his shoulder, “ahh, that was so embarrassing”, he said nuzzling in.

Cameron chuckled, gently stroking Tammy’s long silky hair, “well a bit awkward perhaps, but I’ve definitely got nothing to be embarrassed about, I’m proud to be seen with the most beautiful girl at the wedding, but I guess we can go back and join the party for a bit if you want”?

Tammy smiled, looking up at Cameron and batting his long lashes, “perhaps in a minute, ok”? he replied as he leaned in and initiated another kiss.

## **Chapter 28**

Just over a year later

Tammy felt a familiar weigh pulling down from her earlobe as she fastened the clasp on the back of her large trademark hoop earring, her nimble fingers moving with precision, the long red nails attached to the end, causing her no trouble at all, well accustomed to the long glistening pieces of acrylic extending past the end of her fingertips.

She checked her image one last time, in the mirror on the bedroom wall of the room she shared with Maddison, still a little surprised every time she saw the image of her surgically enhanced face looking back at her. A lot had changed in the past year, any thoughts of returning to her old life were long gone, as the idea of living her life as a man these days just seemed ludicrous.

Having being on female hormones for the last 9 months her body had changed dramatically, it had been a slow process but little by little she had started to notice the changes. Her hips and backside had rounded out, her fat had shifted and redistributed itself across her body, and her skin had become soft and smooth, leaving her with a beautiful unmistakably feminine figure.

She looked down at her girls, straining against the top of her sparkly gold dress, the inner portion clearly visible through the stretchy see-through mesh material which extended down to her waist.

Lifting her hands up, Tammy gently cupped her soft D cup breasts, pushing them together to form a deep cleavage, still getting used to having a pair of breasts of her own. She let out a little moan as a feeling of pleasure and pain washed over her body, having only just recovered from the surgery, the girls were still a little tender to the touch.

Growing up he never would have imagined wanting to get breast implants but having fully committed to living life as a woman, Cameron had offered to pay for the operation to enhance his chest, and while he was in, he'd had some work done on his face too. Like her new chest, she had only just recovered from the facial feminization surgery, where her nose had been shaved down to resemble a cute little button, and her eyes had been altered slightly to make them look wider and more alluring.

Happy with her makeup job, Tammy ran her fingers through her recently dyed blonde curls to give them a little more volume, she spritzed on a little perfume, before slipping her tall sparkly platform pumps onto her nylon clad feet, feeling the tendons in the back of her calves stretch, and causing her foot into a steep arched position.

Descending the staircase slowly, Tammy gripped the banister tightly, and placing down one foot at a time, careful not to lose her balance perched atop her incredibly high platform heels.

Reaching the bottom safely, Tammy took a right and entered the living room where she found Maddison laying on the sofa watching TV. "Wow look at you girl, you look amazing! Cameron's not going to be able to keep his hands off you tonight", Maddison said excitedly.

"You don't think it's too much", Tammy replied fishing for compliments.

"No way, that dress is absolutely gorgeous on you, perfect for an anniversary dinner".

Tammy smiled, "Thanks Maddy, I still can't believe we've been dating for a year, the time has just flown by", Tammy said as she confidently strutted across the room, sitting down on the sofa next to Maddison, accompanied by the swishing sound of her nylon encased legs rubbing against each other as she expertly folded one leg on top of the other at mid-thigh.

"How are you feeling? Nervous"? Maddison asked, "what are you going to say when he asks you"?

"I don't know? He might not even ask" Tammy replied looking over.

"He's going to ask you Tam, it's an anniversary dinner in a romantic restaurant, and he's been hinting at it for weeks", Maddison replied smiling, "it's the perfect time to ask, you spend most of your time around his place these days anyway".

"Yeah, I know, I just don't want to jinx it, everything's going so perfectly right now".

"But if he does ask you to move in with him, you'll say yes right"? Maddison probed.

A smile slowly formed across Tammy pouty pink lips, "maybe", she replied playfully.

Maddison reached over and wrapped her arms around Tammy, "oh, I'm so happy for you, you guys are so perfect together, but you know I'm going to miss not having you around".

Tammy lifted her arms and hugged Maddison tightly, "thanks for everything you've done for me Maddy, if it wasn't for you, who know what would have become of me, I love you, bestie".

"I love you too, bestie, I want you to know, you'll always have a home here if things don't work out", a very emotional Maddison replied.

"Thanks, Maddy, oh, you're going to ruin my makeup", Tammy said wiping under her eyes carefully, having become a little teary eyed. "let's change the subject, what happening in your show"?

Ten minutes later the doorbell rang, and Maddison leaped up to answer it. Tammy stood up on her heels, straightened her sparkly skirt and looked towards the door with butterflies in her stomach.

"She's waiting for you in here", Tammy heard Maddison say from the hallway, as he shuffled his feet and waited for Cameron to round the corner.

"There she is", Cameron said smiling, looking as relaxed and as handsome as ever.

Tammy tottered across the room quickly and welcomed her man with a passionate kiss, "wow, now there's a welcome, you look absolutely stunning tonight babe", Cameron said looking down into Tammy's sultry eyes.

"You don't look too bad yourself", Tammy replied stepping back a little, smiling, "do you want a drink or are we running late"?

"We better go, I reckon babe, I'm not sure what the traffic will be like tonight", Cameron said scanning Tammy from head to toe and obviously liking what he saw.

"Ok, I'll get my coat", Tammy replied turning to leave the room.

"Wait, hang on a moment, tonight's a special occasion, I've got to get a picture of the two of you together before you leave", Maddison announced rummaging around in her bag trying to find her phone.

Cameron took Tammy's hand and led her to the centre of the room, where they stood side by side waiting patiently. Stood there next to Cameron who dwarfed her even in her highest heels, Tammy felt the back of a finger brush gently against the top of her leg just below the hem of her skirt.

The feeling of Cameron's right index finger, through her sheer black tights, tracing up the outside of her leg, sent a shiver down her spine. Cameron then leaned in slightly and whispered in Tammy's ear, "I can't wait to get you home later, I'm not sure I'm going to be able to last through dinner with you looking so gorgeous tonight".

Tammy smiled, thinking about the fun she was going to have together later that night, in the arms of the man that she loved as he pleased her feminine body.

"Easy tiger", Tammy purred back, "there will be plenty of time for that later, but I didn't squeeze myself into this tiny dress and spend all day getting ready, just for you could tear it straight off of me".

"Don't tempt me", Cameron replied playfully.

"Right, found it", Maddison announced locating her phone, "now say cheese", she said before snapping a picture with out giving either of them the time to smile.

Maddison shook her head in disbelief, looking down at the picture of the beautiful couple stood in her living room, the blonde-haired beauty standing tall on her towering heels, the light dancing off her revealing gold dress, looking like movie star heading to a film premiere.

"You sure have changed from that awkward boy, who used to follow me around Tommy Jenkins", she thought quietly to herself, "I hope your future's full of adventures and filled with happiness Tam".



The end