

The cold war part 2
Written and illustrated
by ds1000



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24 images

This story picks up shortly after the events of part one where Jake, in an attempt to protect Bunny and his family, agrees to do a job for Danila. Nervous but committed he holds up his end of the bargain, but it doesn't take long for him to realise he's made a huge mistake as it becomes crystal clear Danila is out to humiliate him.

The question is, how far will Danila go? And how will Bunny react to the changes to Jake's appearance?

As events unfold, will our young protagonists escape the clutches of the vindictive Russian mobster, and what secrets will be uncovered about Elena and Bunny's past? Read on to find out in the conclusion to the story.

Chapter 1 – Babe, what’s the plan?

Having completed another lap of his living room, Jake stopped once more looking out at the street. A week had passed since the infamous dinner, and having hardly slept a wink since, his head felt foggy, and his thoughts were muddled.

The last week had been a rollercoaster of emotions, starting with fear, fear of what might happen to his family and himself if he didn't agree to do what this crazed Russian man wanted, and fear of not knowing what was going to happen.

Fear was followed by anger, first anger with himself for antagonising the Russian man, cursing himself for not keeping his mouth shut. But that quickly switched to being angry at Danila himself, as he imagined himself putting his fist right through his arrogant looking face, wiping off his smug shit-eating grin in the process.

Checking the clock on the wall, he wondered where Ben was and thought about giving him a call, they had arranged to meet at four-thirty, and it was now almost five.

“No, give him another ten minutes”, he thought to himself, not wanting to pressure him, things had been a little awkward between them over the last week and he wanted tonight to go smoothly.

After leaving the restaurant, thankfully without Danila who had left in his own chauffeur-driven car, the pair had shared a taxi, and with Jake still shook up and visibly scared after the experience, he had filled Ben in on the conversation, he had missed, between himself and Danila.

The reaction wasn't what he was expecting, Ben, who rarely raised his voice or showed his anger, suddenly started screaming at yelling at him, calling him an idiot and a fool, cursing him for not keeping his mouth shut.

Jake still on edge, didn't react well to being yelled at, calling Ben an ungrateful bitch, and telling him how he was only there to help and support him.

Angry and with his emotions getting the better of him, Jake had continued, saying a lot of things he would later regret, even saying how if anything were to his family, Ben would be to blame.

The argument continued right up until they reached Ben's apartment building, where Jake watched as Ben jumped out, slammed the door before storming off in his fancy looking evening dress, furiously tottering towards the entrance, waving his arms, and looking rather uncomfortable on his tall stiletto heels.

They hadn't spoken since. on a few occasions, Jake had considered calling to apologise, but with Danila's threats still playing in his mind, he wasn't sure what to say, deciding instead to give Ben some time to cool off.

But things had changed a few hours earlier that day when Jake's phone suddenly pinged before he opened it to find a message from an unknown number, it said to be at the address given, the next morning at 11am sharp.

He instantly dialled Ben's number, who picked up almost immediately and seemed to know without being told why Jake was calling.

It was a short call, but they decided to meet at Jake's place, his apartment being the best option as they would have the place to themselves to discuss a plan of action away from Elena, who had now returned from her trip but was still in the dark in regards to what was happening.

After completing another lap of the room, Jake looked out at the street once more, "come on Bunny", he said aloud, "where are you"?

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"Was that Jake"? Irina asked, having eved dropped on the phone conversation.

Ben nodded, "yeah, Danila wants to meet him tomorrow, for that job".

"Pizdets!" Irina exclaimed. banging her fist on the armrest of the sofa, "did he say what he has to do"?

"I don't think so", Ben replied, with a weak smile, "but I'm meeting him later at his place".

"Just the two of you"? Irina said raising an eyebrow, "alone"?

"Yes, alone, what does that matter"? Ben shot back, his voice having raised an octave or two.

"Oh, no reason", Irina replied innocently, "so what are you going to wear"?

"Wear"? Ben repeated, "You think I should change"?

Irina smiled, "up to you, Bunny, you look cute right now but if it was me, I would change one or two things"?

Ben pouted, "really, like what? will you help me"?

"Of course, come with me", Irina said taking a hold of his hand, "let's see what we can find".

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After twisting his finger, this way and that, finally manoeuvring his hand into a position where he could ring the Buzzer, without his long acrylic nail tip getting in the way, Ben took a deep breath.

Looking down, he wondered if asking for Irina's help had been a mistake. He didn't hate his outfit, and apart from his ankle boots, which seemed to be a little much for the occasion, it was too uncomfortable and did look rather casual compared to what he normally wore.

But there were two main problems, the first being the hooded top, which was in his opinion, way too small, leaving a section of his midriff bare, luckily it was a warm evening.

The short top led directly on to his second issue. coming about as he caught a glance of his backside in the mirror before leaving the apartment, pert, round and begging to be squeezed, his bum cheeks pushed up and held in position by his skin-tight designer jeans and leaving him in utter shock that he was looking at his own reflection.

He had spent most of the taxi ride over, fidgeting and feeling rather self-conscious, worrying about what Jake would think of his outfit. He didn't want to give off the wrong signals, things were complicated and confusing enough as they were, without Jake getting the wrong impression.

Giving his short top, one last tug in an attempt to cover a little more of his exposed stomach, Ben jumped and let out a little squeal, as the door suddenly flew open.

"I'm so glad you're here", Jake announced, "I was worried you weren't coming", leaning forward to give the feminized boy an awkward hug.

"Sorry, I was getting changed and then traffic was awful", Ben replied talking into Jake's shoulder.

"It's ok", Jake said stepping back and smiling, "please, come in, I like your outfit, you look really stylish".

Ben blushed, feeling happy but confused by the compliment before following Jake into his apartment.

"So, can I get you something to drink", Jake asked as they entered the living room.

"Erm... ok, I'll take a soda", Ben replied looking around the room.

"Coming up, make yourself comfortable", Jake said with a smile.

"Ok", Ben replied, not knowing why he felt so awkward, he had been to Jake's house hundreds of times before, but this time felt different somehow.

Turning Ben took a few steps forward, hearing the loud clack of his boots on the hardwood floor, before turning gracefully and lowering himself gently onto the cushioned sofa, feeling the denim of his jeans tighten around his legs.

Crossing one leg over the other and placing his hands on his lap neatly, Ben suddenly felt as though he was being watched.

Looking up he saw Jake, who was still standing in the middle of the room, with his mouth hanging open just staring at him.

"what"? Ben announced.

"Oh, nothing", Jake replied grinning.

“No, tell me, what is it”? Ben repeated more forcefully, “why are you staring at me”?

“Well, it’s just... how can I put it... you just look so natural... I can’t believe I didn’t see it sooner”, Jake said his smile becoming even broader.

“See what”? Ben replied pouting.

“That you are a girl”, he blurted out.

Ben sighed loudly, giving him an angry look, “just go get my soda will you, we don’t have time for this, we need to talk about what you are going to do tomorrow”.

Reminded of the text, Jake’s face changed to a more serious look, “ok, be right back, babe, do you want ice”?

Ben slowly shook his head, staring at Jake in disbelief, “did he really just call me, babe”?



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Returning from the kitchen holding two cans of coke, Jake handed one to Ben before sitting down on the sofa next to him.

His can hissed as he pulled on the ring pull before bringing it to his lips. The sugary liquid felt refreshing as he poured it down his throat, glugging down half the can before looking over at Ben who was just staring at him.

“You don’t happen to have a diet, do you”? Ben asked holding his own can out in front of him.

Jake smiled, “oh... erm...no sorry, but I can see what else I’ve got if you’d like”?

“You’re laughing at me”, Ben said pouting, “you think I’m stupid for asking”?

“No, of course not”, Jake replied reaching over and rubbing Ben’s shoulder”, I was just surprised that’s all, you’ve never asked me for a diet anything before”.

“Well... things are kind of different now”, Ben replied, leaning slightly to his right to remove the hand from his shoulder”, never mind, this will do”.

Jake nodded, taking another swig of his drink before looking down at the almost empty can in his hands feeling a little awkward.

Hearing an odd clicking sound, Jake turned to his right, “do you want me to do that”? he asked, seeing Ben fumbling about with the top of his can trying to slip the end of one of his long acrylic nail tips under the ring pull.

Looking embarrassed Ben nodded, “please, and you wouldn’t happen to have a straw would you”?

“No straws, I’m afraid, but I can get you a glass”, Jake said taking the can, “give me a second, ok? I’ll be right back”, he added before walking off to the kitchen once more.

Alone in the kitchen, Jake slapped himself on the forehead, “what the hell is wrong with me”, he thought to himself, why is this so awkward”. After taking a moment to compose himself, he placed some ice in a glass, opened the can, and poured it on top.

Determined to ease the tension, he took a deep breath and made his way back into the living room, smiling as entered upon seeing the beautiful feminine creature sitting on his sofa, patiently waiting for his return.

“Here you are”, Jake said passing Ben the drink, “I thought you might like some ice too”.

The corner of Ben’s lip curled up slightly, “Thank you”, he said before taking a sip.

“Listen, I’m sorry if things have been a bit awkward between us recently”, Jake said lifting one leg onto the sofa and twisting his body around to face Ben, “can we start over, you’re my best friend and I miss talking to you”.

“I’m sorry too”, Ben replied, “I’ve just felt so confused recently, I’ve been having all these strange feelings and thoughts lately, there’s this voice in my head that keeps telling me they are wrong, but no matter what I do I can’t get rid of them”, Ben said before pausing for a second to gauge Jake’s reaction, “perhaps wouldn’t understand”, he added lowering his eyes.

“No, I get it”, Jake quickly replied, “I understand, probably better than you think”.

Ben looked puzzled, “what do you mean”? He asked looking up and batting his long lashes.

“How about we talk about tomorrow”? Jake said changing the subject, “seeing as we are being honest with each other, I’m kind of shitting myself”.

“Can I see the message”? Ben asked twisting his body to face Jake.

“Sure, here”, Jake replied, opening his phone, and passing it across, “not much information there, just a time and a place to meet, I hope I'm not about to have my kidney's harvested and sold on the black market”.

Passing the phone back, Ben looked up into his eyes, “I'm sorry, Jake”.

“Don't be”, Jake replied taking Ben's hand, “nobody forced me to do anything, I chose to help”.

“But I shouldn't have got you involved”, Ben replied allowing Jake to run his fingers between his own, “I... I...”.

“Shhhh”, Jake said placing his freehand under Ben's chin and leaning in.

As he felt his lips touch his feminized friend's, Jake felt his pulse quicken and the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. Ben's lips felt like little soft pillows and tasted like the most delicious strawberries he had ever tasted, but before he even had the chance to process what was happening, Jake suddenly felt Ben jerk backwards, ripping his hand from his own.

“I'm... I'm sorry”, Jake stuttered, “it's just, you're the most beautiful person I've ever met, and also the coolest, I love you, Bunny”.

Ben's eyes widened and his mouth hung open, “I... I... excuse me for a moment, can I use your bathroom”?

“Err... of course”, Jake replied surprised by the question as he watched Ben rise to his high heeled feet and totter quickly from the room.

Edging to the front of the sofa, Jake placed his head in his hands, “you idiot”, he said to himself, smashing his palms into his forehead, “too soon you idiot”.

For the next ten minutes, Jake sat rocking on the edge of the sofa listening for any sound of life. The apartment was eerily quiet but at least he hadn't heard the front door open as he had expected.

Starting to worry, he was just about to go and check to see if Ben was ok when he heard the toilet flush. Lifting his head, he listened as the bathroom faucet came on and then turned off again, he then heard a door open and close and the sound of high heeled shoes clicking noisily.

The sound grew louder until he saw Ben turn the corner with a rather serious look on his face.

Without stopping Ben strode towards him with purpose, “Bunny, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that without...”, his sentence was halted when Ben placed a long red nail to his lips, “Shhhh”, Ben said, climbing atop his lap and wrapping his arms around Jake's neck, “I love you too”, Ben said softly.

Jake, with a dumb look on his face, stared up into Ben's dark beautiful eyes, completely shocked by the turn of events, “I... I... don't know what to say”, he replied.

Ben smiled, “you don't have to say anything, just kiss me, you idiot”.



Chapter 2 - A lamb to the slaughter

“So, are you going to tell me what happened, last night”? Irina asked Ben as they went through their morning aerobics routine together.

Ben looked up, “there’s nothing to tell”, he quickly replied before looking away.

“Oh, come on, Bunny, you can’t fool me”, Irina shot back, “you couldn’t stop grinning when you got back home last night, and you can try all you like to cover that mark on your neck with your hair, but I know a hickey when I see one”.

Ben lifted his feminine looking hand to the side of his neck defensively, “well... we... ok, maybe there was a kiss”, he said bashfully.

“I knew it”, Irina announced loudly, clapping her hands together, “that’s so great, A fool could see that boy is into you, the way he’s always looked and flirted with you”.

“What”? Ben said stopping what he was doing, “we were just friends, there was no flirting”.

“Ha, you don’t think I know what a man flirting with a girl he likes looks like”, Irina replied rolling her eyes, “you must have felt it”?

“Ah... I... I... don’t know, maybe”, Ben replied closing his eyes, “it’s all this girl stuff it’s messing with my head, I’m finding it difficult to know what is real anymore”.

“Stop overthinking things, this is the 21st century, gender and attraction is no longer black and white,”, Irina replied stopping herself and wiping the sweat from her brow with a hand towel, “answer me this, how did it feel when you kissed him”?

“Err... well... nice I guess”, Ben replied looking away.

“Just nice? Come on you can do better than that, nice is when you kiss your grandma”, Irina shot back, “come on be honest, it’s me you’re talking to”.

“Oh... ok, I liked it”, Ben blurted out, “I mean, at first I kept telling myself it was wrong, but it just felt so... so... exciting, like riding a rollercoaster or something”.

“So, are you too, like dating now”? Irina asked playfully.

“Umm... I don't know”, Ben answered, “maybe, he’s taking me to dinner next Wednesday”.

Irina stepped forward and threw her arms around her feminized stepbrother, “that’s really great, Bunny, I’m really so happy for you”.

“Hey, we’re not getting married”, Ben said chuckling while playfully pushing her away, “yuck, you’re so sweaty”, he added pulling a face.

Irina smiled, “you know, Bunny, growing up I always wanted a sister to share things with, and I know at first this was all a bit weird, but right now, it feels like I’ve actually got one”.

Ben looked up and smiled, “I feel the same, Reeny”, he replied, launching himself forward and hugging her once more.

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At 10.50, Jake stepped out of a subway station, in a neighbourhood he had never been to before. With graffiti covering the walls and homeless people littering the sidewalk calling it a bit rough was an understatement.

Feeling very much out of his comfort zone, Jake set off up the street, wishing he had worn a hoodie that day, wanting nothing more than to pull up his hood and hide inside.

Having studied the route before he left home, Jake knew exactly where he was going, and just as well as he was now mighty reluctant to pull out his phone, convinced someone would try and snatch it from him.

It was only a five-minute walk from the station but the further he walked into his neighbourhood, the more worried he became, he was suddenly glad he had persuaded Ben, or Bunny as he now kept reminding himself to say, not to come along as he wasn't sure he'd be able to protect him if anything happened.

The thought of Bunny momentarily took his mind off things, as he thought back to the previous evening, and how the very thing he had fantasized about for years had actually come true.

He still didn't know if this made him, gay or bisexual, but to be honest, Jake didn't really care, all he knew was that he loved Bunny and it seemed like, he loved him back.

Thinking about the steamy make-out session on his living room sofa, made his heart race, the feeling of holding Bunny in his arms, the touch of his plump soft lips against his, and the sweet smell of his long silky hair, made him feel warm inside and reminded him why he was doing what he was about to do.

Rounding a corner, he thought about their relationship and how it had changed, as exciting as it was, Jake was determined not to push things along too quickly, he was going to take things slow, the last thing he wanted was to scare Bunny away, and if truth be told, having only ever dated girls, he was a little nervous himself.

Stopping in front of an alleyway, Jake finally pulled out his phone to check the map, it was the place.

Taking a deep breath, he looked around, the place was deserted. Cautiously with his eyes darting around, Jake entered the eerily quiet dingy-looking alleyway, not knowing what to expect.

The sides of the alley were lined with dumpsters, and the smell was atrocious as Jake continued forward, stepping over piles of garbage, checking the doors for the number fifteen.

He found it halfway down, and having arrived at his destination, he realised he didn't know what to do next, should he knock on the door? Should he call the number? After a few minutes of looking around anxiously, debating with himself on what to do, and checking the time every ten seconds on his phone, a car pulled into the alleyway.

With his heart in his mouth, Jake watched as the car slowly cruised along before stopping next to him.

Staring at his reflection in the tinted back window, Jake started to shake, the image of the window opening and a gun appearing suddenly popped into his head and was now the only thing he could think about, after all this alley would be the perfect place if someone wanted to get rid of him.

He heard a thud, and the window began to descend. Screwing his eyes tightly shut and about to pee his pants, Jake waited for the bang. Instead, he heard a loud booming laugh, "What's wrong, little lamb"? a man announced from the backseat, "are you scared"?

Opening his eyes, Jake came face to face with Danila's intense stare, and not knowing what to say, he just stared back at him with a bewildered look on his face. "Get in the car", Danila announced loudly, "you have a busy day ahead of you".

Every fibre of his being was telling Jake to run, run away and never look back, but he knew he couldn't do that, instead, he reached out, opened the car door, and climbed in. He had no choice, he had to do this, for his family, for Bunny.

Closing the door, Jake felt the softness of the leather seats surround him and the warmth of the air conditioner warm his face, "be strong", he told himself, "don't let this asshole, see that you're scared".

"I want to know where we are going"? Jake said puffing out his chest.

"All in good time boy", Danila replied, "all in good time".

"Not good enough", Jake shot back, suddenly feeling a surge of adrenaline, "tell me or I walk away".

Danila laughed, a deep booming laugh that made the hairs on the back of Jake's neck stand on end, "oh, I don't think you want to do that, take a look at this", Danila said before leaning across and clicking on a television screen on the back of the seat in front of Jake, "you will do as you are told, that is, if you don't want anything, shall we say unfortunate, to happen to your pretty little girlfriend".

Jake gulped as the courage he had felt a moment earlier evaporated into the ether. On the screen, he saw Bunny, walking on the street, entering his office building, arriving home at his apartment building. It was obvious Danila was having him watched wherever he went.

Jake gulped and felt like he was about to throw up, "ok, I'll do what you want, just please don't hurt her", Jake replied in a quiet voice, as he continued to stare at the screen in front of him.

"Oh, I'm sure, there will be no need for that", Danila replied chuckling, "because, you're going to be a good little lamb, aren't you"?



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Wednesday afternoon in the office.

“So, where is he taking you tonight”? Irina asked Ben as she was unpacking the salads they were about to eat for lunch.

“I’m still not sure”, Ben replied, taking a salad from Irina between his long red nailed fingers before looking down at the low-calorie meal.

“What, you didn’t ask”? Irina said sounding surprised, “why didn’t you ask”?

“Well... I... ahh”, Ben sighed turning away.

Seeing Ben visibly upset, Irina pushed the takeaway bag to one side and reached over to gently rub his back, “Bunny, what’s wrong? Has something happened”?

Ben sighed once more before turning back to face her, a small tear forming in the corner of one of his heavily made-up eyes, “no nothing’s happened, and that’s the problem, we’ve hardly spoken since Sunday”.

"Bunny, you should have told me", Irina replied, "I had no idea".

"I know, I'm sorry, Reeny, I thought I'd sound silly, like I was overreacting or something, so I kept it to myself", Ben said in a sad voice, and at first I thought maybe he was just a bit shook up after what happened that day, but now I think it might be something else”.

“Like what”? Irina asked moving her hand up from his back to stroke through his long silky hair.

“Well, at first he was ignoring my calls, and then when I did manage to speak to him, he didn’t seem himself, he seemed kind of despondent and distant, do you think he regrets what happened between us”?

“What? No way”, Irina quickly shot back, “Jake is crazy about you a blind person could see that, and if that was the case, he would have cancelled your date tonight, don't you think”?

“Then, what could it be? I don't know what to do” Ben answered, his plump lips pushed together into a sad duck face.

Irina smiled, “just talk to him”, she announced, “when you meet up later, ask him what’s going on and just listen to what he has to say, men love it when you listen to their problems”.

“I don’t think I want to go anymore” Ben answered glumly, “I’m going to text and cancel, say I don’t feel well”.

“Oh, come on, now you’re just being silly, you need to talk to him” Irina replied pulling a face, “besides, don’t think I haven’t noticed that you wore that new skirt today, the one you said made your bum look sexy, and you didn’t choose those heels for their practicality now did you”?

“Ben looked over and smiled, “well, I wanted to look nice”, he replied, “you don’t think I look too slutty, do you”?

Irina chuckled, “you look gorgeous, little sis, that boy doesn’t know how lucky he is”, she said reaching over to grab a pair of sporks from the discarded paper bag to her right, “now, enough worrying, let’s eat”.

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Later that evening, after a rather awkward dinner, where maintaining a conversation was more of a chore than an enjoyable experience, Jake and Ben walked through the streets of New York in silence as they approached Ben’s apartment building.

It was a blustery but not overly cold evening, as Ben felt the wind circle around his pantyhose covered legs, while his top half felt warm and sweaty under his designer suit jacket.

As he clicked along, it was hard not to think about anything other than his aching feet, the pain now shooting up the back of his calves after walking around in the torturous pumps all day. He felt frustrated and angry and wished he had done what he wanted to earlier and called to cancel the date.

“Well, here we are”, Jake announced in a sombre voice as they arrived outside the building, “I guess I’ll see you around”, he said before turning to leave.

Ben suddenly felt a surge of anger, he stamped his high heeled foot loudly into the ground and threw out his arms dramatically, “no, you’re not leaving, not until you tell me what’s wrong”? he shouted, “what did I do wrong? Do you regret what happened the other evening”?

Jake looked up at him with a stunned expression on his face, “what! No... no, you did nothing wrong, please don't think that, I don't regret what happened for one second, it was wonderful”.

“Well, tell me what’s going on then? you’ve hardly said two words to me all evening”, Ben replied looking into his eyes and pouting, “is it about the job you did for Danila the other day? You said it was easy, just delivering a package, was there more to it”?

Jake looked away, “err... no... I mean... yeah, it was easy”, he answered in a shaky voice, “it was a piece of cake, just like I said”.

“Jake, please, if something happened, you can tell me about it, perhaps I can help”, Ben replied reaching over to take his hand.

Accepting his hand Jake stepped forward, rubbing his thumb along the top of Ben's hand, “really, everything is fine, I just haven’t been sleeping much recently, and it’s making it hard to think straight, I bought these sleeping pills earlier and I'm going to try them later, I'll be fine after a good night's sleep”.

Ben tilted his head to the side and looked at him sceptically, something wasn’t adding up but not wanting to push the issue he just nodded, “ok, if you say so, but you know you can tell me anything right, I’ll always be on your side”.

“Thanks, Bunny”, Jake replied as a weak smile crossed his lips, “well, I better go, I’ll see you soon, ok”? he added, leaning in to give the feminized boy a quick peck on the cheek before turning to leave.

Stood outside his apartment, motionless like a statue, Ben watched as Jake quickly scurried off down the sidewalk before turning the corner not once looking back.

He was not sure how to process what had just happened, the horrible end to an uncomfortably awkward evening had left him feeling numb. He hadn't found the answers he had been searching for only more questions.



Chapter 3 – Actions have consequences

After watching Jake walk away, Ben spent the next few days doing a lot of soul searching, things had been so crazy recently he had almost forgotten that he wasn't actually a girl called Bunny. He was Ben Quinn, and he had plans, plans to travel the world, and escape his terrible life with the Volkova's.

But after everything that had happened recently, things didn't seem as clear cut as they used to be, were the Volkova's really that bad? Perhaps he'd just never tried to get to know them properly, he now thought of Irina like a sister, and even Elena who was naturally a bit cold and reserved had always provided him with a home.

It was all very confusing, he needed to take a break from all the girl stuff to get things straight in his mind, so after having a chat with Irina, who was very supportive, he decided to pack away his dresses and heels and go back to being Ben.

Trying to make himself look masculine, he tied up his long hair in a bun and placing it under a baseball cap, but the problem was with his eyelash extensions, thinly plucked brows, and pouty lips, even without makeup on he just looked like a tomboy.

For two days, he dressed in his old clothes that now seemed so rough and drab and moped around the apartment feeling sorry for himself.

What he found was that the things he used to do to pass the time now seemed dull and pointless, he'd thought that trying to reconnect with his old persona would be easy, but as time passed he found it to be anything but. It now wasn't as easy to talk to Irina as having bonded and got to know each other properly with him in girl mode, both of them found it difficult to know what to talk about.

If that wasn't bad enough, Ben found that he missed living as Bunny, life had been more exciting, and even if he couldn't admit it to himself at that moment, it felt more natural to be her. He'd never been a very decisive or dominant person, and as a man, he'd always pretended to act tough and macho, or risk being considered weak. Living as Bunny had been different, feeding, he could finally be himself and people complimented him for it.

On the third day, Ben woke up after a strange dream involving Jake, where he had been trying to talk to him about something important, but no matter how much he tried, no sound came out of his mouth.

Waking with a jolt, Ben made a decision and before he could change his mind, he went straight into the bathroom, jumped in the shower, and started to shave his legs, no matter what people thought of him or called him, he didn't care anymore, he was going back to being Bunny, it just felt right.

When he entered the gym that morning in his leotard and tights finding Irina going through her exercise routine, she just smiled and called out, “what kept you? I’m already halfway through”.

Ben smiled back, “sorry, I’ve not felt myself the last few days, but I’m feeling much better now”, he replied, pulling over his yoga mat to join her.

In the following days, Ben started accompanying Irina to the office once more, dressed in fancy skirt suits and tall designer heels, he wasn’t thinking too much about the future, he was just going with the flow and taking each day as it came.

On the fifth day, after thinking about it long and hard, Ben decided to finally speak to Jake, over the last 24 hours, he had received three missed calls and four text messages, each one begging for forgiveness, he sounded very apologetic and really wanted to talk.

Irina had told him to ignore the messages and make him stew for a few more days as punishment after the way he had treated him, but Ben couldn’t wait that long, although still angry, he was also worried about him, he hadn’t seemed himself the last time they met, so going against Irina’s advice, he sent him a message.

After a few messages back and forward, Jake called him up and they ended up speaking for hours, laughing, and joking just like old time.

Jake seemed to be back to his old self as Ben concluded that perhaps he had been telling the truth about being sleep deprived as he remembered the week of his final exams, where he had spent every waking moment either cramming or just too worried to sleep. That week he had done and said some very strange things, so he knew what it felt like.

Towards the end of the conversation, after apologising and expressing how much he regretted how the last one had turned out, Jake asked Ben out on another date.

Ben’s heart fluttered a little on hearing the question, but instead of agreeing straight away he decided to make Jake squirm a little, “hmm... I’m not sure, I think I might be washing my hair that night”, he replied.

“Your hair? No need”, Jake replied, “your hair is gorgeous, it would be a waste of effort”.

“Is it now? Ben chuckled flirtatiously, “ok, let’s say I postponed it for a night or two, out of curiosity, where would you be taking me and my gorgeous hair”?

“To the best restaurant in the city”, Jake announced, “only the best for my girl”.

Ben paused for a second, “so, I’m your girl, now am I”?

“Well... yes...I mean... if you want to be”, Jake replied sounding unsure of himself for the first time that evening.

Finding it cute, Ben smiled, "How about we have dinner first and see how things go"?

"I think I can agree to that", Jake replied.

"It's a date then", Ben announced, "but I hope you've been saving up; this best restaurant sounds pricey and I'm not a cheap date you know"?

"Not a problem", Jake announced cheerfully, "only the best for you, babe".

For the rest of the week, Ben could think of nothing else but their date that weekend. Irina who had been sceptical at first, soon came around to the idea after seeing how excited Ben was, she even booked a spa day on Saturday afternoon, so he could look his best. Or that's how she justified the outing, she would be joining him, of course, as she never was one to miss an opportunity to be pampered.

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Thursday afternoon

It had been a quiet day at the office, with no new clients, and only a few odd jobs to complete, having only arrived around midday, Irina was almost done, and they would be leaving soon to do a little shopping.

Ben sitting in his usual position on his sofa was organising some papers Irina had given him to look at, as his short leather skirt rode up his nylon covered legs annoying him.

Tugging it back down for the umpteenth time, he wondered if it was even worth dressing up just for an hour or two in the office. But then again, it wasn't worth making a fuss, Irina liked to dress formally in office, ready for any situation that might arise, and if he was being honest with himself, he quite enjoyed putting the outfits together and hearing Irina compliment him on his good sense of style.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a loud knock on the door, as both their heads shot around to look in that direction, "are you expecting someone"? Ben asked nervously.

Irina shook her head, "no", she replied getting up from her chair, "there's nobody booked in today".

Ben watched as Irina strode confidently across the room on her tall heels, making it look effortless, but before she made it to the door, it suddenly opened making her jump.

Seeing who it was Ben quickly stood up as Irina quickly backed up to stand next to him.

"Ladies, good afternoon, I hope I'm not intruding", Danila announced in his loud booming voice.

“Well now that you mention it, you are”, Irina replied angrily, “this is a private office, you can’t just walk in here, how did you get past security”?

Danila chuckled, “you mean that overweight old-timer downstairs, slumped behind his desk, with a look on his face like he’s waiting to die, let’s just say we came to an understanding”.

Ben and Irina looked at each other, each could see the fear in the other's eyes, before quickly turning back to face the large Russian intruder in the doorway.

“What is it you want, Danila”? Irina asked in a calmer tone.

“Ahh, I like a woman who gets straight to the point, these Americans waste so much time with unnecessary chit chat”, Danila said nodding, “I’ve come to look around the office, I’m thinking of buying it, how much do you want”?

“Buy the office”? Irina repeated surprised, “are you serious”?

“The business the office it matters not, how much do you want”? Danila repeated his face giving no sign that he was joking.

Irina snorted lightly through her nose, “Thank you for your interest, Danila, but I'm afraid, the office or the business is not for sale”, Irina replied, “and if that’s all you wanted, you can be on your way, we’re actually about to close up for the day”.

“Is that so”? Danila replied calmly, “perhaps you should run it by your mother first, how is Elena? I've been meaning to call in and see her, we’re far overdue for a catch up”.

“No”, Irina shouted, “there is no need to involve her, I've told you the business is not for sale and that's final”.

“Ok, little princess, no need to get your panties in a bunch, point made”, Danila replied, a wry smile forming on his lips, “how about I offer you a job instead? It would pay a lot more than what Elena pays I’m sure”.

“Not interested”, Irina shot back.

“And how about you, Bunny? It comes with quite the package”, Danila said chuckling as he turned to look over in Ben’s direction who up until this point, had just stood there like a deer in the headlights.

“I’m not interested in your job or your surely pathetic package”, Ben announced causing Irina to laugh, “so why don't you go and find someone else”, he added crossing his arms, “now I think it’s time you left before I call the police”.

The smile on Danila’s face disappeared as he looked ready to explode “you will regret your flippant words, girl”, he said with menace in his eyes, “nobody makes a fool of me”.

Having had enough of the conversation, Irina puffed out her chest, "I think our business here has been concluded", she said pointing towards the door, "Now take your threats and get the hell out of our office".



Saturday night

Ben stood in his room twisting and turning, studying his feminine reflection in the full-length mirror in front of him. He took a deep breath and felt a mixture of equal parts nervousness and excitement. Part of him had been looking forward to seeing Jake all week but another part of him wanted to call and cancel, worried that the night would turn out the same as their last date.

“Are you sure I look ok”? Ben asked turning to face Irina, who was sat on his bed grinning at him.

“Well now that you ask, perhaps we should start all over again”, she replied, “you look terrible”.

“What”? Ben gasped turning back to the mirror panicked, "really"?

Irina stood up and walked towards him, placing her hands on his shoulders, “I’m kidding, silly, you look amazing, but you can see that yourself, right”?

Ben pouted, “that was so mean, you really had me worried there, I’m still not used to this new look”.

“Sorry, I couldn’t resist”, Irina said wrapping her hands around his slim waist and placing her chin on his shoulder, “but seriously, Jake’s eyes are going to pop out of his head when he sees you in that dress”.

Irina felt Ben relax in her arms as she smiled at him, locking eyes through the mirror, “you don’t like your new hair colour”? She asked.

“I’m not really sure”, Ben replied, “It’s still so strange seeing myself with long hair, never mind all the different colours I’ve had recently”.

“That’s part of the fun of being a girl”, Irina announced stepping back, “experimenting with your look and trying new things, besides if you don’t like it, we can always go back in a few days and change it”.

Ben scoffed, “something tells me you’d like that”, he replied turning carefully on his tall heels, hearing them clatter on the wooden floor beneath.

“Of course, I never turn down an opportunity to be pampered”, she replied smiling.

Ben turned back to face the mirror and looked at his long black hair tied up on top of his head in a high ponytail, “I guess the colour’s ok”, he said turning his head from side to side and feeling his large hoop earring gently tapping the side of his neck, “but I’m not really sure I like these nails”, he said lifting up his hands and fanning out his fingers to show Irina, “they’re way too flashy”, he added watching his new coffin-shaped French-style acrylic nails, sparkle in the light, the tips covered in a glittery diamond-like coating.

“They are rather loud, but they match your shoes”, Irina replied, "and tonight we're going for an all glam look".

Jake looked down at his nyloned legs, perched atop the tall black sparkly booties he was wearing, the pedicure he’d had earlier, poking out the open toe front, “I think I should change”, he announced, “this outfit is too much, people are going to stare at me”, he added tugging at the hem of his dress that barely covered his plump backside.

“So, let them stare, if they do it’ll be because they’re jealous of how gorgeous you look”, Irina said reassuring him, “and you’re going to a fancy restaurant, right? you can’t exactly go wearing jeans and a T-shirt, oh, and tell me this, when Jake sees you tonight, what do you want him to think”?

Ben stopped his fussing and thought for a second, “hmm... I don’t know, I guess I’d want him to think I look sexy”, he replied, suddenly feeling embarrassed saying the words out loud and looking down shyly.

“Well, he’ll definitely think that”, Irina shot back, “he won’t be able to keep his hands off you”.

“You think”? Ben asked looking up.

“Oh, I know so, girl, by the way, have you thought about what you’re going to do if he wants to do something more than kissing this time”?

Ben’s eyes widened, “I’m still not sure”, he replied softly biting his plump lower lip, “I’m not sure if I’m ready yet”.

“That’s ok, just take your time, Jake will understand”, Irina said smiling.

“I hope so”, Ben said smiling back, “I’ve never experienced things from the girl’s side before, it’s a little bit scary if I’m honest, I have no idea what to do”.

Irina stepped forward and gave him a hug, “just relax and don’t put so much pressure on yourself, just tell Jake how you feel and let things happen naturally”.

“Thank you, Reeny”, Jake said his voice full of emotion, “I don’t know what I’d do without you”.

“Well, I am pretty amazing”, Irina replied playfully, “but hey, don’t you go getting teary on me, we’ve just got that makeup of yours looking perfect”.

Ben's smile widened further, as he gripped Irina tightly, thinking about how much things had changed in the last few months as he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, perched atop pair of towering designer six-inch heels, stood his femininely decorated room, dressed a body-hugging mini dress with his arms around the stepsister who for years he had fought with, and on top of all that, he was about to be picked up to go a date with his best friend. If the old Ben could see him now, what on earth would he think?

Feeling calmer, Ben tottered to the living room to wait for Jake to arrive. Entering he found Elena sat watching TV. She looked up, “you look very pretty, Bunny, just like beautiful flower”, she announced.

Ben Smiled, “thank you, Mamulya”, he replied, before carefully lowering himself onto a cushioned seat opposite her, smoothing out his short skirt and folding his legs above the knee, all the while making sure not to flash her his panties.

“He come soon”? Elena asked.

Ben nodded, “yes, he should be here any minute”, he answered leaning down to take his phone from the handbag he had placed next to his seat, “actually, he's a little late”.

Unlocking the screen, Ben suddenly got an uneasy feeling as he noticed an unread message. It must have come through when he was chatting to Irina earlier.

From her position opposite him, Elena watched as Ben stared down at the screen as his face saddened. Suddenly, the phone fell, from his hands, hit the floor loudly, and bounced away across the living room floor. Ben didn't react, he just sat there motionless.

"Bunny, what is wrong"? Elena asked concerned, flicking off the television and leaning forward.

Slowly Ben looked up, his bottom lip trembling and with a sadness in his eyes, "he's not coming, and he... he doesn't want to see me anymore", he announced in a shaky voice. He then quickly turned away, only to stare vacantly at the wall, deep in thought.



Chapter 4 – Confusion

“Where is she this morning”? Irina thought to herself as she stood in the gym looking out of the window at the sprawling city beneath her.

It wasn't like Bunny to be late, and she had definitely heard her up and about in her room as she passed by earlier. Deciding to give her a few more minutes before she went to look for her, Irina started doing some light stretches, bending down to touch her toes.

As she held the position feeling the muscles in the back of her legs stretch, she suddenly felt annoyed. Bunny had just started to come out of her shell, looking happier than she had ever seen her, but then that asshole Jake had to go and ruin things.

She'd had her own share of heartbreaks over the years, but the way Jake had seemingly led Bunny on, only to dump her by text and ignore all her calls was just cold and heartless, especially given their history together.

The news had devastated Bunny, leaving her depressed and miserable. For the past week, Irina had done everything she could think of to cheer her up, but no matter what she tried, nothing seemed to work.

Ten minutes past and there was still no sign of Bunny, and now slightly concerned, Irina got to her feet and decided to finally go check on her.

Tapping lightly on the door she was told to enter. Pushing open the door slowly, she peered in, seeing Bunny dressed in her workout gear but just sat motionless on her bed, staring down at her phone.

“Good morning”, Irina called out, “you're not working out today”?

Ben looked his face expressionless, “I think I'll give it a miss today”, he replied, “I'm not really in the mood”.

“Not in the mood!” Irina exclaimed with a puzzled look on her face, “but you're already in your gym gear”.

“Umm... yeah, I was going to join you but then I... I... started thinking about something and kinda lost track of time”, Ben answered, his voice quiet and sad.

“Thinking about Jake, you mean”? Irina shot back, moving across the room to join him on the bed.

Ben slowly nodded, “I just can't stop thinking about him, Reeny, it just doesn't make any sense”, he said, his voice going up an octave or two, “I think he might be in trouble”.

“Did he contact you”? Irina replied.

Ben lowered his head, “no, but that's why I think somethings wrong, I've known him for years, it's not like him to go radio silent like this”.

Irina took hold of his hand, “listen Bunny, this is not going to be easy to hear, but Jake a boy, and boys are cowards, he probably just panicked and decided to take the easy way out and ignore you hoping you'd forget about him”.

“No”, Ben shouted loudly, wrenching back his hand, “Jake’s not like that, it’s got to be Danila, he’s got something to do with this, I just know it”.

Shocked by the sudden unexpected outburst, Irina leaned back a little, “I’m sorry, I was just trying to help”, she said not knowing what to say.

Ben upon seeing her reaction, burst out in tears, “Oh...I’m sorry, Reeny, I didn’t mean to scare you, I’m just all over the place at the moment, I don’t know why I’m so emotional lately”.

Irina smiled and edged a little closer, “there’s nothing wrong with showing your emotions”, she said soothingly reaching over to gently rub his back, “I think what you need is some closure, how about later on today, we go over to Jake’s place and get some answers”?

Ben looked up as a tear slowly rolled down his cheek, “what if he tells me to go away again”? He asked pouting.

Irina smiled reaching up to wipe away the tear, “well you'll have your answer then, and this time you can look him right in the eyes”, Irina replied, “If he’s lying you’ll be able to tell, right”?

Ben thought for a second before slowly nodding, “Ok, and you’ll come with me”? he asked.

“Of course, what are big sisters for”, Irina said jumping to her feet, “but first you need to pull yourself together and get that cute little butt of yours to the gym, it’s time to work out”.



Tick, tick, tick, went the hand on the wall clock as it proceeded around its endless cycle. Tapping the long sparkly tip of his index finger on the tabletop matching the rhythm, Ben just couldn't stop staring at the clock on the office wall.

"Reeny, are you sure that clock isn't running slow"? he asked from the sofa.

Irina dropped her pen and sighed, "please, for the love of God, Bunny, will you stop looking at that clock, the time isn't running slow, you just need to think about something else", she announced, "what happened to those files I asked you to look through"?

"I'm sorry, I just can't focus on them right now", Ben replied lowering his head and rocking gently from side to side, "I'm just so nervous".

Irina sighed again, "and stop trying to look cute, we've already discussed this", she answered shaking her head, "you were the one who said we should go later remember? You said we would have the best chance of catching him at home".

Ben pouted, "I know, it's just, I think I'm going to go insane if I have to wait another three hours, do you think we could go over a little earlier"?

"I guess so", Irina said nodding, "Do you think he'll be in, though"?

"I'm not sure, but I can just sit around and wait if he's not, you don't have to come with me, I'll be ok by myself", Ben replied nodding.

"Oh no you don't, I promised I'd go with you, and I meant it", she said standing up, "let's head over then and see if he's in and if he's not I'll keep you company while you wait".

"Really"? Ben asked smiling, "but what about your work"?

"Nothing that can't wait until tomorrow", Irina answered, "besides it's not like I can get much done with you mopping about like this, go and grab your coat and let's go".

Ben tottered over to give her a hug, "thank you Reeny, you're the best sister ever", he said wrapping his arms around her and squeezing her tightly.

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45 minutes later, Ben stood outside Jake's door shaking with nerves having just rung the front doorbell.

He looked over his shoulder and saw Irina give him a thumbs up from her position across the street. He returned the gesture and turned back to face the door, he knew Jake was in as he and Irina had spotted him walking past the window just a moment ago.

There was no answer. Reaching up, Ben carefully positioned his hand to be able to press the buzzer once more, his long acrylic nail tip getting in the way and making the simple task much more difficult than it would normally be.

Again, he stood waiting but this time he heard footsteps approaching. Ben quickly brushing down his skirt around his thighs and raked his nails through his hair just as the door flew opened, "hello, can I help you"? A middle-aged woman asked.

"Err... hi is Jake home"? Ben asked nervously, he'd been thinking all day about what he was going to say when Jake opened the door, but one thing he hadn't considered was that it might be Jake's mother that answered.

Mrs Fuller looked him up and down, "are you a friend of his"? she asked with a puzzled look on her face.

"Err... yes, we've known each other for a long time", Ben said but as soon as he said the words he wished he hadn't, seeing the look on Mrs Fuller's face who now looked even more confused.

"Really, what's your name"? She asked staring at Ben and making him feel even more uncomfortable in his tight office outfit.

"My names Bunny", he replied quietly, shuffling his feet inside his high heeled pumps", I'm sorry to disturb you tonight Mrs Fuller, I just haven't heard from Jake in a while, and I just wanted to make sure he was ok".

Mrs Fuller smiled with pursed lips, “me too, dear, he hasn’t been himself for a few weeks now, I keep asking him what’s wrong, but he just won’t speak to me, please come in”.

“Thank you”, Ben replied stepping into the house as Mrs Fuller stepped to one side.

“The living room is on the left, please make yourself comfortable, I’ll go and fetch him from his room, if he won’t talk to me perhaps you’ll have more luck”, Mrs Fuller said as she closed the door, “do you want anything to drink, Bunny”?

Ben shook his head, “no thank you, Mrs Fuller I’m fine”, he replied before smiling and heading off into the living room to wait.

Entering the room, Ben took a deep breath, “that was a close one”, he thought to himself, “thank god she didn’t recognise me or that could have been very awkward”.

Too nervous to sit, he paced up and down the room. His feet were a little sore from wearing his tall heels all day, but at that moment, that was the last thing on his mind as he circled the room examining the pictures of Jake and his family scattered around.

Stopping in front of a cabinet, he reached down and picked up a picture that made him smile, a picture of Jake graduating high school. He remembered the day well, but it now seemed like a million years ago. He remembered Jake sneaking a bottle of whisky into the school that day in the hope of convincing Carly Simons and her busty friend Veronica to drink it with them.

The girls shot them down, forcing the two of them to drink the whole bottle alone. It was funny to think back on it now, with him standing there looking more feminine than Carly Simons and her friend Veronica combined wondering if he was about to be rejected once more.

“You shouldn’t have come here”, Jake suddenly announced, making Ben jump, and almost dropping the picture frame, “I told you we can’t see each other anymore”.

Quickly placing the picture back on the cabinet, Ben spun around and gasped, “I... you... are you ok? Are you sick”? he asked with his mouth wide open.

Looking him up and down, Ben could hardly believe his eyes, The first thing he noticed was just how incredibly thin Jake now looked, his clothes seemed to be hanging off of him like they were a size or two too large.

He also looked really pale, his usual tan having seemingly faded away. But perhaps the most noticeable difference was his face which now looked different, younger somehow. His eyes were now the focal point of his face as his dark lashes contrasted against his milky white skin, it was almost as though he was wearing mascara.



“What? No, I’m fine”, Jake quickly shot back looking agitated, “I’ve just been trying out this new exercise program, that’s all”.

Ben wanted to ask more questions, but seeing the frustration on Jake's face, he decided to change the subject, "Jake, I've been worried about you", he said meekly, "why won't you talk to me? I don't understand what I did wrong".

Ben watched as Jake screwed up his face, looking as though he was in pain, "I... I...I just can't see you right now", he said gripping his hair with both hands and pulling backwards.

"Please, Jake", Ben said stepping forward, "you need to explain this to me, I can help you, is it Danila? Is he making you do something"?

Jake head suddenly shot around, "Danila, no it has nothing to do with him", he replied loudly with his eyes wide and his voice shaking, "please, you need to go now".

"No", Ben replied firmly, stamping his foot loudly, "not until you tell me what the hell is going on here".

"Arghhh, Mom, mom", Ben screamed turning away.

Instantly Mrs Fuller appeared in the room, having obviously been stood just outside the door eavesdropping on their conversation.

"Bunny is leaving now. Mom, can you show her out please"? He said before turning and almost running from the room.

A shocked Ben looked up, his eyes meeting and equally shocked Mrs Fuller's as a tear slowly rolled down his cheek.

Mrs Fuller gave him a weak smile, "thanks for trying, dear", she said in a sad voice, "come on, I'll show you out".

Chapter 5 – No escape

For two days Ben hardly left his room, moping about and feeling sorry for himself. He knew something was wrong with Jake but after being told to his face to get lost and his phone going straight to the answering service every time he tried calling, he didn't know what else he could do.

Irina as per usual was trying her best to snap him out of his depression. At first, she had given him some space, checking in on him a few times a day, to see if he needed anything and to make sure he was ok, but she soon tired of this and went for a change of tact.

On the third day, she'd had enough. It was just past ten-thirty in the morning when she marched into Ben's room, threw back the curtains and opened the window wide, letting the cold morning air rush in.

Looking over at the bed, he hadn't moved. Shaking her head she stormed across the room, grabbed a hold of the duvet cover, and threw it clean off and onto the bedroom floor.

A shocked Ben look up, "Hey, what are you doing? He whined, "and why did you open the window? it's cold".

"Time to get up sleeping beauty, you've wallowed here feeling sorry for yourself long enough", Irina replied, "and as for the window, this room needs some fresh air, it stinks in here".

"Ok, fine, I'll get up, just give me ten more minutes", Ben said curling his legs up to his midsection, "can I have my blanket back"?

"No, you're going to get up, and you're going straight in that shower, smelly girl", Irina announced forcefully, "either you go by yourself or I'm carrying you".

Seeing the serious look on her face Ben sighed, "ok... ok.. fine, I'm going", he said swinging his legs over the side of the bed, "you know, you can be quite scary sometimes".

Irina smiled, "It's called tough love, now scoot", she said pointing towards the bathroom, "oh and shave those legs while you're in there, you could strike a match on them".

Two weeks later, Ben sat in the office, bored, and waiting to leave. Having still not heard from Jake, recently he'd tried to push the thought of him to the back of his mind. After all what else could he do and if Jake needed his help all he had to do was ask.

Over the last few days, another thought had been creeping into his head, one he didn't want to be true, but as more and more time passed, the thought started to sound more and more believable.

Perhaps Irina had been right all along, perhaps Jake had just freaked out after thinking about what they had actually done that day in his house. After all, it was

possible, as even though Ben was now dressing and living as a woman, under the skirts and the makeup, he was still a man, perhaps Jake couldn't handle it.

These thoughts left Ben more confused than ever and sitting for hours on the office sofa while Irina worked, had given him plenty of time to contemplate things. The problem was, no matter how long he spent thinking about his future, he just couldn't decide what he really wanted.

Part of him wanted nothing more than to continue living as Bunny. Everything about his life since he had started dressing and living as a woman was more fun and exciting. He was closer to Irina and Elena than he had ever been, and after getting used to people treating him differently, he had to admit, he preferred it, he was even comfortable wearing women's clothes and actually enjoyed the variety and freedom when choosing outfits to wear.

The problem was the other part of him, the part that was terrified of what it meant if he decided to go down the road to becoming Bunny permanently. He had done a little research on what it would entail to change genders, and it all seemed so overwhelming, the doctors' appointment, hormones, surgery, he wasn't sure if he could do it.

Looking over at Irina behind her desk, he watched her work for a moment and smiled. She was busy typing but seemed so content, it must be nice not to have to think about who or what you are all the time, he thought to himself, and imagined how nice it would be to just be yourself and have everyone just accept you for it.

"Why are you staring at me"? Irina asked looking up with a puzzled look on her face.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't realise I was", Ben said apologetically.

Irina smiled, "It's ok, you don't need to apologise, "Is everything ok"?"

Ben nodded slowly, "yeah, everything's fine, I've just been thinking a lot about something recently".

Irina sat up straight in her chair but didn't say a word, she just sat there waiting to hear what Ben had to say.

"Well...you see...the thing is... I...", before he could finish, he was interrupted by his phone ringing out from the table in front of him.

Looking down his eyes widened as he saw the caller ID, it was Jake. Leaning forward Ben quickly picked up the phone and before he had time to talk himself out of answering he pressed his long-nailed finger against the answer button, "hello", he spoke quietly.

"Bunny,", the voice replied, no louder than a whisper, "I need help".

"Jake? Is that you, I can hardly hear you, you sound different, are you ok"? Ben replied.

"Yes... I mean no, listen, I don't have long, when we last spoke, you asked me about Danila. I'm so sorry, Bunny, but I lied to you, I didn't mean to, I just didn't know what else to do, I was trying to protect you and your family".

“Jake, what are you talking about? what’s happened? You’re scaring me”, Ben said frantically.

“I can’t explain now, please, you have to help me, I don’t know what to do”, Jake whispered, “I thought I could handle it at first, but now things have gotten way out of hand, he’s even got me living in one of his apartments, I’m not allowed to leave unless it’s with him or one of his goons”.

“Jake, where are you? we’ll come and get you”? Ben said, his voice still panicked.

“It’s a tall building on the corner of Columbus Avenue and 90th, but you can’t come here it’s not safe, just call the police”, Jake replied hastily, “hang on I think I hear him, Bunny, I’ve got to go, I’m sorry”.

“Jake...Jake”, Ben cried out as the line went dead.

Irina who had watched from across the room, looked on as Ben dropped his hands to his lap and just stared blankly into space, “Bunny”, she announced standing up, “what’s going on? what’s happened”?



Visibly shaken, Ben filled Irina in on the details of the phone call. While he spoke, Irina remained quiet and calm, listening carefully to what he was saying before leaning over to give him a hug.

“We’ve got to call the police”, Irina said softly into his ear, “I can’t believe this is happening, I mean the guy seemed a little pushy, but kidnapping!”.

“He always gave me the creeps”, Ben replied shuddering, “there was something about the way he looked at me like he was staring right through me”.

Picking up his phone from its position resting between his silky thighs, Ben rang the New York police department. The woman who answered seemed very concerned and told him a pair of detectives would be calling around to see him shortly.

Thirty minutes later, there was a knock on the door and when she opened it, Irina was greeted with a pair of badges thrust into her face, “good afternoon, ma’am, I’m detective Peters”, a grizzled looking man in his fifties said, “and this is detective Morgan”, Peters added looking towards his partner, a younger rather plump man with a crooked smile “may we come in”?

Stepping aside Irina let the men into the office who walked straight over to a rather nervous looking Ben who was looking down at the ground, not sure whether to reveal his true identity or not.

“I’m Irina Volkova, and this is my sister Bunny, she is the one who received the call”, Irina said pointing towards Ben who lifted his head and gave the men a little wave.

“Well, I think we better hear this story, can we take a seat”? Peters asked but not waiting for an answer as he strode across the room towards the sofa.

Taking a seat next to Irina, Ben retold the story of the phone call once more, trying to remember each and every detail.

When he finished the detectives asked a couple of follow up questions before standing to leave.

“What that’s it!”, Ben exclaimed as he watched the men stand up, “what happens now? Don’t I need to come down to the station to give my statement or something”?

“No, that won’t be necessary ma’am”, Peters announced straightening his suit jacket, “we’ve taken your statement here, and we’ll be in touch if we hear anything”.

“But what about Jake? He’s in real danger!”, Ben exclaimed, “you’ve got to do something”.

Peters smiled, “we’re on the case ma’am, it won’t be easy seeing as we don’t know the building or apartment number, but we’ll find your friend”, he said reaching into his jacket pocket, “here, take my card, if your friend calls again, be sure to call me immediately”, and with that, the detectives left.

Almost a month went by with no progress. Jake hadn’t called back and neither had the detectives. That wasn’t to say Ben hadn’t spoken to them, he had been calling the number detective Peters had given him every other day looking for news, but

each time was told the same thing, that they were still investigating but unfortunately there were no new leads.

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Leaning against a wall at the address Jake had given him, Ben yawned, having given up on the police, he had decided to take matters into his own hands.

For the last two day, Ben had stood around waiting, surveying his surroundings for any sign of Danila or Jake.

Dressed as he was, he felt like a spy from an old movie. The outfit consisting of a large, oversized coat, a bobble hat, and a pair of large sunglasses, served two purposes. Firstly, to keep him warm as it was now bitterly cold outside, it wasn't uncommon for the temperature to drop below zero this time of year and he had even seen the first signs of snow.

The second reason was of course to disguise his appearance, he didn't really have a plan if he saw Jake or Danila, but he knew whatever he planned to do, it would be much easier if he could do it unrecognised.

Taking a sip of the coffee he had just bought to warm himself up, Ben looked up and smiled. The same car he had seen the previous day had just pulled up in front of one of the buildings.

He was standing in the wrong spot the last time he saw it, and by the time he moved closer, it was too late. But he could have sworn he saw Danila get in accompanied by a blonde woman.

Seeing a tall dark man exit from the back of the car, this time Ben close enough to see properly, it was definitely Danila, and he was heading into the buildings.

With his heart thumping wildly in his chest, Ben quickly followed. Passing the car that was still parked outside, Ben ducked his head and quickly entered the building.

Hit by a waft of comforting warm air, Ben was presented with a rather spacious but dated looking lobby. On the far side of the room, his eyes were drawn to a set of elevator doors that had just closed, "dam", he muttered under his breath.

"Can I help you, miss"? A man behind a desk to his right said, startling Ben and making him jump.

Taking off his glasses, Ben turned, "oh... hi, no, I'm ok I think", he said flashing the man a smile, "I'm meeting a friend who lives here, she said to wait for her down here, is that ok"?

The doorman smiled, "no problem at all Miss, it's way too cold to be standing around outside today, you can take a seat over there if you'd like", he replied pointing to a battered dark purple sofa that matched the rest of the lobby's décor.

Thanking the man Ben strolled over and took a seat, he still didn't have a plan, but he could see from the number above the elevator, it had stopped on the 7th floor.

He considered calling detective Peters but before he got the chance the elevator started descending once again.

Holding his breath, Ben watched as the numbers on the display slowly counted down towards zero. Just before the elevator pinged, Ben looked around and grabbed a newspaper from the table next to him before quickly opening it and raising it to cover his face.

From the corner of his eye, Ben saw Danila exit the elevator accompanied once again by the blonde woman. He felt a little deflated seeing her, he had hoped to see Jake but then again, deep down, he knew that was probably expecting too much.

Trying his best to stay inconspicuous, Ben glanced at the pair as they started to walk across the lobby. Danila strode ahead confidently as the woman dressed in a smart-looking business suit, who Ben guessed to be Danila's secretary, stumbled along behind looking a little unstable on her tall heels.

How strange, Ben thought watching her struggle across the lobby, why would you wear such tall heels if you couldn't walk in them? And especially on an icy day like today?

Suddenly, Danila stopped in the middle of the lobby and glancing over in Ben's direction. Lifting his paper slightly higher, he once again held his breath as he willed his hands to stop shaking.

Danila looked away, obviously not recognising him, and instead turned to face his blonde companion, "come on, Jacqueline, you need to pick up the pace, we have a meeting at ten-thirty and if you make us late again you know what happens, right"? He boomed in his loud intimidating voice.

The woman quickened her pace a little, looking rather awkward in a half walk, half jog like motion, scurrying along taking tiny mincing steps that echoed loudly throughout the room, "yes, Danila", came a rather deep-voiced response, "sorry, I'm coming".

Hearing the woman speak, Ben's eyes widened behind his newspaper and his breathing quickened. Slowly he lowered the paper and peered over the top.

Danila was now striding for the exit, but Ben's eyes were fixed on something else. For the first time, he could see the blonde woman's face, a face albeit now plastered in heavy makeup, one he instantly recognised.

Time seemed to slow down as Ben watched her continue to stumble along behind Danila. He suddenly felt dizzy as if he was about to faint as he stared in disbelief at the worrying and disturbing sight in front of him not quite believing his eyes.



Chapter 6 – Jake’s story

It was after twelve when the car finally pulled up outside its destination. Having nervously watched every agonizing minute through the back window as the car made its way through the midday New York traffic, Jake knew they had left the city and were now somewhere in New Jersey.

“Ok, out”, boomed Danila loudly, causing Jake to jump slightly.

For a moment, he considered asking where they were or what they were doing there but seeing the crazed look in Danila’s eyes as he turned to face him, he quickly changed his mind.

Slowly opening the back door and stepping out, Jake cautiously looked around making note of any distinctive buildings or landmarks.

Suddenly realizing he had no idea where he was, Jake started to panic. Rounding the back of the car, Danila smiled at him, “come, follow me”, he announced without breaking stride.

Jake nodded, looking up at the large man and feeling very vulnerable in his current predicament. He knew he was now at Danila's mercy with little to no hope of beating him in a fight.

Still looking around, trying to take in his surrounding, Jake followed Danila into the building before taking a creaky old elevator up to the fourth floor.

Stood in the tiny metal box, shoulder to shoulder with Danila, Jake’s mind was going crazy wondering what awaited him when the door reopened. All manner of awful thoughts crossed his mind, so when the doors opened to reveal one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his life waiting to greet them, it was definitely a pleasant surprise.

“Natasha, lovely to see you as always”, Danila announced stepping forward and kissing the woman on both cheeks.

The woman probably in her late twenties, dressed elegantly in a suit with her hair pulled back into a tight ponytail, barely moved as Danila greeted her. Her face completely expressionless as she allowed him to approach, before moving her head from side to side as he kissed each of her cheeks,

Stood with his feet rooted to the ground, Jake stared back at the goddess of a woman as she looked him up and down. She then turned and spoke to Danila in Russian, glancing back over in Jake's direction from time to time, making him feel very uncomfortable.

After a few moments, the conversation ended and again without an ounce of expression on her face, the sexy woman turned and glided away across the room on her high heeled pumps, disappearing around a corner.

After watching her all the way across the room, Danila turned, "beautiful, right"? he asked smiling.

Jake taken aback by the question, didn't quite know how to respond, "err... yeah... I mean I guess", he stammered.

"You guess"! Danila announced laughing, "what! is she not your type"?

"Err... no... er... I mean she's a good looking woman, I just feel a bit awkward that's all, I love my girlfriend", Jake replied blushing.

"Love you say", Danila roared, chuckling loudly, "well, let's put that to the test shall we".

"I don't understand"? Jake said screwing up his eyes, "I thought I was here to do a job"?

"Oh, you are my boy", Danila announced, "but as to what that job is, is entirely up to you, in a moment I will give you a choice and I want you to think very carefully before you answer", he added stepping towards Jake, placing a huge arm around his shoulders and giving him a hefty slap on the back, "come, this way, let me show you around".

They set off across the large colourfully decorated room, Danila's arm still around Jake's shoulders, "this building used to print newspapers", Danila said as they walked, "but that was before the internet came and made places like this obsolete, you see Jake, this place didn't survive, in life you either change and adapt or go extinct".

Jake gulped, not wanting, or knowing how to respond as they stopped in front of a set of closed doors.

"Time to make your choice little lamb", Danila announced stepping in front of Jake and folding his muscly arms, "behind door number one is a bedroom, if you walk through it you will find Natasha dressed in her finest lingerie, lying on the bed and ready to fuck your brains out", he said calmly like what he was saying was perfectly normal.

"What"! Jake exclaimed looking up to see if he was being serious.

"That is one option, you see Natasha dabbles in the adult film industry and if you chose to join her today, you will star in her latest movie as she shows you the time of your life", Danila said chuckling as he watched Jake's mouth hang open in shock.

"And the second door"? Jake asked gulping.

“You want to hear about the second door”? Danila said toying with him, “are you sure you don’t want to just take me up on the first offer? Natasha is an animal in the bedroom, I guarantee, you’ll come out feeling like a new man”.

“I’d like to hear all the options”, Jake replied suspiciously.

“Smart boy, I’m the same, I always like to analyse things thoroughly before I commit to a decision”, Danila answered, a sly smile crossing his lips, “behind the second door is Natasha’s dressing room, she is a talented girl my Natasha and in there she helps get the models ready”.

With a look of complete confusion on his face Jake listen on, "You see, Jakey boy, today we have a problem, one of the girls, fresh off the boat from Almaty was supposed to arrive to take a few pictures before we sent her off to meet her new husband”.

Ever the showman, Danila paused for a second to make sure he had Jake’s full attention, “The bitch has decided not to fulfil her obligations and run away, we’ll find her, of course, and she’ll regret her foolish decision, but in the meantime, we are left needing a model”.

For a second time Danila paused before he delivered his punchline which hit Jake like a sledgehammer blow, "That's what awaits you behind that door and if you choose to walk through, your job will be to fill her shoes, quite literally", Danila said before breaking into a hearty laugh.

“You what"! Jake exclaimed loudly not quite believing what he had just heard, "You want me to model for you? Dressed as a woman?”

“Yes boy, that’s what I said was it not? Natasha will help you get ready, then you’ll put on the outfits Yuliana was going to wear and pose for some pictures”, Danila stated, turning his head to the side in a patronising manner as if he was speaking to an idiot.

“But...but.. this is insane, you can’t be serious”? Jake announced.

“Do I look like I’m joking”, Danila boomed loudly instantly silencing Jake, “the third choice is a bullet and a trip to visit a pig farmer I know”.

"Now I’m going to make a phone call, make your choice boy”, Danila said in a calmer voice turning to leave, “oh, and before I go, I forgot to mention, somebody needs to do the shoot today and if it isn’t you, we’ll have to go and pick up your girlfriend to fill in, she’ll be heading out to pick up lunch soon right perhaps she can watch you and Natasha as we get her ready”? He added before striding away chuckling.

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Three hours later, Jake stood in a trance like state, nervously staring down the lens of the camera pointed at him as the sexy Natasha barked out orders.

Feeling completely emasculated and humiliated, Jake went through the motions, turning and twisting his body, squeezed into a tight-fitting patterned mini dress, and trying to balance, perched atop a pair of tall platform shoes that made his freshly waxed legs wobble uncontrollably at the slightest movement.

As the clicks from the camera shutter went off around him, capturing the moment forever, he willed the floor to open and swallow him or a bolt of lightning to strike him dead, anything to end the agony of having to stand there posing while unavoidably seeing his feminized image reflecting back at him from the mirrored back wall of the studio.



“Place your right hand on your hip”, Natasha commanded as Jake stared back at her in his zombie-like state.

“A little higher, and arch your back slightly”, she added demonstrating the pose to him.

Jake sighed, doing his best to imitate her movements as he felt the back of his calves begin to cramp after standing around in heels all afternoon.

The posing continued for another hour or so along with multiple outfit changes, each as feminine as the last and equally humiliating for the stunned young man, force to wear them.

“Ok, we are finished”, announced Natasha placing down her camera, “these have actually come out quite nice, you have a good face for modelling, very pretty”.

The comment stung but the announcement that the photoshoot had finally ending caused a wave of euphoria to crash over him.

It’s finally over, he thought to himself, looking down at his feminized frame and wanting nothing more than to get changed, get the hell out of there, and put this crazy day behind him.

Brushing a loose strand of hair from the wig behind his ear, Jake felt a tug on his forehead as the memory of his transformation and Natasha gluing the edges of the wig came rushing back.

She had videoed the makeover and the thought of anyone he knew seeing him sat in frilly a bra and panties set, looking up at Natasha as she carefully painted his face made him shudder.

“Can I change now”? Jake shouted across the room.

“Yes, yes, go”, Natasha replied nonchalantly, waving a hand at him without looking up from the camera screen as she flicked through some of the pictures she had just taken.

With his legs shaking Jake turned and wobbled his way towards the dressing room where he had changed between sessions.

Stumbling through the door, he tottered to the nearest chair and almost fell onto it. Leaning down he made quick work of the ankle straps attaching the glittery platform sandals to his aching feet.

With the release of his feet from their torture devices, he let out a moan of pleasure, tossing the shoes across the floor where they hit the side wall with a thud.

Stretching out his calf muscles and moving his feet in circles, an immense feeling of pleasure hit him as he leaned forward slightly to unzip the back of his skirt.

He stood up and watched it slide down his smooth legs, the black and white checked skirt quickly joining the heels on the far side of the room as he kicked out a leg, sending it flying.

Reaching for the sparkly vest top hugging his upper body, which was about to join its companions in the heap of discarded clothes, Jake stopped in his tracks. His head spun one way before quickly pivoting the other.

Dropping to his knees he searched under the chair as his heart started to beat quicker. No... no... he wouldn't, he muttered to himself, oh please God, no, he said panicking, having realised his clothes were now nowhere to be seen.

Storming out of the room, wearing only his sparkly vest and panties, Jake marched straight towards Natasha. "My clothes are missing, where are they"? He demanded angrily, having finally reached his breaking point.

"Gone", Natasha replied, her face once again without an ounce of emotion.

"What the fuck do you mean gone"? Jake screamed, "what am I going to wear"?

Jake watched as Natasha's lips curled downwards and her brow wrinkled, "I will find you something to wear", she announced folding her arms across her chest", but first let's get something clear, you are never again to speak to me like you just did, are we clear"?

"What clothes!", Jake exclaimed loudly, "I've had just about enough of this shit, I want my clothes back and I want them...".

Jake didn't finish his sentence as he was hit by what felt like a hammer blow across the side of his head, almost popping his eardrum and sending tumbling onto the floor.

"I said not to speak to me like that", Natasha screamed, leaning down, and pointing a finger in his face, it was the first time she had shown any emotion all day and sitting on the floor with his ears ringing, Jake was terrified.

Cupping his chin with a vice-like grip, Natasha moved her face in closer, "are we clear"? She said in an angry tone.

"Yes... yes, I'm sorry", Jake said in a trembling voice his jaw feeling like it was about to be crushed.

Releasing him, Jake fell once again to the floor in a heap, "good now get up", Natasha said, her voice having returned to a calmer tone and her face once again devoid of expression, "I will help to find something to wear, follow me".

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Feeling completely powerless and ashamed, from that moment on, Jake followed every instruction he was given without comment.

He kept his mouth shut as Natasha picked out a ridiculous outfit and watched him put it on.

He also stayed quiet as he was marched out of the building and into a waiting car, climbing into the back seat as the same driver from earlier made a joke about his appearance, causing his companion in the passenger seat to keel over laughing.

As the car swiftly made its way back into the city, Jake closed his eyes praying for the ordeal to end. He couldn't bear to look down on his hairless legs and campy outfit any longer and was sick of the sight of the smirking face of the driver that kept glancing back at him through the rear-view mirror.

When the car stopped, Jake slowly opened his eyes and felt like he was about to vomit. Looking out of the window he wasn't outside his house, instead, he was back at the same alley he had been picked up in earlier.

Knowing he was about to be stranded in a rough neighbourhood, dressed like a fairy and with no money to make his way home, his leg started to shake uncontrollably.

"Wakey wakey, tranny boy, we're here, time to get out", the burly man in the passenger seat announced smirking.

"Please, you can't leave me here dressed like this", Jake pleaded, "I'll be killed, please just drive me back into Manhattan, I'm begging you".

"Sorry faggot, we're to drop you here, boss' orders", the man replied, "oh, but don't worry, we're not going to leave you stranded, we ain't heartless".

Jake suddenly felt a glimmer of hope, but it was quickly extinguished as the man leaned over and opened his hand to reveal a few coins in his hand, "your pay, it should be enough to get you home on the subway".

Jake opened his hand and accepted the coins before just staring down blankly at his hand unable to move.

"What do you think he's waiting for Boris"? the man in the passenger seat said turning to speak to the driver.

The driver turned, "I don't know, Igor, perhaps the sissy wants to suck your cock before he leaves", the driver replied, chuckling loudly.

"Well, you know, Boris, it has been a long day, what do you say doll? want to help old Igor relieve a little pressure"? Igor announced laughing loudly.

Jake didn't respond, he just grabbed the door handle and in a flash, he was out of the car and scurrying away up the alley as fast as his tall wedge heeled sandals could carry him.

Reaching the end of the alley, he glanced back over his shoulder, relieved to see the car drive away but terrified realising he was not all alone.

Out of breath, with his heart thumping in his chest, Jake stopped to survey his surroundings. The houses were pretty run down and most of the walls were tagged with graffiti. It was about to go dark and to make matters worse, he couldn't remember where the subway station was.

Slipping the coins into the small pocket of his jeans shorts, Jake lifted his left hand up to rub the side of his face. His ears were still ringing, and his cheek was burning in pain. He knew the trip home was going to be humiliating but wanting it over with, he took a deep breath and stepped out into the dilapidated street, his legs wobbling, and resisting the urge to throw up.



Chapter 7 – Moving on?

After miraculously managing to get into the house without his parents seeing him, Jake had run straight to his room where he ripped off his borrowed outfit and tossed it to the back of his closet before quickly changing into the comfort of his own clothes.

Triple checking the coast was clear, he crept into the bathroom, where he spent the next 30 minutes scrubbing his face his mother's make-up remover and trying to get rid of the blobs of glue from his forehead after painfully ripping away the wig from his head.

Paranoid that his eyelashes were still too dark from the mascara and that his lips were too red, Jake spent the rest of the day locked away in his room, skipping dinner with neither an appetite for food on offer nor the company.

The only person he did speak to that day was Bunny, who had text him a few times obviously worried that something had happened to him. Not wanting to talk but feeling as though he needed to let Bunny know he was ok, they exchanged a few messages, where Jake made up a story about delivering some packages, telling him how easy the job had been and not to worry.

Over the next few days, Jake tried to put the experience behind him, but that was easier said than done, as the memory of the day and the fear he had felt tottering through the rough part of the city dressed as a sissy and trying to contact with anyone, was constantly on his mind.

As the days passed, he shut himself away in his room, not wanting to speak to anyone, he hardly slept or ate as he recalled being called a sissy, a fag, and all manner of other awful names as he tried to cover his beet-red face and make it to the subway without getting beaten up or worse.

If it wasn't for agreeing to meet Bunny on Wednesday evening, Jake would have probably stayed in bed the whole week, but having promised to meet him for dinner, he took a long overdue shower and made his way into the city.

It should have been a pleasant evening, the food was amazing, and he was with a person he cared for and loved spending time with, but all evening Jake just felt strange. He felt as though every person was staring or talking about him, spinning around every time someone made a loud noise or laughed aloud.

After struggling to keep it together over dinner, Jake agreed to walk Bunny home but found even simple conversation difficult. It was on the walk where things got worse as Bunny turned and asked in a sad voice whether he had regretted the kiss they had shared. The question hit him like a dagger through the heart, he didn't regret it for one moment, in fact, he wanted nothing more than to be with him.

But try as he might to reassure him that everything was ok, being sleep deprived and mentally exhausted, Jake couldn't find the words.

The night finished on an awkward note, with Jake feeling frustrated and annoyed with how he had handled the situation.

It wasn't until a full week had passed that Jake finally managed to get a full night's sleep and having not heard from Danila in all that time, he felt hopeful that the awful experience was behind him.

The first thing he wanted to do was apologise and make things up to Bunny, but after trying to call and leaving multiple messages, it was clear he was ignoring him.

It was an agonising wait for a reply but when it finally came through Jake felt on top of the world, he hadn't completely blown things and still had time to put things right. Promising to make it up to Bunny, they arranged another date for the following weekend, no expense spared.

Feeling both apprehensive and excited about his date at the end of the week, the following week passed slowly for Jake as he returned to work having taken the previous one-off sick. It didn't help that his job was pretty dull, being a junior office clerk or essentially a glorified coffee boy, he was at the beck and call of the rest of the office staff and given all the job they didn't want to do themselves.

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Friday evening

As Jake made his down the elevator after work, a broad smile crossed his lips, he had made it through the week, and he was only one day away from his date with Bunny.

There was a skip in his step as he exited the office building as not even the grim miserable weather could ruin his mood. With the office closing at 2 pm that day, as it did every Friday, Jake had the whole afternoon to relax.

Putting up the hood of his coat to protect his head from the cold drizzly rain, Jake put his head down and headed for the subway but didn't make it.

Stopping to cross the road, he didn't sense anything was wrong until it was too late, as a car pulled up. Like a panther, out of the back door pounced a man, he would later recognise as Boris.

It all happened so fast, Jake never even got the chance to scream as he was thrown into the back seat of the car to come face to face with Danila and as Jake stared into his menacing eyes, he almost pissed his pants.

"Little, lamb", Danila said greeting him, "how have you been? I've missed you".

Jake didn't respond, he just continued to stare in horror, terrified about what was about to happen.

After Speaking to Igor, the driver in Russian, the car took off down the street, “you know, you should really put your seatbelt on”, Danila said looking over at Jake, “you Americans are crazy drivers”, he added leaning over to help him.

Like a helpless child, Jake sat there motionless as the much larger man, placed the belt around him and fastened it with a click, “not very talkative today I see”, Danila said patting him on the leg and smiling, “well, that’s ok, you don’t need to speak for what we have planned”.

“Where are you taking me”? Jake said in a shaky voice.

“To visit Natasha”, Danila replied, “the last shoot went so well, I have another job for you”.

“No, please, no, I don’t want this, please let me go”, Jake pleaded, his heart beating quickly in his chest.

Surprising Jake, Danila turned and shouting some instruction towards Igor in Russian and the car came to a screeching halt, “If you want to do the job, I won’t force you, you’re free to leave”.

Studying the intimidating man, Jake knew it was some kind of trap but with every fibre of his being telling him to get out of the car and away from the man, he quickly tried the handle, watching as the car door flew open.

“Oh, but before you go”, Danila added stopping him in his tracks. “Did your girlfriend mention I visited her at work yesterday? You know, I had forgotten what a beauty she is, her and her sister that is”, Danila announced, sending a shiver down Jake’s spine, “I even offered her a job while I was there, but can you believe she turned me down? In fact, she was quite rude about it”.

Jake turned to see the crazed look on Danila's face and grimaced.

“A few years ago, that girl of yours and her sister would already be on their way to the Middle East to live out the rest of their lives in servitude”, Danila said calmly like he was talking about the weather, “but lucky for them, I'm trying to change, I'm trying to grow, be a better person”, Danila added as Igor and Boris started to chuckle.

“That’s why I'm giving you the chance to make things right or you could just walk away, I won't stop you”, Danila said shrugging his shoulders.

Processing the words, Jake felt sick to his stomach as he sat there motionless as the rain tapped down on the roof of the car and bounced off his work pants.

It took all his willpower to swing his soggy leg back into the car before closing the door with a thud.

“Good decision boy”, Danila said patting him on the shoulder, "let's go, Igor".

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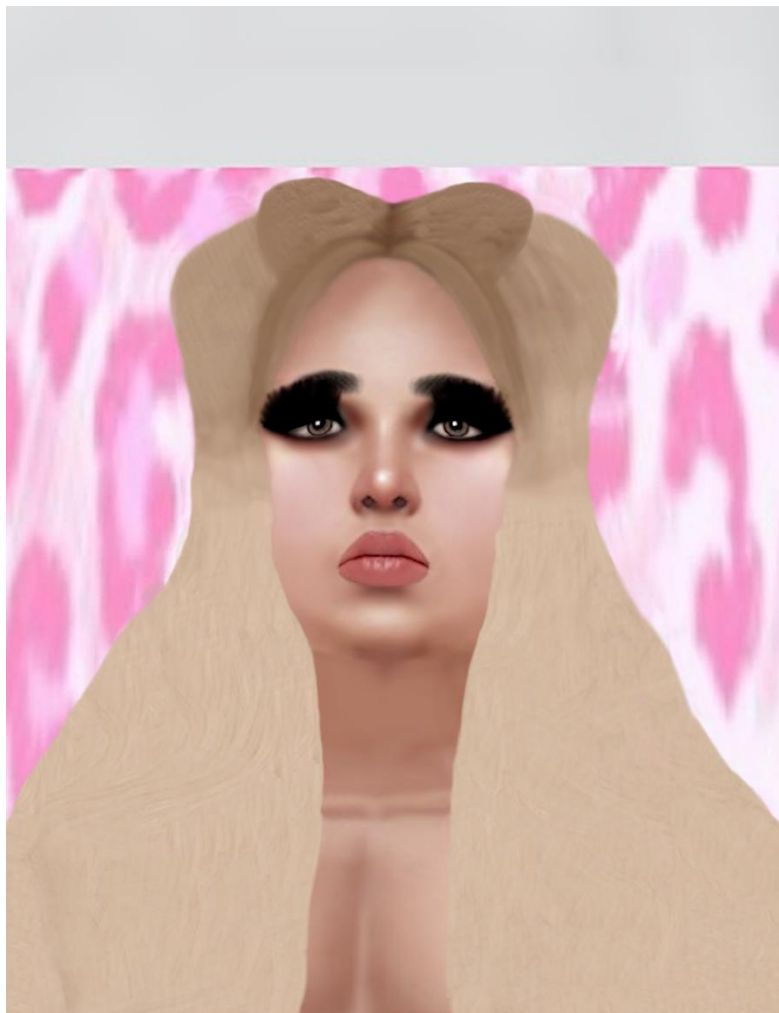
Three hours later, Jake was once again in Natasha's studio as she transformed him ready for another photoshoot but this time as he lay on his back, the butterflies in his stomach were threatening to break free as he knew this time, his makeover was going to be a little more difficult to undo.

Staring blankly up at the ceiling, his whole body felt weird. Wearing only a pair of panties that were painfully pulling his penis back tightly between his legs, he felt the cool air on his freshly waxed skin.

His makeup had been slapped on this time as humongous spider web-like fake lashes obscured half his vision. Natasha had told him she would trim them down later when she finished styling his hair but that was little consolation as he imagined how ridiculous he must have looked. But funnily enough, it wasn't the lashes that worried him most as Natasha went to work on his fingernails, it wasn't even his still tender plucked eyebrows.

This time he wasn't wearing a wig, instead, Natasha had, after pinning up his own hair in some elaborate style, started clipping in long strands of fake hair to his own. She spent a lot of time blending in the extensions with his own slightly darker hair as Jake had sat there in silence, too afraid to ask what she was doing.

The new hair felt incredibly heavy, pulling at his scalp and as he felt the synthetic material rub and tickling his exposed nipples, he desperately tried to remember where his mother kept the kitchen scissors.



“Ok, time to get dressed”, Natasha announced rousing Jake from his trance.

Without speaking, Jake nodded before slowly starting to lift himself from the table but and letting out a little cry of pain.

Slightly shocked he fell back down, quickly lifting his hand, the cause of his pain, up towards his face to investigate.

“Careful now”, Natasha cautioned, “those nails are only glued on, but if you break one it’s still going to be painful”.

In stunned silence, Jake examined his new nails, seeing long glittery monstrosities, extending well past the end of his fingertips.

“Come on, hurry now, we still have a lot of work to do”, Natasha announced in an impatient voice as Jake lay flat on his back with a stunned look on his face, twisting and turning his hand slowly in front of his face trying to process what he was seeing.

Being more careful the second time around, he slowly lifted himself from the table, feeling the cold air on his exposed body and followed Natasha towards the dressing room, where his outfit for the day lay in wait.

“Woah, no way, I can’t wear that!”, Jake declared upon entering the room and seeing what he was expected to wear.

“And why not”? Natasha shot back, obviously expecting some sort of resistance.

“It’s... it’s a wedding dress”, Jake stammered, “what the hell is going on here”?

Natasha folded her arms and stared him down, “A photoshoot”, she announced in a stern voice, “you know this, and I was told you volunteered for this, if you want to leave, you know where the door is”.

“But... this is insane, I’ll look ridiculous, and what are you going to do with the pictures”? Jake replied nervously.

“You will look beautiful after I’m done preparing you”, Natasha answered, “and the pictures go to Danila, what he does with them is up to him, now are staying or going”?

Jake’s head yo-yoed between the exit and the most feminine of garments, his head shooting back and forward three or four times as he started to hyperventilate.

He knew he was trapped, not only were his clothes once again nowhere to be seen, meaning he would be leaving in the studio in the middle of winter in just a pair of panties, but he also knew what it would mean for Bunny and Irina if he did. Bringing his hands to his head, he let out a heavy sigh, “ok”, he said quietly.

“Ok”? Natasha repeated.

“Ok, I will stay”, Jake added, knowing he had no choice.

“Ok, well let’s have no further complaints then”, Natasha said nodding”, take a seat on the chair and we’ll finish getting you ready.

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A short time later, Jake found himself in a familiar position, stood perched on a pair of impossibly tall heels, being instructed how to pose while Natasha snapped picture after picture.

Although familiar in many ways, it didn't make the experience any more comfortable or bearable for the embarrassed young man as he once again caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror at the back of the room.

The image reflected back was that of a rather awkward flat chested bride. Or rather someone dressed as a bride for a costume party as the dress he wore, although white was not something he imagined many real brides would choose to wear, its asymmetrical skirt longer in the back than the front but still barely reaching beyond his knees at its longest point.

The short skirt left his whole lower body exposed apart from the stay-up stockings that now clung to his freshly waxed legs, giving him a rather cheap slutty appearance.

Having never worn stockings before, the thin material felt strange, slipping, and sliding across his smooth skin every time he moved but at the same time oddly secure, held in place by the tight elasticated and slightly tacky feeling tops compressing his thighs.

"Left leg back and place your arms like this", Natasha ordered, showing him the position, she wanted.

Jake silently obeyed, wobbling on his tall heels and glad of the straps tightly strapped around his ankles, for they had already saved him from quite a few tumbles.

"Good, now head up and look straight", Natasha ordered, lifting her camera back to eye level.

Lifting his head Jake felt sick as he looked upon his painted face framed by masses of extended blonde hair, now styled in an extremely girly way with a tiara sat on top. Through the blonde strands, he could just about see the little pink heart-shaped earrings clipped to his earlobes and once again felt like a complete sissy.

Forced to hold the pose, he examined his face. His eyes dominated the image, his large glued on eyelashes, now trimmed and separated, sprouting out from his eyes and demanding attention below his trimmed eyebrows.

He felt flushed and embarrassed, but instead of looking beet red, his complexion looked pale and clear after being coated in a thick layer of foundation which only served to emphasise his painted lips.

Bringing his elbows to his side, Jake held out a small white bouquet of flowers in one hand, fanned out his sparkly nails in the other, and wondered what he had ever done to deserve such a cruel and humiliating punishment.



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An hour later, utterly exhausted both physically and mentally, Jake was finally back in the dressing room. Natasha was with him talking about how great the photos had turned out as he sat rubbing his screaming calf muscles, oblivious to what she was saying. Until suddenly, mid-sentence, she stopped abruptly.

“Look at you, little lamb, what a perfect blushing bride you make”, Danila announced while entering the room.

Both Natasha and Jake turned to look at the imposing man as he made his way across the room with a huge smile on his face, “well almost perfect”, he added, “I guess you could use a little something to fill out the top of that pretty dress, and that face could be softened a little, after that, I think I could get a good price for you”.

Terrified by his presence and even more so by the comments, Jake began to shake, “you’re... you’re going to sell me”? Jake stammered.

Danila slowly sat down before looking him directly in the eyes, “it’s an option, I do have a client in Texas who is waiting for a bride, but then again, I’m not sure he would like what you’ve got going on between your legs, but we could easily fix that”, he replied loudly, his face deadly serious.

Jake suddenly felt faint, “no... no... please, you can’t, please, I’m begging you, anything but that”, Jake cried feeling sick.

Danila smiled once more, “hmm, well I guess it would be rather expensive and even then you wouldn't be able to provide him with children”, he said tilting his head to one side, “we could go another route I guess”.

“Yes, anything, please, I’ll do anything, just don’t cut off my...”, Jake exclaimed, bringing his sparkly long-nailed hands down to cover his manhood in a very unladylike position.

“Anything you say”? Danila said leaning in, “hmmm, I could use a little help in the office, I guess, you see, my last assistant has recently, let's say, left my services”, he added, “would that position interest you at all”?

Feeling relieved and elated at being given a second option, Jake jumped at the chance, “yes, I’ll be your assistant, I can do whatever you need”.

“Ok, let’s give it a go, you start Monday”, Danila said while standing up nodding, “Natasha, find our princess here something to wear and make sure she gets home safe, will you”? he added, before walking from the room smiling.

Chapter 8 – Behind enemy lines

It had been four days since Ben had first seen the horrifying sight of Jake, feminised, and traipsing along behind Danila as he had watched helplessly on.

Nervously sat in the same position, Ben smiled at the man behind the reception desk, who kept looking over at him and smiling. He didn't really have a plan, but he knew he had to do something, if he could just get up to the seventh floor somehow, he was sure he would think of something.

Returning home that day, he had been a blabbering mess as he found Irina and tried to explain to her what he had seen. Saying she was shocked would have been an understatement but after calming down, she convinced him to call the police.

Finding the card detective Peters had given him, Ben called the number. After a moment on hold, Detective Peters answered and Ben leaving told him exactly what he had just seen. The reaction was not what he was expecting.

After a scolding down the phone, telling him that he shouldn't have put himself in danger and that he was interfering with an ongoing case, he at least agreed to check things out.

But four days later and having heard nothing, Ben had given up hope on the police helping him, so again, he took matters into his own hands.

Seeing the man behind the reception desk finally leave, going into the backroom, Ben seized his opportunity. Getting to his feet, he quickly crossed the lobby, making his way over to the elevator.

As he waited, he could feel his heart thumping in his chest as he looked at the familiar reflection of a woman in the shiny metal doors. He was dressed more casually than usual that day, but that was the idea, he wanted to blend in, not stand out.

A loud ping sound made him jump and with one last nervous look over his shoulder to check the coast was still clear, he darted inside the elevator and reached out to press the button for the seventh floor.

"No... aw come on", Ben exclaimed in anguish.

The button wasn't working, he needed a key card. Panicking he tried the other buttons with no luck either before leaning back against the wall, looking up, and sighing heavily.

Suddenly the elevator doors opened making Ben jump, and in stepped two large muscular men, blocking his exit, "are you going up, miss"? one of the men asked.

"Err... yes", Ben replied nervously, "seven, please".

The man smiled took out a key card and pressed number seven.

As the elevator ascended, and the men kept looking him up and down, Ben got the feeling that something was quite right.

“Err... are you two going to floor seven, too”, he asked looking up at the large bald-headed man who had spoken to him moments earlier.

“Yes”, came the reply as the elevator continued its ascent.

“Ok, just be cool”, Ben thought to himself, “let them get out first and then find somewhere to hide”.

Slowing to a stop, the elevator pinged once more and the doors opened but nobody moved, “ladies first, the large bald-headed man said extending his arm.

“Oh... no, please, you go first”, Ben answered nervously looking up at the two men towering over him.

Stepping out Ben was faced with a long corridor with numbered doors on either side. Not knowing what to do he started walking as the two men stepped out behind to follow.

Terrified, Ben continued on down the corridor with his destination unknown, as he forced his shaking legs to press on down the endless corridor of identical-looking doors.

“Ok, Bunny, we’re here”, a gruff sounding voice announced from behind.

Ben swivelled around shocked, “What!”, he exclaimed, “how do you know my name”?

The man smiled, “you’re Bunny, right? here to see your friend Jacqueline, well she's right through that door to your right”.

Ben's eyes darted from one huge man to the other before glancing over his shoulder down the corridor.

“There’s nowhere to run, the only way down from here is that elevator, and if you make Boris chase you, trust me, he won’t be happy, we’ve just had a big breakfast”, Igor announced.

Ben turned to run but didn't even make it two feet before feeling a strong hand grip his shoulder, “come now, let’s say hello shall we”? Igor announced, taking out his keys and opened in the door.

Shoved into the room, Ben looked around the stylishly decorated living room. The walls were covered with paintings and the place was immaculately clean from its polished laminate floors to the shining glass coffee table.

Hearing a door open, Ben looked to his right to see a tall smartly dressed woman, step out gingerly from the adjoining bedroom on her gigantic platform heels. Her

mouth dropped open in surprise, “Bunny, what... what are you doing here”? Jake exclaimed.

“I came to rescue you”, Ben said meekly feeling rather ridiculous.

“You shouldn’t have come here”, Jake said as his eyes darting from Igor to Boris, and then towards the door.

“Looking for the boss”? Igor said, “don’t worry, baby, he’ll be along in a moment, why don’t you come and join your friend on the sofa, I’m sure you two have a lot of catching up to do”.

The wait for Danila was excruciating for the two feminised boys as they sat silently in the tense hostile atmosphere, created by the two large Russian henchmen holding them against their will.

Ten minutes later, Danila made his entrance. No one spoke as he stepped in through the apartment door, slowly took off his coat and made his way towards the sofa, his heavy footsteps pounding on the wooden floor as he eyeballed his unexpected guest.

“Well, well, Bunny, what a surprise”, He announced after taking a seat in an armchair opposite the boys, “what brings you here today”?

Ben didn’t respond instead he lowered his head and stared down at his denim-covered legs.

Jake looked over at him, “please, Danila, she doesn’t...” he was cut off as Danila raised his right hand and stared him down, “silence, Jacqueline, I’m not speaking to you”.

To ease the tension Danila clapped his hands together loudly, “Ah, where are my manners, can I get you a drink Bunny”? he announced.

“Err... no”, Ben replied meekly, “I’m fine, thank you”.

“Nonsense, Igor, go fetch us some drinks”, Danila replied as Igor scurried from the room.

“So, what are we going to do now”? Danila said eyeballing the two crossdressed men opposite him.

“You can let us leave”, Ben suddenly announced finding his courage, “if you keep us here, that’s kidnapping, that’s a felony”.

Danila burst out laughing as Boris joined him, “kidnapping”, he boomed, “that’s a good one, how can it be kidnapping when Jacqueline is here of her own free will? She can leave anytime she likes, isn’t that right, Jacqueline”? Danila added looking over towards Jake.

Ben’s head quickly turned to look at Jake, who nodded his head and mouthed sorry.

“You see, no crimes are being committed here, just a young man come to visit my personal assistant who happens to be his old school friend”, Danila said grinning at Ben.

It took a moment for the words to sink in as Ben’ slowly lifted his head, his face as white as a sheet.

“Oh, don’t look so surprised, Bunny, or should I say, Benjamin Quinn, I’ve known who you were since we first met”, Danila said, his piercing stare looking right through him.



“Why are you doing this”? Ben asked in a shaky voice.

“Let me tell you a story”, Danila said lifting up his right leg to rest on his left knee, “of a young couple madly in love and with a dream to escape Vladivostok and start a new life in America”.

Seeing the two feminised men listening intently, he continued, “life wasn’t so bad back home, but with very few opportunities for making money in a crowded market, it was time to spread our wings, the problem, money to start-up a new life and acquiring an American green card”, he said with a dramatic sigh, “but all was not lost, you see, back in those days, my girl was a wild one, willing to do whatever it took, what a woman, My Elena used to be”.

“You mean, Elena, as in Irina’s mother”? Ben gasped.

Danila chuckled, “yes, the same woman you have lived with for the best part of a decade, ah, how I miss the old days”, he said staring off into space.

“But, what about Irina, is she... your...your...” Ben said unable to finish his sentence as Danila’s bombshell had really shaken him up.

“Daughter”, Danila said watching Ben nod slowly, “no, well not biologically anyway, but there was a time I would change her diapers as she called me Papa”.

“This can’t be”, Ben mumbled softly, “none of this makes any sense”.



Danila smiled, “that’s because I haven’t finished my story”, he announced, “you see my Elena, may appear to be a diligent mother and model citizen from the outside,

but she has a wicked side like no one I've ever met. It was her idea to marry an American man, the plan was ingenious, have him fly her over to America where she would bleed him dry before arranging for a little accident to befall him".

Danila watched as the mouths of the two men opposite him fell open in shock, "she was the ultimate femme fatal", he added chuckling loudly.

"You're saying, she killed someone"? Jake blurted out who up until this point had kept quiet like he was supposed to when he was in his presence.

"Yes, Jacqueline, three men to be exact or four if you count Bunny's father here, but I'm not sure if she is solely responsible for that one with him catching a bullet but then again the poison she was feeding him in his meals couldn't have left him in peak physical condition".

"What! No, you're lying", Ben shrieked as tears started to form in the corner of his eyes, and his leg started to shake uncontrollably.

"Afraid not", Danila replied, "She really was a wild one, too wild, not one for taming as I found out when she tried to kill me before running off with you, little Irina, and most of my money, It took me years to track you all down".

A tear slowly rolled down Ben's cheek as Jake leaned over placing his manicured hand on his shoulder to offer some comfort, "so all this has been about revenge"? Ben asked shaking.

Danila smiled, "now your catching on girl", he said loudly, reaching down inside his jacket and revealing a pistol.

As Ben and Jake watched on terrified, Danila placed the gun on the table between them, "pick it up Bunny, I have one final task for you, tonight over dinner as the three of you tuck into whatever delicious meal Elena has prepared, pull it out and shoot the evil bitch right between the eyes".

Ben blinked a few times as the room began to spin, he felt dizzy all of a sudden as if he was about to faint, "no, I won't", he replied firmly.

Danila sighed, "I guess you need some motivation", he announced picking it up and pointing it straight at Jake's head who looked on petrified, "you will do this for me, Bunny, or I redecorate this apartment with your friend's blood, what will it be"?

Ben never got to make a decision as a deafeningly loud sound filled the room sending him flying from his seat and onto the hardwood floor.

"FBI, everybody down", came the cry from the entrance as men in riot gear piled in through the remains of the door that had just been blown from its hinges.

In a flash, Danila, Igor, and Boris were pounced on, restrained, and placed into handcuffs before being dragged to their feet and taken from the room.

It all seemed so surreal as he sat there next to Jake on the floor, Danila shouting obscenities, but he was unable to make out the words due to the loud ringing in his ears.

“Are you two alright”? said a man appearing above him.

Looking up, Ben recognised him as Detective Peters and nodded slowly. He was helped to his feet and placed back on the sofa where he had sat a moment earlier in a state of shock.

Peters took a seat in the chair Danila had been sitting on moments earlier and sighed, “you two are lucky to be alive after the stunt you just pulled”, he said looking over at Ben, “I told you to leave things to the police, we’ve been tracking Mr Abramov and his associates for a long time, and you almost blew our whole case never mind almost getting yourself killed in the process”.

Shaken, Ben broke down in tears, “I’m sorry”, he sobbed.

“Well, what’s done is done”, replied Peters obviously uncomfortable faced with the waterworks, “the main thing is you two are all right”.

“So, it’s over”? Ben asked looking around the destroyed apartment.

“Afraid not”, Peters replied, “even with Mr Abramov on tape plotting murder, chances are he’ll still walk unless you two agree to testify”.

“You were listening in the whole time”? Jake suddenly blurted out.

“Yes, Mr Fuller”, Peters answered, “we’ve had the apartment tapped ever since your friend here tipped us off to your location”.

“And you just left me here, like this”? Jake replied distraught waving his hand over his fancy skirt suit and feminine body.

“I’m sorry, but we needed some evidence so we could put that monster away for good this time, we would never have let anything bad happen to you”, Peters said in a calm voice.

“Nothing bad! look at me, what the hell do you call this”? Jake exclaimed.

Sensing the tension, Ben changed the subject, “you want us to testify”? he asked, “will we be safe”?

Peters sighed loudly once more, “we can protect you, but it will mean changing your identities and going into witness protection I’m afraid. We’ll need to really hide you well; Mr Abramov’s network runs deep. If we don’t, chances are he’ll find you and things won’t end well, I’m not going to lie to you, it won’t be easy but it’s the best chance you’ve got of making it out of this alive”.

Ben looked over at Jake who just stared blankly back at him, in a few moments, his whole world had just been ripped apart, life as he knew, would never be the same again, and it scared the shit out of him.

Chapter 9 – life but not as they know it

3 months later

“Emily, will you hurry up! We’re going to be late”, Ben said as he slipped his nylon clad feet into a pair of extremely high heels.

Jake shook his head in frustration, “give me a break will ya? I’m trying not to poke my eye out, here”, he replied looking down at the blue coloured contact lens on the tip of his manicured finger, “It’s alright for you, you only have to slip on a pair of glasses, and please, stop calling me Emily? You know I hate that name”.

Reaching up, Ben instinctively adjusted the rim of his large round non-prescription glasses, with a shiny red nail, “I didn’t choose these disguises, you know”, he said pouting, “but like the names, we have to use them to stay safe”.

Finally inserting the contact lens, Jake blinked a few times, his long dark mascaraed lashes fluttering in front of his face, “I know I get it”, he said raking his French tips through his shoulder-length platinum hair, “but we’re alone right now, nobody is listening”.

“I don't like it either, but we have to use our new names at all times, I don't want to slip up in public and call you Jake, this is our life now, Em, and we have to get used to it”, Ben said repeating the message he seemed to have to say to Jake at least once per week.

“Fine, have it your way, Chloe, I’m just not as good as you at playing the part of a woman, I still don’t get why I couldn’t have been given a male identity”, Jake said pouting.

Having slipped on his towering pumps, Ben tottered across the living room to comfort his feminised friend, “hey, it’s not easy for me either you know, you don’t think I’m constantly worried that I’m going to slip up, but the FBI said it was the easiest way to hide us, we have to trust them, they know what they’re doing, we’re alive and we’re together, that’s all that matters”.

Looking down and seeing his breasts heaving up and down through the opening of his tight revealing uniform, Jake sighed. As part of their disguises, he and Ben had gone under the surgeon’s knife to make what the FBI called a few minor changes.

He still couldn’t get over what they had done to him, if the breast and butt implants weren’t bad enough, the changes to his face made him look like a completely different person, made all the worse every time he looked at Ben, who although had undergone the same body modification procedures, still looked like somewhat like his old self.

“Sometimes I think it would have been better off if Danila had just pulled the trigger that day in the apartment”, Jake said bowing his head, “I don’t know if I can live like this”.

“No, don’t say that”, Ben said angrily, “I know things are tough right now but never say that, things will get better, I promise”.

“I’m sorry”, Jake said looking up, “I don’t mean it, not really, I just miss my old life back and my family, how much longer do we have to do this? it’s been months and there’s still no court date”.

Stepping forward Ben planted a kiss on Jake’s pouty enhanced lips, “I know babe, me too, but we have to keep going, they’ve got to set a date soon, then things can go back to normal, we just have to hang in there, ok?”, he said flashing a smile.

“You’re right, I’ll try and be more positive, promise” Jake replied smiling back, “but seriously who picked this job for us, this uniform is so tight and every day by lunchtime, my feet cramp up in those ridiculous shoes”.

“I don’t like it either, having to rub my hands all random strangers all day, but it’s what we have to do to stay safe”, Ben answered sombrely, “but come on talking of ridiculous shoes, go and slip them on, Em, or we’ll miss the bus and be late”.

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4 hours later

“Good morning miss, can I interest you in a massage”, Ben said to a passing woman with a fake smile plastered across his face.

“No, not today, I’m in a hurry”, the woman replied as she quickly passed by.

“See, I told you”, Jake said, “we only ever get men coming in, and you know as well as I do, it’s not because they’re interested in our 20% off sale”.

Ben shot him a look, “that’s not true, we had three women”.

“Yeah, and about ten times as many creepy men”, Jake replied feeling the ache in his calf muscles and counting down the time until their lunch break.

“Excuse me miss, can I interest you in a massage today, it’s 20% off for the rest of the week”, Ben announced as a middle-aged businesswoman walked towards their kiosk in the middle of the shopping centre.

“No, thank you”, she replied without even looking and continued on her way.

Ben sighed, glancing over once at Jake, who was looking at him with an expression that said I told you so written all over his face, “not a word”, Ben said shaking his head before arching his back and placing his hands back on his hips, returning to the position they had been told to adopt while attending the training sessions, “not one word”.



6 months later

Having spent the day in the beauty salon, where he'd received the works courtesy of the American taxpayers, Ben stared at his reflection in the living room mirror trying to decide if he liked his new hairdo.

He had to admit, it made him look quite cute, but he had gotten used to shorter hair over the last few months and knew with these new hair extensions, his morning routine was going to take much longer from now on.

He felt strange, gazing at his reflection in the mirror, his perky breasts swaying up and down to the rhythm of his breathing and his perfectly made-up face, that screamed girlie girl, staring back at him.

On one hand, he was looking forward to the night ahead, it had been months since he and Jake had left the apartment to do anything fun but on the other hand, he didn't know who he was anymore. It had been weeks since they had last spoken to their FBI handler and with still no court date set, he felt like he was living in a state of limbo, living a life that wasn't his, the life of some made-up person called Chloe James.



"How long could he continue on like this"?

Ben pondered the thought as he tugged at the sides of his tight cut-out minidress, the stretchy material hugging his hourglass figure.

"It wasn't as though life is terrible", he thought to himself, after all, he had Emily/Jake with him, they had a nice apartment to live in, he had an easy if not a slightly demeaning job and a very generous allowance each month from the FBI.

It was just the unknowing that was killing him. When they had been moved to the other side of the country, he'd thought at the time that all this would be over by now, that Danila would have been put away in prison and that he and Jake would be free to start over.

Closing his heavily made-up eyes, he took a deep breath, “snap out of it, Bunny”, he thought to himself, “thinking like this isn’t going to help, just try to enjoy the night, it might only be a work event but it’s a night out of the apartment, make the most of it”.

“Are you just going to stand there staring at yourself all night”? Jake asked from behind him.

Ben turned and smiled seeing Jake sat on the sofa looking absolutely stunning after his own makeover earlier that day. His blond hair had been dyed and coifed to sit high on top of his head and now extended down to the middle of his back, his makeup was dramatic and sultry, which matched his resting his matching bitch face perfectly.



Are you sure you want to risk going out without your contact lenses in”? Ben asked looking his feminised friend up and down and admiring the slim figure under his tight dress thanks to all the dieting and exercises they did together each day.

“Hey, you’re not wearing your glasses, and weren’t you the one who said to forget about everything tonight and enjoy myself”, Jake replied, “I’ve been wearing them all day and my eyes are sore, besides, what’s the worst that can happen”?

“That’s true, I guess”, Ben replied, “I don’t even think your mother would recognise you looking like that”.

Jake rolled his eyes and pouted, “do I look alright”? He asked looking down at his nylon clad legs, “do you think this outfit is a bit much”?

“No way!”, Ben announced, tottering over to join him on the sofa, “it’s a party, and you look amazing”.

“Really”? Jake asked looking at him quizzically, “do you like me looking like this”?

Ben snorted, “do you really have to ask, don’t I show you every night in bed”? he said rubbing his long-nailed hand up Jake’s smooth thigh and eliciting a little moan.

Reaching down and removing Ben’s hand Jake looked him in the eyes, “I’m serious, do you want me to stay living as a woman when this is all over”?

Ben gripped Jake's hand and smiled, “I love you”, he said looking deeply into his eyes, “I’ll love you no matter what you look like, Jake, Emily or whoever”.

Jake blushed slightly and smiled, “I’m sorry”, he said blowing his head, “I’ve just been living as Emily for so long, my brain is all muddled, sometimes I start to forget who I really am”.

“Hey, it’s ok”, Ben said climbing on top of his lap as his short stretchy skirt rose up around his waist, “we can worry about all that after the court date, I’ll support you in whatever you want to do, you know that right”? He added before leaning down to plant his lips on Jake's mouth.

Closing his eyes, Ben felt Jake’s pillowy lips massage his own before parting slightly to allow his tongue to enter.

“mmm... stop”, Jake moaned.

“What’s wrong”? Ben asked pulling away.

“I can’t do this now”, Jake replied, “I’ve just tucked myself away and although you know that I love you kissing me, it’s getting a little painful down there”.

Lifting himself back onto his tall sandals and wiggling the bottom of his dress back into position, Ben smiled once more, “well I guess it’s time to go then”, he announced, we can pick this up when we get back later”.

Jake smiled, “I love you, Bunny, I know I complain all the time but I’m glad we’re together”.

“Me too”, Ben announced picking up his handbag, “but for now it’s Chloe remember, now come on Em, tonight we let our hair down and party, it's been too long since we had a proper night out”.

“Sure thing, Chlo”, Jake replied lifting himself onto his equally tall heels and locating his handbag, “ready”? he announced with a smile.

“Ready”, Ben answered linking his arm through Jake and heading for the front door.

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For anyone out on the street that night for an evening stroll, they most likely looked twice seeing what appeared to be two scantily clad women, strutting up the street in their towering six-inch heels, swaying their hips and wiggling their bottoms in their body-hugging dresses.

But the double-takes and sneaky glances were not because the pair looked anything like the two men they really were under all the fake hair and slapped on makeup, just the opposite, in fact, as men turned to check them out with lustful looks in their eyes and women looked on with a mixture of jealous and disapproving glares.

As they continued on to their destination, the evening breeze blowing through their hair and the sound of clicking filling their ears, Ben and Jake hardly batted an eyelid at the attention they drew, they were used to it by now, it had long ago become their normality.



Chapter 10 – Loose ends

Two years later.

After almost seventeen hours of travelling including a short layover in Moscow, An exhausted Bunny exited the plane in Vladivostok international airport and felt a blast of cold air around her thighs.

She shivered and pulled her down jacket tightly around her upper body, she had been told Russia would be freezing this time of year, but even so, the reality was a shock to the system.

Tottering into the main terminal building, she saw a sign for arrivals and made her way towards passport control, regretting not wearing a more comfortable pair of footwear for the long journey.

With almost everyone else on the flight being local, there was no queue for international arrivals. Making her way up to the window, she placed her recently acquired, updated passport through the small opening in the glass window before smiling at the man on the other side.

“Where do you come from”? The bearded man asked through the glass pane, his eyes darting between Bunny and the picture in her passport.

“New York”, Bunny replied cheerfully.

“This is business or pleasure”? The man shot back.

“Pleasure, I’m just visiting an old friend”, Bunny replied lifting her foot to ease the pain in her calf muscles.

“And how long you stay”? The man asked raising an eyebrow.

“Just ten days, then I’m heading home again”, Bunny answered feeling a little nervous being grilled by the miserable-looking man.

There was a pause before the man took one last look at Bunny and nodded. She watched as he picked up his rubber stamp and slammed it down onto her passport, “welcome to Russia, miss Quinn, enjoy your stay”, he said as Bunny felt a huge sense of relief, knowing she had passed the first hurdle.

Through passport control, she trotted following the signs for baggage collection. Having practiced a lot in the last six months, her Russian was now up to a level where she could easily converse and read the airport signs, not that she wanted the man at passport control to know that.

After collecting her suitcase, she wheeled it out through immigration without any trouble to emerge in a large almost deserted arrivals hall. With the flight arriving a little early, she knew Irina wouldn’t be there yet to pick her up, so she kicked on the

brakes on her bright pink suitcase with the toe of her tall platform boots and sat down on top to wait for her to arrive.



Perched on the edge of her suitcase, looking around the terminal, a place she never thought she would ever be, Bunny thought back to how much her life had changed in the last few years. For starters, being a she, was still new to her, having adopted female pronouns to describe herself a few months back after coming to the realisation that she was never going back to her life as Ben. These days, she was very comfortable thinking of herself as a woman and the thought of going back to being boring bland old Ben just felt wrong.

With court proceedings having dragged on for almost a year and a half, she and Jake had finally had their day in court where they had testified and seen Danila get what he deserved, life in prison, serving multiple life sentences for human trafficking and attempted murder.

Looking up, the hairs on the back of Bunny's neck stood on end and her eyes widened as she suddenly saw Irina enter the terminal. Clambering to her feet Bunny was a bag of nerves as she watched the slim blonde walk towards him. Her mind whirled, thinking about what she was going to say to her after years of not speaking having lost touch after she and her mother had returned to Russia.

But she needn't have worried as she saw the beaming smile appear on Irina's face as she strutted over on her own tall high heeled shoes, "oh my god, bunny", Irina squealed as she approached, "It's so great to see you, you look amazing", she added throwing her arms around her, almost knocking her off her feet in the process.

"You too, Reeny", Bunny replied gripping her tightly, "I've missed you".

"Me too", Irina excitedly announced, "I can't believe you're actually here; I can't wait to show you around, we're going to have so much fun".

As the pair parted a more serious look returned to Bunny's face, "that sounds fun, but first I think I need to speak to your mother", he said in a sombre voice, "and to be honest with you, I'm dreading it".

Irina nodded, "don't worry, she's going to meet us in a restaurant in the city, she's really eager to see you and explain everything", Irina said, "are you hungry"?

"Not really", Bunny answered honestly, "it's been a long journey to get here".

"That's ok", Irina answered smiling, "you can just have something light, are you ready to go"?

Bunny took a deep breath, wrapped her long sparkly nails around the handle of her suitcase and extended to waist height, "as I'll ever be", she replied pursing her plump lips into a little smile.

"Really don't worry, everything will be fine, just listen to what, Mamulya has to say, she's not a bad person, she has just made a few mistakes in her life", Irina said smiling back.

“Ok”, Bunny replied, “I’m prepared to hear her out”.

“That’s the spirit, now come on sis”, Irina said linking her arm through Bunny’s, “let’s get out of here, I do hope you’ve packed some warmer clothes in that case of yours, that dress is really cute but you’re going to be pretty cold if not”.

Bunny snorted and shook her head, knowing Irina was right, it was just like her to put fashion before practicality.

A private car picked them up just outside the terminal as Bunny jumped straight in already chilled to the bone after only a few seconds out in the freezing air of Vladivostok.

driving into the city, Irina tried to make conversation and Bunny tried to act enthusiastically, he was genuinely pleased to see Irina but with the meeting with Elena, the woman who had turned his life upside down and driven his father to an early grave, it was pretty hard to focus.

Forty minutes later, they pulled up outside the restaurant as the two sexily dressed young women quickly jumped out of the car and rushed inside to escape the cold, stiletto heels clicking loudly on the icy ground and teeth chattering.

Entering the building, Bunny suddenly felt the colour drain from her face as she laid eyes on Elena across the room sat at a corner table. Irina rushed on ahead and greeted her mother affectionately as Bunny slowly trudged over, her knees feeling weak and her boots feeling like lead blocks attached to her tired legs.

Approaching the table, nobody spoke as Bunny gracefully took a seat opposite the mother and daughter before staring across with her heart pounding in her chest.

“Thank you for come”. Elena announced trying to smile but failing due to the ridiculous amount of Botox she’d had injected into her face, leaving it stiff and almost scary looking, “I am so glad you accept invitation, I have want explain things to you for very long time”.



Bunny nodded slowly, her eyes darting from the smiling Irina to her stiff faced mother.

There was a moment of silence, where both parties expected the other to speak before Irina turned to her mother and said something in Russian. Bunny understood every word and knew Irina was encouraging her mother to speak.

“Well, you must have question”, Elena said, “I will answer you with truth”.

Bunny thought for a second but not wanting to beat around the bush went straight for the big question that had been on her mind for a long time, “did you kill my father”? she asked as a hushed silence fell once more across the table.

Elena shook her head, “no, he was killed in duty”, she replied.

“Danila said you were poisoning him”, Bunny said trying not to shake, “is it true”?

Elena lowered her head for a second before lifting it once more to meet Bunny's gaze, "In beginning, yes", she said as Bunny gasped, "but I love your father, I don't hurt him".

"Don't hurt him", Bunny exclaimed, "you just said you were poisoning him".

"It complicated", Elena said, as Bunny noticed her getting a little flustered for perhaps the first time ever, "let me explain, when I come to America with Danila, we very poor, I am young and make bad decision but your father was kind good man, he make me change".

"But you have killed people"? Bunny asked, her voice now quivering.

Elena nodded, "I not feel proud of this, Bunny", she said quietly.

Bunny looked over at Irina who looked back at him calmly, the confession had left her feeling stunned even, she already knew it was true but hearing it said so plainly, direct to her face was still shocking.

Elena continued, "I can not change past, but I try to change, I take you and Irina and get far from Danila, I try to give you good life".

"A good life!" Bunny shot back, "when we lived in New York, you gave Irina everything and you treated me like an inconvenience, you never wanted me there".

"No, Bunny, this not true"! Elena quickly answered, looking visibly upset, "you are family, I want you to have good future".

"You never gave me anything, I had nothing", Bunny replied, her voice cracking as she spoke.

"This is what your father want", Elena replied, "he want you to be strong, like him, he not want me to spoil you, I try to honor this wish".

Breathing out deeply, Bunny raked her long fingernails across the top of her head, "this is a lot to take in", she said leaning back, "I need some time to process all this".

"Take your time, you're here for ten days, right"? Irina said jumping into the conversation, "we've both missed you and are really happy you came".

Bunny looked back at Irina and curled her plump lips, giving her a little smile. Glancing over at Elena who was her head, she decided it was time to change the topic of conversation, for now.



“Just give me some time, ok”? Bunny said, “but while I'm here, I'd like to see how you live”.

Irina's smile grew even wider, "of course when we're done eating, we'll take you to the apartment, we have a room all set up for you, and tomorrow I thought we could see some of the local sights, do a little shopping", she said reaching over and taking Bunny's hand.

"I'd like that, I do need some warmer clothes", Bunny replied, "but don't you have to work"?

"No, I can take some time off, "Irina answered, "I may have to call in the office once or twice, but you don't have to come with me".

"No, I can go with you", Bunny replied smiling, "I'd like to see where you work".

"Really!", Irina replied sounding surprised, "it's not very interesting but I can show you around if you really want"?

"I just want you to live like you normally do", Bunny answered, "it might sound silly, but I think it will remind me of old times".

Irina looked at her mother who nodded, "you got it, sis", she announced enthusiastically, "but first let's eat, are you hungry, yet"?

"I can eat, but can you order for me"? Bunny asked, "if you don't mind, I'd like to give Jake a quick call just to let him know I've arrived safely".

"How is Jake doing these days, are you guys still together"? Irina asked.

"He's doing ok but witness protection was pretty tough on him", Bunny answered lowering her head, "I don't think he knows what he wants anymore, he keeps going through phases of living as a man and then a woman, I'm just trying to be there for him".

"That sounds really tough", Irina replied nodding, "but he's got you, so he'll be ok, I'm rooting for you too, you're so perfect for each other".

Bunny smiled shuffling over to the edge of the seat and reaching down into her coat pocket and the seat next to her to retrieve her phone, "I won't be long, is the bathroom through that door"? she said pointing.

Irina looked around and confirmed the door she was pointing to was in fact the bathroom as Bunny once again heaved herself up onto her tired legs and trotted off across the room.

Through the door, Bunny looked around to see if the coast was clear and seeing that it was, wasted no time in dialling the pre-programmed number in her contact list.

"Southern utilities, marketing department, how may I help you? The woman answering the phone said.

"Code name Alpha Lima, Echo, six, five, four, seven, Delta, Charlie", Bunny said in a clear voice.

"Please stand by, we are directing your call", the woman replied, followed by a click.

“Report”, said a man in a deep voice, joining the call.

“I’m in position and ready to move on to phase two”, Bunny said, her eyes locked on the door in case anyone tried to enter.

“Yes, we heard your conversation, Agent Quinn, good work”, the man replied, “remember now, stick to the plan, and don’t forget who you are dealing with, Elena Volkova is a dangerous individual; she may be telling the truth about your father but I’m sure the families of the other men she murdered would see her in a different light. We underestimated her once and she slipped through our grasp, keep your guard up, Agent Quinn, she’s been selling state secrets to the Russian for years right under our nose, it’s imperative that you discover who she’s working for”.

“I understand, sir”, Bunny replied, “I know what I have to do”.

“Good, once you’re in the office, plant the listening device and get out, don’t take any unnecessary risks, once we have the information we need we’ll brief you for extraction”.

The line went dead, and the conversation was over. Dropping her arm to her side, Bunny ran her hands down the side of her satin dress and took a deep breath. Back in her previous life as Benjamin Quinn, she had dreamed of adventure and travelling the world. As a field agent for the CIA, she had the opportunity to do both even if the prospect of what she was about to do, made her feel as though she was about to pee her panties.

“Time to get to work”, Bunny thought to herself, lifting her left nylon clad leg, enveloped inside its painfully tall platform boot, off the ground to give her leg muscles a momentary break. “You can do this, remember your training, in and out without raising suspicion and don’t let your emotions get in the way”.



The End