



The role of a lifetime
Written and illustrated
by ds1000



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TG tale of crossdressing and feminization

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29 Images in the form of manipulated pictures to show the transformation
from two average Joes to movie starlets.

This story follows the lives of two competitive and very stubborn friends who love nothing more than to compete against each other determined prove who is the best, but with neither able to back down and concede defeat, their lives change forever after a drunken night out with their girlfriends ends in a massive argument and a ludicrous challenge, where the loser faces the prospect of losing everything.

The challenge, to see who can progress furthest in the audition process for a role in an upcoming movie. The catch, the role they will need to play, is a 22-year-old woman named Gabriella.

With neither man really believing he has a chance of winning, but also not willing to back down, read on as the two men are ushered on by their girlfriend's down the path towards womanhood as it soon becomes clear they may also have an ulterior motive.

Chapter 1

“Oh yeah, how about that then”? Britt called out, spinning around, and looking at his best friend Jim, miserably staring at the scoreboard above him.

Jim squinted his eyes as the large X appear on the big LED display above him, he knew it was over, he had lost another bet, “yeah well-done, mate looks like you got lucky again”, he called back.

“Lucky”? Britt scoffed, “I’m a bowling god, didn’t you see the pure skill in that last strike”?

“Fine, I’ll give you this one mate, you really showed them wooden pins, who know perhaps you can use your superhuman bowling powers to get a part in one of your next auditions”, Jim replied sarcastically.

The smile on Britt’s face disappeared, the two ultra-competitive friends had always competed in everything they did, and love to wind each other up with banter, but that last comment by Jim was a low blow, “You sound a little bitter there Jim, it’s not my fault I’m just better than you at everything, what is that now? Four in a row”?

Jim sighed, he had been on a losing run latterly, he had lost the game of pool in the bar, picked the wrong team in the cup final, had terrible luck in the poker game, and now to top it all off he had just been destroyed at ten pin bowling.

“Oh, stop arguing you too, it’s just a game”, Britt’s girlfriend Natalia said sounding bored, looking up from her phone.

“Easy for you to say, Nat, your idiot boyfriend didn’t just blow a £1000 on a stupid bowling bet”, Jim’s girlfriend, Victoria, replied from her seat opposite Natalia.

“They’re both idiots, Vicky, do you know they bet £5000, last month on who could eat the most hotdogs in an hour”? Natalia stated.

“Really? Victoria replied shocked,” who won”?

“Who cares, you know what they’re like, always trying to prove who has the bigger balls, and besides, it’s not like they can’t afford it”, Natalia replied before returning to her phone.

She was right of course, both Britt and Jim, were made for life, having started a small online business in their university days, and after a bit of luck and a lot of hard work, they had recently accepted an offer to sell for £25,000,000.

The two men had mixed feelings about the sale, for Britt it was like a dream come true, he was young, rich, and now had the time to follow his dream of becoming an actor, like his girlfriend Natalia. Jim on the other hand, loved the business, he and his friend had built from the ground up, and having poured his blood, sweat and tears into making it a success, he felt a bit lost now, having nothing to do with his time.

“How about double or nothing”? Jim asked, turning to Britt, and brushing the dark hair of his fringe to one side.

“Sure man, if you think you stand a chance”? Britt replied arrogantly, “but if you lose this time you have to call me king Britt for the rest of the evening”.

“You're on, and this time you're going down”, Jim shot back before turning to Victoria, “Vic order another round of beers will ya”?

Victoria sighed, after dating for three years, she loved her boyfriend, but lately, she starting to worry about him, he had become reckless wasn't acting like himself. “Sure babe, but you better win this time”, she shouted back.



Five hours later, in the early hours of the morning, the two couples sat on the sofa in Natalia and Jim’s apartment, extremely drunk and looking through Netflix for something to watch.

“Hey, put that one on Vicky, looks like a new episode just came out”, Natalia said from her left.

“Drag race? Really”? Jim exclaimed, “I don’t see the point of this show, it's just a bunch of guys dressing up and trying to act like women”.

“It takes a lot of talent to pull off a drag act”, Natalia replied slightly annoyed, “perhaps you should try it sometime and see”.

Britt burst out laughing, “that I’d love to see, man you would make such an ugly woman”, he announced, looking over at his friend.

“Not as ugly as you, dick, I’d make a much better woman than you”, Jim slurred back, from his slumped back position on the sofa.

“Oh yeah, want to put your money where your mouth is”? Britt called out, as Victoria and Natalia leaned in to listen where the conversation was heading.

“Err... no way man, you might want to dress up like a chick, I know you actors are a little fruity, but I’m not gay”.

Natalia looked offended, “Jim, that’s really offensive, it takes a lot of talent to act, I know tones of guys who have played the part of a woman at some point, and I can tell you now, they would kick your ass if they heard you call them fruity”.

“Ha, talent, acting is a piece of cake, just read a few lines and pull a few faces, easiest job in the world”, Jim replied.

“Oh yeah, how about you take Britt up on his bet then? There’s an audition for a part in a movie I’m going for in a few months, the leading lady, why don’t you two audition with me for the part? See who gets furthest in the process”? Natalia replied loudly with an angry tone.

“Natalia, please ignore him, he’s just drunk, he didn’t mean to offend you”, Victoria jumped in trying to play peacekeeper.

“He’s an asshole, that’s what he is, and you little miss perfect can fuck off, I'm not in the mood”, Natalia shouted back.

A furry washed over Victoria, one she hadn’t felt in years, she wasn’t about to sit there and be insulted by that bitch, she tried to tolerate her for Jim’s sake, but at that moment she couldn’t take it anymore, “how about you fuck off yourself, bitch, you know I think I agree with Jim, any moron can act, my Jim could easily get the part if he put his mind to it”.

“Yeah right, that idiot boyfriend of yours get the part, ha, he can’t get through a game of bowling without looking like a fool, he has no idea how much dedication and preparation it takes to land a role like that”, Natalia said smirking.

Having listened to the altercation Jim was also now furious, “Dedication for a simpleton like you perhaps, you know what? just to shut you up, I’ll take the bet, £50,000 says I get further than Britt in the audition”, he said, not really thinking things through in his drunken state.

“Feeling pretty sure of yourself there hey buddy”, Britt answered, “no way a bunch of simpletons can beat you right? Well, how about we make it more interesting, fuck £50,000 if you really think you can beat me, how about you bet your share of the money from the company sale? Or are you scared you’ll lose to king Britt once again?”

Annoyed at the memory of losing the game earlier and the humiliation of having to refer to his arrogant friend as king Britt all evening, all he could think of was knocking his friend down a peg and wiping the smug smile off his face, “scared? What of you? No chance mate, fine, you're on”, He replied with a steely glare.

Britt smiled, “I guess we have a bet then, but as this is a big one, how about you get your lawyer girlfriend to draught us up a contract? wouldn’t want you to weasel out once you lose”.

Victoria was now having doubts, she knew how hard Jim had worked to build the company and he was now betting away their future, “babe, maybe you should calm down a little and think about what you are doing”?

“I knew it, little Vicky’s scared of losing, she knows her boyfriend is a loser and wants to back out”? Natalia said loudly before releasing an ear-piercing laugh.

With the sound of the cackling witch next to her, ringing in her ears, all common sense left Victoria, “loser, oh we’ll show you bitch”, she stated, grabbing a pen and the first piece of paper she found on the table in front of her.

The room fell silent as the tension in the room could be cut with a knife, the only sound to be heard, was Victoria scribbling furiously on the back of a flyer for Mr Wang's Chinese takeaway.

Chapter 2

Victoria woke the next morning, hungover and alone. Pushing off the covers, she swung her legs over the side of the bed and placed her hand against her aching head, regretting drinking so much the night before, and situation it had led to. Standing up gingerly, she found her dressing gown on the back of a chair, and after wrapping it around her toned body, she left the bedroom and descended the stairs to look for Jim.

She found him in the living room, sat in the dark, staring blankly at the back of the menu for Mr Wang's, having read through the drunken contract she had written on the back so many times he had lost count.

"Did you sleep at all"? Victoria asked yawning.

Jim slowly turned his head and squinted his bloodshot eyes, trying to focus, "Victoria, what the hell, did I agree to last night"? he groaned loudly, shaking the leaflet in his clenched fist.

"Something fucking stupid as usual", Victoria replied walking towards him, "I told you your stupid bets were going to get you in trouble one day. You and your fucking male ego".

"Hey, this is not all on me, you were just as bad as me, and it wasn't me who wrote this fucking contract", Jim said angrily tossing the leaflet onto the table.

Victoria sat down and sighed, "It's that prick friend of yours and his bitch of a girlfriend, they just make me so angry, always acting superior and thinking they're better than us, and yes, I wrote the contract, but no one forced you to sign it, that's on you".

The room fell silent for a moment as Jim absorbed what she had said, "Is it binding"? he asked, already knowing what she was going to say.

"Unfortunately, yes, there are two copies, signed and witnessed, it would hold up in court", Victoria answered shaking her head".

"Fuck", Jim exclaimed, pausing for a moment to think before turning to face his girlfriend, "I can't do it, Vic, I'll just concede, Britt can have the money, we don't need it anyway, I built one company from the ground up, I can do it again".

"Oh no, no fucking way, are you giving away our future to that arsehole, you may have built that company, but do you realise how much I've had to sacrifice? All the late nights and weekends, hardly seeing each other, the scrimping and saving. Until recently, do you realise we hadn't had a vacation in two years, I'm

not going through that again and having fucking Britt and princess Natalia laud it over us, if you want to start again, you're doing it on your own".

"Seriously, you would leave me"? Jim replied, completely blindsided by her response.

"As I said, Jim, I've supported you for years, so that we could build a future together and now you've risked it all on a stupid bet.", Victoria yelled angrily, "You find a way to fix this, and do it without giving them a penny or I'm walking away".

There was again a moment of silence in the room, as they sat side by side, both in deep thought. Five minutes past before Jim turned to look at her once more, "perhaps I can talk to Britt, I'm sure he's feeling just as bad as me, he probably woke up this morning regretting that happened, if I talk to him, I'm sure I can get him to rip up the contract", Jim said hopefully.

"I'd say that was an excellent plan, how about we have some breakfast, and you text him, see what he says", Victoria said in a calmer voice as Jim nodded in agreement.

After forcing down some cereal, Jim picked up his phone and drafted his message, "hey mate, crazy night last night huh? I guess we were all a bit drunk and got a little carried away, I'm sorry if Vic and I offended you guys in any way, let's just forget about that silly bet, yeah? Do you want to meet up later in the week? Shoot some pool"? After reading over it twice, Jim pressed send, placed his phone face down on the table, and sat back in his chair as the agonizing wait for a reply began.

By early evening Jim still hadn't received a reply, which was out of character as Britt usually replied to him straight away. Picking up his phone again, Jim typed another short message, "Hey mate, everything ok"? Again, there was no reply as Jim and Victoria spent the rest of the evening watching a movie, not really speaking and too preoccupied to follow the plot.

Two days later, having sent another three messages with no response, Jim and Victoria were sat watching TV in awkward silence when the familiar sound of a message arriving, rang out through the room. simultaneously, Britt and Victoria looked down at the table in front of them, their eyes focused on the source of the jingle, Victoria's phone.

Victoria leaned over and picked up her phone, using her fingerprint to unlock it, before stared down at the screen with a horrified look on her face, "who's it from"? Britt asked nervously.

“It’s from Natalia”, She replied solemnly, continuing to read.

“And”? Britt asked impatiently, “what did she say”?

“Read it yourself”, Victoria said looking glum, passing the phone over.

Britt took the phone and looked down at the screen as his heart sank, “Hey Vicky, how are you? Sorry, we’ve been MIA for the last few days, but we’ve been busy organising things. Britt wanted to text himself, but he didn’t want a fight, but you can tell Jim, there is no chance we’re cancelling the bet, Jim’s already been working so hard to get into the mindset of the character, there’s no way we can lose, perhaps you should just quit now and save yourself the embarrassment, anyway, speak soon, toodles”.

Jim dropped the phone on his lap and placed his head in his hands, “so much for feeling as bad as you”, Victoria remarked.

“This can’t be happening, Vic, what are we going to do”? Jim asked.

“Well, you’re not conceding that’s for sure, what we’re going to do is head upstairs and try out a few things”, she replied.

“You mean... like... dress up”? Jim said forcing out the words.

Victoria nodded, “Exactly, we need to see if we have any chance of making this work”.

“I don’t know, Vic, I have a bad feeling about this”, Jim replied.

“It’s too late to feel sorry for yourself now, Jim, you gambled with our future, the least you can do is show a bit of that competitive spirit you’re usually full off, stop acting like a loser and put up a bit of fight”, Victoria answered in a forceful tone.

Jim looked up, “ok, Vic”, he mumbled, “I guess we could at least see what I look like, what do we have to do”?

Four days later

“Jim, can you come down here for a minute”? Victoria shouted from downstairs.

“Ok, coming”, Jim yelled back from the bedroom, where he had been watching some YouTube videos, trying to avoid Victoria as he felt incredibly embarrassed and emasculated in her presence.

He looked down and grimaced, seeing a tight black material wrapped around his compressed legs, and shook his head gazing upon his flat crotch area, where his

usual bulge had been painfully strapped back and hidden inside the panties he wore beneath his leggings.

He got to his feet, feeling the pinch in his toes, and the still unfamiliar angled position of his feet, stuffed inside a pair of Victoria's wedge pumps. Leaving the bedroom, Jim approached the staircase, where he stopped and took a deep breath, knowing he'd need to tread carefully if he was to avoid another slip like a few days ago. He pressed his back up against the bannister, gripped it tightly with both hands, and placing one foot at a time, he tentatively made his way down, too scared to move from his sideways position.

Reaching the bottom, he let out a sigh of relief, having made it safely down in one piece. looking up to see Victoria waiting for him in the hallway.



She smiled upon seeing him, “you’re moving a lot better today, are you feeling a little more comfortable”? she asked.

Jim just glared at her, feeling ridiculous, dressed in her clothes, with a long dark wig sat on top of his head, “I don’t think I’ll ever feel comfortable dressed like this”, he replied pouting.

Victoria smiled, “oh, come on, that outfit is not much different to the stuff you normally wear, those leggings are just like your tight jeans, and the rest is just a T-shirt and a denim jacket”.

What about the underwear”? Jim asked looking down at the small mounds, pushing out of from the front of his T-shirt and feeling pressure between his legs.

“Ok, that I guess must feel a little new, but you'll get used to it, who knows? You might even come to like the silkier material”.

Jim looked at her astonished by the comment and feeling slightly embarrassed thinking about the silky navy-blue bra and panty set with the frilly edges, hidden away below Victoria’s clothes, which he was currently wearing, “Very unlikely, you and I have a different part down there, and you can’t imagine how uncomfortable it is having it tucked up between my legs”.

“I know honey, and I know you’re really trying, perhaps later we could let out Mr happy for a little exercise”?

A smile formed on Jim’s lips, as he felt a tightness in his groin followed by a small jolt of pain, “sure thing babe, your man is ready and eager to please, how about I go change now and take a shower, you can come and join me in a few minutes”, Jim replied enthusiastically.

“Not right now, we’ll save it for later, first we need to talk”, Victoria replied in a more serious tone.

“Talk, about what? Has something happened”? Jim asked concerned.

Victoria looked him in the eyes, “Well, you could say that, let me ask you how are you getting on in those pumps”?

“What? These shoes? They’re awful, my ankles are aching, and can walk for 30 seconds without tripping over, but why are you asking about them now”?

Victoria pulled her phone from her pocket, “well, take a look at this, it looks like Britt and Natalia have really committed to winning this bet, I think we’re going to have to up our game a little, starting with some higher heels”.

Jim looked confused as she thrust her phone into his face, where he looked down confused at a picture of a smiling woman.

It took him a second to realise who he was looking at until something clicked in his mind as his eyes widened, and his mouth dropped open, “shit, no way”, Jim muttered.

“I know, crazy right? Looks like Britt's been working on his look a little more than you”, Victoria answered.

“Oh, this is bad, how am I supposed to compete with that”? Jim stated, looking down and not believing his eyes, seeing his old friend, out in what looked like a hotel lobby, dressed in a tight black one-piece outfit, perched on towering wedge heels, which made his own look like child’s play.



Chapter 3

A few days later on a warm and pleasant afternoon, Britt sat in the outdoor seating area of a local coffee shop, waiting for Natalia to arrive back with their drinks.

He scanned his surroundings once more, taking note of the people around him and feeling very out of place. Opposite him sat an old couple, smiling and chatting about book one of them had recently read as the woman enthusiastically told the man about the story. Behind them sat a middle-aged woman, busily typing away on her laptop perhaps trying to meet a work deadline. To the woman's left sat a relaxed-looking middle-aged man who kept unnervingly kept looking over at Britt, making him feel very uncomfortable, as he failed to hide the fact, he was checking him out. Britt tried not to make eye contact with the man, as he remembered Natalia telling him to expect some male attention dressed as he was but knowing and experience it were two very different things and being on the receiving end of the man's flirtatious looks was something very alien to him.

It had been over a week now, dressing as a woman, and although he tried to tell himself, it was no different to playing any other acting role, he still felt incredibly uncomfortable being out in public in the female clothing. Take the casual outfit, Natalia had chosen for him that morning, the denim jeans he wore were in a lot of ways similar to menswear, he had worn tight jeans before and this pair felt no different, except for the crotch area, that hadn't been designed to accommodate the extra parts he had between his legs, meaning he had to tuck away his bits tightly between his legs to keep up appearances, leaving him with an eery feeling of pressure whenever he moved.

On his upper body, he wore a soft white blouse with a ruffle design on the shoulders, and a thin black belt cinching in his waist, again wearing the top was not too dissimilar to wearing a man's short sleeve shirt, apart from the softer and thinner material was, and the protruding mounds, sticking out from the front, thanks to his padded bra beneath.

But perhaps the biggest difference to the type of things he normally wore, were his shoes. The peep-toe black pumps surrounding his feet felt completely foreign to his male mind, especially not wearing socks, which Natalia insisted wouldn't fit his look.

It was a strange sight looking down and seeing his painted white toenails extending out from the open front of the shoes, not to mention the blocky heel

at the back. It had taken him a few days to get used to walking in heels, struggling at first, but after a lot of practice and changing the way in which he moved his body, he found that albeit tiring, walking around on heels, like the one he currently wore, wasn't so bad.

With everything considered, Britt though he was adjusting well to such a dramatic change to his lifestyle, he was no longer constantly fiddled with the wig dangling down at the sides of his head, which at first drove him crazy as for most of his life he had just had a shaved head.

He had also got used to the feeling of wearing makeup, he still had a long way to go in terms of applying it effectively, but a week after first having his face painted, he almost forgot he was wearing it apart from the occasional time where he left a colourful mark on the rim of a glass or wiped his mouth after eating, smearing lipstick across the back of his hand.

As Britt sat in the warm glow of the sun, waiting for Natalia, he started thinking about the picture she had sent to Victoria a few days earlier and wondered how the Jim and Victoria had reacted to his feminine image. They must have been shocked, he thought, hell, he had been knocked for six the first time he saw himself in the mirror that day after Natalia had made him up. He remembered standing in front of the mirror for what seemed like an eternity, examining every detail of his hair, makeup, and outfit, amazed that she could do such a good job of erasing his male appearance, without a massive amount of effort.

After dressing him up that day, they had gone out to eat at a top restaurant, Natalia telling him he needed to get used to being out in public dressed as a woman and to think of it as research for the part.

That evening was Britt's first experience of being out of the house dressed in women's clothes and he remembered feeling incredibly nervous as he left the house, repeatedly looking left and right up the street, as he tottered quickly to the car on a pair of tall wedge heels than even after all his hours of practice, he still struggled to walk in.

Entering the hotel lobby and standing next to Natalia as she asked the receptionist where their restaurant was, Britt had been terrified, fidgeting and twitching unnaturally and garnering quite a few odd looks but after being seated at their table and sampling some of the delicious food on offer, he had relaxed and actually enjoyed the evening.

Britt looked up and smiled as he saw Natalia returning with their coffee's, "I'm back, Gabriella, did you miss me"? Natalia said cheerfully, using the name of the character from the movie, he was preparing to audition for.



"Well let's put it this way, I'm glad you're back, it was a little scary sat here alone, dressed like this, especially with that man over there, who keeps looking over and smiling at me", Britt replied.

Natalia turned, "which man"? she asked.

Britt became a little flustered, "Hey, don't look", he said in a hushed voice.

Natalia turned back and

chuckling before sitting down, “ha, I told you, hun, you need to get used to men looking at you, it’s part of being an attractive woman, now how would Gabriella react to him smiling at her”?

Britt thought for a second, trying to imagine himself as the 22-year-old woman from the movie script, “hmm, well she’s young and attractive, but also a bit shy and reserved having recently moved to the city from a small town, she would probably feel uncomfortable with the attention and try to avoid eye contact”.

Natalia squinted, “hmm, I’m not so sure, I think that's what you want to do, remember I’ve read the script too, and have been thinking about her longer than you, yes she’s new to the city, and a little introverted, but she has also had her fair share of relationships back in her hometown, I doubt she would be as shy as you make out”.

“So how do you think she would react to a stranger smiling at her”? Britt asked.

“Well, that depends, is he attractive”? Natalia shot back.

Caught off guard by the question, Britt got a little flustered, “I...I... don’t know, Vic, I don’t think of men in that way”.

“Well, you aren’t thinking like Britt now, are you? You’re a young attractive woman called Gabriella; would Gabriella find him attractive”?

Britt glanced across the outdoor patio and studied the man, tall, athletic, nothing too unusual about him, dressed smartly. He turned back to Natalia, “yes, I guess, she might”, he said cringing.

“Ok then Gabriella, the next time you catch his eye, I want you to give him your warmest smile, look him directly in the eyes and hold your stare for three seconds”, Natalia replied.

“Really? I can’t do that, what if he thinks I’m interested in him and comes over”? Britt said worriedly.

Natalia smiled, “you are interested in him Gabriella, you just said he’s attractive, you’re new to the city and don’t know many people, if he comes over, talk to him, and if he asks for your number give it to him”.

Britt looked down stunned, he picked up his coffee, sliding his white nails through the handle, picked up the cup and taking a sip, with no intention of looking in the direction of the man’s table again for the duration of their outing.

He was about to change the topic of the conversation when Natalia’s phone beeped. She picked up her handbag from the chair next to her and located her

phone. Unlocking it she just stared down with a blank expression on her face, as Britt looked on confused.

“What’s wrong”? Britt asked.

A smile crept back across Natalia’s lips, “you won’t believe this, it’s from Victoria, listen to what she's got to say”, she said, before proceeding to read the message aloud, “Hi Victoria, thank you for messaging me, and the picture you sent, Britt looks lovely in that outfit, did he choose it himself? Sorry about the message last week asking to cancel the bet, I don’t know what we were thinking, I mean why on Earth would we cancel when Jim’s going to wipe the floor with Britt, let’s catch up soon ok? Toodles”.

Britt smirked, “so much for him quitting them, he never could back down from a bet, even when he knows he was going to lose”.

Natalia shook her head and passed her phone across the table, “Well, I wouldn’t be so sure about that, Jim looks like he’s playing to win!”

Britt took the phone from Natalia and looked down, as the smile on his face quickly disappeared, “Holy shit”, he cried out, almost falling off his chair.



Chapter 4

With the feeling of the sun on his skin and a slight breeze blowing through his long fake hair, Jim looked down at the streets below him from his position high up on the apartment roof of their apartment building, Jim looked over at Victoria with a pleading look in his eyes, "Vic, can we go back inside now"? he begged, "my feet are cramping, and you've got the picture you wanted".

Victoria smiled looking at her feminized boyfriend, amazed at how good he looked in the natural light, "yeah, I think we've had enough practice for one day, and I'm sure Natalia's going to piss her pants when she sees you in that outfit".

"I don't think I look good at all" Jim moaned, "I feel ridiculous in this getup, why did you have to pick such bright colours, you know I don't like wearing bright colour", he stated looking down at his multicoloured leggings and eye-catching shoes.

"Come on, Jim, don't pretend, you know you look amazing, and about the colours, I know you're used to wearing boring greys and blacks, but girls wear bright colours, you need to get used to it", Victoria answered, "now, come on show me that sexy walk you've been practising and strut back downstairs, we'll cook up those steaks for dinner".

Jim nodded trying to remember all the tips Victoria had given him on how to walk properly perched atop his painful shoes. So, with his hands out by his side for balance, he took a wobbly step forward feeling like a complete sissy.

He carefully brought down his sore heeled foot, hearing an unnerving but now familiar clicking sound, and having made sure of his footing, he brought forward his trailing leg and positioned his foot stuffed inside its tall blue platform pump almost directly in front of the other as he stumbled towards Victoria, half walking, and half stumbling.

Victoria sighed, seeing Jim looking so awkward as he slowly wobbled towards her, his stride was still too large and he was still staring down at his feet as he moved, "head up Jim, and stop stomping around, remember, light and dainty, like you're walking on a sheet of ice that's about to break".

Jim stopped and pouted, "Oh come on, Vic, give me a break, we've been up here for hours, my leg muscles are not used to the way these ridiculous shoes force me to stand, I thought you said I only had to wear them for the picture".

Victoria rolled her eyes, “yeah, I know, I know, but you saw those crazy wedges, Britt had on, we can’t let Natalia get one up on us, besides, if you can master this pair, think how easy it will be when you go back to a lower heel”.

Not liking her reply, but not finding a fault in her logic, Jim didn’t respond, he just wanted to get back to the safety of the apartment and change back into some normal clothes, but before he took a step, Victoria received a message.

“It’s from Natalia”, Victoria announced after pulling out her phone, “she must be pretty worried if she’s replying this quicky, let's see what she has to say for herself”.

Victoria opened the message and started to read quietly to herself, “Not bad Vicky, I have to admit, I’m almost impressed, you've certainly got Jim looking somewhat presentable. But I've got bad news for you girl, you’re not going to win this with Jim looking like that. I mean, does he come across naturally when he speaks like a woman? Can he move gracefully in those skyscrapers? To win this, he needs to convince a team of casters that he can play the role of Gabriella better than anyone else. You have read the script and character profile, right? Don’t take this the wrong way but Jim’s looking a bit chubby, how are you going to get him down to the hundred and ten pounds they are looking for? Anyway, I’m sure you’ve got it all under control, and you’re right we should all meet up soon and see how each other are doing in person, speak to you soon x”.

“And”? Jim asked having stood there silently, waiting for her to finish reading.

Victoria felt like smashing her phone on the floor, “the nerve of that woman”, she shouted angrily”, change of plans Jim, no steak for dinner tonight, we’ll have a nice salad instead.

Almost a week later, Jim stood posing once more as Victoria, took more pictures for his newly created social media accounts.

Jim looked down the lens of the camera, depressed and fed up as he faked a smile and held his feminine pose, trying not to react as Victoria barked orders at him.

Jim obeyed as Victoria told him to lift up his right foot slightly, feeling the ache in his calf muscles after having worn nothing but six-inch heels ever since receiving the message from Natalia that day on the roof.



“Take your left hand out of your pocket and put it on your hip”, Victoria ordered.

An emotionless Jim, following the instruction in an almost robotic-like manner as another camera flash went off in his face. He wanted to scream and shout, he wanted to tell her that things had gone too far, and he was going to quit, but knowing how it would end, he instead held his grin as tried to ignore his rumbling stomach.

The feeling of his empty stomach was driving him crazy as it consumed all of his thought but having been told he needed to lose mind-boggling 30 to 40 pounds, he knew it was going to be eating nothing but salads for the foreseeable future.

He now regretted more than ever taking the stupid bet, as he stood there feeling the tightness of the material surrounding his legs, the uncomfortable angle his feet were forced into, and the distracting glued on fake eyelashes that fluttered in front of his eyes every time he blinked.

Victoria had become like a woman possessed after receiving the message from Natalia. She had gone straight online and searched for the character profile of Gabriella, and having read it through several times, she had become obsessed with transforming Jim into an exact copy of her.

Almost a week on and Jim was starting to get to know Gabriella pretty well having been forced to memorise every fact about her, he could almost picture her in his mind and the two of them were nothing alike. Him a business owner with a degree in law, who loved sports and socialising and Gabriella a sweet and pretty 22-year-old, who after finishing college had moved to the city to follow her dream of becoming a world-famous pianist.

The film itself seemed was to be a typical romantic comedy, an uninspiring tale of a quirky, introverted, and slightly awkward country girl coming out of her shell after moving to the big city and meeting the man of her dreams albeit under extremely unusual circumstances.

“Drop your shoulder a little”, Victoria commanded, as Jim again obeyed, feeling the odd sensation of the long hair of the wig tickling his bare shoulder.

He was trying not to think about where the pictures she was taking and where they were going just hoping no one he knew stumbled across them and recognised him.

Jim was furious when Victoria had first shown him the Facebook and Instagram account, she had created for Jem Stevens, with his feminised image as the

profile picture, demanding that she delete it. But as with a lot of the arguments, he was having with Victoria lately, this was another one he had failed to win, as she had slowly convinced him it was necessary to get through round one of the audition process. He understood where she was coming from as she explained he would need to send in a portfolio of images, and he also saw her point about them likely looking him up online, and how odd it would be if they found nothing, as what young fame-hungry actress would be without an online account to advertise and flaunt her "talents".?

"Ok, that will do it, for now, Jim" Victoria announced putting down the camera, "go and relax for a bit and I'll upload these photos to see how they came out".

The smile that had been plastered to Jim's face for the last 20 minutes instantly vanished, as he opened and closed his numb feeling jaw a few times to try and regain the feeling.

With nothing to say he nodded before gracefully walked away to the sound of heavy wedge shoes clomping along on the wooden floor.

After another light dinner, Jim sat in the living room with Victoria, trying to focus on the movie TV but kept getting distracted by his growling stomach and the awful plot of the romantic comedy she had insisted on watching, and if things hadn't been bad enough, for the tired and emasculated man, Victoria had told him to study the female lead and try to learn some of her mannerisms and quirks.

Slumped on the sofa, his body weak and sore after a full day of moving around on the tall wedge shoes still strapped to his feet, his eyes felt heavy and he was losing the battle to stay awake when he was startled by a loud beep coming from Victoria's phone.

He watched on anxiously as she unlocked her phone and waited with apprehension as he saw an image appear on the screen out of the corner of his eye, "that, bitch, she's always trying to outdo me", Victoria screamed. She took a deep breath and turned towards a stunned looking Jim, "but we're not going to let her win, right, Jim"? She frantically asked, "we just need to do bit shopping, even the playing field", she stated passing Jim the phone.

Jim reached out with a shaking hand and wrapped his shiny green nails around the phone.

He looked down and almost had a heart-attack, absolutely gobsmeared seeing his long-time friend, sat practising the piano, looking unrecognisable and unmistakably feminine wearing a tight form-fitting red dress.

A small groan escaped Jim's painted lips, and he brought his hand up to cover his gaping mouth, knowing that the familiar feeling of having his legs covered, would soon, just like the idea of being able to wear flat shoes, be but a distant memory.



Chapter 5

As Britt sat in front of the newly installed piano in his apartment, dressed in a short skirt and sky-high heels, he was starting to think that going ahead with the bet, was a perhaps a stupid idea. As he sat there playing the same song for perhaps the hundredth time that day, he thought back to that text from Jim weeks ago and wished he could go back in time and agree to cancel the contract.

“Dam it”, he yelled, pressing the wrong key, and messing up the song he was practising once again.

Natalia looked up from the sofa, where she was messing around on her laptop, “Woah, someone’s in a bad mood today”, she announced.

“Can you blame me”, Britt replied annoyed, spinning around on his stool to face her, “All I’ve done for the last four day is sit here, wearing tight uncomfortable clothes, playing this dam song over and over”.

“I think it’s time you took a break, babe, come over here and sit with me for a while”, Natalia said, patting the cushion next to her.

Britt stood up, his body aching, having sat in the same position for hours, and click-clacked across the room before sitting down next to her, “I don’t think I can do this anymore, Nat, I mean, this whole thing is a ridiculous idea, no one in their right mind is going to think, I’m a woman and give me a part in a big-budget movie”.

Natalia tilted her head, “and what makes you think that”? she asked.

Britt breathed a heavy sigh and shook his head, “Come on Nat, I may look passable from a distance but what’s going to happen if I get through the initial casting stage? Do you really think they’ll look twice at me when they’ve got a choice of all the other beautiful and talented actors”?

“Yes, I think they will”, Natalia answered bluntly as Britt looked on shocked, “look at what you’ve achieved already in just a few weeks, you can move and behave in a feminine manner, your girl voice is coming along nicely, and at this point, you know Gabriella inside out, I think you’ve got a shot”.

Britt thought for a moment before he answered, “I just feel so frustrated, doing the same thing every day, I don’t feel like I’m improving at all”, he moaned.

“Honey”, Natalia said in a soothing voice and rubbing his back, “these things take time, you know that. And I know you, you always get what you want,

you're the most determined person I've ever met, I know it's tough when you can't see the progress your making, but I've been sat here listening to you for the last few days, and I can tell you now, I don't think many people could pick up what you've learned so quickly, A few more weeks of practice and you'll be more than competent, easily good enough for what the movie people are looking for".

Natalia watched as Britt smiled, sitting up and looking more confident, she always did know how to push his buttons, "yeah, you're right, perhaps I need to stop feeling sorry for myself and do what I need to do to win, thanks Hon, I feel much better now", Britt said as he leaned over and gave Natalia a kiss on the lips.

"I'm glad you're feeling better because you'll need to be 100% committed from now on if you are going to beat Jim", Natalia said feeling strange kissing Britt while he was looking like a woman.

"Oh, don't worry about Jim, I know he's been putting in a bit of effort, but it won't last, he always quits eventually, he can never stick anything out", Britt replied confidently.

Natalia didn't smile and had a serious look on her face, "I think this time might be different, with Vicky pushing him and with the risk of them losing everything, I think you might be underestimating him".

"Ha, there's no way can he win", Britt announced", I mean, I'm surprised as you at how good he looks dressed up, but Jim can't act, and he definitely can't play the piano".

Natalia slowly shook her head before turning her laptop so Britt could see the screen, "You sure, babe? Because my friend request for Jem Stevens was just accepted and it looks like you're not the only one practising".

For a moment Britt didn't know what his girlfriend was talking about as he looked down at the screen, but as Natalia looked on, his expression quickly turned from one of confusion to one of utter shock, "Woah", Britt announced, as he examined at the image before him, finding it hard to believe he was looking at Jim.

The person in the image looked like a really sexy woman girl leaning against a piano, her legs on full display below her indecently short skirt, and balancing precariously on heels so high, Britt wondered how anyone could possibly walk on them.



“You see, he’s not going to quit, if you want to win this, you need to drop the arrogant macho attitude and put in the hard work. Unless that is, you don’t think you can beat him”? Natalia asked.

Britt looked up with a fire in his eyes, “Of course I can beat him, I always beat him”.

“That’s more like it, babe”, Natalia announced, "So how about you get your cute little butt back over to that piano stool and let me hear that song one more time”.

Ten days later, Britt stood Infront of the full-length mirror in his bedroom, examining his image for any imperfections that might reveal his true gender. He felt a mixture of terror and pride as he looked at the image of the woman reflected back, standing tall on her fashionable suede ankle boots.

It was truly bizarre seeing himself dressed up about and ready to go out into the city, compressed into in the little black dress Natalia had worn for their last anniversary, he remembered how sexy she had looked wearing it that night, but as much as he hated to admit it, he knew he wore the sexy dress just as well as she had that night.

It was the first time he had gotten himself fully ready without Natalia’s help, and even with her insisting his makeup skills advanced enough that he didn’t need her help, he still couldn’t help but feel nervous.

“Wow, looking hot, Brittney, ready to go”? Natalia asked from the doorway.

Britt took one final look at himself in the mirror, still not used to his new feminine name, but with the sight of his dark fluttery lashes and smoky eyes, looking back at him from beneath his new black wig, made from real human hair, he knew the name suited him more than his old one, he turned around and smiled, “ready, I think, do I look ok”? he asked.

“You look beautiful, babe, now don’t be nervous, tonight you're in character, just think of yourself as a woman out for a few drinks with her three girlfriends”.

“So, you and Victoria are friends now”? Britt asked jokingly trying to take his mind off the situation.

“Ha, yeah, we are tonight, you’re not the only one who can act you know" she answered smiling, " now grab your purse and let's go”.

Britt and Victoria took a taxi to the bar that night, not wanting to worry about how much they drank and having to leave the car in the city. It was a silent

journey, as Britt sat with him nyloned legs tightly pressed together looking out of the window, trying not to make eye contact with the young cabbie who kept staring back at him through the rear-view mirror.

As he watched the familiar streets pass by and saw random men out for the night with their girls, he couldn't help but feel strange. Not so long ago he would have been dressed like them, in a pair of trousers and a smart shirt instead of his girlfriend's black mini dress and heels, but a lot had changed in the past few weeks and tonight was going to be the first time the four of them had seen each other since the bet, it was going to be a surreal experience for sure.

It was a few days ago when Victoria had text Natalia, taking her up on the offer to meet, and being curious as to what Jim would look like in person and wanting to gauge his progress, she had eagerly agreed.

Britt was reluctant at first, not really liking the idea of going out to a bar on a Saturday night, where he would be surrounded by drunken men, but having been persuaded by Natalia, he was sat in the back of a taxi dressed to party and well past the point to back out.

As the cab pulled up outside the bar, Britt's heart was pounding, and his legs were shaking as Natalia paid the driver and he stared out through the window at the bar full of people.

"Have a good evening, ladies", said the cabbie, as Britt swung his legs carefully out on to the pavement trying to keep his modesty. Ignoring the pervy driver he lifted himself on to his heels and slammed the door. He watched the taxi drive off and looked over at Natalia looking stunning in her little red dress and matching pumps and felt truly emasculated knowing that tonight he looked nothing like her boyfriend.

Britt let Natalia take the lead as he followed her through the door of the bar, hearing the chatter of people talking and the faint sound of a 90's brit-pop song in the background. Natalia set off through the crowd as Britt tried to keep up, mincing his way between the people trying to look confident and not out of place.

Carefully traversing a few steps and taking a right, the pair entered a second room where Britt stopped in his tracks, stunned as he came face to face for the first time in weeks with his old-time pal Jim.

An equally shocked Jim stared back, sat on a tall stool, next to Victoria, by the bar. upon seeing them Victoria leapt to her heels to greet them, "Natalia, Britt,

you two look gorgeous tonight, how have you been”? She asked leaning in and giving Natalia a hug and an air kiss.

“Vicky, great to see you, we’re doing great, but it’s Brittney not Britt tonight if you don’t mind”? Natalia replied air kissing her back.

“Oh, my bad, sorry Brittney, how rude of me”, Natalia said before moving over to Britt and repeating the greeting, as he got a face full of her blonde hair.

“Jem get over here and say hello”, Victoria announced, turning towards the bar.

Britt could hardly believe his eyes as he watched Jim gracefully lift himself off his stool and on to his tall silver peep toe shoes. He patted down his flared black and white polka dot skirt before stepping over to stand shyly next to Victoria, “Hi guys”, he said quietly, “so this is weird, huh”?

Britt didn’t know how to respond, his old friend looked better than he had in the pictures, stood there with his makeup perfectly done, and a pair of very realistic breasts stretching out the almost see-through mesh white top he was wearing.

Sensing the awkwardness, Natalia stepped forward to greet him, “Wow, Jem, look at you honey, you look amazing”, she said, giving him a hug and a kiss on each cheek.

“err... thanks Natalia, you look nice too”, Jim replied shyly.

“Thanks, babe, that’s sweet of you”, Natalia said happily, “but I think Brittney has outdone me tonight, what do you think of her outfit”?

Jim looked over at Britt in his tight black dress and shook his head slowly from side to side, “Well, I guess you’re not quitting then”? he asked his friend, scanning him up and down.

“Not a chance Jem, you know me, I never back down from a challenge”, Britt replied tottering forward on his heels, repeating what he had seen the girls do, greeting a frightened-looking Jim with a hug and kiss on both cheeks.



Chapter 6

“Jim, I’m back, can you give me a hand”? Victoria called out, returning from the supermarket.

There was no reply.

She placed the grocery bags on the floor and walked into the living room to Jim, sat on the sofa just staring into space, “Jim, I need help putting the groceries away, did you not hear me call, you”?

“Uh what”, Jim muttered looking up confused.

Seeing that he was clearly distressed about something, Victoria walked over and sat next to him, “are you ok”? she asked her feminized boyfriend.

“Yeah, just thinking about something”, Jim replied.

“About last night”? Victoria asked.

Jim, sighed, “yeah, I just can’t stop thinking about how different Britt was”.

“Yeah, I was surprised too, he always claimed he was the world’s best actor, but I didn’t expect him to be so natural”, Victoria replied.

“It's not just that, he looked so different, like he had done something to his face”, Jim announced shaking his head.

“I didn’t know if I was going to tell you this but when I was talking to Natalia last night, she couldn’t help but boast about how serious Britt was taking this challenge, she told me about how Britt visited a clinic last week and had some fillers in his cheeks and forehead, she even said he was going back this week for another appointment”.

“What”? Jim exclaimed loudly, “no fucking way as if he would take things that far”.

“He wants to win, Jim, and it seems he’s willing to get an edge wherever he can”, Victoria stated.

“What! And you think I don’t? Fuck, Vic, look at me, I’m dressed up like a fruitcake and I’ve been starving myself all week, hell, I’ve lost almost 15 pounds in a week, that can’t be healthy”, Jim said angrily, looking down at his smooth ever-thinning legs emerging from a little pleated miniskirt”.

“That’s your problem Jim, you are still thinking like a man”, Victoria shot back, “that’s why you’re so uncomfortable wearing those clothes”.

“I am a man”, Jim shouted, “and how am I ever supposed to feel comfortable in these stupid embarrassing clothes”.

“Embarrassing, what's so stupid and embarrassing about them? I wear clothes like that all the time, they're just clothes Jim”, Victoria replied angrily.

“Yeah, women’s clothes, you know for women”, Jim replied sarcastically.

Victoria leaned forward and smacked him hard across the back of the head, “stop your fucking moaning”, she screamed, “you were the one who had to comment about how easy acting was, and you were the one who said you would be a better looking woman, and no one forced you to sign away our fucking life, you need to snap out of this now and focus on what needs to be done, do you understand me, Jem”.

Jim was shocked by the outburst, “but you saw him, Vic, how can I compete with that”? he replied rubbing the back of his head.

“He’s acting Jim, and he’s getting into character, you need to do the same”, Victoria replied calming down a little.

“What, you mean like get fucking injections in my face”? Jim shot back.

“Maybe, Natalia did give me a business card for the clinic, but first you just need to start thinking of yourself as a woman, you need to start to feeling more comfortable in your own skin”.

Jim nodded slowly, taking in her words, “but I can’t do what he did, Vic, aren’t those Botox injections like permanent”?

“No, they only last a few months, but forget about the injections, you need to start fighting back, Jim, or you’re going to ruin our future, and do you really want to see the smug look on that gits face when he wins and takes our money from the business you pretty much singlehandedly built”.

“No, of course not”, Jim announced loudly, “I can’t lose, not now after all I’ve gone through, I’m sorry Vic, I’ve fucked everything up big time, but I’m going to fix this, I promise, I’ll do whatever it takes to make things right”.

“Now there’s the Jim I know, you keep that fighting spirit, and next time you have any doubts, just imagine Britt’s smug face laughing at you as he humiliates you and takes all our hard-earned money”, Victoria said forcefully, “now go and put the shopping away then get back to practising that piano”.

Two days later, sat in the living room, looking through his phone, Jim suddenly cried out, “that fucking arsehole”.

Victoria, who was sat next to him, watching television jumped at the sudden outburst, “what the hell, Jim? You nearly frightened me half to death”.

“It’s Britt, he’s copied us, he's started his own Instagram page, he just sent me a friend request”, Jim stated angrily.

“Well, what did you expect, he’s trying to make it look like he actually exists, just like you”, Victoria replied rolling her eyes.

“Well. I...I...”, Jim paused midsentence as he opened up the latest image on the profile of Brittney Anne St. Clare, “oh my god, look at him? Look at what he did?”, Jim shrieked, passing Victoria his phone”.

Victoria looked down at the screen and gasped, “wow, I guess he did go back for that second appointment”, she announced looking down in awe at Britt’s smooth taught skin and pouty lips, casually walking down the street in purple tweed skirt suit and sky high mary jane platform pumps.



“I don’t get it, Vic, how is he willing to go so far”? Jim answered, clearly shocked by what he had just seen.

“He’s living and breathing the role, Jim, remember him talking about McConaughey, losing 50 pounds for his part in Dallas buyer club, think about it, if someone told you a young beautiful actress had gotten a few fillers, would that surprise you”?

“No, but he’s not an actress, he’s Britt”, Jim replied, scratching his head.

“Not right now, he’s not, he’s Brittney St’ Clare, model, and actress, it says right here on his profile”, Victoria answered scrolling through some of his other uploads.

Jim, sat quietly for a moment thinking as the image of Britt’s face standing over him laughing and Victoria packing up her things and walking out on him dominated his thoughts, “you said, those fillers, only lasted a few months right”? Jim asked sheepishly, turning to Victoria.

Victoria looked up with a shocked expression before quickly regaining her composure, “yeah, it gets absorbed into the skin after a while then you need to go back for more, why do you ask”?

“Well... I was thinking... perhaps I could give it a go, you know, just to show him how serious I am, do you still have that business card”? Jim replied not completely convinced he was doing the right thing.

Victoria smiled before leaning over and hugging him, “thank you, Jim, I know you said the other day, you’d do whatever it takes, but to be honest, I doubted you, I’m sorry for not believing in you, I’ll give them a ring first thing in the morning. Man, I can’t wait to see the look on Natalia’s face when she hears about this”.

Saturday evening, with the centre of the city bustling with people out for a good time, Jim and Victoria strode confidently through the city streets as every man they passed, turned to give them a second look.

Trying to stay in character Jim, held his head high and tried to smile at anyone who looked his way as he tottered along, feeling the cool autumn air through the sheer black tights hugging his legs, the thick material of his fitted miniskirt tapping against his thighs.

As he walked along keeping pace with Victoria, hearing the now familiar clicking sound as the six-inch blocky heels of his gold sparkly ankle boots collided violently with the pavement, he clutched on to his matching gold designer

handbag, finding it hard to close his hand completely, thanks to his recently acquired acrylic nails that now extending well past the end of his fingertips.

His manicured ombre nails weren't the only thing Jim was trying to adjust to that night. After a visit to a salon, where his hair just like his nails had been extended, now looking shiny and ultra-feminine bouncing around his head.

It felt strange for Jim to be out without his wig as over the last few weeks, he had come to think of it his safety blanket, hiding his real identity and reminding him of who he was beneath all the feminine garments, but as he felt the chilly night air on his scalp, and felt the weight as his dark curls bounce around his neck, he knew the old Jim might not be around for a little while.

After arriving at their destination, where they were once again to meet Britt and Natalia for drinks, the two beauties deposited their coats in the cloakroom and descended a steep wooden staircase to the bar beneath.

Concentrating where he placed his sparkly gold feet, and with his long nails wrapped around the bannister for support, Jim looked on mesmerized as the image of a stranger, in the mirror at the bottom of the staircase, grew larger with every loud step of his painfully tall boots.

Reaching the bottom, he stopped for a moment, transfixed on the image in the mirror in front of him, still finding it difficult to accept the femme fatal staring back at him through her dark overly made-up eyes, framed by thick fluttery fake lashes was actually him. But that night, his thick fake lashes weren't the thing that shocked him the most, that honour went to his Botox enhanced face, still slightly numb from his visit to the clinic the previous day.

If someone had told him before his visit that it was possible to transform someone's appearance so drastically in just an hour, he wouldn't have believed them, but the proof was staring him square in the face, his smooth, rounded out face, that made him look years younger than he was,

"Come on, Jem, you look stunning, girl, stop pouting at yourself and let's get inside", Victoria stated impatiently from behind.

Jim shook his head at the mention of his lips, puffy and swollen, like two inflatable inner tubes slathered in pink lip-gloss and now resting naturally in a permanent pout.

"It's only temporary", he thought to himself as he took a deep breath, fluffing up his hair before spinning on his tall heels and sashayed his way towards the entrance of Bar No.7.



Chapter 7

Earlier than evening.

“Are you sure I look ok”? Britt asked Natalia as he looked at his feminized image in the bedroom mirror.

“You look gorgeous”, Natalia responded from the next-door bathroom, as she finished applying her makeup, “what’s the problem”?

“I don’t know”, Britt replied despondently, “don’t you think this outfit is a bit flashy”? He asked, looking down at his shiny legs encased in sheer hose and the baby blue flared mini skirt wrapped around his waist.

Natalia stepped out of the bathroom and shook her head, “Flashy is what we’re going for, remember? Have you forgotten who you are? Tell me your name”?

Britt sighed, “Do we have to do this again”? he moaned, tired from having to constantly be in character, 24 hours a day.

“Yes, we do, as it seems, you’ve forgotten, now tell me your name”? Natalia demanded.

Britt turned on his tall cream coloured patent pumps and flashed her a smile, “I’m Brittany Anne St’ Clare”, he replied in a high cheerful voice.

Natalia nodded, “And what’s do you do to make a living, Brittany”?

“I’m an actress and model”, Britt replied happily.

She nodded again, “And what’s your dream”? Natalia asked walking towards him.

“My dream is to be famous and have people all over the world know my name”, Britt said confidently, having rehearsed the answer many times.

“Good”, Natalia said happily, “final question, why is important to always dress sexy and look your best”?

Britt looked back at his reflection once more, his plump pink lips shinning back at him from under their generous coating of gloss, and his eyes sparkled, looking sexy and alluring under the feathery fake lashes glued to his lids, “I need to look my best, so people notice me. Looking sexy will open doors and create opportunities for me, helping me to achieve my goals”, Britt announced feeling foolish as he shuffled his feet inside his towering heels.



“Exactly”, Natalia announced, “now let’s hear no more complaints, it’s almost time to go and I still have to dry my hair, we can’t all just throw on a wig and be good to go”, she said before putting and heading back into the bathroom.

Having taken a taxi, Britt and Natalia arrived early at Bar No.7 and found a free spot to sit by the bar.

Natalia smiled seeing her former macho chauvinistic boyfriend struggle to lift himself onto the tall bar stool without exposing his panties to the group of men stood opposite, who had been staring at them since the teetered in through the door.

“What”? Britt remarked, seeing Natalia grinning at him.

“Oh, Nothing, just admiring your beautiful figure in that sexy outfit, now what do you want to drink, Brittney”? She replied gesturing to the barmaid.

Britt rolled his eyes, ignoring the remark, “I’ll take a vodka spritz”, he replied, placing one of his aching feet on the footrest of the stool and hoisting himself up before

shuffling around on top trying to find a comfortable position.

Feeling exposed and on show, perched awkwardly with his shiny knees pressed together, Britt looked over towards the door waiting for Jim to make his entrance. He thought back to the previous week and remembered how awkward Jim had been out in public dressed as a woman. He didn't enjoy these outings himself, but at least he felt happy knowing he was doing better than his old friend.

Picking up his drink and taking a sip, Jim saw his inflated lips wrap around the straw provided and wondered if he had gone too far in getting the facial fillers. He had been reluctant at first when Natalia suggested them but having been convinced, they were temporary and for the best, he caved in and gone along with the idea.

Seeing the door open out of the corner of his eye, Britt glanced over and did a double take, not believing what he was seeing, and if it weren't for the fact, he knew he would ruin his makeup, he would have rubbed his eyes in disbelief, as the sight before him was utterly unbelievable.

It was Victoria he recognised, even with her out of character-heavy makeup and sexy outfit, but as she sauntered towards him, it was the dark-haired beauty with the resting bitch face, confidently walking by her side, that made his jaw drop open in surprise.

"Hi Brittney", Jim announced cheerfully, as he tottered over on his sparkly boots and planted a kiss on Britt's cheek, leaving behind a red lipstick mark on his cheek".

"Uhm... Jim.", Britt muttered, dumbstruck as he blankly stared at his friend's altered face, amazed by the size of his lips that wouldn't look out of place on a blow-up doll.

"Who's Jim"? Jim replied giggling", I'm Jem silly".

"Yeah, sorry, Jem, you look so...so...", "pretty", Jim said finishing his sentence for him, "well, I saw you looking so hot, on your Instagram, and couldn't resist getting a little filler myself, what do you think, do I look as hot as you"? He added giggling once more.

"but... but... I", Britt trailed off not knowing how to respond to the bubbly sexpot who was acting nothing like his old friend.

“Jem, come and say hello to Natalia, and show her your new hair and nails”, Victoria announced having just greeted Natalia who was looking just as surprised as Britt.

Jim stepping over to Natalia sat on the adjacent stool, flicking his hair with his right hand before fanning out his fingers to show her his set of acrylic extension, “Hi Natty”, Jim sang out in a high cheerful tone, “Yeah, I guess I decided to update my look a bit, this long hair has taken a bit of getting used to but it’s so worth it, the way it looks”.

“Yeah, I can see that”, Natalia said awkwardly, studying every little detail of the feminized man in front of her, unable to hide her frustration, as Victoria smiled on from behind, loving the fact, she had finally managed to render the bitch speechless.

“You mean that’s not a wig”? Britt asked with a shaky voice.

Jim spun around and moved back towards him, “Eww, a wig, why would I wear a wig”? Jim announced fluffing up his hair once more and pouting, “oh sorry, that was, like, really insensitive of me, you still have that icky boy hair under that thing on your head, right? Sorry babe”. Jim said reaching out to take Britt's hand.

Britt recoiled in horror, almost falling off his stool as his high heeled feet flailed about wildly as tried to regain his balance, “what the hell was happening”? he thought to himself, feeling as if he had suddenly been transported to some alternate reality. This was not how the night was supposed to play out, he was the one who was supposed to be causing the shocks, but Jim with his new look and persona had blown him out of the water.

Having steadied himself on his stool, Britt reached out to grab his drink from the bar, tossing the straw to one side, he picked up the glass and gulped down the remainder of his Vodka spritz before slamming the glass back down on the bar, “I’ll take another one”, Britt announced to the passing barmaid, knowing it was going to be a long uncomfortable evening.

The following week was a tense one between Britt and Natalia, with the couple bickering and arguing continuously.

Britt for the first time was actually doubting if he could win the bet as his mind kept fixating on the evening in the bar, still not able to comprehend the perfect girly girl act Jim had put on, not only looking completely natural in his movements but perhaps more shockingly, not slipping out of character once all evening.

Natalia, on the other hand, had reacted to the events of that evening in a different way, becoming even demanding and harsh, she was pushing Britt even further down the path to womanhood.

“Are you going to ignore me all day”? Britt asked Natalia, as she walked past him without making eye contact.

Stopping and turning slowly, she glared at him, “Yes, if you’re going to just roll over and quit, like a loser, you’re not the person I thought you were, and I don’t want to associate myself with a loser”, she spat angrily.

“Roll over, you’ve got to be kidding? look at me, Nat? I went with you to the salon, I let you convince me to get this hair and these god-awful nails. What more do you want from me”? Britt exclaimed, taking a handful of his extended hair, and clutching it tightly between his acrylic nail extensions.

“It’s not enough, I told you what you need to do? She announced firmly, “But your macho pride is getting in the way, it’s going to leave us penniless”.

“Macho”? are you crazy? Nothing about me right now is macho”, Britt said annoyed, “you really expect me to get surgery, it’s going too far”.

Natalia stamped her foot angrily, “too far”? she cried, “for fuck’s sake Brittney, we’re talking about 25 million pounds here, it’s a simple procedure, you’ll be in and out in a day, and you didn’t complain when I had mine done last year”.

“I know, but that was different, I can’t do it,”, he replied confused.

“You’re scared”, she announced.

“I’m not scared”, Britt replied quickly, “it would just be too weird”.

Natalia took out her phone and scrolled through, before thrusting it into Britt’s face, “you need to get your head back in the game, what would you prefer, having breasts for a few months and feeling a bit weird as you put it or lose this bet, along with everything we own and go back to being poor. Do you think he is going to back down”? she said tapping the screen.

Britt looked at the picture on the outstretched phone, seeing an extremely thin-looking Jim sat on the top of a bench, wearing a tight white top, and a leather mini skirt. He was looking at the camera posing, having raised one of his feet on to the armrest of the bench and was balancing his foot precariously on one of his sky-high heels, while clutching his nylon clad knee, showing off his long white nails.



Britt reached up, raked his long nails through his long blonde extended hair and breathed out a heavy sigh. He hated to lose and the thought of Jim winning this bet, the biggest bet they had ever had, filled him with anger and frustration, "they're easy to remove, right?", he asked looking up at Natalia, "I mean once we win".

Natalia smiled, knowing she had him, "of course, babe, super easy".

Chapter 8

4 days later

After a morning of primping and preening, where Jim had taken extra care to get his hair and makeup looking just right, the feminized man sat on the sofa of his living room feeling very apprehensive about what he was about to do.

“Are you ready”? asked Victoria setting up the recording equipment.

“Ready as I’ll ever be”, Jim replied, looking down at his shiny black legs pressed tightly together in a very feminine pose.

“You’ll be fine”, Victoria replied reassuringly, “you’ve been practising for weeks, you could play the song blindfolded”.

It was true, Jim had practised Moonlight sonata by Beethoven so many times at this point, he even heard it in his dreams but even so, with today being the day he was to record his audition video for the casting people, he was filled with doubt and couldn't help but worry that he hadn't done enough.

“What if I don't get chosen, Vic”? Jim blurted out, “what if I haven't got the look they want, or what if I'm not good enough on the piano”?

Victoria stopped what she was doing and came over to sit next to him, “where is this all coming from now”? she asked concerned.

“It's just... well... do you really think, honestly, I have a chance? I'm just going to end up humiliating myself”, he replied frightened.

Victoria smiled, “come on now, Jem, you saw yourself earlier, you know how good you look in that dress, honestly, I'm jealous, with the amount of weight you've managed to lose recently, you wear it much better than I ever did”.

Jim didn't know whether to take the comment as a compliment or an insult as shifted a little in his seat feeling the long sleeve velvet dress slide along his smooth skin, “but what happens when they find out I only know how to play one song”? he asked looking over at her with pleading eyes.

Victoria reached over and gave him a comforting pat on his nylon covered knee, “you only need to know one song for the audition video, remember, you just need to get chosen for the next round and if Britt doesn't make it, we win and everything goes back to normal, right”? She said looking him in the eyes and nodding her head.

“Right”, Jim agreed, nodding along, “I just need to play it one time without mistakes and if Britt doesn't make it, this will all be over”.

“Exactly”, Victoria replied standing up and walking back over towards the piano, “so are you ready to perform you little diva, or have you got a wish list of requests for me to fulfil before you begin”?

Jim looked over at Victoria and smiled feeling much more relaxed and confident, he knew he looked good with his subtle but sexy makeup look and his extended hair curled and teased to perfection. It was show time and the sooner he got started the sooner this whole thing would be over.



He stood up, now used to standing on tall heels, smoothed out the skirt of his dress, and strode across the room, before taking his position on the stool in front of the piano.

“Ok, the camera’s rolling”, Victoria announced, “when you’re ready, babe”.

Jim cracked his knuckles, took a deep

breath, and turned towards the camera, “Hi, I’m Jem Stevens and I’ll be auditioning for the part of Gabriella. today I’ll be playing Moonlight sonata by Beethoven for you, I hope you enjoy”, Jim said in a perfectly practised, cheerful, high pitched voice.

Placing his long-nailed hands on the piano, and remembering to smile, he pressed the first key and began.

For the next 15 minutes, Jim’s mind was devoid of thought and distractions as he played, muscle memory taking over from the hours upon hours of practice. He watched on in autopilot as his nimble manicured fingers danced around the keys, and he held the smile on his plump red lips.

As he finished the song, a wave of euphoria spread over him, knowing he had nailed it in one take, having played the song better than he had ever done before. He closed the lid on the piano, gracefully stood up and took a few steps forward.

Looking down the lens of the camera, he bowed his head, just like Victoria had told him to, before smiling once more, “thank, you for your consideration, I look forward to receiving your reply”. He announced, brushing a strand of long hair out of his face, and tilting his head slightly to the side.

“And cut”, Victoria announced, bounding over to embrace him while almost knocking him of his high heeled feet.

“That was amazing”, she cooed, “you were perfect, let's see Britt and Natalia compete with that”.

Jim looked over at the camera set up in front of him, struggling to breathe from the tight hug, and had a moment of clarity, “god, I hope I get picked, so this nightmare can end”, he thought to himself as he swayed back and forward awkwardly, teetering on his sky-high pumps.

2 weeks later, Jim was once again sat in his living room relaxing, this time, much more casually dressed by his recent standards when Victoria flew into the room like a tornado, “Jem, you did it! I can’t believe it, you clever girl”, she said jumping up and down with joy.

“You mean the audition “? Jim asked, surprised by the sudden interruption.

“Yes, of course, the audition, you made it through”, she replied, running across the room before leaping on top of him and kissing him multiple times, “they want you down at the studio in a month, this is so exciting”, she said ecstatically, “we’ll have to think carefully about your look and outfit, but wait,

I'm getting ahead of myself, all that can wait, my god, you actually did it", she said kissing him again.

Smothered by kisses and winded by Victoria sitting on top of him, Jim didn't know how to feel about the announcement, on one hand, the news came as a hammer blow to his masculinity, it meant that a room full of strangers had believed him to be feminine enough to consider for the part, but on the other hand, he was kind of happy and proud, having worked so hard practising for the audition, "hold your horses, Vic, I'm not actually going to go, am I"? He asked in a worried voice.

Victoria paused and looked at him from her position on top of his lap, "I don't know", she said thinking, "I guess it depends on whether Britt made it through, where's my phone? I'll text Natalia and find out". she said and without waiting for a reply, she jumped off of Jim and ran over to her bag to fish out her phone.

Watching her typing furiously on the screen, Jim sat dreading the answer as he hoped with all his heart, that it was over, and he had won.

"There, done", Victoria announced sending the message, "now we wait".

The next few hours were hell for Jim as he waited anxiously for Natalia to reply, and as the morning turned into the afternoon, and the afternoon turned into the evening, Jim had become a nervous wreck as the anticipation of not knowing was killing him.

"Why doesn't she reply"? Jim said pacing the room for the hundredth time, "do you think he lost, and they don't want to speak to us"?

Victoria looked up from the sofa, "will you sit down already, you're going to wear out the floor", she replied shaking her head, "but yeah, perhaps, that would make sense, knowing Natalia, she would definitely ignore us if Britt didn't make it through".

Jim walked over to the sofa and sat down, "So, it's over, I can get rid of these clothes, this hair, and these ridiculous nails"? He asked hopefully.

"Just cool it down a bit, will you"? We don't know anything yet", She announced, "it sure does look that way, but we need to know for sure before we celebrate".

"Can you text her again"? Jim asked anxiously, "I don't think I'll sleep a wink tonight without knowing".

Victoria smiled, “sure, why not”, she replied, picking up her phone and sending another message.

10 minutes past as Jim tried to watch a little television, but finding it impossible to focus, when suddenly, his wait was over as Victoria’s phone pinged and both their heads shot over to look at the phone.

“Is it her”? Jim asked frantically.

Victoria picked up her phone and nodded, “yeah, she’s sent a message”.

“Read it, read it”, Jim said impatiently.

“Ok, just calm down, please”, Victoria said, opening the message and reading it aloud, “Vicky, sorry for not getting back to you earlier, you must have had quite the afternoon, wondering what had happened, hey? Well, it’s great news, Britt made it through to the next round and one step closer to victory. Pass on my congratulation to Jim for making it this far, you guys must be delighted, why don't you come to join us to celebrate at the Hyatt hotel? it’s cocktail hour and Britt’s new puppies are finally free from their bandages and out to play, kisses”.

Victoria lowered her phone with a confused look on her face, “puppies”? she said aloud as she turned to see the devastated look on Jim’s face, “it’s not over”? Jim muttered to himself, his face showing no emotion.

She reached over and rubbed his back gently, “sorry, babe, I know you were hoping that, but you knew this was a possibility, try to forget about it for tonight, ok? I’ll do some research about the next round, tomorrow, then we can make a plan, ok”?

Jim nodded in agreement, a blank expression on his face, and feeling absolutely devastated by the news.

Victoria returned her phone to re-read the message, “bandages? What the hell is she talking abo...”? she was saying before she was cut off mid-sentence by her phone pinged once again, followed by a picture appearing on her screen.

“Oh, wow”, she shrieked, “shit, no way, he couldn’t have”?

Victoria’s sudden outburst, brought Jim out of his stupor, as he looked over to see what all the fuss was about, “what? What is”? He asked.

“You should take a look for yourself”, Victoria replied, passing over the phone.

Jim reached out to take the phone with a sinking feeling in his stomach, he knew he wasn’t going to like what he saw, but even knowing that he couldn’t

have prepared himself for the utterly mindboggling sight of his friend sat cross-legged in an outdoor seating area, looking like a blonde barbie doll.

"urggg", was the unintelligible sound that left his lips as Jim shook his head in horror, as he stared at the image wanting to look away but not able too, as his eyes scanned up past the towering heels on his friend's feet, up and along his long sexy legs before stopping on his chest area, staring the tiny sheer top he was wearing and the mounds beneath.

His mouth fell open in disbelief as he had a moment of realisation, "puppies", "bandages, "No fucking way, those are real"? He announced knowing at that moment Britt was not going to give up, he was going to try to win at all costs, and seeing the perky little fun bags hanging from Britt's chest, Jim knew his friend was willing to go to unthinkable lengths to do so.



Chapter 9

After a busy month of salon and clinic trips, where Britt had felt like he was a character on one of those real housewives shows, the first day of the audition was almost upon him.

His bags were packed and as he sat applying the finishing touches to his makeup the reality of the situation was dawning on him. This wasn't going to be like a shopping trip or a night out in a restaurant, the casting crew would be scrutinizing every inch of his appearance and judging his performance to the minute detail. Could he really pull this off? Not just enough to fool them into thinking he was a real woman, but to actually convince them to put him through to the next stage of the audition process.

Britt had his doubts, but it was too late to back out now, in 20 minutes, Victoria and Jim would be arriving to pick them up after it had been decided they should all travel down to the audition together, so they could keep an eye on each other's progress.

With a final flick of the wand, Britt smeared his plump lips, with a generous coating of lip gloss, mesmerized by how full and enticing they looked, thanks to all the filler injections at the clinic. He stood up, raked his long red nails through his long blonde hair to tease a few wayward curls into place, straightened the hem of his short blue and white vertically striped dress, and took one final look in the mirror.

He didn't see Britt anymore, the person staring back at him perched on top of towering wedge ankle boots looked nothing like the old him. He was now Brittany St' Clare, a young ambitious wannabe movie star, who would do whatever it took to make her dream a reality, Britt was just along for the ride.

"Brittany, they're here", shouted Natalia from downstairs, "are you ready"?

"OK", he shouted back in his feminine voice, "coming".

He smiled at the blonde bombshell in the mirror and as expected she smiled back, "go time", he thought to himself, picking up his designer handbag before trotting off across the room, to make his way downstairs.

As Britt carefully navigated the perilous steps of the staircase, the sight of Natalia and Victoria chatting by the front door with Jim stood silently beside them with his head down, came into view. "Wow", he thought to himself, looking over at his friend, dressed more casually than the last time they had seen each other, but still a knockout.

The first thing he noticed was Jim's new hair, now dyed platinum blonde like his own, which was shocking to see but not unexpected as the character profile of Gabriella stated that she had long blonde hair. Looking down past the hair, the next thing he noticed was how slim Jim now looked, in his little striped top and denim shorts, it was staggering how much weight he had lost as Britt knew, thanks to his own rigorous exercise and dieting, how difficult it must have been for him.

As he approached the final step, Britt looked on as Jim slowly lift his head, as a beautiful, perfectly made-up face, revealed itself from beneath the masses of curly blonde locks.

Britt gasped almost missing the step, grabbing the bannister to steady himself. Like himself, he guessed Jim had also been a frequent visitor to the clinic over the last month as he looked so feminine only a crazy person would ever suggest he was really a man, but that wasn't the most shocking part for Britt, that was down to the very realistic looking cleavage spilling out of Jim's low cut striped bustier-style top, and from Britt's vantage point on the stairs above him, he could clearly see they were real. He shook his head not quite believing his friend, like him had enhanced his chest, realising how much they had both changed.

"Are those real"? Britt demanded as he stepped down onto the hallway floor with a loud clomp.

"Hello to you too, Brittney, polite as ever I see", Jim replied with a smile, "oh, you mean these", he said grabbing his pert little breast with his hands, wrapping his long-nailed fingers around the two mounds before giving them a little squeeze, "they feel real unless I'm dreaming", he giggled.

Stunned by the reply, Britt just stood there for a moment staring, "but... I... how could you have done it at such short notice"?

Victoria who had been listening in, looked across at him, "oh come on Brittney, you know if you've got the money, you can get anything done, they were quite an expense mind you, but they have turned rather spectacularly".

It was Natalia's turn to chime in, "well they may look good, but they're not half as good as Brittney's. Britney, pull down your top a little and show them"? She said expectantly.

"What? No, I'm not pulling down my top", he said firmly, "can we just get going already, before I lose my mind, I feel like I'm living in a madhouse these days".

Natalia opened her mouth to say something but then thought twice, “fine, let's get going then, we have a long drive ahead of us and we want to arrive before it gets dark anyway”.

An hour later in the back seat of the car

“So, Jem, do you know the script”? Britt asked his friend.

“Of course, and I bet I know it much better than you”, came the reply.

“Ha, not a chance, I know every line and every mannerism off by heart, by this point, I practically know Gabriella as if she was my sister”, Britt replied, sounding all cocky and arrogant.

“Well, I also know the script and the mannerisms, and I know Gabriella so well, I sometimes dream I am her”, Jim shot back.

“But I know her so well...”, “Can you two stop bickering and give it a rest”, Victoria announced loudly from the driver's seat, “you’re both giving me a headache”, she said turning on the radio to drown them out,

Britt turned to face Jim who stuck out his tongue in a childish manner. Britt shook his head, if his friend wanted to act like a child, two could play at that game, he thought.

Two hours later, pulling into a roadside service station to refuel and use the restrooms, Victoria watched as Jim and Britt, trotted past the fuel pumps on their tall wedge shoes, their blonde hair blowing all over the place in the wind, as they continued to argue. Waiting for them to enter the building, she turned to Natalia, “so, how is he getting on really? does he hate this as much as Jim”?

“Oh, yeah, he’s hating every minute of it”, Natalia replied smiling, “you know when you first told me not to cancel the bet and to go through with all this, I thought you were crazy, but I’m so glad I listened to you, that pig is getting the punishment he deserves and I'm loving watching it”.

“I know, it’s been tough pretending, I hate your guts, but it’s worth it to see that cheating asshole, get his comeuppance”, Victoria said smiling back.

“I know, I mean, did those two assholes think they could just go off on all those business trip and sleep around with whoever they wanted thinking we wouldn’t find out”? Natalia replied, "how stupid do they think we are”?

“Well, they’re going to find out we’re not as naïve and gullible as they think, this next few days should be fun, “Victoria said, squeezing Natalia’s hand gently,

“are you ok to fill the car up? I need to use the bathroom and I’ll check on our two movie stars while I’m at it”.

“Of course,” , Natalia replied, “oh, and grab me a juice while you’re in there”.

After asking where the bathrooms were, Victoria made her way through the roadside service station thinking about the audition and wondered if Jim would actually get chosen, not that it mattered as she and Natalia were planning to leave as soon as the bet was over, sue for damages and split the money between them.

Seeing a sign for the bathroom, she entered through a doorway, immediately hearing the familiar sound of arguing from the bottom of the stairs and instantly recognising the voices, “unbelievable”, she thought to herself, “those two are still going at it”.

She stopped where she was and waited as she heard the clomp of heavy footsteps coming towards her, “no way, I’m much more graceful”, “you graceful, give me a break...”, uh hum, hi girls, what are you arguing about”? Victoria asked as Jim and Britt thumped up the stairs, squabbling away, oblivious to her presence”.

Jim looked up, “oh hey, Vic, nothing really, it's just Brittney here thinks she’s better at modelling than me, I told her that’s crazy, you know my Instagram has loads more followers than her”.

“That’s because you post pictures in slutty outfits, it’s got nothing to do with your modelling”, Britt replied angrily.

“Slutty, who are you calling slutty, you skank”, Jim shouted back.

“Stop”, Victoria screamed causing the two feminized men to jump, “no more arguing, please. I tell you what, we’ll settle this with a contest, I know how much you two like a good contest. You two give me your best pose and I’ll take a picture, we'll post it on Instagram and let the people vote for a winner, ok”? she said as the two men nodded.

“Ok let me just get my phone,” Victoria said diving into her purse”, ok here it is, ready”? she said pointing it towards them. “ok in 3,2...”.

As she started to countdown the two crossdressed men started to scramble, Britt moved first, stepping forward, turning to the side, and lifting his right foot off the ground. But not to be outdone, Jim made his move, barging in front of Britt, giving him a light elbow in the gut as he passed, before lifting his own leg in a similar pose, staring down the lens pouting just as the flash went off.



The arguing and bickering continued for the rest of the trip and as they arrived at their hotel around 5 pm, Natalia and Victoria were at their wit's end and needed some space. So, after checking in, for their three-night stay, and locating their rooms, Natalia turned to Britt, "Victoria and I are going to walk around for a while, get some air".

Britt turned with a surprised look on his face, "really? With her? I thought you guys hated each other? And what am I supposed to do"?

"We do, but I'm sure we can put our differences aside for a few hours, we have lots to talk about with the audition coming up tomorrow", she replied innocently, "you can spend the time getting ready for dinner, you don't want to get outdone by Jim again do you"?

Britt pouted, "again? Do you think he looks better than me"? He asked, worriedly looking down and fussing with his short dress.

Natalia looked at the pathetic excuse for a man in front of her and forced a smile, "come on, babe, don't worry about that now, the past is the past, why don't you do your hair just like we practised, wear that new white dress and throw on your new Louboutins, imagine the look on his face when he sees you tonight, you'll knock his socks off".

"Yeah, you're right", Britt stated confidently, "I'll show him what he's up against".

"Good girl, now I'll be back in a few hours, you get yourself dolled up", She said before stepping out of the room, taking out her phone and text Victoria, "Vicky, hey, I'm finally free, meet you in that bar we saw by the entrance, the first round of cocktails is on me".

With Natalia's words fresh in his mind, Britt went straight to work, his plan to make himself look more beautiful than he had ever looked before.

First, he took a shower making sure to shave every inch of his body smooth, before washing and conditioning his long hair to make it shine. Out of the shower, he sat on the bed and rubbed a generous amount of moisturiser into his tingling skin, still surprised at how soft and sensitive it felt these days, especially around his new breasts, which he had to admit, felt rather pleasant when massaged.

The next few hours went by in a blur as Britt, painted, tweezed, and curled in an effort to look his best, he even decided to experiment a little with the bronzer, like he had seen in a makeup tutorial, coating his body from head to toe in an

effort to give him a bronzed goddess look. When he received the text from Natalia, saying she would be back in 5 minutes, he barely had time to squeeze into his designer mini dress and slip his feet into his new ultra-tall peep toe platform pumps, before hearing the handle of the hotel room start to open.

Seeing the door to the room start to open, Britt dashed as quickly as he could on his new stilt-like shoes, over to a nearby chair, where he quickly sat down crossing his legs mid-thigh, looking up just as Natalia entered the room, “so, what do you think”? he announced proudly with a huge smile on his painted red lips, “did I do a good job”?



Chapter 10

It was late into the evening, as Winston Cummings, head of casting for the studio, sat with his two assistants, Sarah Clark, and Noel Burton, reviewing the auditions from earlier that day, struggling to make a final decision.

“Come on guys, we need to make a decision here, I’d like to get home sometime before midnight”, Winton said looking over at the piles upon piles of pictures sitting on the table in front of him.

“Well, we're almost there now, we've got our leading men sorted, and all of the supporting cast, we just need to decide on our Gabriella”, Noel said, standing up and sliding a few piles of pictures forward.

Winston lifted his arm, “just the maybe pile, Noel, we’re done with the other two”.

“Are you sure these are all a no”? Sarah said taking the no pile and flicking through the pictures.

“Toss them in the trash”, Winston stated, “we’ve talked about those girls for long enough, and we all decided they're not what we are looking for. Unless either of you have changed your mind? Noel”?

Noel shook his head, “No, I’m happy with the choices we made earlier”, he replied.

“Sarah”? Winston asked.

“Yeah, you’re right, I’ll get rid of them”, Sarah said taking the pile before walking over to the bin and dropping them in.

Noel nodded as he reached over and picked up the yes pile and counted through the pictures, “ok, we have eight girls, here, we need another two, shall I move these to the side, we’re certain on these right”?

“You know, I’m still not convinced putting the girl in the red dress through is the right decision, I think her name was Brittney”, Sarah said sitting back down and looking over at Winston.

“Noel, can you find her picture, let’s take another look at her”, Winston announced.

Noel flicked through the pictures in his hand, finding the one he was looking for and placed it on the table in front of Winston, “I liked her, Winston, she may be inexperienced but, she had a lot of character and read the lines with so much emotion”.

Winston looked down at the picture in front of him of a blonde girl perched on the edge of her chair, wearing a short red dress and over the knee, wedge, suede boots. He thought back to earlier in the day and remembered the dazzling performance she had given, “I liked her too, Sarah, what are you having reservations about”?



“I don’t know”, Sarah replied, “She just came across as fake, and who wears boots like that to an audition? So tacky”.

“I disagree, she didn’t seem fake to me, I think she was just very enthusiastic, mind you, I have to agree about her choice of wardrobe”, Winston said scratching his head.

“Winston’s, right, Sarah, I think she deserves a chance, her answers were spot on when we asked her about the character, the look we can change”, Noel added.

“Sarah”? Winston said pushing her to make a decision.

“Ok, she did read the lines really well, let’s see how she does in the next stage”, Sarah replied nodding her head in agreement.

“Good”, announced Noel putting down the yes pile and picking up the maybe pile, “we’ve got eight then, we just need two more, who was your favourite out of these five Sarah”? he asked spreading the pictures out on the table.

“I liked her”, Sarah said pointing to the middle picture, “she really seemed to know the character and she's very experienced”.

Winston picked up the picture and turned it around to read the name, “Chloe Pennant”, he read aloud, “Any objections Noel”?

“No”, Noel replied, “she wasn’t very memorable for me, but I can see what Sarah means”.

“OK great”, Winston stated, “put Chloe in the yes pile, one more to go, Noel who was your favourite”? he said suppressing the urge to yawn.

Noel looked at the four candidates and pointed to the one on the end, “her”, he announced, “Jem Stevens, I’ve said since the beginning, she should be in the yes pile”.

“Noel, we talked about, this she’s too raw, she has no experience and was too nervous, the poor thing was shaking like a leaf throughout the audition, she even forgot her lines at one stage”, Sarah replied forcefully.

“Yes, I know, I remember”, Noel replied turning to Winston, “but are you really telling me she doesn’t deserve another shot? Remember when you described the look of the character to us this morning, isn’t that her, Winston”?

Winston reached over and plucked the picture from the table, eyeing up the girl in the sparkly pink dress and towering platform heels, “she does have the look”, he said in agreement.



“Can she be trusted with such a big role though”? Sarah said looking over.

“Why don’t we give her a shot and find out”? Noel answered, “I mean it’s not like we’re making the final decision now, there are nine other girls to choose from if it doesn’t work out, who would you take in her place”? Noel said passionately, looking over at Sarah.

“Well, I guess, none of the other three wowed me, and you are right about the look, she does fit your description of the character, Winston”, Sarah replied, “I’ll leave it up to you, Winston but I still think she’s a risk”.

Winton once again looked down at the blonde girl with the large expressive eyes and full pouty lips, before looking up at the clock on the wall and finally letting out a yawn, “Well, either way, I'd say we’ve chosen some wonderful talent for the next round, “he said passing the picture to Noel, “put her in the yes pile, Noel, and let's call it a night shall we”?

Chapter 11

2 weeks later, Jim once again found himself in the studio pretending to be an enthusiastic young actress named, Jem Stevens, the reality of his situation had well and truly sunk in, this wasn't some game anymore, he had been selected ahead of hundreds of other talented actresses and been given the opportunity to audition for in the next phase of the casting.

The whole thing seemed ludicrous to him, that after only a few months of practice and a couple of body modifications, he could fool a room of professionals into thinking he was a young wannabe actress but as much as he hoped he was dreaming and he was going to wake up any minute and be back in his old life, he knew it was real, very real, and very scary.

Following the announcement, where he had to pretend to be thrilled as he was asked to return for a second audition, the last two weeks had been tough, really tough, Victoria had upped the ante again, forcing him to stick to an even stricter diet and exercise routine, and spend every waking moment thinking about his appearance. When he wasn't having some beauty treatment, doing aerobic exercise, life wasn't much better as the casting crew had told him to memorize a script, they had sent over, and the worst part was, he wouldn't know what section he was going to act out, until the morning of the audition, meaning he had to learn the whole thing, all 150 pages of dialogue.

By the end of the first week, tired, staved, and mentally drained, Jim wanted desperately to quit, he had been driven to a point where he no longer cared about the consequences, even if it meant losing Victoria and going back to being penniless, but even in his lowest of lows, and darkest of days, there was always one thing that stopped him, he just couldn't let Britt win, something was wired inside him, where he just couldn't hand her the victory, if Britt was going to win, he would need to earn it, even as it forced him further down the path of feminization, a journey he didn't know if he'd ever return from.

It was thanks to this inner stubbornness, or as some might call it stupidity, Jim now found himself stood next to Britt, on the side of a stage set up to look like a restaurant as he waiting for his name to be called, to take his turn in acting out the scene.

After an hour in hair and makeup and a further 30 minutes in the costume department, earlier that morning, Jim was trying not to think about the way he looked and how everyone around him was treating him like a woman, and a beautiful one at that.

As Jim stood waiting, rocking on his high wedge boots, and clutching a little leather handbag with his long dark red acrylic nails. He was glad to be wearing leggings instead of a skirt, as the countless men standing around kept checking him out, even if they were rather tight and restrictive.

Trying not to think about, the thoughts, he knew the men were having about him, his mind flashed back to earlier that day and the shocked but stunningly beautiful face that had stared back at him through the mirror, as the makeup artist finished working on him and revealed his look. He had hardly recognised himself; his eyes were his, but every other part of the male face, he had lived with all his life, had seemingly been erased.

It was the moment, he realised, without even knowing, he had passed the point of no return as after all the Botox injections and fillers, the facial peels and skin softening treatment, not to mention the bouncing fun bags, falling out the front of his top, he had turned into another person.

He remembered looking at himself with his professionally done makeup applied to look natural but flirty, according to the makeup artist and feeling terrified about having to appear on camera to act out the scene, looking like his own childhood wet dream, and having it record and keep a record of his girly look and feminine performance for all time.

The thought of someone he knew finding it and watching it back, was still heavy on his mind as he watched another of the auditionees, playing out the scene, he would soon perform, where Gabriella the leading lady, ends up sat up on a date with the man of her dreams, but predictably in a movie like this, something had to go wrong, and on this occasion, it turned out that a waiter was man Gabriella had drunkenly slept with a few weeks earlier, derailing the entire date.

“Feeling nervous”, Britt asked from behind, wearing a similar but slightly different outfit to his.

“No, are you”? Jim lied, without turning around.

“Of, course not, what good would that do? You have to be confident to make it in this business”, He replied in his annoying chirpy voice.

Jim rolled his eyes, “sure, whatever you say, Brittney, remind me again, what was the last movie you were in”?

Britt didn't reply as Jim smiled for the first time that day imagining the look wiped off his face.

As the scene ended, a man walked across the stage, stopping in front of the two feminized men, “Jem, you’re up in 5, can you take your position centre stage”, he said, before turning and walking away.

As the words sunk in Jim suddenly felt like he was frozen in place, his legs felt like blocks of iron and his arms started to tremble, he had thought about and prepared for weeks for this very moment, but before it was always in the future and now that the time to actually perform had actually arrived, he couldn’t help but feel petrified.



“Good luck, Jem”, Britt said from behind, watching the man walk away, “as they say in show business, break a leg, or is that, don’t break a leg, I can’t quite remember, either way, be careful in those shoes, you don’t want to fall on your face, that would be rather embarrassing, wouldn’t it”? He said chuckling, as Jim thought the urge to turn around and punch him in the face.

It was late into the evening as Jim stood on a second-floor balcony of a hired out, night club, his legs and feet were screaming in pain, after a day of wearing absurdly tall

heels, and he felt completely ridiculous wearing a scandalously short, almost completely see-through, sparkly sequin dress. But as awful as he felt in that moment, he was doing his best to hide his true emotions, as he was about to act out of his final scene of the day.

The scene in question involved Gabriella, who, having messed up her big chance making it as a pianist in the city and having broken up with the man of her dreams, after an unlikely set of events, that you would only ever happen in a romantic comedy, such as the one he was auditioning for, had taken a job as a podium dancer in a club to try and pay the rent.

Now Jim had to convince all the onlookers that he was that girl, a half-naked go-go dancer, who halfway through her shift, sees the leading man, who as luck has it, has happened to venture out to the club where on a night out with some friends, and after seeing her realises that he isn't over her.

As Jim looked around at all the people standing around him busily doing their jobs and occasionally sneaking a look at his shiny smooth legs, he was having a sort of out of body experience. He used to frequent night clubs, like the one he currently stood in, a lot on past business trips, and if he had seen a girl, that looked like he did in that moment, with her long silky hair, fluttery long lashes and huge inflated lips, he would have given his right arm to have taken her home and had his way with her for the evening, but now the shoe was on the other foot, painfully tall platform shoes, and Jim was feeling extremely uncomfortable, and a tad bit vulnerable.

“Ok, Jem”, a man in an expensive-looking suit shouted over, “show them what you can do”.

Jim saw a camera turn towards him and a man starting to count down, as he took a deep breath, hoping he could remember the lines and dreading the thought of the kiss at the end of the scene.

“in, 3, 2, 1 action”.



Chapter 12

Sat alone in the office of Winston Cummings, Britt waited anxiously for the door to open where he would discover his fate. As he fidgeted about with his dress, he looked around at his surroundings, a large mostly empty room with windows all along the right wall, facing out into the street. The only furniture, a large oak desk that dominated the space and a small but comfortable cushioned chair, in with Britt now sat, looking down at his shinning legs encased in sheer tights, and wondering if the short tight gold dress, Natalia had picked out for him, was really the right choice for the occasion, especially paired with the towering patent pumps he wore on his feet, that made it not only difficult to walk and but, in his opinion, made him look a little too desperate.

The door to the office opened and in walked a well-dressed man, probably in his mid-forties with dark hair and a little goatee beard, “good evening, Brittney, sorry to keep you waiting”, Winston announced, walking across the room, and leaning against the edge of his desk, “how are you today”?

“Well, rather nervous, if I’m being honest with you, Mr Cummings, getting this role would be like a dream come true for me”, Britt replied, feeling rather uncomfortable in his restrictive feminine outfit, having to look up at Winston as he spoke.

“Please, call me Winston, and it’s ok to feel a little nervous, it shows how much you care”, Winston replied, cracking a smile, and showing his perfect white teeth.

“Yes, I want this more than anything, it feels like I’ve been preparing for this role my whole life”, Britt said, as he placed his right hand on his knee, feeling his newly extended acrylic nails brushing against his skin through his sheer hose as he pushed his legs firmly together and moved them back slightly into a more defensive position as he noticed Winston staring down at him, almost undressing him with his eyes.



“I can tell, and I have to say you really impressed us with your audition the other day”, Winston said stroking his beard, “the thing is, you see, for the final stage we're only choosing two girls and having already put one girl through leaves me with a difficult decision to make”.

“Can I ask who it was”? Britt said shuffling awkwardly in his chair.

“I guess it doesn't matter if I tell you”, Winston replied, “a girl named Jem Stevens, she made quite the impression in her final scene”.

With the announcement, Britt suddenly felt very emotional, a strange combination of anger, jealousy, and fear, that he had never felt before.

“I can do it, Mr Cummings, I’m your Gabriella”, Britt announced loudly, feeling as though he was about to be eliminated from the process.

“Call me Winston, please”, said the man showing little emotion on his face.

“Oh sorry”, Britt said a little flustered, “I can do it, Winston”, he said smiling up at the head of casting perched on the end of his desk, “just give me a chance”.

“I’m not sure, Brittney”, Winston stated firmly, “you definitely have potential, but I’m not sure if you’re going to be able to cope with some of the more emotional scenes, that’s my dilemma, you see”?

Britt had a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, that after everything he had sacrificed, all the hard work he had put in to get to this point, everything was about to crumble away in front of him, “please, Winston, there must be something I can do to prove I’m the girl for the part, I’ll do anything”, Britt pleaded.

“Anything, you say”, Winston replied, nodding his head, and pursing his lips, “well, how about this, do you know the scene in the club, where Gabriella, has to impress the manager to get the job”?

“Yes”, Britt replied, not liking where the conversation was headed.

“Well, I’d like to see it”, Winston stated, “I want you to dance for me, and convince me that you are capable of acting seductive and it needs to be believable”.

“What! Right now,”? Britt asked in shock, having half expected the man to say something like that, but still not happy to hear it.

“Yes, of course”, came the reply, “unless, of course, you didn’t really mean what you just said”?

“No, of course, I meant it”, Britt exclaimed, “it’s just, it feels a bit strange to do it here”.

“That’s why they call it acting, Britney, show me what you can do. Now begin”, Winston commanded as pressed a button on his desk as music filled the room from the small portable speakers he had set up on his desk.

Reluctantly, Britt stood up on his towering heels, regretting once again, not putting up more of a fight earlier, when Natalia had picked them out for him to

wear. He closed his eyes, lifted his arms above his head and started to sway his body from side to side.

“Open, your eyes, Brittney”, Winston boomed, “look me in the eyes, seduce me”.

Britt slowly opened his eyes and looked into Winston’s squinty, dark brown eyes, forcing a smile, and trying to forget he was a man, imagining himself to be the young sexy woman he appeared, as he continued to move his body to the beat.

“Come closer, Brittney”, Winston commanded from his desk.

Nervously, Britt took four small mincing steps forward until he was less than a meter from the intimidating man, who was now standing and nodding.

“Excellent Brittney”, Winston said rubbing his hands together, “now lower the top of your dress and let me see those impressive breasts of yours”.

“What”! Britt exclaimed, as he stopped dead in his tracks and stared the man in the face, that’s not in the script”, he stated forcefully.

Winston smiled, “No, you’re right, it’s a comedy after all, but I want to see if you can get into the mind of the character, I want you to think of her as a real person, in a real club, in a real job interview. Now, you have a choice to make, you can lower that top of yours and finish your dance or you can walk out that door with no hard feelings”.

Britt was shocked and repulsed by the reply, but he knew that if he walked out the door, that was it, he’d lost, he would have to sign over all the money to Jim, probably have Natalia walk out on him, and live with feel the shame of defeat as his friend lauded it over him. But could he do what this man was asking? He was smart enough to know that a topless dance was probably not the only thing on his mind.

Swallowing his pride and pushing all the thoughts, telling him what he was about to do was wrong, to the back of his mind, Britt reached up, placed his long acrylic nails under the shoulder straps of his tiny gold dress, slid the straps to the tops of his arms before reaching into his dress and carefully lifting out his enhanced chest, feeling the cold air on his nipples with quickly stood to attention.

Winston’s smile grew larger as he nodded his head, “now continue”, he commanded.

Feeling completely emasculated and more humiliated than he had ever felt in his life, Britt once again, started to move his body, as his boobs, now unrestrained by the material of the dress, bounced around uncontrollably.

What happened next was inevitable, as Britt watched, almost in slow motion as Winston took a step forward, reached out with his right hand and cupped his right breast before starting rolling his nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

Britt first thought was one of disgust at having another man fondle him, but as he continued to mince around on his skyscraper heels, and Winston lifted his other hand to repeat the action on his left breast, he started to feel a little tingly and warm, as his legs became a little shaky and he couldn't help but let out a little moan as a feeling of the pleasure took over, no matter how much he was willing to go away.

As the song ended Winston stepped back, “Wow, you are quite the woman, Britney, and that was some sexy stuff”, he announced, the bulge in the front of his pants clear to see, “now, let’s not beat about the bush any longer, I’ll put you through to the next round, but first you have to do something for me”, he said grinning, as Britt watched in horror as he slowly unzipped his fly releasing his rock hard member, “you make me happy and I’ll make you happy, do we have a deal”?

The next day, having spent the morning with the makeup team, as they had gone to work, getting him ready for the small press gathering, the studio had arranged for that afternoon, to drum up a little publicity to entice investors, Britt felt strange. Standing in a short red flared skirt and perched on matching suede ankle boots, he kept glancing over at Jim, dressed in his leather jacket and a tiny denim skirt, blonde hair now extended to his waist, with a smile plastered on his plump painted red lips.

“Why are you smiling”? Britt asked annoyed, “we aren’t even out there yet”.

Jim turned to face him, “Why wouldn’t I smile, babe”? I’m one step away from winning this bet and who knows, I might even do the movie when I win, after all, I do look the part, he replied with a giggle.

Britt sighed, everything was so mixed up, his best friend was acting like a brainless bimbo, and both of them now looked like two fame-hungry airheads, “but what about yesterday, didn’t you... umm... like have to do anything”?

Jim looked puzzled, “do anything? Like what”?

“I mean like... with Winston Cummings, didn’t he like... you know... ask you to do anything”? Britt said before going red in the face and turning away in shame.

“No, I didn’t speak to Winston, it was Noel, that told me I was through, are you ok? you seem like you’ve got something on your mind”?

“Yeah, I’m fine, forget I said anything”, Britt replied nervously, “and you haven’t won yet, not if I have any say in it”.

“We’re ready for you now, girls”, a man said as he popped his head around the corner, “please, follow me”.

Pushing his hair from his face and trying to bury the thoughts of the previous evening deep in his mind, Britt took a deep breath and Jim out through the door to their left, entering a room with around ten or so journalists.



He tottered up to the position, that had been set up for them, and took his position, trying to smile as the camera flashes went off around them, still thinking about the previous evening, and if he had crossed some line, a line no straight man should ever cross.

Chapter 13

“You’re not having second thoughts are you”? Victoria asked Natalia over the phone. “all the papers are signed, and all the arrangements have been made”?

“No, it just feels so real all of a sudden”, Natalie replied”, It felt so good, when I convinced him to sign, I mean it wasn’t too difficult, once I explained to him how strange it would be for him to turn up at the solicitor's office to sign the papers looking like a bleach blonde barbie doll, but are you sure they deserve this?

“Too right they deserve this, have you forgotten how they used to treat us, remember the STD? Victoria said sternly, "I for one, can't wait to see the look on that cheating scumbag's face when he gets the news.".

“It’ll work right”? Natalia asked, “I mean this can’t be legal, right”?

“Oh, it'll work and its perfectly legal”, Victoria assured her friend, “trust me I’m a lawyer, I know how this stuff works”.

Natalia sniggered, “oh my god, I’m so excited, so we break the news later”?

“Yes, after the audition”, Victoria stated”, the boys have put so much effort into preparing their final performance, it would be a shame to deny them their moment in the spotlight”.

“Oh, you’re so evil”, Natalia replied laughing, “and I love it”.

“Well karma’s a bitch, we’ve put up with them treating us like shit for long enough, it’s time to take our lives back”, Victoria said forcefully, “pick you up in 20 minutes”?

“We’ll be ready, byeee”, she heard Natalia say, before hanging up the call.

Leaving the apartment with a spring in her step, Victoria made her way down to the ground floor where she found Jim waiting, perched against the front wall.

He looked up as she approached and smiled, “Did you find it”? he asked.

“It”, she repeated as she looked over at her feminized boyfriend, finding it hard to believe the blonde beauty in the flower-patterned dress and shiny red open toe stilettos had ever been a man.

“You’re charger”, Jim said looking confused, “that’s what you went back to get, right”?

“Oh yes, the charger, yeah got it”, she replied, “you ready to go”?

Jim looked down at the overnight bag on the floor next to him seeing his long smooth legs and a blonde ponytail out the corner of his eye, “I think so, I just want this to be over, I never thought I’d get this far, to be honest, the whole thing is just unbelievable”.

“Yeah, tell me about it”, Victoria said, carefully navigating the front steps, I figured from the audition tape, you had a good shot of making it through the first round, but for both of you to make it to the final two, it’s the stuff of fantasies”.

“If I win, I don’t actually have to do the movie do I”, Jim asked looking her straight in the eyes and pouting.



“Not if you don’t want to, no, you can always turn down the part”, she replied rummaging through her bag, looking for the car keys.

A huge smile crossed Jim’s painted pink lips, “good”, he said nodding, “It’s been a real roller coaster ride the last few months, definitely an experience I’ll never forget, but after this last audition, I just want to go back to my old life”.

Finding the keys, Victoria looked up, “sure, whatever you want honey, now we should get going or we’re going to be late”.

The drive to the studio was a lot more relaxed this time around as the boys sat peacefully in the back of the car reading over their lines for the audition the following day, completely engrossed in the task at hand, too nervous to squabble.

The rest of the day was uneventful, they checked into their hotel rooms, only leaving once to eat at the hotel restaurant, before turning in for an early night.

The day of the final audition had been a long and tiring one, where the boys had been asked to act out every one of Gabriella’s scenes as Winston Cummins along with his two trusty assistants Noel and Sarah, watched on scrutinising over every minute detail.

When they finally wrapped up around 5 pm, Britt and Jim were both thoroughly exhausted having given the scenes every ounce of energy they had. They were informed that the Casting crew were going to go away and discuss their performances before coming to a final decision, there was nothing left to do now but wait.

Still wearing their outfits from the final scene of the day, too hungry to care if they looked a little flashy for a Wednesday evening, Britt and Jim accompanied by Natalia and Victoria, left the studio to get some food in an Asian restaurant close to the studio.

Entering the restaurant Jim looked over at Britt in his little pink skirt and extravagant heelless boots, as he strode up confidently to a waiter and asked if they had a table for four. It suddenly dawned on him, how strange the scene in front of him was. Having been too preoccupied all day, thinking of nothing but the audition, he'd had barely a moment to think but here he was watching his oldest friend, who had always prided himself on being somewhat of a ladies man, flirting with the young Asian waiter, looking like one of the women, he was used to seeing him try to pick up, on one of their business trips of old.

It was a moment of clarity, as Jim looked down at his own outfit, seeing his red claws hanging next to his frilly blue skirt, a pair of legs encased in dark tights emerging from the hem, and leading down into a pair of six-inch platform pumps, which he was standing in confidently.

He shook his head and a cascade of blonde hair fluttered against his cheeks, feeling frightened for a moment, not because of the way he was dressed, which was pretty normal these days, but because he was now so comfortable wearing

the clothes. Somewhere along the line, he had adjusted to the new way of dressing and living as he realised, he had barely given it a second thought all day.

As they were led over to the bar area, where they had agreed to eat, after learning all the tables were surprisingly booked, Jim felt a sense of relief as he realised this would be his last night as Jem, as crazy as the last few months had been, they would soon find out the studio's decision, and win or lose, one thing was for sure, he was looking forward to putting all the girly stuff behind him and get back to normality.

"Here we are ladies, please sit wherever you like," said the happy Chinese waiter, as they arrived at the bar area", I have to ask, are you all actresses? I saw you walking over from the studio across the street".

Natalia smiled, "yes, as a matter of fact, we are. Jem and Brittney have been auditioning for a part in a huge new movie, I didn't audition myself this time as I thought I'd give them a chance, but mark my words, they're going to be famous".

"Well, you are all very beautiful, if you don't mind me saying, I 'm sure you're all going to be superstars", the waiter replied handing Natalia a few menus, "I'm Chen, by the way, just give me a call when you're ready to order", he said looking over at Britt and giving him a wink.

Britt was taken aback by the unexpected gesture, stumbling a little on his unusual footwear, reaching out and grabbing Jim for balance, who placed his arm around his friend and smiled at the amusing scene.



An hour or so later, with a full belly, Britt and Jim sat elegantly on their barstools, legs crossed mid-thigh, waiting for Natalia and Victoria to return from the bathroom.

“So, we did it, I’m not sure how, but we got through the day”, Jim said turning to Britt.

“Easy peasy”, Britt replied while sipping his coke cola through a straw”.

“Come on you can drop the act now, it’s over”, Jim replied, “no one can hear us”.

Britt looked around before placing his drink down on the bar, “Yeah, I guess you're right, there’s nothing we can do but wait for the decision to be made, man I’m tired, do your legs ache as much as mine”?

Jim smiled, “Ah, so are still you, I thought maybe you were changing teams”.

“No thank you, I mean, it’s not so bad, right? once you get used you it, but I don’t think I could live like this forever”, Britt said fanning his hands out in front of his feminised body and tracing them down his body.

“Yeah, tell me about it, I can’t believe we let things go this far, I mean, shit man, we both have tits”, Jim said grabbing a hold of his heaving bosom with his inch long extended nails”.

“Ha, yeah”, Britt stated, “that was Natalia, wanting to get an edge, I didn't think you would follow suit. She said they were easy to remove, just a quick operation but perhaps you could keep yours, they suit you”.

“Fuck you”, Jim exclaimed jokingly, “they suit you more than me, miss flirt, I saw the way you teased that waiter earlier”.

The smile on Britt’s face fell away as he suddenly felt embarrassed thinking back to that evening in the office with Mr Cummings and all the things, he had allowed that man to do to him, “the girls, have been a while, should we go and check on them”? he asked trying to change the subject.

“You can’t get off that easy”, Jim instantly replied", we should call Chen over, if you bat your eyelashes at him, we might get a free round of drinks”, Jim joked, his huge plump lips smiling widely.

“Just drop it ok, please”, Britt said angrily in a deep voice that didn’t match his appearance.

“Ok, jeez, just joking around, calm down precious”, Jim said, as he noticed a few people looking over in their direction.

For the next few minutes, they say in silence, neither man wanting to look at the other until suddenly both their phones beeped at the same time causing the two skirted men to flick their heads around to face each other as a wave of blonde hair flew past their pretty made-up faces.

Almost simultaneously, they snatched their phones from the bartop, fumbling to unlock them with their long nails, before opening their messages and staring down to read in silence.

“Dear cheaters, you might be wondering why we’re texting you from the bathroom, well there’s a simple reason for that, we’re not in the bathroom and we’re not coming back! Consider your cheating asses dumped.

Time and time again, you would go away on your trips, sleeping around with whoever you liked, thinking we were stupid and wouldn’t find out. Well, guess what? We know, and now you’re going to have to live with the consequences of your actions. That paper you signed, so we could conclude the sale of the business on your behalf, was the power of attorney, the money from the sale is gone and is now resting safely in our accounts, call it compensation for the way you treated us.

But don’t worry, we’re not entirely heartless, with our new power, we have decided to help you start a new life. In my handbag on the bar, you’ll find a new set of documents, passports, and birth certificates, all in your new names, showing your gender to be female, which we’ve had legally changed.

No need to thank us, you’re welcome, have a nice life bitches, because you won’t be seeing us ever again, Nat and Vic”.

The two men slumped into their chairs, trying to process what had just happened as nearly a minute past before Jim looked over at Britt who was still staring down at his phone, “did you...um... get it too”? he asked in a shaky voice.

Britt looked over and nodded slowly before dropping his phone to the ground and bringing his bright pink nails up to cover his face, “fuck”, he screamed into his hands as the whole restaurant fell silent and looked over.

The waiter from earlier rushed over, “Is everything alright ladies”? he asked nervously.

“Fuck off, Chen, I can’t deal with you right now”, Britt screamed in a masculine voice, as a shocked Chen scuttled away scared and confused.

“What the hell are we going to do”? Britt asked turning to Jim, “those bitches have stolen our money and left us stuck looking like a couple of cheap whores”?

Jim was about to reply but was distracted as his phone pinged and vibrated in his hands, looking down he saw a new message, but not from Victoria, it was from the studio.

“Congratulations, Jem, we are very pleased to inform you, you are going to be our Gabriella!!! Come to the studio tomorrow around 10ish and we’ll get all the paperwork signed, have a wonderful rest of your evening, and congratulations again, we know you’re going to be amazing”.

Chapter 14

One year on from the text that had changed his life forever, Britt, stood on the set of “Bar babes 4”, feeling hungry and tired after a long day of filming. He thought back to the events of the last year, and how different his life now was.

Having found himself homeless and penniless, he had swallowed his pride and ended up at the office of Winston Cummings, where after some strong words followed by a little begging, Winston had agreed to give him a role in one of the studio’s lower-budget movies, he had even arranged an apartment for him to live, but of course, nothing in life is free, and the deal came with strings attached, Winston would have his own key and be allowed to drop by whenever the mood suited him.



Lifting one of his tall platform pumps off the ground to momentarily ease the ache in his left foot, Britt looked over to see Winston Cummings striding towards him from across the set.

He was greeted by a big sloppy kiss on the lips and a squeeze of his backside, “good evening”, he said cheerfully, “how is my favourite girl today”?

Britt forced a smile, “I’m ok, it was a long day to tell you the truth”.

“How’s the filming going, everything on schedule”? Winston asked.

“Yeah fine”, Britt answered unenthusiastically.

Winston placed his hand on the small of Britt’s back and gave it a gently rub, “You’re thinking about the premiere tonight, aren’t you”?

“I don’t think I should go”, Britt replied, “can we just give it a miss”?

“Come now, Brittney”, Winston said lifting his right hand and softly stroking Britt’s hair”, You can’t still feel bitter about not getting the part? You’re a successful actress in your own right now, granted the bar babes series isn’t as mainstream as a film like “The big city”, but it has garnered quite the cult following”.

“I’m not bitter, I just don’t know if I can face her, Jem”, Britt said, looking down sadly.

Winston moved his hand under Britt’s chin, lifting his face towards his own and giving him a peck on the lips, “You’ll be fine, you have to face her sometime, now let’s go see the makeup department, I’ve asked the girls to make you look gorgeous for tonight’s event”, he said wrapping his arm around Britt’s back and leading him across the set.

It was Britt’s first time at a movie premiere, and as he wandered around the red carpet awkwardly clutching on to Winston Cummings' arm, he watched as the celebrities arrived, exiting their vehicles before being swarmed by a sea of photographers, a stark contrast to when he had arrived, stepping out of a stretch limousine in a tight expensive gown, he had placed a towering designer heel on the ground and looked up to see a line of people holding cameras, but as they quickly realised, he was nobody important, they had turned and walked away, with only one man staying behind to snap a picture.

Hearing some commotion to his left, Britt spun around to see a car pulling up, the door opened and out stepped his old buddy Jim, dressed to impress. The photographers started pushing and shoving as a thousand flashes bathed him in light. Jim smiled before elegantly striding over on his tall heels to the spot the press had set up for arrival pictures.

Britt watched on from a distance, amazed as the photographers screamed at Jim to turn this way and that as his feminized friend complied.

Perched on his own towering heels and still hanging on to Winston's arm, Britt couldn’t help but admire how stunningly beautiful his old friend looked in his tight short dress, he was definitely the main attraction of the night, but looking up at his friend’s perfectly made-up face, with his huge plump red lips, Britt

could sense a certain sadness in his sultry looking eyes, "I wonder if his life as miserable as mine"? He thought quietly to himself.



After the unexpected success of "Bar babes 4", with the film making twice as much money for the studio as the previous three instalments combined, Britt had been signed up to star in a further three movies.

As the director shouted, action, Britt heard the music begin, as he started to wiggle and gyrate his half-naked body to the beat of the tune.



It was the final week of filming "Bar babes 6", and Britt was looking forward to having a few weeks off. Moving his hands up and down his slim sexy body, he let his mind wander, thinking about, who the hell was actually watching these trashy films, probably sad lonely young men, jacking off alone in their homes, lusting over his half-naked frame, the thought repulsed him, causing him to stumble a little on his tall sparkly platforms and almost fall off the bar, "cut", screamed the director, "Brittney, are you with us

today, I've seen more emotion on a storefront mannequin".

Britt stopped and turned, "Sorry Bruno", he purred, "just got a lot on my mind".

"Well get your head in the game, girl", Bruno replied in a softer tone, "I'd like to wrap this scene up and move on to the one in the bedroom today".

Britt forced his face to smile, "You got it babe", he purred back.

"Ok, let's go again, and action", Bruno the director screamed.

By the time Britt got home, he was again exhausted, he kicked off his heels, took a swig of orange juice from the carton, before wandering over to the sofa, and clicking on the TV.

It felt good to relax for a while, and as he reached down to rub his aching calf muscles, he looked around his expensively decorated studio apartment and smiled, "at least I've got this place", he thought.

Turning back to the TV, he started flicking through the channels, finally stopping when he saw a familiar face on the screen.

"So, Jem Stevens, the media are touting you as the next big thing, you're first few films have been massive commercial successes, you have an army of adoring fans, and is it right, you've just been offered a position to judge on a famous talent show? The late-night TV host asked.

Jim lifted his left leg, encased in its knee-high designer platform boot, and crossed it over the other at mid-thigh, before turning to the host, "That's right, James, I was surprised when they offered it to me, I thought perhaps they had called the wrong person", he said giggling, "but honestly, I can't wait to get stuck in", Jim replied as the studio audience clapped and cheered.

"Well as you can hear, the audience doesn't think they called the wrong person, what do you think everybody? do you think she'll do ok", the host announced as the audience roared loudly.

Jim turned to the audience and smiled, his huge Botox filled lips jutting out in an almost comical duck face, "thanks, everybody", he said in a sweet sultry voice, "you guys are the best".



“So, I have to ask, a few years ago, nobody had even heard of you, and know you’re arguably one of the most sort after actresses in Hollywood, what's your secret”? the host asked as the noise from the audience died down.

Jim smiled, “there is no big secret”, he said in his sweet voice, “ I guess I’ve always been a competitive person, never allowing myself to give up and always willing to do whatever it takes to succeed”.

Britt turned off the television; he had seen enough. It was too strange watching his old buddy on the screen, acting like some bimbo, what would all those screaming fans think if they knew the truth, that the sexy blonde siren, the object of every young man’s sexual fantasies, was actually plain old Jim, the boy he had grown up with, but as Britt looked down at his own blonde hair spilling over his shoulders, cascading past his heaving bosom, he wasn’t really one to talk.

Sliding off the sofa he lifted his dress over his head, freeing his breasts and feeling them bounce around on his chest. It was time to take a shower and get ready, Winston would be over within the hour, and he would be expecting him to look a certain way.

THE END