

TRICK OR TREATED?

A TG TALE BY DS1000



25 ILLUSTRATIONS

Trick or Treated?

They thought the costumes were clever.

But this Halloween, the joke's on them.

Two men chasing mischief find themselves reshaped—body and soul—into the women they were pretending to be.

And from their mistakes come two TG tales of deception, downfall, and irreversible change.

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The Bunny Trap

Leon Aspoll slouched on the sofa, phone in hand, scrolling through his latest video analytics with a scowl.

“Unbelievable,” he muttered. “Her views are through the roof again. Have you seen this, Yvonne?”

Across from him, Yvonne — his long-suffering assistant-slash-editor-slash-unofficial therapist — was perched on the arm of the chair, sipping a latte. She’d been working for both him and his sister Carly for almost two years now and had long accepted that her life revolved around mediating prank wars between two full-grown children competing to outdo each other on their social media channels.

“Well,” she said, trying not to smile, “you can’t really blame people for watching. Her last prank was... genius.”

Leon groaned. “Oh, come on. That was cruel.”

“Oh, it was brilliant,” Yvonne corrected. “A fake brand deal? You walking around your kitchen rubbing garlic mayonnaise into your face while bragging about its ‘hydrating glow’? Pure internet gold.”

Leon sighed and shook his head. “I’ve had people dissing me online for the last week. I can’t believe I fell for it.”

Yvonne laughed. “At least it was organic content.”

“Ha. Very funny.” Leon rolled his eyes. “Before that, I was on a roll! I swapped her shampoo for hair dye, replaced her fake tan with instant coffee paste — all bangers. But no, one stupid mayo mask and suddenly she’s the golden child again.”

“She’s got a loyal following,” Yvonne said. “People like her energy.”

Leon snorted. “They like her because she’s a blonde bimbo. The internet eats that up. If I did half the dumb stuff she does, I’d be cancelled in a week.”

Yvonne raised an eyebrow. “So, what’s the plan then, genius? How are you going to bounce back?”

Leon leaned back, thinking. “I don’t know. It’s got to be big. Smart. Something that’ll blow her last prank out of the water.”

“It’ll need to be. She’s got momentum,” Yvonne said. “And a Halloween party coming up that’s getting half the influencer crowd’s attention. Might be hard to top that.”

Leon frowned. “Yeah, don’t remind me. Have you seen the guest list?”

Yvonne nodded. “Of course. Who do you think sent out the invites? I’m in charge of everything – cocktails, lighting, décor, even hiring the costumed servers.”

Leon leaned forward. “If only there was a way...”

Yvonne smirked. “If only what?”

He snapped his fingers. “If only I could crash it! Pretend to be a server, mess with her drinks, spill a tray – something that makes her lose it in front of everyone. Then – boom – reveal myself on camera. Instant viral comeback.”

Yvonne swirled her drink, lips curling. “That could actually work... except it won’t.”

Leon raised an eyebrow. “Oh yeah? Why’s that?”

“The servers are all women. And the costumes are... well, let’s just say subtlety isn’t part of the theme. Carly’s going for full-on Playboy Bunny chic.”

Leon blinked. “So I’d have to... yeah, no. Not happening.”

“Unless... No, never mind,” she said, eyes glinting.

“Unless what?” Leon asked, leaning forward.

“Well, they’ll all be masked, so you might just blend in long enough to get a rise out of her before the big reveal.”

Leon looked intrigued despite himself. “You really think I could pull it off?”

Yvonne studied him, pretending to weigh the odds. “Well... yeah. It’s possible. And it would make one hell of a prank. But you’d have to really commit, Leon – full send.”

Leon jumped to his feet. “Yvonne, you know me. I’ll do whatever it takes. My best views always come when I go all in.”

She smiled sweetly. “Alright, I’ll make some calls. But I hope you know what you’re getting yourself into. We’ve only got three weeks until the party – that means diet, salon visits, the works.”

Leon folded his arms and forced a grin. Doubt was already creeping in, but with his views down, subscribers slipping away, and his ego bruised, he was far too stubborn to back out now.



* * * * *

A week later, Leon was already regretting everything.

Despite his bravado, he'd spent the last seven days questioning his sanity on an hourly basis. The plan, as ridiculous as it sounded, was now in full swing. To avoid arousing suspicion, he'd told Carly he was heading to London for a month to film his next big project — a perfectly believable excuse, since he'd done that before while visiting friends down there.

In reality, he was staying at Yvonne's flat, undergoing what she called "immersive preparation." According to her, if he was going to fool anyone — let alone an entire party of influencers — he needed to live the part. That meant twenty-four-seven, full immersion.

By day three, he'd shaved everything below the neck, leaving his skin alarmingly smooth and strangely alien to the touch. He was on a strict diet of water, celery sticks, and protein shakes, while Yvonne had him on a punishing fitness plan: yoga every morning, cardio every afternoon, and a hundred squats a day — "to get your backside rounded out," she'd said with clinical seriousness.

The first week had been brutal. Every muscle burned, his glutes screamed, and he was so hungry he'd started dreaming about being chased down the street by cheeseburgers. The worst part, though, was the underwear. The sight of himself in pastel knickers and a padded bra made him want to vanish into the floor.

But today managed to top it all.

Yvonne had decided it was time to "level up." She'd helped him get ready that morning, filming the process as usual for their behind-the-scenes footage. Still, Leon couldn't shake the feeling she was enjoying this one a bit too much.

He was now standing in front of her mirror wearing an oversized white sweater, a pleated white skirt that barely covered anything, and a pair of platform Ugg boots. His legs, still freshly shaven, looked disturbingly smooth beneath the hemline. A long blonde wig framed his face, and Yvonne had applied what she called a "soft daytime glam" — light foundation, pink gloss, and just enough mascara to make him blink differently.

If getting dressed and filmed hadn't been humiliating enough, the next part certainly was.

Yvonne had driven him into town and dropped him off around the corner from a stylish salon. Rolling down her window, she flashed him a grin. “You sure you’ll be alright getting back? I’ve got a few errands to run.”

Leon stood awkwardly on the pavement, glancing around and trying to ignore the breeze brushing his bare thighs. “Yeah,” he said, forcing a smile. “I’ll grab an Uber.”



“Good. I told the stylist what you’re doing — she’s expecting you. Just chat with her about what’ll work best for your look.”

He swallowed. “Right. Yeah. Great.”

“Don’t chicken out now, Leon. Remember, this is for the views.”

He nodded, giving her a nervous thumbs-up. “I’ll be fine. I got this.”

Yvonne winked. “That’s the spirit. Now go on, blondie — time to get your glam on.”

The car pulled away, leaving him standing there — a self-conscious “bunny girl in training,” trying not to panic as a few curious eyes turned his way.

He took a deep breath, adjusted the hem of his short skirt, and plodded towards the salon in his platform-soled boots.

* * * * *

Yvonne returned home that evening, eager to see how Leon’s salon visit had gone.

The moment she stepped through the door, she could tell he was in. A glass sat on the counter that hadn’t been there that morning, and his keys were beside it — a sure sign of his return.

“Leon?” she called out. No reply.

She frowned. That was odd. He was never quiet for long.

Yvonne walked down the hallway, checking the living room first, then the spare room. Finally, she pushed open her bedroom door — and froze.

Leon was kneeling on the floor with his back to her, shoulders slumped.

“Ah, there you are,” she said, stepping into the room. “Why didn’t you answer when I called?”

“It’s a disaster, Yvonne,” came his small, miserable voice. “They did too much.”

“Too much?” she repeated, intrigued. “Come on, turn around. Let me see. It can’t be that bad.”

Leon turned slowly and raised his head.

Yvonne gasped before she could stop herself. “Oh. My. God.”

“See?” Leon said, his voice cracking. “Look what they did to me!”

Yvonne blinked, forcing herself to stay composed. His transformation was far more convincing than she’d expected. His once-rough hair now hung in long, honey-blonde waves that framed his pretty face. His brows were shaped into clean arches, his lashes fluttered like tiny fans, and his lips—

She caught herself staring.

“Wow,” she managed. “Alright... tell me what happened.”

“There was this woman — Roxy,” Leon said quickly, hands flailing. “She knew about the costume and started making suggestions, and I just— I couldn’t think straight. First, she wanted to do my hair. I didn’t even know what to pick, so she said she’d match it to the wig. But she gave me extensions, Yvonne. Real ones. She said it looked more ‘natural.’”

Yvonne nodded, still trying not to smile.

“Then she did my nails,” Leon continued. “They were ridiculous at first — like claws. I begged her to shorten them. These are the ‘manageable’ version, apparently.”

Yvonne leaned in slightly. “And the lashes? Extensions too?”

Leon sighed. “Yeah. Took hours. And then she plucked my eyebrows. I told her the mask would cover most of my face, but she said my eyes would still show.”

“Of course she did,” Yvonne said, not quite hiding the shock in her voice. “I sent her a picture.”

“You what?” Leon shot back. “You didn’t tell me the mask leaves my mouth uncovered! She said my lips needed some plumping, and the next thing I know, she’s injecting me with something! Just stuck a needle right in!”

Yvonne blinked, trying not to laugh. “She gave you filler?”

“Temporary filler,” Leon said miserably. “She said she’d inject something else in a few weeks and it would dissolve. I... I don’t like this. I don’t like this one bit.”

Yvonne studied him for a long moment, biting her lip. With those full lips, long lashes, and waist-length hair, Leon looked more ready for a beauty vlog than a prank video.

“And... erm... what about those?” Yvonne finally said, her eyes flicking downward. She’d been avoiding the question, but it was impossible to ignore any longer.

Leon took a long, shaky breath and pulled his top down tight against his swollen chest. “She said I’d need some cleavage to make the costume work. Then she started going on about how she could ‘give me a little something’ and promised it could be dissolved again in a few weeks... just like the lips.”

Yvonne blinked. For a moment, she wasn’t sure she’d heard him right. She stared at his chest through the sheer fabric of his top and couldn’t quite believe her eyes.

He had breasts — real-looking breasts!. A solid B cup, maybe even edging toward a C.

“How?” she asked, barely managing the word.

“It was so weird, Yvonne,” Leon answered in a shaky voice. “She made everything numb, so I didn’t feel the needles go in. Then she hooked up this IV thing and just... started filling them up. They feel so full now; they bounce whenever I move, and my nipples itch like crazy.”

He looked up at her helplessly. “Do you really think she can reverse it?”

Yvonne forced a reassuring smile she didn’t entirely believe. “If she said she can, then I’m sure she can. Besides”—she gestured vaguely toward him— “what’s done is done. And hey, look on the bright side: the prank’s definitely going to work now. Honestly, I think it’s going to go viral.”

“You think?” Leon asked, his voice a little less defeated.



“Oh, absolutely,” Yvonne said with a grin. “In fact... let’s try the mask. I want to see the full effect.”

Leon hesitated, his hands instinctively moving to cover his chest. “Right now?”

“Yes, why not?” Yvonne said brightly, crossing to her wardrobe. “Now, I haven’t got the final outfit yet, but let’s see if I’ve got anything that’ll work for now.”

She rummaged through hangers and drawers, muttering to herself as she pulled out one item after another. A few minutes later, she turned around with a small pile of clothes in her arms and walked back to Leon, who’d been silently watching the whole process from beside the bed.

“Here – a little top,” she said, holding up a black cropped vest with thin spaghetti straps. “A skirt,” she added, laying the top down and showing him a pleated black miniskirt. “And some tights,” she finished, placing the final piece on the bed.

“Get dressed and meet me in the living room.”

Leon sighed but nodded.

A few minutes later, a very self-conscious Leon appeared in the doorway. His head was bowed, long blonde hair falling forward to hide his face.

“I feel ridiculous in this get-up,” he muttered, tugging at the hem of the short skirt as he shuffled across the polished floor in his pantyhosed feet.

“Nonsense,” Yvonne said, waving off his protest. She crossed the room, smiling as she picked something up from the coffee table. “Here, try this.”

She handed him a glossy black plastic mask with large eyeholes and two tall bunny ears perched on top.

Leon took it reluctantly, stepping back to perch on the arm of the cream sofa. He held the mask up to his face and looked over at her. “Well?” he asked, attempting a faint, nervous smile.



Yvonne studied him for a moment, then grinned. “You look great. Better than great,” she said, clearly pleased with herself. “This is going to work. You could fool Carly right now – and we’ve still got two weeks to perfect your voice and movements.”

Leon’s smile faded. “I don’t know if I can do this, Yvonne.”

She crossed her arms and tilted her head. “Hey, none of that attitude, missy,” she teased, wagging a finger. “Leon Aspall never does things by halves, remember? The hard part’s done. From here on, it’s just practice — and attitude.”

He sighed. “Easy for you to say.”

“Maybe,” Yvonne said, smirking. “But trust me — nobody likes a miserable bunny.”

That earned a small laugh from him. “Alright, alright... I’ll try.”

“Good.” She clapped her hands together. “Now, let’s see what we’re working with. Stand up straight. Shoulders back. And let’s start with a little walk.”

Leon groaned under his breath. “You’re enjoying this way too much.”

Yvonne grinned. “Maybe a little. Now, hips — gentle sway, not a march. You’ve got two weeks to master it, so the sooner we start, the better.”

* * * * *

The next morning, Leon found himself back in Yvonne’s bedroom. He’d barely slept a wink — his chest ached, his stomach growled, and every time he moved, the sheets brushed against his sensitive nipples.

Unfortunately, things were about to get even more uncomfortable.

Yvonne stood before him, holding up what looked like a piece of medieval armour. “Right,” she said cheerfully, “this little beauty is going to help shape your waist. You’ll be sleeping in it for the next few weeks.”

Leon’s eyes widened. “You’re joking.”

“Not even a little,” she said, holding it up for him to see. The corset was black and fully boned, with metal clasps down the front and a frilled bust finished with a satin bow — clearly made to push up what Yvonne teasingly called his new girls.

“I’m not wearing that thing,” he protested.

But a few minutes later, he was standing in front of the mirror while Yvonne tugged firmly at the laces.

“Yvonne, I can’t breathe,” he complained, gasping for air.

“Oh, stop being such a baby,” she said, tightening another notch. “I haven’t even done it up halfway. You’ll get used to it — plenty of women do.”

Leon groaned. “I’m not plenty of women.”

“Not yet,” she said with a smirk.

Once she was satisfied, Yvonne handed him a frilly white skirt to go with it. Leon slipped it on reluctantly and turned toward the mirror, pouting at his reflection. The cinched waist made his figure look shockingly feminine — something he didn’t know whether to be impressed or horrified by.

“Alright,” Yvonne said, appearing behind him. “Let’s try these puppies.”

When Leon turned around, his heart sank.

In her hands was a pair of satin black pumps with a chunky six-inch heel and a thick platform sole. A single strap and buckle crossed the top of each foot.

“Here — these are for you,” Yvonne said, passing them over.

Leon took the shoes gingerly by the backs, letting them hang at his sides as he gave Yvonne a nervous smile. “You can’t be serious,” he said, half-pleading. “I’ll never be able to walk in these. Haven’t you got anything with a lower heel?”



“You will if you practise,” Yvonne replied matter-of-factly. “You’ve got no choice. They’re what all the servers are wearing, so you’ll need to adjust. You’re not backing out now, are you? I’ve already got you on the list for the party.”

“The list?” he echoed warily.

“Under your female alter ego,” she said proudly. “Leonie Appleton.”

“Leonie?” He pulled a face. “Really? Could you not have come up with a less girly name?”

“It’s perfect,” Yvonne said firmly. “When the reveal happens, it’ll make it even better. So—” she folded her arms, smiling— “are you just going to stand there looking cute, or are you going to practise your strut?”

Leon sighed, shaking his head in resignation. “I guess I’ll give them a shot.”

* * * * *

By the next afternoon, Leon was in the dining room, determined to prove he was making progress. He’d been wearing the towering black heels every waking moment, and though he was still a little wobbly, he could now cross the room without fear of falling. His calves burned constantly, but at least he wasn’t tripping over his own feet anymore.

Yvonne sat at the dining table nearby, coffee in hand, watching like a patient but slightly amused instructor.

“Alright,” she said, setting her cup down. “Let’s give you a rest from walking; it’s time to learn how to sit like a lady.”

Leon sighed. “You make it sound like a sport.”

“It is,” she said with a grin. “Especially in that skirt.”

He glanced down at himself—at the tiny scrap of black fabric that barely qualified as clothing. Paired with the thigh-high stockings Yvonne had insisted on, every move felt like a potential disaster.

“The goal,” Yvonne said, crossing one leg over the other to demonstrate, “is to sit without flashing your knickers or showing the top of your stockings. Keep your knees together, angle your legs to the side, smooth the skirt as you go.”

Leon tried to mimic her. He lowered himself carefully into the armchair in the corner, legs trembling slightly from the heels. The skirt rode up immediately.

“Yvonne,” he groaned, tugging at it, “this is impossible.”

“Then you’re not doing it right.” She got up and demonstrated the action again. “Okay, start again. Slow down. Smooth your skirt, gently lower yourself down, and keep your legs together. It’s all about control.”

Leon pushed himself back up with a huff, wobbling again. “It would be a lot easier if I weren’t starving to death,” he muttered under his breath.

“Stop complaining,” Yvonne said, folding her arms. “Come on, Leonie — again.”

He focused and moved slowly, but halfway down, his balance wavered. He dropped into the chair with a soft thump, his knees parting as he tried to steady himself.

Yvonne arched an eyebrow. “Well, that was graceful.”

Leon looked down — and froze. The hem of the skirt had crept up again, exposing the lacy tops of his stockings. He grunted in disappointment.

He pressed his stocking-clad legs together, trying to reclaim what modesty he had left.

Fidgeting with his fingers, he looked over at Yvonne. “Yvonne,” he asked playfully, “are you enjoying this?”



“Stop asking stupid questions,” Yvonne said, her tone calm. “You wanted to pass as one of the servers — grace and composure are part of the job.”

He glared at her from behind his thick eyelashes. “I’m not sure I signed up for this much exposure.”

“You’ve seen a bunny costume before, right? Exposure is the costume,” Yvonne said dryly. “Now, stand up and try again.”

Leon pushed himself back up with a sigh, tugging at the hem of his skirt as he found his balance again. “You’re definitely enjoying this,” he said, narrowing his eyes at her. “I know you are.”

“I’m enjoying my coffee,” Yvonne said evenly, taking a slow sip. “Now let’s see some grace this time, yeah?”

Leon squared his shoulders. He took a deep breath and tried once more to lower himself delicately into the chair. For a moment, it looked like he might actually manage it — until one heel slipped on the polished floor.

His arms flailed, and he landed hard on the seat with a clumsy thud, legs shooting out in opposite directions as the skirt rode up higher than ever.

Yvonne nearly spat out her coffee, laughing. “Elegant,” she managed between chuckles. “Really nailed the grace part.”

Leon groaned, yanking the skirt back down over his thighs. “Glad you’re amused,” he muttered. His face was burning as he clamped his knees back together.

“Oh, come on,” Yvonne said, still smiling. “You’ll get there. You only flashed, what, half the room this time?”

Leon rolled his eyes. “Great — maybe I’ll start selling tickets for the next performance.”

* * * * *

A few days later, Leon’s transformation had gone from impressive to almost unsettling.

His mannerisms had softened, and his voice now carried a light, feminine lilt. His body — slimmed down from the relentless diet and exercise routine — had taken on a surprisingly shapely silhouette. The endless days spent in heels and short skirts had paid off, too; he could now walk with steady confidence and sit with effortless poise.

And Yvonne, clearly proud of her handiwork, decided it was time to put all that progress to the test.

“You’re going out,” she announced that morning, her tone casual but her eyes sharp. “Just a short trip.”

Leon’s eyes widened. “Out? You mean... outside?”

“Relax,” Yvonne said, already rifling through her wardrobe. “Just a simple coffee run. You need to see how people react to you – or better yet, how they don’t.”

Helping him get ready, she picked out his outfit with meticulous care – a short houndstooth miniskirt, a soft black sweater, and his usual black tights and chunky platform heels. As she talked him through his makeup, she filmed the process for their ongoing “behind-the-scenes” footage.

Leon barely spoke as he followed her instructions. He curled his long blonde hair, brushed mascara onto his extended lashes, and applied lipstick with a concentration usually reserved for defusing bombs. Every now and then, he would ask a quiet, hesitant question, but mostly he just nodded and did as he was told.

When it came time to leave, he made one last attempt to talk her out of it. “Yvonne, this isn’t necessary,” he said weakly, clutching his small handbag.

“Yes, it is,” she replied. “You’re ready. Trust me.”

Moments later, Leon tottered into the elevator, his heart pounding so hard he could feel it in his throat.

“Don’t overthink it – and try to smile,” Yvonne said encouragingly, having walked him out of the apartment.

He gave her a look of wide-eyed desperation. “How can I not overthink this? I’m going to stand out dressed like this.” He lifted one leg slightly, showing off the towering platforms.

“Nobody wears heels like this at eleven a.m. on a Tuesday.”



“Of course they do,” Yvonne said smoothly. “You look super cute – like you’ve just popped out of the office to run an errand. Just walk slowly, keep your head up, and act confident.”

“You make it sound so easy,” Leon muttered, gripping the strap of his handbag tighter.

“That’s because it is,” Yvonne replied sweetly. “You’re doing nothing wrong. Remember that. The coffee shop’s only ten minutes away. Order two pumpkin spice lattes, grab us both something sweet, and strut that sexy little butt back here before they get cold. Can you do that, Mr YouTube big shot?”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Leon said, forcing a small smile as the elevator doors began to close. He held the smile until the doors slid completely shut – then it vanished.

In the mirrored walls, his reflection stared back – familiar yet alien. The face he recognised was now softened by makeup and framed with long blonde curls, his own features transformed into something undeniably feminine. He exhaled slowly and shook his head. “What are you doing, Leon?” he whispered under his breath. “Is all this really worth it?”

* * * * *

With one week to go until the party, disaster struck.

Yvonne called Leon into the living room, her tone serious. As he entered, she couldn’t help but marvel at the transformation – the confident click of his heels on the hardwood, the subtle sway of his hips, the graceful way he lowered himself into the chair opposite her. He looked flawless, every bit the young woman he was pretending to be. When he crossed his legs, the soft swish of nylon on nylon filled the quiet room, making Yvonne pause for a moment before getting straight to the point.

“I’m sorry, Leon,” she said, shaking her head. “It’s over. We have to pull the plug on the prank.”

“What?” Leon blurted, eyes wide. “You can’t be serious! I’ve gone through too much to quit now!”

“I know,” Yvonne said quickly, her tone apologetic. “And I’m really sorry. But there’s nothing I can do. Carly finalised the costume design today, and she’s scrapped the masks. I tried to talk her into keeping them, but her mind’s made up. You know what she’s like – once Carly decides something, there’s no changing it.”

Leon stared at her in disbelief. “So that’s it? After everything I’ve done? All the torture you’ve put me through – it’s over just like that?”

Yvonne winced, folding her arms. “Yeah,” she admitted softly. “Unless we can somehow get you a new face...” She let out a weak laugh. “Carly would recognise you in two seconds without the mask. It wouldn’t exactly make for a shocking reveal.”

Leon opened his mouth as if to argue, but no words came. He sat back, defeated, his shoulders slumping.

“I know,” Yvonne said softly, reading his expression. “You’ve worked really hard on this, and honestly – I’m super impressed with how dedicated you’ve been.”

She stood, walked over, and placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “Listen, I’ll give you some time to process this. I’ve booked you a salon appointment for noon so you can start getting back to your old self. But if you’d rather wait until tomorrow, I can rearrange it.”

Leon shook his head faintly. “No, noon’s fine,” he murmured, reverting his gaze down towards the hem of his skirt.

Yvonne gave his shoulder a gentle squeeze before stepping toward the hallway. “I’ll be in my room if you need me,” she said, pausing at the door to glance back with a small smile. “And for what it’s worth, I think you would’ve pulled it off – no question.”

The door clicked shut behind her, leaving Leon alone in the quiet of the living room, staring down at his feminised frame – and feeling the heavy, hollow realisation that all his pain and suffering had been for nothing.

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Later that afternoon, Yvonne was in her room scrolling on her phone when the doorbell rang. She wasn’t expecting anyone and it was rare for her to receive visitors. She approached the front door with caution, slowly placed her eye to the peephole and had a moment of complete and utter shock. She lurched back in surprise, before going in for a second look.

Shaking, she undid the dead bolt and flung open the door. “Leon?” she asked in an unsure voice “what have you done?”

He stood there in her hallway in his usual black tights and platform shoes. The rest of his outfit consisted of a pleated black skirt, a white boob tube top, and a black fur coat, with a

leather handbag hanging from his elbow. Grasping two strands of hair with his long white nails, he pulled them outwards and pouted. “I got a new face like you suggested,” Leon said innocently in a high, perfect feminine voice. “Do you think it will work to fool Carly?”

Yvonne couldn't believe what she was seeing - the man she had worked with for the past few years didn't look anything like himself anymore - in fact apart from his big brown eyes, he looked completely different, completely feminine! His lower face looked thinner, and his cheeks looked higher - she would later find out this was a combo of Kybella injections to dissolve the fat and filler injections to build up the cheekbones. His eyes looked wider and his lips now looked twice the size they had that morning - also due to Botox and filler.



“You look... you look...” Yvonne stammered, “Why would you do this?” she finally asked, “this is pretty extreme.”

“I know and it hurt like hell when she injected the side of my face,” Leon replied half smiling – well as much as his plump lips allowed. “You see, I went to the salon with every intension of getting the hair chopped off and the lips dissolved, but then Roxy the stylist said she could make me look unrecognisable,”

“Is it reversible?” Yvonne asked, taking in his new face.

“Yeah, Roxy said it’ll take a month or two but the fat will return eventually. I’m just going to have to own it after the prank is over.”

Yvonne didn’t know what to say, she was still shocked by how far he’d gone to pull off a prank on his sister.

“Well, are you going to just stand there or are you going to let me in,” Leon announced.

“There’s still a week until the party and I can’t go home looking like this?”

“Erm... yeah, of course” Yvonne said stepping aside to allow the feminised man to totter past her, feeling all of a sudden very turned on.

* * * * *

A few days later, Leon and Yvonne found themselves in a local nightclub.

Yvonne had been invited out by a group of friends and, after some convincing, managed to persuade Leon to come along – partly for fun, but mostly as a test. She wanted to see if he could blend in, surrounded by people who had no idea who he really was.

To her delight and mild disbelief, he passed with flying colours. None of her friends suspected a thing. They welcomed him as just another girl in the group, complimenting his outfit and even laughing at his jokes. Yvonne watched closely as the night went on – how he interacted, how he moved, how easily he seemed to slip into the role. It was unsettlingly natural.

The group danced, drank, and after a few shots, Leon began to loosen up. The nerves melted away, replaced by something that almost looked like confidence. He danced with abandon, his short black dress flashing under the club lights, his long hair bouncing as he twisted and twirled.

Yvonne couldn't take her eyes off him. At first, she told herself it was because she was proud — proud of how far he'd come, how convincingly he carried himself. But as the music pulsed and the drinks kept flowing, a different kind of thought crept in. Something warmer. Something she wasn't ready to name.

He looked hot, and he was making her wet.

She wasn't sure when admiration turned into attraction, but she couldn't deny it anymore.

Watching him move — the way his hips swayed, the way his lips curved into a mischievous smile — stirred something deep inside her.

And then, late in the night, she got the distinct sense that her feelings might not be one-sided.

Leon, now steaming drunk, had climbed up onto the sofa, his tiny skirt barely covering the curve of his backside as he gazed dreamily out across the dance floor. Then he turned to her, tossing his hair over one shoulder with exaggerated flair. "Dance with me," he slurred, eyes half-lidded but teasing.



Yvonne smiled, warmth blooming in her chest. “Alright, come on then,” she said, standing and taking his hand.

On the dance floor, they moved together — close, teasing, reckless. The music was loud, the lights hazy, and before long, the two were lost in the rhythm. Their bodies pressed together, grinding and swaying in time with the bass, drawing glances from every nearby man.

By the third song, Yvonne's pulse was racing. Leon's perfume — hers, technically — clung to her senses. He looked up at her, breathless, eyes sparkling. For a fleeting second, she considered leaning in, kissing him then and there.

But she didn't. He was still her employer — and this whole situation was already complicated enough.

The night ended with the pair stumbling home on aching feet, heels clicking unevenly on the pavement. They shared a kebab, laughing like fools, before collapsing side by side on the sofa — drunk, exhausted, and tangled somewhere between friendship and something else entirely.

* * * * *

The next morning came far too soon.

Both Leon and Yvonne woke up groaning, nursing pounding headaches and dry mouths. They stayed bundled together on the sofa beneath a blanket, the TV flickering quietly as they took turns moaning about how awful they felt.

Neither of them had the energy to move far, so they ordered pizza — with enough sides to feed a small army — and devoured the lot between them. By five in the afternoon, their hangovers had dulled enough for Yvonne to make a dangerous suggestion.

“Wine?” she asked, holding up a bottle with a mischievous grin.

Leon gave a half-hearted laugh. “We're really doing this again?”

“Hair of the dog,” she said matter-of-factly.

One bottle turned into two, and somewhere between giggles and tipsy chatter, Yvonne suggested they meet up with her friends from the previous night. “They're heading to a local bar — nothing crazy. Come on, you'll love it.”

To her surprise, Leon agreed without much hesitation.

They spent the next hour getting ready together — curling hair, fixing makeup, and arguing playfully over outfits. Leon ended up in another short black dress, his legs gleaming beneath sheer black tights that caught the light every time he moved. Six-inch heels elevated his curvy figure, and his glossy lips looked soft and kissable.

When they finally arrived at the bar, Yvonne found herself distracted. Leon blended in effortlessly again, chatting and laughing with her friends like he'd always been one of them. But something about it felt... different this time.

She couldn't stop watching him — the way he tilted his head when he laughed, the way his skirt rode just a little higher when he crossed his legs. Twice, her friend Kara leaned over and asked if she was alright. Yvonne brushed it off with a quick smile, insisting she was fine. But she wasn't.

She was jealous. Jealous, flustered — and undeniably turned on.

They went home earlier than the night before, pleasantly buzzed rather than stumbling drunk. In the kitchen, still dressed up, they decided to make mac and cheese from a packet, laughing about how classy they were.

Leon leaned against the counter, stirring the pot, when he lost his balance for a moment. Yvonne instinctively caught him by the waist, and suddenly they were face to face — his breath warm, his lips inches from hers.

For a heartbeat, neither of them moved. Then, without thinking, Yvonne leaned in and kissed him.

Leon froze. His eyes widened in surprise, his hands hovering uncertainly at his sides. Realising what she'd done, Yvonne pulled back immediately, her cheeks flushing.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly, her voice trembling. "I shouldn't have done that."

Leon leaned back against the counter, still looking stunned but not angry. "It's... it's fine," he said quietly. "Really. It's not a big deal."



Yvonne nodded awkwardly, forcing a small smile. “I’m just... tired,” she muttered. “I’m gonna head to bed.”

She left him standing there, the faint smell of mac and cheese filling the silence.

That night, Yvonne lay awake staring at the ceiling, the moment looping endlessly in her mind. She could still feel the softness of his lips, the warmth of his body against hers — and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't shake the uneasy thought that she'd crossed a line.

* * * * *

Yvonne spent the next day avoiding Leon as much as possible, embarrassed and unsure how to face him after the night before. Every interaction was short and polite — a few words about food, the TV, or the weather — before she found an excuse to leave the room.

That evening, she sat on her bed with the television on, barely paying attention. She was still debating whether to knock on Leon's door and clear the air when her phone buzzed.

A message from Leon lit up the screen: Can we talk? I'm in my room.

Yvonne hesitated, then typed back: Sure.

She walked down the hall to the spare room, knocked softly, and heard a faint "come in."

When she stepped inside, her breath caught.

Leon was stretched out across the bed, the soft light from the bedside lamp catching the thin, sheer fabric of his dress as his nipples poked through like bullets. His long legs, still encased in his usual towering heels, were crossed loosely — a teasing mix of confidence and modesty. He looked up at her with a shy, inviting smile that made her heart skip a beat.



“Yvonne,” he began softly, “I’m sorry about last night. I just... didn’t know how to react. When I tried it on with you years ago, you told me you weren’t interested.”

Yvonne smiled faintly, eyes tracing over him. “I wasn’t—not then,” she admitted. “I’m bisexual, but I’ve always leaned more towards women. Back then, you were very much not my type.”

She paused, her tone softening. “But lately... things have changed. You’ve changed. And I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t drawn to you.”

Leon's lips curved into a slow smile. "Well, in that case, why don't you close the door and join me on the bed?"

Yvonne hesitated only for a moment before quietly closing the door behind her. What followed was slow, tender, and inevitable — the unspoken tension between them finally giving way to something real. They came together hesitantly at first, then with growing certainty, losing themselves in the warmth and closeness they'd both been denying. It wasn't rushed or reckless, but something deeper — a release, a connection neither of them had expected but both had longed for.

* * * * *

After that night, Yvonne spent every evening in the same bed as Leon — the boundaries between them blurring until there were none. They spent their nights exploring each other, their feelings, and the strange new connection that had grown between them.

When the night of Carly's Halloween party finally arrived, Yvonne helped Leon get ready, filming the process as usual. She watched in quiet awe at how natural he now was in every movement when he dressed, every brush stroke as he applied his makeup — no trace of hesitation, no awkwardness left.

Once dressed in the classic Playboy bunny outfit — a black, bikini-style bodysuit, fishnet tights, six-inch heels, wrist cuffs, a bow-tie collar, bunny ears, and of course, a little white tail — Yvonne just stood and stared. Her thoughts were a mess of admiration and guilt.

"You look amazing," she said when Leon caught her staring.

He smiled nervously. "You really think so?"

"Gorgeous," she replied softly.

She drove him to the party herself, his outfit hidden under one of her long coats. She dropped him off around the corner from Carly's apartment and gave him a few last words of advice.

"Remember," she said, her voice steady though her chest felt tight, "you're Leonie Appleton tonight. We don't know each other. Just play the part and keep your head up."

He nodded. "Got it."

“Good luck,” she said quietly. “And I’m... Never mind. You’re going to be great.”

With that, she watched him step out into the cool night before driving off to take up her own role at the event — her heart heavy with regret.

* * * * *

The evening itself felt almost surreal. From her position behind the camera, Yvonne watched as Leon — Leonie — entered the party like he belonged there. She briefed him on his duties just like she had with the other hired bunny girls: circulate the room, serve drinks, offer snacks, and keep the guests happy.

And somehow, he did it all flawlessly. He glided through the crowd with easy confidence, balancing trays, laughing with guests, moving like someone born in heels. In truth, he was better than most of the girls she’d hired.

Yvonne filmed everything, as that was part of her job — to capture footage for the highlight reel Carly had commissioned. But the longer she filmed, the stranger it felt watching the man she’d trained — the man she’d shared her bed with — fool everyone in the room.

When Leon finally came within a few feet of Carly, Yvonne held her breath. But he didn’t flinch. He smiled politely, said “Enjoy your drink, miss,” and turned away without a hint of recognition on Carly’s part.

After an hour, the games began.

First, Leon “accidentally” dropped a tray in the middle of the living room, making a scene as everyone turned to stare. Then, for his next trick, he discreetly superglued several champagne glasses to another tray, handing them off to a young man who yanked hard and sent champagne flying across half the guests.

By now, Carly’s attention was fixed squarely on him. Leon knew he had her, so for his final move, he sat down on a sofa, pulled out his phone, and started scrolling and giggling loudly as if he was taking an unauthorized break.

Finally, Carly stood up and told him to follow her into the kitchen.

Leon could feel the tension radiating off her as she led the way, heels striking sharply against the floor. Once inside, she turned to the others and said coolly, “Everyone out.”

The room cleared in seconds, leaving just the two of them. Leon turned, expecting fireworks — but instead, Carly’s lips curled into a grin. “Oh, Leon,” she said, laughing. “I can’t believe you fell for this.”

His heart skipped a beat. “What!”



Carly laughed harder. “Oh, come on — you didn’t seriously think you were the one pulling off a prank, did you?”

Leon blinked, his face draining of colour. “How did you know?”

“Know?” Carly wheezed through her laughter. “I set the whole thing up! Yvonne, Roxy — they’ve been helping me the entire time. Though I’ll admit, I didn’t think you’d go quite this far.” She looked him up and down, smirking. “You look hot, babes. Credit where it’s due.”

Leon stared, stunned. “Yvonne... knew?” he asked weakly, his throat tightening.

“Of course,” Carly said, still grinning. “Couldn’t have done it without her. This is going to be my biggest prank yet.”

Her laughter echoed around the kitchen as Leon’s expression crumbled. Without another word, he bolted from the room, stumbling in his heels as he barged past costumed guests—a blur of black satin, fishnets, and anger —before flying out the front door.

Seeing Leon storm out, Yvonne didn’t hesitate — she went after him. Guilt churned in her chest as she hurried down the street, the sharp click of her heels echoing in the night air.

She spotted him a few buildings down, sitting on the steps outside an apartment block. His head was buried in his hands and his whole body was shaking.

He must have heard her footsteps, because he suddenly looked up. The moment his eyes met hers, his expression shifted from sorrow to fury.

“Leave me alone,” he snapped, his voice raw.



“Please,” Yvonne said softly, stopping a few steps away. “Just let me explain.”

“What’s there to explain?” Leon shot back, his words sharp and trembling. “You used me. Used me for a pay cheque. Or was there more to it? Did you enjoy playing with my feelings?”

“I wasn’t playing,” Yvonne said, her voice steady but low. “My feelings for you are real. Unexpected... but real.”

She took a deep breath before continuing. “I didn’t plan any of this, Leon. I never meant to hurt you. It started as a prank – Carly asked me to go along with it, and I thought it’d be harmless. I had no idea that stylist Roxy would take things that far with your makeover. And once it started, I didn’t know how to stop it.”

“You could’ve told me,” Leon said, his anger softening into something more like hurt.

“I know,” Yvonne admitted, her tone full of regret. “I wanted to, so many times. But everything between us was so new, and I wanted to see if there was anything real there. I was scared that if I told you the truth, it would ruin everything.”

Leon stared at her for a long moment. His voice was quiet when he finally spoke. “Well... is there?”

Yvonne frowned. “Is there what?”

He met her eyes. “Anything real between us?”

Yvonne hesitated, then nodded slowly. “Yes. There is.”

She stepped closer, then carefully lowered herself down onto the step beside him.

For a while, neither of them spoke. The only sound was the distant hum of traffic and the faint echo of music from the party.

Finally, Leon looked up, meeting her eyes. “So... what now? I’m going to be a laughing stock online, and I’m stuck looking like a woman for who knows how long.”

“The internet will forget in a few days,” Yvonne said gently. “They always do.” She gave him a small, reassuring smile. “And honestly, is it really that bad? You look incredible, Leon – super-hot, actually.”

He gave a weary laugh. “I... I guess it’s not all bad. But I can’t stay like this.”

“Why not?” Yvonne said softly, reaching over to take his hand. “I think part of you likes it. You wouldn’t have gone this far if you didn’t.”

“That’s not true,” Leon said quickly. “I did it for the prank. I hate all this — the hair, the nails, the heels.”

“If you say so,” Yvonne teased lightly, though her eyes said she didn’t believe him.

“I do,” Leon insisted. “It’s the truth.”

“Alright,” she said with a small smile. “Then how about this — I’ve got an idea for you to prove it.”

Leon frowned. “What kind of idea?”

“Since you’re going to be stuck like this for a while,” Yvonne explained, “why not turn the tide in your favour? Take control of the story.”

He looked puzzled. “I don’t follow.”

“You start making videos as Leonie,” she said. “Say you’ve decided to embrace it — that you’re living as a woman now. Meanwhile, you move in with me properly, and we see how things go between us... as a real couple.”

Leon blinked in surprise. “Move in? As your girlfriend?”

Yvonne smiled faintly. “Something like that. And after a month or so, if you still hate it — if you really want your old life back — then you can reveal the truth. Play it off as a long prank. You’ll get plenty of attention, views... everything. But,” she paused, her tone softening, “if you don’t hate it... maybe something wonderful could come from all this.”

Leon stared at her for a long moment, silently weighing everything she’d said. Then, slowly, a small smile touched his plumped-up lips. “I guess I could give it a go. I’ve got nothing to lose, right?”

Yvonne’s eyes brightened. “So... you’ll do it?”

“I will,” he said softly. “He looked at her, a faint, genuine smile forming. ‘I’ll do it for you.’”

* * * * *

A year later, Halloween had arrived once again — and for Leonie, some things were exactly the same, while others couldn't have been more different.

For one, he was back in a bunny costume. But this time, he wasn't heading to a party. This year, he was staying in — and dressing up purely for Yvonne.

Their relationship had flourished over the past twelve months, and somewhere along the way, Leonie had quietly taken the lead while Leon faded further into the background. His salon visits, once an occasional necessity, had become a regular part of his life — from every few months, to monthly, and now, twice a month. Each visit brought some new refinement, some small step deeper into femininity: longer nails, lighter hair, subtle tweaks to his face through filler and Botox.

And it wasn't just cosmetic anymore. Leonie had been on hormones for months now, and after recovering from a recent breast augmentation, his girls were far larger than he'd ever imagined they would be — easily an E cup, if not more.

The changes had crept in gradually — each one a small step at the time. But taken together, they'd completely transformed him. He no longer looked anything like the man he once was.

Through it all, Yvonne had been there — steady, supportive, and never pushy. Their connection had deepened into genuine love. And as if to prove the universe approved, Leonie's online career had exploded. His audience had embraced the new him without hesitation, showering him with praise and curious questions. His subscriber count had multiplied tenfold, and every video — whether a cheeky prank on Carly or a simple life update — now pulled record-breaking views.

* * * * *

As he heard footsteps approaching the bedroom door, Leonie hurried into position, his heart quickening with anticipation. Tottering across the carpet on his sky-high platform pumps, he climbed onto the bed and sank onto his knees, feeling the soft drag of sheer stockings against the duvet.

The tight leather bunny suit creaked faintly as he arched his back, adjusting the little bow tie at his throat. His long blonde curls fell forward over his shoulders, framing a face painted to perfection — glossy lips, fluttering lashes, and just a hint of mischief in his eyes.

He turned toward the door, lips parting into a slow pout as the handle began to turn. A shiver of excitement ran through him.



The door opened, and Yvonne stopped dead in her tracks, a slow smile spreading across her face.

“Well,” she said, with a sly grin, “aren’t you a sight for sore eyes.”

Leonie arched a brow and let his lips curl into a teasing pout. “Trick or treat?” he asked, his voice soft and playful.

“Definitely a treat,” Yvonne murmured, stepping closer, her gaze roaming over the swell of her partner’s chest, his feminine curves, and the way the costume clung like it was painted on.

“You look good enough to eat.”

Leonie smirked. “You did say you wanted a private show this year.”

She reached the bed, and he leaned forward as her fingers slid from his waist upward, brushing lightly over the curve of his left breast before tilting his chin up. For a moment, neither spoke — just the sound of their breathing and a look of lust.

“Happy Halloween,” Leonie whispered.

“Best one yet,” Yvonne said. “Now... let’s give those nipples a little attention, shall we?”

“Please?” Leonie breathed hungrily, bringing his long-nailed hands up to cup his heavy breasts.

“They miss your touch — your lips.”

Yvonne smiled, then leaned down and kissed him.

The rest of the world slipped away — the city noise, the faint sound of music in the distance — leaving only the warmth of the room, the tangle of limbs, and the quiet certainty that this was exactly where they were meant to be.

The End.

Hostile Makeover

Emma Lockwood paused at the revolving doors, clutching her coffee. The air outside was sharp, carrying the faint scent of wet leaves and pumpkin spice from the cafe nearby. Through the glass, she could see the lobby already lively with movement—two interns were joking around near reception, one wrapped in toilet paper like a mummy while the other, dressed as a vampire, tried to sink his teeth into him to the amusement of their co-workers.

Emma took a breath and stepped inside. She knew it was going to be a busy day—Halloween always was. People got carried away, boundaries blurred, and before long, the complaints would start piling up. A nightmare for anyone, but especially for a human resources manager.

She crossed the lobby with a tight smile. The receptionist had cobwebs strung across her desk, a plastic spider dangling dangerously close to her keyboard. One of the IT guys had shown up in a banana costume, and the facilities manager was lumbering around as Frankenstein, the green makeup on his face already streaky and patchy. A few people hadn't bothered at all—just business shirts and forced smiles. Emma's own costume fell somewhere in between: a black dress from her usual rotation paired with a witch's hat that looked like it came from a supermarket bargain bin. She'd added a subtle flick of eyeliner, just enough to look like she'd made an effort.

"Morning, Emma," called Janice from reception, her devil horns bobbing as she waved.

"Morning," Emma replied with a polite smile that didn't reach her eyes, clutching her coffee tighter.

If it had been up to her, she'd have ignored the dress-up memo entirely, but given her role in the company, that wasn't really an option. It wasn't that she was against fun—it just felt draining to act cheerful when her own life felt like something out of a bad soap opera. The divorce had been finalised two months ago, but the wound was still raw. Her ex-husband, Tom, worked two floors down in Accounts, and every time the lift doors opened, she tensed, half-expecting to see him—or worse, the secretary with the platinum-blond curls who'd taken him. Emma had become adept at rearranging her lunch breaks, timing her meetings, and even taking the stairs to avoid them both.

She passed a few more employees on her way to the office: someone under a bedsheet—a poor excuse for a costume, though she respected the half-hearted effort; a group of data analysts dressed as superheroes, clearly having gone all in; and Evan from Finance, inexplicably wearing fairy wings and a pink tutu, which seemed completely out of character for such a serious, boring man. The corridor lights flickered against the cheap decorations draped over the motion sensors. It all felt faintly surreal—grown adults playing dress-up while she carried around the far scarier ghost of her failed marriage.

She switched on her computer and took a sip of coffee as her inbox loaded: two new complaints, an ongoing dispute over overtime pay, and a meeting invite titled Urgent: Payroll Discrepancy (Accounts). She groaned. Of course it was Accounts. With any luck, it wouldn't

involve Tom—but lately, luck hadn't exactly been on her side. She tossed her witch's hat onto the desk and rolled her chair forward, opening the first email with a weary sort of determination. Halloween or not, heartbreak or not, there were still fires to put out—and if Emma Lockwood was anything, she was good at solving problems, even if her methods weren't always by the book.

* * * * *

By mid-morning, Emma had made it through her meeting in Accounts without incident—no stress, no surprises, and most importantly, no Tom. She let out a quiet breath of relief as she left the conference room and decided to grab a quick coffee before heading back upstairs. It wasn't up to the standards of the café downstairs, but the sludge from the break room would do well enough to power her through until lunchtime.

She pushed open the door and was hit by a burst of laughter—the kind that carried, loud and careless, far too cheerful for a workday morning. A small crowd had gathered in the centre of the room, blocking whatever had everyone in stitches. Emma frowned, letting out a sharp tut of disapproval. Then, as the group shifted aside, she caught sight of what they were laughing at—and the air left her lungs.

It was Tom. And the home-wrecker herself, Beckie.

They were the last people in the world she wanted to see, yet here they were, centre stage in the break room, holding court like the office's own self-appointed comedy double act. Beckie was dressed in a charcoal grey men's suit, the jacket and trousers both slightly too big, with a pair of black lace-up shoes that looked borrowed from someone larger. On her head sat a cheap brown wig, shiny under the harsh lighting—an obvious attempt to copy Tom's everyday hairstyle.

It was jarring to see her like this—the usually tarty Beckie stripped of her heavy makeup, sky-high heels, and skirts so short they barely met company policy. But beside her, Tom's outfit made Beckie's transformation seem almost inconsequential.

He was dressed in a woman's skirt suit. The skirt reached just above his knees, the blazer unbuttoned to reveal a white silk blouse, the chest padded out to look like he had a lumpy pair of breasts. His hairy legs showed through a pair of sheer black tights, and on his feet were his usual slip-on office shoes, far too clunky for the outfit. Above it all sat a cheap blonde wig, clearly meant to imitate Beckie's hair.



The room erupted again when Beckie did a mock deep voice— “I’m Tom, and I’m so serious about quarterly reports”—while Tom fluttered his hands and pitched his voice high: “I’m Beckie, I’m not sure if these shoes match my nails. What do you think?!”

Emma gasped, barely catching herself on the doorframe. The laughter blurred into static. For a moment, she thought she might collapse to the floor.

The gall of him. The absolute, tone-deaf audacity.

It wasn’t just childish—it was cruel. The two of them, dressed as each other, mocking the whole mess that had blown her life apart. And doing it here, in her building, in front of half the staff. For a moment, the humiliation stung worse than the day she’d found them together in her bed. This wasn’t harmless fun; it was salt in the wound, played for applause.

Beckie spotted her first. Her smirk faltered.

Tom turned a moment later—his eyes widened, though he kept the grin plastered on his face.

The laughter died down, unease rippling through the room as people braced for fireworks.

But Emma wasn’t about to give Tom, Beckie, or anyone else the satisfaction of seeing her crack. She crossed the room slowly, each step deliberate, picked up a mug, and reached for the coffee pot. The slow gurgle of the pour filled the silence. The smell was dreadful.

When the mug was full, she turned, met Tom’s eyes, and smiled—a small, razor-edged smile. “Well,” she said evenly, “don’t you two look the part.”

Tom’s grin sharpened. “Well, you always did say I had great legs.”

A few people snorted; someone coughed. Then Beckie burst out laughing, and the rest of the room followed, the sound swelling back into full-blown hysteria.

Emma drew a slow breath through her nose, took a sip of coffee, and grimaced at the bitter taste. She lifted her chin, turned on her heel, and walked out without a word. Inside, her anger coiled tight, a vein pulsing at the side of her neck. The humiliation, the laughter, the smugness—all of it fused into a rage she’d never felt before. Tom had crossed a line, one he would come to regret. An extreme and unusual plan for revenge was already forming in her mind.

He’d made her a spectacle.

Now it was her turn.

* * * * *

Two hours later, Emma stood outside Tom’s office, two coffee cups in a holder in her left hand and a polite, practised smile on her face. She’d invented a reason to see him—a “follow-up” about departmental reporting—just plausible enough to sound routine. The hum of the office outside was business as usual—phones ringing, keyboards clacking—but inside her, everything felt sharp and electric. She took a breath, steadied herself, and knocked.

“Come in,” came Tom’s voice.

He was behind his desk in the same charcoal-grey skirt suit, the blazer unbuttoned over a white silk blouse. His cheap blonde wig lay beside the keyboard, and his face was still lightly made up—smooth foundation, a touch of blush, soft pink lips, and just enough mascara to darken his lashes.

“Afternoon,” Emma said brightly. “Thought I’d bring you one of your favourites. Still the same order, right?”

Tom blinked, surprised, but managed a cautious smile. “Oh—uh, thanks. You didn’t have to.”

She placed the cup in front of him and sat down opposite, crossing her legs neatly. “It’s nothing,” she said, waving a hand. “Actually, I wanted to run something past you—quick question about departmental reporting lines. Shouldn’t take long.”

He nodded, though the look on his face said he’d rather be anywhere else. “Sure. I, uh, hope you’re not still—”

“Anyway,” Emma cut in smoothly, already pulling out a notepad. “So, I was reviewing the cross-department flowcharts, and I noticed Accounts has been looping requests through HR again instead of sending them directly to Operations. It’s not a big issue, just a procedural oversight...”

She kept her voice light and businesslike, as if the morning’s humiliation had never happened. Tom tried a few half-hearted remarks, but she sailed past them, too cheerful, too composed.

A few minutes into her monologue, he shifted in his chair.

“Everything alright?” she asked without missing a beat, jotting something down.

“Yeah—yeah, fine,” he said, rolling his shoulders. “Just... stiff neck or something.”

Emma nodded sympathetically. “You should probably get that checked. Anyway, as I was saying...”

But as she continued, his discomfort grew. He rubbed the back of his neck, then his temples. His breathing quickened, and a low groan escaped him.

Tom forced a weak chuckle. “Sorry—think that coffee might’ve gone down wrong,” he muttered, pressing a hand to his stomach.

“Mm,” Emma murmured, taking a calm sip from her own cup. “They do make them strong at that cafe.”

He shifted again, grimacing now, his skin taking on a sheen of sweat. “I—I think we might need to postpone this,” he said, his words slurring slightly. “I’m not feeling too—”

He didn’t finish. His body went rigid, his eyes still open, fixed on some distant point beyond her shoulder.

Emma lowered her cup, studying him.

“Tom?” she said softly. “Can you hear me? Can you move?”

No response. Not even a blink.



She tilted her head, her expression unreadable. Then, with measured calm, she stood and straightened her skirt. Crossing to the door, she closed the blinds—first on the window, then on the door—before turning and walking back to stand over the man she'd once built her life around, only for him to tear it apart.

“You’re probably panicking in there right now,” Emma said, peering down at him. “Don’t worry—the effects of the nerve toxin I slipped in your coffee will wear off in a few hours. That should give us just enough time to make your costume a little more authentic. And although you can’t move, you can still see and feel everything.”

She smiled faintly, then pulled out her phone and typed a quick message. Tom sat frozen, his eyes wide and unblinking—utter panic trapped behind them, his body unable to betray it.

For Tom, the next few minutes of silent terror stretched into what felt like a lifetime. The only movement in the room was the slow sweep of the second hand on the clock above the filing cabinet. His eyes—wide and glassy—tracked it helplessly, his mind screaming while his body remained frozen in place.

Then came a knock at the door.

Emma’s heels clicked against the floor as she crossed the office, her composure unnervingly calm. She cracked the door open, glanced into the corridor, and then stepped aside to let a woman in.

“Come in, quickly,” Emma said in a low voice, closing the door behind her.

The newcomer was smartly dressed in black trousers and a cream blouse, her dark hair tied neatly back. In one hand, she carried a large case by the handle—slightly too big to pass for an ordinary briefcase.

“Do you have everything?” Emma asked.

The woman nodded. “Yeah, but... you’re sure this won’t come back on me?”

Emma gave a small, confident shake of her head. “Don’t worry. It’s all planned. Pull this off the way we discussed and you’ll be handsomely rewarded — and no one will ever know you were involved.”

They crossed the room together and stopped beside Tom’s desk. Emma gestured gracefully toward him. “Claire, meet Tom,” she said. “Tom, this is Claire—an old friend of mine from school. She works in a beauty spa these days, specialising in helping people look their absolute best.”

Tom’s pupils twitched. It was the only sign of life left in him.

Emma smiled down at him, her tone turning syrupy. “After your little performance in the break room earlier, I gave Claire a call. She was kind enough to drop everything and come straight over to help you out.”

She turned to Claire, her expression softening into mock gratitude. “Isn’t it nice of her to come on such short notice?” Then, leaning closer to Tom, her voice dropped to a gentle purr. “And to provide the cocktail that will let you sit here and enjoy every moment of it.”

Claire glanced at Emma, arching a brow but saying nothing as she unclasped the latches on her case. She then began unpacking—laying out brushes, bottles, and all manner of tools and devices in a neat, deliberate line across Tom’s desk. The quiet precision of it only made the moment more unsettling.

Emma meanwhile hoisted herself up on the corner of the desk, crossing one leg over the other with practised ease. “You see, Tom,” she began casually, “your little costume had potential. You do have great legs and a small enough frame to pull it off, but the hair...” She paused, smiling down at the motionless man, her tone dripping with irony. “It just didn’t quite sell the look, did it?”

Tom didn’t react. He couldn’t. He just sat, statue-like, in his office chair—upright, eyes open, his breathing shallow and mechanical. The only signs of life were the slow rise and fall of his chest and the faint flicker of panic still burning behind his gaze.

Emma held his gaze for a few moments longer, then let out a quiet chuckle. “I see you’re not disagreeing. Well, let’s get started then,” she said, hopping down from the desk. She gave Claire a nod, a silent cue to begin.

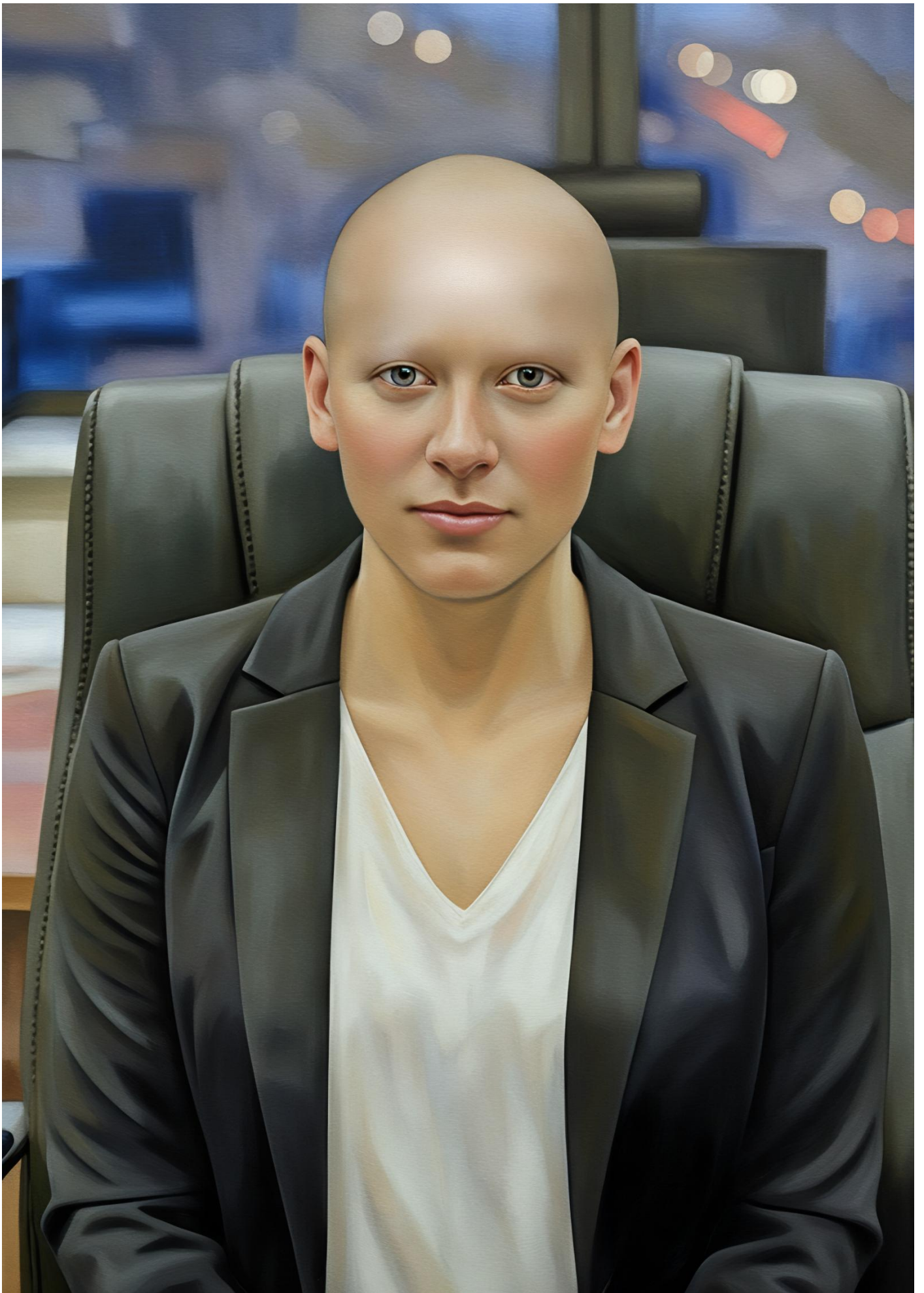
Claire picked up a set of clippers and snapped on the lowest guard. The quiet click echoed in the stillness before the blades came to life with a low, steady buzz. She worked methodically, guiding them through Tom’s hair in slow, even strokes. Dark strands tumbled down and gathered in soft clumps across the desk and around his chair. He didn’t react—didn’t flinch or blink—as more of his pale scalp emerged under the harsh office light.

When the last uneven patch was gone, Claire switched off the clippers and set them aside. Without missing a beat, she reached for her waxing kit. The faint scent of warm resin filled the air as she stirred the pot and tested the temperature on the back of her hand.

She began at his neck, spreading the wax with calm precision before pressing down a strip and pulling it away in one swift motion. The sound was sharp in the silence, but there was no cry, no flinch, just the faint tearing of hair from skin. She moved steadily upward, repeating the process across his cheeks, over his temples, and finally along his brows. Every motion was controlled, clinical, efficient. When she finished the top of his head, the skin was perfectly smooth and faintly gleaming, his head now resembling that of a shop mannequin.

Emma stepped closer, inspecting him like an artist appraising her work. “Perfect,” she murmured, a faint, satisfied smile curving her lips. “Now that’s a proper blank canvas.”

She tilted her head, amusement glinting in her eyes. “Don’t worry, Tom,” she added lightly. “This is just the base layer. The real fun starts next.”



Emma folded her arms and tilted her head, studying Tom with the calm detachment of someone inspecting a renovation project. “Let’s see now... your skin isn’t bad. Clearly, you moisturise. But age is catching up with you, isn’t it? It works for the distinguished middle-management look you’ve been going with, but as a secretary?” She let out a small, disapproving hum. “It just won’t do.”

Her eyes flicked to Claire, a wicked glimmer forming. “But don’t worry, there are plenty of ways to turn back the clock these days. A little Botox here, a little filler there... we can even take a touch of inspiration from your dear Beckie. Higher cheekbones, plumper lips, give you that glossy bimbo look you seem to admire so much.”

Claire nodded and began preparing her tools. She laid out a row of small glass vials, syringes, and antiseptic wipes, each motion neat and deliberate. The faint chemical scent of alcohol and numbing cream began to mingle with the warm resin that still lingered from the wax.

“Let’s start with the lines,” Emma said softly, leaning one hip against the desk. “We can’t have our new girl looking tired, can we?”

Claire nodded again, snapping the cap from a syringe and pressing out a thin bead of clear fluid to test the pressure. She leaned in close to Tom’s face, the sterile scent of antiseptic wipes heavy in the air. With quick, practised movements, she cleaned a patch above his eyes, then slid the needle beneath the skin with a precise motion.

Tiny dots of fluid were deposited in a pattern across his forehead – between where his brows had been, above the nose, along the faint horizontal lines that had once creased whenever he frowned. Each injection slid smoothly into the flesh, the plunger hissing quietly as the solution flowed in.

Moving lower, Claire smoothed another antiseptic wipe over the corners of his eyes. “Crow’s feet next,” she murmured. A few more injections followed – careful, symmetrical – until the fine wrinkles disappeared beneath the spreading firmness of the Botox. The muscles under his skin began to relax, the tension smoothing away to leave a mask-like stillness.

Emma watched throughout, arms folded, a faint smirk playing at her lips. “See? Ten years younger already. You’ll be the envy of every intern on Monday.”

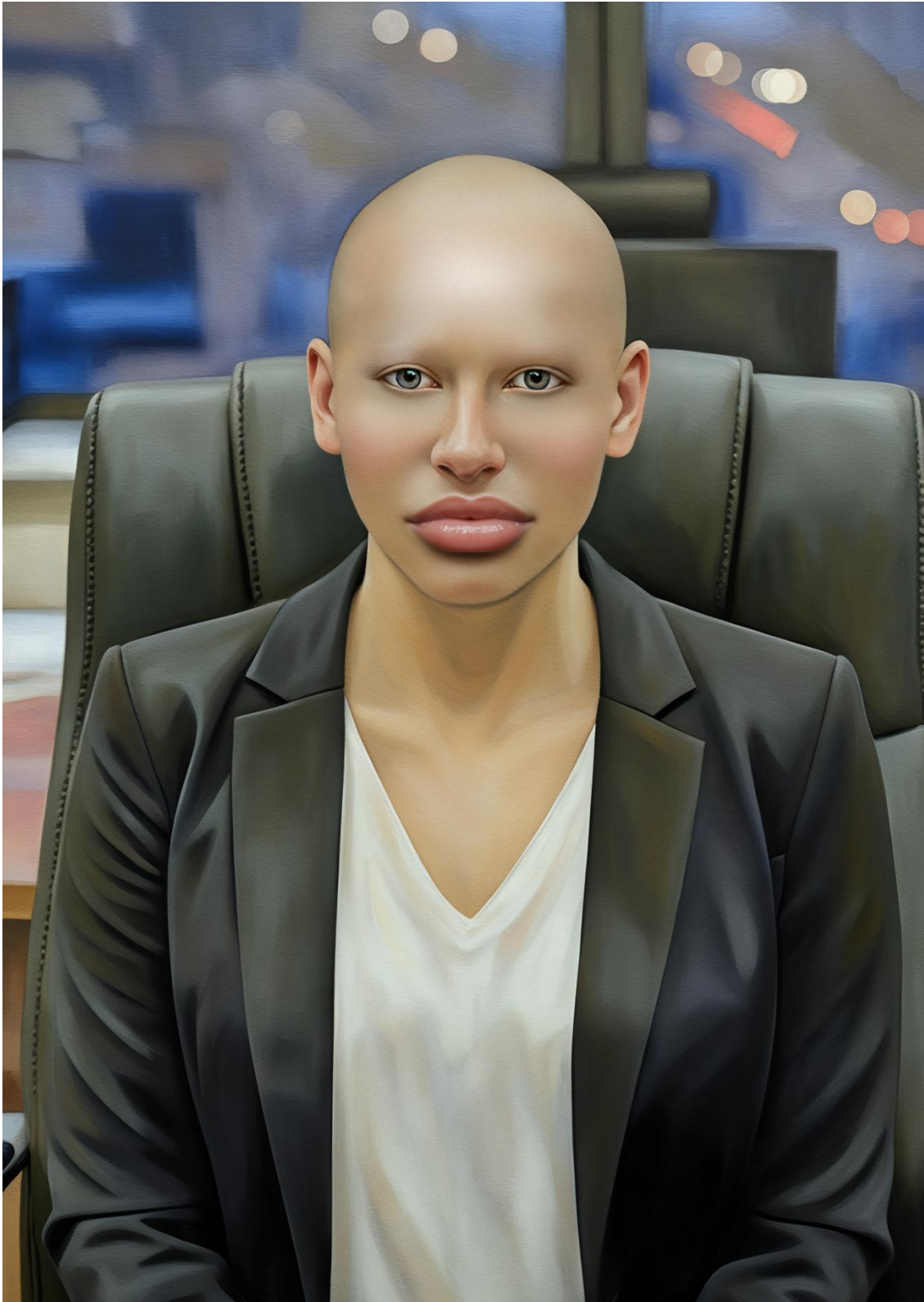
Claire changed syringes, loading a fresh one with filler. She dabbed a trace of anaesthetic balm on his lips and cheekbones before continuing. She began at his cheeks, injecting small, measured amounts beneath the skin, then massaging the filler upward with the flats of her thumbs. Bit by bit, the hollows beneath Tom’s eyes lifted, his cheekbones rising into sharp, artificial contours.

Then came the lips. The needle slipped into his upper lip first, just below the surface. Claire pressed the plunger slowly, the gel spreading beneath the skin, lifting and swelling the flesh. She worked evenly around the edges, then switched to the lower lip, repeating the process in a smooth rhythm – puncture, press, withdraw, wipe.

By the time she finished, Tom’s mouth was grotesquely full – a glossy, exaggerated pout that sat awkwardly on his frozen face.

Emma watched the transformation with quiet delight. The faint laugh lines around his mouth were gone, his skin taut and polished, his cheeks fuller, and his lips now dominated his face – an unmistakable imitation of Beckie’s overdone look.

Emma leaned in, studying Tom with cool satisfaction. “Perfect,” she murmured. “I think Beckie would be jealous.” She straightened, turning to Claire with an approving nod. “Beautiful work. I think our new secretary is finally starting to look the part.”



She tapped a finger against her chin thoughtfully. “However,” she added after a pause, “we’re still missing a few important details. After all, no self-respecting secretary would be caught dead without a pair of huge, fluttering lashes.”

Claire, on cue, reached into her case and drew out a small tray of thick, black false eyelashes—more suited to a showgirl than an accountant. She unscrewed the cap of a small adhesive tube, and the sharp scent of glue filled the room.

Tom stared on petrified as Emma continued. “Now, Tom, you’ll be happy to hear this isn’t ordinary lash glue. Oh no. This one’s a bit stronger—super strength, in fact. A few drops of this, and those lashes will be bonded to you like the real things.”

The words hung in the air as Claire dabbed the adhesive carefully along each strip. The smell of glue mingled with the sterile tang that still lingered in the office. With steady hands, she pressed the lashes into place—first one eye, then the other. The long, dramatic fibres fanned upward, heavy and absurdly feminine against Tom’s now-smooth face.

Emma stepped closer to inspect, her smile widening. “Lovely,” she said softly. “Just wait until you start batting those new beauties about the office. You’ll have the boys eating out of the palm of your hand.”

She circled him, heels clicking lightly. “But those lashes will need some company. A secretary needs perfect brows—well-groomed, shapely, expressive.” Her tone turned teasing. “Of course, women go through all kinds of trouble for the perfect arch. But you, Tom—lucky you—you won’t have to worry about maintenance.”

Claire didn’t need further instruction. She reached into her kit again and withdrew a narrow case containing ultra-realistic brow strips, each one shaped with a delicate taper and dark, feminine arch. Opening the glue, she began aligning them carefully along his smooth, hairless brow line.

“Same adhesive as before,” Emma said lightly. “Once they’re on, they’re not coming off until I say so.”

Claire pressed the strips firmly into place, smoothing the edges until they sat seamlessly against the skin. Emma nodded, satisfied. “So, much better—but we’re missing something, don’t you think? We need a bit of sparkle—something that jingles and jangles when she tosses her hair.”

“Hoops?” Claire asked, pulling a pair of earrings from her case.

Emma’s grin deepened. “Perfect.”

Claire laid out a small piercing kit and a tub of antiseptic, then moved toward Tom. With steady hands, she positioned the piercer and pulled the trigger. A soft metallic snap—then another. Two neat holes, one on each side. Without hesitation, she threaded a pair of chunky gold hoops through Tom’s pierced lobes and sealed each clasp with a dollop of glue.

Emma admired the result, her voice low and smooth. “Oh, they really suit your new look, Tom.” She leaned in close, her words dripping with mock sweetness. “And guess what? You won’t ever have to take them out. That glue will keep them exactly where they belong.”



She glanced up at the clock on the wall and let out a soft, amused sigh. “Oh, would you look at the time? There’s me prattling on, and we’ve still got so much to do.” Turning to Claire, she added, “What’s next on the agenda?”

“Makeup,” Claire replied without hesitation. “That would make the most sense.”

Emma nodded approvingly. “Of course. Can’t have a proper secretary without a full face, can we?” She stood up and smoothed her blazer. “I might grab a coffee then. Would you like one, Claire?”

“No, I’m fine,” Claire replied, already setting out her inks and sterilised equipment.

“Suit yourself.” Emma’s gaze flicked to Tom, her smile sharpening. “Now, this next part might take a while, so I’m going to step out for a moment. You’re not afraid of needles, are you?”

She paused, watching his frozen face. A small laugh escaped her. “Oh, silly me – I should’ve asked that before the Botox. Never mind. I’m sure you’ll cope.”

With that, she strode to the door, opened it slowly, glanced left and right, then slipped quietly out.

* * * * *

When Emma returned, the room felt still – the kind of hush that followed a sizable task. Claire stood beside Tom, tidying her tools into neat rows, her expression calm and professional.

Emma closed the door quietly, took a step forward, stopping to take in the sight before her. Tom’s lips were swollen and glistening, a deep, glossy red somewhere between crimson and cherry. Around his eyes, a dark, perfectly even line of tattooed pigment framed his stare.

Emma’s face lit with delight. “Oh, Claire, that’s marvellous. Look at him!” she said, stepping forward to admire her handiwork. She leaned in close to her ex-husband’s face, inspecting the crisp edges of the eyeliner and the glossy sheen of his lips. “You’re very lucky, Tom. You’ll never know the pain of trying to do your eye makeup on a moving bus on the way into work or reapplying lipstick after lunch. You’ll wake up picture-perfect every single morning.”

Her tone shifted to something teasing. “Of course, you can always go a little heavier for a night out... or a hot date.”

Claire gave a quiet chuckle, closing her kit. “You’ve come back at just the right time. The bonding adhesive I spread over his scalp is just right now – tacky enough to apply the new hair.”

Emma’s eyes lit up, the corners of her mouth curling in satisfaction. “Did you get the picture I sent?”

Claire nodded. “I think you’ll be pleasantly surprised. I managed to find something very similar.”

“Oh fantastic,” Emma said brightly, turning to Tom. “You hear that, Tommika, you’ll have hair just like her.”



Claire lifted a long platinum-blonde wig from her bag – thick, glossy, and disturbingly lifelike. She held it up, and Emma’s eyes lit with the pleased, predatory satisfaction of someone watching a multi-step plan come together.

“Perfect,” Emma said approvingly. “That’s exactly what he likes.”

Claire gave the wig a brisk shake, brushing through the platinum strands before carefully easing it over Tom’s smooth scalp. She adjusted the front hairline with care, coaxing the fall so that soft waves framed his face. A few quiet snips shaped the ends, and with practiced precision, she styled the new hair into a loose, flattering arrangement.

Emma watched every movement, entranced. Then, turning to the motionless man, her voice dropped into a purr. “Oh, look at you,” she said with a Cheshire-cat smile. “You look so dumb. So clueless. But I suppose I’ll have to get used to it – because starting Monday, Miss Tommika Suckwell begins her new role.”

As she spoke, Claire continued fussing over his new hair, tucking a strand neatly behind one ear.

Emma paused to admire the sight before continuing. “You see, just before this little meeting, I had a chat with your lovely Beckie. And I made her an offer she couldn’t refuse – well, one she didn’t want to: a nice pay rise and indefinite vacation. Naturally, she jumped at it. So, with her position vacant, I went into the system and created a replacement. That replacement,” she said, letting the word hang, “is you. You’ll be taking over Beckie’s duties as Mr Sorenson’s secretary – personal errands, scheduling, and whatever else he might need.”

Leaning closer, Emma’s tone cooled, every word deliberate. “And in case you’re considering anything silly, like reporting us, or trying to reclaim your old life – I’ve taken precautions. There’s now a lovely paper trail suggesting you’ve embezzled company funds and vanished. In truth, that money’s covering Beckie’s leave... and paying for Claire’s expertise today.”

She let the words linger, her eyes narrowing slightly. “You could try to clear your name, of course. But that would mean attention – investigations, interviews – and by then, everyone will have seen you like this. Do you think they’ll believe your story? Do you think you’ll ever walk back into this office again as Tom?”

She smiled faintly. “So, two options. You can fight – drag the company through audits and lawsuits while your name’s torn apart in the press. Or...” She leaned back, voice softening to a razor-edged calm. “You can take your punishment like a man. Work a few months in your new role. Do as you’re told. Keep your head down... and ride it out. You’ll get the solvent to that glue, and you can take some of that vacation time you’ve been saving up – until you’re feeling like your old self again.” She paused, eyes fixed on him. “It’s the least messy option. But... it’s your choice. I’m willing to face the fallout either way.”

Her expression hardened. “You took everything from me, Tom – I’ve got nothing left to lose. The real question is...” Her words lingered, slow and deliberate. “What are you willing to lose? Your pride... or your life as you know it?”

Silence. Tom sat like a wax figure, eyes wide and unblinking, the new Barbie girl hair framing his altered face.

Emma chuckled softly. “Oh, right – still can’t speak.” She turned to Claire, who had just stepped back from her work. “How’s the hair coming along?”

“Just about done,” Claire replied with a small smile.

“It looks fantastic,” Emma said warmly. “You’ve really outdone yourself. But I’ve got a meeting I can’t miss.” She tucked a strand of her own hair behind her ear and glanced between them. “Are you okay to finish up here? You know what to do?”

“Make the body match the head – then get him dressed in something appropriate,” Claire replied with a nod. “I’ll tidy up and slip out the back when I’m done.”

“You’re a godsend.” Emma gave a satisfied nod, turning back to Tom. “Think about what I said. I’ll either see you on Monday... or in court.”



She looked to Claire once more. “Thank you for today. I’ll have the rest of your payment wired tonight.”

With one last lingering look over her shoulder, a calm, satisfied smile curving Emma’s lips. “I’ll be seeing you soon, Miss Suckwell,” she said firmly before turning sharply on her heels and marching from the room.

* * * * *

Hours later, Tom began to feel the first flickers of movement returning to his body. The ability to blink came first—a small mercy, since his eyes had grown painfully dry. Claire had been kind enough to put drops in earlier, but she’d left at least an hour ago—though time had lost all meaning. For all he knew, he’d been sitting in that office chair for a lifetime.

Next came his fingers. A faint twitch at first, then a slow, shaky tap against the leather armrest. The sensation was strange — the surface felt distant, dulled by the long, rigid extensions superglued over his own nails. The movement brought no comfort — only the sick realisation that his body was altered beyond recognition.

It wasn’t long before he managed to move his head, the stiffness in his neck easing just enough for him to glance downward. His stomach turned at the sight. The talons jutting from his fingertips were a glossy, candy-apple red — bright and bold under the office light. They had transformed his hands from masculine to feminine, but they weren’t what made his breath hitch.

Above, his chest encased in red silk, rose and fell. Two spherical mounds strained against the fabric, pressed tightly together to form an impressive cleavage that looked even larger from his seated angle. He didn’t need to touch the heavy breast forms to know they weren’t coming off — he’d sat there helplessly while Claire glued them firmly in place with her special adhesive.

Straining his neck further, he managed to peer over the new swell of his chest, his eyes widening — lashes fluttering involuntarily — as his gaze travelled down to his legs. He was still wearing a skirt and tights, although the sensation was completely different. His skin, freshly waxed and stripped bare, made the thin fabric feel far too intimate. The pain of Claire waxing his whole body hadn’t been as bad as when she’d worked on his face and head, but the memory of sitting through it would haunt him for a long time.

Now, every inch of his lower half felt wrong. The tights clung to his smooth legs like a second skin, and the skirt — a much shorter pleated miniskirt replacing the modest knee-length one he’d worn before — sat high on his nylon-clad thighs. It felt snug around his hips and backside, where Claire had glued thick pads to exaggerate his shape. The result left him feeling exposed and ridiculous.

But even that wasn’t the worst of it.

His eyes dropped lower, holding his breath. His lower legs were encased in glossy black leather boots that climbed to his thighs, each perched on a towering seven-inch heel. Tom swallowed hard as the memory surfaced: Claire kneeling at his feet, methodically coating the bottoms of his nylon-clad feet with glue, pressing them into the steeply angled boots, then sealing the zips with the same long-lasting adhesive. A cold shiver ran through him. He wasn't wearing them — he was trapped in them.

The strength in Tom's body returned slowly, in uneven waves. He sat in the chair, angry, confused, and terrified — every breath shallow and uneven. He could feel everything now: the tightness across his face, the unnatural pull of the skin where it had been smoothed and filled, the pressure of his swollen lips, and the faint tug of glue wherever Claire's handiwork bound him.

When he tried to stand, his body refused at first. The muscles in his legs felt heavy and uncoordinated, and the steep angle of his heels threw his balance completely off. It took several attempts — each one punctuated by a frustrated grunt and the squeak of leather on leather as his boots pressed against the office chair.

The moment he finally stood upright, the room seemed to tilt. He swayed and threw his arms out for balance, his head spinning as his muscles strained against the steep, impractical arch of the heels. Every shaky movement made his body jiggle and wobble, the padding exaggerating each motion.

He lurched forward, catching himself on the desk as a curtain of platinum-blond hair slid over his frozen face. The soft strands caught in his thick eyelashes, clinging to his glossy lips as he struggled to push them aside safely with his long nails.

Using his desk for support, he started his escape, edging his way around to the front, breath ragged, chest heaving and barely contained inside a low cut top. When he finally stopped, he leaned back for balance, trying to steady his racing pulse. Then something in the room caught his attention — a reflection.

His eyes widened.

The sight hit him like a hammer blow.

Staring back at him was a stranger — a grotesque, overdone caricature of a woman in a secretary's outfit. Her chest thrust out, her skirt indecently short, her lips overfilled and glistening beneath waves of platinum-blond hair, standing trembling on seven-inch heels.

His body shook, his plumped lips parted, and a broken, gargled sound tore from his throat — half gasp, half scream — echoing around the empty office.



Tom, on the edge of a nervous breakdown, bolted for the door — stumbling wildly in his towering heels but somehow managing to stay upright. He grabbed the handle, flung it open, and spilled out into the corridor, his balance only saved by slamming both long-nailed hands against the opposite wall. His palms squeaked against the paint, the only thing keeping him from toppling over.

Behind him, the office door swung shut with a loud slam. For a split second, there was silence — then the unmistakable sound of a man clearing his throat.

Tom's head whipped around, his mane of blonde hair flying, and his blood ran cold. Standing a few feet away was Domanik Sorenson.



Their mutual hatred was no secret. They'd been rivals for years — competing for the same promotions, the same contracts, and, more recently, the same woman. Beckie. Tom had usually come out on top, but standing here dressed like this was a humiliation he would never live down.

Domanik's brow lifted slightly as he took in the sight before him. Then he smiled.

“Ah, you must be my new secretary, Miss Suckwell? Emma Lockwood said you'd be dropping by tonight for a briefing on your new role. Though,” he added with a quick glance at his watch, “I was just about to head out.”

Tom froze. His mind spiralled in panic. Did Domanik really believe he was his new secretary? Didn't he recognise him?

“I'm sorry that was rude of me,” Domanik said smoothly, noticing the sheer terror in Tom's eyes. “Please, we've got time. My office is just this way. If you'll follow me?”

He smiled again and gestured down the corridor.

Tom's heart pounded so hard he thought he might faint. In that moment, he had a decision to make — and although the last thing in the world he wanted to do was follow his smug rival into his office while pretending to be his slutty new secretary, the alternative somehow seemed worse.

“Erm... yeah... okay,” Tom stammered in a faltering imitation of a woman's voice.

Domanik's grin widened. “Excellent. Follow me, Miss Suckwell.”

And with that, Tom took a hesitant step forward — the echoing click of his seven-inch heels marking the moment he sealed his fate.

* * * * *

A month later.

Tommika Suckwell — as he was now known — sat at his desk, staring at the clock on the wall. It had been a long day. Hell, it had been a long month. His scalp itched constantly beneath the wig, his back ached from carrying the weight of the heavy breast forms, and his feet — though somewhat adjusted to their permanent arch — only ached now instead of throbbed.

His days in the office had become a miserable blend of humiliation and boredom. He spent most of them sitting behind his glass desk, nylon-clad legs crossed neatly for everyone to see. Emma didn't make things any easier — she was always calling him down to HR, inventing some flimsy reason just to watch him mince in on his heels and squirm through another pointless meeting. She was revelling in his misery, but he'd smile through it and refuse to give her the satisfaction of seeing him break.

He was constantly uncomfortable one way or another, but at least he'd been left with the ability to change outfits, wash, and use the restroom — although even that small mercy came with

limits. With the boots and tights permanently in place, his choices were reduced to a rotation of skirts and dresses. Not that anyone expected anything else from Miss Suckwell.

As the minute hand inched its way upward, he silently counted down the last few minutes until he could leave. Six to go. He could almost taste freedom.

Then the phone rang.

The shrill sound sliced through the quiet office, sending a cold shiver down his spine. Tommika hesitated for a moment, staring at the phone as if it might bite. Then, with a resigned sigh, he reached out carefully, mindful of his nails. The long red talons curled around the receiver as he lifted it to his ear – and even before the voice spoke, he already knew what it was going to be about.

“Miss Suckwell,” came Mr Sorenson’s smooth, commanding tone. “Can I see you in my office before you clock out for the day?”

Tom swallowed. “Y-yes, Mr Sorenson,” he said softly, his voice hesitant and reluctant. “I’ll be right in.”



Pressing his hands against the desk, Tommika hoisted his feminised frame upright, releasing a weary sigh through his bloated lips as his tortured feet once again took his weight. Straightening his short skirt with both hands, he set forth, mincing the short distance to his boss's office. He gave a gentle knock – more out of formality than courtesy – and stepped inside before Mr Sorenson could respond.

He closed the door quietly behind him and stood to attention, his cheeks reddening with embarrassment. Domanik just stared at him, silent, expression unreadable. The longer it went on, the more Tommika's skin crawled, and in that moment, he hated the man more than he ever thought possible.

For several seconds, neither of them spoke. Tommika stood stiffly, refusing to give the bastard the reaction he wanted. But with Domanik's eyes slowly roaming over him – undressing him piece by piece – the silence became unbearable.

“You wanted to see me, Mr Sorenson?” he said at last, his voice tight and fragile under the strain.

“Yes, it's been quite the day,” Mr Sorenson said as he rose from behind his desk. “I'm in need of some relaxation – the kind only you can provide, Miss Suckwell.”

Tommika drew a heavy breath and nodded. The words were no surprise; there was only ever one reason Mr Sorenson called him in this late.

Without another word, he tottered to the far side of the room and lowered himself to his knees, the stiff leather of his boots creaking as he bent into position. It was the only time those boots offered any kind of comfort - their thigh-high length protecting and cushioning his nylon-clad knees from the rough carpet below.

For a moment, he stayed there, motionless, staring down— the picture of obedience, resignation, and quiet dread.

Hearing the sound of a zipper, Tommika looked up and parted his bee-stung lips. He knew what to do – it wasn't his first time. And he knew the quicker he got it over with, the quicker he could go home.



Unfortunately for Tommika, it wouldn't be quick – it was never quick. Domanik Sorenson knew exactly who was looking up at him through those thick, extended lashes, and he liked to make it last.

The End.