

When life gives you lemons

Written by ds1000



Pete wasn't having the best of weeks. His girlfriend had just called him a broke loser and dumped him but his biggest problem, the one that was probably going to end with him in the hospital, was that some punk had robbed him and taken the small stash he was holding for a friend of a friend. With no job since he had left school, it wasn't getting fixed anytime soon.



But today his luck might be about to change, he thought. On the kitchen table was the answer to his problems. A piece of paper, with the words fashion and hair model needed. No eighteen year old boy would be interested in that but the part that did interest him was the pay, £5000. He wanted to know more, six weeks contact and free samples. This was sounding better and better he could even put the samples on line and make some extra cash. He wasn't sure where the leaflet had come from but he had a sneaking suspicion his sister Mollie would know.

"Mollie, what's this?", Pete asked as he walked straight into her bedroom without knocking. Shocked by the sudden interruption to the show she was watching, Mollie jumped placing her hand to her forehead.



"Pete, what the hell, you almost gave me a heart attack".

She then noticed the flyer her friend Aimee had given her earlier in Pete's hand.

It says I can get £5000 for six weeks work, where do I sign up?".

Mollie laughed "You do have that long rocker hair but this job is for a girl, little bro"

"Come on sis, this is the 21st century, equal right and all that"

"Are you serious? My friend Aimee is launching her first online fashion website, she needs someone a model to make her clothes look good. You don't exactly have the look she's going for"

What had seemed like a great idea was now sounding unrealistic.

"what kind of clothes", he asked.

Now starting to get bored with the conversation Mollie replied" Girls clothes Pete, you know, tops leggings, heels. Oh god, you should see some of the shoes she is selling. I feel sorry for the girl who gets the job, having to walk around in them all day". She then un-paused her show and the conversation was over

He knew the idea was crazy but Pete couldn't get the thought of £5000 out of his head. So here he stood the next day, in his sister's room staring into her wardrobe full of clothes. What was it she said? Pete thought thinking back "tops, leggings, heels, right"? That didn't sound too bad, it's not like he'd have to wear a skirt or a dress.



Slightly regretting putting on the highest pair of heels he had found, he slowly wobbled his way downstairs. "Needs must", he thought as he remembered the comment Mollie had made about the high heels. He was surprised at first, they fit, but more surprising was how absolutely impractical shoes like these were to walk in. His toes ached and calves burned and he had only tackled one flight of stairs. But as he saw his sister's car pull up in the drive, it was already past the point of no return. Taking a deep breath, he opened the front door and took an awkward step out in front of the house.



Mollie stopped dead in her tracks the shocked look on her face was priceless. "Not too bad ay", Pete stated trying to sound confident.

Mollie burst out laughing "oh my god, you can't be serious"

After getting over the initial shock, she stepped closer to get a better look at him. "he must be so desperate for the money. I can't believe he chose those shoes, perhaps I can have some fun" she thought.



"So, you want to be a model, it takes more than a cute outfit and a bit of makeup you know?"

Pete hadn't expected that response, he didn't know how she would respond but this one surprised him.

"So, I get the gig?"

Taking a hairband out of her hair and tying his hair back in a high ponytail. "Well let's see how photogenic you are little sis", taking out her smartphone and snapping a picture, as Pete looked down, starting to regret his choices.



"Come on Petra, you have to look at the camera". Mollie said with a huge smile on her face.



Pete wasn't too happy about the new name or the makeover he had endured this morning, but with the pictures on his sisters' phone, he had little choice but to go along with her idea of a proper photoshoot. After losing all his body hair below the neck and having a mani-pedi as his sister had called it, he felt odd. Not being able to pick things up with the claw-like nails his sister had stuck to his fingernails didn't help. But the most embarrassing thing was the outfit "why pink?" he thought to himself. These shoes are so girly, I hope nobody I know sees these photos but at least I'm not wearing a skirt.

Clutching his little yellow purse with his claw-like fingers he couldn't help but think back on the events of the past 24 hours. After the conversation in the drive, he had spent an awkward evening watching some girly shows with his sister. At least he didn't have to worry about anyone else seeing him. He had never met his father and his mother moved out, 6 months ago, to live with her latest boyfriend. It was just him and Mollie now. To be fair to her she paid the bills and the rent, even if she did go on at him to find a job and pay his way. Looking up from his pink toenails peeping through the hole in the front of the latest pair of shoes killing his feet, he regretted his masterplan the day before. "I really need to stop making important decisions when I'm so high", he thought as Mollie happily snapped another picture.



"Ok Petra last few shots, turn to the side. Looking good girl, we'll finish up here and I'll give Aimee a call to confirm the meeting tomorrow".

"Wait, what. You are actually going through with it? I really don't think this is such a good idea anymore Mols"

"Nonsense, you actually don't look half bad as long as you don't like talk or move. She wants to see you and if you don't, there's going to be a few new pictures appearing on my social media tomorrow. People are going to be surprised I have a new sister" Oh this is going to be fun she thought to herself.



"OK we're here, announced Mollie", as she rang the buzzer to Aimee's studio.

"Thank god my feet are starting to go numb and what's the point of this jacket, it doesn't even close.



"Do you do anything but complain? Now you know what it feels like for me and what girls go through on a daily basis to look nice"

"Why did we even come here Mols? You don't really expect her to give me the job, do you? Was it just to embarrass me?"

"To be honest, no I don't expect you to get the job but at least this has gotten you off your lazy backside and has given you something else to do but smoke and play computer games all day. Tell you what, you've been a good sport. When we get home, I'll delete all the photos I took and you can go back to being boring old Pete but, on one condition, you stop smoking and look for a job.

"Really! no problem, thanks, Mols, I'll make more of an effort from now on, I promise.

"Oh wow", Aimee squealed as she opened the door.

When Mollie had text Aimee the picture of Pete, taken in front of the house that day with the caption, found your new model lol. Aimee had found it hilarious. She asked Mollie to bring him over as it sounded like a laugh. Mollie was always complaining about her brother and this would be a way to get a bit of payback. But seeing him in the flesh, in his little leather jacket trying to balance in his 6-inch heels, the businesswoman in her had an idea.

"Girl if you can walk in those killer platforms, I'll give you a shot, but I can only offer you £3000. She announced.



Mollie and Pete were shocked, "Aimee can I talk to you in private for a sec," Mollie asked

Out of earshot of Pete, the girls spoke. "Aimee, you're not serious, that's my brother remember".

"I know babes, but I think I can make this work. Listen. £3000 for him, £1000 for you and I save £1000, it's win win for everyone. Besides if the pictures are awful, there's always photoshop. Trust me babes, this is going to be a blast"

The girls turned back to look at Pete, who was staring blankly into space with a shocked expression on his face, gingerly moving from one foot to the other, trying desperately to ease the pressure caused by the torture devices on his feet.

"Let's go in Pete, we have a lot to discuss," Aimee said.

Stood in Aimee's studio, for the second time this week. Pete was freaking out. The studio was huge, with a part looking like a hair salon with all sorts of strange devices alien to the young man's mind and in the back was a photo studio.



Nervous but at least dressed in comfy clothes with flat shoes for once, Pete thought back to how he had ended up here.

"I won't do it Mollie; I'll be a laughing stock"

"Yes, you will, you should have thought about that before you decided to play dress up in my clothes"

"Come on Mols, this is crazy she's even cheating me, it was supposed to be £5000", Pete was proud of this excuse, he thought for sure Mollie would agree.

"Pete, be fair she has to do a lot of work, she wouldn't normally have to do to make you look like a model and what about the photoshop work after to make the pictures presentable, I won't force you to do it but think it over, £3000 is a lot of money for 6 weeks work"

A clear-thinking sober Pete, now believing the humiliation of the last few days was behind him had no intention of prancing around as a model and the conversation ended there.

Things were back to normal for Pete. He would wake up at lunchtime roll a spliff and play computer games until his sister got back from work.

This continued for the next few days much to the annoyance of Mollie, until a message arrived on his phone, a message that would change Pete's life as he knew it.

"Hey man, rumour is you lost my stuff? I hope not or you're dead"

"Hey Tony, no man you got it all wrong, I sold it. Everything is good"

"That's great Pete, I'll head over with the boys to collect the cash right away", fingers trembling he answered the message"

"About that, I'm good for it man you know that. When have I ever let you down? But I've bought a few things recently, I need till the end of the month".

"What the fuck man, do you think I'm stupid, you lost it"

"No man, truth"

"Alright, tell you what. You get me a grand by the end of this week and another grand on the 30th. Or else me and the boys come and pay you a visit and if that hot piece of ass sister of yours is there all the better"

This was way more than the drugs were worth but with no choice, he agreed.

So, the next day, with an advance of £1000 from Aimee and a contract signed Pete was going to be a model for the next 6 weeks.

"Time to get started babes, we have a lot of work to do to make you look sexy for the shoot," Aimee said, as she led him back towards the salon.

Aimee as it turned out was a woman of many talents. Hair, makeup, styling, photography, and probably a dozen more for all Pete knew.

The morning's events were a blur to Pete. It had started with a whole-body wax. He had heard girls complain about this before but now he knew their pain first hand. The spray tan wasn't so bad, but he had a feeling it wouldn't be easy to wash off. Thankfully she only tidied his eyebrows a bit, they did look rather girly but this was mainly thanks to Mollie and her makeover the week before. The mani-pedi was relaxing and his nails were at least a more manageable length than the last time he'd had long nails.

Although, Aimee did mention how well this gel finish would last, whatever that meant. Pete had zoned out by the time she had finishing doing what she called a natural makeup look on him, he never even noticed the piecing gun until he was shocked to his senses as she fired a hole through his earlobe. This was quickly matched on the other side.

When the dress came out, he froze up. Not quite believing he was about to wear it. As Aimee helped him easily slide it up over his shiny legs, thanks to the waxing and the skin tone tights, he closed his eyes. It was one of the most bizarre feelings of his life as Aimee, wrestled the dress over his padded bottom, up past his cinched waist and maneuvered it over and around the breast forms, she has glued to his chest. With a quick pull on the zipper, she sealed him inside before announcing it was time for the test shoot.

Aimee was very pleased with the result, Pete looked even better than she had initially imagined, "OK babes, now put those shoes on and stand over there" She handed a pair of ridiculously high heels to Pete and pointed towards where the camera equipment had been set up.



"Lift your left arm a little higher babes"



Pete was in a living nightmare. If someone had told him a week ago, he'd be stood here at 2 in the afternoon posing in a black and white skin-tight mini dress, most girls wouldn't even wear to a nightclub, and sky-high heels in which he could only take tiny mincing steps, he would have called them crazy. His feet really ached now after standing here for 30 minutes while Aimee took some test shots, his sister's prophecy coming true. How was he going to get out of this? He had signed a contract.

It's only 6 weeks, he thought, if girls can go through this, so can I. I need to man up.

3 hours later, they were done for the day.

"Not bad for a first day Petra babes, that dress looks great on you with breast forms and shapewear under it, you keep it. Now get yourself off home, remember vegan-only, and drink plenty of water. See you in the morning babes".

The next day, Pete found himself hobbling down a street, on the outskirts of the city, on his way to Aimee's studio. With Mollie too busy to give him a ride, and too embarrassed to take the bus. He was left with no choice but to walk. Under normal conditions, this would have been a quick 15-minute stroll but with his feet laced tightly into a pair of suede platform heeled ankle boots and the alien feeling outfit, he had already walked for 20 minutes and he was only halfway there.



Mollie had offered to help him get ready that morning but when he saw the boots accompanying a pair of black tights and a yellow pleated miniskirt, he outright refused to put them on. Mollie expecting this response and pretended to be annoyed. "Geez, talk about ungrateful, I wake up early to help you so you in your words, don't look like a clown walking down the road and this is the thanks I get. If I gave you a pair of jeans and some trainers, you would clomp your way there and be spotted as a man instantly. Is that what you want?"

"No, of course not", Pete answered, not expecting the sudden outburst.

"That outfit isn't going to kill you, plenty of girls go about their day wearing stuff like this, and in your case, it will help you to move and feel more ladylike. If you don't want my help, then fine, do your own hair and makeup I'm going back to bed"

So, he put on the outfit and Mollie did his hair and makeup. He should have put up more of a fight but he needed this money and without Mollie's help what was he going to do. Of course, Mollie was only bluffing, she had a £1000 from Aimee and was having way more fun than she thought showing her lazy chauvinistic little brother some of the things she had to go through. So, with the cold morning air blowing up his skirt and his nyloned thighs distracted him as they brushed against each other with every tiny clicking step, Pete had done this to himself. How could I have been so stupid he thought.

But his thoughts were interrupted by a shout.

"Hey beautiful, why don't you come over here and show me and the boys a good time" came a deep voice from a local construction site.

Another voice then shouted "Are you blind Mikey, that's a tranny, Hey, come over here princess, Mikey's single and he loves a sausage sandwich in the morning", followed by a group of men laughing loudly.

Never so embarrassed in his life Pete quickened his pace almost tripping as he did. More laughter came from the building site. This can never happen again, he thought to himself. I needed to look more convincing.



The back door opening startled Pete.

"What are you doing out here?", Mollie asked.

She had just returned from work to find her brother out in the garden strutting about in her new ankle boots.

"Nothing really, just getting some air", he replied nervously.



What he had actually been doing was practicing walking like a girl. He had arrived at the studio almost in tears that morning. After the comments from the builders and the exhausting walk, he was feeling really overwhelmed. He never actually shed a tear but Aimee insisted on talking it out. Her advice was to put all his efforts into acting and looking like the model he needed to be for the next 6 weeks. One piece of advice was to go home that evening and perfect his walk. She had given him some tips about letting his arms hand loose, swinging his hips, taking smaller steps, and placing the heel of his foot down first when he took a step. After an hour's practice, he was starting to get the hang of it. He had lost the feeling in his feet at this point but he was determined not to be l outed as a man when he walked to the studio the next day.

Mollie thought Pete's answer was a bit odd but something else was even more unusual.

"You look different, come over here and let me get a look at you". Pete walked towards her, much more gracefully than she had seen him previously, she noticed.

"Yeah, Aimee curled my hair a bit", he replied, as he brushed his hair back delicately with his bright orange nails.



"Are you wearing fake eyelashes", she asked staring at his long-curved lashes.

"I guess so, I'm not really sure. Aimee called them lash extensions. I hope they are not too difficult to remove later, they took hours to do. She glued them on to my eyelashes one at a time.

Mollie giggled. "Err Pete, you do realise they're semi-permanent, you're stuck with them for at least a few weeks"

Not knowing how to respond to that bombshell, he just stared at her with a shocked look on his face. But he only had himself to blame. After all, he had agreed with Aimee, that morning, the best way to avoid detection would be to undergo what Aimee called a few "common" beauty treatments girls his age get all the time.

Over the next few days, Pete was getting used to his new routine. Mollie would wake him up, and after showering and shaving. She would choose an outfit and do his makeup. The skirts and heels, she always seemed to choose, were not a surprise anymore but it still felt weird sliding the tights up his smooth legs, fastening a flimsy piece of cloth around his waist and stepping into a pair of sky-high heels that forced his feet into a most unnatural angle. After the incident with the builders, he had started taking the bus to Aimee's. It wasn't that bad as most people just went about their business and ignored him. That is apart from yesterday when some creepy old man beside him, despite the bus being half empty, and just stared at his legs the whole trip. He wasn't sure how to feel about all the daily beauty routines he would sit through when he arrived at Aimee's. The laser treatment and all the other strange skin treatments had left his skin smoother and healthier looking than it had ever been. On the one hand, it helped with the disguise but on the other, he did wonder how he was going to look like his old self again when all this was over. Perhaps the worst part was the strict vegan diet Aimee insisted on. She would weigh him every day when he arrived. He hadn't noticed the clause in the contract when he signed it, stating £200 would be deducted every week unless he lost at least 4 pounds. Back in the here and now, Pete, dressed in a long-sleeve black blouse, black and white striped skater skirt, black tights, and a pair of 6-inch platform pumps, Aimee snapped another picture for the website.



It was Friday afternoon and Pete who always looked a little miserable when in her studio, was looking particularly distressed.

"What's up babes? come on I know this is not exactly your dream job but it's Friday, we're almost done for the week, you can relax and take it easy until Monday" Aimee cheerfully said.

Pete was stressed and it wasn't because of the tight-fitting mini dress and 6-inch patent pumps his feet were uncomfortably squeezed into. It was the text message he has just read while eating his kale salad for lunch.



"It's the end of the week Petey boy. Meet me tomorrow night at 8pm in the horse and hound and don't forget the cash" the message from Tony read. In a panic and without thinking it through Pete had replied.

"Hey Tony, what's up man? Got the money, no sweat but going to send my sister along with the cash if that's ok? I've got a date with this chick I met" The next 5 minutes were agonising as he waited for a reply, then his phone beeped.

"Ok, whatever man, as long as she shows up, you know what happens if you're bullshitting me, right?"

Pete explained the whole situation of how he had ended up here to Aimee. When he was finished, she looked both shocked and disgusted.

"Oh my god, are you serious. You idiot. And you just expect Mollie to agree to go meet some thug dealer in a horrible pub on her own, you haven't even asked her. You better give her a call babes, and beg for her help"

2 hours later, Pete sat contemplating the ridiculous situation he was in. Here he sat shivering on the steps outside the centre city restaurant, where his sister worked. She had thankfully let him wear a pair of her jeans that day after a week of bugging her but they were so tight around his crotch, he would actually have preferred a skirt. The shoes, which he wore on the day the builders humiliated him, were still as uncomfortable as ever. The top and scarf were doing little to keep him warm as he sat on the cold concrete steps, why hadn't he worn a coat this morning.



After what seemed like an eternity, with what felt like every passer-by, staring at him in his girly outfit, Mollie appeared at the back door to the restaurant.

"Hey sis, this is a surprise, come on up. My boss said I can take 10 mins by one of the tables outside. Your message said you needed to talk to me. What idiotic thing have you done now?"

After explaining the situation, Pete wasn't sure what Mollie was thinking. He thought she'd be angry and start yelling at him but she just sat there silently staring out at the city.



She finally spoke. "Ok, this is how it's going to work. We walk in, hand him the money and then we're out of there, you are going to owe me big time for this"

"We?" Pete mumbled

**"Yes, of course, we! Do you expect me to walk into that grimy old pub with that thug by myself? Besides, you need to point him out, I don't even know what he looks like"
Now she sounded angry.**

"But I'll get beaten up. With all the stuff Aimee has done to me I look way too girly"

"Then you can go as Petra"

"No way, he'll recognise me and beat me up twice as bad"

"Up to you Peter, you go or I don't. Perhaps you can ask Aimee to help I'm sure she can change up your look a bit, make you a bit of a disguise, she's a magician when it comes to makeup"

“OK, my shift finishes at 6.30, so I’ll meet you at the place just before 8, please be careful with all that money you’re carrying around all day”, Mollie said to him from the driver’s seat of her car with the window wound down about halfway.

“I can’t believe this is happening, I’m not sure I can do this Mollie”, said a trembling Pete, clutching the fake designer handbag with an envelope stuffed with £20 notes hidden in a side pocket.

“Well, this is your mess, unless you want to message Tony and make some other arrangements, you’ll get your cute little butt off to Aimee’s and see if she can make you a little less like Pete, now I’m going to be late, see you later, I’ll be there with you, everything will be fine”. She then wound up the window and drove away.

Looking down, he checked his outfit one last time. It was actually not too uncomfortable for once. The stretchy black pants were a bit tight but he was glad to have his legs covered for once, the wedge booties, were probably the easiest shoes, to walk in, he’s worn this week and the coat was really warm, with its leopard fur lining.

“OK, be brave Pete, this will all be over soon”, he thought to himself as started the short walk to the bus stop.



"So, you want me to make you look like someone else?"



"Yeah, less like me you know, so he can't recognise me"

"Hmm, this is not going to be easy, how far are you willing to go? I mean I could use some fillers"

"Fillers?"

"Yeah to change the shape of your face a bit"

"I'm not sure Aimee that sounds pretty permanent"

"No, it's not permanent but it will last quite a while"

He thought it through for a moment but desperate and with no other choice Pete made his decision"

"Ok let's do it, as long as it's not permanent".

"Woah, hang on a second babes, this stuff is not cheap. If we do this, you'll need to pay for it or work it off"

"You mean, more modelling?"

"No, after this shoot, I won't need any more pictures for a while. But I will need some help around here, sending emails to customers, packing and shipping the items. Shall we say a month's work?"

The last thing Pete wanted to do was be Petra for an extra month but with the alternative being Tony recognising him and then beating the crap out of him in front of his sister, this was the lesser of two evils.

Come on Petra, hurry up girl”, Aimee said they arrived in front of the pub. Pete was glad that she had come along for moral support but wished she would show a bit more compassion. “It’s easy for you to say, your heels are half the height of mine”,

“Oh, stop complaining, they go with the outfit, I need to use the little girl's room, I’ll go inside and scout out the place, you wait here for Mollie, she just texted me, she's almost here”

Finding a little corner next to the pub that was slightly hidden, Pete waited. It was Saturday evening and despite not being the busiest of areas normally the streets were buzzing with people out to drink and relax after a long week of work. It felt to Pete like every eye was on him as guys and girls walked by looking him up and down.

Aimee’s advice was to relax and smile. Both impossible, firstly as he had never felt so vulnerable in his life, especially with an envelope containing £1000 in his handbag, and secondly, his face felt completely numb.

It was a shock seeing his reflection in the mirror earlier when Aimee was done with him. His face looked much smoother and rounder and along with his arched eyebrows and tinted red hair, he looked like a different person. Well not completely, he could still recognise himself but it was a much girlier version of himself, perhaps this is what I would have looked like had I been born a girl, he thought. Although shocking enough, these changes were not the first thing Pete noticed upon gazing at himself in the mirror.

His eyes were immediately drawn to the huge red pouty lips, a porn star would be proud of, twice their normal size stared back at him.

“What have you done? This is too much Aimee”, Pete had shrieked, prodding his puffy bottom lip with one of his new acrylic fingertips.

“Relax, the swelling will go down in a day or two, look on the bright side no one will recognise you”.



Having finally found somewhere to park her car, Mollie was almost at the pub. It had been years since she had been inside the horse and hound and didn't have particularly fond memories of the dingy old man pub.

As she turned the corner, she could see her destination in front of her. As she strode along confidently in her 4-inch heels she, saw who she assumed was her brother trying to hide in a little corner. She couldn't be sure as this girl had red hair, but the body language and the way this girl was leaning against the wall trying to rest her high heeled feet was so Pete.

Aimee must have dyed his hair, she thought, as she looked at the outfit the girl had on. A cream coloured fur jacket, stretchy black pants and a pair of chunky lace-up ankle boot, comfortable and fashionable, she thought, I'd wear that myself.

She approached the girl, who was still facing the other way and called out "Petra, is that you?"

As the girl slowly turned, Mollie's shocked expression was clear for all to see.

"Hi Mols, don't laugh OK?" said Pete quietly, clearly very embarrassed.



After pulling her brother into the side alley next to the pub, Mollie was looking him up and down, lost for words, as he nervously looked down playing with his hair.



"I know, I look ridiculous", Pete said, breaking the awkward silence.

"Ridiculous! you look hot, but what did you do? That's quite the disguise"

"Oh good, you made it," A bubbly Aimee said to Mollie as she rounded the corner, back from the bathroom.

"Oh my god, Aimee what did you do to him? Talk about an extreme makeover"

"I know perhaps it was a bit extra, using the filler and a little Botox but you have to admit, he looks stunning, right?", Aimee replied a little sheepishly, knowing all too well, she had probably used far too much in transforming him"

"Aimee, you didn't. That's like so permanent". Mollie exclaimed.

"I did explain it to him babes, he's even going to be my assistant for a month to work off the cost"

"This is permanent?", Pete interrupted, as he waved his long acrylic nails in a circular motion around his face.

"No, I told you earlier babes, it's not permanent, it starts to break down and is reabsorbed into your body in 6 months to a year"

"A year? You never said that. You said it would last for quite a while." Pete shouted in a quite manly voice, a young couple passing by gave them a very odd look.

"Shh, keep your voice down, we can't change it now and you did ask for this right? How long did you think it would last?" Mollie stepped in saying, trying to calm the situation down.

"I don't know a couple of weeks or something" Pete quietly responded.

The girls giggled breaking the tension "Oh little sis, how do you get yourself into these situations. Now, come on, let's get this over with, at least Tony won't

recognise you, and by the way you described him if we don't get in there and get him his money, looking like a Kardashian will be the least of your worries"

As Mollie stepped through the door of the horse and hound, she was pleasantly surprised at what she saw. She had been expecting the same hell hole of a pub she had been to years ago but the room in front of her was much nicer. It seems they had done up the place a bit with new Furniture and a paint job. On that particular night, there was some sort of event going on. There were decorations all around and pictures of people on the walls accompanied by some foreign writing she couldn't understand.

With so many young fashionable people in the place, no one gave the three of them a second look as they walked in, even if Pete did make a bit of an entrance by tripping over the small step and almost knocking Aimee over.

“OK, follow me”, announced Mollie over the loud music as she led the trio towards the bar.



She ordered 3 Vodka and cokes and asked a terrified looking Pete if he saw Tony anywhere. Pete who seemed to be in a daze was looking down picking at one of his new fingernails.

Mollie nudged her brother and repeated the question. Pete snapping out of his daze did a quick scan of the room and saw him. In truth Tony was hard to miss, he was a giant of a man and sat on a table along the far wall with a bunch of his friends. Pete pointed him out.

“OK, pass me your purse, me and Aims will go over there give him the envelope then we are out of here”, Mollie told her brother.

Relieved that he wouldn't have to be seen, he handed his sister the purse and watched as the 2 girls crossed the crowded room stopping in front of Tony's table. There was what looked like an introduction and then they were taking. All was going well thought Pete, this will soon be over.

But as with everything in his life lately, it wasn't going to be that easy. Suddenly, another man on the table, Pete recognised as Jason, stood up. An excited looking Aimee hugged him and started introducing him to Mollie with a massive smile on her face.

“What the hell was going on?” he thought as he quickly ducked his head as Aimee was pointing right at him.

Jason as it happens, used to go to the same college as Aimee. They had hung out a few times but lost touch over the last few years. With Aimee still having a massive crush on him, she had eagerly accepted his invitation to join the group.

So, Pete was forced to endure one of the worst nights of his life. It was at least a massive relief when Tony didn't seem to recognise Pete as Aimee introduced him as her friend Petra. but as the night went on Pete found that his former dealer wouldn't leave him alone. He kept asking him questions about his life and his modelling with Aimee, buying him drinks and complimenting him on his outfit and hair. Hearing all this was tough for Pete's ego, especially when an hour in he was made to lift up his high heeled foot and compare its size to Tony's massive boots. His tiny foot in comparison was called delicate and sexy by the rest of the onlooking group was almost too much for the feminized boy to take.

Aimee on the overhand was having the time of her life reconnecting with Jason, and even Mollie seemed to be having fun now after the initial business of handing over the envelope was done. They drank and laughed and left poor Pete trying to fend off the wandering hands of the giant Tony, who as this point had developed a bit of a crush.

By the time someone suggested they take a photo to remember the occasion they were all a bit drunk. Tony jumped at the idea, grabbing Pete's hand and almost dragging him out of his seat. The rest of the group gathered around as Tony wrapped one of his massive arms across Pete's chest. Pete had planned to just smile but with Tony's other hand resting itself, before gently caressing his padded backside, that was not going to happen.



It was Tuesday, the week after the night from hell in the horse and hound and Pete was out fulfilling one of his new duties. Now not just a model but Aimee's assistant, she was keeping him busy. Around lunchtime, she sent Pete out to grab a salad and a couple of coffees. Cutting through the underground station to save time, something caught his eye.

In the window of the Music shop, was his dream guitar. He thought back to a few weeks ago when he used to dream about playing that guitar as the frontman guitarist for a famous rock band. Travelling the world, packed stadiums full of adoring fans and with so many women throwing themselves at him, he'd have to fight them off with a stick.

But that dream would have to wait for now, he thought, as he caught a glimpse at his reflection staring back at him in the shop window. He didn't see a rock star; he saw was a fashionable girl in her furry winter jacket and impractical boots. His hair he'd been growing for the last few years still a red colour even though Aimee had told him it would fade after a few washes. And then of course there was his face, less swollen compared to Saturday, but still even with his minimal makeup today, unmistakably feminine.



On Thursday, one of their photoshoots was interrupted by the fire alarm going off. In what had been a pretty normal day up until that point, poor Pete had been forced to navigate 5 flights of stairs in a pair of 6-inch platform sandals and join a crowd of people gathered outside.



He got quite a few stares, shivering outside the building in his summer outfit and party heels in the 2 degrees weather, while the fire brigade came and checked over the building.

Luckily, it was a false alarm but that was little consolation to him as after almost an hour outside he had never been so cold in his life. The miniskirt and sandals doing absolutely nothing to protect his bare legs from the freezing winter weather. Back in the studio, it was clear how much he had changed as he asked Aimee if he could wear a pair of tights, the thought of asking for trousers didn't even occur to him.

The week ended in a girl's night out. Mollie had so much fun the previous weekend she wanted to do it again, and as she had gone out of her way to help him out with the Tony situation, Pete couldn't really say no. So, Pete, Mollie, Aimee, and their friend Jess would be hitting a few bars followed by a club.

Almost like second nature, after all the photo sessions at Aimee's, Pete struck a pose for Mollie as she took out her phone to get a picture of him walking towards the train station. Pete wasn't a fan of the tiny silver miniskirt that barely covered his backside. But Mollie insisted with the black tights, no one would see anything. The top was reasonably warm but why Mollie had insisted on not wearing coats he could not understand. Something about having to wait for hours at the cloakroom at the end of the night.

The shoes were one of the free samples from Aimee. Mollie said they would go with his outfit and fit in perfectly at the club. In his mind, they were anything but perfect for a club, with their thin 6-inch stiletto heels and high platform. The much more modest heels Mollie had on with their blocky heel made him believe her even less. Weren't people supposed to dance at clubs, I can barely walk, he thought to himself.



As the weeks went by, Pete found himself becoming closer and closer to Aimee. They started chatting openly and even taking trips out to lunch together.

On a day, where the weather was a bit brighter and warmer than it had been, Pete and Aimee had taken a short drive to a park to eat the lunch, they had bought at the Pret outside Aimee's building.

Pete no longer caring what others thought of him, sat on one of the benches and arranged his green quilted skirt around his shiny black legs. He hadn't even bothered changing out of the boots he had been wearing for the photo shoot just before they left the studio. By now he was used to walking in the towering shoes and with all of his shoes these days being a similar height, what did it matter? He did however change out of the gold sparkly mini dress and into his own top and skirt, even with his newfound confidence, parading around the city at lunchtime in a slutty party dress, would cause too much of scene.

He watched Aimee taking the bag containing the lunches out of the back seat of her car and with the sun on his face and a slight breeze blowing through his hair, for the first time in a while, he was feeling good about things.



As they enjoyed a pleasant lunch together Pete and Aimee chatted away about gossip and fashion. Until the subject changed to work.

“I’ve got some good news, but I’m not sure you’re going to like it much” Aimee announced as they were finishing up. “I’ve been offered a special shoot and I think it will be really good for my portfolio”

“That’s great, why would I not like that?” Pete answered enthusiastically

“Well, you see, the shoots going to be a bit different it’s outside needs a male and female model”

“And let me guess, you want me to be the female model”? Pete said, looking at her across the picnic table.

“It won’t be so bad, I’ve already got the guy, he’s a bit inexperienced but you can show him what to do right?”

“What does that mean show him what to do? I don’t know what to do. I won’t have to like touch him or anything will I?”

“Probably, but you know, just leaning against each other, perhaps a little hand holding, normal stuff. Tell you what, you don’t even have to wear a skirt if it makes you feel more comfortable?”

Dropping his head in frustration, Pete swung his legs out from under the bench and turned to face the other way. He wasn’t happy with the news and at that moment, he didn’t want to look at Aimee. As he rested one of his towering boots on a nearby rock and played with the hem of his skirt. A frustrated Pete knew there was no point arguing, Aimee had already made her mind up and she wasn’t going to let him out of it.



A few days later, Pete and Aimee were by the river, in the early afternoon. Pete had arrived at Aimee's studio a bit later that day as there was not much to prepare before the shoot. So, with his makeup done and his outfit on, he had helped Aimee load the car with the camera equipment. He was glad she had kept her word and not made him wear a skirt but the shoes, on the other hand, brought back terrible memories of standing outside in the cold following the fire alarm, the previous week.

Aimee wouldn't tell him much about the other model and seemed to change the subject every time he mentioned it. All she told him, was that he had paid, chosen the location, and said he would meet them there.

"There he is", Aimee said, while parking the car. Pete spotted a tall large man looking out over the river, dressed all in black with a baseball cap on backward.

They exited the car and tottered over towards the man, Well Pete tottered, Aimee was wearing trainers. OK, let's get this over with, thought Pete.

Hearing the clicking of high heels approaching the man turned. "Petra, Aimee, don't you girls look beautiful today"

Pete looked like he had seen a ghost. He had shaved been for a haircut but the man in front of him was unmistakable

"Tony?" He uttered in shock.



It had been quite late, when Tony had visited her in the studio, the previous week. Aimee had been editing some photos, when the buzzer rang. Tony asked if Petra was there and Aimee told him, he had just missed her. They talked for a while and the subject moved on to Tony's friend Jason. Aimee had not heard from him since the night in the pub, despite sending him 2 messages. She asked Tony about setting up a date and that's when he suggested a photo shoot in return. He knew Petra was modelling for her, Aimee had told him all about it in the pub that night, that's how he found the place, a quick Google search of the company name. At first, Aimee had reservations at first but when he offered £500 and said he would guarantee her the best date she had ever had with Jason, she couldn't say no.



Aimee, felt guilty as she snapped picture after picture of her now friend, looking incredibly uncomfortable posing next to the giant Tony, especially when out of nowhere, Tony wrapped his arms around his backside, hoisting him into the air. Pete had shrieked as Tony effortlessly lifted him off his feet.



Aimee had looked on with a stunned face, as he carried him over to a nearby bench, plopping him down on his lap.



At Tony's command, she had started once again to take pictures. I'll make it up to him, Aimee thought, as she mouthed, I'm sorry to a stunned Pete, who had one hand rubbing his backside and another playing with his high heeled foot.

Tony was having a brilliant time; it had cost him £500 but it's not like he was short of cash. Petra doesn't speak or smile much, but she must like me, he thought, she must do as she never tries to push me away or stop me touching her.

Now back standing, Pete was having an awful day. Why has she done this to me? He thought, as he glared at Aimee behind the camera. I thought we were friends, is she just doing this to embarrass me?



As Aimee looked at Pete's angry face, she saw Tony turn his head towards him. He kissed him full on the lips, it lasted no more than a second before she saw Pete placed both manicured hands on Tony's stomach, lifted one leg for balance and pushed Tony away with all his strength.



"That's it, I'm done with this bullshit", Pete screamed, turning and walking away as fast as his sandals would allow.

As Tony gave her a what did I do look? She knew she had gone too far; she would have to think of something really nice to make it up to her.

Over the two weeks Pete and Aimee barely spoke. After trying to apologise, on multiple occasions, and explain that she had no idea Tony was going to do be so touchy feely, she realised Pete just needed time to process everything. It couldn't be easy going from living as a boy your entire life to suddenly having a to be a girly girl model and kissing boys, she concluded.

Pete just wanted it all to be over, but with Tony still expecting another £1000 at the end of the month, he decided the best course of action was to see this thing through. Besides it wasn't really that difficult now he was more comfortable wearing the clothes, he knew all the poses and could walk in the heels, without the fear, he was about to fall over and break his neck.



So, the photo shoots continued, After the shoot by the river, they started going outside more often to do the photo shoots, as Aimee had really liked the lighting. She would drive them out of the city and in to the countryside.



Pete wasn't thrilled about the idea but at least there weren't many people around to see him.





3 weeks later and the modelling job was finished. Pete had forgiven Aimee and the two started to enjoy spending time with each other once again. It turned out Jason was an arsehole and after sleeping with Aimee, he had completely ignored her.



Tony got his money, Aimee and Mollie had gone out to meet him, as Pete couldn't face it. Tony had come by the studio once or twice but with Aimee backing him up Pete had told him where to go.

As Pete and Mollie sat in the studio drinking champagne to celebrate the launch of her new website, she had an offer for him. To make it up to him for the day at the river she had already told him, he didn't need to work with her for that extra month.

"Petra, I want you to work with me full time. I'll pay you £25,000 a year and 10% of any profit I make from the website will be yours, I know this is a big decision but please think it over OK?"

Pete didn't know what to say. 6 weeks ago, he would have instantly refused. But looking down at his folded legs encased in black tights, emerging from his red corduroy miniskirt and ending in a pair of patent black platform pumps, things had changed. He was actually considering it, 6 weeks ago, he had no prospects, no money and to be honest no real friends. Now, he was being offered a job that paid well and security. Could he really stay as Petra, he thought to himself, as he took another sip of his champagne?



The last 6 months had been hectic. The website had really taken off and with Pete's help Aimee had more orders than she could cope with. She had even started to design her own clothing line and it turned out Pete had a hidden talent. He had always been pretty good at art back in school and with his newly acquired knowledge of women's fashion, he came up with some designs that really impressed Aimee. She was even considering sending some of them off to be made into samples with the initial profits they had made from the website.

At home things had never been better. Pete and Mollie were now closer than ever.



Pete and Mollie were now closer than ever. He was bringing money into the house and helping out with the chores. When he wasn't working Pete and Mollie did everything together from just hanging out and watching TV to shopping trips and girl's nights out.



A year later

Pete was so used to his new life by now he rarely thought back to how things had been before. Life was better now, not in every way, he still didn't really enjoy the uncomfortable shoes and clothes he was forced to wear in the name of fashion, but in every other way life was better.

Aimee had actually got some samples made of their designs and together they had located a factory in China to produce them. They were now selling their own designs on the website and they were very popular. Having drawn most of them, he and Aimee were now 50 50 partners.

When it came time to model the designs, then there was only one person for the job but this time it was different, these were his designs for his business and instead of feeling terrified that he was doing something wrong, he felt a sense of pride.



A year later.

Petra was waiting anxiously, she now thought of herself as Petra and used female pronouns, after the breast and butt implants earlier in the year she knew her life as Pete the boy, wasn't coming back.



She was anxious because today was a big day. She and Aimee had just designed their latest clothing line and it was going to be displayed in a fashion show, worn by real models walking down a real catwalk.



As she waited, watching as the stage was being set up, she felt fulfilled like her life had a meaning. She wasn't given the best of starts in life and then gone out of her way to make things even worse, but she had come out the other side and made something of herself.





A year later

Petra found herself in a familiar situation waiting outside the new apartment, her and Mollie had just bought, regretting not bringing a coat and wishing she'd worn more sensible shoes.



“Hey baby, sorry I'm late traffic was awful, you look amazing. Love the boots” Said, Max, late as always to pick up Petra for their date.



“Max kissed Petra passionately on the lips “Oh yeah, you're not looking too bad yourself, Petra said, as she looked at Max’s long tanned legs and sexy dress.

Max, short for Maxine, and Petra had been dating for a few months now. They had met in a club one-night, Petra was instantly drawn to her, she was stunning and had an amazing smile. Petra told her straight away, that she wasn't your average girls, which only seemed to make Max more interested in her.

“So, where are you taking me”, Petra asked.

“I booked a table at our favourite restaurant and then I'm taking you and those sexy boots dancing” Max replied with a smile.

So, as Petra straightened her skirt and fixed her hair ready to head off, she couldn't help but smile, life could be worse right?

