

CHAPTER 8



Kwon tottered away, mortified that everyone had seen him like this. It seemed so cruel of Master Ambush to do this to him. He was sure people would be talking for years about him coming out of the lab looking like a cam girl. With his constricted breathing, he felt lightheaded just from the little effort he'd made, so seeing no one had followed him, he slowed down, breathing hard, his breasts heaving. "I'm practically helpless," he whispered to himself, brushing his long hair back from his shoulders. "I've never been beaten by any man. I refuse to allow myself to be defeated by a tight dress and a pair of heels."

Kwon closed his eyes and focused, calming his breathing until his breasts no longer heaved, his head cleared. He grabbed the strap of his purse and narrowed his

eyes. "I can do this," he said, mincing forward, heels clicking. "I am, after all, a man."

He made his way back to Master Ambush's office, and when he walked in, the pretty little secretary smiled at him and said, 'Do you an appointment, Miss....?'



"It's me," Kwon said in his little new voice, and seeing no recognition on the secretary's face, he said, "I'm in disguise." He gestured at his body. "Master Kwon."

"Miss Kwon. You're so beautiful."

"Thanks," Kwon said through gritted teeth, trying to be polite despite the fact being called "miss" infuriated him, but he didn't feel like squeaking about in his little girl voice.

“I love your purse.”

“I’m told it’s quite fashionable.”

“Your boobs are so big.”

“Ugh. Can I go in already?”

“Hehe. Of course. They are expecting you.”

“Thank you,” Kwon said, exasperated. He tugged at the hem of his dress, shifted the position of his purse on his arm, pulled his shoulders back and headed for the office door. As he was about to enter, he heard the secretary murmur, “and such a big butt, too.”

He ignored the comment and went into the office. All the men stood up as he entered. He might have protested, might have complained that he was still a man despite his bombshell figure, but he found he couldn’t speak because his eyes had locked onto those of the woman who sat in a leather chair, looking back at him with the most stunning brown eyes he’d ever seen.

She stared into his eyes, and he into hers, and it seemed like time had stopped. Kwon was no longer aware of anyone else in the room, or even the room, he saw only her eyes, her smooth, radiant face. The sun shone in through the glass windows, making her eyes sparkle, and he saw a single mote of dust drift through the ray of sunlight, twirling in a breeze so gentle it was all but undetectable.

A smile spread across the woman’s lips, showing a row of perfect white teeth, and Kwon felt his heart skip a beat. Oh, those eyes. That smile. No longer did he need air to breathe or food to eat, this woman’s beauty was all he required to live. He knew the look she gave him well. She found him extremely attractive. Of course.

Unconsciously, forgetting he looked like a woman and wore a dress, Kwon flexed his bicep, struck a manly pose and gave her his patented “I’m such a stud” facial expression complete with his patented snarl. He had no idea that, with his pretty face framed by his long, luxurious hair, that expression now just made him look even more like a gorgeous goddess.



His dream girl stood, and her movements were as fluid and elegant as a leopard. “Omigod.” Ki squealed. “You look just like me. You’re perfect.”

Kwon started to move to her, to take her hand and kiss it, but she shrieked, “Stand still. Don’t move.” He froze as Ki circled around him, examining his body, and he remembered, suddenly, that he had a woman’s shape, and he burned with shame, though it did nothing to diminish his blazing passion for Ki Hanji.

“She’s like my life size Barbie Doll,” Ki said, addressing the men. “Oh, such a pretty, pretty girl. I love her.”

Finally, she came around to face Kwon, brushing the hair back from his face, then putting her hands on his soft cheeks. “I’m going to have so much fun with you.”



“Don’t worry,” Kwon said, wanting to impress her with his manly courage. “I will catch the Autotune Killer for you, and—“

“Sssshhhss,” Ki said, putting her finger to his lips. “I really need to talk to you about the importance of make-up.”

She took his small, soft hand in her small, soft hand. “We girls are going to talk. I trust you men can work out the boring details?”

“Of course,” Ambush said, bowing, and the others bowed as well. “Have fun, ladies,” he said, smiling.

Kwon looked back over his shoulders with pleading eyes. Get me out of this, but the smile on Ambush’ face only grew wider.

Ki led her blushing, life-sized doll into a private meeting room off the main office. Kwon felt his heart fluttering, his small, soft hand in hers, and the floral perfume she wore swirled around his head, making him feel light-headed. He had never been so smitten, and he even managed to forget that he now had a woman’s shape, and that he was clicking

around in high heels and a short dress. I'm going to make her love me. He thought. I simply must have this perfect woman.

Once in the conference room, Ki led Kwon to a chair and, still holding his hand, said, "Sit."

Kwon swayed uncertainly in his heels, leaning too far forward, causing his chest to almost pop out of his dress. Ki, meanwhile, had gracefully descended into her chair, almost as if she had floated down like a feather. "We are going to have to work on sitting, dear," she said. "And everything else."

"Of course," Kwon said, flush with romantic feelings. He propped his purse on his legs.

"Whatever you wish."

"First things first. I need you to make me a super-duper important promise."

"What?"

"You must promise me you will never ever go out in public without makeup."

"Oh." Kwon said, reaching up to touch his cheeks. "I did not consider. I mean, I am—"

"Just promise."

"Never?" Kwon asked. He'd been so distracted by his new body and his embarrassing clothes that he hadn't even thought about things like makeup and perfume. The thought that he would always need to have makeup on now annoyed him.

"Never. We would never be seen with a plain face, like some common girl."

"I promise," Kwon said.

"Now, you must also remember this: ABC."

"ABC?"

"Always Be Cuteing."

"Cuteing?" Kwon said, not liking the sound of that.

"I am known to be one of the sweetest, cutest girls in the world." Ki lied, remembering something she and Bora had discussed. "So, you must always choose cute. And, what's more, never argue or get upset. You should defer to others, and if there is a problem, privately tell my agent, Da, and let him take care of it."

“What if someone...”

“Never, little doll. Never. Is that clear?”

Kwon nodded, his mouth bending into a frown. “Always be cute,” he said. “I understand.”

“Oh, look at your face. Just like a sad little kitten. You are a cutie pie.”

That brought a smile to Kwon’s face. “Thank you,” he said. “Once more, I promise to fight for—”

“Here’s the script for tomorrow. You need to learn all your lines. Get to work,” Ki said, standing. “I’ll meet you later at my trailer.” She pulled a sheaf of papers from her purse and tossed them on the desk in front of Kwon, then strutted out of the room, glancing back at the gorgeous little her sitting there looking bewildered and confused, her knees together, her purse in her lap.

She must have been kind of a butch girl, Ki thought, given the way she walks and sits. Well, how lucky for her she now gets to learn to be a glamorous woman. I am so looking forward to helping her.

Kwon felt like he was living in a nightmare as he sat there in his dress, feeling the weight of his chest pressing against his ribs, the weight of them pulling on his bra straps. Just my luck, he thought, hooking his hair behind his ear and picking up the script. I have to fall in love with a woman right when I get turned into one.

The sections that would be shot tomorrow were highlighted, and Kwon’s mouth dropped open as he read: Scene 63: Bathroom. Rose in bubble bath, shaving her legs. He groaned. It was going to be a long day. He had to find the killer, and soon.

CHAPTER 9.

A stone floor. A rat scurries across. Walls painted black. Overhead lights—off. A figure stands in the middle of the room, draped in shadows. Then, a flat screen hung crookedly on the wall sputters to life, at first full of static, and then an image takes shape: Ki Hanja, several years younger, dressed in an American Cheerleader outfit, saddle shoes. Behind her, members of the girl group Cheer Up. Thumping base music, and the girls all start to stomp one foot and clap.

Another screen lights up, and another.

Dozens, hundreds of screens showing Ki Hanja and Cheer Up. as they start to prance around, striking cheerleader poses, smiling, singing:

Fight for my love

You're way behind

But the game's not over

You still have time.

The shadowy figure now begins to do his own dance, clenching his fists and swinging them in great roundhouse punches, as if he is bashing someone with his fists.

The girls come to the chorus, tilting their heads side to side as they sing:

I want you I want you I want you

To winnnnnnn me

Then, an autotuned voice joins in, as the shadowy Autotune Killer sings in counter point, and completely off key and off-beat:

I want you

TO DIIEEEE

I want you

To Dieieieieie

I want you

To Dieieieieieie

To win me

“I can’t figure out what to say there,” Autotune mumbles, and then starts to dance along with the video, bobbing his hooded head side to side and shaking his hips.



CHAPTER 10

“Make-up for Miss Ki Hanja,” a familiar voice called as the door to the private office where Kwon had been left opened.

“She’s not here,” Kwon said, still reading over the script, wondering if there were some way he could find the killer before this kissing scene with Chin-Hai came to be shot.

“Hi, Kwon,” Sung said as she entered the room with a large makeup bag.

“Sung?” Kwon said, putting the script over his cleavage. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m going to be undercover with you as your make-up artists,” Sung said. “Isn’t that great?”

“Having my make-up done by the girl I was just kissing this morning is not my idea of great,” Kwon said. “I don’t want you to see me like this.”

“You’re so self-conscious and shy all of a sudden. Just like a pretty girl should be.” Sung sat down across from Kwon and opened her bag.

Kwon sighed. “How long is this going to take?”

“Not long,” Sung said. “You’re so pretty you barely need make-up, but Miss Hanja insists.”

“Gee, thanks,” Kwon said, setting his script aside. “What do I need to do?”

“Just sit still and look pretty,” Sung said with a wicked grin.

Kwon gritted his teeth. Sung took out foundation and a soft brush and said, “We begin. Foundation. Eyeliner. Look up. Look up. False eyelashes, glue, wait, then mascara wand, brushing. How much longer? Shhhssshh. Lip liner. Lipstick. Eyeshadow. How much longer. Sssshhhhs. Three different colors of eyeshadow. Blush.

Finally, Sung sat back and said, “Ta da. Perfect.” She took the tie out of his hair and let it tumble back down over his shoulders, then she considered for a moment before taking her foundation brush and dusting it across Kwon’s cleavage. “Stop.” He shouted, unnerved by the tickling sensation.

“Hahaha. You have wonderful breasts, but they were really too shiny. Take a look.”



“I don’t want to,’ Kwon said, pouting, but Sung pushed a mirror in front of his face, and his rose red, lipstick wet mouth dropped open as he stared at HER: The woman he’d fallen in love with. “Oh, no. I—I am her.”

“Who would have thought you would make such a perfect girl.” Sung said, amused to see his reaction. She squeezed his knee and said, “We can be girlfriends now, Ki.”

“That’s not my name.” Kwon said, annoyed to have one of his conquests treating him like a mere girl.

“It is now.” a voice called as a young man burst into the room. He wore ripped baggy jeans and a t shirt, a baseball hat turned sideways, and Converse high tops. “You are a perfect little bunny,” the man said, giving Kwon the once over. ‘Want to come back to my room and rub my feet?’”

“Who are you? How dare you?” Kwon said, struggling to his feet.

The boy burst out laughing, a laugh which rose and rose until it became a girlish giggle. ‘It’s me, silly dolly.’”

“Ki?” Kwon said, staring at the boy, seeing Ki within the disguise. “Whhaaaaaaat?” His head was spinning.

“I’m going to play a boy in the movie while you play me.” Ki said. “All the best actresses are doing it. Coffee Prince. You’re Beautiful. It will solidify my status forever as the best actress of my generation... Plus,” she added, walking over to Kwon and toying with his hair. “I can be around to help you become more perfectly feminine without having to worry about getting murdered.”

“She does need to work a lot on her femininity,” Sung said. “Look how she’s standing.”

Kwon glared at her, even as Ki took the bait and started correcting his stance and posture, forcing him to make himself smaller and more dainty. Finally, though, Amiga came and told them it was time to head back to the hotel.

Kwon glared at Amiga, who just shrugged. “You said you wanted a challenge.”

“I’ll get you for—”

“ABC.” Ki said firmly. ‘Cute, cute, cute.’”

Kwon forced a smile onto his face and giggled, making a peace sign. “I meant I wanted a chignon.”

Both girls laughed. ‘Perfect. Perfect.’”

“It really is time to go, Miss Hanji.” Amiga said, with a small bow. “You need your beauty sleep.”

“So true.” Kwon said. His legs ached from the time he’d spent practicing walking in his heels, all while Sung and Ki sat chuckling and barking out corrections. So, he gratefully made his way to the door, at least for the fact that he would soon be able to get off these heels...

“Dolly?” Ki called.

“What is it?” Kwon answered in his soft voice.

“You forgot your purse. You’re such an airhead.”

“Hahaha.” Kwon said, all the while seething inside. Sung brought him his purse. “See you in the morning, honey.” And then she gave him a sisterly air kiss and a pat on the hip.

Sung watched Kwon go, his long hair swishing in counter-point to the swaying of his hips, his heels clicking with each dainty step. She remembered them kissing that morning, running her hands over his hard, manly chest, and she marveled at how much things had changed for him in just one day.

Was it strange that she thought this could help her get under his skin? With the whole guy-girl thing out of the way, maybe he could really get to know her, and she him? They could learn to be true friends, she decided, and then take the next step once he was a man again.

“Want to go to the bar, watch some soccer and hit on the ladies?” Ki said, gruffly.

“Very funny,” Sung said.

“I’m serious,” Ki said. “I’m a method actor, and I need to get into character. I’m buying.”

“Well,” Sung said offering her arm to Ki, “in that case, I’m yours.”

CHAPTER 11

Amiga subjected Kwon to some low-level teasing on the way back to the hotel, but Kwon closed the window between he and the driver. He sighed with relief to finally be off his feet, and crossed his legs, putting his hands in his lap, fantasizing about getting to the hotel and getting out of this tight little dress and especially his bra before slipping into something more comfortable. Maybe he would order a bottle of whiskey from room service, a cigar. His lipstick was sticky, and he found himself smacking his lips, interested in the way they stuck together slightly.

As the limo pulled up to the hotel, Kwon's heart sank. Outside the hotel, a small crowd—maybe twenty of thirty—waited, and as they saw the limo approach they began to wave signs and cheer. Mostly they were young women, with a few men standing off to the side.

None of them looked like a killer, but Kwon couldn't be too careful. He adjusted his bra straps and hooked his hair behind his ear. Amiga came around and opened his door, then offered Kwon his arm. Kwon couldn't figure out how to get out of the limo on his own without risking embarrassment, so he reluctantly accepted his nemesis' arm, plastering a smile on his face and thinking, ABC. Always Be Cute.

Girls shrieked. Signs waved. Kwon made a peace sign, threw his hip out to the side and shouted, "I love you all."

"Pictures. Pictures."

Ignoring his aching calves, he trotted over and posed, flashing peace signs as grinning girls held up their phones and took pictures. Girls are such frivolous airheads, Kwon thought bitterly as he smiled and posed.

"You're so pretty. I love your dress." The girls gushed over his skin, his hair. Kwon was used to girls throwing themselves at him, tension in their eyes from the moment they saw him, and now he found himself with more curves than any of these girls, and prettier and better dressed and they no longer wanted him; they wanted to be him.

Blast you, Amiga he thought, looking the man slouching against the limo in his comfortable clothes and flat shoes. You will pay for this. Despite his anger, he kept the big



smile on his face that had started to make his cheeks ache, and gushed thanks to all the girls complimenting him on his glowing skin and shiny hair.

“Good night, girls.” He finally chirped in his tiny voice, waving and smiling, tossing his hair. “I have to get my, um, beauty sleep. Big day tomorrow.”

“Goodnight, Ki.” They sang back to him. “We love you.”

Amiga walked along next to him as they entered the hotel. He chuckled. “Your skin is so soft. Your hair shines like the moon.”

“Shut up,” Kwon hissed. “This is all your fault.”

“It was your wish.” Amiga said. “Remember?”

“Say, can I bum a cigarette?” Kwon said. “It’s the least you could do for me after getting me stuck like this.”

“No, ma’am,” Amiga said, snickering. “Miss Hanja does not smoke, drink alcohol or eat gluten. She is quite the health-conscious young lady.”

“No smoking? No alcohol?”

“I’m afraid not, young miss.”

“Ooohhhhhh.” Kwon pouted, stomping a foot. “This is no fair and no fun....”

“But it is a challenge. Just like you asked.”

Kwon hit Amiga with his purse. “Shut up.” He said. “I am tired, my back aches, and my feet are killing me... And now I can’t even have a drink and a smoke? Impossible....”

Amiga cowered. “Ow. Stop.” He said. “Don’t lose your panties.”

Kwon swung his purse again, hitting Amiga one more time on the shoulder, then huffed, blowing up his bangs. The bell chimed, the doors opened, and Kwon smiled his prettiest at the family that waited on the other side, their mouths dropping open at the sight of the beautiful girl. German tourists, they didn’t recognize her, but they could see she was someone, and they admired her, grinning and waving.

Kwon smiled, putting a fist on a hip, his purse dangling from his slender forearm. “Bye bye.” He sang out as the elevator finally reached his floor, and he may have put just a little extra sass in his walk as he made his way to his room.

As soon as the door closed, Kwon went to the huge, Queen-sized bed and kicked off his high heels, gasping in relief and rubbing his feet. Then, he went looking for pajamas, groaning when he found a baggy panda bear onesie. Horrendous, but it looked a lot more comfortable than what he was wearing, so he slipped out of his too small too tight clothes. Wrapping himself in the warm, baggy panda outfit he sighed with relief. It was so comfortable against his soft, sensitive skin, even if he did feel ridiculous wearing something meant for a teen girl.

He longed for sleep, but Sung had impressed upon him the necessity of cleaning his makeup off before bed to protect his skin, so he sat down and used make-up remover to clean off his face, then finally took his script and curled up on the bed, trying to learn his

lines, but after such a long, insane and physically draining day, he soon sank into a deep, dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER 12



“Rise and shine.” Sung shouted, jumping onto Kwon’s bed.

“Ahhhhhhh.” Kwon shrieked, thinking, what’s wrong with my voice? He sat up, and felt something bounce and sway, and looking down he saw large, round shapes pushing out the front of his fuzzy, panda bear pajamas, even as hair tumbled into his eyes and the hood flopped over his head. What? Kwon thought, waking confused. Where am I? What happened to my body? He grabbed the round shapes on his chest and his mouth dropped open.

“Stop feeling yourself up.” Sung said, slapping his hands away from his breasts. Then, she pulled his long hair out of his eyes and kissed him on the cheek. “Miss Ki. Time to get started.”

“Miss Ki?” But even as he shook his head, Kwon began to remember the events of the previous day. “Nooooooooo.” He moaned. “I thought it was just a nightmare.”

“Sorry, Miss,” Sung said, taking Kwon by the hand and dragging him out of bed. “Time to get ready for your morning exercise.”

“Ooohhhh. Let me sleep.” Kwon begged, his legs aching as he allowed himself to be dragged over to the dressing table.

“Nope. I have to do your workout make-up and hair, and we only have 20 minutes.”

“Makeup? Hair? For a workout?”

“You’re a movie star, sweetie. Now, sit so I can make you pretty.”

“I hate being pretty.” Kwon moaned.

Sung just giggled as she started to brush his hair out. “Such a boy Do you have any sisters?” She asked.

“Two,” Kwon said, rubbing his eyes, looking at the bleary girl in the mirror, trying to get around the idea that she was him, this girl he’d fallen in love with. She even looks hot first thing in the morning, Kwon thought. And I really don’t need makeup to exercise.

As she did his hair and then some light makeup, Sung chatted with Kwon about his childhood, and shared some details of her own. After she was done with his make-up, Kwon slipped into the outfit his stylist had chosen for him— pink and white sports bra, matching yoga pants, white sneakers with pink laces. All provided by one of Ki’s his sponsors: Buff Bunny.

“You can’t mean for me to go out in public like this?” Kwon said looking at himself in the mirror in just a bra and a pair of leggings that clung to his body like a second skin.



“Of course.” Sung said, fussing with his high ponytail. “You look great.” She slapped him on his plump behind.

“Don’t.” Kwon said. “It feels—weird.”

“Okay. Come on, though. You’ll be late.” She went to the closer and pulled out a pink duffle bag.

“Even to the gym?” Kwon.

“You, Miss Ki, are never seen without a fashionable bag. Now, we really can’t be late.”

Kwon wondered how he could be late to running on a treadmill, but he just followed Sung, who walked ahead of him, her make-up bag bouncing on her hip.

When they entered the hotel gym, Kwon understood why so much attention had been paid to his hair and makeup: Professional lighting gear had been set up around one of the treadmills. A fresh-faced young woman hurried up and took his hand, leading him to the treadmill. "Miss Hanji," the woman said. "You look fantastic.

"Your social media specialist," Sung whispered in Kwon's ear, hurrying along beside him.

"This is a standard selfie shoot," the young woman said. "You just get on the treadmill and get started, and I snap some pics and get them on Instagram."

"If it's a selfie shoot, shouldn't I take the pictures myself?" Kwon asked.

"Hahaha," Social Media Specialist said, gently touching his arm. "You are such an airhead."

Half a dozen techies milled about pulling cables and testing lights, and Kwon let himself be led to the treadmill, which his social media specialist promptly turned on.

Kwon started running, and immediately his breasts began to bounce up and down, threatening to hit him in the chin. "Um, my boobs?" Kwon said, noticing all the men had frozen in position to stare at him. "Isn't this bra supposed to hold them in place?"

The women all laughed. "Makeup." Social Media Specialist called out.

Sung dusted Kwon's face, and he started coughing. Then, the social media specialist climbed on a ladder with a professional camera and started snapping pictures. "Smile pretty." Behind her, a young man took pictures of her taking pictures of Kwon, and a third man with a moving camera circled both. "So much attention," Sung said, feeling envious. "He's such a lucky girl."

Kwon was running awkwardly, not used to his wide hips or the bouncing of his chest, and he draped one arm across his bouncing boobs, trying to hold them in place, while he stuck the other out, fingers raised, trying to counterbalance his bobbling body. "Wait," he cried out. "I feel out of balance."

"Put your arm down." The social media specialist shouted. "Stop trying to be cute."

"I have to be cute." Kwon yelled back, which brought titters from the people watching.

"Let them bounce," Sung whispered. "Just do your arms like normal."



“Normal?” Kwon whispered back and Sung moved her arms like a regular runner. “Normal,” she said.

Kwon followed her advice, ignoring the bouncing of his chest and the tremors it sent through his body, just running like he would, and he found a rhythm that seemed to work.

“Smile pretty. Look at the camera.”

Kwon looked up, smiling as brightly as he could manage.

“There’s my pretty girl.” Social Media specialist sang. “She loves to run, doesn’t she? Yes, she does.”

“Yes.” Kwon said, his ponytail bobbing and swaying. Why is she talking to me like I’m a child? He fumed. I feel like she thinks I’m an idiot. But he remembered his ABC and just smiled as he ran, ignoring the jiggly bounce of his body, as well as the eyes of all the men.

Then, sparks shot out from the treadmill, and flames ignited from the control panel. “Ahhhhhhh....” Kwon screamed, and losing his balance, he tumbled backward, the treadmill hurling him in the air... and right into the arms of a man, who caught him and cradled him in his arms.

“Ki.” He said in a deep voice like the voice of a mountain. “Are you okay?”

He carried Kwon away from the now burning treadmill even as the tech guys ran to get fire extinguishers. The social media specialist had jumped off her ladder and followed, snapping pictures. “Passion. Hot eyes. He just saved you, Miss Hanja. Look at him like you want to pull his shirt off.”

“What?” Kwon said. “I don’t.”

“Just look into my eyes,” the man said. “And remember I’m a man, and you are just a little doll.”

“A little doll?” Kwon’s heart flared with rage at the condescension.

“Yes. Yes. So alluring.”

“Oh, look at the fire in you little girl.” The man said, carrying Kwon over to a weight bench. He sat down with Kwon on his lap, and he ran his hand up Kwon’s spine, letting it slip beneath the strap of Kwon’s bra.

“Hey.” Kwon said, making a fist, thinking to punch him, but then he remembered his orders, and he started giggling and let a big, bright smile spread across his face. He was trying to think of something cute to say, or else at least resist the urge to break the man’s nose, when an autotuned voice chimed in over the hotel gym sound system.

It was Autotune: “You’ve gotten lucky twice, but I’ll; get you yet. Your days are numbered. And—your hair looks terrible. Make yourself pretty for me so I can kill you at your best”

“What?” Kwon shouted, reaching up to pat his hair. He found himself tumbling to the ground, landing on his butt as the man who’d been feeling him up stood up and raised a fist dramatically, glancing to make sure the social media specialist was getting him. “I will protect this helpless girl, you cretin. You will rue the day you dared threaten this delicate flower.”

“So brave.” Social Media Specialist said.

Kwon sat at the man’s feet, staring up at him in rage. “Hey,” he said, tugging on the man’s pants. “You’re a jerk.”

“Ahhhh,” the man said, chuckling as he stepped over Kwon. “Your feelings for me are so powerful you pretend to hate me. Let the games begin.”

“What? No.” But the man just walked away.

Sung hurried up and offered Kwon her hand, pulling him to his feet. He rose too fast and fell into her. Their bodies pressed together, and for a moment he lingered in her arms. Sung felt her heart flutter, and she looked into his big, pretty eyes, and she thought to kiss him, but then Kwon stepped away, tugging at his bra, his leggings. “These clothes don’t fit,” he said. “And my butt is too big. I’m fat.” He said.

Sung frowned, disappointed, but then she said, “All girls think they’re fat. But, trust me, you’re perfect.”

“Well, who was that rude man?”

“That rude man,” Sung said, covering her mouth, “was Dong-Yui. He’s your romantic interest in this movie.”

“What?”

“You’ll be kissing him later today.”

‘Kissing? Him?’

“Yup. Now, finish your run, and then I’ll do your makeup.”

“Um, duh, you already did my makeup?” Kwon said, tossing his ponytail.

“Silly girl. That’s your workout look. I have to completely change it for your bubble bath scene. And then we’ll change it again for the scene after that, and the scene after that. It’s going to be so much fun.”

Fun? Kwon thought, climbing on another treadmill. Sitting around getting makeup put on all day is the opposite of fun. What could be worse? The treadmill started, his breasts started bouncing, all the men froze, staring at him. Oh, yeah, he remembered. This. This is worse.

CHAPTER 13

Kwon crept to the set, wearing a short, pink silk robe with lace trim. It had the name KI embroidered over the breast. Under, he wore some ridiculously tiny scraps of fabric Sung had laughing referred to as a strapless bikini. The set teemed with men, all of whom paused to stare at Kwon as he entered. Kwon was beginning to realize he was a magnet for the eyes of men now.

“Ki. Darling.” Director said, hurrying up to him, putting an arm around his waist and guiding him toward a claw-footed marble bathtub overflowing with bubbles. “You look great, doll. Really fantastic.”

“Thanks, hehehe.” Kwon answered, feeling uncomfortable with the man’s arm around him, pulling Kwon to the man’s side. But he supposed he was expected to like this kind of thing.

“So,” the man said, now turning Kwon to face him, putting his hands on Kwon’s hips. Standing this close, Kwon had to tilt his head way back to meet the man’s eyes, and he desperately wanted to step away, as his bountiful chest stuck out so far it was almost touching the other man’s. “Do you have any questions about the scene?”

“I don’t think so,” Kwon said. “I shave my legs, right? That’s it?”

“That’s it, doll. You got it. Okay. Get in the tub and let’s roll. Places. Places.”

Kwon swallowed. He could sense the anticipation building in the room, everyone watching, pretending they were not watching. Men. Women. He could feel their eyes on him. Untying the belt at his waist, he let the robe slip from his round little shoulder. He heard a collective intake of breath, and then he let the robe drop to the ground, giving the whole crew a vision of his curvaceous brown body, and the tiny strips of his white bikini. I wish they would stop looking at me, he thought, feeling his breasts swaying as he climbed into the tub, hearing a collective sigh from the room. I wonder how they would feel if they knew I was really a man?

Grateful for the modesty it provided, he sank into the warm, fragrant water. He relaxed for a moment, closing his eyes, wishing her were on a normal mission, punching people in the face. Everyone got into positions and then the director called “Action.”

Kwon took the razor from the side of the tub, raised one perfectly formed calf from the bubbles, and began to draw the razor along his soft skin. It was a prop razor with no blades, so he just drew it along his already smooth legs, thinking, Acting is so easy. I can't believe people get paid for this.

"CUT. CUT." The director screamed. "Reset. Go again."

He hopped off his director's chair, ran to the side of the tub and knelt down. "Ki, baby, darling. I need some passion. Sensuality. This is an erotic experience."

"Shaving my legs? Erotic? Why would that be the case? It's just something I would have to do to—"

"Honey? Sweetie? Cutie pie? Sensual. Sensuous. Erotic. You can do that right, babe? You can make me happy and give me that? You want to be a good girl, don't you?"

Kwon gritted his teeth. Why does everyone think they can talk to me like I am stupid? I should punch him right in his nose. But he glanced up to see Sung off to the side, mouthing ABC. So, he swallowed his pride and giggled. "Of course, Director. Of course, you are so correct. Nothing could be more sensuous than shaving my legs. That's why it is such a joy to be a woman."

"Excellent." The director said. He got up, and walking back to his chair, he shouted, "She gets it. She gets it."

Kwon slowed his breathing. Focused his Chi. Just do this. Get it done so you can look for the killer. He looked back at Sung. She nodded and gave him a thumbs up. It made his heart rise to see her there, supporting him, just as she had throughout this ordeal. She was a good friend. He remembered when they had kissed and cuddled, the feeling of her soft skin, her lips.

He picked up the razor. Imagining that he was running his fingers along Sung's smooth calf. He lost himself in that image and moment, recapturing the feelings. Watching on the monitor, the director saw Kwon's eyes go soft and unfocused, saw the tip of his pink tongue slip along his glossy lips. There was something else there, too, something new. In those eyes, ringed by long curly lashes, dripping in mascara, and smoky eyeshadow. A hot, blazing spark of—passion?

He nodded and murmured, "Yes. Yes. Now you have captured the erotic joy every woman feels when she shaves her legs to please her man."



When Kwon finished fake shaving his calf, he kept it raised elegantly from the tub, running both hands along his smooth skin, and he started to giggle and smile, throwing his head back and then moaning softly.

The eyes of the men on the crew bulged, and their mouth fell open.

“Cut. Yes. Yes. Brilliant.” Director shouted. “Moving on.” He jumped from his chair and ran over to the tub. Assistants had run over as well, and they helped Kwon out of the tub and then began to towel him off. “You steamed the set up good, little bunny. Love it. Love it.” And then he wrapped his arms around Kwon and hugged him right, crushing their bodies together.

Kwon resisted the urge to knee the man in the nuts, but remembering his mission, he just hugged back, saying, “I am glad you are pleased with me.”

The director's hands slipped down to cup Kwon's butt, and he squeezed and lifted, whispering in Kwon's ear, "You dirty girl." Then the hug ended, and he walked away, leaving Kwon standing there with his mouth gaping open, eyes wide.

"Did you see that?" Kwon squeaked in rage when Sung walked up to him.

"What?"

"The director. He—he just grabbed my butt like it belonged to him."

"You're a pretty girl. What do you expect?" Sung said, fussing with Kwon's hair.

"Um, some respect, maybe?"

Sung just laughed. "You're such an airhead," she said. "Now, let's go. I have to do your hair and make-up for the next scene."