

Billie Legend



Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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BILLIE - LEGEND

BY CHARLOTTE MAYO

Chapter One

I grow up on the third floor of a block of flats near the White City area of West London. The flats dated back to the 1950's and were those red brick affairs with semi-circular ends that made them look a little like ship's funnels. There was a court yard with a patch of green in the middle and dark, dreary concrete steps at either end.

Fortunately, the blocks were only a few stories high so it wasn't far to go. Even so, more than one person had fallen down in their time – either through accident or design. The steps led up to a path that went along the front of the flats, passing by each front door. The paths, streets and squares had unfashionable named roads such as South Africa Avenue and Empire Way. It was rough back then with a lot of single mothers and crime – everyone knew each other though. This was back in the early 2000s...

Two doors down from me lived my best friend, Sam and her younger brother, Billy. He was good looking lad with glorious blue eyes, a thin figure and clear skin but he was quiet and shy which was in total contrast to his sister, Sam, who was the same age as me and two years older than her brother. She was blond and beautiful and grew up to be a “real looker” as they say. Billy and his sister lived with their mother who was like Sam – confident and outgoing and something of a “dolly bird.”

Not that Billy did not have something of his mother and sister in him – in some ways it was just a shame he was a boy! He had long, eyelashes, a girlish face, a soft, round face and the same fair colouring. God knows who his dad was but he certainly hadn't played any part in Billy's genetic makeup in the same way he did not play any part in Billy's upbringing.

Billy would have been bullied at school if it had not been for his sister – we all attended the same secondary school and she was very popular – very popular indeed! She was friendly with a lot of the hard lads and, if anyone picked on her brother she would have ‘a word’ with one of her many, male admirers who would see to it that whoever was ‘essing’ with Billy was ‘sorted out’ – and one of those lads was Darren who was in our year at school and who will feature in my story. Likewise, I was afforded protection too – Sam was very influential and you could see that Billy was in awe of her. She mothered her brother – looked after him, made sure he was alright...

I'm not sure what age I was when my story opens but I was probably about twelve or thirteen, which would mean Billy was about ten or eleven – anyway, I was around at Sam's house with some of our other

friends who were in year at school. It was the long, summer holidays. We were smoking and messing around as we practiced make-up on each other. Normally, Billy kept out of our way – he made models, played computer games or watched TV in his bedroom - but on this occasion he was in the living room too and Sam said,

“Here Billy, you’ve got lovely, long eye lashes, let me put some mascara on them.”

“Naw way,” Billy said and turned up the TV – he moved uncomfortably in the arm chair and the cat hopped off his lap.

Sam’s friends, Stacy and Chloe began to laugh at his discomfort and that probably encouraged them to goad him into having the mascara applied. That and the fact his face had turned a lovely shade of crimson! I suppose he could have run out of the flat but he didn’t – he stayed and tried to argue his corner – I guess he didn’t want to appear a wimp in front of all of us girls. I always had a soft spot for Billy – even back then - and I didn’t really agree with it but I was not much help to him I’m afraid! I did not want to be seen as a kill joy in front of Sam and her other friends and ironically, it was my intervention on Billy’s side that finally won the day in favour of Sam and the rest of the group. I could see Billy getting more and more distressed so I said,

“Look Billy, just let Sam apply some mascara and then you can rub it off and go back to watching TV. It’ll only take a few minutes and we are not doing it to laugh at you. We really want to see your lovely, long eye lashes...”

Billy closed his eyes and thought for a few seconds. May be he was wondering what he had to do to get a quiet life. You could almost see the cogs in his brain whirring.

“OK then,” he said and reluctantly he got up from the sofa and walked towards the dining table where we were practising make-up on each other and had all the paraphernalia set out. I even held a damp, make-up wipe in my hand to show him it really would be wiped off at the end. Billy didn’t have many friends and I knew he liked it when his “big sis” included him in things – although, at that time, he probably drew the line at having his face painted! Anyway, half-heartedly Billy joined us at the dining room table and sat down in front of a cracked mirror.

All the girls “ohhed” and “ahhed” at the length of his lashes and Billy blushed but I could see he was enjoying the attention and the compliments. At school the other lads considered him a wimp and not very masculine and I knew he preferred female company, however, at school he could not show it for fear of being called ‘gay’. Sam told him to look up and started to brandish the mascara wand in front of Billy who looked decidedly nervous. She asked Billy to turn towards her and then Sam steadied her hand and started to apply the black, syrupy mixture.

“This is Maybelline,” Sam said. “It’s a good one.”

Of course, make-up manufacturers meant nothing to Billy back then. I suspect he only did it because he was bored and didn’t want to appear a loser in front of all of us girls. Sam lightly waved the wand against Billy’s lashes and, when she had finished, Billy looked funny, strange, and almost ghoulish.

“Turn around,” Sam said. “Look at yourself in the mirror – what do you think?”

He shrugged. He was clearly uncomfortable and I found I quite enjoyed it. Seeing his discomfort I mean – just like the other girls had. There was something strangely sadistic about the whole situation. A sense of power ran through me even though I had not really done anything. He stretched his legs out in front of him and crossed his feet.

“It’s alright, I suppose,” he said.

Sam turned to me and the other girls. “What do you think? Do you think he needs more?”

There was a sly, cruel smile on her face and we all knew exactly what she meant. Billy, though, obviously thought his sister meant more mascara but, unfortunately for him, she didn’t!

We all agreed he did “need more” and soon Billy found himself being made up: foundation was applied to his face and lipstick and blusher. Billy was reluctant at first but we all took it quite seriously – the joking was over and it became a very amateurish make- up session. When we had finished – I have to admit Billy didn’t look great but that day we had discovered a model for our practice sessions. There was no question about it.... we had discovered a model. And, here I have to hold my hand up, and say I was the chief protagonist. I’m not sure if Sam would have ever done it again but one time we were just hanging around the shops and I said to Sam,

“Is Billy in?”

“Think so, why?”

“Let’s go back to yours and make his face up again.”

“No, we’ve done it once, it was a larf, but shouldn’t do it all the time.”

“He might turn out gay,” Stacy interjected. We all laughed at that.

But I got my way. See, I was a quiet influence. Whilst Sam was brash and popular it was usually me that got my own way. I had a way of persuading people – especially Billy – as you will see later in my story. So the four of us traipsed by to Sam’s flat, Sam hooked Billy from his bedroom where he was playing a computer game on his own (as always) and once again Billy had his face made up. The second time was a lot better.

So, that was the start of it, over the summer holidays Billy got made up – maybe two or three times a week. We all took it in turns to practice make-up on his face. We were all doing a hair and beauty course at school and we used Billy as a model. In a way, we even forgot that he was boy. It seemed so easy and so much better than practicing on each other. And Billy just accepted it – he liked the attention – I know that. And he liked having things done to him. He was quite passive in that sense.

Very passive. And we all liked that. We liked the fact we could make him up and he would just accept it. When we did it to each other the model would often comment and say she didn’t like it. Not our Billy. One day his mum walked in and she just laughed – she

and Sam were two peas in a pod and more like sisters themselves than mother/daughter. Sam was often a young carer for Billy so why should he not repay her? With his mum on Sam's side there was no hope for Billy – he couldn't escape.

Then it kinda stopped. The summer came to an end and we all went back to school. And, at weekends and other holidays, my persuasive skills didn't work on Sam any more. It had been a 'larf' over the summer and it had helped us with her course but she wasn't interested in doing it again.

Still, it was something I thought about a lot as I got older. I liked to think about the days when we had practiced make-up on Billy and sometimes I would remind Sam about it. She would laugh and say how great it was but she obviously wasn't up to doing it again – she had discovered boys and things like that – poor Billy was very much secondary in her thoughts – even if he wasn't in mine.

As I say, I thought about it a lot. And the more I thought about it, the more I liked it. Maybe because I was black I liked the idea of making up a little, white boy with blond hair, blue eyes and a clear skin. Maybe it was a power thing, or maybe it was the awaking of my sexuality. I don't know, I can't really explain it really. But I know I liked it. I even asked other girls I knew who had kid brothers, if they had ever done anything similar: I found out that it was not that uncommon for older sisters to make up their brothers.

Then, when I was sixteen, I left school and started to do a hair and beauty qualification at college. Sam had also done hair and beauty but she was on a dif-

ferent course as she wanted to concentrate on becoming a hairdresser whilst I wanted to become a make-up artiste. Anyway, one day I saw Billy hanging around the shops and I said to him I had an idea and that I wanted him to “knock me up sometime”. A few days later he did just that – he came around and saw me. I had never had any brothers or sisters so I liked the idea of mothering Billy in the same way Sam did – or she had when they had been at school together. Anyway, he came around one afternoon and I told him I needed a model for my course. I then reminded him of the days when his sister, Stacy, Chloe and I had painted his face regularly.

“I’m too old for that now,” he laughed.

That kinda got me because it implied when we had been younger there had been nothing wrong with it. Not that there was anything wrong with it at any age but his logic was kinda twisted.

“It would be different now, Billy,” I said. “This time it would just be you and me and I would be doing it for my course – I may even take some photographs for my portfolio.”

Billy shrugged; I could tell he was interested. I forgot to say I was wearing a short skirt that day and had perfume on and my face made-up and, though I say it myself, I was alluring. Poor Billy, his teenage hormones were all in a state of anxiety. I knew he got fed up with his sister and her endless boyfriends and people around their flat. I knew the chance to spend some time with a good looking babe like me was not something he would turn down lightly.



“You won’t tell anyone,” he said. “I’ll get the piss taken out of me at school if anyone finds out.”

I touched his arm then. Looked him straight in the eye.

“It will be our little secret Billy,” I said. “Our little secret.”

We made a date for the following day and this time it was all very professional. I really took my time: foundation, eye shadow, eye liner, lippy. The works. Billy was so compliant it was untrue: turning this way and that; closing his eyes whilst I applied the eye shadow. I knew he was more than a bit turned on by my touch – he was a shy boy and didn’t have a lot of luck with women. In fact, he had never kissed a girl– Sam had told me that. So, I went to work and, after a lot of on my part effort, I allowed Billy to look in the mirror. He was shocked. Stunned. He could not believe it was him and he started laughing. He was really taken back by the strange, feminine, image in front of him. I had used slate grey eye shadow, a kohl pencil and mascara, blusher on his cheeks and lip liner which framed deep, red glossy lips. I took some pictures. I even took him into my bedroom so he could stand in front of my long wardrobe mirror and look at himself.

“God, Roxy,” he said. “I never thought I would look like this!”

“I’m good, Billy, aren’t I?”

“Brilliant,” Billy said.

“Come on, let’s clean the make-off you, we don’t want you getting too attached to it,” I said. I knew I had achieved what I wanted and didn’t want to push things too far. See, even then a strange plan was forming in my head... a very strange plan indeed.

We went back to the dining room and I wiped off all the make-up and Billy left the flat and went home. But the next day he came back around and we did the same thing again – I made him up to look like a pretty, pretty girl and he loved it.

And I loved it. I really did. I got such a kick out of making him up. But, of course, something started to gnaw at me. What would Billy look like in a dress, skirt, a blouse, a wig? What would he look like if he was fully made up? I didn’t say anything to Billy because I thought it was a stage too far but I continued making his face up and taking photos and pretending what I was doing for my course at college. Billy pretended too. It was like a game. I pretended it was all for my course and Billy pretended he was a reluctant model. Then he started developing hair and the magic was gone. For a while.

That forced my hand, when I saw that soft hair forming on his face – ‘bum fluff’ as they call it - I started to panic – I knew once he became a teenager he would not want to play my silly games and I would lose my control over him. Already he was branching out – he had a few friends, had developed physically and had more self-confidence: he wasn’t quite the skinny, awkward kid he had been when he was younger – the teenage years were transforming him. He was becoming more unwilling to come around and have his face made up but I knew I still had a hold over him: the truth was his testosterone was running

high and I knew he liked me – fancied me in fact – hadn't I seen a hard packet in his trousers when I touched his face?

So, to ensure that Billy engaged in my make-up sessions, I wore my shortest skirts and sexiest tops. I knew some of his friends though we were having a fling and Billy liked that – it gave him street cred, especially as I was two years older than him and maybe that kept him coming around as well...Plus, of course, deep down inside Billy liked it. I couldn't have done it with just any John Doe off the street; there was something inside Billy that liked me making his face up. He liked looking like a girl. Maybe he really was a transvestite before I met him, who knows? That's the biggest question and one I often ask myself.

Was Billy a transvestite before I started to make him and dress him?

I asked him once if he had ever dressed in his sister or mother's clothes and he denied it. But when I asked if he was tempted to dress in their clothes he admitted there had been the odd times when he had looked through his sister's wardrobe at her clothes and wondered what it would be like to wear them. He told me he loved the feel to the satin, silk, PVC and leather so maybe it was in him all along. Who knows? Anyway, one day, when I had made up his face, I said to him...

"Billy, have you ever wondered what you would look like if you really did look like a girl?"

"How do you mean?" Billy asked.

“I mean wearing women’s clothes,” I said.

Billy laughed that shy laugh of his and his face blanched. He shrugged.

“I guess I have thought of it. You know I told you I had opened the door of Sam’s wardrobe and looked in...”

“Yes, I know, but have you ever thought about *wearing* women’s clothes?” I pressed.

Billy took a deep breath. He was staring in the mirror at the reflection of his superbly made up face.

“Yes, I have,” he said quickly. “I often think about it.”

That surprised me. I was expecting to have to use my persuasive techniques but it appeared that Billy had already partially sold himself on the idea. I carried on.

“Do you think about it when you are made up, or is it when you are alone later?” I probed.

“It is when I am alone later,” he said, repeating my words. “Like sometimes I think back to how my face looked and how you made it look like a girl’s face, not like when Sam and the rest did it when I was a kid. Now, when you make me up it is really good and that gets me thinking.... I wonder what it would be like to wear a skirt and a bra and a top... I’ve looked in Sam’s wardrobes a few times but I know her clothes are too small and it wouldn’t seem right to wear them somehow.”

I went in for the kill. “Well, never mind thinking about it and fantasying about it, would you like to *do* it?”

Billy shrugged, he didn’t look at me instead he continued to look at his reflection I the mirror. “I would... but I wouldn’t.... it doesn’t seem right and what if Sam and the others found out....”

“Well, they wouldn’t, would they?” I said. “We’ve kept this quite, haven’t we?”

Again Billy shrugged. “I guess.”

“So it is a deal?”

“OK,” Billy said.

I high fived him and then I went about taking his make-up off. I wasn’t prepared for him to dress just yet... nor for how easy my victory had been. And I had to do it properly. I needed time to prepare. I knew it was the one chance I was going to get and I needed to do it properly.

Chapter Two

And that is exactly what I did. It was like a military operation. Of course, I had a fair idea of Billy’s size so it was easy. I went shopping and not just in High Streets shops either. I plucked up some courage and went to one or two specialist shops that sell to the transgendered community – cross-dressers, transvestites and transsexuals – they were the only shops

that sold some of the items I needed. Thankfully, the Internet had provided me with a lot of useful information. It didn't take long before I had all the things I needed – all nicely stored in our spare bedroom. There was only me and mum and mum was out a lot – working long hours or out with her latest boyfriend so that meant I had a lot of freedom – probably too much. Also, she liked to drink and was often drunk or just crashed out when she was at home. Eventually, when I was ready I knocked on Billy's door. Sam answered.

“Is Billy in?” I asked.

“Blimey you got the hots for my little brother, Roxy?”

I didn't see so much of Sam but she still knew I saw her brother... she didn't know I made his face up, although I am sure she had her suspicions for she had questioned Billy on his neatly shaped eyebrows and some mascara which was still on his lashes.

“Of course not!” I retorted. “He's just helping me... with some college stuff...” I turned away I didn't want to get into a conversation.

“He's not in but I'll send him around when he gets back,” Sam said. She eyed me suspiciously before saying,

“That's college work he helps you with? It involves making him up, doesn't it?”

The cat was out of the bag.

“Yes,” I admitted. “I just wanted a model... and I remembered how good Billy was.”

Sam sighed. “Billy’s too old for it now. When we did it he was a kid and it was fun but now he should have grown out of it...”

I felt annoyed. “I know, I know, alright. Just send him around when he gets in.”

Sam slammed the door in my face. That was a blow. Especially as he didn’t appear for a few days – maybe he got wind of my little scheme and decided to make himself scarce. Maybe, Sam told him he shouldn’t be having his face made up – which was more likely - and perhaps because of that and his liking for it he felt guilty. I don’t know. What I do know is that I had to wait a week before I finally caught up with Billy and persuaded him to come around to mine.

“Sam said you shouldn’t see me, didn’t she?” I said when he was finally seated on mum’s sofa.

“Yes,” he admitted. “She doesn’t think you should make my face up anymore.”

That made my heart sink. It was one thing making his face up but I wanted to take it a stage further and get him to dress up as a woman. I wanted him to look like a real teenage girl. I decided to be frank with him.

“Look Billy,” I said. “It doesn’t matter what Sam thinks or anyone else thinks for that matter. You like being made-up and I like doing it and it helps me with my course. There’s nothing wrong with it. You are getting older now and soon you will need to shave

more often and it will be difficult to make you up. Therefore, I was planning one last time. Only different as I wanted to make you up and put you in women's clothes and a wig so you look like a proper girl. I've even bought all the stuff. It will be the last time you would be made up. It would give you an opportunity to see what it is like to be a teenage girl."

Billy shrugged. "Really, that's what you want to do?"

"Really Billy that is what I want to do. And it will be the last time, I promise you that."

I knew Billy was fascinated by the prospect of looking like a real girl – after all he had said as much himself.

He stood up and started to walk across the living room, hands deep in pockets. "OK then, one last time. Tomorrow, we'll do it tomorrow; I'll be ready for it then."

"OK, tomorrow," I said.

I showed him to the door and we punched knuckles.

"Tomorrow, Billie, tomorrow. I will be waiting..."

* * *

The next day Billy came around – I knew he would even though I wasn't exactly ready as he was a lot earlier than I thought he would be. He said he had not been able to sleep for excitement which was in to-

tal contrast to how he had presented the day before – then he had been blasé but I guess he was just trying to hide his true feelings. I sat him in the lounge and made him some toast and coffee. Then I went to the spare room and got my stuff ready. Of course, we started with his face and I took a very long time over it, carefully applying make-up. When I had finished he looked the best he had ever looked. Even Billy was surprised. He kept looking in the mirror and saying how “great” he looked and I knew then I was onto a winner. Once the wig was on his whole face would change and then he really would look “great”.

Once I had finished his make-up, I took him by the hand and led him to the spare room where I had assembled the clothes I had bought for him. He gasped.

“You want me to wear those clothes?” he said, looking at the array of silky lingerie and the short skirt.

“Yes,” I replied. “Just this once. I want to see what you look like as a pretty girl.”

I could tell he was intrigued. His hands felt clammy and I knew he was breathing irregularly.

“I...I....I don’t know,” he said at last. He was having doubts. It was a big step.

“I do,” I said, taking the lead. “Come on Billy let’s do it – it’s a once in a life time experience and if you never do it you will always regret it.”

“Just once,” he repeated shyly.

“Just once,” I echoed.

“OK then,” he said. He had doubts but, at the end of the day, Billie was a transvestite – he wanted to morph from a caterpillar to a beautiful butterfly. He was in denial, well he was a teenager and it was a hard thing to accept but as I said earlier, could I have done this to any John Doe off the street? Think about it. The answer is “no”.

Slowly, he took off his clothes right down to his boxers. I could tell he was slightly aroused!

I took up the pretty, blue silk knickers I had bought him and told him to go into the bathroom and change. He did that and when he reappeared I was waiting with tights which I pulled right up and then it was a bra and the first thing I had bought from a specialist shop – a nice pair of inserts – good quality breast forms which would last – oh, there’s something else I have forgotten to mention. Although, I told Billy this would be the one and only time he would dress as a woman I knew it wouldn’t be. I knew once I had him dressed my little tranny would be hooked and I would be able to dress him whenever I wanted – conniving, aren’t I?

After that I placed him in a white cotton blouse which I did up to the neck. Then I made him step into a floaty, satin, skater skirt which was black. Then I tied a pretty scarf around his neck. Lastly, I made him put on a pair of court heeled shoes which were the only things that didn’t fit. He was ready. Dressed. I added some jewellery: ear-rings, bangles for his wrists and a watch. When I had finished he pirouetted in front of the mirror – every inch was female – even Billy was impressed.

“What do I look like?” he asked.

“Great,” I said. “A real princess.”

Billy was confused, I could see that, especially when I got him to sit on the edge of the bed and I added his crowning glory - a short blond wig (again, one of my purchases for future occasions). That wig really made him look like a pretty young girl. Billie was amazed at the transformation just as I knew he would be.

“We shall call you Billie with an “ie” for the rest of the day,” I announced.

Billie laughed. Girlishly. The transition complete. He seemed in no rush to “lose the clothes” in fact he kept looking at himself in the mirror and rubbing his hands over his artificial breasts and along his satin skirt. As I said later in court, whilst I might have lead him into the transvestite world he was far from reluctant. For the rest of the day I trained Billie in how to act and behave like a woman. I made him walk properly and sit properly and speak in a soft voice. And, I have to admit, I smacked him if he made an error. Billie was surprised at first but soon got used to my dominance.

In fact, I didn’t need to smack him much – just the threat was enough. At the end of the day I told him he had done really well and I ordered a pizza in. When the door bell sounded I took some money out of mum’s drawer in the kitchen – she always left money in it but was often so drunk when she came home from work or a night out she didn’t know how much she had. In fact, she had helped fund some of Billie’s transformation – though she didn’t know it! Anyway, the door rang and I sent Billie to go and collect the

pizza. I stood in the kitchen getting plates out but really I was observing.

I saw the young pizza boy raise his eyes when Billie answered the door. He had padded to the door in his stockinged feet as the shoes were uncomfortable. I heard the pizza boy's flirtatious remarks to Billie – how he described the delicious topping. Billie came back to the kitchen holding the pizza as if it were a silver slaver. He placed it on the side.

“That was good, wasn't it?” I said. “You passed in public! Be proud of yourself Billie! Be very proud of yourself!”

And we hugged each other right there in the kitchen. Boobs rubbing against boobs. After we had eaten the pizza we curled up on the dining room floor and relaxed by watching a movie. Then, I took some photographs. I've still got them. Happy, happy memories. Poor Billie.

I waited after that. I said no more to Billie or Billy. I waited. Eventually a card was put through my door thanking me for the day of dressing and a little question,

“Do it again sometime?????”

Well, what could I say? I knocked Billy up and a few days later he came around and I made him up again and then I dressed him again – same outfit. He had learnt a lot from the first session and I loved the way he kept sitting down and splaying out his skirt. I liked the way he kicked the shoes off which were too big off his feet.

“Come with me.” As I was talking I was grabbing his hand and pulling on my coat. At the same time I threw a black leather jacket of mine over Billie’s shoulder. I knew if he had time to think about it he probably wouldn’t do it.

“We can’t go out, we can’t go out. People will see us!” Billy protested.

He was almost in tears. But the front door was closed and we were walking down the echoy walk way and then we were on the steps. We were walking together and Billie was out. Out in public, dressed *en femme*. I held Billie as tightly as I could.

“Calm, calm, calm,” I said. “Stay calm. Remember the pizza boy – he was taken in, wasn’t he?”

“I guess so,” Billie said.

A group of boys walked passed us. Fortunately, I didn’t recognise them but they raised their eyes as we passed. Billie scuffed on, holding my arm tightly. We walked down the steps and we were out. It was only a short walk to the shopping centre and the shoe shop and in no time Billie was seated on a suede effect couch having his dainty little feet measured. I did all the talking. I felt like his mother – the assistant must have thought it was odd that I choose the shoes but it did not interfere with her service for soon Billie was the proud owner of some low-heeled ankle boots. I said he would wear them and the young assistant pulled off the labels and Billie slipped them onto his feet. I paid and we left the shop.

For the first time Billie laughed. “That’s better.”

Walking back to the flat he grew in confidence, swelled with pride. His gait became steady, he enjoyed the admiring glances. He began to grow in front of me. Grow as a woman I mean. My hard work had paid off. And I suppose inadvertently, that day, I made Billie a committed *transvestite*– if he wasn't already which is what I have always thought and what I told the court during the trial when both the prosecution and the defence questioned me.

Of course, he wanted to do it again. And again. The buzz of adrenalin was just too much for him. He wanted to go out dressed all the time. It even became too much for me! Over that particular summer I dressed Billie maybe ten times – perhaps more. Sometimes we went out but mostly we stayed in. It was great. I felt a real bond with him. Then he was back at school and I was back at college and his voice broke and he matured and the magic was gone.

I found he looked at me though. Whenever he saw me he smiled and said 'hello' but the strange thing was we didn't say much about the dressing – it was as if it were 'off topic'. He was friendly though. I got a boyfriend and didn't see much of Billie – well, Sam and I had already kinda parted – gone our separate ways. Although living so close meant we did see each other as we put our keys in the doors or passed on the walkway. We would smile and say 'hello' and promise to meet up but we never did. We had grown apart.

That's why I was surprised to receive an invitation to Sam's eighteenth birthday party – I don't know if it was just because I lived so close but she knocked on the door one day and said, "I'm having an eighteenth, wanta come?"

I could have understood it more if it had been in her flat but she had hired the community hall for it – I suppose it was for old time's sake – the fact we had grown up together and gone to school together.

As it so happened, I got dumped a few days prior to the party which meant I had to go alone. I wasn't looking forward to it I can tell you. Even so, I dressed up in short skirt and high heels. I don't know why but I didn't even think of Billy. Then I saw him. I walked into the kitchen area and there was Billy with his arm draped around this blonde girl.

He had changed. Changed a lot – for a start he was a lot more confident. And in that moment I felt jealous. A deep pang of jealousy. Billy was up against the kitchen counter with his hands pawing all over this girl and a friend of his stood to the side and the three of them were laughing and joking. When I walked in Billy made eye contact and the other lad looked around at Billy as if to say 'who is she?' I didn't smile. I didn't feel like smiling.

"How are you, Roxy?" Billy asked.

I turned away and got a glass of wine. As I turned back I said, "Fine, how are you?"

"OK," he said. For some reason this seemed to make the blonde girl and the lad laugh.

"'ave you left *school* yet?" I said, sarcastically, emphasizing the word 'school'.

"Yeh, just done my GCSEs, what about you? Still doing the beauty course?"

“Got a job in a salon,” I said. “Finished the course. I got commended in my assignments”

Billy blushed at this, knowing that my assignments contained photographs of him. Dressed. Made up. Girlish. No one had guessed. Everyone had taken him to be a real woman. He had such a cute, girlish face; it seemed a shame to shatter the illusion.

“Good,” Billy said. “You put a lot of hard work into it. You deserved to do well.”

I looked Billy in the eye. I had thawed a little. “You should come around and see my portfolio at some time. You would find it interesting.”

The girl, who I guessed was Billy’s girlfriend, interjected. “He’s not interested in that, why would he want to come around and look at some portfolio of women wearing make-up?”

I stepped closer to her. “You would be surprised what young Billy’s interested in.”

“How do you mean?”

Billy’s friend raised his eyes. I knew he had probably heard the rumours about Billy and an older, black girl and he had probably deduced that it was me.

“Maybe it’s our little secret,” I said, touching my nose.

Billy’s girlfriend looked from me to him.

“She’s just having a larf... there’s nothing between us....” Billy said. I was surprised at his confidence – he had certainly matured.

“I bet you would like to see my portfolio though,” I said as I walked away. “Honestly, come around and see it. Anytime.”

Later, in the evening Billy approached me. He was on his own. His giggly mate and jealous girlfriend had left him.

“Sorry ‘bout that,” he said although it should have been me that was apologising. “I would like to see your portfolio. I never saw the finished article.”

“Come round,” I said, repeating the invitation from earlier.

Chapter Three

And he did. One day he just turned up at my door and asked to be invited in. I noticed how much more assertive he was – and how he had grown – he was, by then, quite a tall, cocky, sixteen year old. He sat on the soft sofa and I showed him the portfolio; I flicked through pages and we looked at photos of Billy dressed as a beautiful women. That was when I noticed he was a bit nervous. I guess he was slightly turned on too as he kept using the portfolio to cover up his groin.

“That girl,” I said. “At the party, she was your girlfriend, right?”

“Yeh,” he said. “We’ve just started dating. Jason, that was the mate I was with, thought you and I...”

I laughed. “Were once an item?”

Billy looked embarrassed. “Yeh.”

I smiled. Sweetly. Squeezed his leg.

“Don’t worry Billy, I will never tell anyone about our little secret.”

“It’s kinda embarrassing, that’s all,” he said. “To wear women’s clothes and have your face all done up like you used to do to me. Not that I didn’t enjoy it and I’m very thankful that you did, it is just that Becky and Jason would not understand.”

“But you said it yourself, you enjoyed it, didn’t you Billy?” I quizzed.

I was kinda folded up on the sofa with its threadbare patches. I rubbed his arm.

“Yeh, you know I did, but that’s all in the past...”

I wasn’t so sure.

“I’ll get the other portfolio,” I said. “The one that won me a commended.”

I got up from the sofa and walked out into my bedroom. After a few minutes of rummaging under my bed I returned with the second portfolio – it was far better, far more professional – in fact I had only entered the second one for my qualification the first one was kinda a personal album and contained photos of

Billy full length – showing off his clothes – the second portfolio was just head shoots which showed off my make-up skills.

I sat down beside Billy and went through it slowly. In a way I was trying to prolong his agony and make him see what he was missing – after all I had invested a lot of money in my little transvestite friend, hadn't I? At last I found a photo I had taken of his wigged head which was perfect. The make-up was exactly as I wanted it. I had placed a new blond curly wig on his head; I had produced enhanced, glamorous eye make-up and glossy lips: Billy was completely unrecognisable from the callow youth who sat beside me.

Billy gasped. "Did I really look like that?"

"You did Billy and not one of the examiners ever knew that you were a boy. Amazing isn't it?"

Billy rocked on the sofa, rubbed his hands together.

"You would like to do it again?" I said. "I know you would."

"I would like to but I know I shouldn't – there's Becky for a start and... and... I'm older now."

I remembered he had made that excuse once before!

"Billy, if you want to do it again, I'll help you, I really don't mind. You can come around her and we can do it again."

“Go out as well you mean? What about my stubble? What about my voice?” Billy said. “I don’t think I would be able to get away with it now.”

I laughed. Despite his protestations to the contrary I could tell Billy had thought about it! He had realised there were now certain things wrong! Things that would need correcting which had not been a problem in the past like his voice and bread growth. Still, he still had a lovely, slim figure and I was sure I could find a way of correcting his voice and stubble issues.

“Don’t worry Billy. I will go on-line and see what I can find out and then I will give you a knock and we will have one last dance with Billie spelt with an ‘ie.’ – just for old times’ sake, is that a deal.”

“That’s a deal,” Billy said.

And in a ungainly way Billy offered me his hand so we could shake on it.

So I searched on the Net for transvestite/cross dresser related stuff and soon found some concealer that would hide Billy’s light stubble. It may appear that I was investing a lot of money and time in one ‘last hurrah’ for Billy as well, Billie – female - but I knew then that it would *not* be the last time – like I had known before – I always knew Billie would come back to it. He could not resist it. I sensed he had inner pangs of guilt and tried to repress it, in the same way I tried to repress other things I will mention later in my story.

But for Billy I knew it must be an inner battle with all his teenage hormones whirling around his body

and I knew he just had to be given time. Of course, I still had the wig and falsies from before as I knew Billie would come back again and I was excited by the prospect. You see, I had my own fantasy and it was for Billy and me to go out as two friends. *Girlfriends*. Meet boys and have a laugh and all the time we would know – I would know – that Billie was actually Billy a *guy*. I loved that. Really loved that. The idea that I could transform Billie from male to female. Here, I may as well tell you the truth: you see, I didn't much care for boys. OK, I admit it; maybe I was a dyke, a lesbian and I didn't want to acknowledge it to myself.

That was why I understood Billy so well, why I wanted to help him. I suppose I didn't want to be honest with myself and it was a form of transference. I dunno. My dad used to cheat on my mum the whole time. She put up with it. Then he found a new cutie and he just upped and left. Just like that. Gone. I never forgave him and it, well, damaged me. I found it hard to trust guys. Especially as mum turned to the bottle for comfort and had all sorts of 'men friends' who came in and out of the house and treated it like a hotel but were only ever after one thing.

In fact, I did not like men at all. I liked to be in control. I had dates. I was good looking but I never got involved. Never got emotional. I had to be in control. I just had to be. And that's why I liked Billy. With Billy things were different. I was in control. It was on my terms and I kinda set the tempo.

Billy did as he was told and I loved that. I manipulated Billy. Yes, he was willing but he was also reluctant so I lead and guided him. And that was why I was determined to enact my fantasy. It was far-

fetched and stupid and I knew it was unlikely to happen which was why I kept kicking the fantasy into touch but then Billy would come along or I would see Billy again and the fantasy would be re-awakened in me and I would wonder what it would be like to dress Billy and to take him out and for him to look like a girl. A proper girl. An attractive girl. A girl that attracted men and maybe that was part of his downfall. Maybe if I had left him alone things would have turned out different. Maybe, I was just too selfish. Too blinkered. Perhaps I never thought about the effect it would have on Billy. I mean what happened should not have happened, but maybe....well, maybe it was all my fault. In part, at least. Possibly I was to blame for what happened to Billy but I get ahead of myself...

So Billie came back. We arranged it all via text message and email. I teased and tantalised him by telling him I had been shopping and had bought him a lot of new things. I knew he was excited. I knew he wanted me to help him dress again and most of all he wanted to go out dressed. I soon realised that the desire to go out dressed burnt inside him. Despite his confidence he was still passive as far as the dressing was concerned – he still felt guilty and was struggling to come to terms with it. So one day he knocked on the door. Billy at sixteen was taller. Just started college. Growing up. By then I had job in a salon. Billy had parted company with his latest girlfriend, Becky. He was single.

On that fateful day Billy walked down the dark hall and into the living room with an easy if nervous air. I had everything set up. I told Billy to get undressed and slip into a cream negligee I had bought for him. He went off to my bedroom and came back a few min-

utes later with the negligee wrapped around him. I could see he had shaved his legs and arms.

“My Billy, you really want to get into the spirit of the occasion,” I joked.

“I thought it was worth it for one last time,” he said. “One last throw of the dice.”

Did he believe it? Was he deluding himself? I don’t know. Maybe he was just playing me along as he didn’t want to admit to me that he was a transvestite.

He sat at the dining room table where we always prepared his make-up – the light was better. He had shaved close and I sponged on the foundation, dabbing the top of my hand which was where I placed the foundation. It took a while but I was determined to get the make –up right. When I had finished I gave Billy some silky panties to pull on. I watched as he pulled them up his smooth legs – then he turned his back on me so I could not see for the negligee. At that stage we hadn’t discovered the tuck but fortunately his appendage was not very large! Next, I put on a bra and added fillers and he slipped into a silky half-slip.

“Oh my God, I’ve forgotten about your toes!” I exclaimed.

In no time I had Billie seated on a chair and knelt in front of him whilst I applied a nice blood- red varnish to his toe nails. When the varnish was dry he slipped into some stockings and I attached a suspender belt to his waist and hooked up the stockings. Next, I took a crinkled white blouse from a hanger and Billie slipped it on and I buttoned it up. Finally, it was the piece de la resistance – I had bought him a

black, pleated mini-skirt. I took it off the hanger and Billie stepped into it.

He was already hyperventilating as he wriggled it up to his waist and I pulled it up a little further knowing that a woman's waist was higher than a man's. Then I zipped it up. Billie smiled broadly. He already looked like a woman and I was yet to add the wig. I made him sit down and I gave him a pair of black leather, knee high boots to wear. He zipped them up. I had actually bought them from a charity shop as I had spent so much on Billie and new boots were expensive.

Then, he got up and I gave him a black leather jacket of mine to slip into. Billie looked great but I had not finished. I made him sit down and popped a blond wig on his head. I pulled it into position and coiffured it with sprays and by brushing it. Suddenly the transformation was complete. Billy was *Billie*. Every inch a female. He sat back down and I played around with his wig some more. He admired himself in the mirror and then he stood up and pirouetted around the room. I just wished I could have bottled his excitement and enthusiasm – his happiness – the sheer joy he felt at being dressed. He was a transvestite and he knew it. He loved dressing in the women's clothes I had bought for him. Loved the fact that they were *his* clothes.

"Do you ever wear your sister's clothes?" I asked him. I had asked him the same question before but this time I wanted an honest answer.

"Yeh, sometimes," he replied. "Don't tell her."

I laughed and told him I wouldn't but I knew she would know and suddenly my naughty and cunning brain was thinking of the three of us going out. Billie and his sister and me - three girls together! But I put such thoughts to the back of my mind. I was impressed though; impressed that Billie was so slim he could fit into his sister's clothes. When I had asked him before he had been coy about it – perhaps he had lost weight, Sam had put weight on (no chance!) or my little Billie was being reserved before and had not wanted to reveal the depth of his transvestitism.

“Stand up and look at yourself in my bedroom mirror,” I said. “That way you will be able to see your whole body.”

Billie did as he was told. He walked easily in the bedroom, swinging his hips as he walked in an exaggerated style. I was close behind.

“Do you like your new outfit?” I asked.

Billie nodded his blond head.

I got him to sit down on the bed, I left the room and returned with some make-up. Next, I applied a thick layer of lipstick and gloss and added some sparkle to his cheeks. Billie was ready. I forayed in my wardrobe and found a handbag which I passed to him. Then I went to my bedside cabinet and got some perfume and jewellery. I affixed a bracelet to his wrist and placed rings on his fingers. Then I sprayed him with the scent.

Billie stood up. “I look amazing,” he said. He just could not take in the sight of the beautiful woman who stood before him.

“Right, Lady, we going out or what?” I said standing in front of him, my hands on my hips.

Billie grinned from ear to ear. I had never seen him so happy. Maybe that day was the happiest of his life – he certainly said that to me afterwards. I like to think it was. When I was in court, and going over events for the trial, I tried to think of happy times. Times we had spent together when he had been dressed and had been over whelmed by how good he had felt about it all.

This time there was none of the nervousness Billie had experienced before when we left the flat. I had done such a good job on Billie’s make-up and appearance he really thought of himself as a woman and embraced the excursion. Billie stepped out of my flat and followed me down the steps and out onto the street.

We walked along arm in arm. Billie and me. His short, black skirt swinging around his slender thighs. We got out onto the street without passing anyone and then an old, black man came towards us; he looked at us both and tipped his hat. I grabbed Billie’s arm and giggled. It was just so much fun! I looked at his legs in the smooth Lycra based, black stockings, pacing along the street. The edge of his black, thigh high boots a few inches from the hem of his short skirt. It was hard to believe that the flimsy skirt shield a cock! A buzz of excitement drilled through me. I had never felt more alive.

“Billie, you were made to be a girl,” I said. “You like it, don’t you?”

“Of course I do,” Billie said softly. “I’ve always loved it when you have made my face up but I have tried to resist it as I knew it was wrong.”

“It’s not wrong, Billie,” I said. “You’re transgendered, you are not harming anyone. It’s Ok, Billie, it’s OK. Viva la difference. Just enjoy the fact you are a transvestite.”

I loved that word. Better than gender-bender or cross dresser or transgendered – transvestite was so magical. Trans...vest...ite... that’s was what I kept saying in court when they referred to Billie as transgendered but, once again, I get ahead of myself.

Billie laughed. “I’ve tried to fight it but I guess I am. It’s lucky I met you, Roxy. Lucky you understand. You have always understood, maybe you know more about me than I know about myself.”

“I bet Sam knows you are a transvestite as well,” I tried.

“Yeh, I think she does but it’s embarrassing telling your sister...”

He let the sentence tail off. By this time we had reached the street. There was a newsagent on the corner and, although it was getting dark, lads hung about around the entrance, their bikes strewn on the pavement. They looked at us as we passed, arm in arm.

“Hey chicks,” one of the lads called out. Billie and I ignored him. Instead we stepped faster. Billie’s boot splashed in a puddle and droplets of water formed on the shiny black. We passed a convenience store and a

pub and a betting shop – their bright lights shining onto the dull, grey pavement: still we walked on.

“Where are we going?” Billy said at last.

“I dunno,” I said and laughed because the funny thing was I had not given it a moment’s thought. Normally, I planned things meticulously but not on that occasion. All I had thought about was getting Billy outside – going for a walk.

“Do you wanta turn back?” I asked.

“No, not yet,” Billie said.

So we walked on. Then we came to a busy road and a roundabout and we turned and traced our steps back. We arrived back at the flats without incident apart from the hoot of a horn from a passing motorist.

“I never knew women got so much attention,” Billy said.

“Just goes to show you what a pretty young woman has to put up with,” I said.

“Sam always says she gets hoots and wolf whistles but I never really believed her until now. I know she likes the male attention.”

“And so will you, Billie,” I said. “And so will you.”

It was gone 11.30pm when we got back to my flat. My mum was actually in for a change and I just introduced Billie as well Billie, a friend of Sam’s. Mum took no notice (partly because she was half cut as

usual) and thought Billie was genuinely female which was great for Billie's confidence. She even offered him a cup of coffee and a biscuit and seemed to quite like him! Fortunately, she went off to the bed and, as soon as she had gone, I took Billie into my room and he quietly got undressed and took his make-up off in the bathroom. We had to wait until mum had gone to sleep before he left the house but then I showed him to the door and he slipped away into the night – back to his own flat.

Chapter Four

After that first night out Billie and I communicated via text and email. We couldn't put anything on Facebook as we didn't want anyone else to know for we both knew by then that Billie was a transvestite and he loved dressing as a woman. He even admitted it to me in emails – it was exactly as I had thought and was what I had wanted to happen. So, when the time was right Billie would come around and we would go out.

We started being adventurous. It started with a trip to the pictures to see a romantic comedy, then a trip to a pizza place and then we went to a quiet bar. I loved dressing Billie – it was like he was my doll. Like my real life Barbie that I could dress in outfits of my choice and make him up and take him out. He was so compliant and submissive I could do exactly what I wanted with him without being worried about what he thought.

Billie never questioned any outfit I put him in or the make-up or jewellery or accessories I used. In fact, he loved looking at himself in the mirror and

gushed and said how wonderful I had made him look. Of course, in time my mother did see him in a state of near undress and I had to confess that he was a transvestite which gave her a big shock because she had been so convinced that he was a woman – but it just showed Billie how convincing he was and how he could ‘pass’ in public which he loved.

“It’s just such a buzz,” he would say to me as I applied lipstick with a brush. “I just love it when you dress me and I go out looking like a real woman and no one guesses.”

Then one day Sam cornered me.

“What are you doing to my brother?” she asked.

I played the innocent.

“How do you mean?”

Sam laughed. “I know you help him dress up in women’s clothes. I know he goes walkabout and you’ve taken him to Misty’s bar – Frankie saw you both and knew it was Billie.”

There was no point denying it. “How long have you known?”

“Well, I had my suspicions when he used to pop around to yours and then I kinda figured out were making his face up and then... well, my clothes went missing and I put two and two together. I should thank you because I guess he has his own stash of clothes at your place. But I have seen him in the bathroom shaving his legs which is a bit of a

give-away too. Not to mention the fact that he likes to sleep in a nice, silky nightie!"

I loved the way she thought I was helping Billie, that made it sound like it was all him. I decided to play along with it.

"I must admit I have helped him," I said. "Initially, I did make his face up – purely because I wanted to get good grades in my course. Then, one day he confessed to me that he was a transvestite and that he borrowed your clothes, Sam. I was impressed he could fit into them – knowing you are a size 10. I told him it wasn't fair on you and I would buy him his own clothes and it's kinda grown from there. At first we just did it in the flat when mum was out but Billie was keen to go out. I was really against it at first but he kinda persuaded me. You know what Billie's like?"

Sam hummed knowingly.

"Well, course, once he had done it he was always sending me emails and text messages to say he wanted to do it again and he wanted my help. I was scared he would do it on his own and look a mess so I kinda gave in to him. I'm not saying there isn't a side of me that kinda likes it but I do it for Billie."

Sam stepped closer and caught me in a big, bear hug. There were tears in her eyes.

"I love you so much, Roxy," she said. "You really are good to him. I've thought for ages he was a transvestite and it's great he has felt able to confide in you and you've been able to help him come to terms with his desire to dress in women's clothes. I've been re-

ally worried about him but he has found a star in you." She wiped away a tear.

"He's not gay, is he?" she asked.

"Not he's not."

"That's good, but I still worry about him."

"You needn't. Billy is a really well-adjusted kid. He just loves dressing in woman's clothes that's all."

"I was scared that's all," Sam said. "Scared about his future and whether women would accept him."

I laughed. "He is actually a bit of a ladies man on the side."

Sam smiled through her tears. "He does seem to be. He's dated one or two girls at college." She took my hand and squeezed it.

"Thanks for all you have done," she said.

A few days later I approached Sam with my big idea which had been brewing in my mind for some time. It was an adventure, another outing, another chance to test my skills as a great conjurer who could transform male to female. "Why don't the three of us go out together and you'll see just how good Billy is?"

Sam was reluctant at first but we agreed that, one Saturday, I would get him dressed and then text her and she would come around and at least see him dressed. Then, if she felt up to it, the three of us would go out. I didn't tell Billy of course, I didn't think there was any need to worry him unduly but when he

was finally dressed and made up and he had had a good look at himself in the long mirror I had bought so I could position it in the living room, I suddenly announced.

“Sam will be knocking for us in a minute.”

“What?”

“I’ve told her,” I said. “She confronted me with her suspicious about you being a cross-dresser so I told her about you dressing around here. I thought it was for the best. She’s really keen to see you dressed. I think it will help her come to terms with the fact her brother’s a transvestite. She is really worried about you.”

Billie turned and looked at himself in the mirror, he pulled at his blouse, I could see he was nervous. That night I had dressed him in nude tights, black court shoes and a black, knee length PVC pencil skirt with a black, loose fitting blouse and a gold chain. He was also wearing gold bangles, rings, pink false nails and a gold watch I had bought him. He looked adorable.

“Oh, Roxy,” he said, tears in his eyes. “Do you think she will like me... as Billie, I mean?”

“She will love you,” I said. “She just wants to re-assure herself that you look good and you can pass in public. She’s worried about you and she begged me to allow her to come around and see you, so what could I say?”

Billie shrugged, his feminine shoulders lifting slightly. “I suppose it is for the best,” he said. “I know

she knows that I dress... if she wanted to see me she must feel OK about it.”

“She does, Billie, she does,” I said. “And when she sees you made-up properly she’ll be dumfounded – honest Bille, she will.”

And she was.

“Oh My God!! Is that really you?” she exclaimed as soon as she walked in through the front door and into the living room. Billie held his handbag in a slightly embarrassed way. He moved from foot to foot and I could tell he was ill at ease. Still, there was no mistaking the look of wide-eyed surprise on Sam’s face – there was no way she could have acted that. She leant forward, mouth open.

“It’s me, sis,” he said. “What do you think?”

Sam could do nothing but stare at her little brother who I had transformed into a beautiful and glamorous woman. I knew she could not believe it and a sense of pride overwhelmed me. It was all my work. The scents from Billie and Sam perfumed the air. The whole scene was so feminine. I had done it. I had made Billie into the perfect teenage girl – a young woman.

“Turn around,” Sam said.

Billie did as instructed.

“What a great arse and lovely legs,” Sam said. “I would never have believed it. When you said he was a transvestite and you dressed... well, I knew you were probably good but not this good. All the other trans-

vestites I've seen have looked like men but Billie, well, he looks... like a WOMAN!"

I laughed. "Don't be so surprised. You knew I was good."

Sam started to study Billie as if he were some curiosity – a strange animal she had stumbled across in a zoo. Then the questions started.

"What did you do for tits?" She asked.

"I bought him some life-like breast forms," I replied.

"And how do you conceal his beard growth?" She asked.

From then on it all got a bit technical, we both collapsed into the sofa whilst Billie stood before us. We talked about how I had dressed him as if Billie wasn't there – he had become an *object*. We talked about where I had got the clothes, what I used for fillers... the questions went on and on I could see Sam was impressed – I suppose she had expected me to produce something that at least looked *a bit* like her brother but not this blonde, attractive girlish Billie. All the time she kept looking at Billie who stood in the room like a model awaiting instructions. You see I had a natural flair – I knew it even then. I was good at make-up.

Not just glamorous make-up but knowing what to do to change appearance. Perhaps I didn't mention it but not all the photos in my portfolio were of Billy as *Billie* the female – in some I had made him look like an old woman or an old man and one was even a joke

monster – that had helped persuade Billy that the make- up sessions were for my course rather than our mutual enjoyment. It had earned me a highly commended. But it wasn't just the make-up; I knew what clothes and jewellery matched and what suited Billie. Of course, to some extent it had been trial and error but very slowly we had got there – Billie had become a glamorous female. And that was why Sam kept repeating...

“Oh my God! I just can't believe it!” And putting her hand over her mouth. It was as if she could not take in what she was seeing. She was laughing too and I knew, like me, she kinda liked it. There was something in her that liked the idea that Billy was well... *Billie the transvestite*. I'm sure it would have been different if he had not been so convincing but she knew he would pass *and then some* in public. She *knew*.... She stretched her hand out and touched him, ran her hand along the smooth blouse he wore, there were tears in her eyes.

“I just never imagined...” she said softly.

What she meant was that she never imagined that a transformation from male to female could be so good. Of course, Billy had a lot of the attributes; the slim figure, the girlish face, the long eye lashes, the nice bone structure but I had added to it. With my skills as a make-up artist I had made him look like a woman...Billie was mine all mine. I had made Billie as sure as Frankenstein made his monster.

“Well don't just sit here admiring *her*... why don't the three of us girlfriends... have a night out?” I said before adding. “I didn't just make him up to stand

here and look pretty, I want him to be really admired... by men."

Sam laughed nervously. She looked from Billie to me and back again.

"Seriously?"

"Why ever not?"

I knew what she was thinking. Even though she knew he was super convincing she was scared of going out into a rough estate with her brother dressed as a woman.

"It's not Billie," she said. "It's me; I'm scared of my reaction."

"He won't get read, believe me, he's too good." I tried to be as convincing as I could."

"And you've done it before, right?"

"Right."

"OK then, for Billie. I'll come out with you."

The she scurried off next door. It took her about half an hour to change her jeans and put on some lippy and mascara and some heels and then she was ready too. Girls are like that – once you have the basics right – the slim figure, the expensive hair style, the well-manicured finger nails... it don't take much to give yourself a bit of a touch up, so to speak, and be ready to go out – unlike poor Billie but that is the drag with being male. When Sam returned it looked as if she had spent hours getting ready.

So Billie, Sam and I stepped out of the flat. Once again I gave Billie one of my jackets to wear. We walked down the concrete steps and out onto the dimly lit street. Soon we were marching along, matching strides. It just felt so good with Billie in the middle. We went to the local pub and we found a small, round table. I ordered drinks and we sat around chatting girlishly. Billie wasn't much for conversation, no doubt fearing his voice would be a giveaway but Sam and I talked quietly. Then it happened.

Sam was at the bar buying the next round of drinks when two guys hit on her. Sam was used to it and tried to give them the brush off but they kept looking over and they followed her back to our table and, without being invited, they made themselves at home beside us. That was one of the things I hated about men - they were just so assumptive... so arrogant. I knew straight away it spelt trouble and I tried to shield Billie as much as I could but he was exposed, he nervously looked at the table and broke open a packet of crisp.

"What's your name?" One of the men asked Billie.

"Billie," he said quietly.

"Billie the kid," the taller of the men joked and they both laughed. Although, in all honesty, I thought it was as funny as a dose of Ebola.

"She *is* my kid sister," Sam said.

"You're both a couple of stunners," the shorter man said. "I'd love to meet your mother."

I could see Billie positively glow with pride at that – his first compliment – from a guy. Sam on the other hand was rather annoyed and she pulled a face.

“Anyway, what do you two do?” I asked to try to steer the conversation away from Billie. Fortunately, Sam was used to being chatted up and she knew how to quietly tell the men that we weren’t interested but I could tell Billie was relieved when we left the pub and we made our way home along the dank pavement. His high heels clip-clopped on the surface as we dissected the night. Sam linked arms with him and they walked in unison for a while. She patted his hand.

“I enjoyed that more than I thought I would,” Sam said. “I loved the idea of those two guys not knowing they were trying to chat up my kid *brother*.”

Sam and I laughed but Billie was quiet – I knew he had found the whole experience a bit unnerving. Still, he was more relieved when he got home to mine and admired himself in the mirror.

“I really look like a woman, don’t I Sam?”

“Yes,” Sam said. “You certainly do.”

He didn’t want to get undressed. He *never* wanted to get undressed but eventually I wiped off his make-up and he took off his women’s clothes and then pulled on his drab, male clothes. Sam lead the way to the door. As they left Billie said,

“It’s been great tonight,” he said. “I hope it’s not the last time...”

He knew it wouldn't be, of course. I was soon texting Sam about the night in the pub and it wasn't long before we had organised another night out with Billie and then another and then another... Billie loved it. The three of us going out together the clip-clop for his high heels on the grey walkway as the three of us made our way to the cinema or to McDonalds or the local pizza restaurant which was Pizza Express: we really were three girls out together. However, it was not long before the real identity of Billie was revealed due to Facebook.

Sam was never good at keeping secrets and she uploaded photos of me, her and Billie on nights out onto her page. Soon one of her friends had guessed that Billie was in fact, well, Billy! Word spread around. As a result Billie became quite a sensation – he was the local cross-dresser, the resident transvestite. Even his mum found out but she didn't mind – in fact, like Sam she seemed to quite like it. Billie was exposed. He almost *had* to dress then. Everyone on our estate knew, and I mean everyone – little old ladies would come up to him in the shops and ask him if he was Billy the cross dresser – one old lady said how wonderful she thought it all was. He was even invited to a party by a girlfriend of Sam's and she said to Billy, and I will always remember this,

"You can only come if you come dressed as a girl... everyone wants to see you dressed as a girl... no one wants to see you dressed as a man...."

So, within a year of that first date in the pub with Sam, everyone on the estate knew that Billie Turner was a cross dresser... a transvestite... call him what you will. But what I call him is a legend. Billie Turner was a legend.... A legend in his own ball gown....

Chapter Five

The party. I loved the party. That was an opportunity to really show Billie off at his best and it brought about a lot of unintended consequences – some good and some bad as you will see! But it was my opportunity to shine – well, he was like my creation, as I say, my Frankenstein's Monster. I thought long and hard about what I wanted him to wear. I really planned it out.

Carefully. Billie was working by then, he had left college and he had a low paid job in a shop – one of those big department stores. He had even started to grow his own hair. During the week prior to the party he had some time off so he came down to the salon, where I worked as a beautician, and we gave him a full body wax and an eyebrow trim and manicure and pedicure. Billie loved it. Us girls all fussing over him. Then, on the day of the party, he came over to mine early and I started to prepare him.

My mum knew by then, of course, and she was a bit like Billie's mum – she really couldn't care less – that didn't surprise me as all my life her only interests had been the bottle and men - booze had always been a priority and she didn't really give a stuff about anything else. Anyway, he came over and I had everything set out for him on my bed: tights or panty hose as they are called in America, panties, bra, fillers and a silky half-slip in the deepest maroon. Billie sat on a chair in front of my mirror.

“You’re not going to like this Billie,” I said. “But I’m going to start by cutting your hair.”

“But why?” Billie protested.

“Because I’ve brought you a new, blonde wig – real hair. I want to you wear it tonight and your hair, unfortunately is not of a good enough standard. It is just not feminine enough.”

Billie was reluctant but he did as he was told. He always did. Soon great chunks of hair were falling on the plastic covering the carpet as the razor hummed over his head. In no time at all he had a crew cut. I could tell he didn’t like it. He stood up and walked towards my bed where he slowly undressed. His legs had been waxed and his arms shaved. He was perfectly smooth skinned. Then the transformation began. He pulled on the silky knickers I had left for him and then he sat on the bed and rolled 10 denier black tights up his legs.

Next, I affixed the bra and inserted some fillers into the cups. Finally, he wrapped a negligee around him and he sat down at my dressing table and the magic commenced. He loved being a transvestite and however reluctant he was to have his head shaved he was more than keen for me to dab foundation onto his cheeks and start the make-up process. He told me how lucky he was having met me and he often bought me presents - little gifts of jewellery which didn’t cost much (Billy didn’t have a lot of money) but meant a good deal to me – I still have them all. He was quite a charmer on the quiet and the revelation, on the council estate where we lived, that he was a transvestite had done nothing to halt his womanising.

In fact, more women chatted to him as they were curious about him and he bedded a few: some just wanted to know what it was like to have the legend that was Billie as a lover and run their hands along his smooth arms and legs, taste his damp kisses and experience his tender, almost girlish love making (later I will reveal more!). Not that he had a regular girlfriend the dressing was far too important to him.

I suppose, looking back, I was obsessed. Dressing Billie started as a fantasy and then became an obsession. There was just something about seeing him made up and wearing sexy clothes: watching him walk in lovely, sexy skirts, watching the easy way he managed heels and the way men looked at him and smiled and winked. Billie was a natural there was no doubt about that and, if there was ever an Oscars for transvestites Billie would have won an Academy award. He just got it. He just did. It was almost natural. I suppose it was partly due to living in a house with his mother and Sam – both of whom liked to dress up and go out.

Billie had seen them dress up and he had taken mental notes – maybe, sub-consciously. Billie was good. Better than good. And that was why I didn't mind spending money on him. I wasn't well paid and my credit card was up to the maximum limit but I didn't care, I just so loved seeing Billie dressed and knowing that it was my work; that Billie was my creation. And that night I took my time and was extra careful about how I applied the make-up – I knew that it was not just Billie that was on show but I was on show too – my craft, my creation was on show. It had to be perfect. When I had finished applying the mascara, the eye liner, the lippy, the blusher, the nail varnish, the lip gloss and the setting powder, Billie

looked in the mirror and smiled the sweetest smile of satisfaction I had ever seen. I knew what he was thinking.

I look like a girl even with a crew cut and without my wig.

And he did too. Next he stood up and slipped into an off-white, polo neck jumper. It was a lovely fit and nice and tight so it showed off Billie's ample false bust. Then for the skirt – I loved the skirt – it was so feminine – it was the last defining piece of the jig saw – that and the wig. It was a red leather skater skirt, I had seen it in a shop on Oxford Street and bought it straight away, it was exactly the image I wanted for Billie, young, flirty, sassy, confident. I took it off the hanger and carried it over to Billie. Billie gasped.

“You want me to wear that?” he said.

“Of course!”

“It's not too short, I mean for a party...”

“Billy it's perfect!”

He knew it was too. His protests could not hide the smile of delight that covered his face. He stood up and placed one leg in the hem of the circular leather and then the other. Next I raised it up like a flag. It fitted his slim body beautifully. I held it together and pressed the popper and then pulled up the zip. Billie gave a little swirl, allowing the leather to float around him.

“You like,” I said.

“I love,” he replied at once assuming his female-mimic voice.

“Right, now for the shoes,” I said.

Billie sat on the bed and I gave him a pair of high heeled ankle boots to put on. I had decided on ankle boots as I felt they would go well with the skirt. Billie was only a size 6 so it was easy enough to buy women’s shoes for him. Once he had done up the zips I made him sit down at the dressing table again – it was time for his crowning glory. I took the wig off the polystyrene head and placed it on him. He pulled it into shape. I could almost feel Billie hyperventilate. He stretched out his long legs; he rubbed the leather of his skirt, rubbed his nylon coated legs together. His sense of anticipation and excitement was palpable. Once it was in place I started to style it. The magic commenced. I used spray, pins and a good, firm wig brush to craft the piece into the style I wanted. In no time at all Billie looked picture-perfect. He just kept gazing at the mirror.

“Fuck me, I am beautiful,” he said when I had finished. “I even fancy myself.”

I smiled. I knew I had pulled it off. Billie wasn’t just a transvestite any more he was a beautiful, beautiful woman. Billie was a legend. And that night at the party was the start of it. Billie Turner would be known for ever more in one small corner of west London and not for the reasons either would have liked or predicted.

I sprayed on some perfume and gave him a small, red hand bag with a gold chain. I placed his phone inside and some lippy and lip gloss. I took some photos

and then Billie pulled on my black tailored jacket and the two of us left the house. Lambs to the slaughter, brides to the alter.... Life would never, ever be the same again for either of us after that party.

Chapter Six

I had ordered a taxi to take us the short distance to the house where the party was being held which was less than a mile away but us girls couldn't walk, could we? Sam joined us. I knocked on her door and she was the first to say how 'stunning' Billie was and how she really could not believe it was him. I liked the fact that, like me, she had chosen to wear trousers. It kinda emphasised Billie's femininity. Then we walked down the concrete steps which lead down to a courtyard, our shoes echoing all around the walls. Then we were out on the pavement and walking to where our white taxi awaited. It was a local firm called Squires and the driver looked at us admiringly as we got in – but, did his eyes steer towards Billie more than Sam and I?

Soon we were off, driving through the traffic: Billie in the middle arguing with Sam about the seat belt as he couldn't get to his one. It was amazing how he adopted a female voice and was just so natural and self-assured: it was amazing that the driver was taken in. He looked in the mirror and smiled. Said something about,

“Where you girls off too?”

Then we stopped and the three of us clamoured out. I paid and then caught up with the other two, hurrying along in my high-heeled shoes.

“Hold on ladies,” I said. “Deep breath, this is Billie’s night remember.”

And together we walked on. Linking arms, into the jaws of Hell.

Not that any of us knew that at the time.

In fact, Billie loved it - he/she was the centre of attention and he had loads of girls swarming around him and asking him questions – no one could quite believe how convincing he was. Lots of people, both male and female, asked if he really was a girl which was just so, so pleasing for me and for Billie. They asked about his false boobs, complimented him on his lovely, shapely legs and asked what bathroom he used! He milked it – he just loved being the centre of attention, or at least Billie did - and, as he talked, I kept refreshing his glass of wine. I noted that even some of the boys were taking an interest; especially a tall, lad called Darren who I knew had a bit of a reputation on the estate.

Eventually, Darren sidled over, a sly grin spread across his face; he placed his arm around Billie’s thin waist – gave him a little squeeze. I can see it all now as if it were in slow mo. Darren coming over - placing his hand around Billie as if he owned him. Billie was uncomfortable but did not move away and, such was Darren’s reputation, we all knew no one would dare question his actions.



“You look like a chick to me,” he said. “You sure you got a cock under that lovely leather skirt?”

Billie looked embarrassed – I knew he was kinda in the zone – thinking of himself as a woman and Darren’s unpleasant comment was a wakeup call. He blushed to the roots of his blond wig.

“You know what I am,” Billie said.

Darren pressed home the point. “And what’s that?” Darren said. “What are you?”

Billie blushed a deeper crimson; sweat broke out on his brow. I cut in to save Billie anymore embarrassment,

“He’s a transvestite, a cross dresser, a T-Girl – you know that Darren now don’t embarrass him.”

“Yes, Darren, don’t be cruel, you know what Billie is,” Sam said, supporting me.

Darren laughed. “I’m just curious that’s all, Billie here is one of the best looking chicks in the room...” he fixed his eyes on Sam whom he had always fancied and added... “If not the best and I just find it hard to believe that Billie is not a real girl.”

“You know I’m not,” Billie said softly. He tried to move away from Darren but Darren’s grip around his slim waist grew tighter. I sensed how uncomfortable Billie felt.

“Well, whether you are or not I would date you...” Darren said.

I think we were all surprised by that! Darren the womaniser, Darren the Alpha male...He patted Billie's bum and sauntered off towards the kitchen. Sam, me and the other girls who were around Billie all started to laugh – it was kind of a nervous reaction. I don't think any of us could believe how rude and presumptive Darren had been. Billie said quietly,

“I wouldn't date him, not for all the tea in China.”

We all laughed at that too. But I knew it wasn't true. I knew Billie had been flattered by Darren's boorish attention and that he would date him and I was proved right... as you will see, but what I could not believe was that Darren was attracted to Billie.

The rest of the night passed fairly peacefully – after the initial interest about Billie he was just accepted as 'one of the girls'. I made sure I was by Billie's side all night long so I was there to hear Darren's second attempt to chat Billie up. He sidled up to him again and asked him if he wanted a date – just like that. I was amazed. Stunned. Billie looked to me for reassurance.

“If you want to, do it,” I said, knowing it was exactly what Billie wanted.

“I just want to take you out for a meal,” Darren said. “I want to see if you really would pass in a restaurant, out in public, everyone around here knows you are a transvestite... a restaurant would be different. I want to see what would happen out in the real world. Call it an experiment. I don't fancy you or nothing like that. I ain't gay. I just want to see what happens.”

How could Billie resist such a romantic chat up line? To be honest the whole scenario was rather attractive to me too. I loved the idea of Billie dating a man and being seen out in public as a woman. I just wished I could have been there that was all...and maybe things would not have turned out as they did...but, anyway Billie accepted. It was the next stage, Billie dating a Real Man... and I mean a Real Man...

We didn't tell anyone but I had a quiet word with Darren and soon after he sent me a text message telling me what day he wanted to go out with Billie which was great. I passed the good news onto Billie who was really excited. I bought a new outfit for him and, on the agreed day, I dressed him in a silky, red shift dress, thick black tights and high heeled knee length boots.

Once again I took some photos of Billie as he swirled around the room saying how great he looked. Then, we left the flat and walked down the steps and onto the street. There, we waited for Darren who collected Billie in his fast, sports car. I waved Billie 'good-bye' and then spent the rest of the evening awaiting Billie's return. I paced the flat anxiously wondering whether I had done the right thing in encouraging him to go out with Darren. It was gone midnight before Billie returned to my flat – grinning from ear to ear. I sat him down on the sofa, poured him a drink and then I plopped down next to him – we were like two girls sharing confidences.

"I had a fab time; I really couldn't believe it, Roxy." Billie gushed. "Darren took me to this really expensive restaurant and he was actually quite a gentleman and very complimentary. He told me how nice I

looked and how he could not believe I was really a guy which was great. None of the waiters' guessed or anything. I could tell by the way they treated me... one gave me a great smile when he handed me my coffee."

I held my hand up. "Hold on, hold on, slow down a minute, Billie. Now, deep breath, tell me again what happened. Only from the beginning this time and slowly so I can take it all in."

So he did. He told how Darren had taken him to this really posh restaurant and they had a lovely Indian meal and the waiters had been really attentive, taking his coat and placing his food down very graciously. When they had finished, and Darren had paid, he had suggested they go to the Amex casino which was close to the restaurant, so Billie had tagged along with Darren.

He had stood at the side of the roulette table and watched as Darren had placed down chips and won and lost in accordance with his luck. Billie had held his small bag in front of him and watched. Watched as men had discreetly looked at him, watched as women had aimed jealous looks at him and Billie had never felt more alive and invigorated and like a real woman. Then Darren had given him some chips and he had leant over the table and placed them down. He even won some money. He had loved it. Loved it all. It had been 'just like being a real girl' he said over and over before adding that 'it had been the best night of my life.'

There was no holding him back after that. Darren texted me again and again I got Billie ready and again Billie and Darren went on a date. This time I put Billie

in a Fifties inspired full skirt which was blue and white and again he wore my leather jacket. Of course, everyone knew that Darren was straight and that he had a girlfriend who he saw pretty regularly. She knew about Billie but seemed to tolerate that fact that Darren took Billie out (though I must admit I loved the jealous looks she gave Billy when they passed in the street). According to Billie, Darren never made a pass at him through, on occasions they did hold hands and he gave him the odd pat on the backside.

“He just accepts me for what I am, Roxy,” Billie said one day as I readied him for another date with Darren. “He says I dress better than any girl he has ever been out with and he loves taking an attractive girl out and spending money on her.”

“I bet he does,” I said. “The truth is a lot of women don’t dress up that much now. I know Darren has a lot of money due to his inheritance from his childless uncle and I guess he likes to spend it on you. In many ways you are probably the perfect companion for him. He still sees his girlfriend, Sharon, and yet he can take you out knowing you will look good on his arm. And what’s more he can take you anywhere he likes.”

Billie laughed. “Within reason.”

“Within reason my arse. You would go anywhere to be dressed as a woman and be out with Darren.”

“I suppose so,” Billie said. “I’ve really grown to like him.”

Within half an hour Billie was ready and once again he left my mum's flat and trotted off in his high heels to meet Darren. You see, he didn't need me anymore. I didn't even wait on the pavement with Billie whilst he waited for Darren to arrive in his fast sports car. Billie had grown up. Become a real woman. I was no longer required – except, of course, to do the make-up and buy the clothes, but Billie didn't even appreciate that anymore. The presents had dried up. Billie had become independent.

Sam warned me about her fear that Billie was venturing too far into a relationship with Darren.

“Please make sure Billie is careful,” she said to me one day. “He doesn't care who he hurts. He is just out for a good time. He cheats on Sharon and she is probably just pleased he is dating Billie rather than another girl. I know at least three women that Darren has slept with since he has been dating Sharon.”

But by then Billie was hooked. Sam and I occasionally took him out for a girls' night out but he much preferred going out with Darren. With Darren he felt like a real woman and it was so much more exciting; they went to the casino, out for meals, to bars, to the theatre and to other places. And soon Billie was addicted to the narcissistic idea of being a glamorous adornment to Darren's arm. And, unlike Sharon, Darren knew that Billie would do exactly as he was told and enjoy it. Darren made all the decisions and never asked Billie where he wanted to go. Yes, he was a chauvinist but, from what Billie said he was also a gentleman.

I'm not sure how long the two of them dated but Billie started asking for make-up lessons and I knew

there were times he did his own make-up prior to a date with Darren. One day I caught him leaving his house wearing black, skin-tight leather trousers and a red camisole top; he had a black jacket (belonging to Sam, I discovered) flung over his shoulder. He was also wearing studded ankle boots.

“My God, Billie, you look attractive. Where are you off too?” I said as I closed the front door. I gulped and tried to repress a sob as the sight of Billie – so glamorous and so independent was soul destroying after all the time and energy I had put into my creation.

“Darren’s collecting me.” He said. “He’s taking me out for the evening – God knows where – I just go with the flow.”

I watched him walk off, the leather moulding around his slim buttocks, his lovely, long legs striding out purposefully and the gold chain of the hand bag contrasting with the black of his trousers. I had lost a bit of Billie. He had started to buy his own clothes (or else borrow them from Sam) and he was dating Darren without me being involved. That night when I went to bed I started to cry.

“Oh Billie, Billie, come back to me,” I sobbed into the pillow. I felt so, so sad, so alone. In a way Billie had been my life, my reason for living...

The truth was I loved him so much, so madly, so deeply. It was the thing I could not admit to myself. I had lesbian yearnings and Billie encapsulated all my hopes and dreams. He was a woman without being a woman. I didn’t want to admit to myself that I did not find men attractive – that I had had a crush on Sam

and then the idea of transforming Billy into Billie had consumed my interest, my time, my money. It was a way I could be gay without having to explain it. Then Darren had come along and snatched him away from me just when my creation had been perfected.

Also, I liked to be in control and loved the fact that Billie was so docile and pliable – the very things that Darren loved too. Yet, I was losing him to an uncouth brute like Darren. I cried that night. I really cried. I wanted Billy and Billie back. I wanted Billie in my bed, comforting me... I wanted Billie...

Chapter Seven

But Billie didn't care about me, he was enjoying life. Not only did he have a causal relationship with Darren he also started dating a girl called Gemma who knew all about his love of dressing up as a woman. In fact, she had been one of the girls who had surrounded Billie at Kirsty's party: like the other guests she had been intrigued about his alter ego. I found I saw less and less of Billie (as well as Billy the male) unless I saw either of them when they passed my house or by the shops.

More often than not it was Billy dressed as a male, I bumped into and I was mega amazed at how casual he was about the fact everyone knew he dressed as a woman. Even Mr Shah, the newsagent, asked him questions about it and he responded in a relaxed and confident way. Not so Darren, I had heard that one or two people had questioned Darren about his relationship with Billie and both had received a knuckle

sandwich and threats of more to follow if the questions didn't stop or if they implied that he was I anyway gay. And that violent side of Darren made me fearful for Billie.

"But he has never been violent to me," Billie said. "He's always been the perfect gentleman."

I was pleased to hear it but, deep down, I felt that if Billie did upset him he might provoke Darren into a rage. Then I would think; *how could Billie provoke Darren?* Darren knew Billy was a male, had a girlfriend and Billie knew Darren had a girlfriend. Their relationship was purely plutonic and of mutual benefit. What could possibly go wrong?

Gemma, she was a cute, blonde girl who mostly wore trousers and T-shirts but was pretty none-the-less. On rare occasions I went to the pub with them or sometimes I would tag along when Sam, Gemma, Billy and Sam's boyfriend when we all went out together.

Of course, Sam always had a boyfriend. However, I have to admit I was jealous and hated seeing Billy with his arm around Gemma's shoulder: I felt like Billy was mine, I felt I had created his alter ego Billie and that meant he should always be dependent upon me. I hated to see him branching out and finding his own girlfriends and dressing for himself. Although Gemma knew Billy was a transvestite there were no clues to it except the fact his arms and legs were shaven and he had lovely, smooth skin because he moisturised and defoliated regularly and I knew Billie didn't dress in front of her as she didn't much care for it.

So I would sit in the pub with the – Billy, Gemma, Sam and Sam’s latest beau and, on most occasions Sam and Gemma would be wearing sports shoes and jeans and what was once considered men’s attire. I often considered the irony of the situation: women dressed as men and no one said a word but when Billy went the other way and dressed as a woman he was seen in some quarters as a freak.

The whole thing wasn’t fair. For although Billy as Billie was largely accepted here were those on the estate who were nasty to him and called him names. I think that was one of the reasons that Billie liked having a girlfriend - it showed the world he was “normal” – whatever that is - and that he wasn’t “gay” which was something he was often accused of being. Also, Gemma was very easy going and accepted Billy’s dressing as long as he didn’t do it in front of her. Although, like me, she had one or two reservations about Darren pestering him for dates and both Billie and I had to keep re-assuring her that the relationship with Darren was purely plutonic.

One day I suggested to Gemma that we, that is; me, her and Billie all got together. She wasn’t keen at first, but you remember my wonderful powers of persuasion? Well, they worked on her and soon I had a date booked up. I always loved arranging different things for Billie to do. By this I had a car so I planned to drive out to a country restaurant. Billy, as usual, was putty in my hands... if a bit reluctant at first.

“But Gemma will see my dressed and she’s always said she isn’t that keen on it,” Billy kinda protected.

“She saw you dressed at the famous party remember? So it won’t be such a wrench for her,” I countered.

“I suppose not,” Billy said.

But I knew what he meant, I could tell Gemma and Billy were close and knew that now she was emotionally involved with Billy she did not like the dressing – when she had seen Billie at the party in the red leather, skater skirt, it had been different: then Billie had been a curiosity, and, like everyone else in the room, she had been amazed at how good Billie looked.

Billy press his hands into his pockets – he was unsure about Gemma seeing him dressed – he still had a slight ‘male side’ that felt slightly embarrassed about dressing despite my protestations to the contrary; even so, I was determined to make sure it happened. In a way it was a bit sadistic – I wanted Gemma to reflect on what life would be like with the transvestite Billy and at the same time I wanted Billy to realise that I was the only woman who would ever understand him and accept him for what he was.

“When have you planned it for?” Billy asked after a long pause.

“A week on Saturday, I’ve spoken to Gemma and she is fine about it... looking forward to it in fact...”

Billy shrugged. “OK,” he said, although he really had no choice in the matter.

On the day of the restaurant date Billy came to my flat as usual – well, I say as usual, but in truth it was

the first time in months due to his dates with Gemma and Darren coming between us. He had even brought a holdall which contained some of the paraphernalia he had bought himself. He was quite lucky that his sister and mother didn't mind him dressing and he did not have to hide it in anyway. So he came around and I started to prepare him. I had a lovely silver, silk skirt for him to wear, a blouse and a pair of black, high-heeled boots. When he was made-up and dressed he looked gorgeous. He pirouetted in front of the mirror and smoothed the skirt against his silky legs. I had given him a pair of ten denier tights to wear and knew he would feel fantastic and feminine.

"I look great," he said. "You always make sure I look fantastic."

I smiled. "I aim to please," I said. "Do you look better now than when you do it yourself when you go out with Darren?"

"Much. You seem to have a knack, a way of working magic which I just don't seem to be able to replicate despite hours and hours of practice. Sometimes I come home from work and spend the whole evening sitting in front of a make-up mirror practicing but it still lacks the quality of your make-up. Also, you always seem to buy me the right clothes."

That made me feel good inside I can tell you! Billy may have been flying the nest but there was a part of him that still wanted to fly back and sit on the edge. There was still apart of him that recognised how good I was for him and that without me he would have just have been like any other badly dressed transvestite.

Billie sat down in front of the mirror and I added jewellery and sprayed on perfume. He pulled on his boots and zipped them up at the side and then I gave him a handbag. He stood up and pirouetted in front of the mirror, looking at himself and brushing his hand down his skirt. I liked nothing more than seeing Billy transformed into Billie. Seeing how pretty and feminine he looked. And he liked it too. And, all the time, I thought to myself, what will Gemma think? What will Gemma *really* think?

I gave him a black cotton jacket to wear and we left my flat and walked down to the garages and car park area. Some lads were kicking a ball against the metal door of one of the garages and it echoed around the estate. They looked at Billie, tastefully dressed, elegant, feminine.

“Are you Billie Turner?” One of the boys asked.

Billie nodded his blonde head.

“Have you really got a cock?” The cheeky lad said.

Then, like a posse of red Indians, other kids on bikes arrived and started to mock him. I lost my temper.

“Get in the car, Billie,” I said. I stormed up to the boys.

“Look you bunch of fucking imbeciles; leave him alone, he has done nothing to hurt you.”

Some of the boys laughed and cycled away – the rest kicked the ball as they walked away from the area.

It was a bad start to our evening. I drove around the corner and collected Gemma who had not wanted to meet at my flat. We drove off the estate and onto a dual carriageway and then up the M4 towards Swindon. Billie was quiet. I explained to Gemma what had happened. She placed her hand on his, stroked his manicured nails.

“It’s the problem with everyone knowing he is a transvestite,” she said to me. “Everyone on the estate knows about him and he is bound to get small minded people taking the piss out of him...it is just one of those things, there’s nothing you can do about it really.”

“Yeh, but it’s not nice,” Billie said. His blonde head bowed. “Most people are OK but there are kids and a few others that have a go. I wanta move away, I don’t like everybody knowing.”

“You will do in time, I’m sure you will,” I said.

Gemma kept looking at Billie and I knew she was finding it hard to believe that Billie was also *Billy* - her boyfriend. Billy had managed to raise his voice so that he could talk in a feminine way and that meant that, when he was dressed, he almost always got through an evening without being read. Still, I had clocked Gemma’s lack of sensitivity to Billy being called names – the fact that she put it down to ‘one of those things’ – that was one remark I was going to store in my memory bank.

Things picked up when we arrived at The Green Man pub/restaurant. I parked in the dark car park, Billie re-applied some make-up and then we left the car: three girlfriends together. Billie strolled across

the car park in his high- heeled boots. I hung back and watched him walk along next to Gemma. I loved the way his butt moved in the silky skirt, there was no way anyone would think he was male and I knew the only reason the boys on the estate knew was because Billie was so well known as a transvestite and his pictures had been plastered all over the notorious Facebook. Even though, in fairness to Billie, he was always guarded about his private life there were so many people who knew him and so many people who wanted to photograph him – Sam was the worst as she was often posting photos of Billie dressed on her Facebook page and liked the notoriety that having a brother who was a transvestite gave her on the estate. I often told her not to post too much information about him but she was oblivious to the dangers.

So, I watched as Gemma and Billie chatted away like two girlfriends. As always she was wearing jeans but this time teamed up with ankle boots and a thick white jumper. Gemma opened the pub door and held it open for Billie who waited for me. He was just so confident and I knew he loved the looks he got as he followed Gemma up to the waiter. Gemma said we had booked a table for three. The tall, rather portly waiter picked up three menus and asked us to follow him through the pub.

We walked through the crowded bar area and around to the dining section where we were shown to our seats. Billie removed his jacket with an easy manner and sat down. He had positioned himself at the end so he could get up to go to the toilet and re-apply his make-up, such was his vanity. I chatted to Gemma – she really was a very nice person and had a lovely, easy going nature but that did not stop me from being as jealous as a polecat. I knew she

found it a bit difficult seeing Billie dressed and that was something I wanted to exploit – I could tell she did not want Billy’s alter-ego to get in the way of their relationship.

We selected out food and then we sent Billie to the bar to place the order for table 29. He scurried off only too pleased to have another opportunity to try out his *en femme* voice and to show himself off to assorted male eyes. He came back smiling broadly,

“Some hunk touched my bum as I was ordering.” He said, “Sexual harassment or what?”

“You see what us girls have to put up with,” Gemma replied.

We ordered a bottle of wine and chatted away until the food was served. In many ways, looking back, it was one of the best nights we had – yet it had started so badly. By the time of that date with Gemma, Billie was just so confident he knew he would not be recognised as we were a long way from home – some fifty odd miles. Billie and Gemma finished off the wine and I moved onto soft drinks, then we ordered dessert – Billie even made a joke to the young waiter that he had to ‘watch his figure’ so he would just have a coffee. I knew it was an “eye opener” for Gemma, I knew she was surprised at how polished and professional Billie was as a woman and how much time and attention he had paid to getting the appearance right. Of course, I didn’t mention that I had helped get Billie ready – I wanted Gemma to reflect on the reality – that life with Billie would mean a lot of battles for the bathroom and money spent on cosmetics and clothes. As Billie sipped his wine I asked him ques-

tions about his dressing for Gemma's benefit so she got a true picture... I knew she was surprised...

Finally, we paid and left the restaurant. By the time we walked back through the busy bar – it was even more crowded and it was great to see people – mainly men but some women - glancing at Billie as he made his passage through the throng to the wide, glass panelled doors. Out in the car park he took a deep breath.

“Another night, another success,” he said.

Gemma took a packet of cigarettes from her bag and lit one. She drew in smoke.

“There's no doubt about it, you were good babe, really good.” Then she linked arms with her boyfriend/girlfriend and they strolled back to the car, whilst I followed behind watching Billie's derriere as it wriggled seductively – and I wasn't the only one judging by the group of lads who stood around the entrance of the pub/restaurant. But, as we made their way back to my car I knew questions were running through Gemma's head about Bille and whether he was the right man... or should that be woman... for her.

Chapter Eight

So that was how it was, Gemma got to see Billie dressed – the one and only time – apart from the party. I'm not sure if she thought he was competition or she just didn't like the fact that he was a boyfriend

who became a “girlfriend” but she was not keen to repeat the meal out even though, in my view at least, it had been a huge success. Of course, I had played my part – demonstrating to Gemma just what it was like dating a committed transvestite and I am sure that was a factor in her thinking too when she thought about her future with Billy for it was not long after that Billy came to my flat to tell me that Gemma had “ditched him” – I was surprised at how upset he was.

Even Darren started to cry off. He had a job that took him away and he seemed less interested in Billie. That meant, for a while at least, there was just Billy, Billie and me which was how I liked it. It was like the old days, Billy would come to my flat and get dressed and I would see him in his silky lingerie preening in front of the mirror.

It was far better in many ways because Billy acknowledged that he was a transvestite and enjoyed dressing so all the pretence of me making him up for my course and slowly inducing him into the world of dressing was over. We were far more open with each other – and that included sex. I suppose it was inevitable that we would make love. One Sunday afternoon, when Billie stripped off his outer clothes and stood before me in his super soft lingerie it just happened. I felt so aroused I took Billy by the hand and led him to mum’s double bed. God, I worked him into a fever that afternoon– mum had moved in with her boyfriend by then so I pretty much had the flat to myself – though she still had the tenancy.

Making love to Billy was just so natural and I loved rubbing my hand along his smooth skin or touching his silky lingerie or squeezing his artificial breasts. I suppose, after that, we became a couple. I loved it as I

would dominant him and on occasions place Billie over my knee and wallop his pert arse. It meant I grew closer to Sam too. I would go in and out of their flat and lounge on the sofa and talk to Billy, his mum or Sam – sometimes I would have a cup of tea with them and that made me realise that I missed a proper family. I had spent too long in the flat on my own with a mother who didn't care and was rarely home or came home drunk. By then Sam had grown more and more used to Billy as Billie and I liked it when she moaned about him to me as if he was a sister,

“You know what Roxy, I came home from work and caught Billie wearing my silk negligee – the one Mark gave me with the dragon motif? He was eating bloody noodles – I told if he got anything down it he would have to get it dry cleaned or buy me a new one.”

Then one day she complained that Billie had been down her underwear drawer and nicked some of her lingerie.

“It's not fair – why can't Billy be like most men?” Then she laughed in that sweet way of her's. “But in fairness I do nick his stuff too. He's lingerie is loads better than mine and he has even helped with my make - up.”

I don't know why but such conversations made me as horny as hell. The thought of Billie nicking Sam's lingerie... borrowing her dresses... and she was also doing the same to him – rooting through *his* wardrobes for outfits that suited her! I found the whole situation so erotic. Sam just kinda accepted that Billie wore her clothes and, thought I knew his mother sometimes chided him for it and called him a 'poof', there was never any great malice about the situation

and Billie was pretty much able to do as he pleased... as was the real Billy.

He was about twenty by then and he had a new girlfriend called Caron who didn't understand his desire to dress in female clothes. To be honest, I didn't mind as our relationship was "friends with benefits" as I had made it clear to Billie I didn't want a relationship. You see, by then I was visiting gay clubs and I had started to have a few girlfriends of my own.

Billy got himself a new job in an office so he wore a suit to work and women's undies underneath. He rode a motorbike everywhere and he even gave me lifts to work as I worked near him. That was great as I was able to get him to come to the salon, where I worked as a beauty therapist, and have electrolysis on his beard growth to ensure his skin was nice and smooth.

Fortunately, we were able to catch it early before the growth had really taken a hold and after months and months of painful plucking Billie became smooth-skinned and didn't have to shave though he needed regular top ups. All the girls in the salon knew he was my friend and a transvestite and like me they were intrigued by it. So much so that Billie started to go on dates with us to night clubs and pubs – he really was a woman! Let me say it again A WOMAN!

I loved it when he would totter out of my flat, wearing his high heels and short skirts. Sam would often come too – and the three of us would link arms and carefully pick our way down the dimly, lit concrete steps and out onto the wet pavement. Then a cab would take us to a popular bar or, if we feeling really

adventurous, to a nightclub. There were wolfs who prayed on Billie and Sam – the two beautiful girls - the sisters - and I loved to watch – watch as Billie raised his vodka and soda to his lips and sipped and moved his bare, fake tanned legs seductively as one wolf after another chatted him up and he gave them the brush off. Sam had taught him that the best line was,

“I’ve already got a boyfriend. I’m just on a girls’ night out.”

But, of course, that did not satisfy all the wolves – some of whom were remarkably persistent. But Billie had a secret and I loved that. I loved the fact that beneath that little Lycra based mini or the short dress there was a small, soft cock resting in his lacy knickers. It was great, so erotic. And often after a night out, Billie and I would lie in bed, and I would work his soft, pink penis up and he would finger me in all the right places – mutual masturbation. I suppose it was a way of satisfying my lesbian craving – a man like Billy, a woman like Billie. I would come repeating Billie’s name, my eyes shut relieving Billie in the night club - I loved it when a wolf touched his bum or arm or kissed him on the cheek. One time a large lad had sat Billie on his knee and got rather a nasty surprise when his hand had explored the area under Billie’s flimsy short skirt: and those scenes – those, oh so erotic scenes, would play and play in my mind like a movie. Billie, Billie, how I loved Billie Turner.

But Billie was confused. It was only natural. He didn’t tell me but he started seeing a councillor. He was confused about his gender. On the one hand he fancied girls and had a girlfriend but on the other he just loved dressing as a girl and going out as a girl



and, he had to admit, he loved the male attention. He told me that in a way it was an endorsement of the fact he looked so good.

One time I went out with him and I wore a pair of jeans and some flats and a jumper and I dressed Billie in a grey polo neck jumper, a red leather skippy skirt and grey high heels – no tights – just bare fake tanned legs. We went to a restaurant and I loved the looks Billie got as I followed him across the restaurant floor. The waiter showed us to a table and Billie was careful to pull his skirt under him and sit down with his legs together – it was just all so feminine. It was a great meal and after we went onto to a bar and Billie had a few jaeger bombs. It wasn't long before some male was advancing on us like the German army.

“I'm just out with my friend,” Billie said. “I have a boyfriend.”

His voice was soft and husky and sexy – God, he really did have the whole package. When the lads had left us alone Billie confided,

“I'm confused Roxy,” he said. “I love being dressed more than anything but I still fancy women.”

“There's nothing to be confused about – you are just a regular transvestite.”

We both laughed at that. But it was true. Billie was a 'regular' transvestite and wanted nothing more than to find an understanding girlfriend. Hence the counselling – his latest squeeze had ditched him and cited the dressing as one of the reasons it; for, although a lot of women on the estate liked him and

were interested in him, few seemed to want to date him which Billie found upsetting. Still, I was there, I was always by his side.

“Would you be my girlfriend,” Billie said. “I mean my proper girlfriend. We get on so well together and young understand my dressing.”

I felt sad.

“It would ruin everything, Billie. Don’t you ever ask me that again? It would ruin everything.”

“I’m sorry,” Billie said and shortly after we left the bar.

Chapter Nine

And then it happened. Billie left the flat and moved away. He found a new place to live in London and he started exploring the tranny/cross-dressing/TG scene. He had a job by day, wearing a suit and being conservative but at night he was a vamp, a tigress, done up to the nines in tight, tight skirts and dresses and super high- heels. And how do I know all this? Well, Billie invited me down on more than one occasion to join him and his other ‘T-Girl’ friends on their nightly executions. I loved it. I was Roxy, the make-up artist, who had done wonders for Billie: Roxy who had embraced Billie’s cross-dressing when he was just a confused kid.

Time passed. I got a new job too, working on TV (ironically) and film and doing set make-up. It was

better paid and really interesting – I had a flair for it, people said, and in a way it was all thanks to Billie: the patient hours he had spent allowing me to make-up his face and allowing me to make mistakes: then he had given me challenges like beard growth and shaving rash and I had conquered them all. So, I knew that if I could make a man look like a very convincing woman I could make a man look a monster or a dull girl look beautiful, right? So that was what I did and I was flown around the world doing what I liked best. Make-up. The girl from the council estate had come good.

But enough about me, this story is about Billie, beautiful, confident Billie, the flamboyant transvestite. He was in his early twenties by then and he had really blossomed. He bought his own wigs and did his own make-up but he still looked as glamorous as Hell. One night Sam and I met him and some other T-Girls in a night club. Billie was wearing a tight, black PVC dress and patent high-heels shoes with a thick sole and five inch heels.

He was very slim and wore a long, brown hair piece that rolled down his back. His arms were bare and slim and shaved and his fingers were bedecked in rings. I knew the other T-Girls were jealous. I could tell by their furtive looks they gave him: they envied his slim figure, his excellent make-up, his dress sense. I watched as men eyed him up and wonder if he was male or female - of course, his height was a problem as was the fact that his partners in crime were so obviously men. And, as the music reverberated around the small confines of the club Billie said,

“Let’s dance,” and he grabbed my hands and led me to the dance floor and swung me around and

around and around. I laughed and giggled and the drink went to my head. After we embraced and I rubbed my hands down the smooth PVC which covered his soft body.

“Billie, I do miss those days when I made you up,” I said as I kissed him tenderly on the cheek.

“I do too,” he said. “You were a perfectionist and I have learnt so much from you. You didn’t know I was watching – really watching, did you?”

“No, I didn’t,” I said. “But I am glad you were because you have become a beautiful woman.”

And he was. There was no doubt about it. Billie Turner had become a beautiful woman and he wasn’t a bad looking guy either. He seemed to have no trouble getting girlfriends and was very popular but I knew he found it hard to confess his secret and when they found out he was often dumped. It was hard for him. After Sam re-introduced us that night in the nightclub we stayed in touch via Facebook, text and email. He didn’t reveal too much on his Facebook profile because he did not want to be exposed as a transvestite – he knew of other trannies who had been exposed by ex-wives and ex-girlfriends and didn’t want the same thing happening to him. Even so, Darren was one of his friends on Facebook and although, by then, he was married he still seemed to take an interest in young Billie.

Billie bought a flat and was doing quite well in his career too. He seemed to have everything going for him.

“Sometimes it is hard,” he told me one day when I met him for lunch. I was up in London and had decided to look him up. “It’s hard to answer questions about why I shave my arms and legs. I’m sure people know. Sometimes I wish I was like you Roxy, like all girls. I wish I could just put on a nice summer dress and heels and go out for the day.”

I stirred my coffee. “I know it must be a pain. I suppose in some ways you were spoiled on the estate. Everyone knew and whilst there were those who were against you there were plenty who supported you.”

“You’re right as always,” Billy said. “I didn’t know it at the time but I was spoilt as a teenage tranny. The fact everyone knew was great and the fact Darren liked me meant no one bothered me as he was the hardest guy on the estate or certainly up there with the hardest.”

“You miss him, don’t you?”

“I miss the going out. I liked going out with him as I knew if anyone said anything then he would protect me. And he was the perfect gent; he never laid a finger on me. In fact, he used to tell me over and over he wasn’t gay. He was like a stuck record on that one.”

I laughed. Billy knew I was gay and had tried to hide it – that was one of the reasons I had liked dressing Billy, as well, Billie. Then I had met Janet and decided to come out – we were openly living together as a gay couple.

“Maybe he is in denial like I was,” I said.

“No,” Billy said. “You’ve got a girlfriend now and you live quite openly as gay and I’m sure Darren would if her were gay, instead of that he is married with kids.”

“He’s still one of your friends on Facebook,” I reminded him.

“Yeh, there is that,” Billy said.

“So what do you think?”

“About?”

“Being a transvestite?”

“I love it,” Billy said. “I wouldn’t change it for the world. I just wish there wasn’t the secrecy and sometimes it is hard with girlfriends, judging when to tell them and answering questions about why I am shaved all over. One girl came to my flat and went into the bathroom in the middle of the night as she had a headache. She was rummaging through my bathroom cabinet looking for pills and she found a load of make-up – I thought I had cleared everything away! She started accusing me of having a girlfriend and two timing her so, in the end, I had to come clean and confess that I was a transvestite. She was none too happy about that and we didn’t see each other again. That seems to be how it goes.”

“You’ll find an understanding girlfriend eventually,” I said.

I knew Billy wasn’t so sure. And with good reason because he kept texting me and emailing me about failed dates.

Eventually, Janet and I decided to “tie the knot” and have a civil partnership. Of course, we invited Billy or Billie. He wore a lovely white, Fifties inspired prom dress for the occasion and looked absolutely spectacular – everyone said as much – even Darren - who accompanied his new girlfriend – Sam, for although he was still married he had started an affair with Billie’s sister. I wasn’t happy about Sam bringing him along but Sam was my oldest friend so what could I do?

Even so, Darren seemed more interested in Billie than Sam and kept going over to him and talking to him. As Sam, Billie and Darren didn’t know that many people in our social group it was natural that they would form a little clique together and spend the night deep in conversation. I saw Billie and Darren laughing and I knew they got on well. Darren even rubbed his hand along Billie’s tight bodice. Sam wasn’t jealous, far from it, she seemed to enjoy the attention that Billie got – enjoyed the fact Billie was an attractive T-girl and that her boyfriend liked him.

“Billie, will you be a bridesmaid when Darren and I marry?” I heard her say.

Billie cooed. “Just you try and stop me!”

Chapter Ten

I’ve still got the photograph of Billie and Darren together taken when both Darren’s wife and Sam were out of town and Darren and Billie had a date together – it was shortly after our civil partnership ceremony. Darren had contacted Billie and they had started going out. Sam knew but not Darren’s wife. In the pho-



tograph, Billie is sitting on a plastic seat leaning forward looking into the camera; Darren is beside him, his long legs stretching out. Both are smiling.

Billie is wearing his long, brown hair loose so it falls down his back. He is dressed in a black leather skirt, a black bangle on his right arm, bare legs, black stilettos and a short sleeved white blouse. Darren is smart but casual in battle ship grey leather jacket and Chinos. They look like a happy couple. They were a happy couple. When I saw photos of Billie I found it hard to believe that he was a guy. I once broached the subject with him of a sex change, he was sitting around my flat and Janet was cooking pasta.

“Naw, it’s not for me,” Billie had said. “I like moving from one gender to another... I like confusing people.”

And confuse he did. He had come to see me “in the male” but once we had eaten I dressed him up – for old times’ sake. He had brought some of his gear around with him in a holdall and later that night squeezed into tight, leather leggings and high heeled ankle boots. He also wore a silky blue blouse. I did his make-up and added jewellery

“Wow, you look amazing,” Jan said when she saw him. He had that effect on most people and his glossed lips beamed.

“Thanks,” he said. “I appreciate it.”

That night was the first time I saw danger. I suppose we had grown complacent, grown used to Billie the woman. We went to a bar and then onto a club. It

was late and Jan and I were dancing cheek to cheek, smooching you might say, and Billie was left on his own by the bar. Suddenly I heard a commotion and looked to where the noise was coming from.

“Billie, Billie!” I called. Some guy had hold of his hand bag and was dragging him to the floor. I could see most of the punters thought it was a row between a girlfriend and her boyfriend. The bouncers moved in quickly and separated them both – the lad was ejected from the club. Billie’s low cut top was torn and he had blood on his shoulder and lip.

“That bastard,” he said. “Let’s go, Roxy.”

It was an ignominious end to the evening. We took a cab back to the flat Jan and I shared.

“What happened?” I asked when were back in doors.

“He kept trying to touch me up and chat me up. He ran his hands over me and somehow he realised I was a guy and then there was some pushing and shoving. It was handbags really but it gave me a shock. I’ve not experienced that before.”

I suppose it was a taste of things to come. Darren and Billie had the occasional dates behind his wife and I think Sam’s back too though he told Billie Sam knew. Billie loved it, going out as a couple again with Darren – of course, there was nothing sexual. Then rumours started to go around the estate – though neither Billie nor Darren lived there they still had a lot of friends who did and both still had family there. The rumours persisted - you know what social media

is like? The rumour mill? Well it wasn't long before Darren's wife found out.

Then there was a lot of explaining for Darren to do! She thought he was cheating on her with Sam and Billie! Sam was hard to take but Billie was well impossible! She accused Darren of having a homosexual affair. That went around the estate as well. Suddenly, Darren found himself defending himself, defending Billie. It wasn't easy. He was supposed to be a tough man – an Alpha male. Well, it was too much for his wife. She moved in with her mother who happened to live on the estate. Billie kept a low profile and didn't go back home much. But then it happened...

I don't know all the details. I don't know how it happened. But Sam and Darren started dating properly as a couple ... I think it was a way of Darren getting back at his wife and the people on the estate. He wanted to re-assert his masculinity. I'm not sure. Darren had not seen Billie for a while after his marriage breakdown but he got in touch with Billie again and he asked him to meet up. Sam was at work. Billie dressed, of course, and they had a cosy lunchtime meeting in a bar and then Darren suggested going back to the estate for 'old time's sake'.

"Sam's given me a key to the flat where you both grew up," Darren said. "She's at work and so is your mum."

Billie hadn't been home for some while and jumped at the chance to see his old flat again, so Darren took him home to the estate. They went in and Billie poured some drinks. Then what happened? We will probably never know. Of course, in

the court there were different arguments – the prosecution and the defence.

The defence being that Billie had led Darren on and he had wanted a sexual relationship and Darren had reacted aggressively. Whether Darren blamed Billie for his marriage break up I don't know – or maybe the rumours on the estate had gotten to him. I don't hink what happened was planned. Billie was wearing a short skirt and personally I think Darren got fresh with him. Billie rejected his advances and then an argument ensued and it ended with Darren grabbing a knife from the kitchen...

Sam found Billie in a pool of blood lying on the living room floor when she came home from work. He had tried to crawl over to the phone. Darren had departed the scene of the crime in a hurry and he had left poor Billie to bleed to death. When Sam found him he was unconscious. He was rushed to hospital but the doctors couldn't save him – he died later that night. Darren was arrested and charged with murder.

The trial was six months later and I gave evidence for the prosecution. The defence argued that Darren had been provoked by Billie and was in a “heightened state of anxiety” due to the breakup of his marriage which had been caused by rumours about him and Billie. The prosecution wanted to counter that argument so I was the best witness. I told it how it was – just as I have here – that's why I have set it down again – a true statement of Billie Turner's short life. I spent three days in the witness box being cross-examined but it was worth it to see Darren sent down for life.

Billie was buried in his favourite dress – the one he had worn to our civil partnership. It seemed like thousands attended the service – after all Billie was a legend on the estate... a real transgender heroine... Billie Legend.

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