TT Girl

Part One

Charlotte Mayo

A "Her Tv" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.

Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.
No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

T. T. Girl
Part One

BY CHARLOTTE MAYO

Preface

T.T stands for Time Trial in motorcycle parlance.

Taken from T.T Girl Two

The first thing I do, the first thing I always do once I am undressed and have a silky negligee wrapped around my smooth slim body is light up a cigarette. I live in a first floor flat which has a small balcony so although smoking is banned by the landlord indoors I can go outside on the balcony and enjoy a cigarette before I start to get ready. It calms my nerves and this night, of all nights, I am very, very nervous and want to make sure my 'look' is perfect. It has to be. The sun is just setting on a lovely warm autumnal day and birds chirp in the over grown, evergreen bushes

which shield the flats from the railway line at the back of the block. I am not overlooked at all which is great as it means no one sees my transformation. I stand smoking and thinking; then halfway through my smoke I rest the cigarette on the edge of an ash tray, go back indoors, and collect my deep red nail varnish. I shake it, come back out and sit on a small metal seat which is very uncomfortable.

I place my left hand on the small wooden table beside the seat and paint my nails with my right hand. I then repeat the process on the left. I add small crystals to a few fingertips, then spray my nails with hardener. The cigarette burns down. I take a few more puffs, stub it out in the ashtray left on the small table and go back indoors. I place a CD in the player and pour myself a large glass of white wine which I consume as I get ready.

I like getting ready but it confuses Katie my African Blue parrot who walks restlessly up and down her perch and squawks occasionally. I have taught her to say, "Michaela is coming."

Michaela is my *en femme* name and it confounds various girls who I bring back to my flat on occasions. She says other things as well; in fact she has quite a pronounced vocabulary. I have taught her sayings of an old friend like:

"Piss Pipe."

I take off the negligee and pull on a gaff to hold my tackle in. Then I yank on a pair of firm control knickers. I wrap a waist clincher around my small waist and do up the hook and eye fastening – a painstaking task if ever there was one. I have my own small shower in the bathroom, along with a toilet and sink and there is a kitchenette area to the side of the

lounge/dining room. It is very small but the flat is self-contained. Earlier in the day I have made sure that I am completely smooth-skinned by shaving in the shower. Once I have the clincher in place I sit on a chair and pull on 10 denier stockings which are black and have a circular pattern on them. I love the feel of the nylons on my shaved legs and looking at my painted nails through the nylon. It is all about detail; even though no one will see my toenails it makes me feel more feminine. I attach the stockings to a suspender belt I have fastened below the clincher. I am starting to feel good.

I fasten a bra around my smooth chest and place silicone inserts into the pouches, ensuring the bra looks level and the breasts look natural, although they are certainly larger than average. One girl once asked me if I had had a boob job... cheeky! Then I pull on a short pink slip and spray on perfume (Yves St Laurent) and deodorant. Next is a knitted cream jumper which is decorated with mini-balls.

Then I wrap a makeup cap around my neck and sit down at the kitchen table. I turn on the magnifying mirror. I add some red pan stick to my skin to neutralise any beard shadow, then I start with foundation, dabbing it on with a sponge. This is the most important part and I always ensure my skin is well moisturised beforehand. I take a long time over the foundation, then I apply powder with a brush. Once the foundation has set I start on the eyes, drawing a line underneath each one with a kohl pencil. I also use an eyebrow pencil to accentuate my plucked brows. Then I apply two colours of eyeshadow to my eyelids.

The next bit is the black mascara, nice steady hand; at least I have long lashes. Afterwards I apply blusher with a brush, stippling it on. I always use ex-

pensive makeup as I feel it looks better. Lastly, I draw a line around my lips with a red liner pencil, then gently paint them with a brush, using two shades of pink from my pallet. Then it is the lip gloss, the final act; a dab of gloss on each lip just to make them stand out. I look good, feminine, even without the wig. I stand up and take off the cap.

I straighten my jumper as I have turned down the collar, then I go and get my black leather, knee-length boots with the cuff top and 3" heels from the wardrobe. I sit on the chair and pull them up, edge up the zip and turn down the cuff. Lastly comes the thing I love most.

Hanging on my wardrobe door is a brand new, chic black leather mini-skirt. I detach the labels and step into it. It is size 10 of course. I fasten the button and twist it around on my slim waist. I then edge up the zip and pull it up so it is above my waist line. I pull the jumper down so it is over the skirt's waistband. I am ready... almost.

I can't go out without my crowning glory. The wig. I collect it from the polystyrene head and put it on. It is long and blond and the curls fall about my shoulders. I comb and brush it into shape, then spray on some wig spray to hold it in place. Then I add my silver hooped ear rings (I have pierced ears of course), a silver bracelet and a small watch, not forgetting rings. At last I am ready.

I have a small black leather handbag in which I place my cigarettes, my lighter, my lip gloss, my lipstick (same colour as one of the pinks in the pallet), powder and a small bottle of perfume. I am finally ready. I stand in front of the full-length mirror I bought from a charity shop. I look good. I stand with my feet together, I straighten my skirt, I smile at my-

self and a beautiful woman smiles back at me. I am 25 years old and I am a transvestite.

I spray on some more perfume and gulp down the last remnants of my wine. I feel like another cigarette but that will have to wait. I place my phone into a pocket in my handbag. I take a deep breath, grab my keys and leave the flat, slamming the door behind me.

I pace down the concrete stairs towards the communal front door. As I reach it a young professional couple – Andy and Sue – at number 4 are coming in. They say "Hi" and I reply "Hiya" in an easy, female voice. I walk out across the gravel carpark. My Honda CBR650 motorbike sits on the drive. A taxi waits in the road. Good, that means I will not have to stand around. I walk up to the old, dark blue car and pull open the rear door.

"Miss Simpson?" The driver asks.

"Stimpson," I say correcting him. "It has a "T" in it."

He shrugs, I could have been talking Chinese for he doesn't understand me. I get in and slide along the seat.

"Where to, Miss?" the Asian driver asks; he is looking at me now in his rear view.

"City Centre," I say. "Glebe Street."

"OK Miss," the driver says. "We wills get you there in just a jiffy."

He pulls away from the kerb. I close my eyes. A deep, deep feeling of satisfaction washes over me. I

wonder what they will think of me and what the night has in store...

Chapter One

Let me take you back to the Christmas Eve when I was thirteen years of age in the early 2000's. I was lying in bed reading a motorcycle magazine. It wasn't cold and there was no snow. It had been a dark, drizzly, dank day and my two elder sisters, Megan and Olivia, had been helping around the house.

Mum loved Christmas and they had helped prepare the food for the Christmas dinner and get the house ready. As they did so, Megan and Olivia had constantly talked about what they were going to wear, not for just for Christmas Day and Boxing Day, but for the "party season" as they called it; they had a lot of parties to go to. Dad had gone to the pub at lunchtime. I had watched TV, walked the dogs, played computer games and chilled out listening to The Doors who back then were my favourite band: like most things – my love of motorbikes and Sixties music had come courtesy of my dad and in the case of The Doors, the Oliver Stone film.

In the early evening Mum and Dad had placed the presents around the tree and we had had a mince pie and some mulled wine (yes, even me!), then we had all gone up to bed. Mum and Dad liked Christmas – Mum had a creative flair and loved dressing up the house (as well as herself) and having people round. Dad liked socialising and boasting about how well he was doing for the truth was we were pretty well-off.

We lived in a very large mock Georgian, seven-bedroom mansion with plenty of land attached. You might have heard of my dad; his name is Paul Stimpson and back then he owned an engineering factory, Stimpson Engineering, and ran a motorcycle team called Stimpson Steers. My mum, Sian, was a housewife, though we had a cleaner as well. When Megan, Olivia, and I were small an au pair lived with us too. Now though, Olivia and Megan helped mum a lot.

Olivia was the eldest, she was sixteen. Megan was fifteen and I, the runt of the litter, was thirteen years old and the only boy. Mum liked to cook and make the place look nice and was a stay-at-home mum. The three of us attended private day schools; my sisters went to a girls' school and I went to a boys' school which was a load of wank and I hated it.

I was not great academically and I hated being around boys all the time, not that I was a sissy or anything like that. It was just that I was not into the things they were – football, rugby, cricket and computer games with fighting - although I played motor racing games on the computer. You see, I liked motorbikes from an early age. That was Dad's influence. I had been around them from an early age and loved the smell of petrol and oil and the sound of a revving engine. I even rode a mini-motorbike around the garden before I rode a push bike.

From an early age Dad had taken me into his workshop and showed me how the internal combustion engine worked and I got to look at stripped-down bikes in the workshop. Part of the workshop was commercial and made a handsome profit and the other part was for his amateur motorcycling team, the Steers and made a not-so-handsome loss – still it was dad's hobby. He loved having a motorbike team

and of course, advertised his engineering business on the van and the team livery and leathers.

I loved being in the workshop and by the age of thirteen I was able to do repairs on most motorbikes. Dad had classic bikes as well as Ducattis, Yamahas and Kawasakis. His main rider (in fact his only rider) was a guy called the Fonz (named affectionately after the character in the US sitcom 'Happy Days'). Fonz was called the Fonz because he always greeted everyone by saying, "Ahhhhhhh, how ya doing?" He would slap people on the back – male or female – Pope or President.

I was Dad's other rider in a way, only I did motocross. At thirteen I was already a junior champion which was the reason I didn't get bullied at school. Kids looked up to me – I was kinda doing something mannish – something grown-up. People gave me space, though most of the kids were posh and could not understand how I enjoyed getting splattered in mud doing something they considered 'common'. Dad used to put my two bikes on the trailer and we would scoot off around the country to meetings and inevitably I would get a podium place or finish first. Dad said it was teaching me clutch, throttle and brake control as well as balance - that is always the most important thing on a bike - and that it would help when I started to race bikes. You see, even then, Dad had other plans for me. Big plans. He wanted me to be a MotoGP World Champion.

So that Christmas Eve I was lying in bed reading my motorbike magazine when there was a light tap on the door, then another and then a girlish giggle.

"Come in," I called.

Megan and Olivia entered, smiling broadly. They were both dressed in silky kimonos which stretched to the floor. I noticed Megan held a big box in her hands, wrapped in garish Christmas paper. They were like the Three Kings bearing gifts. I was intrigued.

"Is that for me?" I asked rather stupidly.

Megan and Olivia could not hide their tittering laughter. I knew it was some sort of joke but could not fathom out what it was and why they had gone to so much trouble. Both girls were having a job hiding their smiles and repressing their giggles.

"Yes, we have bought you a little gift." Megan said.

"It was Megan's idea," Olivia cut in. Although Megan was younger she was more confident and bossy than Olivia and I was closest to her.

Megan turned on her sister. "No it wasn't! We agreed together."

Megan smiled and looked down; she wiped a hand across the front of her cream-coloured kimono, smoothing down the satin over her maturing bosom.

"Why don't you leave it under the tree for tomorrow morning along with all the other presents?" I asked.

"We don't want Mum and Dad to see what's in our little box," Megan said rising her eyes. I knew she was enjoying it. "Do you want us to place it on the bed so you can see what's inside?"

"Why not?" I said. I sounded blasé but my head was pounding with a thousand thoughts. Was it some sort of cruel joke present? Would something

jump out at me? Why on earth didn't they want Mum and Dad to see it?

Megan placed the box on the bed and gingerly I started to pull away at the paper. I tore it off and realised it was a supermarket box – so nothing special then. And I could feel that the contents were light. Very light. There was tape along two folds and I ripped it off. There was some white tissue paper over the top. So the contents were delicate. I pulled that out and threw it on the bed.

I gaped. At first I didn't know what I was looking at; silky, something silky. Not one but many silky things. With fingers like pinchers I picked up a silky object and realised at once that it was a red, lady's thong. I dropped it back and pulled out a pair of pretty pink knickers; the next pair was gold, the next black. There was a mixture of thongs and briefs. All different varieties and styles.

"We got you a selection," Olivia said.

"We didn't know what you preferred," Megan added.

I blushed. My face felt on fire. It felt as if a furnace was burning in my cheeks. I fumbled to the bottom of the box to where a solitary note read, *To Marc*. I pulled it out and read quickly.

"Marc we are very sorry but we are fed up with you going down our lingerie drawers and taking our knickers (also from the wash basket and clothesline!) We never get them back and when we do, they have to be washed again. We don't mind you wearing women's knickers and appreciate it is hard for you to buy them so we are giving you these twenty-five pairs of undies in the hope that they will keep you supplied

until next year (unless you have grown out of this phase by then!). Love, your dearest sisters, Livvy and Meggie.

"But I don't..." I started. It was hopeless. I looked down at the duvet. I wanted to cry. Megan placed a hand on my shoulder.

"We're sorry, Marc, we don't want to upset you. Really we don't mind you wearing our knickers but you ruin our best ones and we want you to have your own pairs. If they need washing, just throw them into Livvy's room or my room and we'll put them in the wash. When they are freshly laundered we'll bring them back. It's no big deal."

I felt so embarrassed! I wished the ground would open up and swallow me but at the same time I felt aroused. There was part of me that was pleased. Wasn't it just the *best* and *worst* Christmas present I had ever received? And there was I thinking I was being so careful, so discreet! And all the time they knew. My silly sisters knew I was stealing their lingerie!

And if I needed any excuse that was why I threw myself into motorcycle racing with a reckless abandon, not caring if I got hurt or not, not caring if I came off and died. I wanted to prove I was a MAN. I wanted everyone to know I was a MAN.

Chapter Two

Ours was a strange family. Dad had all the money and he liked to spend, spend, and spend. Or more correctly Mum did. Mum was tall, slim and had short, blond hair which was normally in a bob; she

was very glamorous and attractive and when my story opens Mum was forty and Dad forty-three.

From an early age we had a family ritual which was to go shopping every Saturday. Mum would lead the way and buy things for the house and clothes for the family (including me and Dad) and Dad would pay by cash or credit and carry the bags. Mum was the Queen Bee and what she said, went. She was in charge and Dad tagged along for the ride. He was the boss at work and had the motorcycle team as his hobby but Mum was in control once the front door was closed. Of course, as "the girls" (as they were always known as they were so close), got older, they started to ask for things too.

"Dad, I need new designer sunglasses," Megan would say.

"Dad, this girl at school has got this wonderful handbag," Olivia would plead.

"Dad, I must have designer jeans," Megan would insist.

"Dad, there's a lovely pair of black boots in Zara," Olivia would beg.

"Dad, I want a new phone. Apple has a new model out," Megan would argue.

"Dad, don't you want me to have a pair of Louboutins?" Olivia would pout.

And so when Olivia and Megan were teens they joined Mum in the pursuit of designer goods (for everything had to have a label and be expensive) and Dad just loved it. He really enjoyed shopping. He enjoyed lavishing money on Mum and us as a family. Mum always looked very stylish and would often

wear tight designer jeans or a pencil skirt and high heels (boots or shoes) when we went shopping. She would team up the ensemble with a leather jacket (she had quite a few in different colours) and a silk scarf around her neck. And don't forget the perfume – Chanel Number Five or Yves St. Laurent. She always looked great with her hair nicely done and her nails well-manicured and it wasn't long before Megan and Olivia were following in her dainty, little footsteps.

If my parents were going out together for the evening, Mum would always take a lot of time on her appearance and make sure she looked very glamorous which Dad loved. In fact, one of the bedrooms in our house was Mum's de facto dressing room and was full of clothes. Mum loved the fact that Olivia and Megan had inherited her love of expensive clothes and fashions. Mum (and this is a bit Nineteenth century) would often say to them,

"One day, girls, you will both marry rich men and be ladies of leisure."

That was the environment I grew up in. Not so much money was lavished on me (in terms of fashion) and very little when we went shopping on a Saturday, bar Mum buying me a shirt or jeans or trousers (all high quality designer stuff, of course). I had the bikes and they were expensive so I knew it wasn't a case of me being "neglected". Dad had a Range Rover and a trailer as well as a transit van and I had two Motocross bikes plus all the leathers and helmets so I was getting money lavished on me in a different way but that did not stop me from feeling jealous when we went shopping and Megan and Olivia got so much bought for them.

And it wasn't just clothes and phones and IT stuff either. Mum, Olivia and Megan frequently went to a

beauty salon and hairdressers and Mum had had a boob job and Botox. Dad even promised Megan and Olivia that they could have their boobs done when they reached eighteen if they wanted.

The thing with Mum was she was not very affectionate. She had been educated at a boarding school as her parents had worked abroad and it had made her a bit distant. She didn't really say she loved us and would not cuddle us or show much emotion. From an early age, I learnt to bite my lip and "grin and bear it" if I hurt myself which came in handy later when I used to fall off motorcycles. I knew Mum would just say,

"Oh well, you're not dying are you? You'll get over it."

Which was an attitude I took into my motorcycle racing; I was not really bothered by falls. In fact, I had a very high pain threshold.

Mum was also very strict and came down on misbehaviour or disobedience very hard. It was a case of "go to your room" (we were not allowed TVs in the bedroom so there was nothing there) or sometimes she would smack us, often by grabbing one arm and directing a smack onto the back of the legs or buttocks. Dad always supported her. When he was home he seemed disinterested in family life and just wanted peace and quiet. He would say,

"Do as your mother has told you!"

He had a short fuse and would really shout at us but he left the discipline to Mum. Mum would always be the disciplinarian with Dad's full backing. Quite often I would hear him talking on the phone.

"It's Stimpson, not Simpson. It's got a fucking "T" in it. It's fucking Stimpson with a "T," you idiot."

People not getting his name right really used to wind him up; as did children playing noisily or politicians ranting and raving on the TV and taking his "hard-earned money" in taxes.

"Government money is fucking squandered money," he would often say. "All they do is tax the hard working and give it to the scroungers."

Mum and Dad were quite old fashioned in terms of their roles. Dad was the breadwinner, Mum was the homemaker and they did not like anything which upset that balance. It was in such an environment that I delved into female clothing for the first time when I was eight. I went to an all-boys school and that meant the boys often took the lead female role in stage productions. I was a bit jealous of the boys who played female parts but knew Mum and Dad would not allow me to do the same. Also I was not cut out for acting; the idea of speaking in public was a nightmare to me and it just wasn't my thing.

Then one year, the school decided that each year group should put on a short play depicting one of the seven deadly sins: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Anger, Greed and Sloth. In one of the assemblies there was a draw from a hat with teachers picking up the ones which were left. The idea was that the whole thing was written and produced by the year group. Our year got Lust and someone wrote a skit about two men fighting and killing each other over a beautiful blonde woman who they both lusted over.

The problem was there was no one to play the blonde as it appeared no one in our year wanted to play that part. So I plucked up courage and said to

my teacher that I would do it if no one else wanted to. At first everyone was surprised but they agreed. I told Mum who was reluctant at first and said I shouldn't do it but Megan and Olivia were keen on me doing it and persuaded her. They had old red bridesmaid's dresses which they had worn to a wedding the previous year which they said they would lend me. Mum eventually relented. I tried on both dresses and she got her seamstress to take in the dress that looked the best.

It was great to wear a dress and feel the restriction around my legs and how smooth the satin felt. I only got to wear it for the dress rehearsal and the play but it looked really good: it had a tight embroidered bodice and a long straight satin skirt. I wore white socks and ballet pumps but had boys pants on underneath which was a shame. Well, it was hard to justify wearing knickers and I had not heard about Method Acting at that time!

On the evening of the production of The Seven Deadly Sins Retold, two narrators came on and introduced the play, then a curtain came back and the short play started. My role was to stand on stage by a cabinet looking glamorous, smoking a cigarette through a long filter whilst the two men fought over me and eventually killed each other. I then walked forward and said,

"And that is why the lady dislikes lust."

Fortunately Dad was away on business when the play took place (he would not have approved of me doing it) but Mum came to see it with Megan and Olivia. After (and I always think there was an element of humiliation in this) rather than let me get changed with the rest of the cast, she made me go and get my coat and bags and come home with her, Megan, and

Olivia because she wasn't going to "fanny around waiting for me whilst I took my make up off and got changed and chatted and messed around."

So I walked out into the carpark with my anorak over my lovely red dress, trying to avoid puddles as it was raining hard. I then got into the car. Megan and Olivia said how great I looked. When we got home, rather than rush to take the dress off, I sat around in it for a while watching TV before going upstairs to the bathroom to remove the greasepaint and the dress and go to bed.

I suppose I was about ten or eleven when I started looking at Mum's clothes in that spare bedroom of hers which doubled as a dressing room. A shrink may say I was looking for affection from my mother and the clothes were a (poor) substitute for the love I craved but I'm not a fucking shrink and I don't know or care about my motivation, although it sounds plausible enough. I had sometimes played in there as a kid as there was a nice wide carpet where I could put out my track and race electric bikes. As I got older I used to go in and slide back the doors of the long mirrored wardrobes and look at the clothes and shoes and handbags, all neatly laid out and labelled.

Then there was the lingerie in the drawers – I would sit on my knees and pull open the drawers and just gaze at the multi-coloured fabrics and smell the sweet scent of the washing conditioner. They were all silky and soft to the touch, beautifully folded and put away. The lingerie was only a small sample of what Mum owned as in her and Dad's bedroom there were more wardrobes and drawers mainly containing her clothes but also her jewellery. She just had so many clothes, it was unbelievable! And it was not that she was a hoarder for she quite often bagged up clothes and sent them off to charity shops or dress agencies

if they were expensive and she wanted some money back on them. In fact we sometimes went to the dress agency when we went shopping and the sales woman would always love to see Mum's clothes, knowing they were expensive and stylish.

Two walls of the spare bedroom had fitted wardrobes full of clothes and there was even a walk-in wardrobe which contained shoes, handbags and hats. I used to open the wardrobes and touch the clothes; slide my hands over the silks and taffetas and nylons, and feel the fabric between my fingers. I would sort through the wardrobe and just look at the evening dresses and skirts and blouses. I was fascinated. They seemed so colourful and flamboyant and soft compared to boy's and men's clothes. I never went further than that. I didn't like to take anything out for I knew it was against Mum's rules and she would go mental if she found out: I would get a hard smack and be sent to bed no matter what the time of day for that was one of her favourite punishments. I felt like a thief sneaking into that spare bedroom but it was just so easy. As it was at the front of the house and my bedroom was next door, if I ever got caught in the room I would just say,

"I heard a noise and thought Dad was coming home or there was a delivery so I went to the window to look out."

You see I had my excuses in early. I would then quickly close any doors or drawers I had opened and slide out of the room so no one was any the wiser. After all I hadn't actually tired anything on.

On Sundays Dad would take me to motocross or go with the Fonz to a race meet but he always said Saturdays were family days. Fonz and his mechanic would have to drive to races on their own if they were

on a Saturday, which they sometimes were. At other times he would work late so there was only me, Mum, Megan and Olivia in the house; I guess I was feminised if there is such a word. The other thing was that I was really close to Megan. Really close. I looked up to her and got on well with her. And it was her that started me on the path to transvestitism, which would have happened anyway but it was her that lit the blue touch paper. She provided just the spark I needed, perhaps wanted. I was twelve-years-old and it was about eight months prior to the Christmas present incident...

Megan and Olivia were close and would often sit in each other's rooms discussing fashion, makeup , pop groups or school or boys. They would sit on the bed cross-legged and talk and giggle and listen to music together. I felt left out, perhaps even jealous. Then, one day I was coming past Olivia's room, the door was open and she called me in.

"Marc, what do you think of Megan's new panties?"

Megan had her back to me as she sat on Olivia's bed but she must have blushed and her head dropped forward and her dark hair scattered across he knees.

"Don't ask him!" Megan said. "He won't know."

I stood by the door jamb glad to be involved in their conversation for once.

"What?" I said.

"Megan has bought a thong. I was saying to her I tried one once but it felt like a cheese wire going up my arse and I would never wear one again. What do you think?"

Megan's head was still buried by her knees but for the first time I could see she held something in her hand. Something red.

"I've never seen one," I lied, for in fact I had seen some in mum's lingerie drawer. Like Olivia, I had thought they were probably a bit uncomfortable to wear. I had been surprised that Mum had worn them.

"Show him," Olivia said.

"No," came the reply through a mass of dark brown hair.

"Go on, he's our brother, you're not showing them to that Neil you fancy."

"I do not fancy Neil!" Megan exclaimed, looking up for the first time.

"Show Marc, see what he thinks," Olivia goaded.

Like an old fashioned fort hoisting a white flag of surrender suddenly an arm shot up and a tiny, silky red item was hoist high in Megan's hand.

Olivia indicated to me with her eyes that I should come forward and inspect it so I took a few steps into the room and grabbed it from Megan's hand.

My first thought was how tiny the thong was, there seemed to be nothing to it, nothing at all.

"What do you think?" Olivia asked. "Do you think it would be comfy to wear?"

I shrugged and acted nonchalant. "I don't know, I'm not a bird, am I?"

Olivia laughed. “Men wear thongs too you know, and we aren’t birds, flap, flap, flap, we’re young women, aren’t we Megan?”

Megan looked up. “Yes, don’t be so sexist, Marc. Why don’t you try it on to see which one of us is right? Me or Olivia? I think they are comfy and Livvy thinks they are like cheese wire. You could give your opinion.”

God, what temptation! I blushed.

“I couldn’t wear something like that,” I said.

“As a trial, see if you could wear it for one hour, see what it is like,” Olivia said. “I bet you find it uncomfortable and give up because you can’t stand the discomfort.”

“No way,” I said. “It wouldn’t bother me but I’m not wearing bird’s stuff.”

“Marc!” Megan exclaimed. “For that sexist remark I am going to make you wear it not for an hour but for a day.”

“You’re having a laugh, no way,” I said. “I don’t do women’s clothing – that would be like, really like, gay.”

Megan was warming to her theme. “Tomorrow is Saturday and we always go shopping on a Saturday. I want you to wear it for the day and take it off in the afternoon and tell us what you think. If you manage it I will bring Claudia around for tea so you can ogle at her boobs and practice your stupid jokes and chat-up lines on her without me telling you to butt out.”

A smile slipped across my face. Claudia was a friend of Megan's from school. She was a lovely looking blonde girl who was somewhat mature for her age and whom I lusted after. I was too young for her but I loved it when she came around to see Megan. I always blushed and acted stupidly which made the two girls laugh but I also annoyed Megan by trying to show off in front of Claudia. One time I had shown her my Motocross bike and had ridden it around the garden. Then I pulled a wheelie; the rear wheel had got stuck in the damp grass and the bike gradually toppled over on top of me, causing Megan and Claudia to giggle girlishly for the rest of the afternoon. Now, whenever Claudia saw me she would say,

"You must show me your bike, Marc. I would love to see you pull another wheelie..."

And the two girls would titter away. And in my adolescent mind I thought that every time Claudia spoke to me she was showing me she fancied me. That's how I thought as a teenager – a girl speaking to you means she likes you and wants to go out with you. Simple.

So that's what happened. The following day after breakfast Megan presented me with a brown paper bag and I went to my room, took off my men's briefs and pulled on the thong. Olivia was right; it was uncomfortable and didn't hold my tackle in. Of course they both had to check I was wearing the thong, then the bet started. The reward? Claudia coming to tea.

Olivia and Megan inspected at various points throughout the day but by the afternoon I had gotten used to wearing it and didn't want to take it off. Of course, I did and pretended wearing it had been "no big deal." The thong went in the wash but after that there was no stopping me. I was raiding Megan's lin-

gerie drawer whenever I could. At first I looked for the thong, then I tried other knickers, or panties as the Americans call them. And it wasn't just Megan. I found my way into Olivia's bedroom and started going down her lingerie drawers too.

And I was surprised they bought me a box of knickers for Christmas? I suppose I should get real, I had it coming, didn't I?

But Megan was as good as her word and invited Claudia around one evening as a reward for my wearing the thong. Mum and Dad were going out for the evening so Megan, Olivia and I all sat down stairs with Claudia and watched a DVD. Dad had even gone out and got us a big box of Kentucky Fried. It was a great night as I felt like "one of the girls" and chatted away quite easily to Claudia, trying to curb my temptation to show off.

"I would like to see your Motocross bike," Claudia said at one point in the evening.

"They're in the garage on the trailer. I'm off to a meet tomorrow."

"You mean you have two bikes?" Claudia exclaimed.

"Of course, what if one breaks down or you come off? We always have two bikes. Having one bike would just be like, so gay."

"I'd like to see them if you don't mind," Claudia said.

My heart started racing. Claudia, beautiful blonde Claudia, wanted to be on her own with me in the garage!

"Come on then, I'll show you," I said, trying to act cool.

So I padded out to the garage in my slippers with Claudia behind and showed her the bikes nicely cleaned up and sitting on the trailer. In the morning Dad would hitch up the van and off we would go. Claudia asked a few questions about Motocross which I answered and then we just stood for a while in uncomfortable silence. It was one of those things that happen as a teenager; someone wants to be "alone with you" and you think you will fall into each other's arms as soon as you are out of sight of everyone else but in reality it is not like that.

After a few minutes we turned and left the garage and I switched off the light. I had ignored Mum's rule about not going outside in slippers but the thought of showing Claudia the bikes was all encompassing. And that's what got me into a whole heap of trouble and probably contributed to my leather fetish.

Mum and Dad came home late by which time Claudia's dad had collected her and the rest of us were all in bed. Mum came upstairs and I heard her go in Olivia's room and there was a heated conversation. I heard Olivia saying, "No, No, No."

Then Mum walked to my room and turned on the light; she was wearing a loose yellow jacket, a black leather, knee-length pencil skirt and very high, strappy sandals. She folded her arms across her chest and I could tell she had not come to kiss me good night (not that she ever did anyway).

"Marc, did you go out to the garage with Claudia?" Mum said.

"Yes," I replied sleepily.

"In your slippers?"

"Yes, Mum," I said.

"Well, get out of bed and follow me."

We passed Dad on the stair; he gave me a look which said "You're for it, son" and one of his smiles that said he was actually quite pleased about that. That made my heart race. I hated it when Mum was angry. Unlike Dad who shouted and got upset, Mum was calm, calculating, and quite determined in her punishments.

I followed her over to the large French windows and the TV. My head was thinking fast, I could not think what I had done wrong; surely there couldn't be marks on the carpet. But there were! Oil marks too, all over the soft, beige carpet. And not just mine but Claudia's shoes as well (I guess Mum had detected two sets of footprints hence her questioning of Olivia).

"Perhaps now you can see why I make a rule which is that we are NOT to go outside in our slippers!" Mum shouted, her voice slowly rising.

"Yes, Mum," I said. I was terrified.

Mum brushed passed me and went to the kitchen. For the next five minutes she was on her hands and knees spraying foam on the stains and scrubbing.

"I am going to have to get the carpet cleaned," she said as she scrubbed.

And despite my fear I could not help but notice how the black leather stretched over her well-formed backside and how tight it appeared on her as it

stretched over her ample buttocks. Then she got to her feet and straightened her skirt.

"Give me your slippers," she said.

I took both of them off and handed them to her. She looked at the soles closely.

"As I suspected, traces of oil; those are going straight in the bin."

She went back into the kitchen with the cleaning products, put them away, then binned my slippers. She came back into the front room, walked passed me and grabbed a dining chair from the dark recess of the room. She bought the chair back to the French window. She turned it round, smoothed down the back of her skirt and sat down.

"Come here, Marc," she said almost softly. "You're not too old to go over my knee."

My heart missed a beat. I felt terrified but also slightly aroused. I padded towards her barefooted. I stood by the chair. I had just turned thirteen years old and I was about to go over my mother's knee... again. Tears formed in my eyes.

"You are going to be punished, you know that don't you?" Mum said. "Whenever Claudia comes around, you show off and you were showing off by taking her to the garage to see your bikes, weren't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You know you are not supposed to wander in and out of the garage, don't you?"

"Yes, Mum," I said.

"So why do you do it?"

I shrugged.

"Don't shrug at me! Answer the question."

"Because I was showing off," I said.

"Right," mum said. Then she took my wrist and yanked me forward aggressively. I fell over her knee, over the smooth leather. She pushed my loose pyjamas bottoms down so my bare bottom was exposed.

I felt a sudden rush of air and an almighty splat as her right hand hit my backside, then again and again. She spanked me that night. Really spanked me. Quick-fire rapid smacks which took my breath away and left me sobbing like a baby. Her hard hand sent me moving back and forth across her smooth leather lap as she walloped me with all the force she could muster. And wasn't that just slightly erotic? She must have hit me twenty or thirty times, then I grabbed up my pyjama bottoms and scurried up to bed and buried my head in the pillow.

I was hyperventilating and there were just too many tears to come out. Eventually, I became still, the house was quiet. My bum throbbed and I realised that I was slightly aroused; hadn't I been aroused during the punishment? The thought was too much. I started to play with my tool and in seconds deep pain turned to euphoric pleasure as I milked the snake for the first time in my life. What an amazing experience!

The next day, at the Motocross rally, I could only concentrate on my sore arse and what had happened after the spanking. The result was I finished a dismal thirteenth.

"Mum had to spank you last night for leaving oil stains on the carpet, didn't she?" Dad said in the van coming back.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Well you shouldn't let it put you off your game; you need to rise above it," Dad said. "If you are naughty you will get punished but you need to get over it and get on with it, is that clear?"

"I'm sorry, Dad, I'm tired as well."

"Well, you need to pull your socks up and not get into Mum's bad books. She does what is right for the family and you need to realise that. I've put a lot of time and money and effort into coaching you and I expect better performances. I will put today down to a one-off but if it happens again you will have to look for your own sponsor, is that clear?" That was the end of the lecture. Dad never said much and that was all he said. It was like a verbal warning.

And it didn't happen again although sometimes, when I sneaked into Mum's room, I imagined getting caught and spanked which fuelled fantasies of an erotic nature. Part of me was terrified and part of me was aroused, that was just how it was. And, often, when I lay on my pillow at night I thought of that incident – that was until Olivia and Megan presented me with the box of panties.

Chapter Three

Shortly after I had been given the box of panties for Christmas, I discovered I wasn't the only one with a secret. Megan had gotten interested in tight lacing. I used to wonder why she wore baggy jumpers and

loose trousers around the house when previously she had dressed very fashionably and often used to wear short skirts. I thought that maybe she was getting a bit rebellious because Mum insisted her and Olivia dress well all the time. Then sometimes I would hear her talking to Olivia in hushed tones but I assumed it was just about boys.

But then, one day, a corset arrived through the post and Mum was really worried about her and so was Dad. They both spoke to her, as did Olivia. Megan felt everyone was against her. Apparently there were a few girls in her year who had got into a new craze which was to tight lace and it was a bit of a trend thing – who could get the smallest waist. Even Claudia did it. Megan wouldn't talk to anyone for a few days and even had her dinners in her room. One day I knocked on her door and went in.

"I suppose you're going to lecture me about the dangers of tight lacing and how bad it is for my body, are you?" Megan spat.

"No, not at all. I like it and I think if you like it, everyone else should butt out."

Megan looked at me, trying to appraise the remark and work out if it was serious or not.

"You mean that?"

"Yeah sure," I said, "It's your body, you should do what you like."

I have to say here I found the whole think quite erotic. Megan jumped off the bed where she had been seated, cross-legged reading a book, and gave me a big hug and in that moment a stronger bond was forged between us.

A few days later she asked me to do her a "favour" – she came into my room and asked me to tight lace her into a corset ready for school. I knew Mum and Dad would have gone mad if they had known I was encouraging Megan but I could not help it. It was like our little secret – something we shared. And I have to say too that it made me feel less guilty about looking into Mum's lingerie drawer and wearing the panties Olivia and Megan had given me. Anyway, that day I pulled up the laces as tight as I could as Megan's already slim waist shrunk even further. Megan was really pleased with the result.

"It is all about waist training," she said. "You start off with a larger corset and slowly work towards a more slimming one. But you have done well, Marc, you have really shaved a few inches off – the other girls will be jealous."

I laughed; I felt slightly embarrassed (as well as turned on!). "I've got strong hands," I said, "it's because of all the clutch and throttle control I do on the bike."

"Well, whatever it is, it has made a big difference and I will be knocking on your door the same time tomorrow morning," Megan said.

"Do you wear it all the time?" I asked.

"At school always and the evenings and sometimes at night – not weekends. The more you wear it, the more you train your waist which means you can wear a firmer corset which is why I have to keep ordering new ones. I want to get the slimmest waist in the class."

So it became our little ritual – every morning she would come to my bedroom and I would tight lace her

into corsets on school days. Then one day she said to me.

"Marc, I need a tighter corset. The girls at school have smaller waists than me but Mum and Dad are suspicious – do you think you could buy it for me?"

We went onto an internet site together and I ordered the corset that Megan wanted. Of course, I put it in my name. When it arrived I just said it was a motorcycle part and no one was any the wiser. Mum and Dad were used to me ordering bits for my bikes so it was an easy deceit. Megan was delighted and gave me a big hug and kiss.

"You are the best brother ever," she said. "I can't wait to try it on."

The next morning she came to my room and I tight laced her into the new corset. It smelt all fresh and new and I was amazed at how slim her waist became. I could encircle it with the span of my hands.

"There's something going on between you and Megan," Olivia said one day. She knew, of course, but was too loyal to her sister to say anything. "Megan's a silly girl if she is still into this tight lacing craze and you shouldn't encourage her. I've not said anything to Mum because I know she'll punish you but I know Megan goes into your room every school morning and it's not just to wake you up, is it?"

"No," I admitted.

"I just hope she grows out of it before she does some serious damage. You shouldn't help her, Marc."

But I did. I tight laced her loads of times *and* I enjoyed it *and* I wished it could have been me but I had the knickers that Megan and Olivia had bought me

and the furtive trips to Mum's dressing room to occupy me.

Meanwhile my motocross was going from strength to strength. Dad was showing me more and more stuff in the workshop about how motorcycles worked. I knew if the motorcycling didn't come off, I would be a mechanic. That was one of the reasons I didn't like school – it was too academic and I wanted to be out and about doing things.

Time rattled on though and before I knew it I was thinking about a career. Dad said I could get a job as an apprentice mechanic at his place and do day release to get some qualifications. It was all working out well. Olivia had left school by then and gone onto college (primarily, as far as I could gather, to meet boys) and Megan took her GCSEs, passed the lot and was due to go to college in the autumn. That was when Dad announced that we were all going to Germany for two weeks as he had some business there and wanted some investment in his factory. He was going to sell it and just keep a small share. It was the summer so they didn't have to bother about taking me out of school.

"Whilst there we will do a bit of sightseeing," Dad announced as we loaded up the car. It was a long drive and we were all tired by the time we arrived in Hamburg. Dad parked outside a very fancy modern hotel and we checked in. Olivia and Megan had a twin room, I was next door and Mum and Dad were further along the corridor as we could not get three rooms together.

The following day Dad went off to the factory and Mum, Megan, Olivia and I were left to sightsee but that evening we joined Dad and the directors of the German company for a meal in a restaurant. Dad

was like the cat that had got the cream when he saw "my three girls" as he referred to Mum, Megan and Olivia. All three were really nicely dressed. Megan wore a full black dress with a tight bodice and nipped-in waist teamed up with a wide red leather belt, red patent handbag and really high-heeled red shoes with huge platforms (I wondered, not for the first time, if she was still wearing corsets and I guessed, correctly, that she was); Olivia had gone for a coloured straight satin dress. She had put her blond hair up and, like Megan, wore a very high pair of heels, only in her case they were classic stilettos with a 5" heel. Mum wore a burgundy-coloured leather dress and a white cardigan and like Olivia wore classic court shoes with a 4" high heel. We took a taxi to the restaurant and met the businessmen outside.

"And this is your lovely family, Paul?" one said. "What a delight to meet them."

The three middle-aged business men fairly cooed over Megan, Mum and Olivia and, as usual, I was left to last for introductions which were a bit half-hearted. Not for the first time I could see the effect beautiful women could have on men and how they became very charming when confronted by good-looking ladies. Dad was delighted of course and I suspected that one of the reasons he had brought us over was to show off his family. Megan and Olivia were now mature young women and, what was more, although they might have their grungy days when they didn't dress up, when they did make an effort they knew how to make themselves look very attractive and glamorous – a result of Mum's extensive training and nurturing. The three Germans were smitten, particularly the youngest a handsome blond man called Uwe.

As we walked through to our table, the three made small talk to the women and asked them what they were doing. Perhaps sensing I was feeling left out, as we reached the round table, Dad put his arm around me.

"Look at my son, Hans, Uwe, Ditmar – this lad will be the motorcycle world champion one day. Marc Anthony Stimpson – remember the name."

And for some reason they all started applauding as if I was world champ already! But it was the first time I had heard Dad say such a thing in public and it sent a shiver down my spine. That night we had a very pleasant evening – of course, the German party could speak perfect English and kept flirting with Megan and Olivia. Dad was delighted and loved the fact that he could show off his glamorous wife and daughters: perhaps all the money he spent on them when they went shopping was an investment so that when he wanted to sell part of his business he had a very glamorous package to help him, or perhaps that is just me being cynical after the event. Uwe certainly had an eye for my two sisters, even though I learnt he was married with a young daughter. At the end of the night Uwe announced.

"Tomorrow I take you all out for traditional German Beer, no?"

"'Fraid not Uwe, they are all under age," Dad said.

"Surely no, I don't believe such a thing."

"Fraid so," Dad said with a wink. "Anyway I don't want you leading my two innocent daughters astray."

The next day Mum, Olivia, Megan and I enjoyed some sight-seeing whilst Dad concluded his talks to

get the German company to buy out his engineering business. By the last night the deal was concluded and Dad was ecstatic – he had sold the majority of the company for a very healthy profit and taken a share in the German company to boot.

"Tonight we celebrate," Hans said. "We will treat you to dinner at a very luxury restaurant."

So, once again Mum, Olivia and Megan all dressed up for our night out which meant a visit to a hair-dressers and a nail parlour. They looked so glamorous and beside the three of them I felt like the pauper in my drab male clothes. No amount of aftershave and hair lacquer could make me look anything like as glamorous as Olivia who wore a cream-coloured satin evening dress; Megan who wore a strapless black dress and Mum who wore a full-skirted dress with a tight bodice with very high heels.

We took a taxi to a very posh restaurant and wine and beer flowed for the adults. We were seated at a round table. I noticed Uwe place a hand on Megan's knee and she did not move it off. Later we all came back to the hotel; the adults went to the bar to continue drinking whilst the rest of us went to bed. I was really curious and wanted to know what Megan had been thinking by allowing Uwe to touch her. We got back to their room and she revealed she really liked him and found him handsome.

"But he's way too old for you!" I protested. "And he is married!"

"I like an older man. Anyway, what are you, my keeper?"

I felt embarrassed and protective towards her.

"She doesn't like just older men, she likes any man," Olivia joked.

Megan threw a pillow at Olivia and we all started laughing.

"I would love to have a drink," I said. "It's not fair our night has to end."

Olivia agreed. She said she felt that, at seventeen, she should have been allowed to spend time with the adults. Megan turned the TV on and the three of sat around chatting and eating crisps and nuts from the mini-bar. I am not sure what time it was but a bit later there was a knock on the door.

"Quick, quick, it might be Mum and Dad. Hide Marc. We'll pretend we're just getting ready for bed."

Without thinking I ran for the wardrobe and nestled down amongst their warm, silky clothes. The tap-tap-tap on the door was repeated. I pushed the door ajar and could just make out Megan walking into the small recess which hid the door.

"Uwe!" she exclaimed.

I could see him following Megan into the room. Megan was smiling broadly. He held two bottles of wine.

"I know it is not what your Dad would approve of but I thought you young ladies might want a drink now that annoying younger brother of yours is out of the way, with his tales of his big showoff motorbikes and his fantasies about being world champion."

I gaped. I could not believe what I was hearing! I wanted to dash from the wardrobe and punch Uwe

full in the face but the reaction of my sisters told me I should do no such thing!

"What about us?" Olivia said. "We have to put up with him and Dad banging on about motorcycling all the time. It is such a bore."

It seemed they had forgotten I was still there and could hear every word! Either that or they did not care for my feelings.... It seemed Megan did for she said,

"He's alright really as kid brothers go. We actually get on alright with him, don't we?"

Olivia must have nodded. The next thing I heard was wine being poured into glasses.

"Cheers, as you say in England," Uwe said. "I don't see why you two should be left out," as he passed them wine glasses. "You are both such attractive young women. I find it hard to believe you are both so young. You obviously have your mother's genes."

The two girls sat on the bed; they were fairly glowing at Uwe's feeble chat-up lines. He sat on an easy chair, slowly removing his tie and unbuttoning his jacket. They chatted about school and college and boyfriends and family life which Uwe seemed genuinely interested in. Then he stood up as if to leave. Megan also stood up. I watched in disbelief, through a crack in the door, as he took hold of Megan's hands and started kissing her. She responded in kind and within a few minutes the two were fully embraced.

Uwe's hands ran down her back and I saw him slide the zip on her dress down carefully. All the time Olivia was sitting on the bed, taking in the scene before her. They started to undress each other. Megan's

dress fell away and her silky underwear was exposed. Seeing my sister in her underwear seemed to arouse Uwe to greater heights of passion and he continued kissing her; at last drawing her down on the bed. I could see he was very turned on by the bulge in his pants. But there were other things on his mind.

"Why should you have all the fun?" he said and suddenly left Megan who was lying on the bed in her underwear. He quickly stripped off, walked to Olivia and drew her off the bed. She was only too happy to oblige and soon the two were sucked into a deep embrace. Megan seemed excited at the thought of her sister kissing Uwe and soon started fingering herself. Like Megan's dress, Olivia's dress soon slipped away and lay on the floor like a pile of rags.

By the time Uwe led Olivia back to the bed, Megan had stripped off her remaining garments and lay naked on top. I knew they must know I was watching the scenario unfold and I wondered if that gave added to pleasure to the situation.

Uwe had Megan first. He pounded her with his large cock whist she squealed with pleasure and delight. Oh, if Mother had come in at such a point and seen the German adulterer making love to both girls! But, I knew Mum and Dad would have probably returned to their room, which they could reach from the other end of the corridor, so they did not have to pass our rooms. Meanwhile I was forced to watch whilst Uwe's large German cock pounded into her; thrusting in and out like a well-oiled piston.

Then it was Olivia's turn to be fucked by the Aryan stud. He rode her back and forth, his cock penetrating deep and hard into her innermost sanctum. Then it was back to Megan for another pounding, then Olivia again. The mattress moved up and down as he

stabbed both girls with his piston. He was a very confident and accomplished lover and I knew he must have done such a thing hundreds of time before. He fucked both girls twice that night, such was his prowess. Then the three lay together on the bed, wrapped in each other's arms, perspiration gleaming on their bodies. So Uwe goosed both my sisters whilst I watched on in utter dismay and bewilderment.

The next day, on the way home, Dad said Uwe had had to leave early to get back to his wife as she had called him to say their daughter was ill. Dad little knew he had in fact paid a visit to Megan and Olivia's room and, as well as a share of the company, he had taken both girls' virginity as I had watched from the wardrobe.

"What will buy your silence?" Olivia asked when we were back at home. Olivia and Megan were standing in my bedroom – I had told them I could not wait to tell Claudia and some other friends.

"I don't know," I said. "I'm just so amazed at what I saw; I want to tell someone, anyone."

"Tell one person and the whole world finds out and we can't let Dad know. He would kill us and it would break up the deal, so what will it cost us?" Megan asked.

I took a deep breath. I had been planning this during the journey back from Germany. I keep sneaking into their rooms but I was scared to touch, scared to touch Mum's stuff too. I blurted it out like a steam train.

"I want access to your bedrooms when you're not there without any comeback on me."

Megan looked at Olivia; she was confused but Olivia knew. Olivia knew and she was the first one to say the word. The word I would hear a lot during the course of my life.

"He's a transvestite Megan; he wants access to our clothes," Olivia said, spelling out the situation.

My heart beat so fast I thought I would collapse. My hands felt clammy and I felt my face go bright red. Megan looked at me, her steady brown eyes held my gaze.

"Are you?" she asked softly.

I shrugged. My mouth felt so dry I couldn't speak. God, how many pulses did I have? They all seemed to be working overtime.

"Of course he is!" Olivia exclaimed. "Why else does he wear women's knickers? Why else does he sneak around your room and my room and Mum's room looking at our clothes?"

"And you want to try on our clothes?" Megan asked.

"I find it relaxing." I croaked.

"There will have to be boundaries," Olivia said. "Once a week, when we're out, you can come in but only the drawers and wardrobes, not the bedside cabinet and if you take anything, leave a note. And don't mess anything up."

"I don't feel happy with this," Megan said. "I don't like the idea of someone going down my knicker drawer."

Olivia was more understanding. “He just wants to borrow stuff. Anyway Megan, he did help you when you went through that tight lacing stage.”

“I suppose he did,” Megan said.

“I promise not to tear anything or ruin anything; it is just, well...” I dropped my head. “I like doing it...it kinda makes me feel good... I can’t explain it.”

Megan smiled, and then she placed her arms around me. “It is alright, Marc, we understand.”

And suddenly the three of us were having a big group hug and I was crying my eyes out. Really crying. But not tears of sorrow, tears of happiness.

Chapter Four

One thing I never did was take advantage. I was careful, I was discreet and I tried to put things back where they came from but I was like a kid in a sweet shop. The first room I went into was Megan’s. I opened up the wardrobe and looked at the lovely array of clothes and dresses, silky to the touch and multi-coloured. Of course, there were plenty of neatly folded jeans and leggings but there were also skirts and dresses and even evening dresses. I spent ages just looking at her clothes. I just could not decide what to wear – there was just so much choice.

In fact, I actually started with Olivia’s clothes, she was better dressed (in terms of wearing more feminine clothes) than Megan. I had seen her in a lovely black pencil skirt and a red blouse so I decided to raid her wardrobe and take it. One evening, when she was out, I snuck into her room and found the skirt and another silky blouse which was white and had a

bow collar and voluminous sleeves. I took the clothes back to my room.

Excitedly I threw off my boring male attire and stood before the mirror naked apart from my white, satin panties. I was fourteen and of slender build and not very tall. I pulled up the skirt, twisting it around my slim hips. I held it together and was disappointed when I discovered it would not fit me. Olivia was slimmer than I was!

Megan's clothes were the same. I was frustrated but went on a diet for a couple of weeks (it was always easy for me to do that as Mum, Megan and Olivia were always dieting and I just said I had put on too much weight for motorcycling which impressed Dad. From then on I went on regular diets; one of the reasons I started to smoke was to suppress my appetite though there were other stress-related reasons as well as you will see.

Anyway, at the end of my strict diet the skirt fitted like a glove. Oh the excitement when I finally slotted the button home and pulled up the zip. By then I had realised I would need shoes and stockings as well so I took those from Olivia's room too. Fortunately, the black stilettos I tried fitted my slim feet and I was able to prance around my room dressed like a girl for the first time; the frilly blouse sat gently on my rib cage. I rubbed my hands over my body, felt my hips and legs – it felt fantastic and it was not long before I became aroused...

So that became a pattern. I would raid Olivia and Megan's bedrooms whenever they were out and try on some of their clothes. And it was not long before I was popping into the sixth bedroom which Mum used as a dressing room to look at her clothes. It had taken a while but my inhibitions about wearing fe-

male clothes that belonged to my Mum had gone and I regularly started to wear her clothes as well! In many ways I preferred Mum's clothes as they were more traditional and conservative and feminine – also, she did a lovely line in ball gowns and evening dresses as her and Dad often went to black tie affairs.

Somehow I made it through school but I could not have been more delighted to leave. Dad had already promised me a job as a mechanic at the engineering firm he ran but he wanted me to concentrate on racing bikes. Whilst at school, in the last year, I had been given a day off a week to go to college and was able to start studying mechanics. I breezed through the course and passed with flying colours as most of the stuff I already knew.

"If you know how a bike works you will ride better," Dad always said. It was true as I was already making adjustments to my bikes to make them go faster.

By this time I had graduated from Motocross to road bikes and rode a 125 cc Yamaha which was all the law would allow. I soon became second mechanic and would work on Fonz's bike which was great. I started to make improvements to his bikes which made him go faster, although you had to be careful and do it within the race rules; one time he was none too happy when his bike was disqualified due to my meddling. I loved going to the racetrack on a Saturday, smelling the oil and the petrol and helping Fonz get ready for a ride. I really looked up to him and admired him. He was a warm character with a ready wit and a disarming smile – especially around the ladies.

"You're about as much use as an ash tray on a motorcycle," he would joke to me if I done something wrong or he would describe someone as being,

"As popular as a fart in a space suit,"

Then he would say,

"I need to empty the piss pipe," if he was going to toilet.

He knew I admired him and looked up to him and he helped me a lot. In a way I was an apprentice to him, not just in learning about motorbikes for he taught me about women too and not to be shy around them.

"You have to be a bit cocky with birds," he used to say. "You have to make them think you have your pick and it's their lucky day."

I was too young to race but I used to take the bikes out around the track to test them and I got used to riding high performance machines – I could not wait to get my full licence and register with Dad's team, the Stimpson Steers.

As I say, Fonz was a great character and he taught me a lot. Of course, he knew nothing about my crossdressing habit. The only people who knew were Megan and Olivia and they were pretty discreet. Fortunately, they both got jobs locally after college so they were still at home. That was great for me but it became more difficult to raid their rooms as they had boyfriends around and weren't so keen on me going into their rooms – plus they were in their bedrooms more. That was why Mum's dressing room became my favourite sanctuary. I am sure she knew but she didn't say anything.

Meanwhile, I got a girlfriend myself. We were kinda casual, she went to college and was doing her qualifications there and she thought my life was very glam-

orous but I wasn't into music or drinking like the rest of the college crowd so I often felt a little left out when I hung around with her and her college types.

Still, Lucy was pretty and good fun to be with and I had my first sexual experience with her. I liked bringing Lucy home as it showed Megan, Olivia and Mum and Dad that I was a straight guy and "normal" as part of me wanted to repress the cross dressing and sometimes I would go weeks without dressing up in Mum's clothes. In fact, one time I managed three months without dressing but then, one evening when my sisters were out, I saw Mum in an A-line flared brown leather skirt, high-heeled, tan-coloured boots and a camel-coloured jumper. She was going out with Dad for a meal and I was in the lounge when she walked into the room, the leather creaking seductively as she walked.

She gave me instructions about not leaving the TV on standby and not messing up the room and she walked around the room for a few minutes, putting things away and tidying up. I loved the way the leather swished against her legs. I know it was wrong but within a few moments my cock was pressing against my zipper. She just looked so damned glamorous and the scent of her expensive Chanel perfume hung in the air. She was just so nicely dressed I wanted to jump into her clothes!

"Dad and I are out with Geoff and Sue – we are meeting them at the King Cobra on the High Street, no doubt we will be in before Livvy and Meggie. You not out tonight?" Mum asked.

I had been playing a computer game but when Mum had walked in she had stolen all my attention.

"No, Lucy's gone to some music gig with her friends and I didn't fancy it. It was some heavy metal band called *Deaf Zombies*, not my thing at all."

She smiled, her glossy red lip stick emphasising her broad lips. "I can't blame you for that," she said. "I don't think I would like to hear Deaf Zombies either. Well, remember to let the dogs out and tidy up when you go to bed."

Then Mum leant over me; a gold necklace hung around her neck, and the leather squeaked as she got closer. She placed her hands on her knees to hold down the skirt. My heart beat rapidly and I felt myself start to perspire.

"It's your Mum, for fuck's sake," I kept telling myself, *"it's your Mum!"*

I could almost smell the lipstick on her glossy lips and, just to add to the torture, she kissed me on the cheek. That was something she didn't normally do but she was in a surprisingly good mood. Then she stood up and looked down on me. I moved my leg up onto the sofa, hoping she had not clocked the bulge in my trousers.

"Don't wait up for us," Mum joked and then she was gone. I heard Dad helping her on with her coat, then the front door slammed and I was left on my own.

As soon as the car had driven away I unzipped my trousers and started playing with my manhood. I knew it was wrong but I just felt so aroused! There was something about that skirt with the leather swishing around my mother's legs that really turned me on. I had not seen the skirt before and guessed she kept it in her own bedroom. My cock was as hard

as Hell and my heart beat with excitement for, since I had been spanked over her knee when she had been wearing a leather pencil skirt, the thought of leather had become a real turn-on. And yet it was my Mum! Olivia and Megan's clothes were so dull in comparison although they were far better and nicer than Lucy's – at least they did have more than a few feminine items in their closets - but *all* Mum's clothes were feminine. Even her jeans seemed feminine as they were always tight and all her clothes were all so soft and sensual; they were all nice to touch and to wear.

So the 'piss pipe', as Fonz called it, was up and I was playing with it. Beating the Bishop as I thought of that leather skirt swishing around Mum's legs. Then, in a great crescendo, I came; white semen spluttered onto my hand as I wanked. God, I felt turned on. And I tried to repress the thought that it had been Mum wearing the darn skirt that had done it.

But I was not as turned-on as I was when I finally rescued the skirt from mum's wardrobe (I had been right – it was kept in the main wardrobe in her bedroom) and tried it on. It felt so good to do up the button and ease up the zipper. I loved the way it fitted my slim waist and swished around my bare legs. And the boots too. For some reason I matched the outfit up with a red silky blouse which felt great but did not match the skirt but then I was not really good at matching things back then.

Mum knew, of course, but I think she hoped it was just a phrase I was going through – a bit like Megan's tight lacing. I know she spoke to Megan and Olivia as well and they confessed that I occasionally raided their wardrobes too. So I was outed – the only person who did not know was Dad and no one was going to

tell him as he hated such things and would "do his nut."

One night Megan sat on my bed and told me that Mum knew I was raiding her wardrobe and I needed to be careful just in case Dad found out. I told her I would be but the desire to dress was just so strong it was hard to resist – particularly as a teenager when I had just got into masturbation. In some ways it was better than sex with Lucy. I was always careful not to do anything whilst wearing my sisters' or Mum's clothes but even so I knew I did not always put them back in the right place and sometimes they were creased. It did not matter so much with Megan and Olivia but with Mum it was vital that things went back properly. I knew I had blown my cover on more than one occasion

For a while I tried to give it up. It was after Mum had had a quiet word with me and warned me off going into her dressing room. She ended the conversation by saying,

"You are not too old to go over my knee, Marc and if I find you have been in my wardrobe again that is what will happen."

The worse thing was the thought of Dad finding out or Mum telling him. So I threw myself into being a mechanic and helping to improve Fonz's bike. He started to win more races and, as we toured the country, we became really good friends. We drank together and even shared a few "birds" as he described women: he was actually only seven years older than me though he seemed a lot older. He loved the fact I looked up to him and admired him. He was just so cool; he never got angry and always had a nice word for everyone. He was extremely confident and would often say to me,

"I'm the best rider, Marc; I'll piss on the opposition today."

Eventually, I got to race ride too which was brilliant. First off I had to complete a competitor training course and provide evidence of competence to ride a motorcycle. The competitor training course was classroom based and designed to familiarise competitors with the basic safety and organisational requirements needed to participate in road racing. I then got "novice" status as sanctioned by the ACU.

Although I say it myself, I was a natural. I took to racing like a duck to water – I suppose I had been brought up on it from an early age with Dad's love of Barry Sheene and motorcycle racing. I knew all the world champions and what bikes they rode and, of course, it was Dad's ambition for me to become world champion. I loved cornering and found I had a talent for getting the bike down nice and low. It was just something that came to me: foot off the peg, lean in, brake, not too much throttle coming out as the rear wheel spins and then off. The throttle control is the most important; some riders overpowered as they left a corner and the wheel spun but I was very gentle, I eased the bike round and slowly increased the acceleration so getting better grip and torque.

By the time I was eighteen I was buying my own ladies underwear and would often wear knickers under my leathers. A lot of the other racers knew, of course, but they put it down to the fact I wanted keep the weight down; likewise I started to shave all my body hair off as I found it was annoying. (Here I draw your attention to the article in *Racing Rave* magazine which is further into the story).

Again the other guys put it down to me wanting to be lighter and smoother; I said I could move across

the bike seat better in a thong and with smooth skin! Which was bullshit of course but the other bikers respected me and didn't take the piss. That was partly due to Dad and the fact he had made a big investment in me and made sure I had the best machines and partly due to the fact that I was good from an early age, damned good. I was a good mechanic too and would help other competitors which occasionally irked Fonz. Another factor was that Fonz was well-liked and he looked after me. He would put his arm around me and say,

"If anyone says anything to you, Marc, tell them to fuck off. You just do what you wanna do in life and everyone else can go fuck themselves."

That was his philosophy. Blunt.

Anyway, in my first race I came twelfth out of fifteen and that was because of a very poor, slow start – I spent the rest of the race trying to overtake. The race after that I came eighth, then sixth.... And then third and got on the podium. I was beginning to make it... Big Time.

Chapter Five

Dad's Personal Assistant was an older lady called Sally; she was very glamorous, if a bit overweight. She was always dressed well and was well made-up. She had a daughter called Katie who was a slim, very attractive, blonde girl who I had seen a few times when she had come to the office. I had always liked her... in fact it is fair to say I had a bit of a crush on her. Lucy had been dating a boy she had met at college for some time so I knew I had no chance. Also, I was pretty dedicated to racing at that time (hence I had given up cross dressing... again!). Katie always

dressed well, she had been to a private school like me and was very well-spoken. She lived with her mum as her dad had left when she was young. He had paid for the private education though as his way of providing support. Anyway, one day I happened to ask Sally how Katie was.

"She's not too happy at the moment, Marc," Sally said. "She wanted to book me a surprise holiday for my birthday off the internet. She transferred the money and then realised it was a scam. The hotel didn't exist and she got stung for £500."

Well, the next time I raced I rode like a demon and came first – a whole 10 seconds in front of the next rider. I won about £500 for my troubles so I enveloped it up and left it on Sally's desk to give to Katie. Katie could not believe how generous I was and wrote me a letter of thanks and that was the start of it.

On our first date she wore tight black leather trousers and a white jumper. Her long, straight, blond hair rolled down her back and we got loads of looks when we walked into the restaurant together. I knew she was the one for me. We started dating and she came to the racetrack with me and watched me ride. Sally was really pleased as she had not liked Katie's other boyfriend and obviously knew my Dad had a bit of money. Katie was like her mum in temperament and like her mum she was a PA. I was soon smitten by her – not just smitten but really in love and not just with her but the clothes she wore. For work she always wore lovely skirts, trousers and heels and when we went out together in the evening, she always dressed really nicely. Of course, I always encouraged her to dress well and praised her on her outfits.

"My other boyfriends were never as observant as you when it came to my clothing, Marc," Katie told

me one day. “It really nice that you appreciate what I wear; I’ve never had that before, not from anyone apart from Mum.”

So I was eighteen, I was racing and I was dating Katie who was also eighteen – I was kinda living the dream. I was on top of the world – my world at least. I was winning more and more races. When I won I used to love taking my hands off the handle bars, pushing up my visor and letting the bike cruise along. The crowd would cheer and real tears would run down my face. It was the best thing ever! Such a great buzz. To win. To be a winner. To feel the wind on my face. It was Heaven.

And then it happened, Fonz died in a motorcycle accident. It was not on a racetrack but rather on an open road. He overtook a car on a country lane and smashed into a lorry coming the other way. Dad was devastated and for the first time ever I saw him cry. Fonz’s death was a terrible blow and if it hadn’t been for Katie I would not have got through it and certainly not ridden again. As it was I got back on my bike and became the main rider for the Stimpson Steers team, leaning into corners and getting a lead upon my rivals. I raced a week after the Fonz died and won. I dedicated the victory to him.

That victory was followed by more wins and soon some of the big teams were looking at signing me. I loved crossing the line in first place; it was such an adrenalin rush, almost an addition. At one point just racing and getting around the track had been enough but once I had smelt the sweet smell of success I was hooked. And in a strange way it fuelled my desire to wear women’s clothes. I had tried to suppress it but the more successful I became and the more I saw of Katie in her stylish clothes, the more I just wanted to dress; not just wear dress but look convincing and

really look like a woman. I was like I was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde character.

Part of me was macho and wanted to race without fear but to relax I wanted to slip into some lovely lingerie and a nice skirt or dress. The thing was the chances to dress because less and less; whilst I had been at school it had been fine but once I left and started working for Dad and racing for the Stimpson Steers, I was travelling around the country a lot. It took a lot of time and dedication. When I was home I was dating Katie so my cross-dressing was seriously curtailed. I know Megan, Olivia, and Mum thought I had grown out of it which in a way was a good thing but I still had this nagging need to dress gnawing away at me.

Chapter Six

By the time I was twenty I was living with Katie, which was great. Dad had bought us a flat as I was still not earning much money racing bikes; Katie had the only regular income as a Personal Assistant. The Stimpson team was only small and amateur so when a big team came knocking with a professional set-up and quality bikes, I transferred over to them. For the first time I signed a contract and had a retainer, win bonuses and even personal sponsorship. I was going places. Dad was pleased as he knew to be a champion I had to progress from Stimpson Steers and become a professional rider. I was riding Yamaha 125s and by then I had national licence.

The system worked like this: you started off as a novice holding a category A licence and then moved up to Intermediate novice. You then had to compete on ten separate race days at three different circuits to get the Clubman licence, then do the same thing for

three years to get a national licence which was where I was at. You had to hold that licence for 12 months and have competed at a minimum of six meets to get the International licence which was what I was aiming for. Life was pretty good. I still wasn't making a great deal of money as I found I had stopped winning as many races: as you progressed the competition became tougher and tougher.

I found my confidence started to wane a bit but Dad was subsidising us so it wasn't a huge deal. He still had great plans about me becoming a world champion like Valentino Rossi or his idol Barry Sheene but I could see that there was no chance of that happening. When Dad was younger he had admired Sheene and it was that which had got him into motorbikes, though he had never raced them. As for me, I loved the bikes but I loved women's' clothes too and my dedication to "the cause" was perhaps not as great as it should have been.

I loved looking at the clothes in Katie's wardrobe; the pencil skirts, the silky blouses, and the feminine, sensual lingerie she wore. She always wore stilettos and it was great to see her in a nice pair of shoes. I loved watching her get ready for work, coming out of the shower and dry off, then slipping into soft panties and pantyhose. Then she would apply her makeup and brush and dry her long blond hair. After that, she would button up a cream-coloured blouse with black piping. Then it would be a black pencil skirt, all finished off with a pair of heels, not too high but enough to give shape to legs and wobble to her walk. In winter she would often wear boots with a nice 3" heel which was great; I loved watching her zip up the side of the leather boots. I watched from my bed as Katie dressed and she would laugh and say,

"You love watching me, Marc, it's kinda nice."

Then she would spray on some perfume, grab her leather jacket which she always seemed to wear (she actually had a few but I could not tell the difference), then she was gone. I would hear the front door slam, then I would lie back in bed and play with my snake. I didn't like the thought of wearing Katie's clothes – oh, I touched them but I just didn't want to be caught. Well not at first anyway. But that soon passed and I was soon trying on slips, camisoles, pantyhose, skirts, blouses and dresses. I was very careful and I don't think Katie knew (in fact I know she didn't know as you will see). I had a lot of time on my hands if I wasn't racing.

Dad had a new mechanic so I only helped out occasionally as Dad wanted me to concentrate on racing and getting my licences. Looking back, I was a bit lazy. Over the years I have met Rossi and Lorenzo and my namesake Marc Marquez and the one thing they all have or had in common was a total, one-eyed dedication to the sport – particularly Rossi who was very determined and hated losing. It is the same in any sport – take Roger Federer or Novak Djokovic in tennis – one thing these elite sports people have is total dedication to the cause and when I say total, I mean TOTAL. I was supposed to be the new, upcoming rider but I did not have the same level of dedication as those chaps and Dad was disappointed at how long it took me to get my licences.

"You should have your International, by now, Marc," he would say and he was right. I was torn between motorcycle racing and women's clothes.

To be honest there was another distraction too. Girls. I was young and maybe because of the crossdressing as well, I was a bit unfaithful (to say the least!). I suppose, as well, I copied Fonz who had

always cheated on his girlfriends and thought nothing of it.

"What the eye can't see, the heart can't grieve about," had been one of his favourite sayings if I ever questioned him about what his long-term girlfriend might think if she found out he had slept with yet another woman.

Anyway, it started with Tanya, a girl in the pits. Katie was normally at the races but sometimes she got called away or did not fancy a long trip in a dirty mini-bus towing a couple of bikes behind. There was a lot of waiting around once you got to the track; you had to check in, you had to get the bike inspected, you had to queue up for the race details and registration, then work on the bike and get it race-ready. Then there was a lot of testing before the race.

As I got into bigger events, the races were normally over a weekend with the testing and the time trials on a Saturday. The order on the grid was worked out from the time trials before the races took place on the next day. It really wasn't that glamorous. But a lot of girls hung around even with us guys who were still starting out and fairly low down the pecking order. One day a girl called Tanya came over and started to chat to me when I was working on the bike.

"You a mechanic?" she asked.

"No, I ride," I said.

"That's so brave... I think I've seen you before, aren't you Marc Stimpson?"

"Yes," I said. "You are observant."

"Well, it says Stimpson Engineering on the side of your van and I guessed you were Marc as you got a podium finish last time out."

I smiled and stood up. Dad was still sponsoring me so his livery was on the side of our van which he also owned.

Tanya had dark hair and was wearing the tightest jeans I had ever seen. I pretty much had to roll them down her legs behind the back of the garages to reveal her soft, pink vagina – fortunately she did not see my thong as I popped my cock in her and rode her for a few minutes. She was all over me, clawing me and biting my neck and calling my name, It was great. The lads knew, of course, and they ribbed me on the way back from the race. Maybe the extra-curricular activity had taken my mind off the racing as I finished fifth.

When I got back I felt bad. I bought Katie a gift and told her I had missed her. I was remorseful for a week or so but did it stop me doing it again? Not a chance. It seemed to be one of the perks of the job; especially when I eventually started to win a few races. I began to get noticed and a bit of recognition. A scribbler from a racing magazine came knocking and I was interviewed by him and the magazine's photographer took photos of Katie and me. That really attracted women – there is nothing like having a really attractive girlfriend to attract other women – I don't know why but so many women came up to me and spoke about the piece and said how great it was. The funny thing was they all mentioned Katie. I've reproduced some of the magazine article here as I think it is quite funny now, looking back. They did this question and answer type thing:

Editor: Marc, you are nicknamed the Maverick, why is that?

Me: I'm a loose cannon.

Editor: which rider would you most like to emulate?

Me: Valentino Rossi.

Editor: Who do you consider the best rider of all time?

Me: Valentino Rossi.

Editor: And your boyhood hero?

Me: Barry Sheene.

Editor: What's your favourite song, Marc? What do you listen to before a race?

Me: Riders on the Storm by The Doors.

Editor: Any pre-race rituals?

Me: I stand in front of the mirror and tell myself I will win, clench my fist and pump myself up.

Editor: Any unusual superstitions, clothing items you must wear that sort of thing?

Me: Well, this is a strange one. As a dare, my sister Megan got me to wear one of her thongs for a race and I won – it was my first race win on 125s. Since then I have always worn women's knickers under my race leathers. It is like a good luck charm...

Editor: Well, that's kinky. Marc the Maverick, that has given readers a bit of an insight into one of Britain's top young motorcyclists.

You will have noticed the half-truth thong story? How I wove the bet with Megan into a racing story to explain why I wore knickers and thongs? Well, a lot of the guys had seen me in the thongs so I thought I would come clean, marrying a couple of half-truths to make a whole lie.

Katie and I were on the front cover and inside there was a photo of Katie with her hand inside my race leathers and on my bare (hairless) chest. The article created a bit of a buzz and for a while I was really popular. The amusing thing was girls gave me their thongs to wear! (I was only too happy to oblige). And other girls just came on to me. It wasn't long before I had bedded Sandra, who was a married older woman or a MILF, then Jackie, then Donna, Paula, Sharon, and Jayne...

I'm not proud of myself but I was a serial cheat. I even had a system. I had a ledger where I would record all my races. I would write the date and time of the race, the cost to entry and prize money, the weather conditions, how the bike preformed, tyres used, mechanics, position I finished, the top three. Then I started putting another column where I would put "*Andrea, blond, 23, slim, 7 out of 10*". It was bad but Katie never saw it as the manual was kept in my workshop with my bikes (we rented a garage cum workshop close to the flat Dad had bought for us).

Eventually, I got my International licence and started racing in Europe. I graduated to 250cc bikes and got signed to Honda. I was doing really well. The big prize was MotoGP and that's where I wanted to get. I raced a bit in Europe and found nice Belgian

and French girls to keep me company at night – sometimes there were fairly long trips so Katie could not come with me due to the fact she had to work. I don't know if she got suspicions or not for she certainly didn't say anything but I became friendly with a Scottish girl called Lauren who was the girlfriend of another racer called Mad Max (and Mad was apt as you will see!).

I didn't encourage it – there was no way I wanted complications and whilst I was happy with a one-night stand I didn't want a relationship with another girl. I was young and having my cake and eating it. I was pretty dedicated to racing at that stage; keeping fit, keeping my weight down, my skin nice and smooth etc. but Lauren came on to me. She was one of the girls who had been interested in the magazine article. One time we were at a race track in France and we were staying in the trailer. A few of the riders and crews went out for a drink and a meal as it was someone's birthday but I stayed behind in the trailer reading race magazines. I thought Lauren had gone off with her boyfriend but about a half-hour after they had gone, there was a knock on the door. I got off the couch and opened it. Lauren was standing there: tight jeans and lippy and perfume, her face full of girlish freckles.

"Can I come in?" she said.

"I thought you were out with Max and Darren and that lot?"

"Ah no, no. I get fed up with their macho motorbike chat," Lauren said.

She came in and sat on the sofa and I got her a Belgium beer from the small fridge.

I sat down next to her and straight away, she came on at me.

"You know I really like you, Marc. I think Katie is so lucky. I'm sooo jealous."

A tingling sensation ran down my spine. I put my arm around her and we began to kiss. French kiss. Of course, it was not long before we were having sex on the sofa. I loved getting her jeans down and pushing my manhood into her soft vagina – she even commented on my pink knickers which made her giggle but that did not stop me giving her a right good shafting. The others were late back; no one knew but Mad Max was suspicious the next day and kept looking at me. I guess he wondered why neither Lauren nor I had come to the restaurant, he kept saying,

"You should have come with us Marc; you missed a great night out."

"No, socialising isn't my thing. I'm boring, I'm afraid."

He had some heavy friends and I didn't really want to upset him but it seemed Lauren was besotted by me and wanted a relationship. She kept texting me and when I ignored her texts, she wrote a letter to Stimpson Steers Racing c/o Stimpson Engineering. She knew I used to race for them and Paul Stimpson was my dad. Of course, Sally got the letter and no doubt innocently forwarded it to our flat. I wasn't home when the letter was delivered – but Katie was.

"You bastard!" Katie yelled when she read the letter. "You are having an affair."

Unfortunately, Lauren had made reference to our great night together and gave the impression it had

been going on for some time (which in her head it had). There was no place to hide. We had a row and a fight and Katie cut my forehead by throwing a plate at my head.

"I want you out!" she screamed.

I slept on the sofa, contemplating the fact that it was actually my flat. She went off to work the next day and instead of moving out, I tried to make up. I bought loads of flowers for her and an expensive bracelet and made her dinner.

"I'm sorry, Katie," I said. "I just gave in to temptation."

We made up and that night I confessed to having cheated on her more than once as she kept asking me if it was the first time.

She snuggled up next to me and ran her hands down my smooth chest. "I don't mind, Marc," she said. "You will always have women after you and boys will be boys, as long as I know it is me you love."

"I do, Katie, I do," I said. "I knew you would understand."

Whether or not she would have forgiven another dalliance or not I never got to find out. A few weeks later, at a race in the UK which involved Mad Max, Max decided to kick out a foot as I overtook him. The bike wobbled, I tried desperately to control it but I was cornering as well. The effect of Max's intervention was for me to straighten up too early and, rather than just go off the track, which is what I should have done, I tried to turn again and came off with the bike under me. I had fallen off before, of course, but with the leathers and the great heap of padding on the

spine which made you look like a hunchback, I had never been hurt. This time I was. My left leg broke in two places, my left arm was broken and a bone in my shoulder dislocated.

One of my greatest attributes as a motorcycle racer was that I had no sense of fear. I have never been scared of dying – once you are gone, you are gone. I don't believe in Heaven and Hell and all that stuff but being paralysed, well that did worry me. The idea I may not be able to stand in front of the mirror and tell myself how great I was to psych myself up for a race (and, more importantly, to see myself full-length wearing women's clothes)? Well, that was the stuff of nightmares. So in hospital the first thing I did was move my toes and I was relieved when they worked.

As I say I had come off before and the thing to do is relax as much as you can when you are falling so the body is soft rather than tense – that's why babies often survive car crashes as they are 'relaxed' because they don't know what is happening. That didn't help in this case. Most of the time you are thrown clear of the bike and skid on the tarmac but in this case the bike came down heavily on my left leg and trapped me.

Max was fined and banned and Dad started a legal case against him for compensation. The whole incident had been caught on video which was good for us because it showed that Max had kicked a leg out at the crucial time. Meanwhile, I lay in hospital and had a host of visitors including Megan's old school friend Claudia who actually came back a few times and spent quite a bit of time with me. Katie came of course as did her mother Sally. So did Lauren who still hadn't given up the chase and wanted to "apologise on behalf of Max"; Megan and Olivia; Mum and Dad; uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

A nurse, Emma who was on my ward, said, "You're very popular with the girls, Marc!" and would laugh and smile. She was a pretty Irish girl with blond hair and blue. Just my cup of tea, not that I was in any position to do anything. After two weeks I was released from hospital and Katie nursed me when I came back to the flat. But it was a long process of rehab and even longer before I could get back on a bike again. After a while the plasters came off and I began to walk again but I was bored at home and that's where Katie's clothes came in to their own.

I had always been careful in the past, maybe trying on the odd skirt or dress but making sure it went back in the proper place. I did not move her things around too much. But it wasn't long before I was trying to create a full ensemble so I looked female – skirt, blouse, shoes, etc. I even ordered stuff for myself on the net, knowing I would be home to collect it without Katie seeing it.

I ordered a nice blonde curly wig, skirts, and lingerie. I had my own stash which I kept in a suitcase in the spare bedroom. I used Katie's makeup, of course, and her nail varnish and perfume. For the first time, I dressed as a proper girl. I actually looked like a girl and that was fantastic – although when I look back now at photos I took of myself I can see I actually looked hideous.

As I got fitter I couldn't wait for Katie to go to work so I could get into her wardrobes. Every day I was "dressing." Katie would even set me chores to do which I would carry out while dressed. My big aim was to go out in public dressed but I just didn't have the confidence for that one. Still, it was great and in some ways I had never been happier. When I wasn't dressed, I went down the workshop and started up the bikes but my interest in racing was waning.

Megan asked me to fix Claudia's car so she brought that around one day and I did that for her but other than that, I was pretty lazy. The team manager kept asking me when I would return. When I would not give an answer, they terminated my contract by mutual agreement - much to Dad's disappointment.

"It's a setback, Marc, but you have to rise to the challenge and get racing again," he used to say. "If you fall off your bike, you need to get back on it as quickly as possible or you will get ring rust."

I would just shrug and say, "Yeah alright, Dad." But I did nothing about it.

No one could understand why I was so reluctant to get back on to a bike and thought that maybe the accident had scared me. Then one day I was standing in front of the mirror wearing a full make-up, a black leather pencil skirt of Katie's, a red silky blouse and high-heeled shoes (which I had bought myself) and my blond curly wig. And that's what I was wearing when Katie caught me!

She had some flex-time and had come home early to surprise me but she was the one who got the surprise!

"My God! My God! Marc what are you doing?" she yelled. She hyperventilated so much so I really thought she was going to have a heart attack.

"I dunno," I said. "I just thought I would try some of your clothes on." It was a nightmare – an absolute, total fucking nightmare.

"My skirt, my tights, what are you doing wearing my clothes?" Katie screamed

"I dunno," I repeated.

"Fucking Hell, Marc. Have you gone crazy?"

"No, course not," I said.

"But wait a minute. Where did you get that wig?" Katie said, slightly calmer if a hurricane is calmer than a typhoon.

"I bought it," I admitted.

"And the blouse and the shoes?" Katie said, a certain normality returning to her voice.

"I ordered them off the internet. I wanted to see...what I..."

"Are you gay?" Katie asked.

"No, I just like to do it sometimes."

There was nowhere to hide. Nowhere to hide. Exposed. My head dropped. I felt really belittled. I wanted to cry. I wanted to die, but Katie had not finished.

"Marc, I can't believe it! What are you doing to me? What the fuck are you doing to ME?" She started to cry then, floods of tears. "Marc, what the FUCK are you doing to me?" she kept saying.

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say it was a joke or say I was just trying stuff on because I was too well-made-up and I had bought my own things. I just stood in the room, motionless, watching her cry. I tried to put a hand on her back but she brushed it away and shouted.

"Don't touch me, you fucking pervert."

After a few moments, she got up and walked further into the room and picked over some of the garments I had tried on which were still on the bed.

"You've ruined my best blouse! You've messed up my makeup. You have even been down my jewellery box!!"

God, I wanted to die, *so much* I wanted to die. I sat on the bed. It was a total fucking nightmare. A total fucking nightmare.

But it got worse. Katie moved out. Somehow she could forgive me cheating on her as that was manly and part of my bad boy image but wearing women's clothes? Well, that was a no, no, NO!

"I can't cope with it, Marc, it's not who I thought you were. You have deceived me. It's perverted."

She went home to her live with her mum, Sally. Sally, of course was Dad's personal assistant so it wasn't long before she told Dad the reasons for the break-up. The next thing I knew Mum and Dad were knocking on the door of the flat.

"What's this about you fucking around in women's clothes?" Dad said as soon as he got into the front room. "Did you get a bang on your head through that accident? Do you need to see a shrink? I can pay for one for you if you want."

"No, Dad, I was doing it before that," I said sheepishly.

Mum walked further into the room and got close to me. I was on the verge of crying. It all seemed so hard to explain.

"I thought you used to borrow my clothes," Mum said. "But Olivia and Megan used to cover for you and say it was them. I always thought it was you as they had their own clothes and although, on occasions, they would raid my wardrobe they never touched my lingerie and evening gowns, but you didn't, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to upset anyone. It's just something I like to do, and it doesn't harm anyone," I said. "I didn't mean to upset, Katie," I said. "I didn't mean to upset you and Dad and Megan and Olivia," I said. "I didn't mean to fucking upset anyone," I said.

"It fucking upsets me to think I have a nonce for a son!" Dad yelled.

"I'm not a paedophile or anything like that," I said. "No one gets hurt. It's not that bad really. It's only fucking clothes."

Dad was on the warpath. "Not that bad? Well it is to me, Marc! How the fuck do you think the other guys will take it when they know you like prancing around in your mother's and girlfriend's clothes?"

I hung my head in shame, tears formed a path down my cheeks. Mum stood close to me but she did not try to comfort me, instead she slapped my face and said, very calmly,

"It's not right, Marc. You've deceived us all, we can't trust you."

"I'm sorry," I said. I was really crying then.

"Well, you are on your fucking own now, son," Dad said. "On your fucking own. Your mother and I are not supporting you anymore."

I was twenty-one and my world had just fallen apart. The next month was a total nightmare. It was amazing how little I actually owned. I moved out of the flat and into a rented room. I sold my bikes (which were technically Dad's but he didn't seem to want them back) and a load of motorcycle paraphernalia. I managed to get together quite a bit of cash and then I got compensation from Max's insurer for the accident. I started dating Emma, the nurse from the hospital, and told her about the issues I had with crossdressing. She wasn't fazed by it at all and even said she would help me dress.

When things had settled down a bit we went to some clubs and stuff together but she wasn't into a long-term relationship and it soon petered out. So I lived in a bedroom in a rented house. I couldn't be bothered to find a job, I was too depressed.

By then, Megan had a good job up North. She called me up and said I could come up and live with her and her boyfriend, Darren. She had a spare room and said I could help pay the rent. So I relocated to her house and got a job as a mechanic at a local garage. That was a lot better as I was away from everyone and felt I could start again. She lived in a small village in a quaint cottage which was really nice. It was great living with Megan as I felt rejected by everyone else and I had always got on really well with her. One night she came into my bedroom and we had a big discussion about the situation.

"Since Livvy said about you being a transvestite all those years ago, I have kinda come to terms with it. It is rotten how you have been treated by Mum and Dad; I wouldn't mind you dressing here but Darren's not keen and it's only a small village so word would soon spread."

"You would rather I didn't do it?" I said.

"Yes," Megan said, "Not for my sake but for everyone else's."

So that was that. I didn't dress, not that I particularly wanted to. I was at Megan's for about six months. Darren was a decent guy and we went to the village pub together. I soon started dating a barmaid who worked there named Gemma. One morning, when we were lying in bed, she asked me about my scars on my legs and arms and I told her about my former motorcycling career. Under my bed I had a box of newspaper cuttings and medals and trophies and the article in the glossy magazine.

"There must be thousands of people like me," I said. "People who have a box under their bed full of their unrequited dreams – boxers, footballers, singers and other entertainers and sports people - people who have not quite made it."

"There is still time," Gemma said as she cuddled me.

"I've sold my bikes and all my stuff," I said. "Anyway I am fed up with chasing all around Europe racing bikes. It takes a lot of time and dedication. I love racing but it you have to be really committed."

I didn't say I wanted to dress. I wanted to fulfil another dream too. To go out dressed as woman in public. No, I said nothing to Gemma about that nor to Megan or to Darren and they said nothing to me about the dressing either.

At one point Claudia and her boyfriend came up to see Megan and stayed overnight: it was great to see them again. I found I got on really well with Claudia.

We went to the local pub, The Fox and Hounds. All night, Gemma, who was working that night, kept looking over at me as I was talking to Claudia even though Darren and Tom, who was Claudia's boyfriend, were there too! Such is the jealousy of women.

After about six months I was getting fed up with not being able to dress so I relocated to a big city and found a small room to rent. It was nowhere near Mum, Dad, or any of my family. I got a job at a local place fitting tyres which didn't pay great wages but it was enough for a while. Then I moved on to a job with Honda selling spare motorbike parts which was a lot better and I didn't get my hands dirty. I even bought another motorcycle and started riding to work: this time it was a red and white Honda CBR650, a nice big bike which I bought with a discount from the company. I was still in touch with Megan but didn't see the rest of the family.

Then, one day a wedding invitation dropped through the door. It was from Olivia; she was getting married to Andy, someone she had met at work, and they wanted me to come along too. It was over a year since I had seen Mum, Dad, or Olivia and I wasn't going to go but Megan persuaded me.

So, one Saturday in August I pulled on my leathers, got on my bike and drove 180 miles back home to the family house. I turned up and stood at the back of the church when the vows were read out and then I sat on my own during the reception at a really posh hotel. I say 'sat on my own' but I was next to Darren and was with various relatives who had no idea that I had become the 'black sheep' of the family. I spent my time talking to cousins and later I stood around the bar talking to Claudia and her partner, Tom. It was strange how nervous I had been around her as a teenager for, as an adult, with no pressure on either

of us, I chatted freely too her and actually had quite a good time.

I did not say much to Mum or Dad although Dad shook my hand and said 'thanks for coming'. As always Mum looked very glamorous: she had worn an ivory suit for the wedding but in the evening she changed into a floaty dress and heels. Megan was one of the bridesmaids and she looked as pretty as a picture in a lovely peach dress made of satin. Olivia wore a gorgeous strapless white dress with a fish tail which really suited her figure. Her hair had been curled and was longer and blonder than I remembered.

After the speeches and the cake. cutting they danced together to the strains of Whitney Huston singing that bloody song from the The Bodyguard. I sat at a table necking a bottle of lager. I watched as Andy's hands rubbed down Olivia's satin dress. Then Darren took Megan by the hand and wrapped his arms around her and they smooched on the dance floor. Then Mum and Dad joined them too, followed by the rest of the guests with their partners, including Claudia and her boyfriend, Tom. Most of the guests were staying in the hotel. The following day Olivia and Andy were flying to Mauritius on honeymoon.

So everyone seemed to be happy: Darren and Megan, Andy and Olivia, Mum and Dad, Claudia and Tom. It was just me. It was always just me. I downed the remainder of my beer, placed the bottle on the table and I walked across the room. No one took any notice. They were too engrossed in each other, too engrossed in their own happiness. I reached the door and walked out into the reception. I had left my motorbike leathers, gloves and helmet in the toilet so I went in there and got changed out of my suit. I

stuffed my suit into a rucksack; after all, I figured, I was not going to need it again.

I pulled on my motorbike leathers, boots and gloves. I pulled my helmet on. No one recognised me as I walked through the reception area of the hotel. I was like a Martian. I was no longer a guest. I walked out into the warm evening sunshine. The sun was just setting. I walked around the side of the hotel to where I had left my bike. It actually felt quite comforting to see it standing there, big and powerful and lean. I got on and pressed the starter. I revved it up a few times. Then I rode away. I rode away.

To be continued in T.T Girl Two.