

TT Girl³



Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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T. T. Girl

Part Three

by Charlotte Mayo

I have known Megan for, like, forever. We were in the same year at school and we were like just *sooo* close it was untrue. I was an only child so I loved hanging out with Megan and Olivia – they just seemed so cool, always so fashionable and well-dressed which meant a lot to us as teenagers. Meg was popular with everyone. She had a bit of the imp about her, a bit of devilment. She liked to scheme and plan things – not to hurt anyone but for her own enjoyment.

Although Olivia was older she was a bit quieter and it was definitely Meg that was the leader. Marc took after Olivia in nature – he was quiet and had the same blonde hair colour, blue eyes and delicate fea-

tures as their mother Sian, whilst Meg was darker and took after her father, Paul. But Meg just had *that* quality, a kind of charisma and I guess that was one of the reasons Marc liked her so much.

Marc, what can I say? He started out as the kid brother who just did his own thing and who I took no notice of – well, there was a two-year age difference between us which is a lot when you are young. So I took no notice of him. None at all. Half the time I didn't even know he was there. But I liked visiting Meg's house. Oh My God, it was big! My parents were well off too but not in Meg's league – she always had the best things – all designer labels – money no object – her parents just bought them all whatever they wanted.

Her mum, Sian, was a bit of an ice queen and very frosty. She was always very glamorous and well-dressed but she didn't show a lot of warmth and affection to Megan, Olivia and Marc; I must admit, even I was a bit scared of her! It was a totally different vibe between my home and Meg's place.

Meg's house was really neat and tidy and if you didn't know it you would not think there were any kids living there. Sian ruled the house with a rod of iron and everything had to be tidied away. Even their rooms had to be neat and tidy – most parents don't mind it if their children's rooms look like tips – but not Sian, she went in and inspected them and they had to be tidy – she was like a sergeant major, I guess you would say she was a bit of a control freak. She liked the whole house to be neat, tidy and clean and if

things weren't put away there were punishments – it was a tight ship. There was cleaner, of course, but even so Sian was always hovering and saying 'pick this up' and 'do that' or 'go to your room' – she had a lot of rules and believed in smacking – I saw her smack Meg a couple of time because she answered back or had done something wrong.

My parents were totally different – they were pretty cool. I suppose you would say they were liberal and I just did what I liked which was why Meg used to like coming around to my place in the holidays – she knew she could make a mess and didn't have to clear it up. But we were so close, really like sisters.

As I say, I didn't take a lot of notice of Marc when he was a kid. In some ways we had a common bond as he did his motocross and I used to ride my horse in events until I fell off and broke my arm but we both competed at something when we young, so we had that in common. But then, when we were teenagers, Meg started saying that Marc fancied me! It was funny as I had never really noticed him but after that, I suppose, I took a bit more notice: I was probably about fifteen so Marc would have been thirteen. I guess I flirted with him after that, well who wouldn't? It was fun. And I guess that's what I was doing when I asked to go to the garage to see his motocross bikes. It was safe, you see, and I was showing off in front of Meg and Olivia too.

Did I give a stuff about his motocross bikes and motorcycle racing? Of course not! But that was Marc's one and only topic of conversation – that was

all he ever droned on about. It was like he was really obsessed. I know it was his dad who wanted him to be a motorcycle world champion, but it didn't interest me – I was like Meg and Olivia – I was a girly girl with nice nails and long, blond hair: I didn't like dirty, old motorbikes. Then Meg told me that Sian had spanked him, over her knee, because he had left oil marks on the carpet and I felt really awful and guilty because I knew it was me who had asked to go to the garage and I was kind of playing with him. Also, I knew I had left the majority of the oil marks – there was no way I was going to take my shoes off!

I couldn't believe she would do that to him! He was like, how old? Thirteen! I remember my mum said it was abuse but I knew Sian had smacked Meg and Olivia too. One time she slapped Olivia around the face for answering her back and Olivia was sixteen! That's how strict Sian was. I was glad I didn't live in that house – I would have always been getting smacked. To be honest I was terrified of Sian when she was annoyed, she didn't blow her top like Paul. No, Sian was quiet, calculating and deadly.

But Marc fancied me! I loved that. I remember one day I wrote Marc's name on an exercise book at school and Meg saw it and started teasing me and saying I fancied him too! It was kind of subconscious and I don't know why I did it - but it was just a doodle because, let's face it, when you know someone likes you then you like them better, right? I knew it was just a teen crush from Marc's point of view but Megan was always going on about it and I knew she had done this deal to get me around to her house. I'm not

very good with time lines and when things happen but I think it may have had something to do with the thong, pantie and knicker episode.

I think the first thing that happened was that Marc wore a thong for a dare and Meg had said that if he won the bet she would invite me around for tea. Then she revealed he was a “knicker nicker” who raided her bedroom and went down Olivia’s drawers too. That was such a hoot. Meg told loads of us at school about it; Marc was stealing her and Olivia’s knickers so they had come up with an idea of a special Christmas present for Marc: a box of knickers, panties and thongs! It was so funny because Olivia and Megan bought them over a period of time – even when out shopping with Sian, Marc and Paul. I stored them at my house and then Meg came around and we boxed them up. Meg took them home and wrapped them in Christmas paper and then, on Christmas Eve, Megan and Olivia went to Marc’s room when he had gone to bed and presented him with the unusual gift!

After Christmas, when we were back in school, I couldn’t wait to find out what had happened. I had not wanted to text her because I didn’t want her parents finding out and knew Sian would go mental – she was all over their mobile phones and Facebook accounts like a rash.

“Oh, he was embarrassed at first but he accepted the gift,” Meg said in the math lesson.

“And has he actually worn any of them yet?” I asked. I could not believe it.

“Oh yes, he was wearing a nice satin pair the other day and now he has started back to school he is going to wear them to school – except when it is P.E.”

I was almost crying with laughter - so much so that Mr. Grainger threatened to throw me out of the math lesson. It just seemed so funny. I could not visualise the motorcycle-obsessed Marc wearing his sister's undies – or those his sisters had bought for him. I know, looking back, it seems cruel, but at the time I didn't know that much about transvestites and crossdressers and just could not visualise Marc as one. Again, I know it sounds cruel but I thought they were kinda weirdos and not normal people.

Then it just got a whole heap worse! Meg revealed that Marc was trying on her and Olivia's clothes. Apparently he used to sneak into their bedrooms and get their clothes from their wardrobes – and not only their clothes but Sian's too!

“Do you think he is gay?” I asked.

Megan laughed. “He fancies you, stupid, so he can't be! No, Olivia thinks he is a transvestite.”

I was a bit shocked but just shrugged and said, “Well, its horses for courses,” but I wasn't entirely sure what a transvestite was back then.

The next revelation came after we had left school. We met up when we were both at college and Meg told me about her and Olivia's liaison with the German and how they were desperate for their parents not to find out. Poor Marc had been stuck in the wardrobe

whilst they had been humping away! It was like a comedy sketch – a farce. They knew Marc wouldn't say anything but to humour him they had agreed to his demand that he wear their clothes when they weren't at home. They liked the idea they all had secrets which they didn't want revealed to their parents. Also, Marc had helped Meg when she was in her tight lacing faze which I had been into too but my parents hadn't minded. At first I could not believe that they would let him do it. Really?

"I wouldn't let any man touch my clothes," I remember saying – and yet years later that was exactly what happened.

"I'm not keen on it," Meg had said. "But Olivia thinks it is a good idea."

Apparently, that one had been Olivia's idea as she said she had known, like for ever, that her brother, Marc, was a transvestite and regularly went down Sian's wardrobe. Apparently, Olivia had covered for him by saying it was her that had been looking through her mother's wardrobe and Sian had accepted it – maybe Sian had not wanted to believe it was Marc so they brushed over it. I think they feared Paul finding out as he hated that sort of thing and wanted Marc to be World Motorcycle Champion.

I suppose, after that, I looked at Marc a bit differently. From being the boring motorcycle enthusiast, he became a bit more of a character. And I guess I felt a bit sorry for him too - living in the house with three attractive women plus a dad who worked a lot and

who, when he was at home, was often in his garage or the study away from the kids. Another reason I felt sorry for Marc was that Paul tried to live his life through his son and had this burning ambition that Marc become a champion MotoGP racer. And yet, all the time, poor Marc had this secret which he couldn't tell anyone about. I knew he didn't have many friends and he was quite self-contained and a bit of a loner. Meg was very protective of him and I was too to some extent. I didn't like it when girls at school said to Meg, "Does your brother still wear your knickers?" And then laugh about it even though I had laughed at the time, too.

As he got older he started racing on circuits and was a mechanic for his mate Fonz who raced for Stimpson Steers team. Meg and I used to go racing sometimes, we were like the "racer chasers," the girls that hung around the pits – the groupies. Even though it was not top level there was still a lot of girls who hung around looking to date motorbike racers. It was the speed and danger that attracted them. I know Marc liked Fonz but I didn't like him. He was very tactile and would put his arm around you and squeeze you and he was always looking at my tits.

Marc was a lot more of a gentleman. He was quite easy to get on with and he treated girls as equals. Fonz was always saying things that had an element of innuendo and making sexual comments. And he was always cheating on his girlfriends too. I feel bad saying negative things about him because he died in a horrific accident on a country road but I have to be honest here and I didn't like him.

Chapter Two

I left school at sixteen but I wasn't very academic and went on to do a hairdressing and beauty course at college. Then when I was eighteen, I worked in a London saloon as a stylist. I still saw Meg, of course, but once I got to work, I became a bit of a party chick. And in some ways this is where my story opens. One evening when I had just turned nineteen, I was going to an ex-college friend's birthday meal. I had stayed in touch with her and my other college friends and we still met up occasionally. Dad was going to give me a lift into town so I could have a drink but he was late home from work and so I texted Meg moaning that I was going to be late for my friend's meal and I was really pissed off about it. Because we lived in the country it was difficult to get taxis to come out to us. Meg texted back and said.

"Don't worry, Marc will take you – you know he'd do anything for you!"

Without thinking I texted back to say that it would be *"great"* if he would do that for me without really thinking about it (nor the mode of transport!) It seemed that even before the text had left the phone, Marc was outside my house on his bike. He had a spare helmet on his arm stuffed with an extra pair of gloves.

"Your steed awaits you, Claudia," Marc said as I came out the front door and walked down the drive.

“Fuck me, I’m not getting on that thing!” I exclaimed as I walked towards the big bike. For some reason I had thought he would come in a car! I didn’t realise he had not passed his car test and couldn’t drive as he preferred two wheels to four.

My mum followed me out of the house – the noise of the high performance bike would have awakened the dead.

As I got closer, Marc handed me the helmet and gloves. I pulled the helmet on tentatively and did up the strap, cursing the fact that it would flatten my newly coiffured hair. Then Mum was by my side.

“Go careful Marc, drive slowly,” she said. “I don’t want Claudia ending up in a ditch.”

Marc laughed and then he mumbled through his helmet that he would drive “real slow.”

Then he turned the throttle round a few times to emphasise the point – not!

The bike just looked so big and powerful: I know now it was a 750cc Kawasaki (Marc had passed his motorbike test on his seventeenth birthday). I looked at the bike nervously. I had not been on a bike before and I was a little bit unsure about getting on. I asked Marc to look after a present I had bought my friend.

Marc was wearing this white and green puffer style jacket with Kawasaki emblazoned on the back; he unzipped it and placed the present inside and zipped the jacket up. I carefully got on the back on the bike.

Fortunately, I was wearing black leather trousers and not a skirt (little did I now then about Marc's fetish for leather). I grabbed the hand grips and put my feet on the pegs. Marc moved off gently at first but then he got to the country lane outside our house and he accelerated. God, my heart was in my stomach! It felt like I was riding a rocket!

"Slow down, Marc!" I shouted. "For fuck's sake, slow down!"

When we stopped at a junction, he turned and said, "Put your arms around me, it'll be better, you won't get pushed back when I accelerate."

So I did. I hugged his jacket, held him as tight as tight could be. Then as he sped up to what seemed like 500 miles per hour again, I closed my eyes and waited to die... especially when he started overtaking cars but the worst thing was the cornering – each time the bike went so low I felt sure it would topple over. God, how he did not crash I will never know!

When he pulled up outside the restaurant, I was just glad to be alive. My heart was pounding. He dipped inside his jacket and handed me the present I had bought. I gave him back the spare helmet and gloves and tried to fluff up my blonde hair with my fingers.

"Fucking Hell Marc, that was the ride of death. Thanks for the lift though. Even though you almost killed me, I do appreciate it."

“Anytime,” he laughed. And then he revved up the bike again and he was gone. When I walked into the restaurant, I was smiling. Meg’s kid brother still fancied me and that kind of felt nice and made me feel warm inside. He was quite macho and though he was thin, he had a recklessness about him which I liked... when I sat down at the table for the meal that evening I was thinking about Marc... he was no longer the “kid brother”. He had matured and was confident and care free. And, of course he had this little secret – he liked women’s clothes. Somehow I just could not picture him in a dress.

I guess after that I started to like Marc – not so much in a sexual way but I just thought he was a “nice guy” – and, of course, he was Meg’s brother and I loved Meg like a sister. As I say, Meg and I used to watch him ride and after Fonz died, he started racing with the Stimpson Steers. He was fast on the track too. Very fast. He was good at racing and it was great to see him win. He was naturally talented. Everyone said it.

He was great at cornering and would often overtake on a turn. He could just get the bike down so low (as I knew only too well!) He started to do really well and won more and more races and Paul was as pleased as punch. Then he started dating Katie; she was a typical blonde bimbo type. Although I am blonde myself, I would like to think I have a bit more about me than Katie had. She wasn’t a bad person but she was very materialistic. Meg wasn’t that keen on her either because she was so shallow. She was Paul’s Personal Assistant’s daughter and I think she

had an eye for the money. It was obvious Paul intended Marc to take over the family business when he retired and Marc was going to be rich. Katie liked that idea.

After the lift to the restaurant, I didn't see Marc for a while but I would always ask Meg about him and what he was up to when we met up. Then he came off his bike and was in hospital. I know Meg was really upset and cried when she heard the news. Then the details of the accident started to circulate – apparently a love rival had kicked out at him and caused him to crash. That made him seem even more charismatic and wild and I liked that. Meg and I visited him together in hospital. Marc was great to talk to and I even went to see him on my own a few times. It was the first time I had properly spoken to him face-to-face and I began to really like him. He was quite warm and funny and had a quiet confidence which I liked. By then he was a bit of a lady's man and used to chat girls up – I suppose dating Katie had given him a lot of confidence. I knew he liked me, Katie, Olivia and Meg visiting him in hospital as it gave him reputation with the nurses. He dated one after it all blew up with Katie.

Then he came out of hospital and was recuperating and that was when it all came out about this crossdressing/transvestite thing. I couldn't believe that. How they all treated him when Katie discovered him wearing her clothes when she came home from work early one day! It was, like, so bad. And Sian and Paul were worse. They virtually disowned him. Meg was very upset by it all and so was Olivia. It really set

everyone against everyone else. Like, all their ideas were, like, so *last century*. I sided with Meg and Olivia and found myself defending him too. My parents thought the same – it didn't matter if he was a transvestite – it was his business and they thought Katie should be more understanding and they said Paul and Sian should just accept it and let him dress up if he wanted to.

Then I was around Sian and Paul's house and Paul came back from clearing out the workshop Marc had used; he was determined to get rid of Marc's stuff. I knew Paul thought Marc was a huge let-down and he was devastated that he did not want to ride again. I think if Marc had been World Motorcycle champion *and* a transvestite Paul would have accepted it more but it was both things together – the fact that Marc showed no enthusiasm to ride again and the cross-dressing. Anyway, he came back from the workshop in a right strop.

He called out to Sian, "Not content with fucking around in Katie's clothes, he's also been fucking around behind her back too!"

He threw this black, hard-backed book on the sofa and Meg picked it up. She started to flick through pages. Paul turned to address the book as Sian entered the room, as glamorous as ever.

"Do you know what that fucking son of ours has done? Not only has he recorded race details in this book, as I have always told him to do. He has put an extra column in it about girls he has shagged. When

you look at the dates, they are at a time when he was living with Katie.”

“He’s beyond the pale,” Sian said. “But please Paul watch your language in front of Megan and Claudia.”

Paul apologised to us and added, “I am just so fucking uptight; I can’t believe what that boy has done to me. God, I have given him so much and invested so much time and energy into him and this is how he repays me!”

Here I must say there was a part of me that wanted to giggle. I placed my hand over my mouth and repressed the urge but I was desperate to see that book. When Meg casually dropped it on the sofa, I picked it up and started glancing at it. There was no doubt about it, Marc had recorded names of girls and even given each girl a score! My eyes quickly darted down the list - Gemma, Fiona, Laura, Sarah, Kelly, Marion in France. I started to count. Just how many girls had Marc made love to? There were at least thirty! It was unbelievable.

Paul saw me looking at the book.

“How would you feel, Claudia, if you had a boyfriend who not only wore your clothes but cheated on you as well?”

I blushed, I could feel Megan’s eyes on me.

“I would tell him where to go,” I said unconvincingly. “He’s certainly a bit of a dark horse.”

“Dirty dog, more like,” Megan chipped in.

We both giggled at that one but to be honest I felt aroused. The thought of him cheating on Katie! He really was a bad boy. Well, they say the quiet ones are the worst. And to me that made him even more exciting, more wild. He had an attractive girlfriend *and* he cheated on her *and* he wore her clothes behind her back. Poor Katie. When I drove home from Megan’s house, I had to pull over because I was crying so much...with laughter. As I say, I didn’t like Katie and I was pleased that Marc had been so mean to her – rather than going down in my estimation he went up! Way up! And that night as I lay in bed. I thought of Marc cheating on Katie. Not once, not twice but many, many times.

I said to myself, “Oh Marc, Marc,” as I looked at the article and photos he had done for that race magazine. And not for the first time, I felt jealous of Katie and Gemma, Fiona, Laura, Sarah, Kelly, Marion in France and all the others – my heart beat fast - I wanted to be on that list too! God, I wanted to be on that list!

Then, one day Meg and I were having lunch, having completed some retail therapy in the local town. Meg was giving me the third degree about my new boyfriend, Brett, “So go on, what’s he like, give me the juicy gossip,” Meg said.

“He’s great but he’s a bit hairy. When he gets into bed, I feel like I’m cuddling a gorilla.”

Meg laughed. "Don't you like hairy men?"

I tucked into my Caesar salad. "No, I think it looks dirty; I would love a man who is hairless but where am I am I ever going to find one of those?"

Meg smiled, "I can think of one."

"What someone who has had chemo?"

"No, silly, my brother."

I was surprised. "Really?"

"Yes, think about it. He likes dressing as a woman and, as we both know, to wear tights and sleeveless dresses and tops you need to shave your legs and arms."

"He used to shave for the motorcycling," I remembered.

"That was just a ruse. Fonz didn't shave, nor did any of the other riders. He used that as an excuse and we were all taken in by it because we didn't realise how much he was crossdressing."

"Do you really think so?" I said. My fork hovered in front of my lips. I was stunned.

"I know so," Megan said. "When he did that piece in that motorcycle mag, Katie had her hand on his smooth, hairless chest and when I spoke to Katie about it, she said he was always in the shower shaving his legs, arms and chest and he used the same

line on her – that it was for the racing. She was taken in by it too.”

“The sly fox,” I said, wanting to hear more.

Megan continued. “It was like he made out wearing a thong was better for racing as it was a lucky charm or some bullshit but that was not the case at all. We were all taken in. Apart from Olivia, she saw through it, and used to say that he does it for the clothes and he is a transvestite but I didn’t believe her.”

“Oh my God,” I said. “I just can’t believe it! I guess it does make sense, if he is going to dress he wants to be smooth-skinned.”

Well, that got me thinking, I can tell you! Marc fancied me and he was smooth-skinned because, like me, he hated body hair! The next time I saw Brett naked, I wondered what it would be like with Marc, cuddling a smoothed skinned man! Feeling his smooth body rub against mine... pure bliss.

I suppose I started to become fascinated by Marc. It wasn’t love, it was just a kind of a strong attraction to him – I could say an obsession but it wasn’t like that at all. I was just kind of, well, interested in him, *really interested*. It was partly because I felt sorry for him, partly because I wanted to know more about his crossdressing and partly, I don’t know, I just liked the idea that he did shave all over; he was smoothed skinned! *And* he rubbed oils into his skin and moisturised and looked after himself. I don’t know why I didn’t like men with hair but I just didn’t. It just

seemed so dirty to me. Men seemed dirty. I mean in an unclean way – a man's idea of washing was a quick dip in the shower once a day.

One thing I liked about working in hairdressing was that a lot of the guys who worked in salons were gay and they all took a lot of time over their appearance and seemed very clean. They always smelt nice. Personally, I always went for well-groomed men but even so they still had *body hair*. OK, so there was the small issue of Marc wearing women's clothes but that didn't bother me so much. For some reason men's hair was a real turn-off and I just didn't like the sight of it. The idea of going to bed with a smooth-skinned man...well, that was a turn on and then some. I suppose I started looking at dresses and wondering what Marc would look like in them. One time I was shopping with Meg and I picked up a lovely, flowery summer dress with a full skirt.

"You should buy that for Marc," I said. I often used to wonder what style of women's clothing Marc was attracted to and was trying to test her a bit to see if she knew.

Meg laughed. "I don't think he would appreciate it; I don't know what size he is anyway."

I thought he would appreciate it and I would have guessed he was a size ten – the same size as me. The idea of buying him a dress...well, I kind of liked that. I thought back to the thongs and knickers Olivia and Meg had bought him – I wanted to do the same. I wanted to see his face when he opened a par-

cel from me and discovered lingerie or a dress inside. I was determined to make sure that I did that for him one day. As you will see, I did, and then some.

Then Meg moved up North with her boyfriend Darren and, after a while, Marc moved in with them. Meg was renting this lovely cottage in a quiet village so it was a bit of a hide-away for Marc. Naturally, I wanted to see Meg and, although I didn't say it to her, I also wanted to see Marc. So one weekend, I went up to see Meg, Darren and Marc with my boyfriend, Brett, and we stayed the weekend.

Marc had another girlfriend by then of course, Gemma, who was a barmaid at the local pub, The Wheatsheaf. She was working the night we came up. Even so, we went to The Wheatsheaf for a drink and that meant Marc and I could have a really long chat. I asked him about his bike riding and his accident and what he wanted do with his life. He said he had no plans. I made it clear to him that I thought he had been badly treated by Katie and his parents which he appreciated. I wanted him to know I was on his side and that I would support him. I told him I thought it was "awesome" that he crossdressed and the people I worked with thought so too. He was surprised I had told so many people but was pleased that there were people out there who weren't as narrow-minded as Katie and his parents. My boyfriend didn't mind me talking to Marc, as he appreciated that I had known him for ages, but I kept getting evil looks from Gemma which I quite enjoyed.

Later when I was back home, Meg texted me to say Marc and Gemma had had a huge, blow-up row as Gemma thought I had been flirting with Marc! That really made me laugh. I could imagine Marc defending himself and saying, “But she’s Megan’s best friend and came up to see her, not me. I’ve known her since I was knee high to a grasshopper –there’s nothing in it. We’re just friends, alright? Anyway, her boyfriend was sitting next to her!”

Hopefully, Gemma had given him some real ear-ache. That sounds cruel but I liked the idea of Marc having to defend me. I knew he would have to try to hide what I hoped were his true feelings for me. I have to admit that by the time we came back from Meg’s place, I had to stop lying to myself. I was in love with him and I hoped he felt the same way too.

I saw him again at Olivia’s engagement party and we had a long chat which was great – we were really getting to know each other. It was difficult because we had actually known each other for so long. I didn’t want to say anything unless I was sure Marc felt the same way. I kinda knew he did but it was just so difficult so we carried on as “friends.” I just wasn’t sure how to bridge the gap and I think Marc didn’t want to hit on me because I was Meg’s friend. Marc was like that – although he was a womaniser he could be quite sensitive and considerate and was not like Fonz who would hit on any girl.

Then I saw him again at Olivia’s wedding but he left before I could say much too him. I remember leaving my boyfriend and looking around for him but

his motorcycle had gone. He had gone back to his flat in Newtown and once again I was left feeling sorry for him as I knew he would have felt dejected and alone.

You see, by that time Marc had moved out of Meg's house and up to Newtown where he was working in the motorcycles department of a dealership and rented his own, small flat. Meg told me that one of the reasons he moved out was because he was frustrated because he could not dress at her house; it was a small village and they didn't want the locals to know and Darren was not so keen.

"Is he still dressing in women's clothes then?" I naively asked Meg one day.

"I assume so," she said, "you don't give something like that up, do you?"

She was right, of course. I tried not to think of him but he was always in the back of my mind, particularly when I was in bed with some hairy guy. Then he turned up at Meg's engagement party with his Indian girlfriend, Nisha. She seemed nice and I remember, for the first time, I felt a bit jealous. I remember them dancing together and holding hands, they seemed really into each other and in love – so maybe Marc didn't share the feelings I had for him? I did speak to him though,

"Does Nisha know about you-know-what?"

Marc smiled. "Sure, she's alright about it; we actually go out together with me dressed."



“What you mean out? Out?” I exclaimed, I could not believe it.

“Yes, pubs, clubs, restaurants.”

“With you dressed as a woman?” I put my hand over my face and mouthed a “sorry” as I had almost shouted.

“Yep.”

I couldn't quite believe it. I couldn't take it in. He was that good he could dress as a woman in public and no one knew! I asked Meg about it but he had not told her – he had distanced himself from his family a bit at that stage – even Meg – and, although he was still friendly, he didn't tell Meg as much as he had done in the past.

Still, I don't think I would have ever believed it if Meg had not shown me those photos from the beauty contest on her laptop when Olivia and I were at her house helping her plan her wedding and organising the bridesmaids' dresses. When I looked at Marc in those photos, I just could not believe it was him. He just looked so convincing it was unreal. I was particularly taken with the one of him in the lingerie. I studied it closely – not a hair in sight! And God, those legs were to die for! Long and slender and smooth – most women would have killed for legs like that! Then he sent other photos to Meg that Nisha had taken of him. Again, he looked like a very attractive, young woman and it was hard to believe it was Marc. I

think, because I knew him and had only ever seen him as a guy it was very difficult for me to take in.

“I never knew a guy could look so good dressed as a woman,” I remember saying to Meg one day. “I would love to meet him when he is dressed up.”

“He calls himself Michaela,” Megan said.

“Why don’t we organise a night out with him as Michaela?” I suggested.

Olivia was up for it too. “Yes, it would be great to see Michaela, I would love to see what he looks like. I’m like you, Claudia, I just can’t get my head around the fact my kid brother goes out dressed as a woman and no one takes any notice.”

And that’s how the idea started to take root....

Chapter Three

It may have been my idea to meet up with Marc/Michaela but it was Megan’s idea to ask him to be a bridesmaid. I had a lot of doubts about the whole thing. It seemed a bit reckless to me but Meg always had these big, crazy ideas and could see no problem with them. She had an idea and she just got carried away with it and, as she was so good at planning, it often appeared that she had thought of every eventuality. I was nervous on Marc’s part but I seriously thought he wouldn’t agree. I just couldn’t see him wanting to do it. That was how naïve I was about the “TV thing” as Marc dubbed it – I didn’t figure that be-

ing a bridesmaid was a BIG fantasy to him and lots of others like him (though, apparently, according to Marc, every TV's dream was to be a bride rather than a bridesmaid.)

That evening in the Rossetti Hotel when Marc walked in, well you could have bowled me over with a feather. At first I could not believe it was him. He was dressed in this short, tight, black leather skirt and sheer black stockings and high-heeled black cuff boots. Oh my God, he looked dropped dead gorgeous. And those legs! Most women with would have loved his long, shapely legs which were even better in the flesh than they were in the photos – no wonder he liked short skirts.

He was also wearing a tight, white jumper with small white balls on it which showed off his ample bosom and had a gold chain around his neck. His blonde hair cascaded down his shoulders and he smelt of expensive scent. He had a small black leather handbag on his shoulder which he rested one hand on. That enabled me to inspect his lovely, slender fingers and the nicely manicured nails which were painted with a rich red varnish. Jewellery wise, he wore tasteful gold rings and a bracelet and gold watch and I noted the hoop rings in his pierced ears. There was one word for him: STUNNNG and all the exclamation marks you can muster. He was just so natural.

I saw a lot of people turn and glance and look in his direction - little knowing that he was impersonating a female. Most of the glances were from men, of course

and they were admiring. He came in and just seemed so confident and at ease. And that makeup - gosh - his lips sparkled with gloss, his cheeks were emphasised with blusher. His eyes were done to perfection - smouldering, sexy, sultry, slate greys and kohl and dark mascara. Half the women I knew could not apply make-up as well as Marc could. Fucking Hell, he looked good. There was no way I would believe the creature before my eyes was male yet alone Marc and yet I *knew* it was Marc! Talk about confused!

That was the funny thing; when Meg had said we would meet in the bar and have dinner in the hotel as Marc didn't want to go out, I was kind of thinking I would be meeting this shy, conservatively dressed woman who would come in and be really nervous and tentative and would be looking at everyone to see if "she" had been noticed as "she" did not want to be seen. But Marc, he liked strutting his stuff, baby. He knew he looked good and he was only too happy to accept the admiring glances as acknowledgement of his prowess. He kept smiling. I remember that. I had never seen Marc as much of a smiler but Michaela? Well, she just oozed self-confidence and contentment. Her smile lit up her face and showed off her gleaming white, super straight teeth.

Marc had done it before, of course, lots and lots of times, and he certainly knew how to get noticed. I remember him hitching his bag up so it was more firmly on his shoulder and crossing his ankles as he stood before us, raising his eyes and dipping his head slightly so his fringe fell down as if he was shy (as if!)

He later told me he had learnt this trick by watching footage of Princess Diana.

They were little feminine gestures he had learnt or picked up or been taught and they made the whole impersonation so convincing it was unreal. And we all sat there looking up at him. Staring at him. Totally in awe. Open-mouthed. Then we all got to our feet and were hugging him and saying how great he looked. And you know what? I felt wet. Really turned on. I don't know what it was. In my mind's eye I had fantasised about Marc so much – fantasised about Michaela too – seeing him/her in the flesh – smooth-skinned – it was just, like, so awesome. I can't explain. I really was in love. Intoxicating love like I had never felt before.

As I say, I'm a party animal and sometimes, when I am at a party or in a club, I will go to the toilet and do a line of coke because I like the high. You see, I was doing really well at my job working as a stylist in a top London salon and earning really good money. That meant I was meeting loads of people and getting invited to parties and cocaine was part of the scene. But this was something different: seeing Marc/Michaela sent a tingling down my spine and a feeling of euphoria swept over me, It was as if I had just done a line.

I used to tell people that my best friend's brother was a transvestite and they were really cool about it and said I should invite him down to a party. Of course, they loved the idea of flamboyant and exotic characters and Marc was just the sort of person who

that artistic crowd liked. Once Meg had shown me the photos, I used to bang on and on about how great he looked and how I could not believe he could become a “she” and pass in public so easily. I loved showing photos of him dressed or photos on Meg’s Facebook account. I wanted to see if others were as taken by him/her as I was...

And then, there he was, sitting beside me. *In the flesh*. Dressed as I had never seen him dressed before and my heart beat like a drum machine on speed and feelings of love and lust and passion fused together and burnt deep, deep inside of me. God, I wanted him, I wanted him, I wanted *her*. I was in love with him. I was in love with *her*. I was in love with this strange, exotic she-male. The thought of his smooth, hairless body prepared and pampered with oils just made me so aroused. Then, I thought about those gleaming red, oh-so-kissable glossy lips. Maybe it was a lesbian thing, I don’t know, but I wanted to kiss them. I wanted to close my eyes and kiss Marc long and hard into the night.

Finally, the waiter came to us and called us through for dinner. Over the dinner I heard virtually nothing of the conversation, except Meg ask Marc if he wanted to be a bridesmaid and I heard him accept. But that was it – for the most part I just stared at Marc, gazed at him, or rather Michaela.

I rubbed my toe against his leather boot for I needed to touch him and as I did so, I became more and more aroused. I wanted him so much and could not wait to get back to the hotel room for that “night

cap". Once the door was closed, I flung myself on him and I had the best sex I had ever, ever, ever had. The best sex ever with a she-male who was as smooth-skinned and soft to the touch as I was. I never wanted it to end...

Then he had to go....

Chapter Four

The bridesmaid thing never sat comfortably with me but Marc wanted to do it: it was a Megan scheme and we all kind of fell in line behind her and got on with it. After all it was her day and she had persuaded Darren to agree to the "bridesmaid plan." Like us, he had seen the photos of Marc at the beauty contest and in his flat and thought Marc looked amazing. So Darren put up no resistance – not that he would have anyway for he was putty in her hands. I just felt Marc would be under a lot of pressure at the wedding – especially as his parents would be there and may want to speak to the "mystery bridesmaid." Still, there was about a month from that meeting in the hotel to the wedding and Marc and I decided not to meet up during that time as we did not want to jeopardise anything. My parents knew Sian and Paul and I still lived at home so, if I announced I was dating Marc, it would have been a disaster, but that did not stop us communicating via email. He was having a fling with this married woman at the time and I used to get him to send me details. It was kind of funny, it wasn't serious on either part but I thought it was so cool that Marc could be Michaela one minute

and then Marc, the bad boy womaniser, the next. Anyway, I wanted him to sow his wild oats as I wanted to make sure he was faithful to me when we did get together. I had a boyfriend too at that time, although not one I was close to.

So Marc got fitted for the dress and then, on the Friday before the wedding, Olivia and I picked him up from his flat. Marc was dressed of course. He looked great. Unbelievably good. The thing was, he was tastefully dressed. He wore a long, flared skirt and a nice purple jacket and black boots. It was fashionable daytime wear, probably, if I am being hyper critical, a bit “old” for a young woman of twenty-five but I guess that was Sian’s influence as I know he got a lot of fashion ideas by observing his super well-dressed mum when he was young. Still he looked good, convincing and that was the main thing.

Olivia and Michaela got into my car and I drove to Meg’s cottage, stopping for a pub lunch en route. We arrived at Meg’s place and we all went in and got ready for the day ahead. I guess there were three of us feeling nervous. Meg, about her big day; Marc, who was feeling nervous about being a bridesmaid; and me who was nervous on his behalf. To be honest, I could not wait for it to be over for I had a feeling of impending doom right from the get-go. I enjoyed the evening because it was just me, Marc, and a bottle of wine and it was so great to see him again and catch up. Meg and Olivia had gone to meet Sian and Paul and we were finally on our own together – we did girly things like face masks and paint each other’s nails and it was great fun. I could tell Marc was uneasy

and pretending to put a brave face on it. You see, Meg just got these big ideas and wanted everyone to play along but she didn't think of all the possible outcomes. I am not saying she could have foreseen the outcome in this case but she should have realised that the idea of Marc being her bridesmaid was fraught with danger.

So, my story takes us to the morning of the wedding. We all got up early. Marc had been asleep downstairs on the sofa bed so he had to put the bed back. Meg did us some toast and then we started to get ready. Julie, Marc's friend who done his makeup, arrived really early. She was a lovely girl with a little round face, spectacles and frizzy blonde hair; she was great at doing the make-up. I could see she really got a kick out of doing Marc's make-up which she did last. She could not wait to see him in the bridesmaid's dress.

Olivia went upstairs first and got ready and then Marc went upstairs in his pretty pink negligee and began to get ready in Olivia's room. I came in to help him as I was fascinated by his transformation. First of all, he wrapped a Velcro waist clincher around his slim waist and then he pulled on a gaff, having tucked away his manhood, over which he pulled on silky panties. Then he fastened a bra and placed silicone breast forms inside the pouches. I was sitting on the bed, at this stage, in my underwear watching him. He then sat on the bed himself and pulled up sheer nude tights.

“They help to hold you in and are better than stockings,” he said.

Then he looked at himself in the mirror and adjusted his breast forms slightly – making sure they were balanced. He sprayed on some perfume and deodorant and then, when he felt ready, he nodded to me. I walked to the door and unzipped the plastic dress cover and took out the beautiful, gold dress which was identical to the one I would be wearing and even the same size (Size 10), the only difference being that some padding had been added to give him more shape. I unzipped it and placed it on the floor and Marc stepped inside the ring of gold.

I then slid the dress up his slender body and attached the hook at the top. Next I edged up the zip. The dress was a perfect fit. It had a tight bodice with some embroidery on and then a sheaf dress which made it difficult to walk. Marc was finally ready. He shuffled across Olivia’s room, took the wig of the polystyrene head and placed it on his head. Curls dropped down to his shoulder. He shook his head so the wig fluffed up. Then he sat on the bed and I began to style the hairpiece. I sprayed and combed it until it looked natural and Marc was pleased with the result. Something I had already learnt about Marc was that he was something of a perfectionist and would keep adjusting things until they were right.

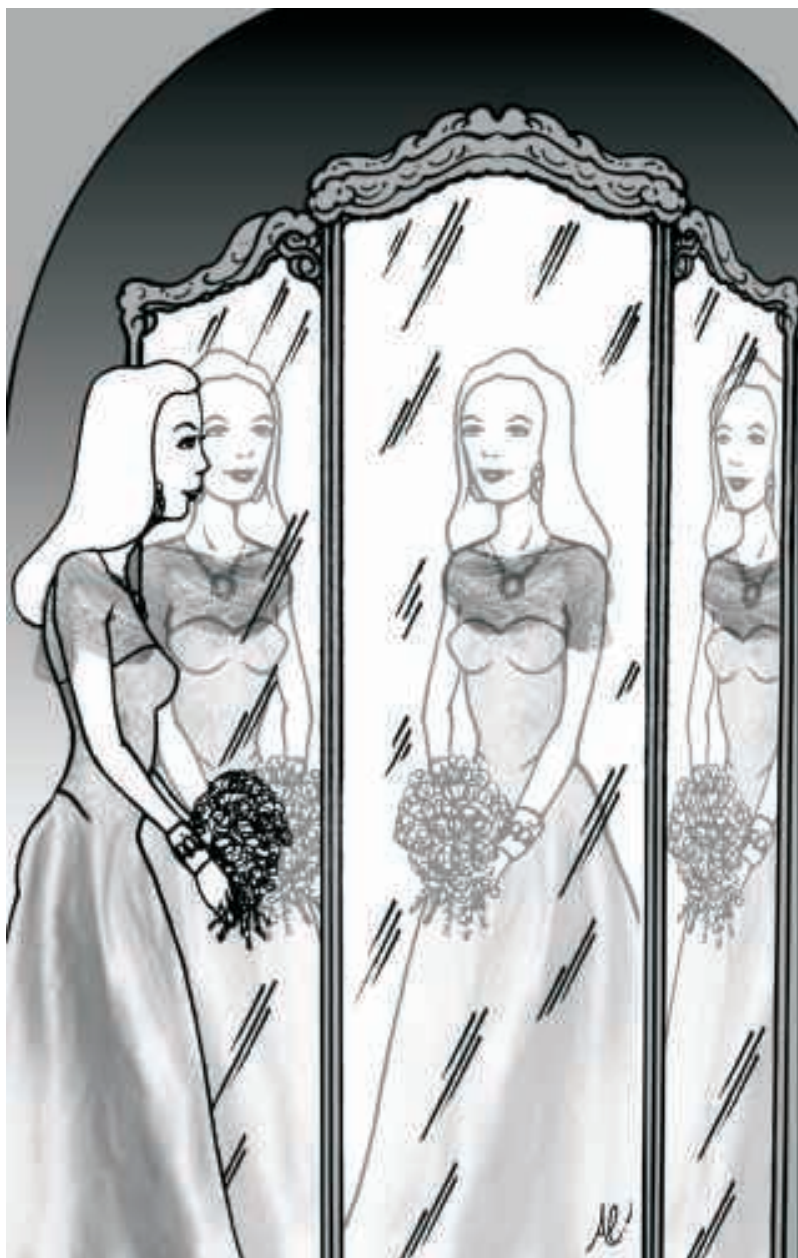
“You look fab,” I said when I finally placed down my brush. “You just need to apply a bit more lippy.”

“I’ll ask Julia to do it when we go downstairs,” he said.

I took some more perfume and sprayed it on him and then added a bracelet, gold chain and some rings – he was already wearing gold, hooped earrings. Then Marc/Michaela slipped into the low-heeled gold shoes, which we were all to wear, and placed a shawl around his bare shoulders. He examined himself in the mirror for a while. What was he thinking on that fateful day? What did he really think? For in front of him stood a beautiful girl in a gold satin dress. Then, without saying a word, he hitched up the dress and walked downstairs.

Julie and Olivia ‘oohed’ and ‘ahhed’ when he came down into the front room and said how pretty he looked. Julia painted his lips again with a lip brush and dusted his cheeks with a bit more blusher and he was ready. Then it was my turn to get changed – my entrance into the living room did not produce the same effect, of course. Lastly it was Megan’s turn to come down – she looked gorgeous in a full, white satin dress with a tight bodice and a very, full skirt and a long train.

Megan had arranged with her parents that they would get a taxi to the church and Megan would meet her dad outside as it was only a very short distance from the cottage to the church whereas the hotel was in the opposite direction. That meant me, Olivia, and Michaela got into the car behind Megan’s. By this time the photographer had been around to the house and taken some photos and we had all been given our



bouquets. That was the first test passed. The photographer. He took no notice at all of Michaela – not that he would have seen anything apart from a beautiful, blond lady. The plan was working well and we all felt confident. I think Megan was so convinced by her plan that she had actually “forgotten” that Michaela was in reality Mark. When he had come downstairs she had actually not said much to him as she was pre-occupied about her own affairs. So we collected our bouquets and we all set off in the car arriving at the church about two minutes later. Megan stepped out and Paul met her at the entrance of the church and said how beautiful she looked. Then Michaela and I sorted out the train and, with Olivia at the rear, started the long, slow walk into the church as the organ sounded up.

The service went surprisingly well. I know Michaela was slightly fazed by Sian looking at him but, after the service, she introduced herself and said it was lovely to meet another of Megan’s friends . Michaela smiled a warm glossy smile in return (later she said the hardest thing was pretending she did not “know” her parents). But there was not a hint of recognition from Sian. Fortunately, it was a cold, crisp day and the photos could be taken outside. Michaela looked at me and smiled. I knew he was starting to enjoy it. He once told me that the hardest part about being out dressed was the first few moments when he met people. If there was no recognition that you were a man, your confidence grew and you started to enjoy it. At Megan’s wedding he was under the most enormous scrutiny imaginable and

he passed with flying colours. He seemed calm and confident throughout.

We took the cars back to the reception at the large hotel and at last could enjoy a flute of Champaign offered to us by a waiter. The reception went well with Michaela and I sitting next to each other and Paul next to me (Megan had ensured Michaela had me on one side and Olivia on his other). Then the speeches started. It was all going so well, even I had started to relax and think Michaela really had pulled it off. We were lulled into a false sense of security and no one foresaw the disaster. No one. It kind of unfolded in slow motion.

Darren got up to deliver his speech. He did the normal bits: thanked everyone for coming, especially with Christmas around the corner. He said how wonderful Megan looked and the three bridesmaids. Then, for reasons only known to all bar himself, he said it was a pity that Marc could not be at the wedding but he had sent a message to them both, wishing them well. There was a slight pause. Then I noticed that, sitting near to our table was Darren's big, beery uncle who suddenly blurted out, "Marc's here! He's one of the bridesmaids!"

God, you could have heard a pin drop! Michaela gazed down at the white table cloth, I gripped his sweaty hand. I guess Darren had told his parents about the scheme when he had moved back home and it had gotten back to his uncle, no doubt via his dad. The old adage that if you tell "one person you tell the world" had never been proven to be more true.

There was a sudden murmur and chattering and looks at me and Michaela. They were trying to guess which was Marc! I heard someone gasp, “No.”

Then Darren started digging a hole. He was hot and flustered. He loosened his cravat, Megan looked daggers at him. I know she had given instructions not to mention Marc.

“It is true Michaela is actually Marc,” Darren said and pointed at Marc who was still staring at the tablecloth, head down. “Megan’s brother is a transvestite and she wanted him to come to the wedding as a bridesmaid.”

I’m not sure how pleased Megan was about being dropped in it but there was hushed silence for a while, then further muted chatter. Then Megan stood up in a great fury, toppling her chair over in the process. She gestured to Marc to stand up, which he did, very, very reluctantly.

“This is my brother,” she said. “And I am proud of him and proud of what he has done today and I suggest if anyone has a problem with the fact he is a transvestite they leave right now!”

Well, that told them! Darren was pleased with the interjection and managed a bad taste joke about the best man *not* wanting to get off with the bridesmaid which deflated the atmosphere. Then, as Megan poked him, he added, “I can see who is going to wear the trousers in our relationship.”

Everyone laughed at that and he carried on with the speech, gave gifts to me, Michaela and Olivia , then sat down. People looked, people started – especially the children (I heard one boy say, “Mum, is that really a *man*?”) but by and large complete disaster was averted. Of course, there were Sian and Paul. I could tell they weren’t happy but they kept their own council. Both ignored Michaela completely. I think they were too annoyed to even acknowledge him.

The strange thing was the rest of the guests seemed to just accept it. There was a small group of us: Michaela, Olivia, Megan and some other friends from school and people from Megan’s work who were totally cool with the idea that Michaela was male. Then there were others who were unsure and would look at him and stare but did not say anything. In fact, Darren actually came over to Marc after the wedding breakfast and said, “Sorry, mate, I didn’t mean to drop you in it.”

So the reception went off fairly well, under the circumstances. At one point I saw Michaela standing outside having a cigarette and holding a drink in her hand. It was cold and not many guests ventured out onto the raised patio area which was by the eighteenth hole. Maybe Michaela just wanted to be on her own for she was standing looking at the golf course, her back to the reception area, her gold dress blowing slightly in the gentle breeze. I was going to go out and join her when I saw someone else approach. It was a guy I knew to be Dave; he had his hair in a ponytail and was an ageing biker sort.

Dave was a friend of Paul's and he owned a garage and a motorcycle team. He had come on his own as he had recently separated from his wife. I watch him wander outside with his pint in his hand and light up a cigarette. He stood by Michaela and placed his drink down on the table next to Michaela's vodka and tonic. After a few moments I saw him speak to her. At first I thought he was remonstrating with her but then I saw Michaela smile and they seemed to be chatting amicably. When he came back in, I joined Michaela on the terrace.

"What did Dave want?" I asked.

"Oh, he's just offered me a job in his garage as a mechanic. I said I would think it over." Marc drew on his cigarette.

"You're joking, right?" I could hardly believe it! Marc was dressed as a girl and a macho guy like Dave wanted to offer him a job.

"No, Dave said what I do didn't bother him and I had a lot of nerve coming to the wedding as a bridesmaid. He said it was tragic that I had given up racing and I should start doing it again and he was prepared to sponsor me and give me a job in his garage so I could test his bikes."

It was incredible – so even Paul had friends who were "tranny friendly". Marc once told me that I would be surprised if I knew how many people were interested in crossdressing although they may not actually do it.

Michaela kept a low profile at the reception and did not drink much. She made sure she had left the reception and had gone back to her room before the end of the night as I think she feared a drunken onslaught from either Sian or Paul or both or some unknown relative or guest. I had a dance with Olivia and Megan but I was not far behind him.

Megan had arranged it so that Michaela and I had rooms next to each other so I could help her at the end of the evening. We decided not to go too far but we spent ages in his room kissing. I rubbed my hands down the gorgeous satin dress as he rubbed his hands down mine. It was just so erotic, our bodies so close, two satin clad figures rubbing together. I closed my eyes and allowed his lovely pink lips to kiss mine. Oh, the scent of his perfume, the smell of his body and underneath the sheaf-like dress lay a super smooth body. Bliss but, as I say, we had decided not to go too far – although we both wanted to.

The next morning, because everyone knew about Michaela, rather than go home to Megan's cottage, she decided to stay for breakfast. She came downstairs in a black cotton pencil skirt, glossy black high-heeled boots and a light brown jumper. She looked great as usual and even her makeup looked good, despite having to have another close shave and re-apply her makeup in the morning. As she walked into the restaurant, voices were hushed and people looked in her direction but I had saved her a seat by me. After breakfast we all went back to our rooms and packed our cases. Then as Olivia, Michaela and I left, Dave approached Michaela again,

“Remember to give me a call,” he said, “I’ve got a friend in the village who owns property and I can set you up with somewhere to rent so you will have somewhere to live. I’ll even pay the first month’s deposit and you can pay it back once you are settled and earning.”

On the way back to Marc’s flat I could not help teasing Michaela.

“I think Dave fancies you.”

Marc blushed. “Of course, he doesn’t. He is just a mate of Dad’s who thinks I am a good mechanic and wants me in his team.”

“Well, you think that, young lady,” I said. “But I know different.”

Despite Darren’s blunder the wedding had gone surprisingly well and, as we headed back, I could not help feel Providence had dealt us a great hand. Dave lived near to Sian and Paul who, in turn, lived close to my parents. If Marc came down, then we could finally get together...and Marc would have a job. Things were turning out well. Very well indeed.

Chapter Five

And that’s what happened. Marc moved down south from Newtown and took the job offered by Dave as a mechanic in his workshop and a road tester for his bikes with a view to him joining his team. Dave was as good as his word and secured a small maison-

ette for Marc which meant I was able to move in with him. Marc christened the street we lived in “Love Street” after a Doors song. It was great to move in with Marc and have my freedom at last. The only stipulation I made before I moved in was that damned squawky parrot, Katie, was sold. There was no way I was going to live in the same house as Marc’s “ex,” even if it was a bird! We had our own front door, a living room and a bedroom, bathroom and kitchen in a quiet cul-de-sac. All that took place in the few months following Meg’s wedding. It was fantastic. We were together at last.

Marc started working for Dave as his mechanic and every day I got on the train up to London and worked as a hairstylist at a top London boutique which meant very late hours as we did cover shots and fashion shows. That meant Marc was often at home on his own and would cook dinner for me and generally look after the place.

For his part, Marc tuned and repaired high performance bikes or race bikes used by Dave’s racing team. Dave said he had always liked Marc and thought he was a very talented rider. I was sure there was an ulterior motive to the offer of a job as it was strange it had happened when Marc had been dressed as Michaela. In fact, Dave was quite open about liking Marc’s “crossdressing” (as he called it) and on more than one occasion he went out with me and Michaela. It was great fun.

Then one day Marc came home from work and said, “Dave thinks I should enter the Isle of Man TT race.”

“What’s that?” I asked naively.

“The most dangerous road race in the world.”

“Road race?”

“Sure, they close the public roads on the Isle of Man for three weeks and bikes race around the 37-mile circuit against the clock. That’s why it is called T.T. You are not racing each other, you are racing against the clock. T.T stands for Time Trial.”

“What do you think?” I asked.

“I’m up for it, especially as Dave thinks I should do it as Michaela.”

“Do you really think you could pull it off?” I asked.

Marc shrugged. “Of course, why not? I would have to grow my hair because a wig would come off under the helmet and maybe have some electrolysis on my beard as I would be dressed for a week but otherwise I can’t see it being a problem.”

So that was what he did. I found a salon for him and every week he had some electrolysis on his face and he grew his hair. His look changed completely as his hair was not as stylish as the real hair wigs we had bought for Michaela. I knew that it would be impossible to wear a wig under a crash helmet and pull

it off at the end of the race without pulling the wig of or at least making it look very dishevelled. Dave didn't mind him growing some beard each week; every Saturday Marc would go to a salon and have electrolysis which was very time consuming and costly. Eventually, he was ready to enter the race. Dave completed all the paperwork and submitted the entrance fees. Meanwhile, Dave's team had use of a local track where they would test bikes and Marc spent a long time racing around the track to get his confidence back and get used to riding at speed again.

I'm not going to describe how Marc entered the Isle of Man T.T, as "Michaela Stimpson" because I know what Marc and Dave did was fraudulent and probably illegal but one day in June we went up to Liverpool in Dave's motorhome and crossed over the Irish Sea from Liverpool to the capital of the Isle of Man, Douglas.

By this time Marc had shoulder-length blond hair and had had his legs waxed, and eyebrows shaped. Due to the electrolysis, his face was very smooth and he did not need to shave. Those were all things I managed to arrange for him with all contacts I had in the beauty business. We knew, unlike the day he had spent being a bridesmaid, that for the T.T. race he was going to have be "unglamorous" and spend a lot of time in jeans, shorts and tops – also it would be for a week. The result was he didn't look half bad as a girl in shorts and a skimpy top, maybe a bit androgynous but no one knew. That was the thing, no one knew.

We checked into the campsite and Michaela and Dave unloaded the bikes. There were loads of people about and I was surprised how popular the event was and how international it was in character – there was a large Irish contingent plus groups from most other European countries. There were quite a few women too but few female competitors which meant Marc/Michaela got a lot of attention!

Marc entered the 500cc super bike race. Marc and Dave tuned the bike up and tested the two bikes that Dave had brought over. Then on the day of the race, Dave and I got him ready in his green and white leathers. After a lot of waiting around he was called forward to the start line. The clock was set to zero, he rolled the bike down to the start and then was given the signal to go. He accelerated off.

It was strange seeing Marc compete as a woman (he wore a small amount of makeup to give his face definition). Dave and I watched him race away on a big screen. He was surprisingly fast and he got a lot of compliments on his riding as he leant in to corners with a reckless abandon. The surprising thing was he nearly won! He raced around the roads at unimaginable speeds and was the second best female rider. It was incredible.

When he had finished his circuit he pulled off his helmet and said to me and Dave *in a male voice*, “Fucking Hell, I really enjoyed that, it was such a thrill!” Then he realised his mistake and laughed. It was just so easy to slip out of character and back into “male mode.” I noticed a judge with a clip board look-

ing at Marc and knew he had heard the exchange. He was suspicious, no doubt about that, but we didn't hear any more about it, fortunately.

At the end of the week we went into Douglas and celebrated with a meal out in a posh hotel. Marc wore a very fetching pair of black leather trousers and a white T-shirt for our night out. By then the judge who had overheard Marc's excited exclamation was taking a bit of an interest in Marc and was asking questions about his application so it was a good job he hadn't won. Still, Dave had fronted up the money to enter the competition and paid for the bikes so no one had lost out. I was amazed how expensive it all was and how much it had cost Dave to enter "Michaela."

I think the judge felt Marc was a guy but he was the only one that seemed to have suspicions about him and I think his suspicions came from anomalies in the application after re-checking his forms and having overheard Marc at the end of the race. I was glad when the racing finished and we could celebrate by going out for a meal. It had been a hard week and had taken me out of my comfort zone – it was all a bit macho for me. I wanted to go home and go back to work as a hairstylist. Living out of a motorhome was not for me.

"Here's to the T.T. Girl," Dave said raising his glass. "Bridesmaid to motorcyclist extraordinaire. Is there no end to your achievements?"

Marc/Michaela smiled and we all raised our glasses. He loved nothing more than testing himself as a transvestite and in many ways that had been the ultimate test as it had been for a prolonged period of time and a potentially dangerous situation. One thing I had realised very quickly about Marc was that he loved danger – he loved the adrenalin rush – whether it was the thrill of dressing as a bridesmaid or entering the T.T. race, Marc just got a kick out of it. At the campsite, every day he had to walk across the site to the toilet and shower block and had to endure wolf whistles and dress in relatively unflattering clothes for a week and he loved it! At one-point, Marc and I were walked across the campsite and two guys came up behind us and grabbed our backsides! We both laughed but there was no doubt Marc enjoyed it – it meant he had passed as a woman. It was unbelievable what Marc had achieved as a female impersonator but there was more to come.

It was great living with Marc, it was just so exciting seeing him as Michaela and his smooth body in bed was such a turn-on. As a couple, we got on really well. I used to go off to work in London. I was usually home a long time after him so he used to come back from the workshop and get the dinner ready and tidy the house. Also, I was often working Saturdays. Marc loved to see the different clothes I would wear to work. I would go shopping with him and we would choose outfits together; it was like going shopping with a girlfriend as he would advise me and tell me what I looked good in. I would do the same thing for Michaela.

Those were really happy days and, of course, there were the days and nights out with Michaela. It started with restaurants and then we tried pubs and clubs. After the T.T. race, Marc got his hair cut again and went back to wearing a wig as he felt male hair just did not look the same somehow and there was so little you could do with it in terms of styling and grooming. He certainly looked more feminine wearing wigs as there was a greater range of styles. I even got him to wear a dark, shoulder-length, real hair wig which I thought looked awesome. The wig had been tremendously expensive – over a thousand pounds but I had managed to get a substantial trade discount. Marc always said you had to have quality when you dressed and could not skimp on makeup, clothes or jewellery as cheap items would tend to betray you so he spent more on Michaela than he did on himself.

Living close to London meant we had a huge amount of TV friendly places to go and shops to buy from so it was really great. Marc had dressing lessons, deportment lessons, voice coaching and more makeup lessons – he really was a professional. They were really fun, happy days. What I did not realise, however, was that Marc was a bit frustrated about the lack of opportunities he had to go out as Michaela because I worked a lot of late hours and would often socialise with clients and colleagues after work. Marc felt he was becoming more and more proficient at mimicking a woman but with less opportunity to put “Michaela” to the test.

Of course, Dave liked to see Marc dressed and would come out with us at times and even took Marc out as Michaela on a few occasions which Marc really liked as it made him feel like he was part of a “real couple.” For his part, I know that Dave was just fascinated by the fact that Marc could pass so easily in public and look so good, although it had taken a lot of time and practice. It was strange because although Dave liked taking Marc out, he never made a pass at him. I think he was just genuinely amazed at how convincing Marc was.

Dave also helped to ease the tension between Marc and his parents as he put a good word in for him. He told Paul about the T.T. race (although he did not mention that Marc had been dressed) and that he had a good relationship with me. Gradually things began to thaw, especially as Megan and Olivia were very much on Marc’s side. About eighteen months after the wedding, his parents had a wedding anniversary meal and they actually invited me and Marc which broke the ice still further; they didn’t like what Marc did but as long it wasn’t in front of them they turned a blind eye. The fact that Marc was working for a friend of Paul’s also helped. Things were looking up but as I say, I didn’t realise that Marc was getting frustrated as I could not go out with him so much when he was dressed due to my long work hours and my love of partying.

When we did go out, I thought the dark wig suited Marc better than the blond one and he started wearing that one more. Marc started becoming more adventurous in terms of the clothes he wore. One eve-

ning he dressed in a tight red latex dress and super high heels and we went off to a club where we meet some friends of mine from work. They could not believe that Marc was not a real girl, which he loved. They kept asking him about his dressing and one girl was so convinced his breasts were real she squeezed them! But the men in the club had their tongues hanging out of their mouths as Marc walked by.

I loved it when he got a lot of male attention. It was just kind of funny, all these guys would chat him up or look him up and down, little realising that lurking under the dress was a cock! I found it a real turn-on. Of course by then Marc had perfected his female voice and had no trouble at all moving from a male to a female voice – a bit like someone who is bilingual. I started to introduce him to loads of friends of mine from work who thought it was so cool that Marc was a transvestite.

I have to admit that a lot of the girls thought it was strange that I could love a guy who liked women's clothes as much as I did – little did they realise I also liked the fact that Marc was completely smooth-skinned. The gay guys were great about it and more than one was a little infatuated by Marc which he loved. One of the gay stylists, Geoff, I worked with was always asking me about Marc and kept wanting to know when we were going clubbing.

I loved the fact that Marc had male admirers. I watched as Marc really blossomed and Michaela became a real character with a backstory and personality traits. It was as if Michaela had suddenly been re-

leased from a box. It was the first time that Marc had been out with people who knew he was a transvestite and actually liked it – or in Geoff's case, was infatuated by him, Marc loved that as he did not have to keep up the pretence the whole time.

In addition, I loved showing people photos of Marc dressed. The reactions were always ones of disbelief. Often when we went out, it was miniskirts and skimpy tops which showed his ample bust and high heels which accentuated his long, slender, legs. He really did look gorgeous. I loved watching him get dressed. He would come out of the shower, towel himself down and then rub oil onto his skin and moisturise his face. He spent ages doing this as he said, (and I was in complete agreement with him on this one) that preparation was the key. Then he would often spray on scents.

After, he would slip into satin panties, sometimes using a gaff and sometimes doing the tuck. He had stopped using the cincher as he was so thin (he lost weight whilst he was with me as we were always on diets), so he would just put on a matching bra and would then insert the breast forms. After that he would put on the blouse or top he was going to wear or the dress. This was so he could judge how far down to apply foundation. He was really an expert at applying his makeup and I loved watching him do it.

He would sit on the bed with a small table in front of him and a large magnifying mirror. He liked to apply his makeup himself and he would take a lot of time over it and really concentrate. Once finished, he

would pull on black tights or stockings which were always a 10 denier. He preferred tights and would often wear ones with a pattern. I loved rubbing my hand over his smooth legs and chest. I found it such a turn-on. I don't know what it was about with men and hair but I just didn't like it and Marc was ultra-smooth. Anyway, when he had finished he would pull on a skirt or straighten up his dress, then sit back on the bed and pull on his wig. The black one I had bought was straight and fell onto his shoulders with a slight curl at the end. I would comb it and shape it and spray it. It really changed Marc's look. The advantage of the brunette wig was that Marc could wear stronger colours and I think it looked more natural. Then he would add jewellery – a watch, bracelet, necklace and rings – he had silver and gold jewellery to match his outfits. Then he would select a handbag.

“There is so much expense attached to being female,” he said to me one day.

“Tell me about it,” I said. “It certainly takes a lot of time, energy and money to look good.”

Marc smiled at his glossy reflection in the mirror. “That's why I love it so much,” he said.

When he was ready we would order a taxi to take us into town or to the station so we could catch a train up to London - two girls out on the town. Two super fit females out for a good time. I liked the train best as we could sit in the carriage and chat and men would pass us and eye us up or smile. It was amazing

how many men hit on us – the blonde and the brunette - but we would give them the brush off.

Then after a night out, we would come home and I would slip off Marc's clothes and undress him down to his silky satin panties and we would make love as we reminisced about the events of the night. And I didn't mind making love when he was dressed. That was something Nisha wouldn't do and I was pleased that I had something on her. One of the best times was when Marc wore a tight red rubber dress. Michaela looked absolutely gorgeous and men kept eyeing her up and making comments. She even got the odd pat on the bum. That was so nice, hearing a slap as a male hand slapped Michaela's bum. Michaela, of course, just smiled sweetly. God, I was horny that night!

I kept joking that it would take a bottle of talc to get the dress off but when we got home I pushed "her" onto the bed and thrust the rubber up as far as I could so it caused a tight restriction around his waist, then I unleashed his manhood from his silky panties. When his cock was up, I went down on him. I rode him that night, back and forth, back and forth, until he spurted semen into me and all the while I was gazing down on the most beautiful woman in the world. An absolute vision of femininity.

"Oh Marc, Marc, Marc," I cried when I came. "I love you so, so much."

And I did too. And not just when he was dressed: sometimes we went away on his motorbike for the

weekend. On those occasions we would either camp or stay in a bed and breakfast facility and that was fun too. Then Marc was mannish and could repair the bike or put up a tent but when we were back home, it was a different story. Later, when we had the chance, Marc would spend nights dressed as Michaela. In fact, when I wasn't working or socialising, Michaela was almost like a weekend girlfriend. Marc would come home from work on a Friday and maybe we would go out as Marc and Claudia but on a Saturday it would be Michaela's turn and Marc would dress up and we would go out.

I loved dressing up and going clubbing with Marc, especially if we met up with friends from work like Geoff but it was in a club that was where the incident took place. By this time Marc was so convincing as Michaela, when he was dressed, even I "forgot" he was Marc! It was strange – he really was like another girlfriend and the odd thing was he started to adopt this character too which was different from Marc. Michaela was slightly "superior" and a bit "full of herself" which made her quite fun to be with as she would make derogatory comments.

Anyway, one day he was wearing a very tight, silver minidress and high heels. We had gone to a club together and as usual we were giving guys the brush off. Later in the evening we went to the toilet and were queuing up together (girls never go to the toilet alone); Michaela was behind me when a girl pushed in front of me.

I said, "Excuse me, we were in front of you."

She turned and gave me a look and said, "What's your problem?"

"Get to the back of the queue," I said. "You have just pushed in." (OK, maybe my tone was a tad aggressive.)

That started her off. She had a bit of a rant to her friend who had also pushed in front of us and I heard her refer to me as a "bimbo." That annoyed me so I pushed her. She turned and took a swipe at me. Then Michaela was involved as well and the next thing I knew we were having a bit of a fight and a glass was smashed in my face. There was blood everywhere, the bouncers came and the police were called. I had to go to hospital and have a cut above my eye stitched up.

It was terrible but Marc/Michaela was with me all the way and my assailant was arrested and charged with assault. It shook us both up a bit and we stopped going to nightclubs for a while afterwards. But the girl who assaulted me, April, was charged with assault. Marc, who had already given a statement to the police on the night, as Michaela, was asked to be a prosecution witness as April choose to plead "not guilty" (citing provocation because I had pushed her).

He, of course, had not said anything about his crossdressing and no one seemed to know (it was fortunate he had had electrolysis on his face which he was continuing to have as it was in the early hours of the morning when he was interviewed by the police and they were taken in by him). In fact, we visited our

solicitor and told her it would be difficult for Michaela to be a witness as my boyfriend Marc was actually Michaela. The solicitor looked at Marc with an inscrutable expression on her face.

“I shouldn’t worry about it. It is not pertinent to the case. If it had been a hate crime and some mention had been made of Marc’s transgender status, we would have used that but they have not mentioned it at all. I would not say anything at this stage. It will of course mean Marc will have to arrive at the trial dressed as a woman, but I am sure you will not mind that.”

So the matter went to trial and it lasted three days. Our solicitor advised Marc to stay away until he was called as a witness as he would have to come dressed every day and his secret might be exposed. He was a key witness as he had heard the exchange before the fight and seen exactly what had happened. I was nervous when it was his turn to appear, knowing that not only would he have to give evidence, but would also be cross-examined as well. I could not believe that the police had not carried out any background checks to discover his true identity but I suppose he was only a witness and it was not that relevant to the case. It would have been interesting, though, had he been exposed in court just as he had at Megan’s wedding. Fortunately, that was not to be the case. On the day of the hearing I waited anxiously for Michaela to arrive.

Finally, the usher called for “Michaela Stimpson” and the door of the court house opened and she/he

walked in. Michaela was wearing high-heeled black patent stiletto shoes with a thin, 4" gold heel; patterned tights; a black, leather pencil skirt; a white cotton blouse and a black striped box jacket and, of course, the brunette wig that I had selected. Her arms were folded across her chest and her black patterned hand bag hung by her side.

The court room hushed into silence as she made her approach and I could see one or two men smile as she went into the witness box. I noted how easily she walked in high heels. God, she was confident. It was unbelievable really. She stood before the judge and the defence and prosecution barristers. The clerk handed her an oath to read, Michaela repeated the oath and then the questioning commenced. I noticed how the male jury members looked at "her" admiringly. It was incredible to think that under that "female skin" lurked a male – that there was a cock in her panties that had made love to many a woman. Despite my predicament, I started to feel turned-on. I was amazed at how confidently Michaela answered the clerk.

"She" then started to give her evidence. At first she was a little nervous, which was to be expected, but she became more and more confident as she grew into the role. At one point "she" even joked with our barrister which brought titters of laughter from all assembled. At that moment I knew I had won. Michaela had the men eating out of her hand and I knew they would believe her story. I had been assaulted in an unprovoked attack and it was not as



April had said – that she was acting in self-defence after I had pushed her.

The hardest part was when the defence solicitor questioned her because the questions were unexpected. He was trying to trip her up but once again Michaela rose to the challenge, answering the questions in a clear, concise way and with great confidence. At the end, the judge thanked Michaela for her time and smiled sweetly at her as she left the witness box.

The funny thing was Michaela couldn't drive so she caught the train home (we had agreed that it was best that she not stay around the court).

When I got home, Michaela was still dressed but had taken off her jacket and shoes and was sitting in front of the TV eating a bag of chips.

"It feels so nice being dressed," Michaela said. "Once I am dressed, I don't want to take the clothes off."

She got up and poured me a glass of wine and we clinked our glasses together in a toast. It had been a stunning performance and another great success for the "Michaela TV adventure diary" which she was compiling. The trial was certainly stressful but seeing Michaela in the witness box had been a fantastic experience. I had been able to really analyse her in a critical way and I had come to the conclusion that she was the perfect transvestite. There was just noth-

ing about her that would make anyone suspect she was male.

That night I made love to Marc by riding him, working his cock up whilst I told him how great he looked in the witness box and how the male jurors were really taken in by him (not to mention the judge!) It was unbelievable: he had gone from tentative walks, to nights out, to entering a beauty pageant, to being a bridesmaid, to entering the Isle of Man T.T. race (which he had nearly won in his category), to being the star witness in an assault case and all *dressed as a woman*. Was there any more adventures Marc could have? No wonder he was starting to write down his exploits on the laptop Nisha had given him with the aim of publishing a book.

Chapter Six

That Christmas Marc and I were invited to my parents' house for Christmas dinner. Before the big day I went to see my mum.

"Mum, I would love it if Marc could come as Michaela," I begged.

Mum didn't dismiss the idea. In fact, she said she would speak to Dad. Then one day I got a phone call from Mum. Dad had agreed. We always went to a pub Christmas Day morning and Dad was less keen on that but said we could come straight around for dinner. I thought I would keep it as a surprise for Marc and bought him an outfit – absolutely everything he would need. On Christmas Eve I told him to shave

and prepare himself so he had a notion he might dress but didn't think it would be around my parents' house.

Then on Christmas Day we got up early and I showed Marc the presents I had bought him: a lovely maroon leather skirt which was knee-length; a thin, white polo neck jumper and black high-heeled stiletto shoes. I had also made sure I had bought him matching pink satin lingerie. Marc almost cried with joy and hugged me and kissed me when he unwrapped the presents. It was the best present he had ever had, he said. The thing was I felt a bit guilty because I knew he wanted to go out more as Michaela but his dressing was curtailed by my partying and not getting back from work until late. When Marc had got over the surprise of the presents, I told we were going to my parent's house.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You kidding me?"

"No, you had better get yourself ready, young lady."

As usual Marc took ages getting ready. First he painted his nails a lovely shade of deep red and then he slipped into the sensual lingerie I had bought him which consisted of a pink bra and matching pink panties. Then he inserted the breast fillers and pulled on his polo neck jumper. He then did his makeup. He always spent a long time on this but because he had had his eyebrows plucked he was able to make sure he had lovely big eyes by the use of eyeshadow.

When he had finished he said, “Do you think I should wear tights or stockings?”

“To be honest, I don’t think you need either, you have lovely legs and it is always warm around Mum and Dad’s house.”

“OK,” Marc said.

He took a deep breath as he took the skirt off the hanger and removed the labels. I knew he loved putting on skirts or dresses – it was the ultimate in femininity. He stepped into the skirt and pulled it up to his waist. He held it together and I pressed home the stud attachment and edged up the zip. Then I collected the wig from the polystyrene head and he placed it on his scalp. It was a new one which was slightly lighter brown and fell in a cascade down to his back. Instantly his look was changed from “man” to “woman”. I curled it and sprayed it and combed it until it looked right.

“You look great Michaela, you really do,” I said.

Marc picked up a lip liner and drew a shape around his mouth, then painted on the lipstick using a brush – it was deep and red and bright. He added gloss, then stood up, admiring his reflection in the mirror. There was no doubt about it, he looked like a woman.

“I love being a transvestite,” he said. “I would not swap it for the world. It feels so nice to wear female clothes.”

I smiled. "I'm pleased to hear that because you are stuck with it for life!"

Marc laughed. The image in the mirror radiated confidence and happiness.

"What a cross to bear," he said.

Then he sat back on the bed and added jewellery. When he had finished, he slipped into the high-heeled shoes. My last present to him was a black handbag with a silver trim. He stood and admired his reflection in the mirror. He really did look stunning. The tight skirt curved around his slim hips and was knee-length so showed off his shapely calves. There was no doubt about it – Marc was a very convincing woman. He sprayed on some expensive scent and then we were ready to go. For my part I just wore a sparkly dress and chunky high heels. I took one of my black jackets out of the wardrobe and gave it to Marc.

"You better wear this, it's cold outside and it would look odd if you didn't have a coat."

He pulled it.

"Right, are you ready?" I asked Marc.

"Yes, we're a bit early though, aren't we?"

I smiled. "Mum and Dad may be going to the pub without us but that doesn't mean we can't go ourselves."

“What, to the same pub?”

“No silly. You are daft at times. I have arranged to meet Dave.”

So we set off in my car to a quiet drink before we went to my parent’s house. I had texted Dave and told him we were on our way, He was having a drink with a few of his friends in a small country pub near to where he lived and could not wait to see us – or rather Michaela.

I parked in the carpark and watched as Michaela’s heels slipped on the gravel as we walked to the pub entrance. Michaela was grinning broadly – she had never been so happy. An elderly man held the door open and gave Michaela the once-over as she walked into the pub. Dave spotted us straight away and raised his pint. He was with a couple of friends we had not met before and I knew they would be impressed with Michaela and myself.

Dave gave us both a Christmas kiss on the cheek and then said, “What can I get you two lovely ladies to drink?”

“A vodka and tonic, please?” Michaela said.

“And a glass of red for me,” I said.

We stood talking to Dave and his two friends. It was amazing how easy Dave was with Michaela, his mechanic who had transformed himself into a glamorous woman. Dave loved it and at one point I noticed

he placed his hand on Michaela's bottom, though I don't think he meant anything by it.

We only stayed for two drinks but I knew Michaela had really enjoyed herself – socialising during the day was rare and a busy pub on Christmas Day, well, that was another first. We strolled back across the car park and to the car.

"Thanks Claudia," Michaela said. "I can't believe how good you are to me."

I laughed, there was a part of me that felt a bit guilty and we both knew it. Still it was a great memory. Once we were back in the car we set off for my parents.

"We are not really going to your parents, are we?" Marc asked on route.

"Sure are, I have agreed it all with them."

I drew up a few minutes later and we both got out the car. I got the presents from the boot as Michaela rung the doorbell. Mum answered and almost fainted! Neither her nor Dad could believe it was the same person! They both said how beautiful Michaela looked and what a stunning woman she made. Mum, bless her, even gave Michaela some jewellery for Christmas. Being very liberal they were as nice as anything to Marc though they occasionally mixed his names up (as I have mixed his gender up here on occasions – it is so hard to think of Michaela and not to think of him as a "she").

The Christmas day was great and I loved looking at Michaela as she sat on a hard back chair and crossed her legs or kicked her toe out. Mum was really impressed and kept asking her questions. Unfortunately, it was to be our last really great Christmas together and the last time Marc would be dressed at Christmas as shortly after, I fell pregnant.

Chapter Seven

Marc and I had a lot of good times together. We were always laughing and joking and I used to tease him about listening to “grandad music” because he loved Jim Morrison and The Doors. He had visited Jim’s grave in Pere Lachaise cemetery in Paris when he had been racing out there. Now I can’t hear The Doors without thinking of Marc – he was such a fan and I even know that they had five studio albums and that lead singer Jim Morrison died in 1971 in Paris.

“You only like him because he wore leather trousers,” I used to joke.

Marc would just laugh and say, “I just love the music.”

But he knew all about The Doors whom he really loved.

Oh yes, we had a lot of good, good times together both dressed as females, dressed male and female and undressed! We were together four years but it was the baby that forced us apart. She was unplanned, a girl called Chloe. That meant Marc’s

dressing had to take a back seat. In many ways I was too young too. I liked to go out and party and come back late. It was just that my job was so sociable I was often involved in things after work and got invited to a lot of places and parties which meant I would not get home till late. God, I lived on energy drinks and the occasional line of coke. I suppose I was a bit wild. Marc had to look after Chloe a lot. He liked that but being a househusband was not really his thing, though he was very good with Chloe.

Even so, when I used to get changed in the evening to go out or in the morning to go to work (there wasn't a huge difference in my attire for either event) he would look wistfully at me doing the zip up on a black PVC mini-skirt or leather skirt or tight PVC pants. Or when I was slipping into boots or heels, I knew he wanted to be in my clothes and wanted to be out, socialising. He loved watching me dress when I went off to work, but he was not so keen when I came home in the early hours.

By that time, he had another job in a motorcycle showroom as Dave had sold his business. I didn't know it at the time but Marc started having an affair with a pretty blond girl called Jenna who worked in the back office. I suppose he was frustrated that he couldn't dress and he had loads of opportunities to cheat on me because I was never at home. I am pretty sure it was his first affair which wasn't bad going considering his reputation a womaniser. In a way we just grew apart and eventually we split up.

We are still friends though as I have always liked Marc and have a soft spot for him. To be honest, I wasn't too bothered about his dalliance as, by then, I had met an older guy through work who I had been seeing. He was pretty well off and he didn't like body hair either though he wasn't a TV. He tamed me a bit which is what I needed (my parents thought so too. Although very liberal, they were actually glad Marc and I split up). In some ways Marc and I were too alike, although I was wilder, Marc liked danger and placing himself in what, to other people, would be very stressful situations. He thrived on it – got a buzz from it.

Anyway the guy I started seeing was a stylist and he owned a string of salons. Our relationship started because he asked me to come and work for him as his lead stylist/manager at one of his new salons. He even allowed me to design the interior to some extent which meant we worked closely together. Well, one thing just lead to another and before long business became pleasure.

It was a pity about Marc and I because we were great together but Marc just could not do the “family thing.” We had our own place by then which I kept as I did Chloe. The relationship with his parents had thawed but Marc didn't want any help from them financially so he moved away to somewhere where it was less expensive to live; he had enough money saved to get a deposit on a flat and I gave him some too.

The break up was pretty mutual. He realised that, with Chloe being around, his dressing would be curtailed and Marc didn't like that. It was like a drug to him and he was so good at it I could not deny him his freedom. He had tasted what it was like to pass in public *en femme* and for him sitting around the house dressed was just no substitute. He wanted to be out and about, he wanted to be chatted up and treated like a woman. Even so, he was actually quite a good dad. He had to be as I was not much of a mum at that time but it just wasn't his thing at all.

One day, he loaded up his hire van, we said good-bye, and off he went. Megan and Olivia had children by then too and as Megan and Darren had moved back south we all met up regularly. We were all still really close but with Marc, well, it was hard, but as I say, we had some really good times. I don't regret a thing but living with a transvestite, well it's not easy. In the end, Marc was never going to give up dressing and I would not have expected him too.

So that is my story. I will bow out now but, and as you will see, if Marc carries on with his tale, I will figure in it again as will Megan and Olivia because, as I say, we stayed in touch, and remained friends. More things happened in Marc's tranny world. The adventure was not over, not by any means.

I'll leave you with one last scene. We were in London. Michaela and I had been to a nightclub. She was wearing a black leather miniskirt; sparkly, black

low-heeled shoes (she usually wore low heels for clubbing) and a yellow, sleeveless top edged with black trim exposing her lovely, tanned arms. The top had a black polo neck collar. Her legs were bare and tanned as we had been on holiday a few weeks before and her long brunette hair fell down her back, kicking out slightly. Her make-up looked great as usual (as she had constantly gone to the toilet to refresh it). With the electrolysis, her face was still smooth. Over her shoulder she carried a large black padded Yves St Laurent handbag.

We left the night club at 4 AM and though she hadn't drunk much, she was a little unsteady on her feet. It had been a good night. I had embraced someone called Stuart and had had a couple of slow dances and long lingering kisses with him (Michaela didn't seem to mind me being chatted up if we were out as girls together). She had spent the last hour sitting on some stud's knee and slapping his hand when he tried to creep under her skirt. No doubt she was scared of what he may discover!

Anyway, we left the night club together. As always Michaela was without a coat and it was a bit cold but that never seemed to bother her – until she realised it was really, really cold. I had been more prepared and had been to the cloakroom to collect my coat so I was a bit behind her.

“Come on,” she said. “There’s a taxi rank up the road. I’m freezing, let’s get going.”

She rubbed her arms girlishly.

The bouncers wished us a good night and then changed it to a jokey “good morning” and Michaela was off, walking up the street, her long legs stretching like a flamingo, her short skirt stretching against her legs. I was about to join her when Stuart demanded one last kiss and asked when he would see me again. I told him I would call him but we both knew I wouldn’t. He disappeared and I moved away from the entrance. I looked up the street. Michaela was striding ahead. I watched as the leather of her skirt stretched around her pert bum, watched as he long legs ate up the pavement. Then she stopped. She turned.

“Come on Claudia,” she called, still in female mode. “It’s cold and its late.”

She started walking backwards, he arms folded across her chest.

“Come on for fuck’s sake,” she said. She rubbed her folded arms, still very girlish. Then she turned and continued to stride towards the corner of the road. A car beeped and some lads shouted at her which she ignored. I watched her, taking in her feminine stance. There was nothing to suggest she was male at all. Nothing. She reached the corner and disappeared...

End of Part Three