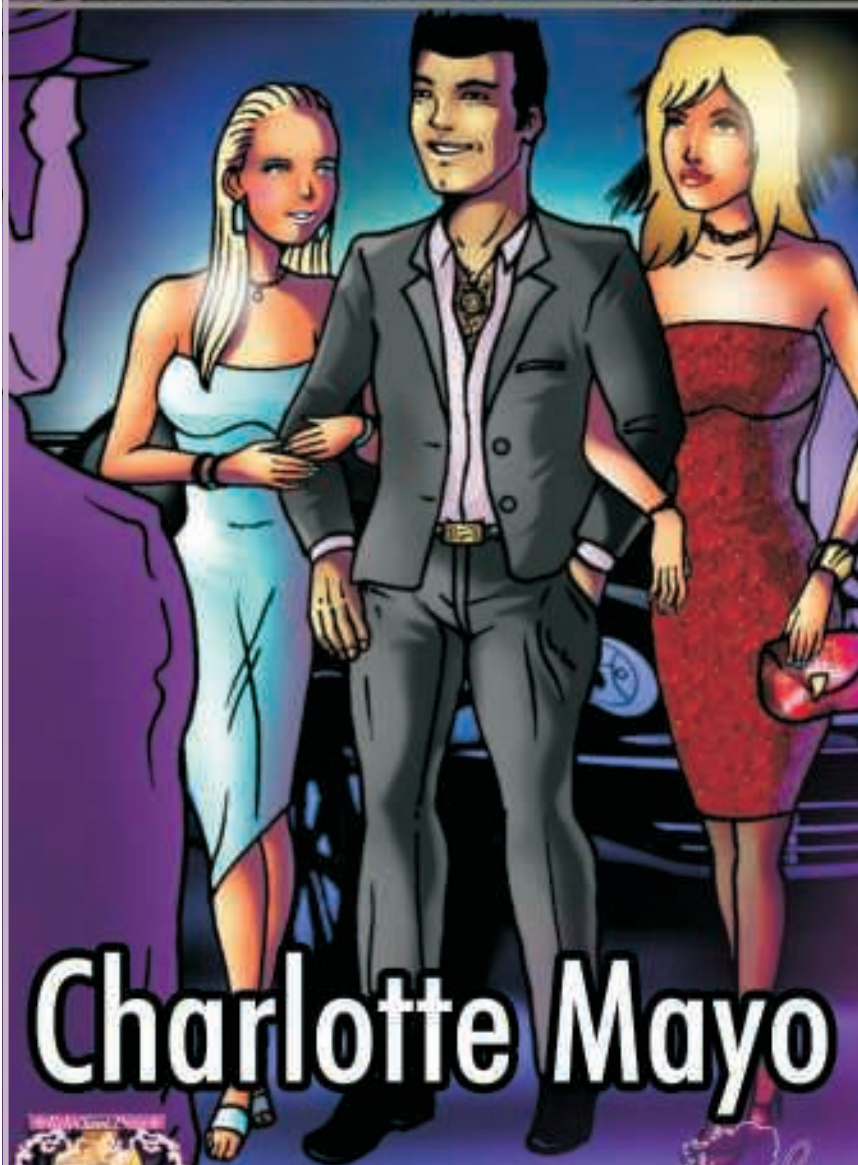


Barmaid Rob



Charlotte Mayo



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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BARMAID ROB

by Charlotte Mayo

Prologue

So I am standing waiting for the tube train. It's night time and I am going out with a whole bunch of girls – there's about ten of us in total. Annalise is next to me, of course: blonde, tall, sexy, sassy and totally feminine. She is laughing, joking and generally enjoying herself. I feel happy and self-confident. In fact, a feeling of pleasure is bubbling up inside me; I almost feel ecstatic. I am dressed as a girl and no one else on the platform, bar the small cluster of girls I am with, knows my little secret.

I run my hand across the front of my short, flared, black leather skirt as if feeling for the appendage that has, with Annalise and Donna's help, so magically disappeared. I fiddle with my long blonde hair. I love the feel of it rolling down my bare back, the feel of it against the black, strappy vest top I am wearing. I love the feeling of the warm breeze in the tube tunnel circulating around my bare legs and up my skirt, tingling my strapped-up appendage. Annalise looks at

me and smiles, then she gestures for me to put my head forward and she fiddles with my hair; adjusting a hair grip to make sure it stays in place as I don't like the hair falling over my eyes. It is one of the few things I don't like about dressing as a woman. I am nineteen years old and slim and tall and attractive – judging by the glances I get from men. I come from Yorkshire and even a year ago I would not have dreamt I would be dressed like a woman. I had never done anything like this before in my life.

A nervous excitement prickles my skin. I feel happy and alive. It is just so damned *odd* that I am dressed like this, though. Never in my life would I have thought I would be dressed as a girl and going out for the night with a whole bunch of girls. Never. I never had any temptation to dress up in girls' clothes but now I do it regularly and, what is more, I *enjoy* it. I have finally admitted that to myself. I love being dressed like a woman and I enjoy Annalise and the group of barmaids from the Star Bar fawning over me and helping me choose outfits and helping with my makeup. They love it. They really do. There is something almost primeval in the power a woman feels when she has a man at her mercy and that power is tenfold when that man is dressed as a woman. Annalise loves power, she always has. Back in Yorkshire she loved mixing with the guys more than the gals; even then she had men dancing to her tune. She used men from an early age, knew how to get what she wanted from them. And that included me. But tonight we are going out. A big group. Lucy is getting married and this is her Hen Night. No boys allowed. Bar me. But I don't count. I am not a boy. I am an honorary gal.

One of our party has a massive inflatable dick and some of the girls stand around and pose with it whilst others in the group take photos on their phones. We all laugh and giggle. Lucy's mum is there, so course,

as well as an aunt, cousins, and other friends. They know about me. Everyone knows about me. It is common knowledge at the Star Bar too. Greg, the owner, says it pulls extra punters into the bar – the curious and the turned-on. And he likes that. And that is one of the reasons I am stuck in *en femme* mode – but I get ahead of myself. Let's just say Greg likes women and he likes making a buck or two. Period.

I know I am tall in my black, high-heeled ankle boots. I am the tallest in the group at well over 6 feet but I still look good, convincing. Men walk up and down the platform and it's rare that a man doesn't look at me – looking me up and down or trying to catch my eye. I am used to it though. Bar work gets you used to chat up lines. I don't get “read” – my youth has seen to that, not to mention my feminine features and the professional help and guidance I am given by Annalise, the Star Bar girls and Madam Primrose.

I cross my ankles, look at my phone and all the time I am conscious of my false breasts heaving in my bra, the feel of the leather skirt on my long, bare legs as well as the cut of the black cotton vest on my back and the weight of the long, thin black bag on my shoulder. I really do feel good. Annalise dances about in front of me. She's wearing white hot pants and a red top and high-heels of course. She touches my arm.

“Don't you love going out with the girls?” she says.

I laugh, “Yes,” I say in a soft, female voice – yes, I have already mastered that. I look at Sophie who is still holding the inflatable willy. She is wearing a tight, black bodicon dress and has her blonde hair up. A lot of blondes work at the Star Bar. Greg likes blondes and when he can he'll employ them. I suppose it is a kind of hair colour discrimination – hairism, you might say.

My large black handbag has a silver chain and a silver trim; I open it and pop my phone back inside. The tube train approaches and I sense men behind me. It's amazing how vulnerable you feel as a girl. My arse is still smarting too. Well, it was only six hours ago that I was told to lay face down on a couch and an oafish tattoo artist tattooed the word: TRANS on one bum cheek and "VESTITE" on the other. I am labelled for life now and I could not be happier. The train pulls in, people get off and those of us on the platform all scuttle on, then we play musical chairs for the few remaining seats. I let the other passengers get on with it. I prefer to stand as my bum is too sore to sit. I lift my hand and grab the rail, cross my ankles and smile at a young man who got on behind us. Then I close my eyes and as the train moves away, into the dark recess of London's subterranean world, I start to think about the strange, almost unbelievable, set of events that have led to me dressing as a girl full time...

Chapter One

I couldn't believe my luck, I really couldn't, Annalise Baron wanted to come to London with me! She was the most beautiful girl in the school (if not all of Leeds!) with long, blonde hair and a figure to die for and she wanted to come to London with me! I would do anything for her, and she knew it. Like most men I was enthralled by her.

I was eighteen, unemployed, and lived in Leeds, a northern former industrial town. She was eighteen as well, working as a waitress in one of those chain American restaurants which serve pizzas and milk shakes. We kinda knew each other from school but then she started dating a guy who was in my social group. Dave was a bit of a ladies man and very cocky and he had pulled Annalise Baron so that was that. She was out of my league, of course, *way* out. Not

just my league but out of my stratosphere, seriously out.

I didn't have a lot of luck with girls. Period. I just tagged along with a group of lads who met in the local pub and Dave was part of that group. I was not the sort of person who Dave would normally associate with as I was deemed to be "uncool" and a bit of a loser but I was friends with a mate of his, John. John and I had formed a bond at school because we were ardent Leeds United supporters and went to all the home games. Sometimes Dave came too. Then Dave started dating Annalise and instantly she became part of our social group which made us all feel good. It was great to have a friend who could pull such a cracking looking lass. She was nice and liked a laugh with the guys. However, I sensed early on that she liked getting her own way and wasn't as keen as Dave was on going down the pub all the time and having a few drinks. Of course, she wasn't the only girl in the group – there were other mates who had girlfriends but none of them were quite in Annalise's class. She really was a stunner.

Occasionally I would look at her and see her yawning and sometimes I heard her say to other girls that she was bored and wanted 'to do more'. And that's where I entered her life. I wanted to move to London to get a job and suddenly I found her talking to me about my plans. Dave didn't mind; he knew I was not going to 'pull' Annalise this year next year or anytime soon so he just let me get on with it. He knew she wouldn't look at me twice. But I could tell she was interested, in London I mean, and my plans. I also had some money which I intended to use for a flat deposit. So when I announced I was leaving, she gave me her number and told me to call her!

I did of course and she said, "Can I come with you?"

“What about Dave?” I asked.

“Dave’s boring, I wanta go to London.”

So that was how on one rainy Saturday, Annalise Baron – Yorkshire’s best looking blonde - and I ended up sitting together on a National Express coach heading south. Awesome or what?

I had a small amount saved plus a reasonably large chunk of inheritance from a great uncle dying childless which I used for a deposit on a bedsit. I had viewed and paid for it all on-line so Annalise knew I had a place to go, which I guess was part of the appeal. We found the bedsit and dumped our bags on the two single beds. The bedsit was in an old 1930s house which had been developed into six flats or bedsits; we were on the ground floor close to the front door which was quite handy later as you will see. The hallway was communal with a large sideboard where post was left (if anyone could be bothered to pick it up or if it was not stolen) and one of the other tenants kept his push bike up the hall. The place Annalise and I shared was as small as a broom cupboard with two single beds and a kitchenette area and a single wardrobe.

Despite the intimacy Annalise made it clear the relationship was just platonic before adding the immortal words, ‘for now’ which gave me hope. The main thing was I was with her and we appeared as a happy couple. It was great. My confidence was sky high. I just loved going out with her. Being seen out with her was such a big ego trip it was untrue. Of course, it didn’t take her long to find a job. It was as a barmaid at a trendy bar called “The Star Bar” which was popular with a young crowd and employed only female bar staff, most of whom were blondes. The owner, Greg, was quite good to his staff, giving them good rates of pay and regular work, plus a share of

the tips. Soon, Annalise was coming home with money.

Meanwhile my own attempts to find a job proved fruitless. I didn't have much in the way of qualifications and I trudged around London giving my CV into employment agencies and asking if they had any jobs available. I picked up a week here and a week there but nothing permanent and, although it had been my money that had helped us get settled in London, soon it was Annalise's money which was paying for the day-to-day expenses. After a while I got disillusioned and just stayed in the flat. It was frustrating because Annalise was working during the evening and slept a lot during the day when I was up. I cleaned up and got the shopping but soon we started to bicker.

"All you do is sit around watching TV and wanking," she said to me one day.

It was true. I had come to London with big hopes but they had been dashed. I just didn't seem to be able to get a job anywhere. I don't know how long we lived like that but I started to notice that Annalise was coming home later and later and I guessed she was having a relationship with someone at work. Sometimes she didn't come home at all and would make excuses. She would say things like,

"I stayed at a girlfriend's house last night; I didn't want to wake you and the other people in the house up, as we had a late night party in the Star Bar and didn't close until 2am."

It was a feeble excuse - and in truth there was no need for such excuses as I was not her keeper - but I knew there was something going on. Still, I told myself that it was none of my business as she had made it plain that ours was just a platonic relationship. At the end of the day, Annalise owed me nothing. Even so, the first flush of being with a beautiful girl had

passed and I felt jealous. The thing was I still liked the idea of being with Annalise and feeling I was her 'boyfriend'. I suppose the truth was I was in love with her. And I would do anything for her, anything.

I suppose, in my heart, I knew she wanted me to move out. The problem was I had paid the deposit and the flat was in my name. Although she was earning money whilst I wasn't, the reality was there was little likelihood of her affording a place on her own. In some ways the relationship suited her fine. We weren't an item so she could come and go as she pleased whilst I kept the flat tidy and did the cooking and cleaning – not that there was a lot to do. Even so, my lack of paid work frustrated her as much as it did me and that meant the bickering and arguing became more frequent. Then one day she said, "Rob, I've been thinking."

My heart started to miss a beat. I knew she was dating someone she worked with and I suspected, in time, whoever it was would ask her to move in with him. The manager and owner, Greg, was married so I knew it wasn't him but she definitely had a boyfriend and she was very guarded about talking about him. Anyway, I sat at the small table in our room and waited for the inevitable...

"I know you have struggled to find a permanent job," Annalise started, "and that's meant I'm providing all the money to keep us. Well, Greg's always looking for staff to work in the bar. In fact someone has just left..."

I was confused. On more than one occasion Annalise had explained that Greg only employed girls – pretty blonde girls at that, if he could. He did have a few brunettes, but they were all girls. It was sexist but he seemed to get away with it.

“But you said he only employs girls...has that changed?” I said with mounting incredulity.

Annalise bit her lip and a look came over her which was a mixture of wide-eyed innocence behind which lay pure cunning. It was a look I had seen when she had asked me about going to London.

“No, that’s not changed,” Annalise said reluctantly.

“Well, how the hell can I work at the Star Bar then?” I was annoyed, Annalise was winding me up.

“Quite easily,” Annalise said. “You could dress as a girl.”

I laughed then, flung my head back and guffawed; it really was a wind up. “You cannot be serious.” I said.

Annalise smiled and then she started talking fast, very fast. “I know it seems funny but when you think about it, it is not as funny as all that. You are quite tall but you have a small build for a guy and you have delicate features. Remove all the body hair, put a wig on, add some makeup and a dress and you would pass. I’ve been researching it on the internet and seen some videos on You Tube. I really think we could pull it off, Rob, and it would mean we were together, working, each contributing. You know Greg pays quite well – better than the minimum wage and he shares out the tips which some employers don’t do. Also, you know I don’t like coming home on my own and have to get a taxi which is a big expense. Well, this way we could come home together. You must see that this current situation can’t go on forever.”

“Annalise, you live in a dream world, love,” I said. “It would never work and I don’t want to do it. It is

stupid. A real stupid idea. I'm not a fucking transvestite and I will never, never, ever dress as a girl, not for you, not for anyone. Do you fucking hear me?" For good measure I banged my fist down on the table as hard as I could: a china cup flew off and crashed onto the floor.

Annalise glared. I had never seen her angry before. "Don't shout at me, Rob! I have come up with an idea for a job for you. You could do it! But you are so pig-headed and stubborn you would rather sit around here on your arse watching stupid fucking daytime TV shows and playing computer games whilst I am working. Working long fucking hours Rob, *long* fucking hours. And you are telling me you won't even think it over."

"No!" I yelled. "I am not a fucking transvestite, so stick it up your arse."

Annalise bristled. "Listen Rob, I'm trying to help you! I think I could make you look like a girl! I am even prepared to invest my money in taking you to an agency who will dress you the first time so I can get some tips. I want this to work Rob, honest I do. But it's not working because you're not working and that can't continue."

My head dropped, Annalise was right. I had feared such a bust up would come sooner or later. The anger I had initially felt drained from me. I was defeated.

Annalise continued, more calmly but with resolve. While she spoke, she pointed her finger to emphasise the point. "You take up this idea or you find another job by the end of the week or I'm moving out next Sunday. One of the girls has offered me a bed at her place which is a lot bigger. I've not taken her up on it out of loyalty to you but if you don't play ball on this

one, or find another job, then I'm out if her Rob. Out of here."

"So now you are giving me ultimatums?" I said. "Even though I found the flat and paid the deposit?"

"Yes, Rob, I am giving you an ultimatum. It is your flat so it is up to you what you do about it. But I am out of here." She had been standing by the table, staring down on me. I was quiet, speechless; she walked two steps to the door, then turned around.

"You will regret telling me to 'stick it up my arse,'" she said softly. "And, you will regret telling me that you are not a 'fucking transvestite' when I tried to help you."

Then she walked out, slamming the door behind her. I sat with my head in my hands. My brief time of living with Annalise was coming to an end. I had blown it. It was over. My head dropped to the table and I started sobbing. Sobbing like a little baby.

Chapter Two

The following week I trawled around shops, employment agencies, pubs and restaurants, trying to get a job. I even tried building sites but no one was interested; there were plenty of people from Eastern Europe who had taken up all the low paid jobs and probably weren't being paid the minimum wage, more than likely paid in cash so it didn't show on the books. No one was interested in a slacker like me with no qualifications and no experience. By the Saturday I was resigned to the fact that Annalise was moving out and I would have to relinquish the bedsit and go back home as I could not afford the rent without Annalise's money. Of course, that would mean

Dave would kill me for running off with his girlfriend – I had heard he thought I was a sneak who had done the dirty on him and he wanted to give me a bloody good hiding. Then there were my friends like John, who would think of me as a failure.

On the Sunday morning Annalise got up and, without even saying a word or stopping for breakfast, she started to pack her case.

“Donna’s driving around to collect me at 10.30,” was all she said. “The spare room is at her place.”

I was distraught. I didn’t want to go home. I didn’t want Annalise to leave. I was in love. I didn’t want to get beaten up by Dave and his mates. I didn’t want people to see me as a failure. Annalise threw clothes into her suitcase and a holdall as I paced around the bedsit, tears in my eyes. The idea was just so daft, so stupid, it was unreal. But maybe if I tried it, gave it a go, it would buy me time. Finally, I placed my hand on the lid of her suit case and said, “OK Annalise, I’ll give it a try.”

“What do you mean?”

“This dressing as a girl to get a job at the Star Bar, I’ll give it a go. Greg will know I’m a bloke and you won’t look too clever in his eyes, but if it is what you want, if that’s what will keep us in this bedsit in London, then I am prepared to give it a go.”

Annalise looked me in the eye. I could see she was trying to read me, see if I was serious.

“I don’t know, I think it is too late now. You have had your chance. You could have said something earlier in the week, now I have made arrangements with Donna.”

“Can’t you text her or call her?”

“I suppose I could but I don’t like letting people down. Donna’s been good to me.”

I turned away, I almost felt like crying. I hated the thought of dressing as a girl and I had really had to force myself to agree to it and now Annalise was saying it was too late.

“Please Annalise, please,” I said. Then a thought occurred to me. “Does this Donna know your plan for me to be a barmaid?”

“Yes, she does,” Annalise confessed. “I had to tell someone and she is my closest friend at work.”

In a way that made me feel better – at least I would not be fooling everyone in the Star Bar – not that I would fool anyone. The whole idea that I could go to work as a barmaid was just too ridiculous for words.

“Just call her, Annalise, please!”

“Are you sure, Rob? I am not going to make myself look an idiot for you any more. I have done too much for you already; if you are sure that is what you want I will call her. If not, I will continue to pack.”

I sighed. “It’s what I want,” I said like a condemned man saying he wants his head chopped off.

So that’s what she did. She called Donna up and told her that the room was no longer wanted. Then, to my great surprise, she hugged me and I felt her tears on my shoulder.

“Oh Rob,” she sobbed. “I so didn’t want us to break up. I so didn’t want it to end like this. It’s just great that you have seen sense.”

And then her velvety lips touched mine and we were kissing, passionately kissing, French kissing.

She tasted fresh and of toothpaste and I was snogging Annalise Baron! I was snogging her! Annalise Baron! The most beautiful girl in Leeds! God, I would have dressed as an astronaut and gone to the moon for such a moment! Gone to Mars, gone to the bottom of the deepest, darkest ocean! God, I was happy! There was nothing I would not do for that girl, nothing.

* * *

Nothing happened for a week, except that Annalise told me to shave all my hair off during the week which was a time-consuming process. Fortunately, the other people in the house worked so I got to use the bathroom during the day and block up the plug hole with all my hair. Then, on the Saturday, Annalise and I set off for an appointment in an area of London called Cricklewood. Annalise wore tight blue jeans, a frilly top and a black leather jacket – she always looked great. Oh, I forgot to say she was carrying a black holdall – the one she had been packing on that fateful Sunday when she nearly left and went to live with Donna. We took a tube train to Cricklewood **S**tation where we disembarked and left the Underground. Soon we had found an address which seemed to be a private house.

A rotund, middle-aged lady opened the door. She had prominent masculine features and large hands. Later, Annalise told me she was a transsexual who now assisted the “trans-gender community” (of which I had become a reluctant part!) with makeup and dressing advice.

“Is this the miscreant you have told me about?” she said to Annaliese. Annalise said it was and we were both ushered into the house.

“I am Miss Primrose, and you must be Robert?”



I said I was. We were walking up a hall covered in flowery wall paper and photographs of family members and a dark-haired guy on his wedding day (I later discovered this was I fact Miss Primrose in her former life).

“You will be Roberta today,” Miss Primrose said.

“I think that name suits,” Annalise interjected.

We entered a room at the back of the house which overlooked an overgrown garden. Miss Primrose was obviously not much for gardening and I had visions of the bushes invading the house in years to come. The back room was Miss Primrose’s “business room” as four or five wardrobes were positioned around the walls; in front of the bay window was a dressing table surrounded by all manner of makeup paraphernalia. A rail of garments stood by the side and brown boxes, which were filled with undergarments and other female detritus, cluttered the room. The tops of the wardrobes each contained wigs of varying styles and colours. Miss Primrose walked to the dressing table and turned on the electric light which surrounded it.

“When you are ready, strip down to your underpants,” Miss Primrose said.

I felt nervous about revealing my hairless body in front of the two women but, even so, I knew I had to go through with it. I had a recurring thought of my return to Leeds and Dave placing his large fist in my face and applying a well-polished boot to my body – multiple times. I had once seen Dave beat up a guy who had had the audacity to pat Annalise on the bum and I did not want that! Also, hadn’t Annalise given me the faintest glimmer of hope that there could be a future for us? Had not that kiss said she wanted us to stay together? Had she not implied we could be a couple? And the fact she wanted me to get a job and was prepared to go through so much trouble to make

me look like a girl – surely that meant she at least liked me!

All week such thoughts had swirled around my head as I convinced myself that Annalise’s plan was for the best. But oh, if I had known then what I know now how things might have been different! The cunning little vixen had an ulterior motive, of course. God, looking back on things, I was just so naïve! I was hooked by her and wound in like a fish on a line. Hook, line and sinker. That was me! Naive Rob the mug. The loser from Leeds. The Tyke without a clue. So I stood before them in my boxers; bare and hairless. Smooth to the touch. Not a pound of fat on me.

I could see Miss Primrose was trying to repress a smile. She was probably surprised I was not wearing silky lingerie as Annalise had told her (I found out much later) that I was a friend of hers who happened to be a reluctant transvestite (well, she was right on the ‘reluctant’). After a while Miss Primrose spoke,

“I must say you have lot of the attributes of a good looking woman – you are a very lucky man. You are slim, a size 10 I would say and though you are tall, you have lovely, long, shapely legs and delicate features. I wish all my clients looked like you; life would be so much easier. It is so nice to transform someone who I know will genuinely pass in public *en femme*.”

“Being lucky” wasn’t something that I felt as I was sized up by Annalise and Miss Primrose. Then the transformation began. I had decided just to go with it without making any fuss whatsoever. During the week, I had mentally convinced myself I was nothing more than an unfeeling doll to which Annalise and her newly found friend could do whatever they wanted. That way Annalise would see I was making an effort and when Greg laughed us out of the bar when I went for the interview, I could just say ‘told you so’ and go back to being a guy.

So that is what happened. Annalise opened the holdall she had been carrying and I realised that it contained clothes she had obviously purchased during the week – knickers, tights, a black pleated skirt and a polo neck jumper. I was told to go behind one of the ubiquitous wardrobes and remove my “awful boxer shorts” (Miss Primrose’s words!) and put on the silky, silver knickers that Annalise had kindly purchased for me. Whether Miss Primrose felt that Annalise’s devotion to her transvestite friend went beyond the call of duty or not I don’t know; she certainly did not reveal any of her inner thoughts. In fact, she was very business-like.

As soon as I re-appeared I was told to put on a white body shaper which pulled me in a bit and immediately gave me a bit of shape due to the fact it had discreet padding. Miss Primrose then placed some soft, silicone breast forms into the bra pouches of the all-in-one and then I was then told to sit down and pull on some black tights. The tights felt uncomfortable and irritated my smooth, hair-free legs. I stood up and faced Annalise and Miss Primrose. I could see my reflection in the mirror.

“He looks good,” Annalise said. “The ten denier tights give real definition to his slender legs.”

Miss Primrose concurred with this remark. They both looked at me for a few minutes. And I could see in the mirror what an oddity I was – a male wearing female undergarments but Miss Primrose had obviously seen worse!

“It’s nice to have some good base material to work on. You are right, Annalise, we are going to have no trouble at all making this one look like a stand out girl. I must say I don’t think *she* will have any trouble passing in public after I have performed my magic.

“I hope so,” Annalise said. “I am just so desperate for him to get a job at the Star Bar. Greg is such a nice, kind boss and it would just be so awesome if we could work together and get the night bus home together. Rob knows I stay over sometimes when we finish late as I don’t like travelling on the night bus on my own and I can’t always afford taxis.”

Miss Primrose nodded her head. “Public transport is just not safe for young girls; there are so many freaks, perverts and madmen about that young girls need protection. I don’t even go out myself at night but I understand if you need to get home from work, it is a necessity to use the tube, bus or hire a taxi.”

Annalise continued. “Rob’s tried so hard to get a job as a guy and all to no avail, so when this job came up in the Star Bar, well I knew if we could just get him to dress as a gal and convince Greg, he’s the owner by the way, well I just knew...it would be so right for Rob, if only he’d believe in himself a bit more...believe he could pass as a convincing girl...”

Annalise bit her lower lip and played with a strand of blonde hair. Oh, what an actress, what a temptress she was! She handed me the black polo neck jumper which I pulled on. Annalise adjusted the collar, turning it down to the neck. Then she handed me the black pleated skirt and I was told to put that on too. The skirt felt strangely light and seemed to afford no protection at all. No wonder Annalise and Miss Primrose felt a girl was not safe at night on public transport! I put it on and Annalise attached the button and edged the zipper up.

Next, I was told to sit down at the dressing table. Whilst I had been changing into the outer garments, Miss Primrose had been fussing around getting out makeup and sorting out pots and brushes. She stood beside me, looking at my reflection in the mirror. Annalise was behind me. Arms folded. What a mix-

ture of confused emotions I felt. On the one hand, I loved Annalise and was desperate to stay in London with her and on the other I wanted a job without having to be made-up and dressed as a girl! I knew that Greg, once he saw me, would know I was a guy and Annalise's little scheme would come tumbling down. That was the thought that kept me going anyway, but as I say, little did I know, oh, *how* little I knew!

I was told to sit down, then Miss Primrose applied foundation to my face with a sponge and it felt cold and uncomfortable. Then she applied powder and blusher, using her hand as a makeshift pallet. Next, it was my eyes: shadow, kohl, mascara. God, how hard it was to stop blinking when the mascara wand was close to my eye. Finally, she applied lipstick with a brush and gloss to make my lips full and shiny. And, when I saw myself, was I surprised by the result? You bet I was! Did I look like a girl? You bet I did! Next Miss Primrose took down some wigs which were on top of the wardrobes. She tried several but finally settled for a short blonde number which she thought looked the most "natural". Miss Primrose then curled and combed it into a neat style, secured by hairspray. When I stood up, I looked like a girl and for the first time I thought Annalise's mad scheme might work. My heart started to miss a beat as I knew Greg might not read me in which case I might get a job as a barmaid! Oh what a trauma, what confusion! Annalise took a pair of low-heeled, black shoes out of the holdall and I was told to slip them on. I pirouetted in front of the mirror, trying to take in the girl who had appeared before my eyes.

"Well, what do you think?" Madam Primrose asked.

"I think she looks great," Annalise said, stressing the word 'she'. "Greg said we could show up anytime in the afternoon. We will leave now and come back

here to get changed on the way home, if that is alright with you?”

“Yes, yes, that’s fine,” Miss Primrose said, “I think it’s fantastic what you are doing.”

Feeling unsteady in the low-heeled boots, I followed Annalise down the hall. My heart pounded like a drum, my hands felt clammy, the wig felt hot on my head. I know I sound like a wimp but I just wanted to dive into the bushes in Miss Primrose’s overgrown garden and hide.

As we reached the door, Miss Primrose said, “Oh and good luck, Roberta. I really hope it all works out for you.”

Chapter Three

The strange thing was that Greg took no notice. He just did not seem to register that there was anything strange about me at all! We were seated at a round table in the Star Bar which had the musty smell of alcohol and stale sweat. Annalise had introduced me as Roberta, the girl who shared her flat and whom she had told him about. Greg was a dark-haired, handsome dude in his late thirties who wore an expensive suit, loads of aftershave and a shirt unbuttoned to reveal wisps of dark chest hair and a gold chain.

“So, any bar experience, Roberta?” Greg asked.

I told him, in a whisper that I had previously worked in a bar in Leeds before relocating to London with Annalise (but that had only been for a few weeks). Greg strained to hear my almost inaudible voice and Annalise, who stood by the table, kept interrupting to translate what I had said as if I was speaking some strange language.

“Still, you know the ropes,” Greg said. “Bar work is the same wherever you go.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” I said.

“I see you are only eighteen, like Annalise. Is that the only work you have done?”

I said it was. After all I did not think my week’s work on a building site would look good.

“This place gets busy on a Friday and a Saturday but it is great that you have Annalise as a friend, she will be a huge help. Can you start Friday?”

I felt so nervous I could hardly speak! I mouthed several fish gulps before Annalise blurted out,

“Yes, she can. She comes to work with me on Friday.”

So that was that. I had a job, despite my virtually inaudible voice. I was to be a barmaid at the Star Bar! It was unbelievable.

When we got out of the surreal, dark bar and back onto the London street, Annalise gave me a big hug.

“See, Roberta? I told you we could do it!” She gave me a high five. “Isn’t it awesome, you and I working together! I knew Greg would fall for it. He loves a pretty face and a blonde in a skirt. It is just so awesome!”

And she held my hand and laughed and laughed as we walked down the street and back towards the tube station.

“I have got you a job, Rob,” she kept saying. “At last, I have got you a fucking job.”

To be honest I was totally dumbfounded. I could not believe I was walking along a London street dressed as a woman and no one was taking a blind bit of notice! I had been so nervous about going to the interview that on the way to the Star Bar I had forgotten about my attire. Now, though, I was only too conscious of it. Prior to the interview my head had been filled with one thought only: how will Greg react when he realises I am not a girl? Will he be angry? Will he assault me? Now my poor brain had to compute a different scenario: Annalise had won, I had a job as a barmaid. That was crazy enough but it meant I had to dress as a girl for every single shift and Greg had said he would start me on the busiest nights of the week – Friday and Saturday! Oh. My. God. The thought of it! I felt like bursting into tears. All the time Annalise had hold of my hand and was swinging it as she repeated that she had “gotten me a job”. She was so happy and I was so smitten by her I just knew I had to go along with it – at least for a while.

We were seated on the tube when Annalise started to get practical. “We will have to do something about that voice. Miss Primrose used to be a man, you know, and had voice coaching. She has recommended a woman to me but it is too expensive so I have bought some tapes and we will practice at home. It is not going to work if you can’t answer the customers. It gets noisy in the Star Bar so you will have to speak up.”

Then I asked the question which was burning through me like a branding iron.

“Are you sure Greg did not read me?”

Annalise laughed. “Of course he didn’t, sweetie. Greg saw what everyone else is seeing right here, right now, an attractive well made-up teenage girl. Look around you, how many people are looking at

you? How many are paying any attention to you at all? They are all lost in their free papers and iPhones.”

She was right of course. The tube, as usual, was busy and people were standing up. One chap hovered over me, a black woman sat opposite and no one was taking any notice of us. Occasionally I would see a guy make a furtive glance at Annalise or me which made me feel a bit uncomfortable but I knew they weren't "reading" me – that was a word I had gleaned from Miss Primrose, a TG word. But just because no one was reading me did not mean I didn't feel damned strange. I kept tugging down my short, black pleated skirt. The floor felt hard under my stiff soled boots. I wanted to get home and get the clothes off and run a nice hot bath. How could some men enjoy dressing up as women? It was a mystery to me, a complete mystery.

When we got back to Madam Primrose's house in Cricklewood, Annalise excitedly recounted how I had got the job and how Greg has been "taken in." Miss Primrose removed my makeup as Annalise retold the story about how "we" had completely fooled Greg! When she finished, I changed into my male clothes. Annalise praised me to the hilt and was full of gushing phrases like, "*She* did ever so well, I'm so, so proud of *her*." Oh, what an actress Annalise was.

Miss Primrose was full of praise for me too and quoted how many TG's (as she put it) were unemployed and how brave I was to have conquered my nerves and got a "good job" where I could at last "be myself".

It felt so much more comfortable being back "in the male" and Annalise and I walked back to the tube like a proper couple – only this time I was carrying the big black holdall with my female garb inside it. Despite my negative emotions about the dressing-up, I must

admit I felt confident and quite good about myself when we left Miss Primrose's house. I knew I had done something original and new and something a lot of teenagers could not have done. Even so, when we got back to our small flat, I felt physically sick. The whole emotion of the day washed over me. I hadn't even begun to think about the job in the Star Bar; that was just too much at the moment. All I could think about was the bizarre experience I had just had, travelling on the tube and walking the streets dressed as a young woman – not to mention going for an interview and getting a job! I had never experienced anything like it before and in truth I didn't want to experience anything like it again.

After I was “back in the male” (another Miss Primrose phrase), I told Annalise I needed to go out for a walk and left the house. My head was a muddle of confused thoughts like a million wires intertwined. There was a small pub around the corner, close to our bedsit, called the Holly Bush. It never got busy and it was where I occasionally whiled away time when Annalise was sleeping or at work. I went in and ordered a pint. It felt so different being in male attire. I was just not conscious of my clothes for a start and my aching feet felt comfortable in my soft soled trainers. I sat at a table and watched football results being replayed on a big screen. Sky Sports was on the TV and a strip along the bottom told of scorers and scores whilst people in the TV studio silently talked. I had started the day thinking I would be a passive doll as I knew the consequences of not following through Annalise's wishes but then I had thought that the whole enterprise would end in failure from Annalise's point of view.

Now reality had been turned on its head. I just did not know what to do. I did not want to dress as a girl. That was not in dispute but it was weird because I just loved the way Annalise reacted to me. Gone was

the coldness and the arguing which had been almost a constant feature of our relationship over the last few months and. In its place there was a warmth and good humour that I had never really experienced first-hand from Annalise – not to mention the hugging, kissing and hand holding. There was something about her dressing me as a girl and convincing Greg that I was one which really excited her (although I was yet to discover the real reason for her excitement). Because of that I knew I would carry on dressing in an effort to please her, even though I hated it, hated every minute of it.

“You will grow to like it,” Annalise said dismissively later that evening when I voiced my concerns about dressing every Friday and Saturday night when I went to work in the Star Bar. “Anyway, you have to go through with it now. You agreed. There’s no turning back.”

So that Friday I nervously got changed into the same skirt I had worn to the interview matched with a different top. Annalise applied my makeup and placed some bigger inserts into my bra pushes.

“We want you to be a busty lady, don’t we?” she explained.

The boobs felt heavy and uncomfortable but I stayed silent. It was like walking through the set of a bad movie. I had once seen a film starring Johnny Depp who played a Hollywood film producer by the name of Ed Wood Jr. Well, my life felt like I was a character in one of his awful films. He was a transvestite – but at least he chose to be one!

So Annalise made up my face and once again I was surprised how good I looked. It was uncanny; when I looked at her creation in the mirror I felt attracted to *her* – she was great looking. It was hard to believe it was really *me*. We took the tube across town to the

Star Bar and I nervously followed Annalise in. I could not believe the reaction of the other girls who limply shook my hand or gave me a kiss and said how nice it was to meet me. I just could not believe they thought I was a real girl. One said Annalise had already told her a lot about me which I thought was kinda odd.

Donna said, “So you’re the pretty bitch who stole my housemate away,” and winked at me. Of course she knew my little secret.

All the girls made me feel welcome. On the first night I was not asked to work behind the bar. Greg said I should do some work which was “not customer facing” so I was an assistant in the cloakroom; I collected glasses and I brought out snacks (the bar sold burgers and chips and that sort of thing) from the kitchen. The night actually went very well; I only had one accident when a burly male nudged into me and I dropped a plate of chips. Other than that it was a good night and in a strange way I actually enjoyed it.

For my first night Annalise had chosen to match the black pleated skirt with a white cotton blouse, black tights and black pumps. I was amazed at how the other barmaids scurried around in high heels and miniskirts which Greg informed them they had to wear as it attracted the customers. They all got tips, except me, but even so, at the end of the night, I collected my first wage packet – cash from the till.

“I won’t put you on the books until you have passed the probationary period,” Greg said.

“How long is that?” I asked in my light, whispery voice. I still could not believe he had not “read” me.

Greg turned and looked at me; he was a tall, slim man who always seemed to wear coloured suits, open neck shirts and a lot of aftershave. He was lightly bearded and had brown hair which was unkempt. I

had already heard rumours about his womanising prowess; a lot of the guys that came into the Star Bar looked up to him and admired him, despite the fact he was married and had a young daughter.

“As long as it takes, young Roberta,” he said, “as long as it takes.”

It didn't actually take all that long. In a couple of weeks I was on the books. A couple of weeks. God, I say that now as if it was nothing! Yet it was two weeks of dressing up with Annalise's help and going across town on the tube to the Star Bar, meeting the other girls and collecting glasses, doing food orders or helping behind the bar. Fortunately, I was only working on Friday and Saturday but that was enough. I felt absolutely shattered when I got home – both physically and emotionally - physically because I was on my feet the whole time and emotionally because I constantly feared exposure. I was amazed how drunk and rowdy groups of lads became but Greg was a skilled practitioner in the art of defusing potentially volatile situations. If that didn't work he called on 'back-up' from two burly bouncers on the door, one of whom always gave me a smile and a wink and called me “Miss.”

At least things had improved with Annalise and the atmosphere in the claustrophobic bed sit was a lot better. Annalise was great at doing my makeup and choosing a look which really made me appear to be a teenager/young woman. It was just amazing that I got away with it, though. I really couldn't believe that. I was so naïve back then, naïve about everything and how the world turned. And because I was naïve I went along with the game of dressing up, believing it would make the bond between me and Annalise stronger, not realising the ulterior motive. Yes, I was an idiot.



I was an idiot to learn to talk like a woman – practising with Annalise’s tapes - and generally going along with all Annalise’s instructions as she gradually converted me into a young woman or a teenage girl. But she was good, I will give her that. She was very, very good. A natural. She had a natural flair for clothes so she always dressed me in the right thing so I didn’t look out of place. She made me wear blouses and tops and short skirts and gradually I got more and more used to being dressed as a girl until in a strange way I started to enjoy it.

I suppose what I liked most was the unbelievable amount of attention Annalise gave to me, particularly when she was applying the makeup. It was almost an erotic situation and feeling her so close did often arouse me. Then there were the looks and glances from men, the fact good looking men would come and chat to me in the bar, wink at me and look me “up and down.” It wasn’t because I had turned gay or anything, it was just that I liked the attention – it was like being a pop star. And, as I say, I certainly liked the attention from Annalise.

The other thing I liked was earning money. I liked the fact we were equal (even though Annalise earned more as she had done more nights than me) and it gave me a purpose in life.

Eventually, I built my time up so I was doing the same shifts as Annalise which was four nights a week, Wednesday through Saturday so we had plenty of down time. We would do things together, see the sights of London, or Annalise would go off to meet her “boyfriend” who I guessed was some stud she had met at the Star Bar. I was as jealous as anything about that, but I knew the relationship was not serious as she did not see him very regularly. It seems bizarre to say it but we settled into a routine; in a strange way I looked upon the girls clothes as just a uniform I wore for work, like a police uniform

or shop worker's uniform. When I was home I dressed as a guy and by thinking like that, I got through it. But then things changed... and not for the better either.

Chapter Four

It was a Saturday night and Annalise was getting me dressed as usual. It was cramped in the tiny bedsit and difficult to move around. Wardrobe space was at a premium, after all we now had three sets of clothes, not two – Annalise's, Rob's and Roberta's!

By this time I was permanently working behind the bar with the other girls – a new girl had joined “the crew” as Greg described his staff in his McDonald's speak, and she collected the glasses and brought out the snacks. My voice was good and I felt confident. It was strange how easily I had taken to the transition from male to female. When I look back it was unbelievable but what I found was that because people saw a young woman behind the bar, that was what they expected and they overlooked any signs to the contrary.

After the initial visit we visited Miss Primrose a couple more times and she provided free advice on deportment and how I should sit and act. She kinda liked us and loved to hear how I was getting on in the bar and for that reason I think she was happy to give free advice. Also, we were young and she liked to “mother” us a bit – her own son had disowned when she had “transitioned” as she put it, so it was tough for her. I think it was a fantasy of hers to be able to work in such an environment for, although she had transitioned, she had large hands and arms and a big stature which made her more mannish, whilst I was slim and of delicate, feminine features.

Miss Primrose was full of praise for me and was amazed that I had pulled off the masquerade so easily. I had never been good at anything before and it actually felt like a huge accomplishment. I must admit I did feel good about myself. It was strange because I had never thought about wearing girls' clothes before. I wasn't a transvestite or anything like that; I was just a normal hum-drum kid who liked watching soccer and having a drink with his mates. It was just funny. I knew I would not have done anything like it back home in Leeds but because I was on my own with Annalise and because *she* wanted me to do it, I did it. As I say, it was strange.

I kind of thought of myself as an actor. I thought of Roberta as a part and I actually enjoyed it. I enjoyed playing the part and even gave her characteristics which I didn't have as Rob; I would be a bit ruder to people and a lot more confident. I found I could get away with that when dressed, as in a strange way people gave me more respect. I even started making suggestions to Annalise about what I should wear when we went shopping. We would talk about Roberta in the third person as if she was another person and that helped too.

The other thing I really enjoyed was working with the other girls. I had never had much luck with women and had not even had a girlfriend but being Roberta gave me confidence, an insight into how women thought and what they wanted from life. I found out that they were not strange mythical creatures but that they had the same hopes and fears as guys. I knew Annalise was out of my league and though I harboured a strong knot of love for her, I knew it would always be unrequited. But working with other girls, Donna and Lauren and Sally and Sue and Lucy – well, that was just such a blast. I had always been shy around girls before but working with

them made me realise that they were kinda like guys too and chatted about normal things.

“Roberta, what do you think of this dress?” Donna or Sally would say and I would give an opinion which I found they liked. Of course, I was conscious that Donna knew my secret but she seemed so natural with me that I just played along. In fact, I soon forgot that she knew and in a way I kind of forgot I was pulling off a masquerade. It just became second nature. Anyway, back to the Saturday when things started to change....

Annalise had chosen a short, black skirt for me, a multi-coloured silky blouse, thin tights and low-heeled pumps. I got dressed, then I sat on a chair whilst she worked her magic with the makeup. When she had finished she added the crowning glory – the blonde wig - which she allowed me to pull into shape before she styled and shaped it. I had taken to wearing a long blonde wig which Annalise felt suited my look and height better. I sat back and just admired myself in the mirror, but was it me?

Before my very eyes an ordinary young man had morphed into a beautiful young woman. I stood up and smiled, feeling the stickiness of the lipstick on my lips. I gazed at the darkness of my mascara-clad lashes, the gloss of my lips, the blusher on my cheeks, the shadow on my eyes. How strange it all felt. I rubbed my hands down my short skirt. Annalise had invented a way of hiding my manhood which meant there was no bulge (oh, to feel her hands on my cock!) I looked like a young woman – even I could see that. That first time, at Miss Primrose’s hands, well I am not sure that I was that convincing and yet still Greg had been fooled. After months of bar work and Annalise perfecting the art of male-to-female transformation, I even convinced myself. But Annalise had not finished. She sprayed perfume onto my body and added gold jewellery. She

passed me a back handbag and a black leather jacket which had a cushioned effect detail on the shoulders and elbows. I looked great. I felt great. It was strange but in a way I felt like a superstar. When I went out on the street, people looked at me and it was admiring glances they gave me, not people reading me.

“Right, are we all ready to go?”

I smiled and she stuffed some things into her handbag. She was wearing leggings and a silky top (she often complained that it took her so long to get me ready that she didn't have time to do her own makeup and hair.)

The bedsit we lived in was on the ground floor which made access to the front door easy but even so other residents of the house had seen two beautiful (if I say it myself!) girls come out of our room as well as me, dressed as Rob (or *in the male* as Miss Primrose would say) with Annalise. I knew some thought I was a womaniser but others did have suspicions as I had been asked some probing questions by one of my neighbours, a young professional woman named Caroline who worked (although I did not know it then) on a national newspaper. She had seen the mysterious woman and one morning she cornered me by the front door as I was coming back with shopping. She asked me about her. I just said she was a friend of Annalise.

“Strange how you are never with them,” Caroline had asked.

“As I say she is a friend of Annalise, she works with her at the Star Bar,”

“Do you have a job, Rob?” Caroline had probed.

“I work in a bar too but different hours.”

“Annalise’s friend seems to come back with Annalise late at night but never leave in the morning,” Caroline said with a wink and walked off.

Oh, Caroline defiantly had her doubts!

But back to my story, Annalise and I were serving behind the bar that Saturday. Greg often placed his hands on her buttocks as he did to all the female staff but that night he disappeared with Annalise for some time. I questioned Donna.

“Oh Roberta, you are so naïve. Annalise and Greg are having a fling, you silly billy. They have been having an affair for ages. That was one of the reasons she wanted you to work here – to provide her with a cover story.”

To say I was shocked is an understatement, I just drifted around the bar working on autopilot. I gave the wrong change and served the wrong drinks.

Annalise re-appeared about an hour later, flushed but smiling and I knew the validity of Donna’s words – she was having an affair with Rob.

My world was shattered in that moment. I had been too naïve and stupid to realise! When we got home I questioned Annalise about it – we actually had a row – which Caroline, in the flat above, heard at 2 in the morning!

“All this time you have been having an affair with him but he’s a married man!” I shouted.

“But I love him, Rob, I love him.” Annalise sat on the bed, her hands covering her face.

I almost felt like walking out. Instead I tore off my wig and pulled off my clothes.

“All this dressing up as a woman was for nothing. I did it because I loved you and you have betrayed me! Donna said it was actually a way for you to cover your tracks. I’m through with it. Do you hear? Through with it!”

And in the flat above, listening intently, was Caroline, who heard every single cross word. But, of course, I didn’t know that at the time.

Looking back I didn’t know a lot. I didn’t know about Annalise’s affair. I didn’t know that in the flat above lived a journalist. I didn’t know that whilst I longed for Annalise, there was actually someone else who longed for me! But again I’m getting ahead of myself. For a few days things were really awkward between us and I hardly spoke to Annalise. I phoned in sick for work and so I didn’t have to dress as a girl.

Then on Saturday Annalise said, “Look Rob, let’s talk about this. The flat is too confined for us to harbour a grudge and not get on.”

I sighed. What she was saying was right; we could not go on ignoring each other in the tiny prison cell of the bedsit, which often smelt stale due to the amount of clothes that were littered around the place. So she made a cup of tea and we sat on one of the beds and had a chat. To be honest, what Annalise had to say made a lot of sense. We weren’t boyfriend and girlfriend and we were free to see whoever we wanted. I knew I was being stupid and jealous but the fact that she was seeing Greg had really taken me by surprise. Annalise put her arms around me.

“Look Rob, I really like you and I really like it when you are dressed up as Roberta. In a strange way I get a bit of a kick out of it. I like that fact we are fooling everyone, especially men. This Saturday let’s go out as Annalise and Roberta. I’ll ask for time off. I have told Greg you are a bit sore as you fancy him to flatter

his ego. He is happy for you to have some time off but he really does want you to come back. Anyway, this Saturday, my make-up treat to you will be to take you out as Roberta. What do you say?"

What could I say? In some way I was excited. I had only ever been out with Annalise to the Star Bar and the idea of going out as two girls seemed a new adventure, especially as Annalise said she would buy me a whole new outfit.

Some of you who are reading this are probably thinking: *who is he he trying to kid when he says he wasn't a transvestite when he was younger?* But honestly, I wasn't! Being with Annalise brought something to the fore in me, something which may have been buried deep. All the same, if it had not been for Annalise and going to London it may never have come out. It is a little like teenagers that go on these package holidays and one of the games is to cross dress. I'm sure that has awoken a transgender gene in many a young person who had not previously dressed. Doing a play at school where you had to dress up, maybe that's done it as well. I know some guys hate it but for some guys something which has lain dormant just clicks. That is what happened to me.

The added part of the puzzle was Annalise – I just loved her so deeply, so madly I would do anything for her. Being in close proximity to her was Heaven. I loved the smell of her freshly-washed hair, her body scent, the way she walked around the bedsit in nothing more than her knickers and a bra. The way she could transform herself into a glamorous woman with some light makeup and a short skirt. Yes, I loved her. Truly, madly, deeply.

So, I shaved against and prepared my body for the weekend. On the Saturday Annalise produced the outfit she wanted me to wear. It consisted of fishnet

tights, panties, a black leather miniskirt, a silky red camisole top and a black leather jacket which was actually one of hers but she had grown tired of it. I got dressed and for once, without the pressure of work, I really took my time and enjoyed it.

Looking back, I think of that Saturday as the day I became a fully-fledged transvestite. Of course other things took place which changed everything as well and kind of cemented my newfound love for women's clothes but that Saturday with me and Annalise going out together for the first time as Roberta and Annalise, well, that was the catalyst for what followed.

When I finished getting ready, Annalise applied my makeup. She had more time so we drank wine and giggled like two school girls. When she had finished, the effect was awesome. Then she placed the lovely, long blonde wig on my head. I just gushed – I looked incredible. I stood up and looked at myself in the mirror. My heart pounded. Energy pumped through my body. Was it really Rob from Leeds? Really? Was it *me*? I certainly knew that as a guy I would have fancied myself. I was stunning; pure and simple I was stunning.

When she had finished dressing me, Annalise got dressed. She dressed in exactly the same way – black leather mini, fishnets and a black leather jacket. When we stood together we looked like twins! Then Annalise produced her surprise. She ferreted in the wardrobe and returned with two pairs of boots.

“As we are going to be doing a lot of walking I thought we should wear Doc Marten boots. It adds a male element to the outfit, which is something a lot of young girls like doing.”

I wasn't so sure but knew the boots would be comfy; as I laced them up I said, "Where did you get them?"

"I borrowed them from Donna; she has the same size feet as you."

I smiled. Annalise was so adroit at getting her own way it was unreal. So Donna had kindly lent her a pair of her Doc Marten boots for me to wear.

By mid-afternoon we were ready and I walked out of the door which was at the end of the hall. Annalise closed and locked it and we set off down the hall. Looking back I think I can recall noise above me – another door closing, footsteps on the upper stairs but I took no notice. There were six bedsits in the house and there was always noise with people coming and going and, as we were downstairs, we heard it all.

We got to the front door, Annalise closed it and then we were down a path and out onto the street. An elderly gentleman who was walking his dog stopped and stared at us and, as we got closer, he tipped his cap. We both giggled girlishly. It was such great fun.

"He would get a shock if you showed him your pecker," Annalise teased.

We walked to the tube station and travelled back into town. At one point some boorish football fans jumped onto the tube train and started to hassle us. They made some lewd comments and then they sang, "Get your tits out for the lads."

I found it quite frightening and intimidating but Annalise was extremely calm and just shouted back, "Get your cocks out for the girls."

This brought smiles of pleasure from some of the other passengers who looked at Annalise admiringly.

“You just have to face down these thugs,” Annalise said. “They are all mouth and no trousers.”

I thought back to my days as a football supporter and wondered if I had ever behaved in such a boorish and aggressive manner. I was certainly glad I no longer followed the sport. We got off at Covent Garden and went up in the lift to the pavement level. Then we walked around Covent Garden looking at the various paraphernalia in the stalls in the market. Annalise stopped by a stall selling ladies scarves.

“That’s lovely,” she said as she ran her fingers through one. “A wonderful deep blue.”

I smiled. When I was dressed as Roberta, she really did see me as a girl – just like Donna and Sally and Lucy and the other girls at The Star Bar. We stopped to watch a juggler by the Punch and Judy tavern. I was suddenly conscious he was not the only one being watched as I became aware of a man behind Annalise and me. He was hovering closer and closer and I could almost feel his breath on my neck. Then I felt his hand on my miniskirted backside. A quick grab of my arse and then he disappeared into the crowd.

“Oh my God!” I exclaimed, “That man just pinched my bum.”

Annalise laughed. “Get used to it, Roberta. That is what women have to put up with.”

“But I didn’t realise men still did that sort of thing!”

Annalise took my arm and we walked away. “Roberta, you are so naïve! Of course men still pinch ladies’ bottoms, always have, always will.”

So we walked off arm-in-arm. It felt nice, our leather jackets inter-linked, our skirts chafing

against each other's. We headed off to Chinatown which was not very far away but still a reasonable walk. I was glad I had worn DM boots. The walk certainly built up an appetite.

"I love walking around London," Annalise said. "There's always so much going on."

I had to agree with her, I had enjoyed jaunts out when she had been working and I had been unemployed and living in the flat. Those days seemed a long time ago.

We found a restaurant and went in. We were shown to a table for two by the door and ordered a very tasty meal. It was great sitting opposite Annalise and tucking into the mixed starters. Every now and then, Annalise would wink or smile at me or whisper, "How are things? Are you OK?"

And I would reply that all was good.

Afterwards we left the restaurant; I was surprised when Annalise grabbed hold on me again and we started to walk arm -n-arm. It felt fantastic. Our bodies were so close. Annalise seemed to forget I was a boy and I wondered what Greg would make of it if he knew. Suddenly she said, "You like this, Roberta, don't you?"

I had to agree that I did. It was autumnal but quite warm and it was just fantastic. I never knew until then how much attention pretty women got. Men would walk past and smile. Men would wink at us; other women would nudge their partners and give them evil looks if their eyes lingered on us for too long. As Annalise said, it was fantastic. It was a real subterfuge. I was convincing everyone we saw that I was a woman.

It was a great afternoon and evening. And it got better when we returned home. Annalise suddenly took hold of me and started to embrace me. Her full red lips fell on mine and she ran her hands over my leather jacket. My prick stood up inside those pretty peach knickers Annalise had bought for me.

“Oh Roberta, I love it when so many men are convinced you are a woman!” she said. “It makes me wet and it was great to see your reaction when that guy pinched your bum.”

Unexpectedly, her hand delved up my skirt and felt my cock!

What happened next was all a blur. Annalise had me on the bed, my skirt was hitched up to the waist and my cock was out! Then she was on top of me, riding me, her full pink vagina lips encasing my erect penis! She rode back and forth on my member with such an ardour I thought it would snap off! I had never seen her so aroused before! Oh happy days, happy, happy days! I felt I had died and gone to Heaven. For years I had fancied Annalise, lusted after her. Can you imagine the frustration I had felt living in close proximity to a very beautiful girl who had a sign around her neck saying DO NOT TOUCH. But now I was touching her – and then some – my cock was snuggled in her damp pussy. I was pressing up into it, stretching, stretching, stretching. A feeling of ecstasy bubbled up inside me; how good I felt, how alive! Then I exploded inside her as if a NASA rocket taking off from Cape Fucking Canaveral. I had made love to Annalise Baron dressed as a woman! I had made love to Annalise Baron!

Chapter Five

It was late on Sunday afternoon when I got to see the paper. It was on about page ten of a national red top tabloid called the *Daily Bullet*. Greg had seen it; he phoned Annalise, then we rushed around the corner to the local newsagent to buy a copy.

The headline at the top of the piece read: “Is he or isn’t *she*?”

Underneath was a photograph of Annalise and I walking arm-in-arm away from Covent Garden. The photo was of our backs so the boots, the leather skirts, the leather jackets and the blonde hair made us look like two glamorous women. We looked like two beautiful twins.

Seen yesterday in Covent Garden, two beautiful young women take a stroll... but, all is not as it seems! For the slim, leggy blonde on the left in the fishnets and the leather mini is actually an eighteen-year-old lad named Rob! Rob actually works as a barmaid at the Star Bar along with his pretty girlfriend, Annalise. The two could be seen smooching as they walked along, swinging their handbags, not a care in the world. Leggy Rob certainly has the appearance of a beautiful girl and the only looks he received as he sauntered around Covent Garden were admiring ones.

For the next couple of hours Annalise and I had nothing but phone calls from other staff and people in Leeds – not to mention Greg who was rather put out by the description of Annalise as my girlfriend! Little did he know! Still he came to the rescue. For a few days we were trapped in the house as other newspapers wanted interviews and a breakfast TV show asked us to come in for a sofa piece. They said we were very photogenic and looked great. We ignored the calls and the knocks but Greg was concerned it

was all getting out of hand. As it turned out he owned a number of properties and one had just become vacant. He came round to see us in the bedsit and told us he would let us both move in together.

So within a week we were out of the bedsit and had moved into a spacious two-bed flat with a large kitchen diner, access to a garden and a living area. It was great. The article had helped in one way and it would help in another, as you will see. By then we knew that the lady who rented the flat above us, Caroline Moore, was a tabloid journalist who had written the piece. She had actually come to our room and explained that it had been her when we had moved out. She hoped there were “no hard feelings!”

Unbelievable. Especially as it cost me my job in the bar; Greg explained that mention of the Star Bar in the article meant it was not possible for me to work there anymore. In many ways I was very disappointed. I liked the dressing-up and I loved the attention of the other girls. As I had time on my hands, I spent a few weeks sorting the flat out but Annalise was happy and there were no remarks about me needing to get another job (nor, regrettably any about the impromptu sex which seemed to be forgotten.)

Of course in a way Annalise and I had become kept women; kept by Greg who was allowing us to live rent-free for a few weeks (and when he did ask for rent it was not market value). He had a key to the flat and let himself in whenever he wanted, normally when Annalise was about which meant they would “retire” to her room and I would hear panting as they made love. Sometimes she cooked a meal for him in the kitchen area which meant I had to retire to my own room as well as they liked to smooch on the sofa. Things were a lot better overall, however, as the room was quite sizeable and I had my own TV - not to mention a wardrobe full of women’s clothes!

I was very naïve back then but even I started to think about Greg's reaction to the article – he had been furious that Annalise and I were linked as a couple but the fact that I had been exposed as a guy did not seem to faze him at all. I started to think about the situation. Had Greg known all along? I started to agonise over it so one day I confronted Annalise.

“Did Greg know?” I asked.

Annalise sighed and slumped down into the sofa. “Rob, you really are so innocent! Of course he knew!”

“What, right from the start?”

“Of course.”

“And the other girls who work in the club?” I asked, incredulous about what Annalise had just told me.

“They knew too.”

“All of them? Not just Donna?”

“All of them. Not just Donna,” Annalise repeated.

I was stunned. Speechless. I could not take in the words I was hearing; like an automaton I repeated the names of all the girls who had worked at the Star Bar since I had been employed there, some had left, some remained. “Donna, Andrea, Natasja, Kelly, Lauren, Sally, Sue and Lucy...”

“They all knew, Rob, they all knew. When a new girl started she was told, we didn't want anyone finding out and acting shocked.”

“But why?” I asked. “Why?”

“I dunno really, it’s hard to explain.”

A few days later she started to tell me a story; it was as if she wanted to confess to me. Secretly, I guess she felt she had actually betrayed me and wanted my forgiveness.

“Look Rob,” she said one evening when she wasn’t working. “You’re a nice guy and I thought you would cotton on but unfortunately you are bit like your Roberta – a dumb blonde.”

“I guess I am a bit innocent,” I said.

“A bit!” Annalise pronounced, raising her eyebrows. “Look, Greg fancied me from the get-go. He wanted to bed me and I played hard to get as I knew he had a reputation. Then he started making comments about you and although I explained we were just friends, he was just not buying it. Eventually we started to have an affair. Even though he’s married he was really jealous of you and I kinda started to fall for him. You were sitting at home twiddling your thumbs and couldn’t get a job and I started to get a bit frustrated with the whole situation. It was annoying because Greg kept on and on and on about me and you sleeping together. You can see how bad it was for me?”

I agreed I had put her in a difficult situation.

“Anyway, one day I was flicking through a woman’s magazine and I read a story about a guy who was a gay transvestite. After thirty years of marriage, he had revealed it to his wife and gone off to live with another man and dress as a woman.”

“I see,” I said. “But where do I fit into this?”

“Well, one day when Greg was having one of his jealous rants I happened to say you were a gay so we

could not be having an affair. Greg just laughed and didn't really believe it. He said I was having him on so I remembered the magazine and kinda made up a story that you liked dressing as a woman too. I know Greg was not convinced as I had not said anything to him earlier about it. He thought I was making excuses and said it was a cover story."

I was dumbfounded. My eyes started to well up.

Annalise continued. "It made things worse because Greg started to question me about you and why I had told him you were gay when you weren't. We started to argue. Then it died down and I didn't think any more of it but Greg was suspicious and thought it was a ploy, I know that."

I fell into a chair, stared at the carpet, real tears dropped to the floor. Everyone had known – I had not really fooled anyone that I was a girl.

Annalise was oblivious, she was on a roll. "Anyway, one of the girls left and so one day Greg suggested you come and work in the bar dressed as a woman. I knew he was kidding me along but also that he knew you were at home. I was getting annoyed about you not having a job so he kinda had me in a corner. I had often moaned about you and now Greg was offering you a job. What could I say? It was a ploy of course, I knew that but every time I put up a barrier, he came up with an answer. I said you were scared to go out dressed as a woman so he found Miss Primrose's details on the net and said he would pay for sessions to help your makeup and deportment. I said you had no money for clothes and he gave me some cash to buy you some. I think he thought I was stringing him along and was determined to make sure he got the better of me."

"So when I went for the interview he knew already?" I said.

“He knew already,” Annalise said softly.

“What about the other girls? Why did you tell them all?” I asked. My hands felt clammy and my face was hot. They all knew. They ALL knew. I could not fucking believe it!!

“Well, when you started, Greg called everyone together for a staff meeting and told them all what the situation was. He explained that everyone was to treat you as a normal girl and he would not be paying you much initially until you had built up confidence and that after that he hoped you would make it as a barmaid. He told the girls to go easy on you. He wanted them all to know as he didn’t want anyone finding out by mistake. No one imagined what a great success you would be and the girls loved it. They used to come to me and talk to me and text me about you. It was great. Donna was really taken by you. She thought it was fantastic that you had ‘come out.’

In that moment I wished I had packed my bags and gone back to Leeds. God, I had been an idiot to stay with that low-down, cunning, conniving bitch! And that’s what I told as I walked out the door, slamming it as hard as I could. Fortunately, I was *in the male* as the lovely Miss Primrose would say so I had no problem going to a bar, buying a drink, then another, and another. I came home at 3am – drunk. I didn’t speak to Annalise for three days.

Chapter Six

A week later Greg made one of his frequent sojourns to our flat; he seemed to spend more time there than at home. As we weren't paying much rent, we couldn't complain – something Greg knew well – he who pays the piper calls the tune.

I was in my room but I heard Annalise talking to him and then I heard Greg say, "I want to see Rob, is he still here?"

Annalise called to me and I came out of my room. Greg stood in the middle of the living area, his Porsche keys in his hands.

"Since I sacked you, a lot of people have been asking about you and I don't mean just staff. It seems you made quite an impression. A lot of people want to see you serving in the bar again so I am reinstating you. You start Friday."

My mouth fell open.

"Don't look so surprised. You loved working there and what difference does it make now that everyone now knows you are a gay transvestite?"

I blushed; I didn't know what to say. "It's embarrassing," I said.

"Man up," Greg said then started to laugh. "Sorry, that's probably the wrong thing to say to a guy who wants to be a woman!"

"But I don't!" I asserted.

Greg slapped his hand with his keys. He was impatient and not given to chit-chat at the best of times.

“Well, whatever. You start back Friday. Annalise will take care of you.”

So I ended up back at the Star Bar! Working as a barmaid only this time everyone knew I was a transvestite (if indeed I was one – I was still not sure!). Male and female customers were curious and according to Greg, the takings were up (which was all he was interested in). As I walked into the staff area after the first shift, Donna put her arms around me and gave me a big hug and a huge kiss on the cheek.

“Oh Roberta, we are so pleased to see you back! We’ve all really missed you. It’s been soooo long since we’ve seen you. I am so pleased you are back. None of us care that you are a gay transvestite – in fact we think it’s really great.”

Over the coming weeks the other girls asked me what it was like being a transvestite and about how I hid my manhood and if I used the ladies toilets when I was out – not to mention asking what did I do for tits! They were really interested and seemed to like the fact that I had “come out.” The bizarre thing was it was all a con. Of course, I wasn’t a *real* transvestite and didn’t enjoy dressing in women’s clothes (OK, maybe a bit!). I only did because I loved Annalise and wanted her like nothing on earth – even though I felt betrayed by her. And I can’t tell you how jealous I was when I heard her and Greg making love or saw them playing around on the sofa.

After that, things settled into a routine again. Annalise and I were working back at the Star Bar only it was better now as I no longer had to hide my gender. There were a lot of times when we were alone; times when we went shopping, times when we walked arm-in-arm together or when we went out for a drink. At those times I was usually dressed as Roberta. Annalise never mentioned the sex we had had and she just seemed to see me as a girlfriend.

Looking back, I can see my transformation was slow and subtle. It started with Annalise saying that Greg questioned her as to why I was not *always* dressed as a woman around the flat – God, that man was jealous! When he visited I was *never* dressed as a woman; Annalise said he was becoming suspicious again so she suggested that I at least wear a negligee or something unisex in the evenings or during the day. As Greg had a key to the flat, we never knew when he was going to pop in which meant I had to start wearing such clothes most of the time. Then one day I came home and saw some black sacks in the hall.

“What’s in those?” I asked.

“Oh, I’ve been having a clear out and got rid of some of our old clothes. The wardrobes are crammed.”

When I looked in my wardrobe I saw that all my male clothing had been removed!

“Annalise,” I protested. “It’s not on. I need my male clothes.”

“Do you? When?” Annalise asked.

“When I go out as a male,” I tried.

Annalise laughed. “You don’t need them around the flat with Greg here and you don’t need them for work. It’s better if you dress as a woman when we go out together. Greg is very, very jealous and he is getting suspicious about us. Do you know he is going to leave his wife for me?”

I thought about Annalise’s comment about me being a dumb blonde and very naïve – it seemed as if I wasn’t the only one. I didn’t say anything. Annalise was right. The time I spent in male garb was getting

less and less; it was becoming rare for me to dress as a male even to go shopping. So I just kind of accepted the situation.

As time went on, Greg started including me more frequently when he came around. He even asked me to come out on a dinner date. Annalise didn't mind, in fact she thought it was "fun" and bought me a lovely silky, pale blue dress for the occasion. We went to a top restaurant and Greg said, "It's great having two beautiful girls on my arm!"

He was like the cat that had got the cream. We had a lovely meal and the night was great; when Greg returned us both to the flat he made sure we both got long, lingering kisses. It was like the final piece in the jig-saw, being accepted as a woman by an arch-womaniser.

Life just got better and better. Having a flat and our own space meant things improved between me and Annalise too. Instead of living cheek by jowl we had our own rooms which meant we could actually unwind by ourselves. The only downside was hearing Annalise and Greg making love. Annalise was just so damned noisy! I felt so, so jealous of Greg! Then one day he suggested the three of us go for a bite to eat and onto a pub which meant I had to pull on a white top, a denim mini and a pair of black boots. I applied my makeup (something Annalise had shown me how to do) and combed my wig down. I sprayed on perfume, collected my handbag, then I stepped out of the room. Greg was standing in the middle of the dining area, his hands in his pockets, he smelt of expensive aftershave.

"My, you do look attractive," he said. "You know I still find it hard to believe you are a guy."

Annalise appeared a few minutes later wearing a pair of tight blue jeans.



“The tranny wears a skirt and the real girl trousers,” he joked.

It was true; in common with most girls, Annalise often wore trousers.

The three of us left the flat together and walked the short distance to a takeaway restaurant. Greg bought us burger and drinks whilst we sat on high stools. Annalise and I loved that; going out for burgers, going to the pictures, doing proper teenage stuff.

Later we went to the pub and Greg bought us a few drinks. I followed Annalise and had a Bacardi and Coke and then a Rum and Coke. I didn't want to get too tipsy but even so the drinks went to my head and for the first time I felt a bit drunk whilst 'dressed.' The three of us linked arms and strolled back to the flat.

As soon as we were back indoors Annalise and Greg started to embrace. Greg's large hands ran all over Annalise's slim body whilst she withered like a snake. Greg had her pinned against the back of the sofa. Her long blonde hair fell about her as he squeezed her large breasts through her white top. I felt aroused despite myself. I knew that to some extent they were doing it to have an effect on me. All night they had been winking at each other and I had caught coded messages which I had thought meant they were just planning their own dessert. Now I knew they wanted me involved in some way. That became apparent when Greg took Annalise by the hand and lead her to her room. In the past the door had been tightly closed but on this occasion it remained wide open.

“Come and join us, Roberta,” Greg called.

Annalise giggled seductively. “Yes come on, Roberta.”

Slowly, I entered the room. Annalise was laying on her back on one side of the bed, looking up at Greg who had pushed up Annalise's top and was fondling her breasts – breasts I had touched. He had loosened his trousers and I could see his large manhood springing out from the top of his designer briefs.

For a moment they seemed obsessed with each other's bodies as they kissed and fondled each other and bit and grabbed at each other's flesh. Then I watched in fascinated horror as Greg pushed down Annalise's tight jeans. Next her silky briefs were disposed of and his large pink-headed manhood was pressed into her tight slit. Annalise groaned and moaned with pleasure. I was transfixed by the sight of Greg pressing his bulbous cock into her; a cock I knew had seen a lot of action. He withdrew it and pressed it home again. Not for the first time I felt inadequate when I compared it to my own, much smaller, member. Then Annalise reached out a hand.

“Roberta, Roberta, come and join us,” she said.

Greg looked to his side. A smile slid up his face and, with a sudden abruptness, he broke off the intercourse and stretched up.

“Yes, Roberta, I think it is now your turn.”

I was so naïve I didn't have a clue!

“Go lean over Annalise,” he said.

I walked to the bed and positioned myself over Annalise's strewn body, my legs either side of hers. She pushed her pert breasts upwards, towards me. Hesitantly, I let my hands wander onto her warm flesh; I felt her breasts and squeezed her nipples. Annalise moaned and whined with pleasure. I was captivated and in that instance I almost forgot that Greg was behind me, virtually naked, his cock erect.

Then I felt my skirt being pushed up and my thong being pushed to one side.

Next I felt lubricant being rubbed into my anal crack. Greg's large hands fondled my buttocks, holding them so tightly I thought they would burst. Despite myself I felt aroused and my already erect cock pulsed with erotic tension. Greg's manipulation of me was having the same effect on Annalise too. She closed her eyes and whispered, "Fuck her, Greg, fuck her."

Greg needed no second invitation. I found myself thrust forward so I was further over the bed and dangling over Annalise. I could smell her delicate scent, the perspiration on her skin. Then I felt it. Greg penetrated me!

His large member invaded my bum checks. Annalise was ecstatic and grabbed hold of my arms and swore at Greg to make sure I was given a "good seeing to." Greg pounded and pushed for some moments and then he exploded into me. I felt sore and confused and the next few minutes passed in a blur. I remember Greg returning to Annalise and punching his cock into her with the skill of the accomplished womaniser he was. I lay to the side of them as their two bodies came together in the act of almost violent copulation but I was no longer interested. All I could think about was that Greg had defiled me and, despite myself, I had enjoyed it.

Chapter Seven

When I look back, I always think of that as the night I had to face up to the fact that I was a transvestite and that I had been deluding myself about not liking women's clothes and male attention. Up until then I had kind of kidded myself that I was dressing for Annalise (which was true in part) and that I was doing it to stay in London with her (which was also true in part). After the encounter with Greg, though, I had to accept that I actually like dressing as a woman and that whatever came of my virtually unrequited love for Annalise, I would still dress up as a woman.

The thing which was most troubling was whether my encounter with Greg meant I was gay. Whilst I was almost happy to accept the fact that I was a transvestite, I was less keen on being gay. Nothing personal you understand. The situation wasn't helped by Annalise who implied I had encouraged Greg by "flirting with him every time he came to the flat" and "leading him on." For although she had encouraged him at the time (and clearly it was something that the two of them had discussed beforehand), afterwards Annalise kept saying she "didn't think he would actually do it" and I noted she was jealous of me! It was really strange because she kept saying to me, "That's not going to happen again, do you hear?" and "If I catch you with Greg, there will be Hell to pay."

It was in those moments that the scales fell from my eyes completely and I suddenly found I was no longer besotted by Annalise. Of course, they had started to peel away when I discovered her betrayal of me but now the last remnants finally went. So, rather than be concerned about what Annalise thought, I started to find the whole thing quite amusing and would even wind her up by dressing quite seductively when Greg came around and flirt with him. If

Annalise thought that was what I had done anyway, why not continue?

By this time I had even been to Miss Primrose for some make-up lessons on my own and was starting to buy my own clothes which was why I say I became a transvestite. Even so, I was confused and bewildered by events. I found I cried a lot. It was an identity thing – Annalise kept describing me as a “gay transvestite” (she took some pleasure from that, I noted) whereas I had always thought of myself as a straight bloke. It was just so weird and I was only just nineteen. I started to talk to Donna a lot at work and even went out for a drink with her. Of course, she had a boyfriend and she thought I was having difficulties coming to terms with my sexuality and gender identity. She suggested counselling. Miss Primrose suggested a sex change and Annalise suggested a tattoo!

It was strange how it happened. We were all due to go out on a hen night as one of the girls, Lucy, who worked at the Star Bar, was getting married. Of course, I was invited – as long as I came as Roberta. Annalise and I had almost become like two female friends, discussing what we were going to wear, makeup, et cetera (we still got on when I was submissive Roberta doing her bidding).

One day, Annalise had said to me coquettishly, “Rob, will you now at least admit that you are a gay transvestite? When all this started, you said it was all down to me wanting you to work in a bar as a girl but I knew right from the start it was what you really, really wanted to do and I was only doing what you wanted.”

Annalise had a lovely way of re-writing history to her make sure it was her own version. I knew she was getting back at me for all the times I had told her I wasn't a transvestite and I was only dressing in women's clothes as I was desperate to have a job and

stay in London. But there was more to it than that. She wanted revenge on me for how I had reacted when she first suggested the Star Bar job – not to mention the fact Greg had had sex with me. Her way of getting revenge came through a tattoo.

So, on the day of Lucy's Hen Night Annalise arranged for four of us to get tattoos done. She had always wanted one but said she was scared of needles and wanted some girly support. She had selected a small rose on her leg. I wasn't sure but agreed to have a small one on my thigh, a rose or something – Annalise said she would pick me something discreet. So Annalise, Donna, Stacey and I all went to the tattooist that afternoon. They got tattoos of flowers and weird shapes on their arms and then it was my turn. I was told to drop my tight jeans and lean over a small couch. The tattooist was a shaven-headed ruffian whom Annalise had obviously spoken to in advance about the appointment and prepared in regard to what she wanted done.

I was foolish to trust Annalise and think that it was just a bit of "girlish fun." With the others watching, he started to write the word TRANSVESTITE across my buttocks. I heard the other girls laughing and I knew it wasn't exactly the rose I had requested. In fact, at one point I told him to stop and got up. I looked in the mirror and saw the large letters which spelt out the word **TRANS** in deepest black.

"What are you writing?" I asked.

"What Annalise has requested," the crew cut rogue said.

"I thought it would be a rose or something."

"Fraid not, Miss," the tattooist said. "Now are you going to keep still or do you want me to ask these lovely ladies to hold you down?"

I sighed and went back to my position. With tears in my eyes, I went through the whole humiliating procedure. The others watched on and laughed and giggled, occasionally commenting on my shapely bum cheeks. At the end I was branded as a “transvestite.” After he was finished, Annalise and I went back to our flat and we got ready for the evening out. I could barely bring myself to speak to Annalise I felt so betrayed by her – yet again. But we went out on the Hen Night; I wore the leather skirt, felt fantastic and just loved being dressed as a girl. Donna looked great too in a tight black dress and heels to die for. At one point she grabbed my arm.

“Sorry about earlier, Roberta. Annalise told us what she was going to do but I didn’t think it would be so big. Still you don’t mind really, do you?”

“No, I suppose not,” I said.

After the tube journey we arrived at the restaurant and one of the other girls held the door open for Donna and I as we walked in, arm-in-arm.

“I think it is great that you have finally come to terms with who you are,” Donna said. “I know Annalise is a bossy cow but I think she had your best interests at heart in getting you the job at the Star Bar and letting everyone know you were transgender.”

I wanted to scream, I’m not! I’m not! But what difference would that have made? I was sitting in a restaurant with a group of twelve other women and girls dressed in a tight top, miniskirt and black high-heeled ankle boots. I had been whistled at when I had walked along the street and on the crowded tube some man of Arab appearance had taken the opportunity to grab my sore buttock. I had to admit it. The word on my arse was true. I was a transvestite. And I was pleased to be one. Wine was ordered and

poured into glasses as we scoured the menu. I turned to Donna and smiled.

“I know what you mean about Annalise, but as you say I am grateful to her. She perhaps knew more about me than I knew about myself. I do love being out dressed as a girl, but I would never go in for a sex change. The only thing she is wrong about and I guess it is an easy mistake to make, is that I am not gay.”

“You’re not!?” Donna laughed. “Come on Roberta, be honest with yourself.”

“I *am* being honest, Donna. I have been doing a lot of thinking lately and I have come to terms with the fact that I am a transvestite and enjoy dressing as a woman but also that I fancy women not men and I am not gay.”

Donna laughed. “But you like to dress as a woman?”

“I know I do, but not all transvestites are gay. In fact, I have done some research into it and the vast majority are not gay.”

“Have you ever been with a man?” Donna asked.

I blushed. Quietly, I said, “Yes, I have been fucked by Greg - but I am still not gay.”

Donna burst into a hearty laugh. “You’ve been fucked by Greg! That means he’s got the set.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, we all have! Every single barmaid that has worked at the Star Bar has had Greg’s poker in them. It is almost a condition of employment.”

“You’re joking!”

“I’m not. Poor Annalise, she thinks he’s in love with her because she has been his main squeeze for months and months but all the time he is cheating on her – as well as his wife of course. It’s his wife I feel sorry for though. Carole is really nice. She knows, of course, but for some reason she puts up with it. Every now and again she has a go about it and Greg mends his ways for a bit and then goes back to womanising. It’s like a leopard not being able to change its spots.”

I was flabbergasted. Greg had had sex with every single barmaid – including me! The fact that I was a male was not going stop him bedding me.

The meal was served and we chatted and laughed. I knew Donna liked me and she kind of liked the idea that Greg had had sex with me too. It was strange, like a bond between all us barmaids. Even poor Lucy, who was getting married, had been bedded by Greg.

For my part, I had become fond of Donna and was disappointed that she too had fallen for his tacky charms. She went on to tell me that she had been warned by the other barmaids when she started that Greg would “bed her” but she had still succumbed to him on four separate occasions – once with another girl who had worked in the Star Bar. Apparently, above the Star Bar Greg had an office and a bedroom and it was there he did the majority of his mating. He also had a number of flats around London which he rented out or used for meeting his clandestine dates like Annalise. As a guy I felt as jealous as hell of Greg. As a woman I thought his behaviour was deplorable – I could not understand why so many women were taken in by him.

Chapter Eight

After the Hen Night, Donna and I met up a few times. I was always dressed and we met up for girly chats and shopping trips. I started to feel that I wanted more though. Under my miniskirt or tight pencil skirt, a male cock pumped. The hetero side of me wanted sex with her, or at the very least, to be able to consider her a girlfriend. It was so frustrating. Donna really did treat me like a girlfriend and even talked at length about her boyfriend, Andy, and what a great lover he was! Sometimes, I wanted to tell her that I felt jealous but I knew she would not understand.

The rumour that I was a “gay transvestite” had circulated throughout the Star Bar and all the customers and staff thought they knew I was transgendered. I don’t think my little talk to Donna at the Hen Night had convinced her otherwise, particularly as I had confessed to the fact that I too had been fucked by Greg. The thought of his cock still gave me nightmares. I had come to terms with the fact I was a transvestite, but was I really gay? Really? I didn’t think so. I fancied Annalise and I fancied Donna and I fancied plenty of other girls too. It was hard to argue with the fact that I looked like a girl and I knew, because of that, most people would think I *was* gay. I had to admit I got a little thrill when I saw a man running his eye over me or when I had my backside pinched as I collected glasses in the Star Bar but that was only because it proved my deception was successful.

So, Donna and I saw each other occasionally outside of work whilst Annalise and I seemed to become further estranged. I cried a lot because I was confused about my sexuality and my feelings for Donna but I kept going out with her as her girlfriend. I found I had become so much more confident and outgoing

working in the Bar but I still longed for the day when I could wear a pair of trousers and a shirt and go out for a drink with some male friends, *male* friends that I didn't have. But that day seemed unlikely to come. I noticed that my all my remaining male clothes had vanished from the wardrobe and Annalise (I now think as an act of spite more than anything else) had placed me in a situation where I was *forced* to live as a woman all the time. Is it any wonder I cried at night?

But the tables were turned on Annalise one night. It had started as a normal Friday working in the Star Bar. I was by the till taking a payment for some drinks when I saw Greg stop dead in his tracks and stare across the crowded room. His eyes were fixed like lasers on someone and I turned to see who it was. She was an attractive blonde in a knee-length black fitted skirt and high-heeled boots. She was very attractive and she was holding Greg's gaze. Annalise had spotted her too and stood behind the bar, facing her.

The mystery woman approached the bar and I could tell by her demeanour she was not a customer who wanted a social drink. No, the mystery blonde was on the warpath. Others had stood to watch as if some invisible spirit had descended on the bar. It was like a scene from one of those tacky soap operas.

"Are you Annalise Baron?" the mysterious blonde asked when she got closer to the bar.

Annalise nodded, slowly.

The blonde lady stuck out her left hand and flashed a large, diamond engagement ring and wedding ring at Annalise.

"I'm Greg's wife," she said slowly.



I turned to look at Greg who had moved towards the bar.

“Now, Carole,” he said. “Let’s not make a scene. Not here.”

“Why ever not?” Carole said calmly. “Why not let everyone in the bar know you have been shagging one of your barmaids?”

“Carole not here, please,” Greg said. “Annalise, go out the back.”

“What? You don’t want me to speak to your mistress?” Carole asserted. “Why ever not?”

I had never seen Greg stuck for words before but he seemed genuinely embarrassed. “Carole, we can talk about this. Now let’s go somewhere quiet away from the bar.”

“No! I won’t go anywhere quiet. Everyone needs to know that you are a dirty, dirty bastard and you are shagging this fucking trollop.”

Annalise had not moved from the beer pumps so was taken aback when a diamond-encrusted ringed hand shot out like a bullet and hit her across the cheek. She fell back, holding her grazed cheek.

“You cow,” Annalise shouted. “You fucking cow!”

She recovery quickly and grabbed Carole by the hair. Suddenly the two were fighting with the bar in-between; Carole grabbed Annalise by the hair in turn and soon the two women were trying to wrestle with each other whilst they called each other various unsavoury names. Greg tried to pull Annalise off Carole and in so doing shot back and slithered to the floor, Annalise on top of him. Carole wasn’t finished though. She grabbed hold of some poor punter’s full

pint of beer and threw the contents all over Annalise. Then she grabbed another pint and doused the two again.

“And don’t think you can come home and sleep with me tonight, you cheating bastard,” Carole yelled as she turned on her high heel and stomped out of the bar. The punters who had witnessed the fight parted like the Red Sea as the crimson-faced woman stormed through the door, whilst the rest of us stood around in shock. It was like a scene from a Wild West movie.

For a few days Annalise would not leave her room. She would not go to work either. All I could hear was sobbing from her bedroom. Greg had dumped her. Carole had given him a “her or me” ultimatum and he had chosen Carole (as apparently he always did). Annalise was distraught. Greg had a quiet word with me.

“Listen Roberta, you have always been a good friend to Annalise. Annalise can work here, that’s no problem; I know it’s tough but she has to move on. You two can have the flat for as long as you like. Annalise just needs to sort herself out and get on with it.”

However, a few days later Annalise “sorted herself out” by packing her things up and leaving to go back to Leeds which meant I was left on my own for a while. Greg didn’t say anything; in fact I think he was secretly pleased. Annalise had become too attached to him. Strangely he allowed me to stay in the flat; he wasn’t charging much rent but he didn’t seem keen on me moving out so I just kept quiet. At first I thought he would be around for a few extras but he seemed to be lying low for a while.

Carole even started visiting the Star Bar to check on him and to look over the accounts; I found her a

very warm and funny person and got on well with her. The first time I met her she said to me, “You must be the gay transvestite I have heard so much about. I’ve worked a lot with transgender people so I might be able to help.”

It turned out she worked with a transgender charity. I started to open up to her and I told her the story of my life in Leeds, Annalise, and how she had got me to dress as a girl. She hated Annalise, of course, and seemed only too pleased to learn that Annalise had tricked me too and was a bit of a minx.

“I don’t think you are gay,” she said to me. “I think you like being a transvestite but you are basically heterosexual.”

That gave me a lot of confidence, so much indeed that when Donna and Andy split up, I went out, dressed as a woman, and bought some male clothes and aftershave. I was determined to ask her out.

It was strange because I saw her most evenings during the week and had plenty of opportunity but I did not want to ask her out whilst I was dressed as a girl. Instead, I concocted a story that I had a desire to go shopping with her and suggested I called at her house one Saturday morning.

I was as nervous as anything as I pulled my denim jeans over my smooth, hairless legs and debated with my mirror whether or not my shirt looked better out than tucked in. When I had decided on ‘out’ I plied my face with aftershave. God, I was nervous. For one thing I knew Donna would expect to see Roberta on the doorstep and the whole thing would be a shock to her.

I took the train across town. I tried to read a newspaper but it was useless. I could not concentrate; all I could do was think of Donna and what her likely re-

action to me was going to be. There was even a part of me that wanted to go home and get changed into girl's clothes! I felt so much more confident as Roberta, so much more at home. Yet how could I ask a girl out dressed as another girl? That would not seem right and I wanted desperately for Donna to think of me as a proper date. The train stopped and I walked over the bridge and to the station exit.

Donna lived in a row of 1950s terraced houses on the edge of town. I searched for the street, looking for signs amongst the parked cars. Eventually, I found where she lived and started to walk up the road to number 29. My heart was pounding and my hands felt clammy. What would Donna think of me? I walked up the steps and pressed the bell. I waited nervously for a few seconds until the door was pulled open by a dark haired girl in her dressing gown.

“Is Donna in?” I asked.

The girl turned her back on me and called up the stairs.

“Donna, there's someone to see you.”

The girl disappeared into the front room which I guess was where she slept. First I saw the familiar jeans on the slim legs and then I saw Donna bouncing down stairs. I smiled, almost forgetting the shock she was going to have. She looked puzzled. Then the penny dropped – she had never seen me dressed as a man, never seen me as Rob!

“It's me, Rob, Roberta,” I said.

“No, it can't be!”

“It is. Do you want me to show you my tattoo to prove it?”

Donna laughed. “No, I don’t think so; it is too early in the morning to be looking at men’s bums. But why have you come like this?”

It seemed such a strange question; to most people the outfits I wore down the Star Bar were the oddity, not my male clothes!

“I wanted you to see me as Rob; I wanted to go out as Rob. I get fed up with always having to play a part.”

Donna shrugged. “Fair enough,” she said. “I just wish you had told me that’s all. It was a bit of a surprise to me. I will get my bag.”

She walked to the front room and picked up a black padded hand bag.

“Anyone saw my ciggies?” she called.

“Julia’s got them,” an anonymous voice responded.

Donna mounted the stairs two at a time.

“Julia have you got my ciggies?”

The offending items must have been thrown at Donna who thanked “Julia” and came back down stairs.

“Sorry about that. There are six of us live here and it gets a bit manic at times.”

I smiled and thought of my own large pad which was even quieter now Annalise had moved out. Maybe Donna could move in?

“Don’t worry,” I said. “That’s the thing about being in a shared house.”

It made me think how lucky I was to be the recipient of Greg's largesse. For some reason he didn't seem to be keen to move me out though he could have earned double or even treble the rent I paid - yet still I had no clue as to why. Well, I did but he hadn't really tried it on as yet.

Donna and I walked back to the station and got a train in to town. We spent a pleasant couple of hours shopping and then found a small café called the Patisserie Valerie in Covent Garden where I made my confession.

"Donna," I said over a cappuccino, "will you go out with me? I mean as Rob."

Donna sat back in her seat. "I thought you were a gay transvestite, that's what everyone says. I know you tried to convince me you weren't but, to be honest, I've always thought of you as a girl."

"It's not true," I said. "I fancy women. I know that now, after Greg and everything, I know that. I want a girlfriend. I want a wife eventually. Of course, I like dressing. I love it. I don't know if I would have loved it without Annalise introducing me to it but now I have a real feel for it. I know I look good and I like the character of Roberta. Will you go out with me as Rob though? That's what I want more than anything."

"I don't know," Donna said. "It is a big shock. I don't know how I feel about it. Maybe we could go out again with you as Rob and we would be friends. We would take it slowly. It will be so strange though, seeing you as Roberta in the Star Bar and as Rob outside of work. So strange..."

We went out a few times, maybe five or six and then, on my day off I received a text: *"Sorry Rob can only see you as a girl. Seeing you at work and then as a guy is doing my head in. Massive Confusion! Shall*

we end it now before it gets too mad? Like you lots and hope it works out for you. Hope OK to be friends with both Rob and Roberta. Later.”

So that was that. There was someone else of course. There always is. This time it was a lean, black chap called Gary who had come into the Bar with some mates. He had asked Donna out and she had succumbed to his advances. Then I got the text. Afterwards she was still friendly but she didn't talk to me as she had done in the past – that side was ruined. I was lonely and sad and fed up with my life. At first I just hung out at the flat and when it was time to get ready, I would get dressed up and I would go to work.

It took me a lot longer than real girls to get ready so I spent most of my time at home, choosing outfits and preparing my body for the night's work. My routine was to have a bath at 3 PM, shave my body and then cleanse it with lotions. I loved being smooth-skinned. Then I would pull on a pair of panties. Next it was an all-in-one into which I would slot my breast forms. After that I would choose an outfit from the wardrobe.

For the bar I usually wore a skirt and top; this worked well as my top half was bigger than my bottom. I would select a white top and perhaps a black skater skirt. Depending on the weather I would either wear tights or go out with bare legs which I liked. On another night it might be a tartan miniskirt, a light jumper and black patterned tights teamed up with low-heeled shoes or ankle boots (I always wore low heeled shoes as my feet hurt so much at the end of a shift) or occasionally I would wear knee-length boots which I found the men who came into the Star Bar liked. Oh, I had plenty of clothes to choose from.

It was strange, this masquerade into female territory. I would never have thought of doing it but once I

had started, I could not stop. It was just so different from the male world; how the breeze lifted your skirt, the weight of my very realistic falsies in the bra pouches, the feel of the Lycra tights on my bare legs, it was incredible really.

I had bought a shorter blonde wig too as I found the other one made my head a bit hot and the long hair could be a bit cumbersome. Of course, punters thought I had just had a haircut. It was amazing how many men commented and said they liked my new look. That was how I lived; getting dressed, going to work, coming home. After the disappointment of Donna, I really started to enjoy it. I felt free, liberated. For one thing, for the first time I was doing all the makeup and choosing the outfits, and it was great.

In a strange way, looking back, my happiest time as a barmaid was the time after I had got over Donna's rejection and I had the flat to myself. I didn't have to worry about Greg coming around (although it was always in the back of my mind), I had my own room and space and I developed as a transvestite. I learnt a lot of skills. I had makeup lessons from a professional and visited transvestite shops and support groups. I made some friends and we even went to clubs in London like the Way Out Club. It was great to mix with other people like men who had a similar interest. They really admired me because I had a job and was accepted. Everyone was amazed at how good I looked and my confidence went through the roof. I really felt good about myself. I began to love being a transvestite.

It wasn't long before Greg was through his period of self-imposed purdah and started getting fresh with a new girl called Gemma (he obviously wanted to keep that 100% record of having slept with every barmaid intact). I noticed he also started to get fresh with me. He pinched and slapped my bum and said how nice looking I was. The funny thing was Carole

didn't seem to mind and in some ways actually encouraged it. It was as if I was "safe." The flirting did not go far but I knew Greg had me in a compromised position. I could not complain because I still lived in his flat paying a ridiculously small amount of rent for a flat which would be worth a lot more on the market so I just put up with it.

One evening I was serving behind the bar as normal when an attractive lady who I thought I recognised walked in. She was tall and wore her hair in a short bob; she had a lovely, slim figure and luscious long legs which were enhanced by a short suede miniskirt. The odd thing was that when she walked in she looked at me and no one else. She drew closer and perched on a barstool. Fortunately, it was a quiet night in the middle of the week.

"I'll have a vodka and coke, thanks, no ice."

I mixed a drink for her and all the while I could feel her eyes drilling into me. I returned to the counter and placed the drink down.

"You don't recognise me, do you?" the lady asked, taking a sip.

I shook my head. I am terrible with faces at the best of times.

"I'm Caroline; we used to live in the same house together I was in the flat above yours. I've been looking for you..."

Then the penny dropped! Caroline Moore, the journalist who had exposed me in a Sunday newspaper. I could not believe the check of it.

"What are you doing here?" I asked with what I hoped was hostility in my voice.

“As I say I’ve been looking for you. To be honest, I thought it would take a lot longer to find you as I did not expect you to still be working here.”

“And I nearly wasn’t after all the garbage you wrote about me.”

Caroline laughed a light, fluttering laugh. “Come on, Roberta, it didn’t do you any harm.”

I thought back to how I had felt on that Sunday: not just the bar staff reading it but my friends in Leeds. It had made it impossible for me to leave London and return home, even if I had wanted to. I had been exposed as a transvestite even if, at that time, I did not even know I was really one.

“You betrayed me.” I said. I was conscious I sounded a bit melodramatic.

“How could I betray you? I didn’t even know you. You and Annalise were just a couple of young fools who lived in Flat Number Four and who I passed occasionally in the hall. I hardly knew you.” She looked down at her drink and added, “I’m sorry if it led to the break-up of your relationship with Annalise though, if indeed it did. You seemed like a nice couple.”

I shrugged. “I don’t know that it did,” I said. “I think that relationship was already on the rocks.”

The reality was it had not done too much harm. In fact we had gained Greg’s flat and, after the initial curiosity that there was a transvestite working behind the bar, even the bar trade settled down. The regulars took no notice and the new customers didn’t know.

Caroline held my gaze. She had lovely blue eyes that sparkled under the artificial light.

“So, maybe I did you a favour?” Caroline asked.

I had to smile; she certainly had the cheek of the devil. “Maybe you did.”

“Roberta, there’s other customers that want serving,” Greg called.

I walked off and served some other people whilst Caroline looked at her iPhone. Later in the evening I came back to her.

“I think it’s great, Roberta, what you do, I mean. I want the paper to run a piece about you, your life in London as a transgendered person. It will be supportive, of course, and show lots of nice pictures. There’s money in it for you too. Good money. Give me a bell if you are interested.”

She placed a business card on the bar top, slid off the stool and snaked from the bar, swinging her large handbag as she walked. I watched as a young man held the door open for her and she mouthed a ‘thank you.’ I placed the card down my cleavage. The thought of me in a newspaper, photos and all, well that would shock Annalise and my friends in Leeds. I have to admit, strange as it may seem, it made me feel a bit aroused. It would not be like that fateful Sunday because I would be in control – and there was money in it too. I could not work at the Star Bar for ever and had been looking for jobs again – day time jobs where I could dress as a male. Seeing the twilight world of transvestites who worked as bankers, cleaners, shop worker, brokers had shown me an alternative lifestyle. Maybe an expose would be the boost I needed.

A few days after Caroline’s visit to the Star Bar I made the fateful call.

Chapter Nine

I was at home and when I called Caroline on her mobile, she was obviously walking along a street and was out of breath. She said she would give me a call back on the number displayed and asked me a good time, which I said was during the day. I didn't hear from her for a couple of days but then she did call and she suggested that we meet up for a coffee. I was a bit bored and didn't have a lot going on so I was more than willing to break the monotony of my day by meeting her. It was kind of fun getting dressed for a daytime meeting. I choose to wear a pink and black bodicon dress matched up with a pink handbag with pink high-heeled shoes. I got the tube across town to central London and walked down the street, basking in the warmth of the summer day and cursing the distance I had to walk in 4-inch heels.

I approached Caroline who was sitting at a table outside a café. Predictably she was on the phone and a cigarette was resting on an ashtray. She ended her call.

“Sorry about that, work. I'm trying to get a photoshoot together. Do you wanta order yourself a coffee and then we can chat.”

I came back to the table with my cappuccino and sat down opposite her.

“You don't mind if I smoke, do you?”

I said I didn't.

Caroline was very business-like. “So tell me, Roberta, how did you get into dressing up as a woman? Is it something you have done since you were a child?”

“Oh no,” I said. Then I started to tell her the true story of me and Annalise, just how I have documented it here. Caroline kept looking at me and occasionally smiling, she was listening intently.

When I had finished, Caroline said, “Wow, that’s a really great story. What I want to do is an article on you. I will use the photo from last time and then tell your story of how you came to London, couldn’t find a job and your girlfriend got you a job at a bar, the twist being it was as a barmaid!”

“Friend,” I corrected.

“Girlfriend sounds better,” Caroline said. “And also it makes you sound like a normal, straight guy who was persuaded to do something by his girlfriend. It is a different story to the one I imagined but it will work all the same, especially if you now love being dressed as a woman. Guys will read it and think, ‘God, that could be me!’ It will really work well.”

My heart started to race. Had I got myself in too deep? I knew that journalists like to stitch people up. I thought of the phrase, *When you sup with the devil you need a long spoon*. Caroline seemed so convincing and concerned it was hard not believe her, but...

“Will it be positive?” I said. “I mean, I would hate it to sound bad about me. I’m already banned from going back to Leeds as Annalise’s ex wants to kill me. There’s been a lot written about me on Facebook as well and I don’t want any more trouble.”

Caroline laughed. “Don’t worry, Roberta, I am on your side. This will be positive, it really will. We will book you into a studio and get some glam photos of you, then I’ll put it forward for publishing. How does that sound?”

“OK,” I said. I was almost mesmerised by her confident, no-nonsense approach.

“You don’t sound too sure?”

“I’m just worried, that’s all,” I said.

“Don’t be,” Caroline re-assured me, and she touched my arm which felt really nice. Then she said quietly, “This time it will all be alright. Trust me.”

As she spoke, she gently stroked my arm.

“I do trust you,” I said. I suddenly felt really good. I thought about Annalise reading about me in the newspaper again – it would be proof I could dress as a girl without her help. It would show all those people in Leeds that I had made it – perhaps not in the way I had hoped for but I had made it all the same.

“Any questions? Caroline asked.

“Well, what about payment?” I asked.

Caroline smiled. “I thought you would ask about that. Well, I will have to put it before a sub-editor and then see what he agrees to. It depends if they cut the article or not but I will make sure you get something.”

So that’s what happened. A few days later Caroline met me around my flat and we went through the story again, only this time she wrote details down and recorded the interview as back up. I even showed her some photos of myself dressed in different outfits and let her look through my wardrobes.

“Wow, you have got some lovely outfits,” Caroline said. “These clothes put the average woman’s wardrobe to shame.”

I blushed. “I must admit I do like buying nice clothes – I have kinda got the feel for it.”

Caroline laughed. “If a burglar broke in here, he would think it was the flat of a single woman.”

“I know, Annalise saw to it that there was no male stuff left. Since she’s gone I’ve not seen the need to replenish the male clothes, though I do have some emergency male clothes in a box under the bed.”

Caroline moved out of the bedroom and slumped back into the leather sofa. “It’s funny Greg letting you stay on in the flat when his main love interest has moved away.”

That was what I thought too. I suspected it was because I was his new love interest, someone he could pursue without Carole being concerned, but I did not say anything.

A few days after the visit to my flat, Caroline booked time at a studio. I went down all dressed up and had some photos taken professionally.

“Choose any clothes you want from the rail,” Caroline said.

Firstly I went for a short, hugging black number and then an evening dress which billowed out around my smooth legs. The photographer’s assistant held a hair dryer against me so the dress and my hair billowed out. I felt wonderful and feminine and all the while Caroline was saying how pretty I looked and how I suited being a girl. It was great fun. Caroline had even sourced for me a new blond wig which was curly and made of human hair. It was very natural, very natural indeed.

At one point Caroline asked me to wear a hooped white dress as she wanted me to look like a Southern

Belle. The photographer took photograph after photograph, waiting patiently whilst I changed from one outfit to another. But the photo I really liked, and the one the sub-editor used as the main photo as it kinda connected back to the original article, was of me in a black leather miniskirt and asymmetrical black leather vest. In the photograph I was wearing extremely high-heeled black shoes and the photographer's assistant had again used the hair dryer to blow out my hair. The soft lighting centred on my hair and face and on my clothes. I was nineteen years old and I was smiling broadly into the camera. I had long bare legs and for the entire world I looked like a girl, with my left hand on my hip and my right hand touching the hem of my skirt. I looked happy and confident. The makeup artiste had even painted my toenails so that they could be seen poking through the toes of my high-heeled sandals. The headline read:

“Roberta, the barmaid with that little bit extra...”

When the article came out I lay on the bed reading it with mounting excitement. As Caroline had said it was sympathetic and explained how I had come to London with my girlfriend, Annalise, but had been unable to find a job so she suggested I worked in the same bar that she was employed in – The Star Bar. I looked at the pictures. I looked great. Caroline had had an artist on hand to help with the makeup (she had made me scrub off my makeup job) and there was no doubt she had done a fantastic job. The finished result was a pretty blonde who no one would doubt was a girl – until they read the article.

“You looked fantastic in the *Sunday Bullet*,” Greg said as I arrived at work the next day.

“Thanks,” I said.

“Still you have to watch all this publicity – you don’t want to bring the bar into disrepute, do you?”

I told him I didn’t.

“Well then, perhaps you should ask my permission before you run off and do any media work again. Is that clear?” He appeared to be quite annoyed.

“Yes Greg,” I said. I felt despondent.

“Alternatively I might just have to smack your pretty little bottom.”

I knew Greg was being a sexist pig and was unable to use such language to the other girls who worked there but with me it was different. I had no choice but to accept his sexism because of the flat. Likewise when Greg sometimes found his way to squeezing my arse or rubbing against me, I could not say anything. He did it to one or two of the other girls too. I guessed he chose his victims carefully. Meanwhile, Carole was making more appearances in the bar to keep an eye on Greg. Having seen off Annalise, she was not prepared to see her husband “led astray” again. What amazed me was that Carole felt that the affair was mostly Annalise’s fault!

A week or so after the article had been published, Caroline came back to the bar and asked me what I thought about it. Fortunately, it was quiet so we were able to have quite a good chat to her and I said how much I liked it. She surprised me then saying, “When is you’re night off?”

I told her I was off on Wednesday that week, to which she replied, “Let me take you out for a meal to celebrate the article and apologise for the first one.”

I smiled, it was long time since I had been out with a really pretty woman. There was just one question gnawing at me.

“Shall I come as Rob or Roberta?” I asked

Caroline smiled. “Come as who you really are, Roberta. I don’t mind.”

So that was a real date with a woman who really didn’t mind my transformations from male to female. Part of me wanted to date a girl normally rather than always being a transvestite. It was a really hard decision but I decided to go as Rob which meant I had to once again buy new male clothes. We had agreed to meet outside the restaurant so I got a taxi into town so that Caroline did not see my attire until I got out. When I emerged from the taxi, I could see she was disappointed.

“You would have preferred me to come as Roberta?” I said.

“Yes, I suppose I would really. It is just that I have grown close to Roberta over the last few times we have met and I really like seeing her. I remember seeing you walking down the hall at the old house carrying the shopping or coming back from the laundrette dressed as Rob but I have had more to do with Roberta.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I will remember next time.”

“So you want there to be a next time too?” Caroline questioned as we walked into the high class restaurant.

“Yes, of course,” I said. “I would love to go out with you some more.”

“But I’m thirty-five, Rob, much too old for you.”

We were sitting down at the table by then and Caroline's revelation really took me by surprise.

"Good God, you don't look it," I exclaimed. You could have blown me over with a puff of air, such was my shock.

"Afraid so, 35 next month to be exact."

I took in Caroline's slim figure; she always seemed to wear miniskirts which accentuated her long, slim legs. She was certainly very attractive.

"I don't mind," I said. "I like the older woman."

In truth I had not really thought about it until then.

We had a lovely meal and after we took the cab back to her place which was a few miles from the restaurant – it was a flat, of course, and a very expensive one at that. Caroline had decorated it tastefully in a modern and minimalistic style. It overlooked the Thames as well so I knew it was worth a lot.

We got back to the apartment and Caroline said she would make a cup of coffee. When she returned from the kitchen, she handed me the cup and she sat on the sofa next to me. It was a clear, starry night and we watched the lights of the office blocks across the city of London and of the odd vessels that sailed passed. Suddenly, Caroline put her arm around me.

"You know maybe it could work," she said, "If you like the older, dominating woman."

I felt myself starting to get aroused. "I would like to give it a try at least."

"I was hoping you would say that," Caroline said. Then her lips fell on mine and we were French kiss-

ing. I felt her pert breasts under her chiffon blouse, felt her bra. Then her hand was feeling my erect cock in my trousers. It was amazing. A few minutes later and Caroline was on top of me, she loosened my trousers. Next she pushed them down and my small pecker popped up. Caroline loosened her skirt, shifted it down her legs, then sat astride me. My cock had never felt so erect. I could not believe what was happening – I was about to make love to a beautiful, mature woman. Caroline eased her pussy down on my spike and started to rock back and forth, back and forth. I stretched up into her soft slit. I closed my eyes and let my hands wander over her breasts and in that moment I wondered what it would be like making love as Roberta again.

Chapter Ten

I didn't have long to wait – though it was not in the way I had wanted. One night, after I had finished work, Greg called me upstairs to his office.

“You've been rather disobedient, Roberta, and I think it is time I punished you. You have tried to resist my advances and have been rather slacking in your duties around the bar.”

My heart skipped a beat; I stood with my ankles crossed and gripped my clammy hands tightly. I had been expecting it of course; I knew the flat was no “free lunch.”

“I'm sorry,” I said. “Are you going to sack me?”

A slippery smile spread like butter across Greg's face. “Sack you? No, I had a punishment in mind. On the whole you are a good worker and Carole likes you. She thinks it is great that I am giving a job to a

member of the LGBT community as she calls it and I know she would be pretty annoyed if I got rid of you, but a punishment, well no one can complain about that, can they, sweetie?”

As Greg spoke, he came closer to me and fanned his hand through my blonde wig; he fiddled with my gold earring. I stood stock still, my fingers interwoven, feeling the soft PVC of my black skater skirt. I knew Greg was aroused (wasn't he always?) and was acting out a fantasy but I also knew I had to take whatever was coming my way.

“I think a little bottom warming should do you good, don't you?” he said like in an authoritative voice.

“Yes,” I agreed.

“I think you should turn around and lean over the back of the chair that is positioned behind you, don't you?”

“Yes,” I agreed again. I had noticed the white, wooden chair when I had come into the room and wondered what it was doing in the middle of the floor. Now I knew!

I turned slowly and walked over to it. It was a ritual, of course. Yes, I was naïve, yes I was innocent and only nineteen years of age but I had learnt so much since I had been relocated to London that nothing surprised me. Now, I was to experience BDSM for the first time!

I got into position. I felt scared and I wanted to go home. The bar was closed and quiet; in fact we were the only people left and would be until the cleaners arrived in the morning. No wonder girls said that once he got you alone there was “no escape” – there

really was nowhere to run and no one would hear your shouting.

I felt Greg's approach from behind, then I felt his hands on my PVC-covered orbs. He rubbed my buttocks and then he pressed his cock against me. Despite myself I felt turned-on. Then the skirt was whisked up. Unlike the other girls who just wore tiny thongs (oh the things I had seen!), I had to wear bigger knickers to hold in my diminutive manhood. Greg forced my knickers down to my ankles. My bare buttocks were exposed. They shivered with cold and fear.

“Now Roberta, I want you to count each smack.”

I felt his hand on my back and then SMACK! He walloped my backside really hard. Another smack followed in quick succession, then another and another. The whacks rained down on my tender behind, leaving it sore and raw. Greg really worked up a head of steam that night as he belaboured me and as he did he chided me for ruining his relationship with Annalise and ‘dancing around the bar like a flirt trying to attract men’. The worst ‘crime’ was selling my story to the press – not once but twice!

God, he warmed my arse that night as I held onto the chair for dear life. When he had finished, he dripped oil onto my super-heated buttocks and massaged it in with his large hands. Worse was to follow, as I knew it would, for afterwards Greg once again had anal sex with me. All I could think about was the flat and how I was actually paying him back for letting me live there so cheaply – I had become a de facto rent boy.

When I told Caroline, she laughed. We were sitting in a café just off Oxford Street. I had met her for lunch and this time I had come as Roberta. I was wearing jeans rather than a skirt and I had gone back to my long, blonde wig which she had liked when I

had been living in the bedsit with Annalise and she had been living in the flat above. Caroline was the only person I thought I could trust with such a confession.

“My God, Roberta,” she said. “You certainly attract them!”

“But I am not gay,” I said. “I know it is strange because I dress up like a girl and I enjoy it but really I am not gay.”

Caroline took my hand. “Look Roberta, I know you are not gay and really how Greg is treating you is appalling - it is old-fashioned sexual harassment and the fact you are a transvestite makes no difference. I want to get you away from it all, I really do. I think you should move out and stop being financially dependent on him as he will do it again and again.”

“I know but I have no money and can’t afford anywhere in London – not on my own – everything is so expensive.”

Caroline took a sip of her black coffee and thought for a few minutes.

“Look, that flat that I have now is too big for me. I managed to buy it because I inherited some money and have had a promotion. I could let you have a room. I know it is rushing things but I really think we need to move you out of Greg’s flat and that means out of the Star Bar. I think the first thing to do is get you a new job and then we will see what we can do.”

So that’s what we did. I had been trying, prior to meeting Caroline, to find a new job but had failed. Caroline updated my CV and soon she had found me an office job at a newspaper, doing telesales which was basically selling advertising space. I was Rob

rather than Roberta, of course, and that meant I had to go to work in a suit.

Greg was shocked when I told him I was leaving.

“I can’t let you stay in the flat. You know that, don’t you?”

I said I did.

A few weeks later I moved in with Caroline...

Postscript

We are married now and have two girls. I didn’t wear a dress when we got married, in fact it was quite a traditional affair with Caroline in a lovely off-the-shoulder ivory dress. I so wanted to wear it but knew it was too small for me. By then I had another job in an office – I’d not proved very good at telesales. Caroline had moved on from the Sunday Bulletin and had a job as assistant editor at a woman’s magazine so she earned a good wage and could support us both. We bought a charming house together in the south of England.

Caroline always said she loved the fact I was not competing with her and supported her in her career. Then the children came along – first Sophie and then Emma – two lovely girls. That put a pay to the dressing. I was just a regular transvestite by then, dressing when I could but of course the children put a stop to a lot of our activities, which I regretted. Even so, when we lay in bed at night Caroline loved to hear me tell stories about my past; about the bar work and about Annalise and Greg. I found I was pretty turned on by it all as well. As I grew older it seemed hard to

believe that I had gotten away with it as an innocent eighteen/nineteen year old. That I had actually passed in public *en femme* with such ease. Of course, I had youth on my side and a clear complexion – not to mention a lovely, slim, size 10 figure and long, shapely legs which most women would have been envious of. Before the children, Caroline and I used to go to a support group where I made a few friends. I used to get magazines and books with TG themes from Reluctant Press and the like but that all changed as the children got older and asked more questions – you could keep nothing from their prying eyes.

Even so, Caroline and I still had all our *en femme* paraphernalia and whenever there was an opportunity I would dress up – normally when the children were in bed, but it lacked the buzz of the Star Bar; the thrill of getting ready in the afternoon and venturing out as a woman to go to work, particularly after Annalise had left and I had had to do it all by myself. As I say, in some ways those were the happiest days: the thrill of the PVC skater skirt rubbing against my nyloned legs, the hardness of the pavement under the sole of my ankles boots; the feeling of being so dammed exposed! No, those days were gone, worse luck. I had swapped them for a beautiful wife and two lovely children and so had no regrets. But I did miss the old days. One day I was sounding off to Caroline about it.

“Well, why don’t you write about it?” she said. “I can help you.”

“I’ve never been much good at writing,” I said. “I don’t think I could do it.”

“Of course you could. Give it a go and I’ll help you. In fact, I even have the recording of our interview; I kept it and used to listen to it because I loved the story so much. I loved you telling me that story – it

was such a turn on – that’s one of the reasons I recorded it.”

So I sat at the computer and started to write, aided by my own voice on the Dictaphone which had told Caroline my true story for her article. I showed my first efforts to Caroline...

“I couldn’t believe my luck, I really couldn’t, Annalise Baron wanted to come to London with me! She was the most beautiful girl in the school with long, blonde hair and a figure to die for and she wanted to come to London with me! I would do anything for her, and she knew it.”

Caroline took out her editor’s pen.

“Rob, you must always start with the pot boiling – grab hold of your readers and take them on a journey with you. Think about an event when you really thought to yourself, *Yes, I have made it; I can really pass as a girl.*”

There were a lot of moments like that, but then I started to think about Lucy’s Hen Night and standing on the platform at the tube station – it had been a dramatic day because of the tattoo. I suppose that was the moment I really felt accepted as a girl and, although most of the party knew; aunties, cousins, friends, none of them minded: I was so convincing they treated me like a girl. So I started to type for all my worth and on this occasion, Caroline was pleased, very pleased; she started to read my efforts out loud.

“That’s it Rob, you have it. The story of how you became Roberta, starting with that boiling pot.”

That night she read it back to me in bed – it was kinda erotic.

“So I am standing waiting for the tube train. Its nighttime and I am going out with a whole bunch of girls – there’s about ten of us in total. Annalise is next to me of course: blonde, tall, sexy, sassy and totally feminine. She is laughing, joking and generally enjoying herself. I feel happy and self-confident. In fact, a feeling of pleasure is bubbling up inside me; I almost feel ecstatic. I am dressed as a girl and no-one else on the platform, bar the small cluster of girls I am with, knows my little secret.

And I suppose that was how Sophie nearly found out about her dad’s cross dressing. One day, as I was typing away, I had the two articles that Caroline had written for the Sunday Bullet on the desk. Our eldest daughter, came into the room and said,

“Daddy, what are you doing?”

“I’m writing a story, Sophie,” I replied.

Then she pointed to the large photograph of the blonde wearing the black leather miniskirt and black vest which had appeared in the second article. She asked,

“Who’s that girl, Daddy?”

I sighed, “It’s a very long story, but one day I will tell you. I promise one day I will tell you.” Then I reached down, scooped Sophie up and sat her on my knee. I kissed her neck. “One day, darling, I will tell you the story of barmaid Rob.”

The End