



Reluctant Press presents:

MUMMY'S GIRL

Charlotte Mayo



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Mummy's Girl

BY Charlotte Mayo

My mother was... is...a beautiful, feminine woman. Looking back now, I can see why she wanted a daughter... .. to dress in pretty clothes... for company when she went shopping and to have girly chats. Having three sons must have been torture to her, especially as Dad was the macho type who wanted to take his boys camping and fishing. When she became unexpectedly pregnant with her fourth child, I suppose she thought it was divine intervention – all that praying at church every Sunday had finally paid off. Imagine her disappointment when I was born; a bouncy, bubbly, cuddly, little boy.

She even bought girls clothes for me – little bonnets and pieces in pink. When she became pregnant, my Dad insisted she had an abortion but, being a good Catholic, she refused. My Dad virtually disowned me at birth – Mum had disobeyed him and that was that – she could bring me up. My three brothers were a lot older than me; Andrew was born in 1958; James was born in 1960 and Charles was born in 1963. That laves me, born in 1970.

My parents, Georgina and Richard were wealthy – or at least Dad was. He was ten years older than Mum and saw her as a trophy wife – he was very much of the old school. Men were men and women were, well, women. He expected her to do womanly things like cook, clean, sew, keep house. Not that my mother ever had to do any of those things - we were rich enough to afford a domestic who came in a couple of times a week. My mother had to look pretty and be on hand to welcome Dad home from work. She also had to run the house, which meant she planned the meals and acted as hostess when entertaining at home. Mum was quite feminine but I guess she got a bit bored with the domestic life. Dad wasn't sensitive and didn't much care for feminine things and womanly concerns so Mum was probably a bit lonely too – hence her hankering for a daughter, a soul mate, a friend.

I must have been a huge disappointment. Mum knew she would not get another chance to have a baby. Mum was 35 and Dad was 45 when she became unexpectedly preg-

nant once more. Dad made sure it could not happen again – he had the snip. No, I was the end of the Graham line. Number Four. Philip Graham.

To compound Mum's heartbreak at giving birth to yet another boy, her friend from the horse riding stables, Olivia, gave birth to a child three months earlier, a girl, who was named Annette. It must have been agonising for Mum, so cruel, such a nauseating twist of fate; certainly Mum thought so. Life had been unfair to her, she thought. From then on, every telling off I received would end with the admonishment, "Why could you have not been born a girl?"

I was born in June; on a hot, summer's day in July, when Dad was at work and my brothers were at school, Mum dressed me in a little bonnet and pink baby wear and pushed the pram out of the house. I was a girl, at least for a few hours as she pushed the silver pram along the street. It became something of a habit. Fearing she'd be recognised close to home, after that first trip she would drive to another area where she wasn't recognised and push me through a strange town awaiting the coos, ohhhs and ahhs from other mothers, who'd say what a pretty little thing I was with lovely rosy cheeks and girlish curls.

That lasted until the baby things were found in the wash basket by Andy. Mum had to think on her feet and she told him that Olivia's washing machine had broken down. It was a close shave, though, and I believe she stopped dressing me up as a baby girl.

Of course, I was oblivious to all this. I don't know if it had any effect on me, subconsciously I mean, but what I do remember well was the first time Mum dressed me properly.

It happened like this. I've already said her best friend, Olivia, had a baby daughter a few months before Mum had me. Olivia and Mum were close and would go riding together. Olivia was well aware that Mum wanted a girl and had been disappointed when I had been born. Olivia's daughter Annette and I used to play together and, like all young children, we would dig deep into the dressing-up box that Olivia provided in the nursery. Of course, the box contained a number of female garments which I tried on, oblivious to society's conventions. That gave Mum an idea. When I was about four, Olivia and Mum said they had a surprise for me and dressed me in one of Annette's dresses. I played with Annette all afternoon in the back garden dressed in a pretty pink summer dress with buttons up the back and white cotton socks. After that it became quite a regular thing.

Mum and I would visit Olivia's house and Annette and I would all play dressing games. Annette would want to play "house" or with dolls and that's what I did too. If I complained, which I believe I did once or twice, Annette would cry and scream and stamp her foot and that would bring Mum and Olivia racing into the nursery where my cantankerousness would be dealt with by way of a stinking smack and a period facing the wall. Even at that age, Annette knew how to get her own way!

As time went on, the games became more extensive with Olivia and Mum actually buying me dresses! I was even taken on shopping trips in a dress. Mum let my hair grow so the subterfuge would be complete.

The skirts around my legs made me feel funny, awkward and exposed but I enjoyed holding hands with Annette – being her friend. No one ever said a word about me being a

boy. In fact, the opposite was true; often, Annette and I would be told what lovely friends we were and wasn't it wonderful for two girls to behave and play so beautifully together. By this time, Mum had christened me "Philippa" which was the name she had chosen for her new born had the baby been a girl.

How did I feel? I don't know, not really. Philippa was like my alter-ego – the girl in me that came out around Olivia's house. I'd be lying if I tried to deny that I enjoyed it. The attention, the warmth, the love. Sometimes, I could barely conceal my delight when Mum said to me, "Philip, Olivia's phoned – she's invited us around for tea tomorrow."

Mum would smile and her eyes would twinkle and I knew that by the next afternoon I'd be sitting on the floor in Annette's nursery playing with dolls, brushing their coarse hair and selecting costumes for them. My toy garage and cars that I played with at my house would be dispatched back to the box in the corner where I kept my meagre supply of boy toys. You see, another thing was that I had no friends; Annette was my best and only friend and I loved her like a sister, I really did. I was like Pip in "Great Expectations," captivated and mystified by the beautiful, but unobtainable, Estella.

With everything that has gone on since, I now suspect that Mum planned it all on purpose. Me not mixing with boys, I mean. Harsh? Cynical? I don't think so. She enrolled me in a school a long way from our home – a different school from Annette's. She had to drive me to school each day and pick me up, which was not so common in those days. That meant it was impossible to have friends around without prior agreement and Mum would never give it, simple as that. I was just not allowed to have friends around to play. Sometimes my brothers would play with me or help me build a castle but most of the time I was on my own. That's why I looked forward to my trips to Olivia's house to see Annette.

Somehow, I knew not to tell my brothers of the dressing-up games we played around Olivia's house, nor the children at school. I don't remember Mum ever telling me not to tell them but it was just one of Mum's unwritten rules, "What happens in Olivia's house, stays in Olivia's house." Her husband was away a lot on business, the house was isolated and secluded without any neighbours overlooking the garden; it was an ideal haven for me to be dressed up as a little girl and sent off to play with Annette.

By this time, I was at school so the dressing games were mostly played out in the holidays – usually the summer when my brothers were away at Scout camps, sleeping over with friends or just out for the day. Being older, they had plenty of freedom and Mum was more than happy to make sure I got her undivided attention; she was very protective of me and wouldn't allow me to join the Scouts or sleep over at friends' – even if I had been invited, which I never was. I really had no friends – apart from Annette. I suppose that was why I looked forward to, and enjoyed, the dressing games – everyone making such a fuss of me, treating me like a lady, saying how pretty I looked. In truth, Mum made a fuss of me all the time, smothered me you might say. Dad just rolled his eyes and looked the other way. He hated it, but I guess he figured I wasn't his concern, he had three tough sons who played rugby and went shooting and fishing with him. Mum was free to do what she wanted, though I'm sure he would have thought differently if he had known about the dressing for that could have brought shame on the whole family.

The fact that Mum had free rein over me, and Olivia had a daughter of the same age... well I suppose it was natural that Mum indulged her fantasy and treated *me* like a girl.

And it wasn't just when I was dressed that I was treated like a girl; it was all the time. She didn't like me playing rough games and she didn't like me having male friends. Instead she liked me to be quiet and demure, she liked me to accompany her on shopping trips and to the stables – I quickly learned to ride – and even though I was dressed as a boy, I think Mum really did think of me as a girl *all the time*.

I guess that was why on the morning of Annette's seventh birthday, I found myself at Olivia's house staring at a dress, wrapped in plastic, that I was going to wear that afternoon.

Mum had even phoned the school to say I was sick so I had all day to get ready. It was going to be a surprise for Annette as well.

As soon as Dad had gone to work and my brothers had gone to school, and work, Mum drove me over to Olivia's house. It was a warm April day and the spring flowers were in bloom. As always, I sat in the back, musing about my day with Annette. Mum hadn't fussed about what I wore so I guessed I'd be subjected to wearing a dress as usual.

The first surprise was that Annette was at school. I assumed that Olivia had kept her out of school as well – but no.

As we walked into the living room, Olivia bent down in front of me.

"Philip, do you want to make Annette's birthday really special?"

I nodded.

"Then you're going to help Georgina and me. When Annette comes home with all her school friends, we're all going to have a really good time." She tapped me on the nose. "But it needs you to be a really good little boy and co-operate with your mother and me, do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Come here."

With that, she took me by the hand and led me upstairs – Mum followed behind. I'd been into Annette's bedroom plenty of times but Olivia's and her husband's bedroom was strictly off limits. That was where I was now led. It was a large front room drenched in sunlight. A thick pink quilt was draped over the bed and a large dressing table stood in one corner. My eyes took in the dressing table that was covered with pots and brushes, the large wardrobe.... and the pretty red dress wrapped in plastic hanging from a picture rail.

"Oh my, it's beautiful!" Mum said. It was clearly the first time she had seen it. She took it off the rail and held it out. She held it against her so all the skirts fanned outwards. "Don't you think it's beautiful?"

I was close to tears; I didn't know what to say. My heart missed a beat. The dress had layers of net buoying up the material and as Mum turned it, I could see a large bow on the back.

"You're going to wear it today," Mum said, "to the party."

She was smiling. Happy. And me? I felt confused. Lonely. Suddenly I wanted to be at school, not at Olivia's home, not without Annette.

"But...but...I can't," I said. My mouth felt dry.

Mum stood up straight, laughed. "Why not? You've worn dresses before!"

This was different though. This was a proper dress. I'd been taken out on shopping trips and to the park in dresses and skirts and played with Annette but that was fun. The clothes were dressing-up clothes or Annette's clothes and it had been a game. This had been bought for me. This was *my* dress. This was serious.

"Don't you want to make Annette happy?" Olivia asked.

I nodded.

"Well, come now, let's get you out of these old rags and put you into some finery. You, Sir, are going to be the prettiest, peachiest young lady you ever did see. Now less of the scowls and more of the smiles." Olivia said, pinching my cheek.

What could I say? They had it all planned out for me. So it began, the transformation. I was ordered to take off my clothes and place them on the bed. Last of all, my cotton Y fronts came off and I stood before Olivia and Mum naked, but only briefly as they averted their gaze and Mum threw me a pair of silky red knickers. I gladly pulled them up over my backside. Next I was given a slip to wear and then I was led to the dressing table.

Mum took some curling tongs from the wardrobe and worked on my hair while Olivia powdered my face. What did I feel? Excited, yet vulnerable; my heart beat in small staccato bursts; the feel of the brush on my skin, the warmth of the tongs working my hair. It was so sensual that my spine and neck tingled and my eyes watered. I closed them and let the feeling of calmness tingle down my spine. The feeling was divine. I opened them when Olivia had finished with the rouge and the lippy. I looked at myself. I was not "dressed," I was transformed. My face had become a girl's face with curly blonde hair. My young body looked like a girl's body in the pink slip.

Next I was told to place my legs out in front of me and Olivia pulled on a pair of white socks. I then stood up and was led to the bed. My attitude about the pink garment that lay on the quilt had now completely altered. Now I *wanted* to wear it, to try it on, to feel the tightness of the bodice on my chest, the skirts swishing about my legs.

Mum took the dress from its plastic wrapper, took it off the hanger, pulled down the back zip and held it on the floor. I stepped inside the circle of material and felt the nets itch. The dress was pulled up my legs to my waist, my arms slipped into the bodice, the zip was fastened and the bow tied at my back. Next, neat black silver buckle shoes were placed on my feet and I stood for the first time in front of the mirror... dressed as a pretty girl. Olivia added some jewellery and a spray of perfume and I was ready. I was unrecognisable; I was no longer Philip but Philippa.

For the rest of the day, I helped prepare for the party by carrying in nuts and crisps and cake and helping with banners and balloons.

"We knew that if we dressed you early today, you'd behave yourself, Philippa," Mum said.

"Also, it's nice for you to spend the whole day dressed, isn't it?"

I nodded, it certainly beat school, but I felt *so* different. Strange, I knew if I told anyone at school they would laugh and mock me, yet how could it be wrong to feel so good? It didn't seem long before Olivia left to pick up Annette and her friends from school. Mum made sure I looked the part and brushed my newly curled hair and straightened the bow at the back of my dress.

Then Annette's friends started to arrive, dropped off by their mothers or brought home by Olivia in her car along with Annette. I felt really nervous.

"What if they know I'm a boy?" I said to Mum.

She laughed, "Don't be silly, dear, no one will ever guess."

Annette knew, of course, and she made quite a fuss of me. I had a strange feeling, though, that this was one birthday surprise which was half-expected as she was careful to introduce me as "her bestest friend in the entire world, Philippa."

"What a lovely dress!" one girl said. "Where did you get it?"

Fortunately, Mum answered. For the rest of the afternoon, I was never far from either Mum or Olivia's sight. We played games like Pin The Tail On The Donkey and we were allowed upstairs to play with dolls or into the nursery to play with Annette's dressing up box, but we were not allowed in the garden as boys would have been.

"Do you want to get your lovely party frock dirty?" Olivia chided one girl who asked to play outside.

Then Mum appeared with her camera and took loads of photographs of us all.

"Annette can give you all copies once I get them developed," she said to Annette's friend.

Then there was the tea. I sat next to Annette as we had crisps and sandwiches, sorbet and strawberries. The girls chatted and screamed with excitement and laughed and drank their orange squash. The whole afternoon was one of girlish games, giggles and silliness and no one guessed I was a boy.

As the evening drew close, mothers and fathers collected their off spring. Mum took me upstairs, washed my face, took me out of the dress and gave me back my drab male clothes to wear. When the last guest had gone and there was just Annette, Olivia and I left in the house, Mum took me back downstairs.

Annette looked disappointed. "Oh, Philippa, why can't you be a girl all the time?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I felt awkward again now that I was back in trousers – I had gotten used to the dress. I kissed Olivia and Annette goodbye and left the house with Mum.

"I enjoyed that, Mum," I said as she drove the short distance to our house. "I really did enjoy that."

Chapter Two

Things move on and so it was with Mum, Olivia, Annette and me. Soon, Annette had her own real girlfriends to play with and didn't want to see me so much. Annette was

popular and had lots of friends. By the time I was ten, Olivia no longer allowed Mum to use her house as a “dressing room.” I guess Olivia thought it was a childish thing and I would grow out of it and Mum would stop wanting me to dress as a girl. For whatever the reason, the frequency of my dressing became less and less and stopped altogether by the time I was at secondary school. There was a strange incident, though.

The school I went to was a mixed-sex state school (my brothers went to private boarding schools – Dad said there was no money left to send me to a “proper” school”). Anyway, when I was twelve, we had to select two practical subjects; woodwork, metal work, needle work, or domestic science (cooking). I wasn’t sure what to choose – anyway, we had to bring the form home for parents to sign. Mum immediately ticked the boxes for domestic science and needlework. You could choose anything (this was the age of equality, after all); all the boys chose metal work and wood work. Me and all the girls chose needle work and domestic science – except one girl. So there I was in the needlework class. One time, we had to make a school skirt; we measured each other's waists and sewed and stitched. At the end, all the girls tried their skirts on.

“Oh Miss, it isn’t fair, Philip hasn’t tried his skirt on!”

That brought a chorus of laughter from all the other girls but soon they too were demanding to see me in the skirt. How would they know if I was a good seamstress if I didn’t wear the skirt? Eventually, the teacher ceded to their wishes and told me to go into a small ante-room and change. I took down my trousers. Hair was just beginning to grow on my thin legs. I pulled the black skirt on and pulled up the zip. It was slightly tight and I could hear the stitching start to creak. I emerged from the room to wolf whistles and cat calls. Bedlam was unleashed.

The Headmaster, Mr. Staunton, must have been striding the corridor because the classroom door flew open. He took in the scene before him. Suddenly, the room was quiet.

“Graham, what are you doing in a skirt?” he yelled.

Miss Prior, our teacher tried to cut in. “He made it and...”

Mr. Staunton wasn’t listening. “Get to my office NOW!”

I left the room and walked to his office, hoping against hope that no one saw me.

It wasn’t long before Staunton swaggered up. He asked why I was doing needle work? I told him my Mother had selected it for me.

“A mother’s boy, ah?” he said. “Stand there.”

A few minutes later, I was ushered into his study. I was told to bend over. The cane cracked against my backside and a searing pain rose through my body. Two more such strokes followed.

When I went back to change into my trousers, everyone had gone to their next lesson except Miss Prior who questioned me about the incident. She allowed me to sit in the ante-room and read until the end of the school day. I knew she felt responsible. I never told my Mum about the incident. After a few days, the teasing died down; even the bullies moved onto a new victim. I was lonely though, very lonely.

I had no friends at school and my one friend, my Mother, became less concerned about me and what I did and didn't seem interested in my dressing (for reasons I discovered later). I felt hurt but I was left to my own devices – playing games on my own in my bedroom, reading, watching TV, listening to music. I began to find myself missing the trips to Olivia's house and the dressing-up games that followed.

Bored, I even started going to the stables where Mum and Olivia kept their horses, on my own. I would muck out the horse boxes, groom the horses and take them for their exercise rides. I enjoyed talking to the girls that worked there and started fantasising about a girl called Helen. Seeing her in her tight jodhpurs and riding crop was a real turn on, especially when she was astride a horse and her breasts bounced and her backside rose up and down in rhythm to the horse's trot. Though she was much older than me – I guess she was in her early twenties - I would fantasise that she seduced me and we made love in the barn, rollicking on the hay.

Back from the stables, I would lie on my bed and masturbate over her. I was thirteen years old, my voice was beginning to break and "bum fluff" began to appear on my chin. I was becoming a man.

Helping out at the stables became my number one past-time – that and listening to music on my record player in my bedroom or on my Walkman. Then, when I was fourteen, I took a horse out for a ride. I was trotting down a bridleway when some lads roared up on bikes, spraying mud everywhere. My horse bolted and flung me the ground. Helen was over me, asking if I was all right before dashing back to the stable to summon help. I was taken to hospital concussed, with a broken leg and ribs.

I was out of school for ages; in many ways I quite enjoyed it. Mum nursed me and catered for my every whim when she was around. She was often out during the day so I had the place to myself. It wasn't long before I was ferreting around Mum's wardrobes and drawers, feeling the soft silk of her lingerie. Despite my broken leg, it was easy to try on a night dress. They were pink and shiny and soft to my skin and I would wrap myself in Mum's silk negligee.

One day, dressed in the nightdress and negligee, I was lying on the sofa eating the sandwiches Mum had prepared for me and watching TV, when a voice boomed,

"Don't get any mess on that!" It was my mother, back early from wherever she had been. She came up to me,

"That was a very expensive negligee, pure silk. And I see you are wearing my nightie. Dear me, Philip, what are we going to do with you?"

With that, she moved my broken leg onto the sofa and made me comfortable, even straightening up the nightie and negligee. I was shocked at her matter-of-fact attitude.

"Sorry," was all I could muster.

"Do you want Mummy to buy you a nightie and negligee?"

I was dumbfounded.

"Well, do you?"

I nodded.

“Same as Mummy’s?”

I nodded again.

“Well, when you’ve finished your sandwich, take those off. Then there will be no excuse for wearing Mummy’s, will there?”

And that’s what happened. She bought me a negligee and nightie. A matching set which fitted me perfectly, it was actually intended for a girl my age. I had my own room so I could lock the door and slip it on whenever Mum, Dad and Charlie were out. Charlie was twenty-one and the last of my brothers still living at home. Andrew had a place of his own and a regular girlfriend and James was travelling in the States. Charlie had a job at a local company and was looking for a place of his own.

You wonder why I mention Mum in terms of locking the door to my family? Well, even though Mum bought it for me, I still felt embarrassed about her seeing me hobbling around the house dressed in girl’s clothes. When I was young, it was OK but as an adolescent... well, I knew it was “wrong” and that the boys at my secondary school would call me “sissy” and have a field day if they knew. As I’ve said, I had few friends and though Mum wouldn’t tell them, it just didn’t seem right somehow. It just seemed as if I had to keep it a secret.

Anyway, I was lying on the sofa watching TV one day, just as I had been when Mum had caught me in her negligee when Charlie walked in!

I wasn’t close to any of my brothers and hadn’t realised that Charlie didn’t work on Wednesdays. He had been to town on his motorbike in the morning to do some shopping.

He stared open-mouthed at me as I pressed my crutch to the floor and tried to stand up.

“Philip! My God, what have you got on? Is it Mum’s?”

I nodded.

“My brother’s a Nancy boy! Who would have believed it? Dad always said you were a weirdo!! You wait until I tell him. You’re in for such a beating!” Charlie said gleefully.

I was off the sofa by then and hopped around like Long John Silver. The tears streaming down my face.

When Mum came in, I told her. She tried to stop Charlie from telling Dad but of course he did. Mum had the presence of mind to remove the offending items and place them in the wash basket. She told Dad they were hers and tried to make an excuse for me wearing them but that did not stop Dad from coming to my bedroom and belting me. Hard.

After that, I gave up dressing for a short time. The leg healed and I went back to school; to the lessons, the boredom, the noise and the shouting. However, once back into my mundane routine, it wasn’t long before I found myself drawn to Mum’s bedroom again. One night I sneaked in and stole some lingerie.

Fortunately, Charlie soon bought a flat and moved out so there was only the three of us; quite often, I was left in the house on my own after he moved out. Mum and Dad didn’t get on; Dad would often work late and Mum was often out during the day.

Sometimes, I would have a day off from school by saying I was sick. Then I would sneak into their bedroom and look at the glorious clothes in Mum's wardrobe – the neatly hanging skirts and blouses; the rows of shoes and boots; the drawers filled with expensive lingerie. Then, one day, I saw Mum in a silky gold blouse when we had visitors. Suddenly I had a feeling that I wanted to wear it. One day, when everyone was out, I sneaked into her room, found the blouse and tried it on. It needed a skirt and I recalled Mum wearing a black pencil affair. Soon I had one off the hanger and had pulled it on and done up the zip, followed by the high heels. After that, it became a habit. I progressed from lingerie to skirts and blouses and Mum's fabulous evening dresses.

A few nights later, as I settled down to sleep, Mum came into my room.

"I have a present for you," she said softly, the smell of her perfume lingering in the air. She pushed a package under my pillow. "I know what you do. Your secret trips to my bedroom. This is for you. Night, night."

She kissed me on the forehead and left the room.

When she had gone, I found that the parcel contained two pairs of silky, French knickers. That Christmas, Mum gave me a blouse. They were "secret" presents, of course, squirreled away in my drawer. I'm sure Mum enjoyed the thrill of doing something Dad didn't like, defying him. Dad never mentioned the incident when Charlie caught me dressed *en femme* and probably thought his few, well-chosen, whacks across the backside with his slipper had "cured" me of the evil of dressing in women's clothes.

Of course, it hadn't. Encouraged by Mum's gifts, I tried on her clothes whenever I could; shoes, stockings, dresses... by the age of sixteen, I was a fully-fledged transvestite.

I didn't do well at school; without doubt, one of the reasons for my failure was a maelstrom that burst just prior to my sixteenth year. In short, Dad discovered that Mum had been having an affair with one of his friends. The affair had been going on for two years and was the second affair she had had. To be honest, I was as shocked as Dad. My parents' marriage wasn't a happy one but I had never suspected that Mum was having an affair. Because I felt particularly close to her, I felt betrayed. Why hadn't she told me? Why had I not been able to share her secret?

Suddenly, all those times she had been out when I had injured my leg made sense, her lack of interest in me, the phone calls I thought were from her girl friends. Finally, I knew why she turned a blind eye to my dressing – we both had secrets we were hiding from the rest of the family.

For the first time, Dad and I actually held a conversation. He was hurt to the core by Mum's infidelity. He could not understand why she had done it; after all he had provided everything for her. The marriage was over. That was unequivocal. Dad wouldn't take her back. No way. She had betrayed him. After a few stormy rows, her bags were packed and she was gone. First, she stayed with Olivia, leaving me at home with Dad. For a couple of weeks, I didn't hear anything from her. Then, one evening, Mum phoned me,

"Do you want to come over?" she said. I felt betrayed and deserted but it was Mum I wanted to be with, not Dad. When Dad got back from work, I told him about the conversation.

“If you go and live with your Mum, you’ll never see me again.”

I packed my bags.

Olivia’s husband, John, collected me and took me to their house. I loved being reunited with Annette and it wasn’t long before I was sitting on her bed, sobbing like a little girl, telling her how awful I felt about Mum’s affairs and how lonely I was. Annette put her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek. A tingle ran up my spine as her long, blonde hair fell about my face and the smell of her shampoo filled my nostrils.

My brain said, “I love you,” but somehow the words would not emerge.

“Philip,” she said, “It’ll be all right. You’re here with us now – and back with Mum.”

It was, too. I enjoyed myself at Olivia’s house: shopping with Annette, the cinema, ten pin bowling. We just goofed around like normal teenagers and I got to meet her friends.

I was given the attic room and though my suitcase contained the night dress, negligee and blouses Mum had given me, I left them in the case. My cross-dressing was not mentioned by Mum and I wondered if Olivia and Annette realised I still did it.

Dad filed for divorce very quickly and Mum was caught up in her own financial matters. Her lover didn’t want to know; his wife had forgiven him, blaming Mum for the affair which meant Mum was very much alone. Dad was determined that she would get as little as possible out of the divorce. I think Mum realised that, for better or worse, her affluent lifestyle was over.

In many ways I wasn’t too worried as I had my exams to do and Annette had hers. We studied together and she helped me with revision but, alas, it was no use. I bombed out on the lot while Annette got straight A’s.

By this time, it was the mid-eighties and the New Romantics were very much on the scene musicwise. Despite my bad results, Annette and her friends and I all went out to celebrate. She said she would like to make up my face with eye liner; she even bought me a pair of white trousers and a jacket with the sleeves rolled up. My hair was cut into a fashionable mullet style and for the first time in my life, I felt really trendy.

When I was dressed, Annette applied the eye liner and chatted to me about her school friends until, “You remember when Mum and Georgina used to dress you as a girl, and we would play together?”

“I could hardly forget!” I said.

“It was funny, wasn’t it? I really loved it. You made such a *good* girl and you were so *pretty*.”

I smiled. “I enjoyed it too, it was cool.”

“And do you remember my party when you wore that really expensive dress? Mum paid loads for it... she planned it all... it was kinda like a present to Georgina too. They were such good friends. Mum knew Georgina was jealous of me and she wanted to make the party really special. Anyway, my friend Susan was so jealous because you were the prettiest. Oh, my God! Did she go on about it!” Annette laughed breathlessly. She stood away from me, eye liner in hand.

I blushed. Questions rolled about my mind. Her friend had been jealous of me? Olivia paid a lot of money for the dress?

She came back to me and finished the neat line; then she looked at her handiwork. "It was so funny at school because she went on and on about it for days and I just giggled because I knew you were a boy and no one else did. It was so much fun, wasn't it?"

"I guess so," I said.

I looked at myself in Annette's long mirror – I really did look good. Maybe it was not so bad being male.

"Do you ever dress in women's clothes now?" Annette asked casually.



"No... no... of course not!" I said. Well, I was an embarrassed sixteen-year-old who had a crush on the girl beside him. No way I would admit to that!

"You're not lying to me, Philip, are you?"

She leaned against her dressing table; she was wearing a denim mini, her long tanned legs were stretched out, her brown, heelless pixie boots flat against the floor. "No, of course, not."

Annette ignored me. "You see, I took a peek in your suitcase and found some lingerie and I know you've peeked through my drawers and wardrobe. So tell me the truth, Philip."

It was true; I had had a look to see what was in Annette's wardrobe. I hung my head in shame.

"I like it, Annette," I said.

She smiled. "Don't worry. Come on, we've got to go!"

And we went to the bowling alley and McDonald's and I ended up kissing a girl called

Sally because Annette had a boyfriend who I was introduced to that night; eighteen going on thirty. I was so jealous, I could hardly mutter a greeting to the oaf. Of course, he was well-built and handsome, not skinny and insignificant like me. I'd felt so good when I left home. The mullet, the jacket, the trousers, white socks and shoes – it was like I walked off the set of Miami Vice – only to walk into a pantomime where I was the Ugly Sister once again.

When I went to bed that night, I wore my nightie – it was comforting. After all, I figured, if Annette knew, then everyone might as well know. It became a habit after that; I wore my nightie and kept it in my bed so Olivia and Mum would know as well. Also, I wore my silky blouse sometimes during the day under a jumper and I'd wear the knickers Mum had given me.

After school ended, I was bored. I hadn't liked school but after the exams, it was all a comedown, I had nothing to do so I just hung out. Sometimes I would see Sally and we would goof off together but there wasn't a lot for me to do. I suppose I should have been looking for a job or thinking about my future but I couldn't be bothered. Mum was talking of moving away and I gathered I would move with her. Anyway, what was the point? I suppose I was depressed.

By contrast, Annette had her future all planned out; she was going to go to college and university and be a vet. She had her own horse by his time and used to go riding with Mum and Olivia. Since my accident, I had not gotten back on a horse so even that was denied me. Annette had her boyfriend as well, of course. He came around sometimes in his flashy car and I'd just keep out of the way. Annette's Dad was actually good fun and sometimes he'd take me out with him – he was a keen sailor and had a yacht. Ironically, Olivia couldn't swim and hated the water, so sometimes John would ask me if I fancied a weekend down the coast. Off we would go to do a day's sailing followed by a night in the pub, then we'd sleep on the yacht. It was fun.

"Beats doing girlish things, don't it?" he said as was cast-off one day. I really took to the water and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

The small village pub served me alcohol though I was too young to drink legally. The alcohol made me feel good and I would talk to John about sports and stuff. It was the first time in my life there had been a male around who took an interest in me, which sounds kind of strange coming from a family of three brothers and a father but that was the way it was. We never talked of anything in particular except once when we were just about to go to sleep in the berth of the yacht. Out of the blue, he happened to mention how much Annette had enjoyed our dressing-up games when we were kids. At first I didn't know if I'd heard him correctly so I asked, "Dressing up games?"

"Don't play the innocent, Philip; Georgina and Olivia dressed you as a girl and you used to play with Annette," he said.

I didn't know he knew! I was gobsmacked.

"We were just kids," I muttered.

"Of course you were. Now you've grown up you don't dress in women's clothes like some kind of hideous homosexual, and that's good because men were meant to be men. I often used to wonder how you would turn out though, Philip. Oh, I know Georgina

wanted a girl and she can be quite stubborn at times; dressing you up like a surrogate daughter was her way of getting over the disappointment. It worked for her and at the end of the day, no harm was done. I'm glad you turned out all right, Philip, you turned out all right." And with that, he went to sleep!

A few days later, Mum came back from court, dressed in a tailored black suit.

"Your Dad and I are divorced," she said and promptly burst into tears. Olivia hugged her and Annette joined in. I sat on the sofa, watching TV. It was hardly news.

A week later, Mum did shock me though.

"Philip," she said, "I know these last few months have been hard for you and its been difficult living under somebody else's roof. Now that your father and I have split up and I have a settlement of sorts, we can get a place together and start planning your future."

"Sounds cool to me," I said in typically teenage, unimpressed style, which hid my surprise – Mum was actually concerned about me again!

"The first thing we need to do is find somewhere to live..."

Over the next few months, we started flat hunting. Mum didn't have a huge settlement and had to be careful about how much she spent on property but she could afford a reasonable flat. In many ways, I didn't want to leave Olivia's; Mum didn't appreciate that I was in love with Annette, even though I had made love to Sally and had thereby lost my virginity.

Mum was a "first time buyer" who could afford a place outright so it didn't take long for her to find a flat – two bedrooms, its own front door, living room, bathroom and a kitchen. It was a bit of a come down from the large mock Georgian house we had lived in, but Mum seemed delighted that we now had a place of our own.

To celebrate our leaving, John took us all out to dinner; that is Mum, me Olivia and Annette. Annette wore a lovely black leather miniskirt and high-heeled stilettos. I've never seen her look so sexy – all the heads turned in the restaurant as she walked in, with her long, blond hair rolling across her silky top like a horse's mane. Boy, she was delicious and she smelled so good. My penis got stuck on permanent erect mode throughout the meal – I really had this love thing bad!

It was a fantastic night and John kept the wine coming. He didn't seem to take into account that Annette and I were still below the legal age for drinking. Though Annette placed her hand over it, I just let him refill my glass; after all I'd drunk a few pints when we had gone sailing. I could take it. Georgina and Olivia were soon giggling like school girls and John just kept ordering new bottles. Result? I was slightly worse for wear when we returned home. Annette and I had coffee and went to bed while Mum, Olivia and John had a nightcap. I led the way upstairs, holding onto the rail and trying not to hiccup.

"It's been...been...been a gr...(Hiccup) eat...slight," I said.

"Yes, it has. I'll miss you."

"Will, you, Annette...will you? I mean, miss me?"

"Of course, I will Philip; you're like a brother to me."

We got to the top of the stairs and Annette opened her bedroom door.

"Go carefully up the spiral staircase to bed," she said.

"Give me a kiss, a good night, goodbye, good...kiss."

She pecked me on the cheek. "Now up to bed you go, Philip!"

I wasn't listening. I pushed passed her and fell into her room.

"Annette, I must talk to you," I said.

"Not now, Philip. In the morning."

She stood before me, the sexiest woman on earth, so tall in those high heels, those long, luscious legs, that black miniskirt. I fell to the floor, to my knees, grabbed her ankles.

"Annette, I love you!" I whined. "I love you more than anything, please, please marry me!" I slobbered.

"Philip, you've had too much to drink. Now go to bed!"

"Annette, you don't understand. I want you, I need you, I love you! Say yes! PLEEAASSE."

"Philip, stand up and go to bed!"

I grabbed hold of her dressing table and manoeuvred myself into a stooping position. The pattern on the carpet went around and around and around. All those black circles, and the wall and the room, why would they not stay still? I tried to compose myself.

"Ann... net, I have something very in...port...ant to say." I said slowly. My hands were sweating. "Ann...net I love you."

"You're drunk. I'm going to bed, please leave me."

"Annette, I've always..."

"Fancied me? Yes, I know, but it's a passing infatuation." She sat on her bed and pulled off her shoes.

I dropped on the bed beside her. I felt hot and sweaty. "Say you love me."

"Philip, I don't love you. You're more like a brother to me...a sister. I like you, I'm fond of you, you're a nice guy but I feel the same for you as I do about Suzy or Sally or Debbie or Devon or any of my other friends."

The words struck like a knife. Pierced my soul. But worse was to follow.

"Do you really think I could love someone who enjoys dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex?" She laughed and flicked back her long blonde hair. "I don't want any competition in my relationships, thank you very much."

"I don't do it all the time," I said. "I'd give it all up for you."

Annette shook her head. "I've seen you looking, Philip. Looking at what I'm wearing, looking at what Mum's wearing or Georgina. Your little eyes light up at the sight of a pair of heels, Georgina in her leather skirt or Mum in her silky blouse. It must be paradise to be around so many beautiful, feminine women. You're very lucky to have a Mother who understands you and lets you express your feminine side. I don't think I would ever allow my son to do what you were allowed to do when you were younger."

Through the hiccups I gulped, my mouth felt dry. "But they dressed me," I exclaimed as I jumped to my unsteady feet. "They dressed me! My mother and your mother dressed me up as a little girl!"

Annette started to giggle. "Only because you wanted it, Philip! Do you honestly think Georgina would have gone to all the trouble of buying you clothes? Hiding them here? Bringing you around to play with me? Would she have done all that if you were a boy who wanted to be a boy?"

"She wanted a girl!"

"*You* want to be a girl!"

"No, Annette – that's not true!" Suddenly, the drink had worn off, my heart was pounding, I felt annoyed.

"So why is it that when we both grew out of dressing games, you were still sneaking into Georgina's bedroom and nicking her clothes? I used to hear her laughing about it with Mum, telling her how you had ruined a really expensive blouse and ripped a skirt. Mum suggested Georgina buy you your own wardrobe but Georgina was worried that your Dad would find out. She risked a lot for you."

I was stunned. There was much more going on than I ever knew. My declaration of love was suddenly forgotten. Annette and Olivia and maybe Mum really thought I wanted to be a girl; I rubbed my hand through my hair.

"Four... five years old... I didn't choose dresses... Mum wanted to... she wanted a girl... *she* wanted to dress me up."

"In your dreams, Philip, in your dreams."

And that night, they were not very pleasant. I didn't fall asleep for ages, I tossed and turned and thought about Annette's words. I liked a bit of cross-dressing – may be I was a transvestite - but I was happy being a bloke. I'd just made love, hadn't I? But Annette thought I was born in the wrong body, that I was a transsexual. I'd seen something on the telly about it...sex changes and the like. I couldn't believe it . Because of that she wouldn't entertain the idea of dating me. I was like a brother to her...a sister.

It was not long before Mum and I moved into our new flat. We spent some time decorating and buying furniture and getting the place how we wanted it – or how Mum wanted it. I got a job working in a factory, packing goods in boxes; with no qualifications, there wasn't a lot out there for me. My brothers and Dad had deserted Mum so I was like an only child. Mum lived off the settlement for a while, then got a job as a receptionist at a high quality company; with her excellent dress sense, her grooming and her nice speaking voice, she was a perfect candidate. Things settled into a routine, though I hated my job. For a while, I didn't even think about dressing. It was just nice to be back with Mum and have her undivided attention. Though we didn't have a lot of money, I think she was relieved that the marriage had ended.

"What do you want to do with your life?" she asked me one day over dinner.

I shrugged. "I'm not sure...go to college, get some qualifications."

"You don't want to work in a factory all your life, do you?"

I shook my head. The boss was a right Hitler type and I wanted out. I was forever looking at the job section in the papers.

When we finished and I had washed up, Mum sat down on the sofa next to me and turned off the TV. She didn't look at me as she spoke. Instead, she stared straight ahead at the grey screen of the TV; her voice was soft, monotone.

"I know this may be hard for you, Philip, but I think it's about time we talked about your urge to dress up," she paused, "in women's clothes."

The night with Annette came flooding back. The spiteful remarks she had made. I hadn't dressed since, I couldn't bring myself to, not after she had told me I wanted to be a girl. Now Mum was talking...Mum was saying the same thing!

"I think we need to see a doctor," she said. "Get a referral to a psychiatrist."

"You think I'm mad, is that it?" I shouted.

"No, Philip. I just think you are a girl trapped in a boy's body, that it's hard for you. I've got some money from the divorce. I want to help you."

"Fuck you!"

I slammed the door so hard that a photo frame fell off a shelf and onto the carpet. I walked for miles that night, I was so unhappy.

CHAPTER THREE

Months rolled by and it wasn't long before Mum and I had been in the flat for a year. Mum never tried to repeat the conversation about me being a girl and bankrolling my sex change operation and I never dressed in her clothes, or my own female clothing, again. In fact, I threw my small wardrobe of female clothes away or rather, I parcelled them up and dropped them outside a charity shop. I left my job in the factory and got another one in a large shop as a sales assistant. It was a lot better. I made friends with some lads and started going out for a drink to clubs. I got to know a few girls. I even started dating a girl who worked there. Mum had started dating again too - a business man she met through work. It was 1988, the year Acid House was popular in night clubs and flowery clothes came back into fashion - I was eighteen and it was to prove a very significant year!

To be truthful, I don't know how long I would have been able to resist the temptation to ferret around in Mum's wardrobe and lingerie drawers. She was such a fantastic dresser and looked incredible all the time, especially now that she went off to work as a receptionist every day, which meant she had to buy new outfits. Being cooped up in the small flat with her meant we were close; I could smell the perfume on her body and feel the silk of her blouse, hear her pull up a zip on her skirt. It was all too much. But I tried to resist, I was eighteen and wanted to be a normal teenager, goofing off and getting laid. My girlfriend, Sandra, was a nice girl and I got on really well with her. She liked the fact I wasn't really "manly" and that I had a "feminine" side to my nature. In fact, I found I was quite popular with the girls in the department store and they would talk to me and tell me their problems. For the first time in my life, I felt part of something and it improved my standing with the other young lads who worked there who I found, were mostly pretty clueless about women.

Sandra and I used to go for walks in the park, go shopping and to the cinema and do the normal things teenagers do, including making love. Unfortunately though, she was like a lot of teenagers and was never out of jeans (except at work where she wore the uniform skirt). Anyway, dating took my mind off my "habit" and a good year passed before I was tempted to dress again.

It happened one Saturday night in 1988 when Mum had a date. She had been seeing this guy for a few months; he was one of the regular clients who came into reception. He was taking her out for a meal to a posh restaurant – nothing unusual about that. I was sitting in the living room watching TV, cuddling up to Sandra. Mum was getting ready next door in her bedroom. I could hear the wardrobe doors bang and the "sssh" of her hair spray (she had a mesh of black curly hair and always used a lot of hairspray) and the sounds I associated with her getting dressed.

She came into the living room, holding her handbag in front of her. She didn't say, "How do I look?" or anything – she knew she looked unbelievable. She just said,

"Will you two be all right here on your own?"

I looked up. Mum was dressed in tan-coloured stiletto shoes which had four-inch heels; the opaque tights she wore smoothed around her legs and she was wearing a dark brown, leather pencil skirt which ended just below the knee. Her blouse was white and silky. Instantly, I felt a tingling sensation run down my spine. I had an erection. I was looking at my Mum and I had an erection!

Sandra nodded in answer to Mum's question; Mum smiled, came over to me and affectionately flicked the fob of her key ring on my forehead. As she bent over, I heard the creak of the leather, smelled her perfume and immersed myself in her hairspray.

"That skirt's new," I uttered at last.

"Yes, do you like it? I bought it last week."

"It's all right," I said with typical teenage disinterest while attempting to cover my cock with my hand.

Mum went outside and returned, wearing a long black coat. There was a knock on the door.

"I'll see you later."

"Come on," I said to Sandra as soon as the front door closed. I grabbed her by the hand and led her to my bed. Within seconds I had pushed down her jeans and pushed up her cotton top. At the same time, I grabbed at my own trousers and pushed them down to release my erect member. In seconds, I was making passionate love to her.

"My God! You're feeling randy tonight," Sandra exclaimed.

"I always feel randy when I'm with you," I lied, my head filled with visions of my mother!

Because I worked in a shop, I got every Wednesday off. Mum was very house-proud and had the domestic chores organised; I would do the dusting and cleaning on Wednesday and cook her meal and she would do everything else. It was a good plan and, as I didn't have to pay any rent, (the flat was paid for and Mum insisted that she pay for food

etc.), I was only too happy to oblige. The Wednesday that followed that weekend was different, however. I had a plan. I was going to dress. It had been twelve months, twelve months of trying to repress my urges but seeing Mum in her leather skirt and silky blouse caused all my well-intentioned plans to collapse. I wanted, I *needed* to dress again. I could resist no more.

When Mum had gone to work, I had a bath and shaved all over with Mum's razors; then I raided her bedroom. I was so excited! I took clothes out and hung them here and there and didn't worry about the consequences. I had a vision of how Mum had reacted when she had caught me in her negligee – she wouldn't mind. I pulled up French knickers, put on stockings and suspenders and tried on skirts, including the leather one. The blouse was in the wash so I wore a similar one in white and slipped on the court shoes Mum had been wearing on Saturday. I even made up my face. It felt fantastic.

Once dressed, I fully intended to clean the flat but time ticked on and what with shaving and make-up and the fact I was enjoying myself so much rubbing my hands over the skirt and feeling the false breasts I had made with stockings stuffed into a Janet Reger bra, I lost track of time. Of course, I masturbated and it felt so good, so perfect. I was dressed again. I had been a fool to deny myself such a simple pleasure. OK, I was a transvestite, so what? I loved it. I could still date girls and have male friends, no problem. I was eighteen and had made love to two girlfriends so there was nothing wrong with me. And all the while, time ticked on.

I suppose, being a self-obsessed teenager, I didn't realise that Mum would not be pleased with the state in which I had left her bedroom and that she may not be happy to see me in women's clothes (her clothes). All things considered, it might have been tactful to buy her flowers, cook the dinner and clean the flat but I was so self-absorbed, I just didn't consider that. I just thought, "Mum won't mind" and that was it.

When I heard her key in the latch, I stood behind her bedroom door, ready to surprise her. She came in calling my name. I stepped out – in all my glory.

"Ta da."

"What...what...what?" Mum stuttered. "Why?"

"I've decided it is time to dress again!"

"In my skirt...my blouse!" Mum shouted.

She slapped my face.

I recoiled with shock.

Mum burst into tears. "How *could* you? How could you, treat me like this? I've done so much for you."

"I'm sorry," I whimpered.

"Get changed and don't..." At that moment, she must have spied her bedroom, strewn with clothes. She pushed passed me and went in.

"You've left my room looking like THIS!" she shouted. "And you've not cooked or cleaned, have you?"

I was crying now. Buckets. I shook my head.

"I think it's time I taught you a lesson, young man! A very, very important lesson."

With that, she grabbed my wrist and marched me into the front room. She pulled out a dining room chair, then unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor.

"You ungrateful little so-and-so!" she yelled. "You selfish, selfish pig."

She pulled me over her knee, pulled down my French knickers, grabbed a slipper that was on the floor and started to whack my backside for all she was worth. I was eighteen and I was being spanked by my mother as if I was a little child. I suppose I could have struggled, put up a fight but I felt guilty, felt I deserved it, so, instead, I lay over her knee while I was beaten like I've never been beaten before.

WHACK!

"AAAAHH!"

SMACK!

"Please, no!"

The smacks rained down harder and harder, despite my protestations. When she finished, I ran to my bedroom and lay on my bed, sobbing my heart out.

The next day at work, I couldn't sit down and must have looked awful. Sandra asked me what was wrong and I told her I had a huge row with Mum. I just could not get over how she had reacted. When I got in from work, Mum was already in, cooking the tea.

"Philip, do you want something to eat?" she called.

"I guess."

She came out to me.

"Look, I'm sorry...sorry for what happened yesterday. I over-reacted."

Suddenly, I was crying again and Mum was cuddling me. She led me into the living room and we sat on the sofa.

"Do you remember when I asked you what you wanted to do with your life?" she said.

I nodded.

"Well, I was hoping you would say you wanted to be a girl."

"That's not what I want..."

"That's not what you want when you dress in my clothes?" she said.

"No...Yes...I don't know. I'm confused." I put my head in my hands, Mum stroked my back.

"Philip, do you know what your name means?"

I shook my head.

"Love of horses. It *should* mean 'love of women's clothes,' shouldn't it?"

I rubbed my hand over my face, tried to smile. The phone rang and Sandra's voice started to be recorded on the answer machine; neither of us wanted to be interrupted.

"Your father wasn't a bad man, but he was insensitive and didn't understand women. He wanted me to look good - 'well-groomed' as he would say. He wanted me to host parties. I was bored. I was fantastically happy when Andrew was born but then I wanted a girl," Mum continued.

"I was desperate for a girl. When James and Charlie were born...well, both times, I wanted a girl. I loved them but as they grew older, your father took over, made them masculine, took them away and sent them to private schools, where they boarded and I only saw them rarely." She dabbed her eyes. "My children were taken away. Then you were born. I prayed and prayed during my pregnancy for a girl. But it wasn't to be. And Olivia had a girl a few months before."

"I know," I said.

"I felt life wasn't fair. Your dad didn't want another child. When you were a baby, I took you out in a pram dressed as a girl. Olivia and I dressed you as a girl and you liked it...wanted it."

"I don't know."

"Do you think I could have dressed Andrew, Charlie or James as a girl?"

I shrugged. "No."

"You wanted it, Philip. You wanted it because you *are* female. You were born to be a woman."

"I don't know."

"And you drove a wedge between your father and me. I had to protect you, had to keep your feminine side alive."

I was confused; I didn't know what to say.

"I gave you time. After the divorce, I gave you time. I realised when I broached the subject with you last year, I needed to give you time, let your feelings work themselves out. You've had a lot to put up with; your Dad and I divorcing, moving from your house to this flat, not seeing your brothers, getting a job. But I always knew you would come back to it. And that was why I was so angry yesterday. You stole my clothes without telling me. You tried to make a statement. You know I wouldn't have minded, if I had been told and we had done it together."

We talked until midnight. Mum kept telling me that it was my destiny to be a girl and urging me to see Dr. Franks, a private consultant who specialised in gender dysfunction. I was confused, unsure. I told Mum I thought I was a transvestite, that was all, but she was so convinced that she was right, I went to bed believing her. Anyway, she said, Dr. Franks would prove it me.

He did, too. A few weeks later, we visited his small consulting room and Mum told him all about me and showed him photos of me dressed from Annette's party and on other occasions when I had been at Annette's and Olive's house. Then she brought him up to date on my current dressing desires. I was given tests and asked questions and Dr. Franks came to the same conclusion as Mum – I was a woman trapped in a man's body.

Mum even had testimonials from Annette and Olivia who were both convinced I was a girl. The only bone of contention was that I fancied women.

“Confused about your sexuality,” Dr. Franks huffed. “Inevitable, really. Once you are in the right body, I am sure you will fancy men.”

So I agreed to a sex change. Just like that. I felt confused but then Dr. Franks explained that was only natural. On the one hand, I was hankering after normality and wanted to find a heterosexual relationship while on the other, I was a transsexual who wished to have a change of sex. Dr. Franks explained that counselling would aid me in coming to terms with my gender issues.

Mum took control. She organised everything. It turned out that she had gotten a much larger settlement from Dad than she had let on to me. The money was banked in a high interest account, sitting there waiting for me to come to the right decision. She had thought that as soon as we were together, I would dress, she would buy me a wardrobe and we'd put into operation her plan, which was for us to live together as mother and daughter in a house in another town. The flat was purely for my transition period.

After I had seen Dr. Franks, I was placed on medication and started dressing more regularly as a girl at nights and weekends. I still saw Sandra but that relationship fizzled out eventually which meant I was completely in Mum's hands. I guess I knew what was happening, what she was doing, but I let her do it. Mum left her job, I left my job, and the flat went on the market. My hair started to grow and I had electrolysis on my beard growth. Mum even sent me to department classes, voice coaching and make-up lessons. When the flat was sold, Mum bought a house miles away and on a cold, wet, Friday in 1990 we moved away. I was twenty years old.

When we moved in, it was as mother and daughter. I was dressed in jeans and T-shirt but my curves were beginning to appear. I was becoming a woman!

CHAPTER FOUR

We moved to a small seaside town miles from the flat and from our former home. Mum made sure that as few people as possible knew where we lived. I was accepted by the neighbours as a girl. I had lost weight and quite liked my girly curves. I had doubts about what was happening, but I didn't see any future in rebelling. Mum was in control and seemed so happy and full of life that I didn't want to disappoint her.

Though we were mother and daughter, she treated me like a friend; our conversations became more involved and deep and she just could not do enough for me.

She said to me, “You are a girl, aren't you, Philippa?”

I just nodded my head and smiled and agreed but inside I was thinking, “I'm doing this for you, Mum, I'm doing all this for you.”

Once I agreed to the sex change, Mum's plans were put in place, plans she had made while I was growing up. She told me she had always known that one day her dream would come true and she would have a daughter – and here I was – well, almost.

In addition to her settlement, she had also saved some of the money Dad had given her for housekeeping; over the years, it had built into a tidy sum. She was fifty-five by the time we moved, the house was paid for in cash, helped by the property slump which had lowered house prices. Mum had money to live on; together, we were ladies of leisure. My lessons continued in our new town; deportment and voice coaching. Then, of course, there were the operations. Only the best surgeons would do. I had a number of operations; my testicles and penis were removed, my Adam's apple reduced and a vagina constructed. I also got a nose job, lip implants and eye shaping. I knew there was no turning back and that Mum wouldn't want it any other way.

There were many times she cried as she saw my metamorphosis. She cried with happiness at seeing a young, attractive woman start to appear before her eyes. She confessed to me that she had her affairs partly because she had found my adolescence repulsive; she had thought of me as a girl for so long that seeing me change to a male before her eyes had really upset her.

Every week I had electrolysis and waxing and voice coaching and every week I grew more feminine; then I would go for an operation. Mum not only wanted a daughter but she wanted a beautiful daughter with long blonde hair and an hourglass figure.

When my body was not being moulded into shape like plasticine, Mum and I would go shopping; we would sit in a café together and would eat cakes and drink cappuccinos – chatting away together like mother and daughter, or close friends. Then we would pick up our bags and go shopping again. It was such good fun but in some ways I did not understand myself. When I looked in the mirror or caught my reflection in a shop window, I would quite often be taken aback. Was that really *me*? Was I really a woman? As you know, dear reader, I had the mind of a man. I had become the daughter my mother had always wanted me to be. Inside, however, I thought like a man, I was male.

When I had my second breast op, Mum even came under the knife with me – we'd grown so close; we both had our boobs enlarged. After the operation, we felt each other's breasts and compared them. Surreal? Well yes, but it was the things like that which brought us closer together.

I must admit I loved smoothing a blouse or dress over my enlarged breasts and the way they bounced as I walked down the street really turned me on – as did flashing my cleavage when wearing a low-cut top. I was amazed by how much attention the female of the species gets from both men and women and I soon came to expect attention when I went out.

The transformation took some time to complete but by the time of my twenty-second birthday, all traces of Philip had gone and a beautiful woman called Philippa had taken his place. I'll describe myself. I was 5 foot 8 inches tall. I had a 36D bust and was a size 14. I had blonde hair which was cut into a bob and a slightly mannish face and largish nose despite the operations. Overall, I was quite thick-set. Though I was tall and "leggy," I had quite wide hips and strong legs; fortunately my wrists and arms were thin. There was no doubt I was female. The voice coaching meant I had developed a soft, sensuous voice and dental work meant I had a nice smile. At first, I was self-conscious and I used to worry when walking down the street but those fears soon passed. I was never once looked at or

stared at because I was masculine; I was never once considered to be anything other than female.

I used to stand in the front of the mirror and look at myself, my shapely body, my breasts, my vagina. Sometimes I smiled and sometimes I cried but mostly I just wondered how I had gotten into this position. Of course, the medication caused mood swings. Mum put it down to that but I knew that, despite my teenager angst and confusion and bewilderment, I was not a woman. I was a boy...a man...a cross-dresser...a transvestite. Call me what you will but I was not a woman in a man's body. I had done it for Mum. Maybe I did it without thinking about the future, maybe I just did it because she wanted it more than anything in the world and it brought us together and made close. Maybe I did it because I liked the idea that I could wear any clothes I wanted which might mean I dressed in a T-shirt and jeans or rugby top and sometimes it might mean a filmy skirt and a top that showed my cleavage.

I knew, though, that however I was dressed, I looked like a woman. I did not have to worry about hiding my real sexuality for now there was nothing to hide. My male side was locked away in my mind. As I say, it did seem so, so strange to look in the mirror and see a female. Was that beautiful woman *me*? Was it *really* me?

I dyed my hair a brighter shade of blonde and had it cut into a neat bob. I dieted and exercised to keep myself fit and trim. If I was going to be a woman, I was going to be a good-looking one. It was what Mum wanted, it was what *I* wanted.

One of the biggest differences between me and transsexuals who know they are men trapped in a woman's body was that I was attracted to clothes. Feminine clothes. If I went shopping, it was while wearing a skirt and boots and a smart coat – not jeans. I did wear jeans and



scruffy clothes around the house or if I was doing something (though Mum used to chide me for not wearing a skirt or being too slovenly of dress). But if I went out, I made an effort.

My makeup would be well done (partly to hide any blemishes caused by the electrolysis I was having done on my face). My nails were always nicely manicured, my hair neat and tidy. I got looks and comments from men, which I enjoyed. I had my bottom pinched on more than one occasion and a few men tried to chat me and Mum up. I enjoyed it and no one, but no one, ever guessed I used to be a man. Mum's plan had worked. Worked well. Of course, together we started to build up my wardrobe and that was fun.

I was gloriously happy, going into shops and trying on boots, skirts, stilettos and dresses. Mum let me choose what I liked. She would advise on colour schemes and what matched but by and large I was allowed to choose my own clothes – even though Mum paid for everything. Was there a downside to being a woman all the time? Well, sometimes I felt sad; it was an identity thing, the thought of never being able to make love to a girl again – losing my male appearance, not being a *bloke*. That was hard and was why I began to see Philippa as a character and gave her personality traits that I did not have as a male. So whilst I was shy and lacking in confidence, Philippa was outgoing and confident.

Once all the ops had finished and I could dress all the time as a woman and be considered a woman, it felt great to be able to dress as I wanted, when I wanted and act like a bit of a Princess who expected attention. Indeed, I overheard two shop girls discussing me after I had gone through some of their stock and rejected it for size, colour, fit. They said what an awkward so-and-so I was and that made me smile. If Philippa was going to take her place in the world, she was going to be a bitch. Male attention was a problem; while I enjoyed it on one level, I didn't really fancy men. Still, things were a lot better than they had been when I was working in the shop or factory. Mum knew that, too; having each day to ourselves was great. We were ladies of leisure.

Transvestites and cross-dressers like the clothes of the opposite sex, like to wear them but how often does their transvestitism surface? Once a week? Once a month? Once a year? They may not, due to circumstances, be able to dress regularly but how often does the transvestite *mind* surface? Every time they see a female garment they would like to wear in a magazine or on a woman or in a shop. Now, imagine *my* situation.

I had become a beautiful woman at the request of my Mum, and I was now able to dress as I wanted. I was surrounded by temptation and a mother with a seemingly endless amount of money who just wanted to spend, spend, spend on her dream project – making her son into the beautiful daughter she had always wanted.

Typically, Mum would drive me to town and we would go shopping. For example, on one occasion, I was wearing a black pencil skirt, a thin knitted jumper and black high-heeled boots. We went into a shop and I choose a silky skirt from the rail and told Mum I wanted it, Mum liked it too. I went into a change room, unzipped my boots, took off my pencil skirt and pulled on the skirt, which was long and frilly and silky. I pulled it on over my tights which in turn covered waxed legs and pretty pink silk panties. I then left the changing room and pirouetted in front of Mum.

The assistant looked at me and said how nice the skirt looked, and another customer gave me favourable comments too. Women often do this, something quite unknown in the male world. I went and changed back into my pencil skirt and bought the item – every inch a woman about town.

Or on a given day, it might be that we visited a dress shop and I would try on three or four beautiful ball gowns. Because I was a transvestite, because I had my male mind, it just felt so good. I knew the thrill of being dressed, the thrill of getting ready for a night out and wearing a low-cut dress which enhanced my boobs or a pair of high stilettos which increased my height considerably and made my bum wobble when I walked.

I don't know how long we continued as ladies of leisure; dining out, shopping trips, visits to the beauty salon and hairdressers. I never thought about the future, never thought that I had no qualifications for a job and could not even drive, I just loved playing the part Mum wanted me to play and I loved it when she introduced me as her daughter or called me young lady because I knew it made her happy. I thought my life of leisure would last forever. Then, one day I was eating breakfast, wearing a silky negligee, trying not to drip milk down myself.

"Philippa, next year is my 60th birthday and I want a big party. I want to invite everyone and let them see you as a girl!"

My mouth fell open.

Mum continued, "It's time you were accepted as a woman by your family...by Olivia and John and Annette and her husband."

I was speechless. I didn't know Mum had been in contact with anyone. She read my thoughts.

"Look, when we left the flat, I set up a P.O box to see if anyone would contact us. I didn't want to lose touch completely but, at the same time, I didn't want anyone turning up when you were still going through your transformation. Now, you are a woman. You that you pass in public and you have developed feminine ways, you are ready to be seen by your family and friends. Although it is my birthday party, it will really be a coming-out party for you. That will be the best present ever."

She put her arm around my shoulders. "To see my Philippa accepted as a woman, that is all I have ever wanted." And with that, she started to cry.

I felt tears welling up in my eyes too; I had not known that Annette was married – though it was hardly a surprise.

"What if no one comes?" was all I could say.

"They will," Mum said. "Trust me, they will."

Mum's birthday was in February. Apart from booking a hotel with a large function room, I kind of forgot about it while we prepared for Christmas. I loved the run-up to Christmas that year; it was the best I'd ever had. What made it all the better was Mark.

I was 24 and didn't have any friends my own age. My world centred around Mum, shopping with her and occasionally going to meals together or to the theatre or cinema. Sometimes, we would both be approached by men of varying ages. Mum was glamorous

and could easily pass for ten years younger than her actual age. Well, one day, Mum and I went into town for a meal and had a “quiet” drink in a town centre pub. A group of lads were standing by the bar, dressed to impress, obviously on a night out. They kept looking in my direction and smiling. Mum, having more courage than me, returned their attention with flirtatious smiles despite my protestations as I squeezed her arm.

“Don’t, Mum!”

“You ladies off anywhere nice?” one of the lads said as they made for the door.

“Chintz’s,” Mum said.

“Oh, it’s nice there. We’re off to Valentino’s nightclub. Care to join us later?”

Mum laughed. “What? At my age? I’m far too old for clubs.”

The lad who spoke was tall, muscular; he had short dark hair and was wearing a stylish suit.

“There are plenty of women in their thirties there.”

“Thirties? I’m old enough to be your mother and you know it. Thanks for the compliment, though.”

The lad smiled. “So are you and your friend going to join us?”

All the while, I tried to look the other way, look at my drink, out the window, anywhere. I could feel the four boys looking at me, and it made me uncomfortable. They moved nearer as a group. A pack of lions ready to devour us.

“She’s not my friend. I’m this beautiful young lady’s mother.”

“MOTHER!” I hissed, gripping her arm. I felt like I was on the most frightening ride in the theme park.

“Don’t believe it!” one of the lads said.

“Anyway, you know where to find us. There’s a drink of your choice waiting at the bar!”

And with that, they were gone.

“Mother, why did you have to encourage them?” I said when they had left.

“Isn’t it nice to be chatted up?” Mum said.

I had to admit my heart had been beating and I felt thrilled, but I wasn’t who I appeared to be. What if they found out?

All through the meal, I could think of nothing else but the young men in the club, dancing and flirting with other girls. The image of the blue-eyed lad with the nice smile who had done all the talking stayed with me through the main course and dessert. I wanted to meet him again.

Fortified by wine I said, “Mother, what do you think about what those men said?”

“I’m too old. You could go and take a taxi home.”

My heart pounded. The thought of being alone in a nightclub... alone anywhere without Mum - filled me with dread. Mum read my thoughts.

"You have to learn to become more independent, Philippa, I know it is difficult for you. I know you find it hard, but I want nothing more than for you to marry and lead a lovely life. It's what you deserve."

To give me confidence, Mum agreed to come in to the club with me. She would then leave. I was wearing a tight-fitting, long red dress and high heels. Mum was wearing a long black skirt and blouse. Despite the compliments from the group of lads, she knew she would stand out with such a young crowd around her.

It felt so odd to be entering a nightclub as a woman, paying the entrance fee and walking along the dark corridor and into the dance floor area. The floor was oval with bars and seating around the outside. I pulled down my red dress; I felt so exposed. The last time I had been to a nightclub, I was a nineteen-year-old lad, full of beer and bravado. Now I was twenty-four and a woman, attracting glances and stares.

The strobe lights pierced the darkness as young lads and girls danced together. I looked out on the dance floor and saw groups of men and women in their early twenties dancing, other boys stood around necking bottles of beer or dabbing cigarettes to their lips. Suddenly, there was a voice at my shoulder,

"So you've decided to join us then?"

It was Mark's friend. Soon, Mark the lad who had chatted Mum up, joined him and asked what we were drinking. Mum found her way to a bar stool; she promised not to leave me.

Mark and I danced that night. I felt his hands run up my silky red dress, squeezing my bum...and we kissed. It was electric. I closed my eyes. Imagined...

We exchanged numbers and then Mum took me home – not that she had been on her own all night. No, a local business man called Brian had seen her sitting by the bar, and realised she was on her own. So he went over to her to see if she needed company. He was in his fifties and had a passion for young girls – unfortunately his charms had not worked that night – though, apparently they usually did. Anyway, seeing someone of his own age in the club was a real thrill. It wasn't long before Mum and Brian were engaged in conversation. By the end of the night, they were exchanging phone numbers.

So Mum and I started dating together. It was good fun. Exciting. Both of us would get ready to go out of an evening with our respective partners and ask each other about clothes and how we looked. I liked the getting ready bit almost as much as I enjoyed seeing Mark.

For me it meant a new lease on life. I got to meet all Mark's friends and girls of my own age who were part of his group. I started to go to clubs and pubs and the cinema and out for meals.

Of course, I felt guilty. And the closer we got, the guiltier I felt. I was a man. A guy trapped for life in woman's body. How could I tell him? Then there was the sex. I always pushed Mark's hand away if he dared to move it below the waist.

I asked Mum what I should do,

"You need to be courageous, Philippa. You're young; he's your first boyfriend. It will take time, but you need to let him touch you."

Brian was certainly touching Mum. He started to stay over at our house once or twice a week. There was always a twinkle in his eye when he spoke to me in the mornings.

Then it just happened. It was Christmas Day 1994. I'd seen Mark on Christmas Eve and he had given me a lovely present of lingerie and jewellery that brought tears to my eyes. On Christmas Day, he had driven off to his parent's house which was some miles away. Anyway, Brian came for dinner on Christmas Day. He had children by his first marriage but like Mum, he didn't see them, so the three of us were alone.

Mum was in the kitchen cooking and Brian and I had one or two drinks. It was a good atmosphere with Brian telling stories and making us both laugh. Though I thought he was a bit full of himself and liked to be the centre of attention, he was good company.

Mum and I had dressed up, of course. I wore a black strapless dress and Mum had on a silky blouse. Brian certainly appreciated the effort and paid us both compliments. We watched the Queen's Speech, opened presents, loaded the dish washer and had some more to drink. Brian started asking Mum and me about our family and why we had moved to the area. Mum got down some photo albums as Brian wanted to see the house where we used to live. Of course, the photos, from the Seventies, showed four boys outside our house. There were photographs of the six of us on holiday and playing football in the garden. It wasn't long before Brian turned a page and saw a photo of me with Annette. I was wearing a long dress.

"Is that you?" Brian asked.

I didn't know what to say. I had kicked my shoes off by this time and had my legs curled under me, cat-like.

Mum sat next to Brian on the sofa so she could give a description of each photograph as he turned the page.

"Philippa was born a boy," Mum said. "It's part of the reason I don't see the rest of my family."

"I see," Brian said calmly.

I sat quietly. I had a strange inkling that Brian wasn't altogether surprised; maybe something in my behaviour or deportment had given the game away. Mum went on to explain that I had always been a girl trapped in a boy's body and that she had encouraged me to be myself rather than repress my inner most self. She explained that, eventually, I had had a sex change.

"That's unbelievable; you would never know that's the case. You've sacrificed a hell of a lot for your daughter, Georgina," Brian said.

At that moment, I started to cry. "I feel so worthless," I sobbed. "I'm not a real woman. I can't give Mark what he wants. I can never have children. What's the point of me?"

Brian stood up and sat on the arm of my chair. "Look," he said. "You *are* a real woman. Of course you are. No one would know..."

Mum went to the cabinet and started to pour some more drinks, I could sense her irritation with me. No doubt she felt jealous that her boyfriend was stroking my back, comforting me.

"Philippa, you're got to stop making these awful scenes! You're like a little spoiled child. Of course its going to be hard. No one said it would be easy, did they? You're luckier than most, you've had an understanding mother who has sacrificed her own happiness for you, who has protected you and helped you. Now, I've told you before, it'll take time. Mark is a nice lad, I'm sure he'll understand, just like Brian has."

"Yes, yes, I don't mind," Brian said quickly.

"Now, go up to the bathroom, dry your eyes and re-apply your make-up. When you come back down, I want you to say sorry to Brian."

I went upstairs in my stockinged feet and stood in front of the mirror in my bedroom taking deep breaths to calm myself. Brian had taken the news very calmly but then he wasn't my boyfriend, was he? I sat at my dressing table and re-applied my mascara and blusher and lippy. When I felt composed, I returned to the sitting room. Mum and Brian were snuggled up together on the sofa, drinking wine. Soft music was playing.

"I'm sorry, Brian," I said. "I didn't mean to cause a scene."

"That's fine, don't worry about it." Brian said.

"The trouble with my daughter is that she is very self-centred. It's my fault of course; I've done too much for her and sacrificed so much for her happiness. She has just come to expect that I will always be there for her, picking up the pieces and calming situations down."

I sat silently. I knew Mum was right, I was selfish and immature.

"When did you realise?" Brian asked Mum.

"That my son was really a girl? Oh, as soon as she was born."

And so Mum recounted the story to Brian of how, even from birth she could tell, that I was just "different" from my brothers and that I wanted to dress in girls' clothes and play with my friend, Annette. I just sat in silence and listened. It wasn't true, of course but Brian believed it; after all, in front of him was the living proof of Mum's words.

The wine and spirits flowed easily that Christmas night. The cosy gas fire, the friendliness of Brian, the strength of my Mother's love all combined to give me a warm glow inside. I felt happy. We played a board game, Brian, Mum and I knelt on the floor throwing dice until Mum finally won and called an end to it. When we sat back down, she said, "Philippa, do you remember how I used to give you those special presents when you were young?"

I nodded.

"Well, there's another special present for you behind the tree. I was going to give it to you earlier but you threw such a paddy, I thought I would wait until you recovered some manners."

Mum stood up and handed me a long parcel.

"Now, I want you to go upstairs and put it on. Then come down and show us what you look like."

I took the present and ripped off the paper. In seconds, I was holding a lovely pink nightdress and matching negligee. I held them up and realised that they were somewhat translucent!

"I can't..." I protested.

"You can," Mum said. "And you will. Now go and get changed and don't cause another scene in front of Brian."

I did as I was told. I went to the bathroom and removed my make-up, then went to the bedroom and got changed, tying the negligee tight around me. I looked at myself in the mirror. The silhouette of my body could be seen beneath the material. Slowly, I descended the stairs.

Brian whistled as I entered the room.

"My God, you are stunning!"

"Do you like it?" Mum asked.

I said I did. Mum got to her feet. "Now, I will get changed and we can all go to bed."

I sat downstairs with Brian, his eyes devouring me as he finished his drink. Neither of us spoke. I was relieved when Mum returned.

"Are you coming to bed now, Brian?" Mum asked.

"No, I'll just finish my drink." He flicked on the television.

"Come on then, Philippa, let's go to bed."

Mum and I climbed the stairs.

"Philippa, I want you to sleep with me tonight," Mum said.

"What about Brian?" I asked.

"Philippa, I want you to sleep with me tonight," Mum repeated. "Brian will look after himself."

I knew better than to argue. She took me into her room and climbed in one side of the bed while I climbed in the other.

Looking back, I can't believe how stupid I was. It was so obvious, really. Mum had planned the taking of my virginity just as she had planned everything else in my life. Her partner, Brian, who was 57 years of age, had been selected to deflower me. He came upstairs, got washed and came into our room. It wasn't long before he was in bed with us and snuggling up to Mum. I tried to move over, let them have space, but that was the last thing on their minds.

Brian rolled on top of me and pushed up my nightdress. Then, with Mum's encouragement, he entered me. The pain was excruciating but Brian was undeterred by my screams (doubtless thinking they were of pleasure!). When he finished with me, it was Mum's turn,

"This is how it is done, Philippa," she said as she and Brian slowly made love. "You need to be more responsive, show your partner you love him."

I watched Brian's hands smooth over my Mother's silicone-enhanced breasts and caress her body. I had to look away. I could take no more. I buried my head in the duvet and



tried to blot out the picture in my head of my Mother making love to Brian right next to me and make sense of the fact he had just taken my female virginity.

Chapter Five

"I'm your first lover and you're the eighth-sixth woman I've made love to," Brian boldly announced the next morning while we were having breakfast. Mum was walking the dog. He continued in a rather smug vain, "Mother and daughter too. Quite a story."

I'd never been particularly keen on Brian, taking him for a big-headed business man, but Mum liked him, so it wasn't my place to criticise.

Mum returned with our small pooch and took off her leather gloves and fashionable boots. She kissed Brian on the cheek.

"I hope you two have not been getting up to any mischief," she said, winking at me. I told her we were just discuss-

ing Christmas. The night's events were still whirling in my brain, I still felt sore downstairs and I could not quite understand what had occurred; that Mum had planned my deflowering.

A few days later, when we were alone, I asked her about it.

"It was the only way," she said to me. "Brian was more than willing to assist and I knew you would need the comfort of knowing I was next to you when you first made love. Now, you will not be so shy when Mark comes a callin'."

And he did too. It wasn't long before Mark and I were enjoying a proper sexual relationship. He was a lot softer and gentler than Brian had been. I found myself enjoying our lovemaking sessions as we saw more and more of each other.

When I wasn't seeing Mark, I kept busy by helping to plan Mum's birthday party which was in February. We sent invites out to all and sundry and tried to track people down. Slowly, replies rolled in. Yes, Olivia and John would be there along with Annette and her husband, Matt and my three brothers with their spouses and children. The very thought of it made me turn cold and I felt nervous just reading the replies; what would they think of their tall, leggy, female sibling? What would Annette think? Mum cried at the thought of seeing her sons again, especially as she had not been to the weddings,

"Oh, I've got grandchildren!" she kept saying.

I knew it was going to be an ordeal. I was just pleased I had Mark by my side.

There was one problem, though. He didn't know about my change of sex...and he would need to know. How was I going to tell him?

One night, we were around his flat when I said, "Mark, there is something I need to tell you. When we go to Mum's party...and you will meet all the family... Well, they are going to be surprised to see me...see me like this. You see, I used to be a boy."

He didn't understand at first. I had to explain. He stood staring at me, open-mouthed.

I stood up to go to him, to hug him.

"You bitch!" he yelled and slapped my face really hard. I spun around, tears welling up in my eyes.

"Mark, I'm sorry," I said, but it was to no avail. The relationship was over. Mark felt betrayed and belittled. He sat on the sofa sobbing.

When I got home, Mum comforted me; folded her arms around me and kissed me.

"He wasn't the right one, Philippa. He was too immature to understand."

I didn't go out after that. I helped Mum arranged things for the party, which was soon upon us. I missed Mark and being with people my own age but I was determined not to let the incident with Mark get to me. Brian was surprisingly sympathetic and actually found myself warming to him.

Mum and I spent ages preparing for the day itself. We had our nails manicured, our legs waxed, our hair done and bought gorgeous dresses. I wore a lovely blue strapless taffeta dress and Mum also wore a ball gown. The hotel had done us proud (Mum had hired a party organiser so our dainty finger nails didn't get chipped). It all seemed so wonderful. Of course, I missed Mark. I wanted someone next to me whose hand I could squeeze, who I could whisper to. I didn't want to be alone.

On the evening of the party, Mum, Brian and I stood by the hotel foyer and greeted guests as they arrived. We then made our way to the venue. The Champaign glasses were stacked on top of each other and the buckets of ice contained bottles of Champaign. The lighting was soft and the strobe lights produced shadows on the floor. The chocolate fountain poured forth delicious brown ooze. The DJ played Mum's favourite songs. The guests arrived, slowly at first and then more quickly. Locals and friends who Mum knew arrived first and then Andrew and his wife showed up. He couldn't believe that I was Philip, it really knocked him sideways.

"I've got a sister!" he kept saying. "A bloody sister."

He had a wife and two young children.

"Say hello to Auntie Philippa," he said.

Charlie was least understanding; he just shook his head and walked off, muttering under his breath that I was a "freak."

James was bewildered as was Andrew. Then there was Annette and her husband. She said how wonderful it was that I was a girl and that she was so, so pleased for me. She gave me a big hug and kissed me. I found that really hard to take and I went to the toilet to be on my own. I cried in the cubicle. I don't know why, but I just felt very ashamed.

Olivia and John were very good; they both said how beautiful I was and how pleased they were that it had all worked out for me.

Then there were Brian's daughters, Tanya and Alex. Nice girls. Brian seemed proud of them as he introduced me to them, placing a protective arm around my waist.

I spent a lot of time with Brian at that party – I danced with him, talked to him, sat with him. I needed someone and Mum was much in demand. She beamed over her grandchildren and was absolutely delighted that the family was back together.

Brian kept telling me how beautiful I was, rubbing my back and telling me not to worry about the looks I was getting. For once, I loved his confidence and his bravado. I loved the fact he knew about me and my history.

The party carried on until 2 AM. Some of us were staying in the hotel so we could drink without having to worry about taxis. Brian and Mum had a room and I had an adjacent room. Just like on Christmas Day, I got drunk and so did Mum; soon we were both giggling like school girls. Brian was sober and took us to our rooms.

Having gotten Mum to her room, he unlocked my door and took me inside. Once there, he grabbed hold of me and kissed me. Passionately. I knew it was wrong but I responded to his advances; I'd been so lonely since Mark dumped me.

"Leave your door open, I'll be in later."

He was; having made love to Mum, he popped into my room and we had sex for a second time.

"It's all right, Georgina knows about it!" he said – though I don't think she did!

In fact, shortly after her party, Mum found out that Brian had another, younger girlfriend whom he been seeing for sometime. The relationship was over and it was back to just me and Mum living in our small house. I've never kept a secret from Mum so I confessed my infidelity.

"You're very lucky, lady," she said, "You deserve a spanking! As it is, I'll accept that Brian led you astray and we'll say no more about it."

One of the surprises of the birthday party was that I kept in touch with Andrew. We exchanged mobile phone numbers and he came around and visited Mum and I and bought his wife and kids. He seemed to just accept me for who I was. It was lovely to see my nieces and nephew; they liked running around the garden. Andrew had done really well for himself and now worked for a satellite TV company, commissioning new shows.

One weekend when he visited in April, he told Mum and me about a new show he was putting together. It was to be called "*The Biz Blitz*" and was to be a show business round-up. His company was looking for a female anchor.

"I've noticed how poised you are, Philippa, and how well you walk. Also, your voice is ideal for television as it is slightly deep but your enunciation is very clear. You speak slowly and carefully."

"My God! You mean to say all those thousands that Mum has spent on deportment and voice coaching has paid off?" I joked.

Andrew laughed. "They certainly have. I'd like you to have a screen test."

Mum was worried. "But Andrew, she can't. What if it ever got out?"

Andrew smiled. "Don't worry, Mum. We're nearly at the end of the Twentieth Century. People are a lot more understanding than you think. Philippa would be ideal."

Chapter Six

"I just need to complete some questions for the form. How old are you?" the producer asked.

"Twenty-six."

"Date of Birth?"

I told him.

Mum sat behind me, glowing with pride. Bees Knees Productions were going to hire me as an anchor for their forthcoming satellite show, *The Biz Blitz*. I'd passed the audition with flying colours as Andrew had predicted. They liked my deportment, speaking voice, smile and general grooming. Also, I had an encyclopaedic knowledge of music and show biz as I devoured magazines. Having been alone so much as a child, my only "friend" through my teenage years had been music.

"You're exactly what we are looking for," the producer said.

I sat back in my chair. I felt really pleased with myself. I had swum and exercised daily so that I was in good shape for the audition and had had extra deportment and voice coaching lessons. All my hard work had paid off.

We went through pilots and I learnt to read an Autocue; the first show was scheduled for three months time. I was so excited! And what was even more thrilling was that the wardrobe was fantastic. The costume staff thought I should wear a black leather skirt and boots along with a tight top for my first show. I was so nervous... and yet felt so excited and enthused by it all.

By this time, I saw Philippa as a creation, rather like an actor who plays a part. She wasn't me, she was my alter-ego, and through her I could be confident and brassy and full of life – something, that as a male, I had never been. People talk about the glass ceiling and women not reaching the top; here I was on top *because* I was a woman.

When the day of the first show came around, I was really nervous; I hadn't slept for days. Andrew and Mum sent me flowers and everyone wished me well. I was popular

with the staff who worked on the show. They all made me feel comfortable and wished me luck, though only Andrew knew my secret.

On the fateful day, I sat being made up with subtle colours and a pale lipstick. My blonde hair hung free and curly to my neck, I didn't wear earrings in my pierced ears and my make-up was soft and understated; my black, sleeveless top had a large embossed V on the front with straps coming up and around my neck. I also wore a soft black leather skirt and black knee-high leather boots finished off with patterned tights and a leather belt.

Soon I was taking the stage and *Biz Blitz* was on air. I walked through the arch, grabbing my cue cards from the director. That first programme passed quickly. It was a half-hour slot but it felt more like five minutes; my heart was racing as adrenalin pumped through my veins.

I can recall in detail what I wore for those next few programmes – wardrobe always came up trumps and, of course, I offered my advice. Bees Knees liked a sophisticated, sassy look with a bit of edge and plenty of glitz and glamour. Leather and PVC very much fitted the bill. I stood up for the whole thirty-minute programme, occasionally interviewing guests who also stood up. That was to give an impression of a fast-paced show, anchored in the “now.”

At the beginning of the show, I walked through a curved tunnel that was like an elongated spring (if that isn't sexual I don't know what is!) The camera would roll backwards and I would read from an Autocue. Then I'd stand by a high table which was shaped like a plectrum; a screen behind me showed the groups or personality that I was talking about. It was all show biz gossip, who's dating who, who just got a new Hollywood role, etc. The format was simplistic but effective.

For the second programme, I wore a tight-fitting red leather dress which showed off my silicone-enhanced breasts; the dress was sleeveless and knee-length and my hair was placed in a bun. For the third show, I wore a tan leather skirt and sleeveless black top which had a silver design and short tassels at the waist. The sandals I wore were high-heeled and I did not wear tights so that my tanned bare legs were on display. I wore the same skirt on the fourth program, matching it with low-heeled shoes and again no tights. My hair was down but this time I'd dyed it brown for a change!

The time after that it was a metallic blue, leather skirt and a silky green metallic top; my hair was down and I wore high-heeled sandals; my blouse was tied at the waist and I rolled the sleeves up to give me a slightly masculine air.

On the next weekly instalment of *Biz Blitz*, I wore a knee-length black leather skirt which was embossed with designs and jewels and a black sleeveless, polo neck top.

By this time, I had a fan club on the internet and had even been made the “Queen of Leather” by a kinky internet site that liked such clothing. Fancying a change from skirts, I wore black leather trousers and a blue polo neck top with long sleeves on my next outing. The trousers were very tight-fitting and figure hugging! They certainly attracted a lot of mail! Some people said how they liked seeing me in pants and others said they preferred me to wear skirts. I was surprised at how many people would write to tell me they liked

an outfit, how they loved me or that I should do something with my hair. I was on TV so I was public property!

I always held cue cards which I never actually read from and wore a watch which I never looked at. All my directions were taken from Peter, the director, who sat behind the camera. He would indicate when someone was phoning our premium-rate numbers to answer our easy multiple choice questions. The phone lines were a good source of income; someone had to pay for all those outfits and they didn't come cheap. I couldn't believe how much Busy Bees was prepared to pay for an outfit, thinking nothing of 600 for a skirt and 200 for a top.

"You're worth it, Philippa," the wardrobe women would say to me.

On my next excursion in front of the camera, I wore purple leather trousers which were even tighter than the black ones. Again I teamed them up with a purple top – this time one which was sleeveless. Again, the pants lovers adored it and wrote to me in droves to say how sexy I looked, some even indicating that they did naughty things in front of the telly while watching me!

My confidence went into mega drive; Philippa, my creation, was a star!!

Men proposed to me and women said how much they liked my style and wanted to be like me. I got photographed for magazine covers and was invited to show biz parties; it seemed that everyone wanted to be my friend. At the time, Boyzone and Posh and Becks were big news. I got to meet Robbie Williams who had gone solo after being in Take That. I also met Oasis and Blur and other Britpop acts. I couldn't believe how much money I was earning for so little work! Once a week, a car called at my flat to collect me and take me to the studio. I'd bought my own flat and started to be a bit independent of Mum. Of course, I repaid Mum all the money she had spent on me over the years. She sold her house and moved to London so we weren't far apart – just not living out of each other's pockets.

Mum loved the lifestyle, especially getting photographed by the paparazzi (they loved her "full-on" chest!). She would often accompany me to parties and show biz events. Mum was a natural; it was what she was born for. Brian tried to muscle back in on the scene but Mum gave him short shift. No, her aim was set very high and she soon snagged Earl Longbrough who was some ten years her junior and had a country seat as well as a penthouse in London.

I felt so proud and was delighted that I could pay her back for all her kindness. For years, I had lived in her shadow; now I was standing in the strobe light and it felt fantastic.

I suppose I always knew, in my heart of hearts, that I was on borrowed time, that it wouldn't last. Eventually, someone was bound to do some digging, look into the background of Philippa Graham. There were plenty of people who knew the truth apart from Mum and Andrew. Brian, Mark, James, Charles, Olivia and John – not to mention Annette and her husband. In fact, one of the pleasing things about Mum's party had been that I had got back in touch with Annette. One day, I invited her to London and we went shopping. After a tiring walk around the shops, we stopped at Fortum & Mason's for tea.

"You've done really well for yourself," she said as we sat in Fortum & Masons and sipped tea. "I can't believe you are on the telly!"

"I know, isn't it exciting!"

"But you are not even a woman...well, not a proper one," she sulked.

For the first time in her life, Annette was jealous of me! I had developed a slightly camp, over-the-top act which I sometimes used on the show to be catty to a star or deflate a pompous ego.

"Oh, you know me, Sugar. All my bits are in the right places!"

Annette just stared. "You're not the Philip I knew and loved."

"But you didn't love me, did you Sugar?" And I lightly slapped her hand.

Not long after our meeting someone tipped off the press.

"Show Biz Queen in Sex Change Shocker!" The *Sunday Sun* read.

There was a four-page "world exclusive" with photos of me as a boy in school uniform and dressed as a girl when I was young. I locked myself away in my flat and cried and cried. Mum was devastated; she was hoping Earl Longbrough was going to pop the question. Photographers were outside my flat day and night and the phone rang constantly. Everyone wanted me to talk but I wasn't saying anything – I couldn't. Mum tried to comfort me,

"Oh, Philippa," she sobbed. "I'm so, so, sorry. It'll be all right, people will understand."

I was given time off to recover but I never did. I went back to work but it was never the same. My contract wasn't renewed when it ran out. A new, young blonde took my place as the anchor on the *Biz Blitz*.

Mum got married to Earl Longbrough and we both thought it best I didn't attend the wedding – after all, his family were quite conservative. Mum settled into her titled seat as lady of the manor and I went off to America. Alone. You see, I was determined to start my life over again.

Mum and I kissed goodbye at the airport (she was wearing a headscarf and shades so she wasn't recognised) and I boarded the 747 from Heathrow to New York where I was due to catch another flight to Los Angeles.

I sat on the plane, plugged the headphones into my iPod and relaxed. A serene smile smoothed over my lips. I was happy with my creation. For one, brief, shining moment Philippa Graham had been a big star...and would be again when I took up my post as the first transsexual anchor woman on American national TV. A network in the States had contacted me as soon as my UK contract expired. They wanted me for who I was. This time it would be all above board and out in the open. Well, kind of. This time, only two people would know my little secret, that I'm not really a transsexual, and that's my Mother and me.

The End