

Ritchie's Awakening



Charlotte Mayo



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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

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



Copyright © 2017

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

RITCHIE'S AWAKENING

by Charlotte Mayo

Chapter One

The doorbell rang at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon—dead on time. Ritchie took a deep breath and walked across the tidy, uncluttered hall of his apartment. He opened the door. Monika stood in the corridor. Her black, curly hair bounced off her shoulders. She smiled – a warm, pleasurable smile.

“Hiya,” she said and placed her feet together, military style. Her lips gleamed, deep crimson; her teeth shone pearly white.

Ritchie beamed. He started to feel aroused. He took in her long, bare, shapely legs, ending with a pair of gloriously glamorous black stilettos which had platforms and were at least six inches high. Then he took in the black leather, skater skirt. The hem

trimmed her shapely bare thigh; her ample breast was covered by a tight white top, over which she wore a short black box-style leather-look jacket, open at the front. A heavy gold chain glistened on her chest.

“Are you going to invite me in, or just stand there staring at me?” She laughed.

Ritchie remembered his manners. “Sorry, sorry, come in, Monika,” he said. He held the door open and watched the enticing movement as she walked into the apartment. Arms folded, she wandered down the hall, wriggling seductively. Ritchie noted the gold link chain of her very large, black padded handbag; he noticed, as well, the way the bag bounced against her leather-clad hip. He knew the bag contained the instruments of her profession. He felt his heart beat faster. He wanted her, but he was nervous as well – he was always nervous when Monika came a-calling.

By the time Ritchie reached the lounge, Monika was already lolling in his sofa as if he were a close friend, her long legs stretched out. She curled one around the other like twine on a tree.

“Do you want a drink?” Ritchie asked. Ritchie certainly felt as if *he* needed one! He liked Monika—in fact, he had asked for her specifically when he had gone on line that morning—but that did not stop the butterflies in his stomach. A peculiar cocktail of desire, nerves and anticipation built up a heady mix.

“I’ll have vodka and tonic,” Monika said, pronouncing the drink as *voodker* – very seductive, very Russian. He knew she liked him. She had often said how men in Russia were “manly,” and it was nice to meet a guy who was so different, not afraid of his feminine side.

“I wore this for you, Ritchie,” Monika said pulling out her skater skirt. “You like?”

Ritchie said he did. He mixed the drinks on the drinks cabinet and brought them over. He handed Monika her vodka and tonic. His glass contained rum and Coke.

“All the girls think I’m so lucky coming to see you,” Monika said as she sipped her drink. “You are such a nice guy, I was pleased as, how you say, Punch? when you booked me this morning.”

Ritchie collapsed into an armchair opposite; it gave him a good view of Monika’s shapely, extended legs.

“You are my favourite girl,” he said, raising his expensive crystal glass. He was conscious that Monika could see the long, thin scar on his white, hairless arm. In some respects, he felt quite proud of it, as if it were macho – not so the one on his stomach, which had stopped his enjoyment of tight lacing.

“I wonder why you not have a girlfriend,” Monika continued. “I know you have an unusual pastime but that is not so much a problem in this time and age.”

Ritchie smiled. Monika always referred to his passion for dressing in women’s clothing as his “unusual pastime” – perhaps not realising how many men in the UK and elsewhere actually liked to do it.

“I prefer to be single,” he said. That was true. He had had relationships before, and there was always that awkward moment when he had to explain why he was hairless or why his wardrobe had so many women’s clothes in it. He had usually just confessed to being a transvestite – and now everyone knew anyway.

Monika shrugged. “But sure, it must get expensive using the Agency? You not want a girl to take out and go to the meals and the cinema and that sort of thing?”

“It’s hard with the dressing,” Ritchie said realising that they had both used a euphemism for his transvestitism. “It’s hard to find a woman that accepts it.”

He looked down at the grey carpet. His eyes welled up. He thought of his only serious girlfriend, Debra. She had moved into his apartment and they had set up home together – and then she had caught him in bed wearing her nightdress. He had got away with that one by introducing the wearing of lingerie into their lovemaking, but Debra had realised his interests went further and he went out during the day “dressed.” Eventually, he had been forced to confess. It had got bitter when she had realised she would be the one to move out of the apartment and she had shared photographs of him on Facebook.

He looked up and slugged back his drink. Monika had dampened his ardour. “Let’s not talk about it. You’re here to service me, so when you’ve finished your drink we’ll go through to the bedroom,” he said.

“Oh, Ritchie, I like it when you are manly!” Monika laughed. She reached into her large black bag. “But when we go next door I am going to be in charge and I think you get a spanking, no?”

“I guess so,” Ritchie said. “I have been naughty of late.”

“What have you done?”

Ritchie told her about work – how he had been called into the office by the manager and told his work was not up to standard. This was true, but Ritchie made up some other transgressions in addition.

“I will just give you a hand spanking,” Monika said. Like Ritchie, she drained her glass and stood up in one, easy motion, pulling down her short skirt as she did so. Ritchie felt his manhood rise again. He took

her by the hand; he felt the sharpness of her well-manicured, long nails – painted black to match her outfit.

He led her to his bedroom and then she took over. She removed her black PVC jacket revealing the tight, white top which showed off her ample cleavage: she sat on the corner of the bed.

“You will wear your wig, to show me what a bad transvestite you are, and how much you deserve a spanking,” Monika commanded. Ritchie obeyed, retrieving a curly blonde wig from the polystyrene head where it rested when not in use, and placing it carefully on his own head.

“Now strip off,” she ordered. Ritchie pulled off his T-shirt and unbuckled his trousers. He stood before her wearing a pair of pink satin panties.

Monika smiled. “Do you even own a pair of men’s pants?”

“Nope,” Ritchie said.

She held up her hand and ran one of her delicious fingernails down his smooth, hairless chest; she felt the dark scar on his stomach.

“Soon there will be a trial, no?”

“Umm,” Ritchie said. “I’m not looking forward to it.”

“I bet you’re not. But for now, I am here and we can forget, no?”

“I hope so,” Ritchie said.

“Ritchie,” Monika said seductively as she sat on the corner of the bed, “bend over my knee.”

Ritchie looked at the leather skater skirt. He felt aroused. He eased himself over Monika’s knee, wrig-

gling so he was in position. His knees were on the floor and his hands on the carpet. He shivered slightly, knowing what was coming next.

“You naughty boy!” Monika said, her voice suddenly taking on the stern tones of the dominatrix. “You are wearing your mother’s panties again, are you not?”

“Yes,” Ritchie said. In a sudden swipe the panties were pulled down and torn in the process.

“Now, stuff them in your mouth!”

Ritchie did as he was told. He was now naked and he knew his punishment would begin. His cock hardened: the feel of the leather, which was now next to his skin, made him excited.

Suddenly he felt Monika’s hand on his backside. She drew it back and gave him a hearty smack. The force reverberated through his body and made Ritchie shudder. It was followed by another spank and the another. Monika soon built up a steady tattoo of spanks – first, the right cheek and then the left – smack, smack, smack. Ritchie withered in pain. He tried to grip the carpet but the volley of spanks did not stop and, as each one was received, Ritchie received an admonishment—for being lazy and getting into trouble at work, and for wearing his late mother’s clothes (though in truth he had very few clothes left from his mother’s wardrobes).

“You are a lazy transvestite, aren’t you?” Monika said.

Ritchie spat out the panties. “Yes, Mistress,” he replied.

“You were born with the silver spoon in ya mouth, weren’t you?”

“Yes,” Ritchie mumbled.



“And you are a lazy transvestite, aren't you?”

“Yes,” Ritchie replied.

“And I am right to spank you, aren't I?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Ritchie responded.

“You are lucky I am not doing more than the spanking. I have the paddle in my bag too, but for today I will just leave you with a nice warmed-up bum. Now stand up.”

Ritchie scrambled off Monika's knee. His cock was erect and near to bursting.

“Lay on the bed,” Monika ordered.

Ritchie assumed his normal position, laying on the double bed, face up. Monika climbed on the bed as well and rested on his thighs. Unlike Ritchie, she was still clothed. She knew the routine: Ritchie liked the feel of her leather skirt on his smooth, hairless chest. Fortunately, she had “forgotten” to wear any panties.

“My, you are a big boy!” she said as looked at Ritchie's enlarged member. Then, like a magician, she produced a rubber from her mouth and suckered it onto the tip of his cock. Her hands went to work, moving the rubber down Ritchie's red erect stem. Ritchie leant back on the bed – such moments were pure ecstasy. He loved the feel of the gossamer sheaf encasing his cock, the gentle hands pushing it in place, the warmth of his freshly spanked backside on his satin sheets.

Monika edged up his body and lifted her skirt. Like a magician's cloak, the skater skirt shielded Ritchie's member. Ritchie closed his eyes and felt his cock being inserted into her warm, moist pussy. He pushed up into her, arching his back as he did so; he felt the tip stretch into Monika's soft clit.

Then she rode him, and rode him well. The warmth of his buttocks, the feel of the leather chaffing his thighs – he leant back – he felt as if he were in Heaven. Monika worked him, back and forth, back and forth, building up a momentum like a steam train moving uphill; back and forth – Ritchie thought his cock would snap in two, such was the vigour of the prostitute—until, at last, he spluttered semen into the rubber and released a great sigh of release.

Monika clambered off the bed. “You enjoy?” she said.

“Yeh, of course,” Ritchie said. “I always enjoy it.”

“You out tonight?” Monika asked, immediately reverting back to her normal, friendly self, which was far removed from the dominatrix role she played for him. In fact, he knew she only played the dominatrix for a few other clients; most wanted straight sex, and Monika did not see herself as a dominatrix—but, as she had told Ritchie on many occasions, her aim was to give punters pleasure. “No,” Ritchie said. “Not tonight. I’ll dress, though, just in the apartment. If you want I’ll cook you dinner; I was about to have something myself.”

Monika smiled. Ritchie was not like her other clients: he seemed to care, he didn’t treat women like pieces of meat. Most of the punters just thought of you as an object. A lot of the girls liked it when Ritchie called or booked an appointment on the internet site; it was an enjoyable, hassle-free assignation. She always let him pay at the end, as she trusted him and he always gave her more. On a couple of occasions they had had a light, microwavable meal together, before she had gone to her next assignment.

Ritchie went to his drawer where he kept an envelope filled with a wad of money, and placed some

notes on the bed. Monika picked them up without counting them; she rolled them up and placed them in the large handbag she had brought with her. She had already put her jacket on. By contrast, Ritchie was now wearing a slinky sky-blue negligee.

She kissed him on the lips. "Until next time," she said, touching his lips with her finger.

Ritchie saw her out and walked to the small kitchenette area. It was a shame Monika had not wanted to eat with him. He took a small bottle of beer from the fridge and cracked it open. Then he pressed the remote on the small kitchen TV. Meanwhile, he pierced a ready meal and placed it in the microwave. He didn't have a lot of time to waste on cooking; he needed to get dressed.

After his light meal in the kitchen, which he had consumed whilst painting his nails, he walked into the bathroom, where the light was better. He opened a cabinet, took out foundation, and dabbed it on his face. When he had finished, he went to the bedroom and sat at the dressing table. Then the real work began. He stippled on powder, then eyeliner, mascara, blusher, lip pencil and lipstick. Finally, an hour later, his face was fully made up. Monika had always said that one day, when she had more time, she would like to see him get dressed as a woman. It was something Ritchie had always wanted.

He stood up and removed his negligee; this was the part he liked the best. He took some new satin panties from a drawer and pulled them on. Then he took some thin tights from a drawer and sat on the bed and pulled them up so the darkness encased his legs. He looked at himself in the wall to ceiling wardrobe mirror. He was twenty-eight years old. He was very slim, a size ten. His body was completely smooth and free of hair, as he shaved at least once a week in the bath. Fortunately, he was just under medium height

and small-boned, which meant he had small hands and feet. In fact, he was not a very manly man at all – by appearance at least - and he did not want to be, for Ritchie Arthur Stone was a transvestite who could transform himself into a very passable, attractive woman.

Having admired himself in the mirror, which he frequently did whilst dressing, Ritchie took a waist clincher from a drawer and fastened it around his thin waist. He pulled it as tight as he could stand whilst trying not to cause pain to the tender area where he had scarring. Then he attached a large, cupped bra and filled it with quality, silicone breast forms which would have cost the best part of a week's salary – if Ritchie had had to worry about such things. He loved the weighty feel of the breasts on his chest. He drew up the bra straps and ran his finger around the cups to ensure they fitted well – there was nothing worse than an ill-fitting bra. After many experiments, he had realised that wired was best.

Then he opened the mirrored wardrobe and looked at the mass of female clothing he had hoarded over the years – first from his mother's house, and then from stores where he regularly bought his own clothes. Although he was not well paid, Ritchie was well off, due to a large inheritance from his mother. This meant the apartment was paid for outright. *That* meant that, with minimal outgoings, all or most of his spare money could be spent on his alter ego, Vicky.

Ritchie had discovered early on that to pass in public you needed to ensure you looked the part, and that meant he dressed in expensive clothes and bought expensive make-up products. Below the neatly stored clothing were rows of shoes and boots, and that was not the end of it. More ladies' clothes were stored in his other wardrobe, as well as shoes and boots, scarves, coats, belts and jewellery. Yes,

dressing as a woman, when you were *not* a woman, was a very, very expensive business if done properly—and Ritchie, the perfectionist, liked to do everything properly.

He liked nights like this when he stayed in and dressed; it gave him an opportunity to try on different outfits and wigs. He looked at the range of dresses and skirts in his wardrobe; he pulled them out and examined them, feeling the material between his fingers – the soft chiffons, the silks, the cottons, the silky blouses, the leather skirts in their polythene wraps.

At last, he removed an evening dress, floor-length and gold with black chevron patterns on sparkly material. He took it out of the wardrobe and placed it on the back of the door. Then he slowly unzipped the dress. Gently, he took it off the hanger. He placed the dress on the floor, took a deep breath and stepped into it. He wriggled as he pulled it up his body. Then he eased up the zip. It was a difficult job and he could not do up the catch. The dress was long-sleeved and sheaved so it encased his body.

He bent down and searched in the wardrobe for a pair of high-heeled stilettos. He had just the ones: black patent shoes with gold 4.5” heels. He sat on the bed and slipped them on. He was dressed, except for the crowning glory: the wig. He had several, and that night he chose a curly, voluminous reddish one. He pulled it on and instantly transformed himself into a glamorous woman.

Next, he walked to his dressing table, sat down and picked up a box of jewellery: he added rings and a gold necklace. He sprayed on some perfume. Then he stood up and looked at himself in the mirror. He ran his elegant hands down his body, feeling the slightly rough material. The dress sparkled and shone under the electric light. His heart beat with ex-

citement. He felt an inner stillness ease through his body. He thought of Monika earlier – the richly deserved spanking followed by the love-making on the bed. That afternoon it had only been a quick session, the prostitute astride his thighs, moving back and forth on his erect member. He looked at himself – no, not at himself, but at the character he had created, the character of Vicky Hall, his alter ego. Helen Hall had been one of the girls in his class at school whom he had had a crush on, so he had taken her surname. Someone else had named him Victoria; he was not sure why.

Pulling himself upright, he looked at his image with a critical eye. He loved the way the heels increased his height, loved the light ache in his ankles, loved the feeling of being encased by the dress. He shivered with a feeling of ecstasy – was there a more pleasurable activity than dressing as a woman? If there was, Ritchie was not aware of it. Even the sex with Monika could not match the current feeling of well-being that encompassed him.

After a while Ritchie took off the dress and placed it carefully back on the hanger. In the apartment below him a door closed; he realised the professional couple who lived there, Tom and Sarah, were going out. He smiled at his reflections, thinking of the times he had met them by the communal front door, when dressed, and said an embarrassed “hello.” The first time he had thought he had been read—but when he had seen them again, whilst in male mode, there had seen no indication that either of them thought the man that lived in the apartment above them was a transvestite. In fact, Sarah in particular was always quite chatty and gave him a generous smile when she saw him.

Ritchie took out the next piece of clothing, a white translucent blouse with silver buttons. He buttoned up a the blouse. The material stretched over the large

mounds that were his breasts. He loved the feel of the material on his breasts.

Transvestite, he thought, that was the word. Some of the people in the support group he belonged to didn't like it, preferring "crossdresser" or "transgendered," but Ritchie loved it. He had always thought of himself as a transvestite, and he always would.

He finished doing up the blouse and took a brand-new, black leather pencil skirt from the wardrobe. He removed the protective polythene and placed the skirt on the bed. He loved buying new items of clothing, getting ready and then putting them on. He unzipped it and wriggled as he moved the skirt up his slim body. He edged up the back zip – he loved that bit – slipping into a new skirt for the first time, feeling it against his body. He found a pair of black court shoes in the wardrobe and slipped them on. He adjusted the blouse so that it was slightly out of the skirt and not too tight. Then he changed his wig for a more functional, black bob. That was his favourite, as it was the wig he knew he could pass in easily. He also had a new blond one which seemed equally realistic. He looked at his slender ankles and his thin legs; he felt the leather on his thighs.

"Thank God, I'm a transvestite," he said to his reflected image. He pirouetted in front of the mirror, looking at his small buttocks encased in leather; he could still feel the warmth from the bum-warming he had received earlier. He liked the look. He tried it with the blond wig, and added silver jewellery to match the buttons on the blouse. Then he sorted through the wardrobe and found a black clutch bag. He stood in front of the mirror again, admiring the image that stared back at him.

“Good evening, I have booked a table for two. The name is Victoria—Victoria Hall.” That always led to one or two jokes or smiles, as Victoria Hall was a building like Carnegie Hall, but it added to Vicky’s personality; he imagined that anyone who was really called Victoria Hall must have receive a similar response.

Finally, he walked next door into his lounge and poured himself a drink. He sat down on the same sofa Monika had sat in and flicked on the large flat screen TV. He crossed his legs, feeling the nylons on each leg chaff against each other - leather and shaven skin interacted, causing a static friction. He pulled down his skirt and prepared himself for a very pleasant evening— a very pleasant evening indeed.

“You get up to anything over the weekend, Ritchie?” Emma asked as Ritchie walked into the offices of Motoveno Finance. He was dressed in an expensive woollen grey woollen suit, black and white striped shirt and matching tie; he had a reputation for being a smart dresser.

Ritchie liked Emma. She was his age, blonde, with bright blue eyes. She was also a single mother with two small children. She worked on reception and, like the rest of the staff, Emma knew Ritchie was a transvestite. In fact, she had been out for a night with him; she had been amazed at how good he looked, and how accomplished he was at the art of female impersonation. The female staff had had their suspicions about him, but then an incident—*The Incident*, the one in the papers—had exposed Ritchie . Now it was now common knowledge that he was a transvestite. He had been surprised at how supportive his colleagues had been – especially the female ones, who had quite naturally wanted to see photographs and ask questions.

“No, I stayed in and watched a bit of TV,” Ritchie said in reply to Emma’s question.

“And I expect you were dressed as a TV!” Emma joked.

“Of course I was, darling,” Ritchie said. “What else would I do on a Saturday night?”

Ritchie didn’t know why, but he said this in mincing/gay voice. A lot of the employees thought Ritchie was gay, though he had told them he wasn’t—but for some unconscious reason he did mimic a gay voice when asked about his dressing.

Emma laughed. “We’ll have to have a girls’ night out again.”

“Yes, I would like that,” Ritchie said in a more normal brogue.

He walked across the small office to his desk, past the large frame of bloated Tony with his stupid, black moustache and hangdog look. Tony was full of sarcastic humour and a hatred of Ritchie, which seemed to stem from the fact that Ritchie was popular with the girls in the office, who seemed to think he was a “nice bloke.” Then he passed old Mr Murray; religious Mary; Shazia and Debbie. Ritchie said “morning” to each one in turn and found his desk in the corner by the window. Another week at work filled him with dread, and he could not wait to be back in his apartment. He didn’t dress every night, but even when he was not dressed he often lounged around the flat in a silky negligee.

He looked at his in-tray; he had customers to call and forms to complete. The company sold finance, mainly as part of car purchases. The back-room staff phoned customers who had taken out new deals; they also compiled welcome packs and chased payments that had defaulted. The wool mix of his suit

trousers felt itchy against his shaved legs. The silky red thong he wore cut into his bum crack. He thought of Monika. He often thought of her plying her trade, with other punters.

The phone rang and nudged Ritchie from his reverie. "Hello, Motoveno Finance," he said. Another day had started, and another week.

Chapter Two

It was Becky's day off and she was spending it with her boyfriend, Mark. The couple were engaged, but they had not set a date for their nuptials. Mark had promised to take Becky out for the day, as she had accused him of neglecting her. Was he getting cold feet? Did he really want to marry her?

Mark drove his new white sports car down the country lanes to the pub. He liked quality, fast cars; they were an extension of his manhood. He also liked Becky; she was brunette and had a lovely, shapely figure which made heads turn. She also dressed well and took a lot of time over her appearance. Despite his devotion to Becky, though, Mark also had a liking for other women, and had cheated on his girlfriend on several occasions. Fortunately Becky was the forgiving sort, or the naïve sort, or maybe she simply didn't know because she considered Mark to be the love of her life.

That Monday, Becky had the obligatory sunglasses on her head, and she wore tight blue jeans, a T-shirt exposing her ample bust, black leather jacket, and high-heeled shoes. It was a lovely, sunny spring day, and both felt it was great to be off work when others were working. They arrived at the pub and found a seat outside; Mark went to the bar and ordered their lunches

The thing Becky loved about Mark (apart from being handsome and well off) was that he made her laugh. The two chatted away idly, though Mark had something on his mind – something he had heard Becky casually say to one of her friends on the phone one day, which he had been a bit bemused by. He started to work up to the subject.

“What are the guys like you work with?” he asked, taking a sip of his drink.

Becky raised her eyebrows. Mark never took much interest in her work. “Some are OK, but most are dorks.”

Mark grinned; he placed his muscular arm on the side of the chair.

“No one you fancy, then?” he said, teasing.

“No, of course not!” Becky was defensive.

“It was just that I thought I heard you say on the phone that one of the *guys* had come out with you on a *girls’* night out!”

Becky laughed and touched his arm. “Ritchie! You mean Ritchie! Yeh, sure he came out with us, but he was dressed as one of us!”

Mark felt a tingle run down his spine. He shivered; he started to become aroused. He wanted to learn more—learn *much* more, for God’s sake! He *thought* that was what he had overheard on the phone when Becky had been speaking to her friend, and now Becky had confirmed it: one of the guys she worked with had come out on a girls’ night out, dressed as a *girl!*

He tried not to show his excitement, but feared he was failing. “What? He was dressed as a girl, you mean?” Mark said. He felt the beat of his heart through his thin T-shirt. Like Becky, he had pushed

his sunglasses onto the top of his head; now, to give himself something to do, he took them off and placed them on the table. He had never thought of himself as anything but a heterosexual male, but there was something about the idea of a man dressed as a woman—and really *looking* like a woman – which excited him almost beyond belief.

The meals were served. Becky took a fork laden with tuna and salad, popped it into her mouth, and chewed for a while. “Yes, sure, he looked really good. If you didn’t know he was a guy, you never would have thought he was a man. No way, Jose.”

Mark wished his hand were not shaking as he lifted his pint of beer to his lips, but he knew it was. “He’s gay, right?”

Becky shrugged. “He says not; he says he’s a transvestite.”

Mark placed his drink on the table. “You work with some oddballs, Becky, but at least I can rest easy knowing that no one is after you. I can’t see you running off with some guy who wears a fucking skirt!”

Becky laughed; she stroked Mark’s hairy, muscular arm. “You are so caring, Mark,” she said. “That’s why I love you.”

Mark looked around the pub garden, at the mothers with their children, the happy couples. That was what Becky wanted: marriage and a family. There was nothing wrong with that, but Mark wanted to have a good time too—to try new things. He was conscious he was aroused; he knew it was the thought of Ritchie. He felt guilty and confused. He didn’t fancy guys; he had only ever had women; but a guy that looked like a woman—well, that was something completely different!

Mark hoped that Becky would have some photos on her phone of the night out, but she said she had not taken any, and he did not want to press the matter too far. One night he did access Becky's Facebook page and looked at photos that she and her friends had taken, but it was impossible to determine if any of them were this transvestite, Ritchie. Mark did not know why he was so fascinated by him but there was just something about the whole idea of a man dressed as a convincing woman that captivated him. At the same time, he did *not* want to show Becky that he was interested. It had to be causal, as if he were curious, that was all.

Then Becky came home from work and announced, "Emma has organised another girls' night out. We will be going out on Friday for a meal this time, not a club."

Mark's heart missed a beat. "Is that transvestite going too?"

"You mean Ritchie? Of course, it was Emma and him that organised it." Becky came and stood close to Mark, she pecked him on the cheek, she whispered. "I think you think I've got a crush on Ritchie, but I only have eyes for you."

Mark laughed and caressed Becky. "I know you have, Babe," he said. "I know you have. You like a real man, not some weirdo who dresses in women's clothes. That's not right, that is so not fucking right." Mark hoped Becky would not think "he doth protest too much"—but he knew, by her reaction, that there was no way in the world she would think he was fascinated by Ritchie and wanted to meet him.

Friday seemed a long time coming. When it did, Mark had a plan in place. "I'll drop you off at that Italian place, Baggio's, and I'll collect you," he said. That

way, he hoped, he might be able to see the transvestite, Ritchie, first hand.

“That’s sweet of you, Babe,” Becky said. “But I don’t mind getting a taxi; I know you like to go out for a drink on a Friday.”

“Not this week,” Mark lied. “It’s John’s partner’s birthday and Darren is out doing something, so I am Billy No Mates. I don’t mind – honest.”

“Only if you are sure you don’t; I honestly don’t have a problem with getting a cab.”

Mind? Mark thought. He could not fucking wait. He had thought of little else since Becky had announced the girls’ night out. Much to his shame, he had even “beat the bishop” into the toilet, thinking about the anonymous, androgynous Ritchie.

He watched Becky getting ready: tight jeans, very high-heeled shoes, plenty of lippy and hair spray. Like a lot of girls, she lived in trousers, although she was quite feminine and made the best of her appearance. He had dated some women who only wore cotton lingerie; at least Becky liked satins and silks, and did have a few skirts and dresses to her name.

When she was ready they went out to his car. Mark was quiet; he had agonised with himself all week about his feelings towards this faceless transvestite, Ritchie. Why was he so fascinated by him/her?

They drove to the restaurant in silence. The restaurant was part of a complex which included a cinema and bowling alley. Cars parked and dropped off in the central area, and the entertainment was on three sides. That meant a car driver could have a good view of the whole complex from the parking bays. Mark pulled up opposite Baggio’s and gave Becky a kiss on the cheek. “Have a good evening,” he said. He watched her walk in; she met some other

girls at the door and they stood chatting for a while. Then one held the door open and they all went through.

He scanned the carpark and no one else seemed to be about. Becky waved to him from the door, so he started the engine. When he picked her up, he hoped, he would be able to spot Ritchie.

Just as he started to reverse, he saw a tall, slim, blonde lady wearing a short black coat, walking along the walkway in front of the restaurants. On her shoulder, she had a black handbag with a gold chain; her hands were in the pockets of her buttoned up coat. She walked with an easy, purposeful stride, drawing no attention.

Mark stopped with the car in reverse. He watched. His heart beat fast and he felt excited. Was that “her”? There were a number of restaurants and she could be going to any one of them. As she neared Baggio’s, Mark noted she was wearing black knee-length boots with a high heel; she walked easily in the boots. She was clearly wearing a miniskirt as Mark could see her slim legs below her short, black Mac. She pulled open the door of Baggio’s and went in.

Mark continued to reverse out of his carpark space and drove home. He then had an agonising wait. Was the mysterious woman actually Ritchie the transvestite? If she was, then Becky was right: she— or he — was very, very convincing indeed.

Mark could not wait to collect Becky. In fact, he did not wait for the text; instead he drove into the carpark early. When Becky texted to say she was ready, he returned the text with message that said he was on his way, even though he was in the carpark waiting. He wanted to be sure he did not miss the

mysterious blonde lady, if indeed that had been Ritchie.

Finally, the door of Baggio's opened and a gaggle of girls came out, including the blonde lady and Becky – so, she was part of the group. This time she carried her coat on her arm. Mark could see she wore a short black miniskirt, a thick black belt with a silver buckle, and a white translucent blouse with silver buttons – and, of course, the black, high-heeled, knee-length boots. She was by far the best dressed of the girls.

Mark watched as she placed her handbag between her legs and pulled on her coat in a very feminine manner, one arm at a time – arm straight down into the sleeve, not as a man might do it. He watched as she pushed her hair out with her hands and did up the first and second buttons. As she performed the task, she was chatting to the other girls; it was so natural. When she had finished doing up her coat buttons and the belt of the Mac, she touched another girl on the arm and laughed; then there were kisses all round. She shouldered her handbag, waved a “goodbye,” and walked off along the front of the restaurants – hands in the pockets of the Mac, head down, walking quickly. She was heading in the direction she had arrived from, where the buses terminated.

Mark was conscious that his cock was throbbing, as was a pulse on his forehead. *Was that her? Was that her?*

The other girls dispersed and Becky came to the car, jogging over in her high heels. She pulled open the door.

“Good night?” Mark asked.

“Yes, great, thanks, they are a really good crowd. We have such a laugh when we're out together.”

“And did that transvestite come?” Mark asked, hoping he did not sound too interested.

“Oh yes, he looked fab,” Becky said.

“I saw a blonde lady wearing a black coat walk away – that wasn’t him, was it?”

“Yes,” Becky said. “He was wearing a short black miniskirt – he’s got legs to die for! He had a lovely white blouse on and black high-heeled boots. His clothes cost so much – they’re all designer. I don’t know where he gets the money; I really don’t.”

“Yeh, he looked good,” Mark said “If that is who I saw.”

Becky continued. “It is so unfair that men have such nice legs!”

Mark laughed. “They’re not a patch on yours, Babe. I saw him walk away; he looked like a woman – no question. Must be gay, though.”

“He says not. We all say that, but he says he’s straight.”

That night, as Mark made love to Becky, he could think of nothing else but the vision he had seen that night – the vision of Ritchie, the transvestite, entering and leaving the restaurant, passing in public *en femme* (he had done some research on the internet and knew this to be a transvestite phrase). He could not explain why the thought of a man dressed as a woman excited him so much, but his internet searches had also been of men who were convincing cross dressers: he knew Ritchie had unknowingly awakened something which had lain deep inside him, and that now the genie was out of the bottle. He could not understand it nor explain it, but the thought of Ritchie dressed as a woman was just about the biggest turn-on he had ever experienced –



and that included a threesome he had once had with two glamour models.

Chapter Three

Of course, Ritchie knew nothing about this. The night out with the girls had been another great night: he had passed in public and been accepted as a girl. To Ritchie it was a lot more fun than going to the support group or to the More Than One Club where everyone knew he was transgendered. When he was out with the girls, he was one of them, and no one else knew – that was the great thrill. He loved it when the girls in the office gave him make-up advice and said how good he looked. He gained a lot of knowledge and confidence through that and, as Ritchie had discovered, confidence was the key.

By now, he was even glad it was common knowledge that he was a transvestite – although he had not come out; rather, he had been forced out of the closet by an unfortunate incident. Not that his former girlfriend Debra had helped with her Facebook photographs of him; still, that had only reached a small group of friends. *The Incident* had reached *everyone*.

That Saturday it was back to his old routine. Monika was not coming around so, after a morning of shopping and household chores, he set to work putting out his things for the night. He was going clubbing with some TV friends, so he settled down and had a long, relaxing bath. He shaved his legs and arms and chest hair. When he got out of the bath he dabbed himself dry with a towel; then he walked to the bedroom where he had set out his things for the evening. Ritchie was very neat and tidy, and loved his apartment to be well organised with his clothes nicely stored in the wardrobes. Visitors often com-

mented that it was not the type of flat they would associate with a young, single male, as it was so neat.

Ritchie took off his dressing robe – the last male thing he would wear that night. He placed it on the back of the door and pulled on a peach-coloured negligee instead. He liked that - swapping from one to another – it was a signal he would start dressing. He fastened the tie and then he walked to the dressing table and sat down. He looked at his range of nail varnishes and selected one, in electric blue. His nails weren't long – he found long nails awkward - but he tried to keep them well shaped, and he knew the varnish added to the effect. Slowly, he painted each nail in turn. He sprayed them to help them dry, and then he waited a while. Once dry, he started to dress; this was the bit Ritchie liked the best. He walked over to his bedroom door and hung up his satin negligee. He stood in the nude in front of the mirror for a while admiring his slim, hairless body, though his stomach was marked by a cruel, dark scar. Then he took a pair of red satin panties and pulled them on, easing them up his smooth, slim legs. He took a bra and fastened it around his chest, hooking it first at the front and then moving it around his chest and placing his arms through the loops. He picked up some weighty, expensive breast forms and tucked them into each bra pouch. Then he picked up a white waist-clincher with a Velcro fastening. He pulled that around himself and took a deep breath; he was slim, but he found it helped with any bulges and was comfortable to wear for long periods. He sat on the bed, drew on a pair of ten denier tights, and pulled them all the way up his legs. He stood up, walked to the dressing table, took a bottle of perfume and sprayed on the scent; he also added deodorant.

His alter-ego, Vicky, was starting to take shape, and she smelt nice as well! Ritchie knew that every element had to be perfect; a transvestite was only as

good as the sum of all the parts that went into creating the final illusion. Ritchie stood up and went to his wardrobe. unsure what to wear. He looked at the skirts and blouses. He had far more female clothing than male. Eventually, he decided on a tight, tarty black PVC dress. He took it out of the wardrobe and peeled it off the hanger. He took an excited breath and eased down the zip; he placed one foot into the dress and then the other. He wriggled into it; it was certainly tight, and he was unsure how to pull the zip up. That was an issue he often had. After a few moments, he decided to take it off and try another dress; for the PVC one he needed someone with him to pull the zip right up.

He finally decided to wear a PVC pleated miniskirt (the girls at work were always telling him how great his legs were) and a white frilly top with volume sleeves and a tie at the waist. He put on the blouse, over the top of a white vest, and did it up; then he stepped into the skirt, did up the button and zip, and turned it around on his waist. He nipped out some blouse material so it didn't look too tight, and admired himself in the mirror.

“Yes, that's better,” he said to his reflection.

He walked back to the dressing table and sat down, placing a towel over his skirt and a barber's cap around his shoulders. When he was ready he started to apply make-up. He always got dressed before he started to apply make-up, as he did not want to ruin the clothes by the getting dressed afterwards, also, it gave him an opportunity to match the clothes and make-up. A dark outfit, like the one he was wearing, would lend itself to darker eye shadow. He started to dab on foundation and then applied powder. Next, he added grey eye shadow to his eyes followed by eye brow pencil, eye liner and mascara. He looked at the result. It was first-rate. He was good at make-up: he had had lessons, he practiced it regu-

larly, and with the help of books and YouTube videos he had gradually perfected his art. When he had finished, he took a large brush and swept blusher onto his cheeks. Finally, he painted his lips with a lip brush, a lovely deep crimson. He touched on gloss. He was ready.

He walked back over to the bed and sat down. He pulled on some high heeled black boots, the same boots he had worn when he had been on the last outing with the girls. Although it was spring, he liked boots and wore them whenever he could. He loved easing up the zip. He stood up and immediately he was 3" taller. He walked back to the dressing table and sat down. The next step was the wig. He had decided on a shoulder-length blonde one – again, the same one he had worn when he had gone out with the girls. He took it off the polystyrene head and pulled it onto his own head. He combed and styled it into shape. Then he added expensive gold jewellery which had belonged to his late mother – earrings, watch, bracelet, necklace and rings.

He was finally ready. He stood up and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked good, feminine, womanly. He adjusted his skirt and blouse slightly, pulling out the blouse some more. Then he returned to his wardrobe and slid back the door. He searched inside and took out a black leather jacket which was a size too big. He slipped on the jacket and admired himself again. He smiled, and a shiver ran down his spine. He looked good – very good indeed. He then picked up a black handbag, the one with the gold chain. Then he took a purse and added some cash to it from his male wallet. Lastly, he dropped his mobile phone into the handbag. He stood in front of the mirror, dressed and ready to go.

His name was Ritchie Arthur Stone; he was twenty-eight years old, and he was a transvestite. He watched his weight which meant he was a size 10

and he weighed 142 lbs: nice and slim. Another great advantage he had was that Nature had bestowed on him a lot of female attributes, which meant his body was built to pass in public *en femme*. He had small hands, thin wrists, and small feet (which meant he could buy women's shoes off the shelf). In addition, he had slim ankles, shapely legs which looked great in stockings or tights, and fairly androgynous facial features. In fact, he did not have a prominent Adam's apple or any particularly male features; he was quite feminine.

He took a deep breath and inhaled the perfume, the body scent and the smell of the freshly applied make-up. What was it about being a transvestite that he found so appealing? He could not understand it. When Debra had discovered that he was a crossdresser, Ritchie had thrown away some of his things and sold others on EBay. He had felt so disgusted with himself that his crossdressing had ruined his relationship; he had really loved her. After Debra had left him he had not dressed for some months, but then the urge had returned; the urge always returned. Ritchie had no family or relatives living close by, his friends were few, and he owned his own apartment, which had no mortgage—so after a while he had thought “why not?” After all, he had freedom and a place to dress in peace. By then Debra had found a new boyfriend, and Ritchie had found Monika and the other call girls who worked at the agency. He had not looked back after that—except for ‘*The Incident*’ which had exposed him to his work colleagues, friends, and the world at large.

He started to do up the zip of the black leather jacket; he pulled out the sleeves of the blouse and added some more bangles. He liked the fact his ears were pierced; that gave an authentic air. He picked up his keys. He knew he looked convincing – very convincing. The women at work were always telling

him he did, as were the folks from the support group. In truth, though, Ritchie didn't like mixing with *them* too much, for none of them had his dress sense or his ability to pass in public.

Ritchie had spent hours practicing a female voice, and knew he could go into it at will. That meant, if he was asked a question, he could reply. He practiced it now in front of the mirror.

"Hi, can I have a ticket to Lancott Central, please," he said, sounding just right. He smiled at his reflection, the reflection of Vicky: short skirt, boots, trim legs, black leather jacket, white frilly blouse with voluminous sleeves, blond curly, shoulder length hair. Vicky smiled back. Ritchie rubbed his smooth legs together. He felt excited. He wanted to make love to Monika dressed. He was sure she would do it for a price, but he had not broached the subject.

He took a deep breath and left the apartment, he closed the door and then, holding his bag tightly, he walked down the stairs from the third-floor apartment, through the communal doors and into the garden area. Fortunately, they were expensive apartments and all the residents were professionals.

A middle-aged man came towards him with shopping bags. Ritchie's heart skipped a beat. He held the door open. The chap did not look up. "Thanks love," he said.

Then Ritchie slipped through the door and was out onto the street. Moments later he was standing at the bus stop. He couldn't drive and did not own a car, but he wondered if he should have taken a taxi as he felt alone and vulnerable at the bus stop. An old lady came up to the stop, bent double with age; she smiled but took no notice. Ritchie could feel the sole of his boots through his tights, feel how pleasant the leather of the boots felt on his shins. A gentle breeze

blew up his skirt and he brushed it down with his hand.

It seemed as if he was waiting for ages for the bus, but it was probably no more than ten minutes. The bus pulled to the kerb and Ritchie let the old lady get on in front of him. When it was his turn he said to the driver, "Can I have a ticket to Lancott Central, please?"

The driver smiled at him. He handed over the note he already had in his hand and took the change. The wig began to feel heavy and hot on his head. He held the change and ticket in his left hand and walked up the bus aisle. He noticed some lads and an older man run their eyes over him. The older man even smiled. Ritchie smoothed his skirt and sat down. The bus pulled away in a series of jerks; by then Ritchie had eased himself into a seat. He took his purse from his handbag and placed the change in it. So far, so good.

The bus juddered on its journey; passengers got on and some disembarked. Finally, it was Ritchie's stop. He rang the bell and got up uneasily. When the bus stopped, he made an tricky journey forward as if on a ship at sea. He reached the automatic, concertina doors.

"Thank you," He said to the driver.

"That's alright, love," the driver replied.

He placed one booted foot on the pavement, aware of the drop. Then he was off and walking towards the lights of the town centre. He walked easily and started to relax, but then some lads walked towards him – young, thirteen, fourteen, drinking, hoodies, baggy trousers.

"All right, darling," one called as he approached. Then his moronic friend added, "Show us your tits."

Ritchie felt intimidated. He shivered, fear rolled through his body, he felt scared. He had not been out much since *The Incident*, and he needed to build his confidence up again.

The moment passed; the moronic jobs walked away swearing amongst themselves and laughing. Ritchie walked on into Lancott Central. Soon he was close to the More Than One gay club, which was in a small concrete precinct opposite some shops. He saw the friendly face of the bouncer.

“Hiya Vicky, love, we’ve missed ya,” the bouncer said.

As Ritchie/Vicky approached the bouncer threw his hands around him and gave him a big hug.

“Sorry to hear about your troubles, is everything all right now?” His effeminate voice beguiled his size and stature.

Ritchie assured him everything was all right.

“Any problems, just call me, I’ll protect ya.”

“Thanks,” Ritchie said. He smiled and walked into the nightclub, where he spied Angie and Bernadette, two other crossdressers from his support group. He walked over to them and gave them each a kiss on the cheek.

“You look fab, Vicky, you really do,” Bernadette said. “And I’m loving those boots.”

“Thanks,” Ritchie/Vicky said. “They’re new. Anyone want a drink?”

Ritchie was pleased that they refused. He walked to the bar and ordered a Bacardi and Coke. The large black barman brought the drink over and smiled as he placed it on the bar. As he came back with Vicky’s change he said, “Excuse me for asking, and I don’t

mean no offence nor nothing, but are you a man or a woman?”

Vicky smiled. “None taken,” he said. “What do you think I am?”

Vicky was aware of others listening; the barman was not the only one confused by his gender bending. Vicky threaded his fingers, he felt so, so confident and calm when he was dressed as his alter ego, Vicky Hall. He knew he was good at cross-dressing, very good at it. In fact, he had to admit it was the only thing in his life he had ever had any real expertise at. He had never been great at sport, academically he was very much average, and he had never been a womaniser—but the dressing gave him a sense of fulfilment and achievement.

“I’m gonna stick my neck out and say you’re all woman.”

Vicky laughed flirtatiously. “You’re wrong!” And he danced away from the bar, back to his TG friends, feeling as happy as anything.

That Monday Ritchie was called into the office of Mr Hardean. He knew it had been coming: another stern talk, another “work not up to standard” conversation. Ritchie had to accept that he was not really interested in work and just did enough to get through the day. The problem was that he had inherited so much money from his mother, he knew he could get away with not having to work for long periods (though not for an entire lifetime). As a result, he had low levels of motivation and no ambition at all, and he often found himself daydreaming.

“You make too many mistakes, Ritchie.” Mr Hardean said. “You’re polite on the phone to customers, but you copy stuff down wrong and take the wrong information. The other day you charged a customer £1542 a month when it should have been

£542! You need to be *much* more careful. Also, you like to spend a lot of time talking to the girls in the office and not working.”

Ritchie knew it was true. He promised to improve.

Mr Hardean continued. “I know you have been through a difficult time with the attack and everything, and we have made allowances, but this situation can’t exist for ever. Unfortunately, we will have to start disciplinary action against you.”

Ritchie already had weekly supervision with his immediate line manager, Janice, as they wanted to keep tabs on him. He hated work and knew he would have to leave and find a new job—again. Since his mother had passed away, he had had five jobs. Getting up and going to work on a Monday was a real drag, especially after the events of the weekend. There was such a contrast between Vicky—colourful, flamboyant, not a care in the world—and Ritchie, going to a job he hated. He could not blame all his problems at work on transphobia in the office, because he knew he was probably not as good as some of the others—but he knew the company had not been happy when the incident had occurred and word had spread about the internet. With social media there were no secrets, especially as the attack had been such a high-profile one. His identity, including where he worked, had been revealed to the world.

“I understand, Mr Hardean,” Ritchie said weakly. “Will that start immediately?”

“No, I will talk to HR. Of course, in the meantime, if you want to get another job, that’s your prerogative. You can have time off for interviews without effecting your leave entitlement.”

“OK, thanks,” Ritchie said. He wasn’t that bothered. He decided he would check how much money

he had left and hand in his notice. He could always get a job through an agency.

Ritchie walked home from work. His head was all over the place; he felt his life was going nowhere. It was at times like this that he wished he still lived with Debra. At least she had been a good listener and he had been able to “off load” on her. They had got on pretty well, apart from the crossdressing. She had accepted it first when it was incorporated into their foreplay, but as Ritchie had wanted to do more and shave his legs, Debra had lost patience. The end of the relationship had come when she had realised Ritchie was getting dressed and going off shopping in the day dressed as a woman without her knowledge. Ritchie had had to own up to being a transvestite, and she had revealed all on Facebook, particularly after an acrimonious dispute about his apartment. Debra had actually expected Ritchie to move out!

“Ritchie, I can’t live like this,” she had said one day. “You take days off and go out dressed around town without me, and it’s like there is another woman in the relationship.”

Debra was right about that. There was another woman – Vicky. Ritchie was determined to give her a character and a personality. He felt a lot more confident as his alter ego, felt freer and more fun. That was one of the reasons he liked going out with the girls from work: they could compare Vicky and Ritchie. They admitted Vicky was “fun and extrovert” whilst Ritchie, at work at least, was quieter. Ritchie pressed the key of his apartment into the door. He had stopped on his way home to get some shopping. He lived on low calorie meals he could microwave; he did not like spending a lot of time cooking. He took off his suit and stood in front of the mirror wearing a silky red-and-black thong. He thought about having a bath and shaving his legs, but instead he pulled on

a peach-coloured negligee and went into the kitchenette area to cook his meal.

After he had had his dinner of Spaghetti Bolognese, he painted his toenails and creamed his feet. Then he lay on the bed. He closed his eyes, but immediately his mind was filled with dark thoughts. He had been stupid to leave the More Than One club on his own and go in search of a taxi just before Christmas, especially as he had been wearing an evening dress. The taxi rank by the Club had been deserted, so he had started to walk away from town, away from Lancott Central. His flat was on the east side, about three miles away, and he had hoped to flag down a taxi as he walked. It was cold and dark, and it had started to rain—and then he had heard the footsteps behind him. The heavy clomp of the work boots on the pavement. Ritchie had realised he was not able to run in such finery. Even walking fast was awkward. He hoped the person behind him was friendly. The footsteps had gotten closer and closer and closer....

Ritchie opened his eyes. He hated going off to sleep; his dreams and nightmares were filled with images of *The Incident*. He had been offered counselling; sometimes he felt he had been a fool to turn it down, but he had not wanted to go into all his reasons for cross dressing, which he was sure would be brought up even though the police had quickly established that the incident was not to do with him being transgendered.

He swung his legs over the side of the bed and looked at his shiny toenails. He felt his eyes well up. He was not sure why. Maybe it was *The Incident*, maybe the talk with Mr Hardean and the fact that he would soon have to look for another job. Whatever it was, he knew his days were numbered at Motoveno Finance.

He took a deep breath and got up. Then he went to his wardrobe and looked at his clothes – his female clothes. He got out skirts and dresses and held them up against himself. He wondered what his life would have been like if he had not been a transvestite. It was something he had difficulty imagining. The thrill he got from wearing women's clothing was so intense, so pleasurable, he could not understand why more men weren't attracted to soft fabrics and feminine styles – or perhaps they were.

Certainly, if he had not been a transvestite, he would have continued to live with Debra. And then what? Marriage? Children? It was hard to contemplate. Ritchie preferred being on his own. Dressing in the peace of his own apartment, going out with his transgendered friends and to the support group. He knew it was likely he would always be alone; he knew a lot of married TVs, and mostly they dressed in secret or their wives tolerated them going to the monthly support meeting. That would never be enough for Ritchie. Ritchie liked to be out and about as Vicky. He liked to develop the character of his alter ego; he liked to make sure Vicky was feminine and sophisticated and could pass in public *en femme*. That was the important thing to Ritchie: Vicky passing in public *en femme*. He didn't care how many conversations he had with Mr Hardean, or how many jobs he got fired from. His only purpose in life was developing his *en femme* persona.

Chapter Four

Mark could not understand why he was so fascinated by Ritchie/Vicky. He was down the gym doing some bench presses and he realised he was aroused, thinking of Vicky leaving the restaurant with the other girls from Becky's work. That was the thing: "the *other* girls." It was hard to imagine that a man could pass as a woman and go out in public full of confidence. He imagined Ritchie's smooth, hairless body, the soft panties he was sure to wear. There was something homoerotic about Mark's thoughts - he was all too well aware of that - but he was fascinated all the same.

Fortunately, Becky had told him she would be late home, as she was going to the Fox and Hounds pub for an after-work drink in honor of someone who was leaving Motoveno Finance. Mark had a plan. He was going to make a surprise appearance, ostensibly to collect Becky - but he hoped against hope that Ritchie would be there and he would be able to see the male version of the person who filled his thoughts.

Mark sat in the crowded pub car park in his new white sports car. He loosened his shirt and combed his hair. Then he splashed on some aftershave. It was a warm day and Mark knew he looked good. His body was well-toned due to his thrice-weekly gym visits. Girls found him attractive and he often found that they flirted with him. He placed his Ray Ban sunglasses strategically on the top of his head and eased out of the car, flexing his muscles.

He just hoped Ritchie would be in the pub. It seemed strange to be fascinated by another man, but he could not deny that he was, and strongly so. Gradually, he had pieced together more information about Ritchie. Becky had revealed that Ritchie had been attacked just before Christmas, and the news had

made the front page of the local paper and had been all over Facebook. The reason for such extensive coverage was that it had been revealed that the person attacked was not a woman (as described in the local paper) but a man. Then the name of the man leaked out on social media – Ritchie Arthur Stone – and soon it went viral. Mark had not taken much notice then, but now he had searched online. The first news reports had been of a lone woman being attacked; then the subsequent story had revealed that, in fact, it had been a man. Social media had been full of it; the same had occurred on the radio, apparently.

Mark had a vague memory of the news. He recalled someone down at the builders' yard saying,

“You remember that woman that was attacked just before Christmas?”

Mark had said he had.

“Well, it turned out to be a man! Would you believe that?”

Mark had not taken that much interest, but then he remembered a further conversation with one of his workmates during their lunch break: “That bird that got attacked just before Christmas was actually a gay guy who had just left the More Than One club in Lancott Central. I'm surprised the fucking doctors and the plods couldn't tell the fucking difference.”

Becky had mentioned someone at work being attacked, but Mark had not connected the two events. Becky rattled on so much that Mark often found himself tuning out, but now he searched the internet for online newspapers with reports about the assault.

An assailant had mugged Ritchie on 21st December, stabbing him and hitting him over the head. Later, on New Year's Eve, a woman of Oriental appearance had been murdered in a subway on her way

home from a New Year's Eve party. Supposedly, at least in the view of the police, the two events were connected.

Gradually, Mark eased himself out of the car and walked to the pub. It was a lovely late spring day. He pushed open the door and immediately saw Becky sitting on a couch seat with her friends from work. Mark drew closer. There were men there too, with their backs to him. He wondered which one was Ritchie.

“Mark, I didn't expect to see you here!” Becky said, looking up.

Mark strolled towards the group with a confident swagger. “I finished a job up the road and thought I would pop in to see you. Anyone want a drink?”

Everyone said they were all right, so Mark walked to the bar. He hoped Ritchie was there, or it would be a waste of time; he didn't want to get involved in office small talk. He hated offices and was glad he had his own building firm. He could think of nothing worse than sitting down all day to work; that, to Mark, was the height of boredom.

He came back with his pint of lager; people eased up and gave him space. Becky introduced him to all the people around the table. Mark found his heart beating quickly. As they went around the table a thin, handsome man with blond hair and of small frame held his hand up and said. “Hi, I'm Ritchie.”

Unfortunately for Mark, Ritchie could not have been further away, so he had to wait. Impatiently he talked about football with the older chap next to him, Len Murray; then, even more impatiently, about cars with a large, plump guy with a moustache who had introduced himself as Tony Wilkinson. My God, what a monumental bore he was! Full of his own self-im-

portance and a nauseating sarcastic sense of humour.

Then Ritchie rose. Mark took in his slim frame. He was wearing a conservative, dark blue suit, a striped shirt and a matching tie. The clothes did not fit his thin frame well. He started walking around the bar. Mark took a sip from his pint and then, in one easy motion, lifted himself from his seat. "Just gotta syphon the python," he joked.

He strolled around the bar; he noticed the dark hair barmaid watching him stride confidently to the toilet. He loved that – other women looking at him – but in a way women were too easy. He had bedded numerous women and knew he could have any woman he wanted.

He pushed open the toilet door. Ritchie was at the urinal. Mark took the one next to him. "Becky's told me a lot about you," was his opening gambit.

"All good, I hope," Ritchie said.

"Yeh, all good. Say, I was sorry to hear about that attack. At least they got the bastard that done it."

They finished and walked to the sinks. "Yeh, but I've got the trial to contend with," Ritchie said. "That's coming up soon, and I'm a bit stressed out over it."

"I can understand that," Mark said. "It would be great to get together one night, take your mind off it."

Ritchie looked at Mark, unsure what Mark meant. For a moment he had a feeling Mark was hitting on him. Ritchie wasn't gay. He didn't want that to happen. Why, then, was his heart pounding faster at the thought of a date with this incredibly handsome, muscular man?

"With Becky, you mean?"

“Yeh, course, me, Becky, you and your partner.”

“That would be great,” Ritchie said. He liked Becky. “But I’ve not got a girlfriend.”

That surprised Mark. Despite what Becky had said, he had assumed Ritchie was gay. He had purposefully used the word “partner,” rather than “girlfriend,” to be gender-neutral. He was momentarily lost for words. Then he said, “Don’t worry about it – the three of us could hook up.” Mark hoped he sounded casual.

“I’d like that,” Ritchie said. Then, for some reason, he added. “I don’t go out much.”

That surprised Mark too. Becky had told him that Ritchie went to the More Than One gay club most weekends! Mark decided that crossdressers were a strange lot—a strange, but totally fascinating lot.

They walked to the door and started to stroll back to the seats. “I’ll talk to Becky and sort something out,” Mark said. His heart was pounding – he wanted to add something. “You wanna drink?”

“OK,” Ritchie said. They made a detour to the bar. Mark asked the others if they wanted a drink. This time they did, so Ritchie ferried the drinks back to the table.

As he stood at the bar waiting to pay, Mark plucked up the courage to say, “I admire what you do—going out dressed as a woman, I mean. Must take a lot of guts.”

Ritchie smiled. “I guess so.”

“What’s your other half called?” Mark asked, as if he didn’t know.

“Vicky.”

Mark paid and took his change, which he casually pocketed. “Well,” he said, trying to sound equally casual, “if you wanna come out as Vicky, then that’s fine by Becky and me!”

Ritchie still could hardly believe it when Becky had approached his desk one afternoon soon afterward. “Mark says you two were discussing the three of us going out,” she said.

“Yes, that’s right,” Ritchie said, unsure what Mark had told his fiancée.

“Well, shall we make it a date? I think he’s keen to see you as Vicky! He can’t believe how good you look, like I tell him you’re so hot and you have lovely legs!”

Ritchie started to blush. He loved such compliments, whoever they came from. For some reason, still unknown to him, he was loving *this* compliment even more—because it came (by way of Becky) from the ultimate male hunk, Mark, who could probably have any female he wanted. Ritchie was even getting an erection at the thought that Mark admired his looks. He wondered why, since he wasn’t gay.

So, on the evening of their date, there he was in front of his wardrobe in a lovely peach-coloured negligee, wondering what to wear. *God*, he said to himself, *it is so, so difficult*. He felt the cotton skirts, the chiffon dresses. It was late spring or early summer, so he would need something summery. After much hesitation he selected a grey and red jacquard prom dress, with a tight bodice and a full skirt. He wore nude tights and married it up with red court shoes, a red handbag, a chunky white plastic necklace and a thick white belt. Of course, all that took time: painting his nails, getting dressed, making his face up, pulling on a new shoulder-length brown wig which he

felt looked better than the short blond one, and finally adding jewellery.

At last, he was ready. He had taken the afternoon off work to complete his transformation—telling Mr Hardean he had an interview, so as to get some free time off work without using up his leave. When he had finished, he took a white cardigan from the wardrobe and slipped that on; then he added perfume, lipply, and powder, and put his phone into his red clutch handbag.

He posed in front of the mirror, feet together. A tingling sensation ran down his spine. He just loved the fact he was a transvestite, the fact he could move effortlessly from one gender to another. There was nothing about him to make anyone think he was really male. He was very lucky to have small bones and features, and through make-up lessons and speaking to the girls he worked with he had gradually honed his craft.

He smiled at his reflection—a self-satisfied, happy smile. He wondered whether Mark would think he looked beautiful. Soon he would find out, and again he was getting an erection at the thought. He took a deep breath, left the apartment, walked to the bus stop, and caught a bus to Lancott Central.

Becky and Mark were there before him. Becky, having previously seen him with a blond wig, did not recognise him. “Oh, my God!” she kept saying as he walked over to the table. Mark just smiled, tight-lipped and satisfied.

“Sorry, I’m late,” Ritchie/Vicky said with an exaggerated air. He sat down and Mark went to the bar. Mark was pleased to be away from the two “girls” as he felt aroused and excited. What was it about the fact that Ritchie could change gender with such ease? It was hard to believe that Vicky was not a real

woman. He came back to the table with three drinks. He watched Vicky take careful sips. Even “her” voice was feminine; he smelt the musk on her body, inhaled the perfume, watched her glossy red lips leave marks on the glass. Unlike Vicky, Becky was dressed in jeans and a top; she looked glamorous, but not feminine in the way Vicky looked in her feminine dress with the tight bodice and full skirt. She was probably slightly overdressed for the occasion—but then, Mark considered, many women today just did not dress up as much as they had done in the past.

That night Mark and Vicky chatted a lot. Becky joined in too, as she was intrigued by Vicky and his transformation. “It’s hard to believe.” she said, “the drab, conservatively dressed guy I see at work is such a butterfly at night!”

“Oh, I like to surprise, Becky,” Vicky said. “You should see me when I go clubbing. I really make an effort and get dressed up.”

“Where do you go?” Mark asked – although he already knew.

“The More Than One Club.”

“The gay place?”

“Yes.”

Mark had heard of it but had never had cause to visit, never having felt any gay desires before. Now he was wondering if he should. Was Ritchie gay? Might he want gay sex with Mark sometime—and might Mark even want it too?

“You’ve got your trial soon,” Becky said, abruptly changing the subject.

“Starts Monday,” Ritchie said. Mark started wondering if he could take time out to sit in the public gallery.

The night passed off well, and at the end of the evening Mark and Becky gave Vicky a lift home. The ice had been broken, the introductions made, the fire that started with a spark was now ablaze.

Chapter Five

That night Ritchie lay awake late, hoping and remembering. To Monika, to the girls at work, to everyone who knew he was a transvestite, Ritchie had revealed very little of his personal history. With Mark it was different. Ritchie could see that Mark was fascinated with him as Vicky—and Ritchie was rapidly becoming fascinated himself, with the thought of revealing himself fully to Mark, personal history and all. Inexplicably, his erection was back in full force at the thought of revealing himself to the overwhelmingly masculine Mark.

He would write his story for Mark, Ritchie decided—not tonight, for he needed some sleep if he could get it, but bright and early tomorrow. He would have all day, for tomorrow was Saturday.

This he proceeded to do. Wearing nothing but his peach-coloured negligee, Ritchie sat down at his computer promptly after breakfast and began to write.

FROM RITCHIE TO VICKY

I was born in 1988, into what you would say was a pretty well off, middle class family. My mum, Evelyn Stone, had a real good job that took her all around the world. She was a real high flyer – power suits, padded shoulders, high-heeled stilettoes, permed, frizzed hair – the whole shooting match. She was often away from home for days at a time. Dad, by contrast, didn't gross half what she earnt, not even a

third – I guess he felt a bit sore about it – it's hard to live with a very successful woman.

Mum was thirty-eight when I was born, so quite old. I was the only child and I guess she saw it as the last chance to have a child before the biological clock closed down. Mind you, it didn't affect her any – her job I mean – she was straight back to work after I was born – she never even had the full stack of maternity leave she was entitled too. She just loved doing what she did best – which was working. I was brought up by a string of nannies and we always had a number of au pairs and maids. Dad was the silent type, he played golf, saw his friends, wasn't very demonstrative – in a strange way I got on better with mum. At least, when she was home, she would ask how I was doing at school and take an interest – I know she felt guilty about not being around a lot and, although she could be strict, she would take me places and buy me things.

But I get a bit ahead of myself as I'm writing my dad out of the picture when in fact he didn't leave until I was seven. He just left home. Just like that. Went to start a new life in Australia – it turned out he had been planning it for years, secret bank account, applied for a work permit under their visa scheme – he was an engineer, a profession they wanted out there. When he was in Oz he got a big shock: a lawyer's letter came over seeking a divorce. Later, he got married again and started a new family. Contact was minimal – a card and present for my birthday... a card for Christmas... then card for my birthday...then Christmas... miss out birthday... miss out Christmas... then a birthday... and then forgotten, perhaps forever.

Mum threw herself into work – I mean, could she throw herself into it any more? Although there was a lot of money in the house she didn't send me to a boarding school – I think she liked me home when

she was home from work – I was someone to talk to – of course, there was the au pair and the maid but I was flesh and blood – also, as I got older, I used to look after the house a bit and show new staff what needed to be done. Mum was very particular – cushions had to be pumped, ashtrays wiped (she was a chain smoker) and the place had to be spic and span. Mum was very much in control and many a time I felt the rough side of her tongue or her hand if she was so minded and I had really upset her.

I didn't get on great at school and although mum wanted me to go to University and pursue a career I wasn't having any of it. Anyway, I didn't get the grades I needed despite mum's plea that I buckled down and worked harder – that meant I was off the hook and didn't have to become a career person. No one wishes they had spent more time at the office when they are on their deathbed, right?

Anyway, mum's lifestyle really sucked. She was earning megabucks but she never enjoyed it because she was always frigging working – she was defiantly a workaholic. Apart from the power suits, which she bought for work anyway, there was not much else she had to spend the cash on. She loved jewellery, though, and always wore plenty of bling – gold chains, rings, bracelets, earrings – and perfume – she loved that too – she spent a lot on those things. And the house – well, that was nice as well – very expensively furnished. And she spent a fair bit on me.

Materially, I wanted for nothing, but I was on my own a lot and got used to my own company. I used to read a lot – I loved American crime stuff – Ed McBain and Mickey Spillane, that sort of thing. I stayed on at school until I was eighteen to do a few resits; then I left and got a job in an office that was none too taxing. I still lived at home and my teenage years were pretty good. I was never great with the ladies but it was nice to bring them back to the family house – they were al-

ways impressed – I mean we had a swimming pool and the place just looked large and impressive. Also, mum allowed me to turn one of the downstairs rooms into a games room, like a den, and I had mates back to play pool and just hang out smoking some joints and drinking beer. Suddenly, I found I was a real popular kid and quite well liked.

Mum was pretty cool and she usually turned a blind eye if I had mates crash in the lounge or spare room or I had a girl in my room. I remember one morning, though, a girl called Emma came down for breakfast wearing an old shirt of mine and not much else – she gave mum the shock of her life! I was still on the snore pad; we had both been so out of it so we hadn't realised mum had flown home earlier that morning and come home in the early hours – she was in the kitchen checking emails on her lap top.

On another occasion, mum caught me having a roll in the hay with a Filipino maid. “You shouldn't get involved with the hired help, Ritchie,” she told me. “It can lead to all sorts of employment problems.” Mum told the maid, if she caught us together again, she would tell her to pack her bags.

The funny thing is, from the point of view of what came later, I had loads and loads of opportunity to dress up in women's clothes. Loads. But I didn't do it. Not once, not at all. Never.

As I say, my teenage years were pretty full on and enjoyable. I had plenty of loot and was pretty carefree and happy. Then, when I was twenty, disaster struck and my world was turned upside fucking down. Mum went to her private consultant as she was constantly feeling tired and out of breath. The first time she went she was told it was stress and she needed to take her foot off the gas. She didn't, of course, and six months later she was back to the consultant. This time she was sent for tests. Her twenty plus a day cigarette

habit had done for her. She had lung cancer and it had already spread to other organs. There was nothing they could do. Terminal.

I gave up work. Visited every day in hospital. She wanted to come home to die. We hired a full-time nurse and between us we looked after mum to the end. She only had a sister and two nieces – that was her family and they lived a long way away so couldn't get to see mum that much, so it was just me and mum. She passed away on Monday, 6th July, 2009.

Her sister, June, came down to stay along with her two daughters, my cousins Michelle and Amy. Michelle was twenty-one and had just finished Uni – she had studied a BSc in Psychology and was going to do a Masters in the same subject and Amy had just left school – she was eighteen. June said she would help me sort things out – and she did – she was a great help. She arranged the funeral and service and everything. I could not have done it without her; still you grow up fast and I did a lot of stuff too. The three of them stayed for about six weeks over the summer and that's kinda where my story starts.

They stayed at the family house – there was plenty of room and, after the funeral, the three of them helped me sort things out and sell them. By then mum's will had been read. Mum had left 65% of her estate plus all her jewellery and effects to me and 25% to her sister with a further 10% to be split between Amy and Michelle. That meant the house had to be sold to give my aunt and cousins their share of the will – also, we had a huge inheritance tax bill to pay the Government. That was fine as I didn't want to stay in the house so I bought an apartment near the city centre for cash and furnished the house with bits and bobs from the family home – all the white goods, TV etc. There was just so much stuff! What I didn't give away I put into storage or sold – pictures, ornaments, that sort of thing.

“What are you going to do with your mum’s clothes?” Amy asked one day.

“I don’t know, do you want them?”

“They’re no good to any of us,” Amy said. “Your mum was a size 10 and we’re a lot bigger.”

She was right on that score – Michelle, Amy and June weren’t exactly slim – all three liked their food and seemed to be bigger every time I saw them. I know it sounds unkind, but they reminded me of three hippos!

“I don’t know,” I said. “I just can’t see my way to throwing away stuff which was so personal to mum but I guess they will have to go to the charity shop eventually.”

Here Michelle piped up. “You could wear them, Ritchie, I bet you’re a size 10.” Both girls tittered with laughter.

I blanched and felt annoyed. “Say that again and I’ll slap you,” I said, and walked off slamming the door. I’m not sure why I was so annoyed because it was actually just a joke and they mean nothing by it. Maybe it was grief, I don’t know, but I should not have said it.

Anyway, we cleared the house of most of the stuff – some to June, Amy and Michelle – some to the new apartment that I had just bought and some to storage and some was sold. Some of the personal effects, like the jewellery, I wanted to keep and even had a safe put into my new apartment to store it all as it was very valuable – my thinking was that when I married my wife could have it all or it could be an investment for later. Then, the estate agent came around to value the house and place it on the market – one thing we knew for a fact was that my mother,

Evelyn Anne Stone, had left all four of us very well off. Very well off indeed.

One day June announced she would be going home. The two girls said they would stay on and help me with any further clearing out jobs and to be honest I was grateful – one thing I didn't like doing was staying in the house on my own (we had got rid of the maid as there was no need for her to stay on); also, I got on well with Michelle and Amy and they even came out with me on nights out. Michelle had her own car and, as she had driven down, the three of us were able to meet up with mates and go clubbing. Then, Amy said she would need to get back to sort herself out for Uni and Michelle said that, although she was taking a gap year before she started work on her Master's, she would have to get back too. It was sad but it was inevitable – I had already planned to relocate to my apartment as soon as the girls left.

“We'll have to go out for a meal or something,” I said. “Things are pretty sorted here now, thanks to you two and June.”

“Except your mum's clothes – you're not happy getting rid of them, are you?” Michelle said.

I shook my head, my eyes felt watery. “They remind me of her – she would always bustle in towing a suitcase, and wearing a red business suit, silky blouse, spikey red heels or something – it's kinda of how I remember her. I can picture her in the business clothes – not all of them but some.”

“It's understandable,” Amy said. “Do you want us to take them with us?”

“No,” I said. “I'll pack 'em up and store them in my apartment or put them in storage – maybe later I will get rid . . . but not now... it's too soon.”

Michelle was sitting on a dining chair and I was sitting on the sofa, whilst Amy was sat on the floor – why does that matter? It doesn't, it's detail, that's all. I ran my hand through my long blond hair and looked at my cousins.

“Ritchie,” Michelle said slowly. “What you have is attachment anxiety. I know you didn't see so much of your mum and the two of you only became really close towards the end of her life, but whilst we've been clearing the house I have seen how reluctant you have been to get rid of stuff. It's understandable and it's only eight weeks since your mum died and really, it's too early to be sorting out and throwing away but I can see how badly it is effecting you. Amy and I were talking about it – we really don't want to leave you like this. That's one of the reasons we stayed on when mum went home.”

Amy looked up from the floor. “Yes, we're worried you will squander your inheritance on drink and drugs.”

Michelle gave her a sharp look but I just smiled. “Don't worry about me,” I said.

Michelle came over to me; she sat on the sofa and placed her hand on my head, Jesus Christ like. “But we do worry about you, we do worry about leaving you; but Ritchie, the good news is I think I know a way to cure you of your attachment anxieties. And, if you let me help you, I will use you as a case study when I undertake my Master's.”

What followed was the most bizarre, strange, freakish couple of days of my life. I agreed to go along with Michelle, and place myself in Amy and Michelle's hands. After our midnight conversation, nothing happened the following day, but the day after Michelle drove me to a beauty salon where I was told to undress and lie on a couch. A young lady then

began to wax my legs, arms and chest which was mighty painful, I can tell you! Michelle then collected me and took me home – completely smooth-skinned – I felt like a turkey that had been plucked. Amy was waiting ... along with a lady I had not seen before. It turned out she was a make-up artist who had been booked the day before. I was sat in a seat in the dining room whilst Linda, the middle-aged, blonde artiste, made my face up.

Now I'm not as stupid as some people think I look, and by this time I had a notion that Michelle's plan was to dress me up in my dead mother's clothes to overcome my anxiety. I wasn't completely sure how that one would work out but Michelle seemed to think it would and I went along with it. To be honest, I enjoyed the attention of so many women fussing over me and being the centre of attention – and it did take my mind off my grief so she was right about that at least.

When Linda had finished, I was amazed at the result – I could not believe it was me. My lips glistened red, my cheeks were brushed with blusher, my face powdered, my eye lashes painted black, my eye lids dabbed with browns and silvers. I shivered. I really did look like a girl – it was amazing.

“It's a pity we don't have a wig,” Michelle said.

“Don't worry, his hair is long enough to be styled into a fairly short ladies' style.”

I just stared at my made-up face, incredulous, amazed, confused. I could see Michelle's look of satisfaction – she probably thought her plan was working. “Come,” she said, “you will look even better when you are dressed in your mother's clothes and wearing your mother's jewellery and perfume.”

I followed Michelle upstairs to my mother's old bedroom. Whilst we had been out Amy had placed

some of my late mother's clothes on the bed. There was silky lingerie: a bra, stockings, a suspender belt and, on the handle of the wardrobe, a black leather pencil skirt and high necked satin blouse which was silver and black – it was all very Nineties.

I started to shake. "I can't do this, Michelle," I said. "I can't get dressed in my dead mother's clothes."

Michelle took my arm. "I expected such a reaction – you are beginning to see the magnitude of what you are about to do – that's good. Of course, you are going to *hate* wearing them, you are a red bloodied male, who's never shown any interest in anything feminine but I can guarantee, that after tonight, you will want to see the back of all your mother's clothes and you will happily throw them away. The image of your mother wearing them will have been transposed by an image of you wearing them and that will be abhorrent and hideous to you ... you will want nothing more than to erase that memory and the only way to do it will be to throw away your mother's clothes."

"Perhaps you are right," I said softly. I was physically shaking. "Just leave me alone for a few minutes."

"As you wish," Michelle said. She left the room and gently closed the door.

I sat on the bed. My mind was in turmoil. I had just turned twenty-one and I was being asked to wear my late mother's clothes to overcome some attachment anxiety. I stole a glance at my well made up face in the mirror – it gave me a shock. It ... she... just did not look like me.

I stood up and took a closer look. My face felt hot and itchy. I thought about Linda's comments about styling my blond hair which I had let get a bit long – not because I liked it that way but because I had not thought of getting it cut with so much going on.

The skirt and blouse were on the door handle of the wardrobe – I could remember mum wearing both – going off to a Christmas meal one year. My heart was beating fast, I felt sweaty, I had an uncontrollable shake in my hand as if I was fighting some inner battle. But at the same time, I wanted to do it! I wanted to wear the clothes! For the first time in my life it seemed that I was the centre of attention, that, Michelle and Amy were doing something for me... putting me first. And, for the first time since mum had died I was living in the present and not dwelling in the past. I felt alive. I wanted to do it and I didn't want to let them down.

I stood up and got undressed – it was a slow process with my shaking hands – and to this day I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I had refused – but I know there was some primeval impulse at work. So, once naked, I slipped my legs into the silver and black satin panties which were lying on the bed – it was hard to believe they had once been close to my mum's skin. Then I sat on the bed. I felt a bit like that character out of *Psycho* – Norman Bates – didn't he dress up in his dead mother's clothes?

In turn, I rolled each stocking up and eased them up my smooth, hairless legs. It was strange feeling the nylons against my sensitive, bare skin – they felt so odd. It was with great difficulty that I attached the suspender belt to each one. When I had done that I placed the bra around my middle, did it up, turned it around and placed my arms through the loops. Amy had kindly left gel inserts on the bed which I placed into each pouch.

I opened the door a fraction – I could hear Michelle, Amy and Linda talking in hushed tones down stairs. I wanted Michelle to help me dress so I walked closer to the balustrades. It was then that I overheard Amy say, "I can't believe he has fallen for it, you're so clever!"

Michelle laughed. “Yes, I know I am, aren’t I? All that rubbish about attachment anxiety!”

“I wish I was coming out to the restaurant with you,” Linda said, “that’ll be so good . . . he’ll feel so embarrassed!”

My heart started to race. *What were they talking about?* To interrupt my own tormented thoughts I called out, “Michelle, will you help me please?”

Michelle lumbered upstairs, I walked back into the bedroom, I was unsure of what I should say or do – maybe I had misheard? Michelle, June and Amy had been so good to me and were my only relatives – I did not want to upset them – surely the whole thing could not be some ruse?

“Ready for the skirt and blouse?” Michelle said.

I nodded my head submissively. Michelle took the blouse off the hanger, I placed my arms in the sleeves and allowed her to do up the buttons which were actually at the back giving a smooth frontage. She even tied a little bow at the neck. Then it was the skirt. She took it off the hanger and eased down the zip.

“Step in,” she said as she held it up by the waist band. I placed one stockinged foot into the circle of leather and then the other. Michelle eased the skirt up my thin frame.

“Put your hands in the air,” she ordered. I did as I was told. The skirt was tight ... very tight ... Amy and Linda had come upstairs too and Amy took the band of the skirt and pulled it together whilst Michelle did up the button. The I felt the zip being edged up.

“There,” Michelle said. “All done.”

“Doesn’t she look a picture,” Linda said. “Sit down at the dressing table and I’ll style your hair.”

I walked to where directed – the skirt tight against my legs, it felt so strange – alien – I felt as if I was encased . . . incarcerated. I sat down on a stool and Linda went to work coiffuring and styling my hair – I kinda knew the hair was not going to look like male hair in the morning but I let her do it anyway. I guess I had just given up.

Then Amy came forward with earrings, clip-ons, bracelets, a watch, a necklace. I was told to stand up and Michelle wrapped a belt around my waist and then I was told to slip into low-heeled, black court shoes. When they had finished, and I looked at myself in the floor to ceiling mirror, I felt like crying. Linda and Amy and Michelle said how pretty I looked and could not stop smiling.

“Ritchie, we have made you look like a woman,” Amy said.

“Yes, I really think this is going to cure your attachment anxiety!” Michelle added and winked at Linda.

I looked at myself in the mirror. *You stupid bitch!* I said to myself. *You stupid, stupid bitch – you have been had – Ritchie Arthur Stone – you have been had!* You see, seeing the woman in the mirror had made me *think* like a woman. It was just unbelievable to me that I looked like a woman—and an attractive one at that.

“Well ladies, I hope you enjoy your night out!” Linda said.

“Night out?” I questioned.

“You don’t think we went to all this trouble for you to stay in kicking around here in your high heels?” Amy said.

I didn’t know what to think.

“We’re going out for a quiet meal,” Michelle said.

Amy stroked my arm – the satin felt nice against my skin.

“Don’t look so worried, Ritchie! You really are convincing.”

“No one would guess, would they, Linda?” Amy asked.

Linda agreed they wouldn’t.

I was taken downstairs – it was difficult to walk in the tight pencil skirt. God, it was tight around my waist! I remember holding onto the back of Michelle as I moved awkwardly down the stairs. I reached the bottom. I could still not quite understand how I had been “conned” into dressing as a girl and I could not understand why they had done it to me either. It just felt so damned odd. Part of me wanted to cry, part of me wanted to rip the clothes off and tell them to go fuck themselves and part of me ... well, I guess part of me wanted to go through with it. I know it sounds stupid but that seemed to be the “manly” option – not let them know I’d been “had”, play along, don’t make a fuss...

So that’s what I did. We said our “goodbyes” to Linda and I walked over the annoying pebbled drive to Michelle’s car where I sat in the back. I didn’t need a coat and fortunately Amy had packed a handbag which included cigarettes and a lighter (mum had literally hundreds of duty-free cigs in the house and it had always seemed unfair not to help her smoke them – another reason why I was popular in my teenage years was that friends knew my house had a seemingly endless supply of cigs).

“Here you are,” Amy said handing me a black clutch bag. She got in the front seat next to Michelle and off we set, destination unknown.

It was a strange sensation – even though it was dark I thought passing motorists could see me and would know I was a guy! I just sat nervously in the back, hoping and praying my ordeal would soon be over – whatever my ordeal was to be. The outfit felt so strange, so alien, I could not quite understand what was happening to me: for a start my ankles ached due to the uncomfortable high-heeled shoes (though in fact compared to what I wear now they really were low!) *and* my stomach ached due to the tightness of the skirt *and* my chest felt awkward due to the dead weight of the breast forms *and* the stockings itched my bare skin *and* the satin blouse felt cold against my arms *and* the make-up made my face feel hot *and...and... and...* and yet I *liked* it. I don't know why but I did.

Do you know what? I wanted nothing more than to stand in front of the bedroom mirror all night and look at myself! I was an average looking guy and not much of a guy at that – small boned, weedy looking – a girl had once told she wouldn't date me as I was “too thin” – that was my lot in life but here I was dressed as a girl and my lack of male attributes were a *positive* and I looked good, not good but great.

It took about ten minutes to get to town; Michelle pulled up in a car park by an Indian restaurant.

“Right, we're here,” she said. “Just stay calm, Ritchie, and follow me.”

I eased out of the car and stood up. I could feel a gentle breeze around my legs, feel the tightness of the skirt around my slim waist – at that point in time if someone had offered me the chance to go home and lay in a bath and never go near women's clothing again I would have taken it, for although I was beginning to like the sensation of wearing the clothes there was still a part of me that felt embarrassed and thought that what I was doing was wrong and that I

would be laughed at and ostracised. But instead, I followed Michelle and Amy around to the restaurant – Michelle in front of me and Amy behind – we must have looked like three not-so-wise men. Michelle pushed open the door and a waiter, standing by a lectern asked her name.

“Smart,” she said, “We are with the others.”

“Follow me, Madam,” the waiter said.

Did I hear her right? With the others? What *fucking* others?

The others were my friends – weren't they? All my fucking friends! Lads and girls - kids I had been to school with and some I had worked with until I had packed in my job – about ten in total. Street cred? Zero. Embarrassment Level – the fucking THE MAX. Can you imagine walking into a restaurant dressed as a woman and then meeting ALL your friends? Ground – open up and fucking swallow me! God strike me down with a fucking thunderbolt! Embarrassing doesn't begin to explain. I remember one girl, Cheryl, putting her hand to her mouth and screaming literally screaming when she saw me as if I had walked in with an axe stuck in top of my head and blood pouring out. There were loads and loads of “OH MY GOD'S” and people questioning whether it really was me. God, I felt embarrassed!

There was laughter too, then there was quiet and the three of us just stood there like three brass monkeys. Then, in a big theatrical sweeping move with her hands Michelle stood to my side and said, “This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is our cousin, Victoria Stone, otherwise known as Vicky.”

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I was christened – or least ways my alter ego was, although I changed the surname to “Hall” after a girl I fancied at school.

I sat down next to Emma, the girl I had once slept with. She was quiet and a bit shy but she had always liked me – she said how good I looked - as did Cheryl when she got over her screaming fit. Drinks were ordered and then starters and soon the shock of me being dressed as a girl seemed to die down. A lot of people said I looked good and one mate, Paul, said, ironically, “You must have some balls to do this, Ritchie, I know I certainly couldn’t do it.”

Michelle and Amy were looking pretty pleased with themselves, I can tell you.

So why did they do it? That’s the question everyone asks when I relate this story. *Why, Ritchie, do you think they did this to you?*

Well, I have three theories and they go something like this.

Theory One – Jealousy. Auntie June had no idea how wealthy mum was – no idea at all. When she came down with Michelle and Amy she was shocked by the size of the house and how much stuff we had (we did not see much of her and my cousins – another byproduct of mum always working). When the will was read and they realised they would get 5% each they knew it was not an untidy sum – but if they got 5% each and Auntie June got 25%, then my 65% - well that was an *extremely* tidy sum. And, despite the fact I had lost my mum and my dad had run off to Australia, I think they were jealous of the fact that I was made up for life. Also, I think they were jealous of my friends and social group as they had come out with me a lot and had a real good time.

Theory Two – Laziness. I think, with some justification, they thought I was bone idle. June and my cousins were responsible for clearing most of the house and some days I would not emerge from bed (my “bat cave” as they called it) until after midday

having gone out the night before and been pissed or stoned (or probably both) when I came in. Auntie June always stuck up for me and said I was grieving and needed to find my own way but I think it pissed off Michelle and Amy big time.

Theory Three – Overconfidence/arrogance. The one thing I inherited from mum (apart from a great stack of money) was confidence. Even when she told me off she would say, “I’m disappointed, Ritchie, you’re better than that.” When I was at school she would say to me, “You’re a lot better than the others in your class, you should outshine them” or “you are better than most and superior to the rest.”

As mum always praised me up (even when she was having a go) I became a very self-confident young man and I think that annoyed Michelle and Amy along with the points above... not to mention the slap threat when Michelle had joked about me wearing my mother’s clothes.

So, the starter was served and then the main course followed. I chatted as Vicky and laughed as Vicky, and do you know what? I began to enjoy myself. I liked the attention – I liked being at the centre of it. I had a glass of wine and then another and then another and I loosened up. I *reelaaxed*, man!

In fact, I was so relaxed I went outside for a cigarette. I lit up and stood against the wall of the restaurant. There were two guys, about my age, smoking – one was tall, slim, dark haired and had a cheeky smile – he was facing the restaurant door. He kept looking at me. At first I felt nervous and then he smiled.

“How you doing?”

“Fine,” I said quietly.

“Here with your boyfriend?”

I shook my head. “No, a group of friends.”

“That rowdy lot in the corner?”

I nodded, smiled. My heart was racing, fearing discovery but he appeared to be completely taken in... it felt good... real good... in fact if I could pinpoint an exact moment when I *became* a transvestite it would be then. I had overcome my reluctance to dress; I had overcome my embarrassment about meeting my friends and, fortified by wine, I had started to relax and enjoy myself. Most importantly of all, I had *passed in public dressed as a woman*, or *en femme* as the TG community call it.

“Someone’s birthday?” he continued.

“Some friends are leaving. They’ve been here for the summer,” I drew on my cigarette.

“Not you, I hope?” He said and smiled.

“Not me,” I said and returned his smile. I stubbed out my cig on the wall and crushed it under the sole of my shoe. I turned to go, the two lads did the same - they were behind me, then one reached over and opened the door for me.

“After you.”

I thanked him and walked in. I turned to my left and walked back to our group and, as I did so my butt was patted – I was not sure by which one of them as when I turned around they were making their way through the crowd... but it felt nice, it certainly felt nice.

I sat down and finished the rest of the meal – I could hardly believe that I had been so convincing other diners actually thought I was female. When we arrived back at the house I was reluctant to get changed. Michelle, Amy and I sat around talking for a while, analysing the night.

When I finally went to bed, I was so excited and aroused I could not sleep and wanked myself silly, fancying myself as a female all the while. I had never experienced anything like it. By the morning I was a fully-fledged transvestite.

The next day Michelle and Amy left. By then I was “back in the male” – they were both surprised by how successful the whole enterprise had been and that I had pulled it off.

“Fair play to you, Ritchie, you didn’t make a fuss and I think you will now be able to get rid of your mother’s clothes – it is something you must do alone.”

I didn’t like to show it but I was pretty pleased myself. Everyone had been surprised at how good I looked – and Michelle was right – it did mean I could get rid of my mother’s clothes – some of them at least. I sorted through them carefully. The ones I liked the best I bagged up and took to my new-build apartment; the rest I sold or gave to charity shops.

It didn’t take long for the house to sell and that meant I had a nice lot of money coming my way minus taxes. It also meant I didn’t have to rush into getting a job and that meant I had time on my own to think about my situation. I started to realise how much I had enjoyed that night - the attention and the dressing and the feeling of elation I had felt at being able to convince others I was a real woman.

I was too embarrassed to make contact with my old friends so I kept myself to myself, at least offline. At that time, though, I was on Facebook and saw the comments after the meal. The ones from the girls were positive - saying how good I looked - but some, from my male friends, were negative and questioned my sexuality.

I gave up beer and cigarettes. I dieted. I contacted Linda and asked for a make-up lesson. She was great, only too pleased to come to the apartment and help improve my look – she even recommended a wig shop to me. So, I got into dressing – the full works – I made contact with other transvestites and joined a support group – as, by then, I accepted that I was a fully paid up member of the transvestite club and I dressed whenever I could. Then, I got another office job to pass the time – I knew I could not live on mum’s money forever and it was boring being stuck in the flat all the time.

To be honest, one of the reasons why I took to the dressing with such enthusiasm was because it gave me something to do – a real interest. I went out with some new mates from work and met Debra, who became my girlfriend, in a nightclub. I was really smitten by her at the time – I remember her wearing a sparkling, blue mini dress and electric blue patent high heels – she had legs to die for. We started to date and then she moved in. We got on fine but the dressing was put to one side – fortunately as the flat was top floor – it was in a small exclusive block and only three stories – I had a loft where I could store my clothes as well as the lock-up where I still stored some things mum had left me.

Then Debra discovered I was a crossdresser—a totally devoted one, not just a dilettante. I had introduced some cross-dressing elements into our foreplay which she was fine about, but she was not happy when she realised I was a fully-fledged transvestite. She said she felt “betrayed” – she acted badly – posted photos of me on Facebook (which is why I closed the account) and declared to the world she was “ditching her transvestite boyfriend who stole her clothes.”

I was sad about it at the time, but I guess it was all for the best. It would never have worked. She com-

plained that there was another woman in my life—Vicky—and she was right.

Vicky excited me far more than Debra did, I admit. She's exciting me right now, too. I'm sitting here, wearing nothing but my peach-coloured negligee, and getting really excited—especially when I think about somebody reading this story I've just written. I'm slipping my hand down between my legs to touch my cock—and it's hard, really hard. Oh, dear! Please don't tell anybody—but I'm afraid I'm starting to wank myself silly again, right here, right now, just like I did after I went out with Amy and Michelle!

Ritchie looked at the story. It was done. He was going to show it to Mark when he got a chance. Ritchie wasn't gay, surely he wasn't, and yet he was getting incredibly excited thinking about how Mark would react when he read the story. What Ritchie had written about wanking himself silly was true. He was doing it right now—but now, unlike before, he was imagining what it would be like if he and Mark were gay.

Chapter Six

Ritchie was nervous. He walked into the modern court building, wearing a grey woollen suit. He passed through the metal detector and went to find his police liaison officer. Sometimes he still had headaches after the attack—he had one now—and certainly he had nightmares. They called it Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome or PTSS.

The court process was slow: the standing for the judge, a lot of legal arguments, and then the trial itself, with the accused being brought into the dock from the cells. The prosecution case was thus: Ritchie had been making his way home from a nightclub on 21st December, dressed in an evening dress,

as it was the More Than One Club's Christmas Ball. He had been unable to find a taxi. As he walked home the accused – a thick-set, beer-gutted man by the name of Jack Revell — had attacked him, hitting him over the head and stabbing him. A few days later, on New Year's Eve, a young woman named Carol-Ann Doherty had been attacked in a subway. She too had been hit over the head and stabbed – only she had died of her injuries, partly because she had not been found for a number of hours, whilst a passing motorist had seen Ritchie and stopped within ten minutes of the attack on him.

The prosecution concluded that both attacks were carried out by the same person. They had the same modus operandi, or MO, and some of Ritchie's possessions had been found in the defendant's apartment; however, the murder weapon had not been recovered. The defendant had, on the advice of his defence council, pleaded guilty to attacking Ritchie and stealing his rings and earrings, but not to the murder of Carol-Ann Doherty. His defence was that he had followed Ritchie from the More Than One Club and attacked him because he "hated poofs"; stealing the rings had been an afterthought. He had not, though, attacked Carol-Ann Doherty.

Ritchie was called to give evidence. He was taken through the events of the night by the prosecuting barrister and he told how he had been attacked as he walked home from the night club. He remembered heavy footsteps on the pavement and being struck from behind. He had been dazed and turned around to see the glint of a knife in the hand of the attacker. That knife had been thrust into his stomach, and then he had passed out.

After that, Detective Inspector McCarthy took to the witness box and described how Ritchie had been "left for dead." Ritchie sat at the back of the court listening to the detective describe the aftermath of the

attack. A car driving past had pulled in; the driver had seen Ritchie laying on the pavement. The car driver and his girlfriend, who both gave evidence, had been in no doubt that a young woman had been attacked. They had called for an ambulance, and Ritchie had been taken to hospital.

“When I arrived at the hospital, some ten minutes later, I saw the victim in Accident & Emergency department,” McCarthy said in his statement to the court. “Everything she wore – and when I say ‘her’ I of course mean the victim of the attack, Ritchie Stone,” he added. There were light titters from the audience. “High-heeled court shoes, stockings, lingerie and the evening dress, all carried the hallmark of expense and quality. She was dressed in a long, pink evening gown of some worth and she was wearing a real fur coat. There were definite signs on the fingers that she had worn rings upon each hand and ear-rings through pierced ears. All had been removed very roughly, which had caused bleeding to both earlobes. I am now aware that these items would have been of considerable value and that an expensive watch and gold necklace were also removed.”

McCarthy paused. “When I saw the witness in hospital she was unconscious. She had been hit over the head and stabbed by a knife with one thrust to the stomach. The medics believed that the fact she was wearing thick undergarments, including a waist clincher, had helped save her. Also, the knife missed vital organs and she received medical attention within half an hour of the attack. She was bleeding profusely, but the bleeding had been staunched by the time I saw her and there was no question she would make a full recovery. Of course, I say ‘her’ knowing now that the victim was male—but when I saw her she was very heavily made up and, with her hairpiece still in place, she still looked like a young woman. If the medics had not informed me that she

was a man, I would have been completely taken in. I believe she was attacked because she appeared to be a single, wealthy woman and one of the motivations for the attack was robbery. When the accused was arrested earrings and rings taken from Miss Stone, if I might refer to her thus, were found in the defendant's apartment."

The prosecuting counsel looked at his notes before addressing Detective McCarthy again. "And you have no doubt that the attack on Miss Stone—as we will refer to the witness, as I think it is important to establish the defendant's motivation—was linked to the attack on Carol-Ann Doherty?"

"Yes, definitely. Miss Stone had obviously been returning from a night out. She appeared to be a vulnerable, single woman who was expensively dressed and bejewelled. Eleven days later Carol-Ann Doherty had been returning from a New Year's Eve party and, like Miss Stone, she was also expensively dressed. She was wearing high-heeled, black Gucci boots, a designer label dress and, like Miss Stone, had expensive gold jewellery removed from her person, including a Cartier watch, rings, earrings, and a gold necklace. Like Miss Stone, her earrings were pulled from her ears with some force and her rings taken. In both cases handbags were stolen and cash removed. The difference is that we have not yet been able to recover any of Miss Doherty's possessions. It is our belief that, realising Miss Doherty had died of her injuries, the defendant was very careful to dispose of any incriminating evidence."

The trial continued. The defendant, Jack Revell, took the stand. He claimed to have seen Ritchie leave the More Than One Club, even though the CCTV evidence did not confirm this nor did CCTV evidence from shops show him following Ritchie later on.

At a break in the trial, the prosecution barrister approached Ritchie. "It's a difficult case. He has rather thrown us by pleading guilty to assault and robbery of you, and not guilty to the murder of Carol-Ann Doherty. Because you made such a miraculous recovery he was never charged with attempted murder, as we thought the murder charge would take precedence. Now, all we have is circumstantial evidence that the same person who attacked you attacked Carol-Ann, and that rather hinges on the fact that he thought you were both women with expensive tastes."

Ritchie knew the predicament the prosecution was in. He had been warned prior to the trial that they were going to refer to him as "she" and "her," as they wanted the jury to be able to link the two events and they did not want to add any sort of credence to Revell's defence that he had purposely followed Ritchie with the intention of attacking him due to his transphobia and homophobia. His defence to the killing of Carol-Ann Doherty was that, on the night in question, he had been in a public house all night drinking in the New Year and, although he did not appear on any CCTV footage, the CCTV cameras only covered the bar and the doors and there were plenty of areas in the crowded pub where there was no CCTV coverage. Revell had friends, as well, that testified that he had been in the bar "all night." Doubtless, Ritchie thought, he had really been there at some stage, but had left early to commit the robbery which had turned into murder just after 1.30 am. Unfortunately the CCTV image was inconclusive, and as they had no footage of him in the bar they could not compare likenesses—especially as Revell claimed he could not remember what he had been wearing.

In contrast to the prosecution, the defence always referred to Ritchie as "he." Defence counsel stressed that, although Revell accepted full responsibility for

the attack on Ritchie and accepted he had feelings of transphobia (for which, naturally, he was already receiving help and counselling in order to curb the aggression he felt when he saw a member of the trans community), he could be in no way implicated in the Carol-Ann Doherty murder. The prosecution, he said, were “stretching circumstantial evidence beyond the point of credence to link the two isolated events.” Indeed, if it had not been for the attack on the poor, unfortunate (their words) young man who liked to dress as a woman in his spare time, there was no way their client would have been charged with the murder of Carol-Ann Doherty. The implication was plainly that the police were trying to “fit up” Revell in an effort to solve a crime for which they had little or no evidence, only a modus operandi of two crimes which appeared surprisingly similar and had occurred just eleven days apart.

It took the jury just seven hours to agree with the defence that the case was not “proven beyond reasonable doubt” and Revell was acquitted of the murder of Carol-Ann Doherty. When the judge informed Revell that, none-the less, he would receive a three-year sentence for assault and robbery which, the judge said, had the aggravated features of an attack on a person who was transgendered, a saucer sized smile never left Revell’s face.

Ritchie left court shaking his head. “I can’t believe he got away with it!” he said to McCarthy.

Detective McCarthy was sanguine. “We did our best. The problem was a lack of DNA evidence or anything linking him to Carol Ann Doherty. He obviously wore gloves and burnt his clothes, he attacked her in an underpass where there was no CCTV, and when we searched his apartment we only found your jewellery and not Carol-Ann’s. All we had to go on was the fact the two attacks were so, so similar, even down to

the knife wounds. You could easily have been killed too. Still, at least he will be out of the way for a while.”

Ritchie took the bus home. He had been hoping that he would find closure in the trial and that Revell would be given a life sentence for murder. As it was, he knew he would be out in eighteen months with good behaviour. It was hard to take in: the justice system seemed to be ineffective.

Chapter Seven

“If you don’t mind me asking,” Mark asked later that night when they met for a drink, “how come you have got such expensive jewellery and clothes?”

Ritchie smiled. Mark, who had his own building business and was able to attend every day of the trial whilst his employees continued to work, had been a great support during the trial. Becky had also attended when she could. Ritchie was grateful for the support from both of them.

“I just save up all my wages,” Ritchie said.

“There must be more to it than that?” Mark asked. “You can’t earn more than Becky, and she doesn’t earn a lot.”

“There is,” Ritchie said. “Maybe one day I will tell you my story. It’s actually not that exciting.” *Except to me, he had to think—and maybe to you too!*

“I can’t wait,” Mark said.

Ritchie smiled. “Oh, all right, you won’t have to,” Ritchie said. He had brought a copy of his story with him in an envelope; now he handed it to Mark, although he was still a bit afraid of how Mark would react. “Here’s my story in writing,” he said. “But please don’t read it until you get home.”

“Well, all right,” Mark reluctantly agreed, pocketing the envelope.

Mark really could hardly wait until he got home to read the story. He found Ritchie so interesting, but he still had not plucked up the courage to tell Ritchie he wanted to date him, as a woman. There was also Becky to consider. He did not want to lose her either. It was difficult, and Mark was often in turmoil thinking about how to handle the situation. The trial had been great from his point of view, as he could feign interest in the legal process – go to the trial, become engrossed by it, and then form a closer bond with Ritchie. He had loved seeing the CCTV footage of Ritchie leaving the More Than One Club, and being referred to as a female by the prosecution and the detective leading the case. He did not know why, but he found the whole thing arousing. He wondered how much *more* arousing he would find it to read Ritchie’s story.

Mark wanted to appear cool and not show too much interest in Ritchie’s other life, but it was difficult. Becky seemed to accept that he had just formed a friendship with Ritchie, and thought no more of it than that. She was actually quite pleased, as she liked Ritchie too and she thought he would be a good influence on her fiancé. Mark wondered if Becky would think Ritchie’s story was a good influence too, if she were ever to read it. She wasn’t going to read it, though—at least not until Mark himself had read it, and maybe never.

Almost as soon as they arrived home, Mark ripped open the envelope and started to read. Fortunately Becky went to prepare for bed and took no notice.

By the time Mark got to the end of the story, about Ritchie wearing nothing but a peach-coloured negligee and wanking himself silly, he had a tremendous erection. He wasn’t going to wank *himself* silly,

though. He was going to make love with Becky—he was pretty sure she would want to, and he was far too excited to refrain—but he was going to be thinking about Ritchie, or Vicky, all the while. What was more, he was going to pay a visit to Ritchie as soon as he could.

“Mark!” Ritchie said. He was surprised, if not a little shocked.

“Mind if I come in?” Mark said.

Ritchie let the door hang open. Mark wandered into the apartment.

“Nice place you have here; you rob a bank or something?”

Ritchie smiled. “You read my story,” he said. “You know I didn’t have to rob a bank.”

“Yeh, I read it,” Mark said. “Er—it was really exciting.”

Mark strolled around the place as if he owned it, making comments, picking things up. He was dressed in designer blue jeans and a tight white T-shirt which showed off his pecs. The T-shirt bore the legend “Southern Comfort.” Ritchie knew he was a real Alpha male, oozing self-confidence and entitlement.

Ritchie reflected that maybe he had been a bit like that his early twenties, but then he had “met” Vicky and life had pulled him up short a bit; he then endured the endless succession of meaningless jobs which bored him but he did just for the company (and the knowledge that although he had a lot of money it would soon dwindle if he lived off it all the time). However, the big thing was that the apartment was paid for, and so all his money went on living expenses and Vicky expenses. He often didn’t have to

touch the mountain of money he had saved in various savings accounts.

The builder finally came to rest at a sofa and dropped into it, legs akimbo. Ritchie was aware that Mark had not explained why he had come around; he just treated the place as if it were his own.

“Becky’s gone away for the weekend,” Mark said at last. “It’s a hen night thing – she’s gone to a spa hotel.”

“And?” Ritchie said getting a bit nervous and impatient.

“I was wondering, like, if you would like to go out?” Mark said.

Ritchie smiled. Mark was nervous, uncertain; the coolness had left him.

Ritchie shrugged. He knew what Mark was aiming at, but he wasn’t going to make it too easy for him to hit the target. It was a new and totally thrilling experience for him to be in control of a suppliant Alpha male, begging to be permitted to do Ritchie’s bidding.

“Yeh, that’s fine,” Ritchie said. “I’m not doing anything. Fancy hitting a club – pulling some women?”

Mark smiled, flexed his muscular arms, snapped his entwined fingers. Their eyes met. Mark’s dark eyes drilled deep into Ritchie’s blue eyes.

“You know what I mean, Ritchie, don’t play around with me. I didn’t come here for that, and you know it. I’m fascinated by Vicky – how you do it, I mean. How you swap from one gender to another. It really gets me. I’m not gay, you know, and I can bed any girl I want, but you—you really do it for me. I want to take you out for dinner.”

“I wish I had known,” Ritchie said. “I would have bought a new frock.”

“I’m sure you have plenty in your wardrobe.”

Ritchie smiled. Despite his fantasy of being in control, he had to admit Mark unnerved him a bit – the macho guy, the babe magnet, the fitness freak who spent two or three nights a week in the gym, a man who loved his own body and loved himself. Mark was surely at or near the summit of the pile of male specimens; Ritchie, with his small stature and his thin, weak body, was probably somewhere near the bottom.

“Another thing,” Mark said. “And this is kinda why I came early: I’d love to see you dress. I would love to see the transformation in action – from a boy to a girl, a lad to a bird.”

Ritchie’s heart beat fast. Not since Michelle and Amy had set him on the path to transvestite paradise had anyone watched him dress. He was thankful he had shaved all over that morning. He had been anticipating another Saturday night on his own; he had to admit that Mark had offered him a far better deal. It was the next step: a meal, a date, being treated like a lady.

“What do you think, buddy?” Mark asked.

Ritchie looked at the carpet and smiled. He did a lot of that when he was nervous.

“Yeh fine,” he said. He looked at the clock on the wall – like a lot of things in the apartment, a relic from his mother’s house and very expensive. “I’ll go next door and get my stuff out and start getting ready, and then I will come through and collect you and you can watch from there on. I don’t want you to see the intimate stuff!”

“Of course not,” Mark said. “You take as long as you want, buddy, just give me a call when you want to.”

“Wanta a beer? Watch TV?”

“Yes, to both,” Mark said.

Ritchie went to the fridge in the kitchen and got a cold beer out, flicked the top, walked back to the front room, and handed it to Mark. Mark had already turned the TV on with the remote which was beside him on the sofa, and was flicking through channels.

“You just take as long as you like, buddy,” he said. “I’m not going anywhere—though I may need to use the bathroom.”

Ritchie told him where it was.

“Thanks, take your time, buddy, take your time.”

Ritchie went to the bedroom and closed the door. He was unsure where to start. He heard the low hum of the TV. He imagined Mark next door waiting for him. He felt under pressure. Slowly, he got undressed. He stood in front of the wardrobe door mirror looking at himself. The scar across his stomach was the only blemish on his otherwise smooth, white, hairless skin. He went to the drawer and took out a pair of pale green panties. He sat on the bed and pulled them on. Then he attached a suspender belt and wrapped it around himself; he took some stockings from the drawer, ten deniers, flesh coloured. He sat on the bed and pulled each up his leg in turn. He fastened the poppers and stood in front of the mirror. Next the bra; he placed that around his chest and placed two silicone infills into the pouches. Then he found a lovely, silver satin negligee in his wardrobe; it had belonged to his mother and was expensive like all her things. He wrapped it around himself and did

up the tie. Next, he took a bottle of nail varnish and went back into the living room.

“Still here?” Ritchie joked.

Mark looked up as Ritchie breezed in, the light negligee billowing out as he walked. “You look good.”

Ritchie smiled, sat down, took up a magazine, shook the bottle of nail varnish, and started to paint his finger nails red. He was unsure about what to wear, though normally he decided on his outfit before doing his make-up and nails.

Mark watched him go to work, painting each digit in turn. His nails weren't long, but were well manicured. Ritchie had said once that he went to a beauty salon occasionally; all the girls knew he was a transvestite and didn't mind assisting him.

“I see you paint your toenails,” Mark said looking at his well-cared-for feet.

“Always,” Ritchie said.

One thing Mark had discovered about Ritchie was that he did not like to say a great deal. He worked a way in silence for a while; then he screwed the top of the varnish bottle and set it on the floor.

“When these nails are dry, you can come through and watch me do my make-up.”

A few minutes later Mark followed Ritchie through to the tastefully furnished bedroom. Mark was impressed by how tidy Ritchie was, how he loved to be well organised. The bed was made with a white throw over it and satin cushions on the pillows. There was a dressing table filled with the paraphernalia of the feminine art: face powder; creams; perfumes; lipsticks; mascaras; a box of eye shadows; eye line pencils; lip-liner pencils; brushes of different shapes and sizes, and jewellery too, boxes and boxes of it. The

wardrobe door was open and Mark could see dresses, skirts, blouses and coats neatly aligned.

“Do you own any male clothes?” Mark asked.

“You’re not the first person to ask me that,” Ritchie said. “I keep them in a wardrobe in the spare bedroom. I like to sleep with my female clothes in the same room.”

“I bet you sleep in a nightdress,” Mark said.

“Of course, dear,” Ritchie replied. “A nice, slinky one.”

By this time, he was at the dressing table. Having dabbed on foundation, he was brushing his face with powder to set it. Mark watched, intrigued. He had seen drag queens before, but Ritchie was different. Ritchie *looked* like a woman, not a parody of one. He wasn’t over the top or flamboyant; he was tasteful and stylish. Mark felt aroused.

“Have you chosen an outfit?” Mark said, looking at the wardrobe full of clothes.

“No, not yet; you took me by surprise. I was planning to stay in.”

Mark was aware that Ritchie’s voice had changed, become effeminate. He had heard him speak as Vicky, of course, and knew he sounded very good; even the voice transitioned.

“I wanta choose an outfit for you,” Mark said. His heart was beating fast, and in his head he was saying, *I wanta buy you an outfit – an outfit I like* and *I wanta buy you lingerie – lingerie I like*.

“Go right ahead,” Ritchie said, not looking up from the task in hand. “There’s more outfits in the other wardrobe by the bed.”

Mark knew Becky would never let him do that. Never. Not in a million years would she allow him to choose her outfit for her.

Mark stood up and walked to the wardrobe. He started to feel the soft satins and nylons, the blouses, the dresses, the leather skirts, the PVC skirts and dresses. His heart raced. What was it he liked so much? He could not explain it. He walked over to the other wardrobe, opened the doors, looked at the dresses – glorious full evening dresses – one in pink another one in blue; summer dresses and full, Fifties-style dresses. Mark was conscious he had to make the right decision; he did not want Vicky to look over the top, she had to just look sophisticated. He was baffled by the choice.

“I give up, what would you wear for a meal in a top restaurant?”

Ritchie turned on his padded white stool.

“I don’t know, a dress perhaps, heels of course. The weather’s warm so would probably go for a knee length summer dress.”

“OK,” Marks said. “That gives me a heads-up.”

In the second wardrobe, he found a black-and-white knee-length straight dress, ruched, at the middle with short sleeves. He held it up.

“Yes, that looks nice,” Ritchie said.

Mark noticed that Ritchie had applied the mascara, painted his eyelids. He took a thick-bristled brush, dabbed it into some blusher, and moved the brush quickly across his cheeks. When he had finished, he drew a line around his lips with a red pencil. Then he took a pallet of lipsticks and a fine brush; slowly he painted his lips.

“You’re like an artist,” Mark said.

“It takes a lot of practice,” Ritchie said. “I see a lot of girls who don’t do their make-up half as well as I do.”

“Becky’s good at make-up,” Mark said.

“Yes, yes, she is,” Ritchie agreed. “She’s slightly understated – a lot of girls wear too much make-up. Less is more in this game.”

That surprised Mark – Ritchie had looked at his fiancée’s make-up with a critical eye!

The lips done, Ritchie took up a tube of gloss and dabbed it on his lower lip. He pursed his lips together and rolled on some more gloss. Mark could see that already Ritchie had changed. The make-up had done it: like an actor, or an actress, Ritchie had transformed himself into a different character. He stood up and took off the silver negligee. For the first-time Mark got see the pale green panties, the flesh coloured stockings, the silver-and-black bra which was already enlarged with breast forms. Ritchie took the dress off the hanger and pushed down the zip; then he spread it on the floor and stepped into it.

“Help me with the zip,” Ritchie asked.

Mark attached the clip and eased up the zip. The dress fitted perfectly. Ritchie pulled the skirt down, fiddled with the shoulders, and sat back down.

“Now for the crowning glory,” he said. He placed a net over his head; then he took a blond wig off a polystyrene head and placed it in his own head. He pulled the wig into position and started to comb and style it. “The secret,” he said, “is to ensure the wig just covers your own hairline so it looks natural.”

Instantly, Ritchie was fully transformed into Vicky. He bent down beside the dressing table and took up a large box of jewellery – expensive gold

bracelets, chains and rings. He started to add the jewellery – bangles to his wrist, a gold watch, a gold chain, small gold ear rings through pierced ears.

“This was all my mum’s stuff,” Ritchie said as way of explanation. “She died of cancer when I was twenty. I think I said that in the story.”

“Yes,” Mark said. “And your dad buggered off to Australia when you were seven or so. Do you even know if he’s still alive?”

“No,” Ritchie said shortly.

“Well, er—I’m sorry for you,” Mark said awkwardly.

He was silent. Ritchie obviously did not want to talk about it. Mark turned his attention back to the jewellery. He knew the jewellery was expensive; it fitted with the large, two-bedroom apartment, the expensive and tasteful décor.

Finally, Ritchie stood up. He went to the first wardrobe and removed a pair of black, high-heeled stiletto shoes. He placed one foot at a time inside the shoes; instantly he was 3.5” taller. Mark was amazed at how stylish Ritchie was.

Ritchie pulled down the sleeves of the dress, and fiddled with his jewellery. “I hope you are taking me somewhere nice, Mark,” he said. He walked back to the dressing table, picked up a bottle of Yves St. Laurent perfume, and sprayed his wrists and behind his ears. Then he walked back to the wardrobe and took out a small, black handbag, then another.

“I think the clutch bag,” he said, discarding the first bag. All the while Mark sat on the bed, captivated.

Ritchie added some lipstick to the bag and powder and his phone. “The trouble with these bags,” he

said, “is you can’t get much in them—but I guess I don’t need a purse or any money.”

Mark laughed. “No, you don’t need any money. This is my date.”

Ritchie left the room and came back with a black leather jacket, box style with a ribbed design at the sides and shoulders. He put it on in front of the mirror.

“Right, I think we are ready to go,” Ritchie said, preening himself in front of the mirror. He took a deep breath and followed Mark out the apartment.

They walked out to Mark’s car; a warm breeze caught Ritchie’s skirt, the dress blew up and the wind swirled around “her” legs. They reached the sports car, and soon they were heading towards Lancott Central.

Mark kept glancing at Ritchie/Vicky, unable to contain his feeling of excitement. It had been so long in the planning, this gradual wooing of Vicky. Mark had wanted nothing more than this: a date with the female impersonator, a date with Vicky.

Mark parked the car by the restaurant and they both got out.

“It’s still a nice day,” Vicky said.

Mark was dressed in designer blue jeans and a white shirt, open at the chest, showing off an expensive gold chain. He wore Ray Ban sunglasses which he pushed to the top of his head. He wiped his hand across his manly stubble. He still found it hard to believe how confident Vicky was, how *natural*.

“It is warm,” he said at last, “but you look good, Vicky, you really do.”

They started to walk through the pedestrianised town centre, at the opposite end of the town from the More Than One Club. Mark placed a hand on Vicky's back and steered "her." He still felt unsure about how far he should go; he didn't want to ruin a perfect night.

He had chosen an expensive Thai restaurant. The waitress, wearing a traditional blue-and-gold embroidered robe, greeted them as they stepped inside the door.

"Table for two," Mark said, "under the name Hudson."

They were shown to their table. Mark let Vicky go first so he could watch her walk, the wriggle of her slim backside, the easy way she moved in high heels. Mark pulled out Vicky's chair and "she" sat down. Mark moved to the seat opposite. He looked at the menu.

"I think we'll have the set menu B for two," he said.

"As you wish," Vicky said and winked. "After all, you are the man."

Mark liked that: the feeling of being in control, with an attractive woman opposite him. They ordered drinks and the starter arrived. Mark and Vicky chatted as they ate.

"It's hard to believe you are so good at this," Mark said. "I can't believe it happened the way you told it in your story. Those girls, wow, it's crazy what they did—and after that you just loved the dressing?"

"Yes," Ritchie said. "I never looked back – well only once..."

Ritchie/Vicky told him about Debra, the girl he had lived with briefly: how he had tried to repress it but couldn't, and then she had found out. Once she

had left him—well, he had gone back to dressing, and would never give it up again.

“I persuaded her to let me wear some lingerie when we made love,” Ritchie said, “and she filmed me. I even tried on boots and stuff, but she realised it went deeper than that. When she found out I was dressing in the day when she wasn’t about, and it was for real and not just part of a kinky game, she went mad and posted it all on Facebook. That’s why I don’t do that crap any more, I mean Facebook and all that.”

“I avoid social media as well,” Mark said. “Becky loves it; she’s always posting shit. It’s like this hen night: I can go onto Facebook and find out everything that’s happening. If she’s not posting, then someone else is. It’s best avoided.”

“It is with this game,” Vicky said. “Still, everyone knows about *me* now, so it doesn’t matter.”

Finally, coffee and dessert were served. It had been a perfect night; Vicky had not been read at all, and Mark could not have been more pleased with how things had gone. They walked back to the car in unison.

“I would like to do it again sometime,” Mark said.

“Yes, so would I,” Vicky replied.

“It’s hard though, with Becky I mean. She would *do her nut* if she knew about this. I mean, what happened to you with Debra would be nothing to it!”

“I know,” Vicky said. “But your secret is safe with me.” He touched Mark’s arm.

They got into the car. Mark pulled up outside Vicky’s apartment block. He felt nervous, unsure what to do, how to act. With a real girl it was easy: he would make a pass.

He placed his arm on the back of Vicky's seat. He looked into her deep, blue eyes – the red of her lipstick which she had frequently replenished – she looked perfect. He smiled, leant over, and tried to kiss “her.” Vicky seemed to hesitate, but then she quickly pulled away.

“No,” she said forcibly. “I don't want that.”

Mark tried not to let his disappointment show.

“I'll see you again though?”

“Yes, you will see me again,” Vicky/Ritchie said, getting out of the car. He walked off to the apartment block, striding easily in the high-heeled shoes. Once inside the flat he walked into the bedroom and looked at himself. It appeared narcissistic, and in a way it was, but he liked to judge himself as if he were female, looking for problems with his appearance.

He was convinced he looked good, and the fact no diners had paid him any heed was proof. He lay on his bed and closed his eyes; then he ran through the events of the night in his mind. Soon he felt aroused, especially when thinking of Mark's admiration for him. Before long he was feeling under the skirt of his dress for his member, and soon he was pleasuring himself to the full.

Debra had hated the fact he had enjoyed dressing as a woman, but now he had discovered the joys of it there was no going back; you just couldn't put the genie back in the bottle. Ritchie Arthur Stone was a transvestite and he knew he was young, slim and androgynous enough to pull it off; there really was no going back. He knew he was going to go on another date with Mark, too—but what would happen when he did?



Chapter Eight

“You have been a naughty boy,” Monika said. Ritchie was lying over her leather-clad knee; his backside had started to take on a faint red hue. “You have *cheated* on a work colleague with her *boy-friend!*”

Her hand came down with a heavy slap. Technically, Ritchie thought, he had not cheated, as they had only been out for a couple of dates when Becky had been otherwise engaged – at the hen weekend and out with her own friends – but he had enjoyed it, and he did feel a bit guilty when he saw Becky at work. Hence, he had told Monika he needed to be punished.

“I shall spank you hard,” Monika said. She slapped his buttocks again and again. Each time Ritchie let out a little wince. His cream-coloured satin panties were around his ankles. His erect cock pushed into the leather of her tight skirt.

“Now I shall use the paddle, you bad, bad boy!” Monika had brought a lot of tools of the trade with her in her large handbag, including a big, menacing-looking paddle, and had laid them out on the bed prior to going to work. She picked the paddle up from the bed. It slapped on Ritchie’s buttocks with a loud splat.

Ritchie wriggled on her lap. He liked laying over her knee; it made him feel comfortable, secure, even when she was hurting him. Outside the window, he could hear the chirping of a sparrow, the burr of a lawn mower. It was a sunny, summer’s day and he was indoors with the bedroom curtains closed – not that anyone could see into his third-floor penthouse.

“You have been very naughty,” Monika repeated in her strong Russian ascent.

“I know, Mistress,” Ritchie said.

The paddle slapped against his buttocks again, and again, and again. Each impact brought an involuntary utterance from Ritchie as he winced in pain.

“And what are you going to do next time this Mark comes on to you?” Monika asked.

“Let him take advantage of me, Mistress.”

“Yes,” Monika said. “Because you are a dirty little two-timing, cheating *slut!*” Each word was reinforced with a hard smack from the paddle. Ritchie flinched. The well-deserved paddling was beginning to hurt quite a bit.

“I’m sorry,” Ritchie said, “I really am sorry.”

“But that’s not all,” Monika said. “You are leading on this nice Mark – *prick-teasing* him.”

Ritchie considered that they had only been out twice, and Mark hadn’t actually tried to seduce him, only to kiss him. A volley of spanks made Ritchie jolt back and forth on Monika’s knee – his member rubbed against the leather of her skirt. The force of the blows took his breath away, and he could hardly utter that he was “sorry” for his misdemeanours.

“Now get up!” Monika ordered. Ritchie did as he was told and scrambled to his feet. His stiff cock stood to attention.

“You have leaked over my skirt,” Monika said as she stood up. “It is lucky it is leather.”

As she spoke her hands went to the back and unfastened the zip, soon it was around her ankles. Monika stood in front of him, revealing her curvacous figure, wearing black stockings and suspenders. She removed her white top, pulling it over her black hair.

“Get on the bed,” Monika ordered.

Ritchie moved to the bed and laid on his back. He watched as Monika removed her bra, revealing large, slightly saggy breasts. She clambered on top and sat astride him. Soon she was working his cock up again: she carefully placed a rubber on the tip of his cock using her teeth. Ritchie closed his eyes. His arse felt hot, and a pleasurable warm sensation permeated throughout his body. Monika hopped forward like a rabbit and came to rest on Ritchie's upright member; then her hands were pushing it upwards into her moist slit. Ritchie felt the bliss of entering the prostitute. It was moments like this that took away his worries, his frustrations, just as the dressing did: the fact that Monika didn't mind about the dressing was a bonus. She had shown an interest, had wanted to see his clothes and photographs. Ritchie knew he could dress in front of her, if he wished; he had just had not built up the courage to ask her yet. Some of the agency girls didn't care for it, but Monika was different, very different. Ritchie knew from friends in the TG support group that it was difficult to find a woman who didn't mind their partner dressing in women's clothes, so he knew he would remain single—but as long as there were women like Monika he didn't care.

Ritchie looked at the two large breasts that dangled in front of him. He would have loved to have touched them but he knew he would have been slapped down. It was not part of the deal; he could not touch in that way.

Monika was working him up; back and forth, back and forth. He felt her heavy breathing, the mattress rocked, Ritchie's cock stretched up within her, he closed his eyes. Suddenly, his body convulsed and he came inside her.

Then it was business. Ritchie went to his drawer, where he kept an envelope of cash, and paid Monika. She was happy to take the money at the end, as she trusted Ritchie.

As she left she said, “Remember what I say, when Mark calls up and takes you out, next time you go all the way. I want to hear all about it and will punish you if you are a naughty boy. In fact, if you don’t mind, I will come out too—for pleasure not business, you understand?”

And she did come too. In fact, when the date was arranged with Mark, she came to the apartment first to help Ritchie dress. She had brought with her a black leather skater skirt which she knew Ritchie liked, and she helped him get changed and apply his make-up.

When they had finished the two “girls” stood in front of Ritchie’s floor to ceiling mirror. Ritchie/Vicky was dressed in a tight white top and the black-leather skater skirt; Monika was dressed in skin-tight jeans with crystals imbedded in the denim and a black top. Both wore excessively high-heeled shoes.

They had agreed to meet Mark in a bar, so they took a taxi to the rendezvous. Mark was waiting, leaning against the bar. The smile never left his lips as the two girls walked in. Monika linked arms with Vicky.

“He is very handsome,” she said. “Very hot.”

Vicky agreed he was. She felt a tingling in her spine. It was awfully nice to be fancied by Mark. Vicky shivered; she knew what the night held, as did Mark. There was no turning back.

“Hi Mark, this is Monika,” Vicky said when they reached the bar. Vicky was aware of other men looking jealously at Mark.

“Pleased to meet you,” Mark said. “Vicky has told me a lot about you. What can I get you ladies to drink?”

They both ordered shorts. Vicky placed one of her long legs against the brass footrest which ran along the bottom of the bar. Monika had helped her dress and chosen nude tights with a slight shimmer. It had been a great experience, getting dressed with a real girl, letting Monika apply some of her make-up. Vicky was conscious that Mark had not taken his eyes off her. Monika was smiling broadly.

“Is this new for you?” Monika asked Mark.

He shook his head, tight-lipped, and leant on the bar flexing his biceps.

“No,” He said. “I’ve had a couple of threesomes.”

Monika laughed. “I meant...” and she nodded at Vicky.

Momentarily Mark flinched, blanched. He had forgotten about Vicky’s sexuality. He lifted his pint. He seemed flustered, confused.

“Yes,” he said. “Never done anything like this before.”

Monika felt a bit like the circus master, orchestrating the events of the evening. She was so pleased Ritchie had confessed – over her knee – to his feelings about Mark, and how Mark was trying to woo him. She liked being in control, and she knew the night would be a good one. After all, if it had not been on her instance that Ritchie/Vicky was a bit more open to Mark’s advances, they might have danced around each other like two courting bees forever.

Mark watched Vicky. He took in her glossy lipstick, the blond bob wig that she wore, the shimmering eyeshadow, the blusher-laden cheeks, the skater skirt that trimmed her shapely thighs. He knew that, under the fringe of the skirt, a dark secret lay. Vicky was Ritchie – a male. It seemed unfathomable to Mark; he still could not quite believe it. She was just so damned attractive, and he was feeling highly aroused.

“I wanta do a selfie,” he said. “The three of us.”

He took out his iPhone and moved between the two ladies. It was just so difficult for him to believe that Ritchie wasn’t a real woman—and yet it was the fact she *wasn’t* that was the appeal. Real girls were easy to bed, but a transvestite? Now, that was a challenge.

He looked at her, drank in her beauty: those long shapely legs, the slim ankles, the way the skirt folded around her thigh. She moved so elegantly, so womanly. He watched as Vicky and Monika went to the toilet. The Russian prostitute had not stopped smiling since she had entered the bar. She was loving it, loving seeing Vicky being lusted over.

When they re-emerged Monika said, “Right, I think it is time we go.”

They walked out to Mark’s car and he pressed the remote. Vicky clambered into the front seat beside Mark, whilst Monika took a place behind her on the back seat. It was a short drive back to Vicky’s flat. The three climbed the stairs together to the third-floor penthouse apartment, Vicky walking easily in her high-heeled shoes. They reached the landing and Vicky opened the door of the apartment. At last they were inside. Monika was in control.

“We have another drink and then we begin,” she said.

Just as Mark had done earlier, Monika walked to Vicky's drink cabinet as if she owned the place; she pulled down the lid and offered the others drinks. When they all had one Monika clinked glasses.

"Cheers, here's to a great night," she said.

Mark placed his arm around Vicky's waist, felt the smallness of it. His cock had been on auto-erect ever since he had seen her walk into the bar.

"I think first, Vicky, you need a bit of a bottom warming," Monika said.

"In front of Mark?"

"Yes, in front of Mark."

Monika pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Come here," she ordered.

Mark's cock pressed against his zipper.

Vicky came over to Monika. It was a well synchronised game. On the command, she leant over Monika's knee. Mark collapsed into the chair opposite. He was unable to take his eyes off the events unfolding before him. He had never felt so aroused. Never. He stripped off his shirt, leaving himself nude above the waist. Soon he would strip off his bulging pants as well.

He watched as Monika's hand wandered under the soft leather of the skater skirt. Then in a flash it was flapped back so it was over Vicky's waist. Mark could see the crimson panties, standing out against the nude-coloured stockings and the red suspender belt.

Monika rubbed Vicky's bottom. Vicky flinched. With a sudden impact, Monika brought her hand down with a heavy splat. Vicky rocked forward on Monika's lap. She held her hands together in front of



her as if praying. Another splat echoed around the room. Mark had never felt so excited; his whole body bristled with tension. Monika gave Vicky another hard whack and another, and then the panties were down around Vicky's ankles and Vicky's backside was bare. Monika went to work then, belabouring Vicky, whacking the white flesh – left cheek, right cheek. Soon the bum cheeks had taken on an even, red hue. Vicky occasionally whimpered and whined, but took her punishment. Mark was amazed that people would pay for such “services to be rendered” – though he understood that Monika was actually not working that night; rather, she had wanted to see Ritchie as Vicky, to see Vicky with Mark.

When she had finished spanking Vicky, Monika ordered her to stand up. Vicky did as she as she was told and prised herself to her feet. The skirt fell around her thighs; the crimson panties were still around her ankles.

Monika had been to the apartment so often she knew the exact layout of the living room, the position of each black leather armchair. She told Vicky to go and face the wall. Then she got to her feet; Mark was sitting in the chair she wanted. She told him to stand up, and in one easy motion swung the chair around. Then, she knelt on it facing the seat.

“Vicky come here,” she ordered.

For the first time in what seemed like a long time, Mark got to see Vicky's face, still immaculate; the make-up was not smeared. Vicky walked slowly towards the chair.

“Mark, help him up,” Monika said.

Instinctively, Mark knew what to do. He lifted Vicky up and placed her over the back of the chair, her head nestled in Monika's crotch. Monika loosened her trousers.

“I need to have some fun too,” she said as she pressed her sex into the back of Vicky’s head. Mark lifted Vicky’s skater skirt, revealing the glowing red orbs. He trembled with an electric charged passion which ran through his body.

“Mark, you know what to do,” Monika said softly.

Mark did, but he was scared. His usual confidence had faded; he felt unsure about how to proceed. He loosened his trousers. Monika caught a glimpse of his large, pink-headed tool. She shivered, knowing that she too would be serviced by Mark later that evening.

“Go to my bag,” she said. “I brought some oils.”

Mark turned and picked up the large handbag Monika had bought with her. He took out some lubrication and dripped it on Vicky’s backside. He took his cock in his hand. Whilst Vicky clenched and unclenched her buttocks and wriggled on the back of the chair, he pressed his meat into her. Yes, he cheated on Becky with another man, with Ritchie—and when he was done with that, he cheated on her again with a prostitute by the name of Monika.

Poor Ritchie/Vicky! He was well and truly shafted that night—and, not being gay after all, he did not know what to think. He had known it was going to happen, and he had enjoyed the thrill of the chase—but he had been caught, he had been ravished and he was not sure how he should feel. Physically he felt very sore indeed.

Monika was pleased with the outcome of the evening. When she next visited Vicky/Ritchie, she thrashed him with a horsewhip at his own request. By then Becky had found out about her fiancé’s dalliance, and blamed Vicky for leading Mark on. By then,

too, Ritchie had lost his job. Soon Mark and Becky would split up.

After that, Mark tried to call and arrange another date with Vicky, but Vicky was unsure about his feelings. He had come a long way since she had been tricked into wearing his mother's clothes, a long way indeed. He was not sure how much further he could or should go—not sure at all.

###