

T T Girl

Part Two



Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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T. T. Girl

Part Two

by Charlotte Mayo

Chapter One

When is a transvestite not a transvestite? When dressed as a male? Well, the reality is if you are a crossdresser then there is probably not a day passes when you don't think about dressing. Maybe there's some girl you see who is wearing a nice skirt or dress or great boots or shoes and you wonder what it would be like to slip them on. Come on, be honest with me! It's true, right? You think that way, just like I do.

Part of you is heterosexual and you see a nice looking girl and all the normal, male responses kick in but part of you is a transvestite and you are looking at her clothes and wondering about the cut and the fit and the material and how nice the skirt is when it swishes and how great it would be to feel the silk or satin against your own skin – pulling it up over stock-

ings, tights or pantyhose as the Americans say. It's just how it is. I remember going to the funeral when poor Fonz passed away tragically in that motorbike accident and I lost the only true friend I had ever really had.

It was a big affair as he was a real popular guy. At that time he had a girlfriend called Debbie who had long, brown hair and a nice figure. She was really in love with him. At the funeral I remember standing behind her at the graveside. It was quite a cold day and she was wearing a thick, black, woollen trench coat. As she stood there and the coffin was lowered into the ground, she sobbed and sobbed. Her friend placed an arm around her shoulder and comforted her but all I could concentrate on were her very high-heeled, black knee-high boots. I noticed how the thin stiletto heel sunk into the soft soil and how tight the boots were around her calves – and all the time my best mate was being lowered into the ground! That's what I mean when I say you think about it all the time...even at a time like that. I felt bad; half of me was thinking about poor Fonz and the other half was thinking about those boots...crazy!

On another occasion, I was working in a supermarket and I joined some of the lads down the pub after work for a drink – there was a pub opposite the supermarket called The Horse and Jockey and we often used to meet up there. Sky Sports HQ was on and some sports news was rolling. I was not all that interested and was going to go outside for a smoke. There were two presenters, one male and one, an attractive female. As I stood up I noticed that the attractive, dark-haired female was wearing a black leather, knee-length skirt and lovely heels. I sat back down and watched the sports news as if I was suddenly interested in cricket in South Africa. The other lads were arguing about football; who would win this and that but all I could concentrate on was how one of the

presenters was dressed. I wasn't part of it at all. I'd guess none of them could have told you what the female presenter was wearing – except me – I had taken in everything, the skirt, the heels, the white, tight top, that was just how it was.

After I left the wedding of Olivia and Andy, I sped up the motorway on my Honda CBR650 motorbike back to my flat in Newtown. At that time, I would have given anything in the world not to dress and be a normal guy; being a transvestite had landed me in a whole heap of shit and I didn't want any part of it, but it just wasn't to be. I loved dressing too much. Being a transvestite was part of my DNA, just as it is part of yours too and there was nothing I could do to change it. Nothing. In a way, once I left Olivia's wedding I felt free – I no longer had to bother with “family stuff” – I was on my own. I could do what I wanted.

By that time, I had a job working in the motorcycle sales department of a Japanese motorcycle and car dealership called Thompson's Autos. The manager recognised that I really knew my stuff when it came to motorbikes and I got promoted to the position of a buyer in the purchasing division which meant more money and an office job. Within a short space of time I was able to get a reasonably decent, first floor flat close to the centre of town which meant I could walk to work (although I used to like to ride my motorbike when the weather was good) and start to invest time and energy in developing my female persona. Being on my own, in my own place, was a real liberation because it meant I could shave and buy my own clothes, which was great. The first flat I had lived in was a bedsit type with a communal bathroom, kitchen, lounge and one front door but my second flat was self-contained so it meant I had a lot more privacy. I really started to get into the “TV thing”. I wasn't interested in joining any groups, I just wanted to develop my female persona, Michaela. I spent a

long time working on my voice and on my deportment – reading books and watching videos on You Tube and that sort of thing.

I also had makeup lessons with a young girl called Julie who was sympathetic to the TG community: she was impressed by how good I was at applying makeup and, although the sessions were expensive, they were well worth the money as she really taught me a lot. I still had quite a bit of money saved from my compensation for my motorcycle accident. It actually turned into a blessing in disguise as I got a second payment based on loss of earnings (as a top motor-bike rider!). That meant I had a bit to invest in creating my character Michaela and, after years of frustration when I could only dress occasionally or was conscious of prying eyes (when I was in my bedsit anyone could have knocked on my bedroom door at any time and sometimes did). I now had complete freedom to do as I pleased. It was perfect.

The funny thing was, at the same time, I became a bit of a womaniser. It all started with a girl called Sue who also worked for Thompson's Autos and used to go outside for a cigarette occasionally. I had also started smoking (and drinking but that's another story) and I used to join her. It was her boots that first attracted me (the old TV brain kicked in). She often wore black boots with lowish heels and black, navy or grey pencil skirts. She was pretty plain really and not my normal type but I struck up conversation with her and it wasn't long before I was asking her out on a date and introducing her to Katie my parrot (Katie was a great asset where girls were concerned because she was always a talking point whenever they came back and would sometimes say something crude which I would have to apologise for).

Then I went clubbing a few times with some of the guys I worked with and again pulled a couple of girls

so my reputation spread around the dealership – Marc Stimpson was a bit of a lady’s man. But what none of them knew was that I liked to dress as a lady.

I suppose I had a bit of a knack of attracting women – for one thing I was very confident and didn’t mind getting knocked back occasionally and for another I just seemed to have a way about me that charmed girls. What I would do was look at them, catch their eye, and after a while smile and wink. It was all non-verbal and it worked a treat because when I did make my approach, the battle was half-won. I used to go into a bakery sometimes on the weekend and have a coffee and something to eat. There was a girl who worked there who I would smile at and chat to as I paid. One morning I was eating my bacon roll when I asked her to come over to my table. It was quiet so she had no reason not to.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Marie,” she said. She was a bit shy and only seventeen.

“I’m down in the town tonight, Marie. A group of us is meeting up, wanna come?”

“I’ve got a boyfriend,” she said.

“Fine,” I said. “He can come too.”

She blushed and laughed at that but I kept coming back and we chatted more and more until the inevitable happened: she finished with her boyfriend, and we went out on a date and then it was back to my place.

Casual dates were great for me as I didn’t want anyone to get too close. Girls would ask about my hairless state but I would just say I had gotten used

to shaving it off when I used to wear leathers for motorcycling. I found I was really good at lying and would concoct stories about how sweaty it was wearing leathers (which was true) and how being hairless helped. That didn't explain the fact that I still did it though and why I would spend ages in the shower making sure I was smooth-skinned or why I applied oils after I had shaved. I loved that feeling – getting out the shower and towelling myself down, then rubbing oil over my legs and chest and arms. One girl I dated had actually found some of my female clothes and accused me of having another girlfriend but I wasn't worried, the dates were casual and the sex easy.

The flat was small and the front door opened into a lounge which lead to a kitchen/diner at the back; coming off the lounge was my bedroom and next to the kitchenette was a small bathroom which contained a shower, a toilet and a sink – but the big thing was it was self-contained. Once I had finished I would walk over to my bedroom where I would have my clothes set out. Firstly, I would slip into silky panties and then pull on black, 10 denier tights, often with a pattern. I didn't really need a waist clincher as I was quite slim but I liked wearing one and would pull on a white one with a Velcro fastening or one with a hook and eye fastening which was tighter but fiddly.

Then I would put on an underwired bra so it was supportive. I would slip in a pair of silicone breast forms that I had bought off the internet and look at myself in the mirror to ensure everything was in proportion. I loved the feel of those weighty breasts in the bra pouches. Next I would put on a blouse or a thin jumper and then I would sit on my bed and apply makeup. I had usually laid out my makeup on the duvet beforehand.

I would start by applying my foundation, dabbing it on. Of course, I had moisturised in the bathroom so it went on smoothly. The makeup always took a long time as I needed to get it right. In fact, I spent hours trying the makeup and practising what Julie, the makeup artiste, had taught me. Eventually, I found I had it spot-on and with clothes purchased on the internet or bought in shops I decided, after three months of dressing, to go out dressed *en femme*.

Chapter Two

Once I moved to the purchasing division I worked Monday to Friday which I liked as I had the weekends to myself which meant I could have a late one on a Saturday. Still, I figured, going out dressed on a Saturday would be too risky. Most of the people in the other flats were professionals and worked similar hours to me so they were about weekends and the place was busier. I decided to take a day off work and plumed for a Wednesday, right in the middle of the week. I was so excited I could not sleep much the night before but I got up early and showered. By this time, I had had both ears pierced so I could wear nice earrings. I had painted my nails the night before so I got up, showered and shaved: I hadn't shaved for a few days to get a nice smooth shave on my face - fortunately I wasn't too hairy. Then, I started to get ready.

Firstly, I sprayed on perfume and deodorant. Then, I pulled on a pair of purple, silk panties followed by ten denier tights (I have always preferred tights to stockings which are fiddly but will wear stockings occasionally). Then I fastened the Velcro waist clincher around my waist and attached the bra around my chest. Next was the silicone breast forms

and then a thin, maroon polo neck jumper. I then applied my makeup. When I was satisfied with my look, I added my blonde wig and pulled on a black pencil skirt. I added a gold chain around my neck and some jewellery: rings on my fingers, a gold necklace and bracelets. I had found a pair of maroon shoes in a shop with a low heel so I slipped into them and paced the room. I took a leather jacket from the wardrobe – it was a blazer style and looked better not fastened.

My heart was beating like a drum. Part of me wanted to take the whole outfit off and forget about the enterprise; after all hadn't I been happy dressing at home for the last three months? But then there was the voice inside my head saying, *go for it Marc, you can do it!* I wanted to test myself in the public arena – I wanted to pass in public *en femme*. Somehow that had become my main ambition in life – at one time I had wanted to be World Motorcycle champion but now all I wanted to do was walk down the street wearing women's clothes!

I kept looking at the small dial of the gold watch on my wrist and checking my look in a tall mirror I had bought. I knew I had to venture out or I would feel like a failure. I thought back to my first attempts at bike racing and how great it had felt to compete in a race: In the beginning I was happy just to get around the track and then I won and that felt even better. It had been such an adrenalin rush – the same feeling I was experienced wearing women's clothes.

It was Katy, my parrot, that decided for me. She kept chirping and moving uneasily on her perch and I was scared people would wonder what was happening in my flat! I am sure the fusion of smells, the delicate scent I wore and the oddity of a new female in the flat was confusing her. I decided I had to get away from her squawking and walked to the door. I placed my hand on the handle, turned the knob and in an

instance slammed the door. My first thought was, where are my keys? I anxiously searched inside my maroon handbag for them. Fortunately, they were there. Nerves had kicked in. Then I walked. Down the hard concrete steps and along the hall to the communal front door.

Fortunately, no one saw me and in seconds I was walking down the path and onto the pavement. A woman was pushing a buggy and she glanced at me but then walked on. I was free. As I walked I became more and more confident. People passed me and took no notice. It was a short walk into town and it wasn't long before I had arrived at the shopping mall. It was a cold but bright day and I was conscious that I could feel every stone and every pebble under the hard sole of my shoes. I walked easily in them, pleased I had not bought a pair with a higher heel. Soon I was browsing clothes in department stores. On that first trip I just bought a sandwich, some milk, and a jar of coffee in a large store, then made my way back to the flat. The buzz was fantastic. I had made it. I felt so relieved when I got back in and collapsed in my arm chair, fully clothed. The feeling of elation was tremendous. I had successfully completed my first trip out *en femme*.

After that it became a regular experience – I had no interest in holidays or going away anywhere so I would use my leave to take a day off here and there so I could do a “walk” as I dubbed it. Of course, I got better and better and more and more confident.

One winter day, I went out in a nicely tailored black jacket matched up with a silver satin blouse and a flared black skirt and quite high-heeled, black patent leather boots (gradually I had tried a higher and higher heel). I walked around the town and done a bit of shopping. By this time, I was confident of my voice too so I was at ease asking for things in the

shops and saying “please” and “thank you” and handling my purse which could be tricky. When I finished my shopping I thought I would go for a coffee and went to one of these chain coffee shops. It was fairly busy so I took my tray, with my coffee and a sandwich, over to a stool by the window and sat on the only free stool available. It was kind of nice being perched on the stool and I was conscious of one or two office types giving me the once-over which was met by a smile on my part. I sat drinking my coffee and then the chap next to me, who was rather large, glanced up from his phone said, “You been doing a bit of Christmas shopping?”

I was so surprised I nearly slurped my coffee.

“Yes, but it’s mainly for me - clothes and things for the flat,” I said in what I hoped was a confident, lilt-ing, female voice.

Mr. Large picked up on this and I instantly knew what it was like to be on the receiving end of a predatory male.

“Live on your own then, do you?” He took a sip of coffee. I suddenly felt nervous and vulnerable.

“Yes, I’m new here, I came up to Newtown for a job.”

“Where’s it you work?” he asked.

“Oh, at Thompson’s Autos,” I said, wishing I had thought of a back story for my Michaela character.

“No family in these parts then?”

I felt like a fox being hunted by hounds.



“No,” I whispered. I saw Mr Large look at my fingers, working out if I wore a wedding ring. “I’ve just split up from my boyfriend.”

(Now I can see that was a really dumb thing to say but hey, I was nervous, give me a break!)

“I’m divorced,” Mr. Large said. “Live on my own too. Perhaps we can go for a drink sometime?”

“No, not now, I’m terribly busy,” I said. I wondered if Mr Large noticed the fluster and panic in my voice.

He drained his coffee. “Well it’s been nice meeting you...”

He left the sentence hanging.

“Michaela,” I said.

“I’m Bruce.” He slipped off his stool like a seal into the sea. He took a card from his wallet and placed it by my cup. “If you change your mind, give me a call. I’m self-employed so can always make time for you...” He winked.

“Thank you,” I said.

I watched him make his way through the busy throng. So that was what it was like to be hit on by a man! I couldn’t believe it but it proved one thing – I had passed in public and then some!

Chapter Three

The strange thing was that, as a guy, I was a bit like Bruce – confident, on the cusp of being arrogant, someone who got a thrill out of hitting on women. I

suppose I also made them feel slightly uncomfortable in the process but it had worked with me on many occasions just as I guess it worked for Bruce. There was a part of me that wanted to call him up and date him but then I took the pills marked “sensible” and decided such a scheme was fraught with danger – after all, he thought I was a woman. Instead, I carried on my shopping trips – my “walks” as I called them. I recorded everything in a book so I could make changes for the next trip. It was something I had learnt from my motorbike racing days – the need to constantly update and change and record what had gone right and what had gone wrong. That way I got to be quite a convincing woman and walked about with total confidence which I knew was half the battle.

Also, I went to see Julie, the makeup artiste, *en femme* and asked her for some more advice. It was great getting help from a real girl who really liked my crossdressing (though she had a steady boyfriend and I didn’t want to risk anything by chatting her up). Life was pretty good. I was dressing and every now again I would do what Bruce had done to me and hit on a girl... sometimes two girls...

I was out with some guys from work and, here I have to say, that although I concentrated on my female wardrobe I always tried to dress well as a guy too – something that was partly Katie’s influence. Anyway, this particularly night I was wearing black trousers and a white striped shirt with the cuffs undone. A group of us used to go to a bar which also had a restaurant area attached and I noticed two girls having a meal. They were both brunettes and of slim build and attractive. One was wearing leggings and a gold top and the other was wearing a black sparkly dress. Both wore chunky ankle boots with thick, high heels. Of course, my “TV mind” took all that it in whilst one of the guys I was with, Ross, necked a bottle of beer and said,

“They’re a couple of lookers.”

I smiled. “You’re not wrong there, I wouldn’t kick either of them out of bed.”

“You wouldn’t kick anything out of bed,” Paul, another workmate, said.

“Come on, I have my standards,” I said.

The conversation carried on like that for a while, banter about girls and who we liked at the dealership. One thing I liked about working for in the motorcycle department of an auto company was that most people were into bikes and followed the MotoGP so I kind of felt at home. As on the race track, I was looked up to because a) I used to be a pro rider and b) my success with women. That night I enhanced my reputation still further. Every now and again I would look at the two girls and eventually I caught one looking at me; she turned back quickly and giggled and then her friend, the girl in the sparkly dress, looked over. By this time, I was staring at them, making it obvious I fancied them. The girl in the sparkly dress started giggling too but during their meal they kept glancing over. The others left me by the pillar to chat up some “fresh talent” so I was on my own which I liked.

Then a waitress came through with desserts for their table and I said to her, “Tell those two girls I’m waiting to buy them a drink at the bar when they have finished their meals.”

The waitress smiled and placed the desserts down on their table. When she had finished she obviously said something about me and all three laughed. When she had gone the girl in the sparkly dress looked over and this time raised her glass to me. I

raised my bottle in return: when they had finished they came over.

“So you want to buy us a drink?” The girl in the sparkly dress said.

“Sure do,” I replied.

The girl in the sparkly dress introduced herself as Donna and the other girl as Vikki. We went to the bar and I bought them drinks and we got chatting. The other lads looked over at me, green with envy. Once again my self-confidence had paid off. I had separated myself from the lads and although Ross and another lad, James tried to muscle in, I had their full attention. Before the night ended, Donna rummaged in her bag for car keys.

“Got to go,” she said, “Nice meeting you, Marc.”

“Aren’t you going to invite me back for a nightcap?” I asked.

“You couldn’t handle two women,” Vikki said.

“Try me.”

Vikki looked at Donna and they both laughed.

“You’re full of yourself,” Vikki said.

“No, it’s just that I know what I like and I like what I see.”

They both laughed again. Donna touched my arm and whispered, “We’re parked just outside.”

So I followed them out of the bar as the others looked on. It was kind of strange sitting in the back of the small hatchback as Donna drove back to the flat

they shared together. They chatted away endlessly about stuff which meant nothing to me and occasionally Vikki would turn and ask me a question. I have to admit to being a bit nervous, for despite all my sexual exploits, I had not had a threesome before. The interior of the car smelt of air fresh and perfume and lots of cuddly toys bounced on the dash.

We finally pulled up at a small block of flats; Donna got out and I eased past the uplifted front seat. I followed the two girls to the communal front door and into the block of flats like a lost sheep. Then we climbed the steps to their apartment and Donna opened the door. We entered a large, sparsely furnished area. The sofa looked old and secondhand. The girls owned the place and had got a mortgage together - I guess they didn't have a lot of money.

"What do you want to drink?" Donna asked throwing her patent hand bag onto the sofa.

"I don't know, what you got?"

"Tea, coffee..."

"I was hoping for something a bit stronger, Vodka, whiskey"

Vikki grinned and grabbed my arm. "You need to build up Dutch courage?"

"Not really," I lied. "I like to end the night with a short."

"End the night?" Vikki said raising her eyebrows.

"Start the night," I tried.

Donna came out of the kitchen and thrust a glass of red wine in my hand and gave a glass to Vikki. The

two girls dropped into the soft sofa, I pulled up a chair and sat down. I thought back to Hamburg in Germany when Megan and Olivia had been screwed by that German whose name I had forgotten. I had watched all the action from the wardrobe – he had seemed so cocky, so confident, so full of himself. I downed my drink.

“Let’s get started,” I said. “If I’m going to have you both, we’d better not mess around.”

“I see romance isn’t dead, Mister,” Donna joked.

I walked over to her and pulled her off the sofa and started kissing her but I actually had Vikki first. I tumbled on top of her on the spongy mattress in the bedroom, pressing my flesh into her soft hole. All the time Donna was stroking my back and caressing me. I thrust my meat into Vikki, thinking of how Megan and Olivia squealed when that German had them both. I kind of imagined I was the German, not doing it with my sisters, but emulating his prowess. Next it was Donna’s turn. I turned on her and in seconds my flaccid cock was erect again and I was piling my meat into her, really shafting her.

I felt her small, pert breasts, ran my hand along the skeleton of her back and all the time I pumped her, pushing my cock deeper and deeper into her inner crevice. I had both girls twice that night and woke up as sore as anything. In the morning, whilst Vikki cooked us breakfast, Donna commented on the fact that I was the “best lay she had had in ages.”

After our cooked breakfast, Donna ran me home in her car.

“Vikki’s not bothered, she’s more of a tart than me, but I would like to see you again, Marc,” she said as she dropped me off. She passed me her number. “Call

me,” she said. She kissed me on the cheek. Tenderly. I got out of the car walked up the gravel driveway to the communal front door of my apartments. My cock ached and I felt sad. I wouldn’t see Donna or Vikki again. I didn’t want anyone to get close to me – it wasn’t in the TV script.

Chapter Four

What *was* in the script was Michaela. I loved girls and dating them and having sex but I loved Michaela more. I loved creating the character. After the incident with Bruce I had worked on a back story and had given her more “character” so she would act in certain ways: confident, sassy, like a girl who knew she was attractive and liked male attention but kept men at arm’s length. The thing was I was getting a bit bored with shopping and wanted to go further. I wanted to go out for meals, the theatre, dress up and look good. Shopping was fine but most women didn’t dress up for it (unless, of course, they were Mum, Megan and Olivia) and I realised I sometimes got read because I was overdressed.

In fact, when I went to see Julie, the makeup artist, she said she had seen me in town once (I had shown her photos of me dressed so she knew what Michaela looked like) and that I had looked fantastic. She said no one would have read me except for the fact people were glancing at me because I was so well dressed – especially women, who are the prime readers. What I needed was someone who was understanding, when it came to the “TV Thing,” to go out with as Michaela.

Before that could happen, however, I inadvertently got involved with a girl at work who managed accounts. Her name was Nisha. She was of Indian heritage and had long, black hair which rolled down her

back: she was as pretty as a picture. She always dressed extremely well (which first attracted me to her – see the TV brain working?) At work she always wore good quality, designer skirts and blouses or dresses and had a flair for fashion, often adding a scarf or a black leather jacket to her ensemble which included the obligatory high heels (and when I say high I mean 4” plus!) and in winter she often wore very high-heeled boots. In fact, she had a pair of knee-high, black patent boots with a four or five-inch heel! All the women commented on her fashion sense and I would hear her reeling off designer names and telling colleagues where she had bought such and such an item.

Fashion was a big thing with her and it took me back to my home life when Megan, Olivia and Mum went shopping on a Saturday and Dad and I trailed behind carrying the bags. Nisha could have been my sister, instead she was the girl I most lusted after at work. She was quite feminine and of slim build so clothes looked good on her. In my role as a buyer I sometime had a bit to do with accounts so I got to know her slightly and tried to chat to her but she kept it strictly business. She managed a small section and I would have given my eyeteeth to be overseen by her so I could have complimented her every day on her outfit but it wasn't to be. Instead, I started to send her emails. They'd start over some work issues and then I would drop in a compliment.

Must say you look really nice to day Nisha; you rock that leather jacket.

Nisha, looking great again today – you should be working in fashion not with motorcycles.

Which she ignored. Then I tried a different track and tried to flirt with her but she obviously didn't like me too much (my reputation as a womaniser had

spread and I was just not the sort of guy she dated). Then I got invited to a house party, hosted by a work colleague, and Nisha was there. At one point she sidled up to me and said,

“Marc, I would like a quiet word with you.” She took my arm and pulled me into an empty room.

“Look Marc, I know this may not be the time and the place but it’s the only chance I will get. Please, please, please can you stop sending me emails of a personal nature. I’ve not got a boyfriend and I am not interested. I don’t want to report you but that will be what happens if you don’t stop.”

To say I was annoyed would be an understatement! I was absolutely furious. To me they were friendly emails with no sexual connotations in them at all and for her to then accuse me of sexual harassment, which was what she was implying, well it was too much!

Before I could say anything another work colleague, Ross, came into the room, he saw us talking in hushed tones and obviously assumed Nisha was succumbing to my advances (everyone knew I fancied her). He plopped down onto a sofa and necked a bottle of beer.

“Twenty pounds says you don’t cop off with anyone tonight, Marc,” he said with about as much tact as Donald Trump.

Feeling irked by Nisha’s comments, I said “I agree I won’t cop off with anyone here tonight but fifty pounds says I’ll bed Nisha by the end of the month.”

My heart was pounding, Nisha had really angered me up and I wanted revenge. I thought – *two can play at your game, love*. I looked at Nisha and she was

fuming; she went red and stormed across the room. At the door she turned and shouted. “Who the fuck do you think you are, Marc Stimpson? God’s fucking gift?”

It wasn’t a great start and month later I was standing by Ross’ desk counting out £50 whilst his supervisor, who just happened to be Nisha, looked on.

“Double or quits,” Ross said.

I glanced up at Nisha, who looked daggers at me. But hey, there’s nothing like a wind-up. “You’re on,” I said and a month later I was back at Ross’ desk counting out £100 whilst Nisha looked on. Unimpressed.

“If you have got so much money to waste, you could give some to me,” Nisha said as I laid down the last note.

I suppose, having been brought up with a lot of money, I had no respect for it and though I had fallen on hard times I still spent a lot (and had the credit card debts to show for it). Money just meant nothing to me. Nothing at all. I was so used to spending what I wanted that I never thought about it. I took my wallet out and threw some notes on the table.

“How much do you want?” I asked her.

Nisha blushed. She picked up the notes and handed them back to me. “Don’t be so stupid. I just can’t believe you enter into such silly, childish bets. Is it to prove you are a big man who can bed any woman he wants?”

“I only want to bed you Nisha and that’s not going to happen, is it?” I said. I paused. Looked her in the eye. “I really wanted to win that bet.”

“Ha, fat chance.” Nisha said and stalked off in her lovely red, high-heeled shoes. She turned by the filling cabinet and said, “You have a high opinion of yourself, Marc Stimpson. I suggest you stop acting like a fool and grow up a bit. I’m out of your league.”

“That’s told me, Ross,” I said. I patted him on the shoulder and walked off.

Still, I couldn’t help dropping Nisha an email apologising for the bet but saying I fancied her and wanted to go out with her (was that such a crime? I said). I realised she was far classier than I was and I was sorry for upsetting her. I promised not to send her another non work-related email again or talk to her about another non work-related subject.

The reply was little warmer than her words in the office which she apologised for. She said she was sorry I had lost £100 and that Ross was gloating and saying I was a fool. Nothing happened for a while as I was as good as my word and didn’t hassle her. Then, one day I found myself alone with her. Everyone was going and she was just getting her coat (a lovely shiny black affair).

“Can I walk you to your car?” I asked.

“I travel by bus,” Nisha said and actually smiled.

“Can I walk you to the stop?”

She laughed. “It is only outside the building.”

We did walk outside together and I stood with her whilst she waited for the bus. We chatted and she was actually quite friendly. Then the bus came, she got on and I walked off but I had made a mental note of the time and made sure I was by the bus stop the following day. I think she liked the little chats. I even

bought her a card and flowers to apologise to her for my boorish behaviour. We got to know each other a bit and eventually we went out for a drink together after work.

Nisha and I went steady for a while and, of course, she ended up in my bed. I really liked her. Nisha was sweet and understanding and she was the first girl that I confessed to that I was a transvestite – after Megan and Olivia, of course. She kept asking me about my hairless state and the fact I took time off work on odd days without telling her. On one visit to the flat, which happened to be the day after I had dressed and gone for one of my walks, she asked me about the smell of perfume in the air and the female items around the place; it was difficult because apart from clothing there were things in the bathroom. She kept accusing me of cheating on her and then, one morning, I came out of the shower to find her looking at some clothes in my wardrobe: she had even thrown some jewellery and lingerie on the bed.

“Who do these belong to me?” she raged.

“Me,” I said calmly. “I’m a transvestite.” I continued towelling my air.

She gaped for a while.

“What? You wear women’s clothes?”

“Yep,” I said. “I’m sorry, I should have told you earlier. It is why I am shaved all over. I go out shopping sometimes during the week too.”

“Marc, I’m really shocked, I would never have thought it of you. I know you are really skinny but you are such a macho guy and a womaniser. I can’t believe you do this as well.”

I sat on the bed and started to explain about Megan, Olivia and Mum, how I always liked their clothes and that now I had a flat on my own I liked to dress. Nisha's reaction was a world away from Katie's - she put her arm around me and stroked my back and listened to my tale and it somehow made us stronger. Nothing was said about it for a while but one time, when we were out for a meal together, I said.

“Michaela may go shopping on Thursday.”

“Who's Michaela?” Nisha asked,

“My female alter ego,” I said. “Would you like to come?”

Nisha smiled. “I see. I'm not sure if I'm quite ready to see you dressed as a woman, Marc. Seeing you naked is bad enough.

We both laughed at that. I knew she was having a hard time putting together the image of Marc the bad boy womaniser and Marc the TV, but unlike Katie at least she tried. After Katie I had vowed never to tell anyone. I tried to keep my past time a secret but it was hard once we were in a relationship. which is what I had always feared: I like dating Nisha, she was nice, really nice, classy and sweet... not to mention discreet. So Michaela went out on her own... once more.

But it was great having a regular girlfriend. One time we were at a party and Nisha wore tight, black leather trousers and a black polo neck matched with a white, loose fitting cardigan. She looked fantastic. I was standing in the kitchen chatting to some friends with one hand around her waist, squeezing her bum. It was fantastic, I was in love with her and just loved being with her which meant poor Michaela got

pushed to one side a bit. The relationship had taken over.

Then, one day I was outside the building having a cigarette (Nisha was trying to get me to cut down) when a new girl at Thomson's called Jessica asked me for a light.

"You're Marc Stimpson, aren't you?"

"Sure am."

"You're dating Nisha, aren't you? I saw you at Helen's party."

"That's right," I said. "It was a good party."

Jessica looked me in the eye. "At least Nisha has tamed your wild ways."

It was funny because Sue was there too, we still chatted and got on alright. Sue drew on her cigarette and looked at me knowingly.

"I don't think so," I said.

"But it's been four months and I have not heard any rumours of you cheating on her."

I was amazed that Jessica knew so much about my relationship!

"I haven't been tempted by anyone else," I said. I paused, drew on my cigarette, looked at Jessica, smiled. "Until now." I said calmly.

Jessica blushed, wondered if I was joking, saw I was serious, then said. "I don't think I can compete with Nisha."

“Wanna bet?”

Sue moved away, she knew my game, how competent I was at chatting women up. I liked women, it was the tranny thing. I liked their clothes, their smells, their looks, their conversation. I wasn't really a macho guy at all. I just pretended to be; I guess that was because I had two older sisters, a glamorous stay-at-home mum and a father who worked a lot and wasn't at home.

“Seriously? You want a date with me?” Jessica said.

“Sure, why not?” I said. I knew it was bad. Knew I would be cheating on Nisha but I could not help myself.

Jessica pushed her hands into her pockets, wisps of mousy, brown hair were caught by the wind and blew out. She was flattered. I knew she was only about eighteen. I knew I probably seemed dangerous and she wanted to be scared.

Two weeks later Jessica was in my bed. My long, thin rod was up and I was hovering over her and telling her how beautiful she was. I liked a lot of foreplay. Liked to postpone and postpone my cock penetrating my lover. And that's what I did to Jessica. She was fairly gagging for it when I pressed my flesh between the pink lips of her vagina and started to pump away, building up a head of steam as Jessica squealed and screeched with pleasure.

“Oh, Marc, Marc,” she breathed. “I've wanted this for so long...”

Her vagina walls tightened on my stick as she vibrated with multiple orgasms and I came in her inner sanctum.

I knew she wanted to compare notes with the colleagues I had also bedded. I just hoped it didn't get back to Nisha but in that moment I didn't care. I didn't give a damn about anything, I was free, just as I was when I was racing when I was leaning into corners, overtaking and accelerating. Wild, fast, dangerous, not giving a fuck about anything, just as the Fonz had been. I wasn't finished either. I worked my cock up and thrust it into Jessica again and again – I wanted her to think I was the best lover she had ever had. I wanted her to tell people about me and how good I was in bed. I wanted recognition. It was just like racing – I wanted acknowledgement that I was BEST, better than anyone, just as I wanted to be the most convincing transvestite there had ever been and I didn't care what it cost me or anyone else for that matter.

I knew it would get back to Nisha so I confessed; she was sitting on my bed wearing a lovely dress with flounces and tan coloured ankle boots, a leather belt and a leather jacket.

“Nisha, I have something to say and you're not going to like it,” I said.

I got down on my hands and knees as if I was going to propose but instead I confessed to her. I was almost crying by the end of it because I really loved her. Nisha looked angry and then confused and then disappointed. She stroked my hair.

“Why Marc, why? We're so good together.”

“It's because of Michaela,” I blurted. “I need to go out dressed. It would take the tension away. I feel I have to prove myself as a man but at the same time I'm frustrated because Michaela isn't out that much and I love the thrill of going out. I love the danger. That's part of what it was with Jessica – the danger.”

“But you go out for your walks...”

“I know but I need more than that... I need to go out dressed, with you, in the evening for a meal or something. I need to show Michaela off in the evening.”

Chapter Five

Once Nisha had gotten over the shock of my infidelity (which I don't suppose was such a big shock really) and of my desire to go out dressed in the evening with her, it was brilliant because she really set about organising everything. We decided to go to a restaurant for a meal and went shopping together to find an outfit. With Nisha's brilliant fashion sense she helped me find a tasteful body con dress, a black jacket and a pair of shoes. We also bought a new wig which was of better quality than my first one but still blonde. Nisha even helped with my makeup and we had a few practice sessions back at my flat.

Nisha loved being around my flat as she came from a big, traditional Indian family. As she was the eldest, they expected her to do a lot of the work around the house and child care – I could see that fashion was a real outlet for her. I visited her house once and met her sari-wearing mother and her suited father who owned a care home business. They were pretty well-off and Nisha showed me to her room which was packed with clothes - wardrobes and wardrobes full of clothes. And shoes. Fuck me, I had never seen so many shoes in my life! She just loved them. I also noticed she had three pairs of patent leather boots, not the one pair I had seen at work, plus other types of boots as well. It was like a shoe, boot and clothes shop.

“Dad stores some of my boots and shoes at the care home,” Nisha confessed. In fact, later she moved some of her clothes to my wardrobe in my flat. I loved looking at them but they were too small for me.

“Blimey, you just have loads of stuff. I can’t believe it!”

I used to joke with her that if she ever lost her legs in an accident I wanted her boots but the reality was she had tiny, tiny feet – only a size 3 or 4 so much smaller than mine.

Nisha really took to dressing me in the outfits we had bought together and advising me on clothes; when she finished our practice sessions I really looked like a real girl.

“Right, I think we are ready for that meal,” Nisha said.

We agreed that Nisha would drive around in her car in the early Saturday afternoon and we would get ready at my place.

So that Saturday Nisha came around and helped me apply my makeup and get dressed. It still felt kind of odd being dressed in front of Nisha but she was very understanding and it wasn’t long before I had all my female clothes on. I added some jewellery and pulled on my jacket. I was ready to go out. I was wearing the body con dress which was blue and purple, high-heeled black stilettos and a black jacket. I stood in front of the mirror. I could taste the lip gloss on my lips, smell the perfume which clung to my body. I picked up a handbag.

“You look good,” Nisha said. “Really good.”

I had to admit it was probably the best I had ever looked. Nisha was just so talented at those little details like ensuring the jewellery all matched and the makeup matched my clothes. I felt good. Really good.

“Stop admiring yourself, Michaela, and let’s get going.” Nisha said.

I picked up my small handbag and added some lipstick, powder, phone, cigarettes and lighter.

“Are you ready now?” Nisha asked impatiently.

“As ready as I will ever be,” I said in a light, feminine voice and, with sudden determination, stepped towards the front door. Nisha was behind me. I opened the door and she walked out. I took a couple of deep breaths and followed her onto the landing and down the steps to the gravel parking area.

We got into her small, white car and drove the sort distance to the town centre. She parked up on the side of the road and I placed an uneasy high-heeled shoe on the pavement; I got out of the car. I had done so many walks that the experience wasn’t quite so bad and I felt fairly confident. I followed Nisha to the Indian restaurant and the waiter showed us to our seats. Of course, she did all the talking. It was wonderful, no one took any notice. Occasionally a customer or a waiter would look at us but it was hard to know if they were reading me or not. The meal was perfect and I began to relax and enjoy myself. Nisha was full of smiles and I could tell she was enjoying the masquerade as well.

I made a trip to the toilet to check my look and add some lipstick and got regular updates from Nisha on how I was doing. It was so much better than being out alone where I had had to assess myself on whether or not I was passing. Nisha paid the bill and

we left the restaurant and went back to my house. It was fantastic walking back to the car, feeling the breeze on my legs, the looks from groups of lads who passed us by. We reached the car and I got in. Nisha gave me a high five.

“Well done, we pulled it off. It was so brave of you,” Nisha said.

I felt relieved. It had been the best trip out dressed, no question.

When we got back to my flat I was dying to make love to Nisha dressed but she was against the idea. I knew, in a way, she didn't like Michaela and it was just something she was trying hard to understand - for my sake - but the dressing was a fly in the ointment, no question.

Even so, after that we went out quite a few times as a couple of girlfriends. I developed my voice and gradually got more and more confident at speaking. Prior to that I had only had to talk to ask or answer questions but with Nisha I had to have conversations. The best time was when I was wearing a very tight black PVC skirt, white top and very high-heels (and had bare legs!). Nisha and I went to a bar in the centre of town and some guys from work came over and started talking to us as they recognised Nisha which was embarrassing.

“Who's your friend?” Ross said.

“Michaela,” Nisha said.

“No Marc tonight?”

“No, it's a girls night out.” She winked at me and I knew she was enjoying the subterfuge but my heart was racing. I feared discovery and would have hated

Paul or Ross to know my secret. Fortunately, after a brief period they walked away but after them another couple of lads came over and started to chat us up. This time I was a bit friendlier as I wanted to try out my voice and see if I could flirt. To my surprise the guy who was chatting to me was completely taken in, and seemed quite smitten! We even went on a club with them – it was fantastic. The guy who I got was called Wayne and I loved it when he placed his arm around my waist and later placed his hand on my backside and gave it a lovely squeeze. I had never thought of myself as gay but the idea of a guy being so convinced I was a woman he was prepared to squeeze my bum...well, that was just awesome. Nisha enjoyed the flirting too (she even had a slow dance and a snog with the guy she was with right in front of me which I think she enjoyed - maybe it was pay back). I knew I had cracked it and I could pass as a woman. I felt fantastic. Life was going well.

Then I got an invite from Megan to her engagement party at our family house, I didn't want to go but Nisha persuaded me.

“Megan wants you there, you were close to Megan, who cares what your family think?”

“I don't think I could face Mum and Dad,” I said.

“Marc, you will have to face them some day! Are you going to stay away from Megan's wedding too?”

That got me thinking. I would have to go to the wedding so I may as well bite the bullet and go to the engagement party.

I knew Nisha wanted to see the house too so we left one Saturday and went back to my family home in her car. We had booked into a B&B in a local pub so we could get changed and leave the car. We planned

to get a taxi there and back – there was no way I was going to stay at Mum’s and Dad’s place and I knew I would need a drink to get through the night.

It was a nervous time but with Nisha by my side the evening went off better than I expected. Of course, there were plenty of people I knew there, like Claudia and her new boyfriend and Olivia and her husband, Andy as well as relatives. Dad had put up a marquee in the garden and hired in some caterers. I think Nisha was very impressed with how wealthy we were; she wore a lovely, tight red and white dress and high-heeled sandals with a diamante straps. She looked great and everyone really liked her.

“Not your normal type,” Megan said. “I thought you liked blondes?”

“I do,” I agreed, “but Nisha is so nice, we get on really well.”

Fortunately, Nisha did a lot of the talking. Mum and Dad didn’t say much to me which suited me just fine. I remember dancing with Nisha to the Guns ‘n’ Roses hit, *November Rain*. In a strange way it is a really happy memory; Nisha was a good dancer and she was right to say that I had to face up to my parents at some stage and going to the party had been the best way to do it. I knew it would be a lot easier when Nisha and I went to Megan’s wedding.

We left soon after midnight and went back to the small inn where we had our room. The evening had gone surprisingly well and I had gotten to speak to Claudia and a few old friends and, of course, it had been great to see Megan and Olivia again.

“You must keep in touch with us,” Olivia had said to me as Nisha and I had left. “I know Mum and Dad

don't approve of you but Megan and I don't mind and we still love you."

She had given me a big hug which brought a tear to my eye. When I had left Olivia's wedding I had felt like an outcast – the real black sheep of the family. I have never gotten into Facebook and stuff like that – not really liking computers - but I said I would email her and Megan more and generally keep in touch. Nisha was great with that technological stuff and she had set me up with a laptop which had been her dad's which I used in the flat.

One thing I loved about Nisha was she was just so damned feminine. Often I had been with girls and maybe they were nicely dressed when they went out for the night but when we had headed back to my flat or their place and they stripped off they often revealed horrible cotton panties and old bras. Not so with Nisha, she always matched her lingerie and each time wore silky or satin undergarments. When we got into bed, she always put on a lovely, satin nightie which I loved. It was great to push it up and make love to her and hold her slim body as I stroked the satin. Such a turn-on. TV mind vs, Hetro mind – sometimes they both combine – and that's what happened the night in the pub after Megan's engagement. The following morning, we went downstairs and had a full English breakfast.

"Before we go home," I said, chewing some bacon. "I want to show you a few places where I grew up and went to school."

"I would like that," Nisha said.

"Maybe we could make a day of it and we could have lunch somewhere," I said.

"That would be great," Nisha replied.

I don't know why, it was almost on a whim, but somehow the love I felt for her was so great that, when I got back to the room we were staying in, I held her close and said, "Nisha, will you marry me?"

Nisha looked serious, "I don't know Marc, it's too early, maybe we need more time."

I knew then she would end the relationship. I knew I had shot my bolt and tried to get too serious too quickly.

Then the rumours started at work. I don't know how it happened but I know it unnerved Nisha. She had been showing some girls at work some photos on her phone and she accidentally shown some photos of me dressed.

"Who's that?" one of the girls had asked.

"Oh, just a friend."

Fortunately, I looked convincing enough for them not to question whether the subject of the photos was male or female but over the next couple of weeks the rumour mill started to grind. There were a few guys who didn't like me because of my success with women and they were only too happy to fan the gossip. Soon they were reaching my ears too.

"Marc Stimpson is a transvestite and he goes out dressed as a woman."

It was tough. How do you stop rumours? How do you stop tittle-tattle and people speaking about you? You can't. There were stories that I had been out with Nisha dressed, people reported seeing us together and we had met Ross and Paul and some others whilst we were out: was the pretty blonde who was Nisha's friend actually Marc?

One of the girls asked to see Nisha's phone again. *Were those pictures of Marc?* She asked. Nisha said no and apparently blushed and so that didn't help either.

One day Nisha was around my flat. I could tell she had something to say because she was normally full of smiles and would often come out with a one-liner when we met but on this day she didn't. I made her a cup of tea and she was lounging on the sofa, she was so at home in my flat. I loved it when she cooked for me, wholesome curries and other meals – she was a great cook and she seemed to like to mother me as she would often cook meals for me to have during the week if I was on my own.

“Marc,” she said, after a while. “You know you asked me to marry you when we were staying at The Holly Bush Inn? Is that what you want?”

“Of course it is,” I said, but I knew what was coming.

“Well, I've been thinking a lot about it and though I like you, I'm not sure if I could ever marry you. I feel by carrying on like this I am misleading you.”

I sat down opposite her, my head in my hands.

“You want to split up?” I said.

“No, I want us to be friends, to go out, with Michaela if needs be, but not as a couple. I don't want to hurt you.”

But she was hurting me and then some. I don't know if it was the transvestite thing or a cultural thing with her parents pushing for an arranged marriage or someone of the same heritage but she had obviously decided that she would not become Mrs

Stimpson (with a “t”). I begged her, I pleaded with her, I asked her why but there was no changing her mind. She had given it a lot of thought.

I remember her going around the flat and collecting her stuff from my bedroom and then standing in the living room and looking around one last time, tears rolling down her cheeks, looking at Katie on her perch. The tidy flat. I know she had always liked being at my flat as a respite from home, staying weekends: she knew she would miss it, but somehow it wasn't for her. I was devastated and on the Monday morning I handed in my notice at Thompson's Autos and had left by the Friday.

Chapter Six

Within a few weeks I got a job in a large supermarket which actually wasn't too bad. There were plenty of employees there who were female and the place had a reasonable staff restaurant so I didn't have to worry about cooking at home. Also, a lot of people smoked and it was easier to nip out for a cigarette break though you had to be careful. I loved looking at the customers especially, the smartly-dressed ones, though the uniform was a bit of a pain. Still, it was a good laugh and I enjoyed it; in some ways it was better than being a buyer as there was no pressure on me. One thing I quite liked was that I worked most Saturdays and some Sundays which meant I had a day off in the week to dress as Michaela and go out for a walk. It was further away than the Thompson's Autos office so I used to ride to work on my motorbike which was great too.

After Nisha split with me I started to dress more. It was kind of a release, it stopped me dwelling on it. I convinced myself she was right – married bliss was not going to work with me wanting to stray *and* want-

ing to dress and I guess she knew it. Whilst I could stop one, I certainly could not stop the other and had no intention of trying. Nisha had a big extended family (and when I say big I mean BIG) plus lots of younger siblings in the house so at some stage, I guess, someone was going find out which I feel was part of Nisha's concern with dating me. I think she had been really unnerved by the "transvestite" rumours at Thompson Autos; whilst it was something I had grown to live with it was all new to her. Still, I missed Nisha and felt really empty inside. I had been really close to her and found I could tell her anything. It had not been like the relationship with Katie which had been a bit superficial (though I had not thought like that at the time). With Nisha there was a lot of honesty and a common bond between us. Even when we separated I could not bring myself to think badly of her because I feel she was a positive influence on me and Michaela.

The fact that she had accepted the dressing had been fantastic: going out for meals, and to the cinema, pubs and clubs had been an incredible experience. Sometimes, when we were out, I had to pinch myself because guys would look at me, even chat me up, yet underneath it all I was a guy too! It wasn't even as if I was taking hormones or anything. I had just developed the art of mimicking a female. And it was an art, there's no question about that. It was something I had devoted a lot of time too – and after Nisha left me I dedicated even more time to it. Of course, the Internet and You Tube and all that stuff was great but there was no substitute for hands on experience and the makeup woman, Julie, and Nisha had really helped develop Michaela's look and style.

In fact, Nisha was so impressed with my makeup skills she sometimes asked me to show her one or two things and actually liked me applying her makeup when she was around at the flat – now, how

many boyfriends do that! The funny thing was that if it had not been for my female alter ego, Michaela, who may or may not have caused the break up, I would have undoubtedly turned to drink. I used to drink a bit of Vodka or wine (not much beer due to the calories) – sometimes to give me Dutch courage to go out dressed and sometimes when I was on my own in the flat. I am sure I would have turned to the bottle if I had not turned to Michaela.

Of course, it wasn't long before I had another woman in my life too. This time it was a supervisor in the supermarket called Judith who was married with two children. She was a bit plump and I probably would not have given her a second glance had I not seen her wearing a black leather skirt one night when I went out with some of the guys from work. She was out with some of her friends from work for a birthday meal and had they had ended the evening in the same bar as us – The Horse and Jockey which was just across the road from the supermarket. I knew her to talk to so I went over and told her how nice she looked.

“Go on, flatterer, I'm old enough to be your mother!” she said and she was too.

“No seriously, it's a pity you don't smoke,” I said.

“Why is that?” she asked.

“I would like to go outside with you and that would give us both an excuse to leave our friends...”

Judith laughed at that but when I did go out for a cigarette she joined me. I was soon kissing her and rubbing my hands down her lovely, soft skirt. The relationship suited us both as it was casual and there was no pressure – she would just come to my flat when we both had days off.

Then, a couple of months after Nisha and I separated, I happened to see an advert for a beauty contest. They were asking for contestants for a regional heat in a local hall. The event was sponsored by a hotel chain and the winner would be crowned Quintin's Miss Lingerie Queen. Now, you tell me a transvestite worth their salt who doesn't want to enter a beauty contest? God, is that not the most appealing fantasy, ever?

At first, I tried to talk myself out of it but then I thought there was no harm in applying so I completed the application, using the laptop Nisha had given me. I emailed it over as well as some photos which Nisha had taken in the flat; something else Nisha had been good at was photography – she was very, very artistic and took some amazing photographs of Michaela. Anyway, I forwarded the application, some photos and an entrance fee over and then forgot about it. And I did forget because I never heard for ages and then one day, through the post, I received an invitation to be a contestant. Apparently, there would thirty contestants who would go onstage in front of an audience and be judged in lingerie and evening dresses. Three would be chosen, a winner and two runners up, each receiving a cash prize and a spa treatment. In addition, the winner would get a spa weekend for two plus a modelling contract for Quintin's (the contest was organised by Quintin's lingerie chain to promote their garments with the prizes being given by a hotel chain – all the lingerie was to be provided by the company with evening dresses provided by the girls).

The thought of it was very erotic, but was I ready? Could I pull it off? The notion of the lingerie section would be the most difficult as I would be exposed but it would be better than swimwear. The letter requested that I made a visit to the Quintin's shop to choose the lingerie I wished to wear on stage (which I

would get to keep), then arrive four hours prior to the show to get ready (the evening dress could just be put on over the lingerie). It was tough but I thought the worst that could happen was that my secret would be discovered and I would be kicked off so I went for it.

One Thursday, when it was my day off, I dressed as Michaela and went to the Quintin's shop wearing tight jeans, black knee-high boots and a faux fur jacket. I had a big, black handbag on my shoulder. I showed the assistant my letter. She showed my various items of lingerie and asked me if I would like to try them on. It was difficult because I didn't want to take off my clothes. I made some excuse about not having much time and quickly bought a load of outfits of which one was given to me free. I then went home to try them on in the sanctuary of my flat. The first was a red Basque which was quite tight; the next, a gold waist clincher with matching panties and bra and the third was just a red silky bra and pantie set. I decided to go for the gold waist clincher and the bra and panties as I felt I could wear it to the venue quite easily, then change. I then had to buy a ball gown which I bought from a small shop and did try on without any problems (although I know I was read).

On the evening of the pageant I spent ages getting ready. I was as nervous as anything. I showered and shaved, then slipped into the gold waist clincher. Next, I pulled on the panties, then slipped into stockings and attached them to a suspender belt. I pulled on the bra and inserted my silicone breast forms. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was slim and had nice long legs. I did not have female curves but I looked pretty feminine even without the makeup and wig.

Then I sat on the bed and applied my makeup. Very carefully. I decided to go for more of a nighttime

feel so I applied more than I would for a shopping trip. Firstly came the foundation, then I applied powder. After that I did my eyes starting with Kohl pencil, then two shades of eyeshadow and the mascara. I then highlighted my eyebrows which I had plucked. Next, I applied blusher and circled my lips with a pencil. I painted my lips and added gloss and some sparkle to my cheeks. I then slipped on a loose fitting camisole-type top – usually I put my top on before I applied my makeup but as I knew I would have to take it on and off, I had selected a very loose one.

I pulled up a black pencil skirt which was knee-length and pulled on black high-heeled boots. I then put on a black leather jacket. I placed the makeup I was going to need in a makeup bag which I put in a small holdall with my shoes. Then I got my large, black patent shoulder bag which I filled with some more makeup, my purse; cigarettes; lighter; phone; keys and the letters from the pageant organisers. The ball gown was packed in a dress bag.

When I was ready I booked a taxi; fortunately, a mini-cab firm worked out of an industrial estate not far from the flat so it was usually easy enough to book a cab. I did not have to wait long. I went downstairs with all my things and waited on the gravel path.

To be successful in life you need a lot of front and, buoyed up with a couple of vodkas in the flat, I arrived at the venue determined to make a success of it. I walked in and said ‘hello’ to the other girls who were in various stages of undressed. I realised I was a bit late as everyone seemed to be there. The woman who was running the pageant came over to me.

“I’m June,” she said. “You must be Michaela. You need to go and get changed, you are last to arrive.”



“Goodness, I didn’t realise the time,” I said, trying to act like a dumb blond. “I seem to have mislaid my watch.”

“Well, don’t worry now, Michaela, go and get ready.”

I looked around for somewhere to undress and there wasn’t a lot of room so I popped down the corridor to the men’s toilet which was “out of action” due to the influx of girls in the dressing room. It was an ideal spot because it was nice and big, the lighting was good and it was quiet. It was funny because when I pulled off my outer clothes and emerged into the dressing room wearing the gold waist cincher and panties plus very high-heeled shoes, one of the girls said I was ‘brave’ using the men’s toilet and another said she wished she had thought of it. God, I felt exposed though, standing in the midst of thirty females in my underwear! My bare legs tingled and I felt goose bumps on my uncovered arms. Every second I stood there I thought I would be exposed.

Fortunately, I had deactivated my manhood which meant I could not even go to the toilet as I had strapped it up so firmly. Even so, I felt super nervous. June came over with a clip board and took details, she then gave me a number to wear. I was to be number 26 so I was to be one of the last out. I had a good figure and none of the other girls seemed to suspect anything so I started to relax – I even got talking to a girl called Holy about how cold it was. Another girl, Amber, joined in.

We all had to line up and were called on stage one at a time, June had a clipboard and a mic and would introduce each girl who would walk up to the judges, then turn and stand to one side as June gave a potted history of each girl taken from their resume (fortunately she did not give out vital statistics, the feeling

being that was a bit sexist). My heart was racing. I had never felt so nervous. It was a bit like waiting to get on board some really scary amusement park ride. When it was my turn June introduced me by saying,

“Next we have Michaela Simpson, 25, who works as a cashier in a supermarket and has aspirations of being a model. In her spare time Michaela likes nothing more than living life in the fast lane and owns a high performance superbike which she sometimes races.”

It wasn't true and I had not actually said all that but June had embellished my story from my resume. I walked quite uneasily on the heels and realised I did not have the same graceful gait as the other girls who looked a lot more practised than me. Still, I was glad to get the lingerie part over and seek sanctuary in the men's toilets where I changed into my ball gown.

I had chosen a tight red, satin sheaf dress with a split up the side and diamante straps. I pulled it on and asked Holy to do up the zip, then I re-applied some makeup. That round was a lot easier. It felt fantastic to go out on the stage in the dress. I was wearing incredibly high silver sandals and I just felt so good that I even started smiling! It felt unbelievable to get through it unscathed. I didn't win, of course, or come in second or third but I had done it. When I went to the male toilet to change back into my pencil skirt, boots and jacket away from the other girls, I felt elated and was absolutely buzzing. I had passed at close quarters in front of an audience, judges and fellow contestants and no one had read me...or so I thought.

Once changed, I left carrying a small holdall (with makeup bag and two pairs of shoes); my large black patent hand bag and my ball gown in a dress bag – both of which I shouldered. I didn't say anything to the other girls apart from Amber and Holy who I had

chatted to. I was just about to push open the door and walk out onto the street when the organiser, June Beatty, called me over.

“Michaela, can I have a word, before you go?” she said.

I thought, *fuck, what does she want to see me about?* but I smiled sweetly and walked over to June. I followed her along a short corridor to a room which she was using to organise the pageant. Papers, with photos of the contestants, were strewn over a table and a laptop was whirring on the side. She opened the door and I walked in and closed it after me.

I stood by the table.

“I didn’t like to say anything during the pageant as I did not want to raise the issue in front of the judges and fortunately the other girls didn’t notice anything but I think if you had won, you would have been disqualified, don’t you?” June said.

My heart raced, I wondered if I had broken any laws.

“Don’t look so nervous, Michaela,” June said and took my hand. “In many ways I admire your pluck. it’s certainly a story to tell my grandchildren, isn’t it?”

“I suppose so,” I said at last. June was quite a warm woman and I knew there was nothing threatening in her tone.

“What do you think I will tell them?” she asked.

I shrugged.

“I would tell them about how a man entered a beauty pageant and actually did quite well, the

judges scored you about mid-way, which isn't bad, is it?"

I smiled, nodded.

"Are you transitioning?" June asked.

"No, I'm just a regular transvestite."

"Well, that's even more impressive then. You are certainly very attractive as a woman but I do think you are taking a chance entering pageants of this nature. If the girls had found out, it could have caused problems and the sponsors would not have been happy with the bad publicity. As it is, no harm was done."

"Thanks," I said. "What gave me away?"

"There wasn't one thing,' June said. "The shop told me about the nervous girl who had bought a lot of lingerie and left in a hurry. Then I saw how nervous you were and how you didn't want to change in front of the other girls and went to the male toilet of all places. Then when I saw you in the lingerie, I thought your shape wasn't great. Even though you are nice and slim and have lovely long legs, you don't have any hips, waist or bum and I wondered about your breast forms – you did a good job at creating a cleavage but rather than show your breasts off, you hid them. Also, when you came out you looked like a rabbit caught in the head lights. One judge even commented that if you had smiled you would have cracked your face.

I smiled. I liked June.

"And your walk was a bit too careful as if you were conscious of the high heels you were wearing – most of the girls here have done this before and are used to

high heels. But you looked great in the ball gown, you really did, that bit really suited you and played to your strengths but it was the lingerie that gave it away. My advice, Michaela, is that you shouldn't give it up but just steer clear of beauty contests."

"Thanks," I said. "I'm pleased you thought I was good."

Then June gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"You shouldn't have done it but I'm glad you did,. It lightened up my day...mind you I wouldn't be saying that if anyone else had realised. Now off you go and don't darken my doorway again."

So I walked back out of the hall and caught a taxi home, feeling a million dollars. June had read me but she had been the only one and she thought I looked fantastic – especially in the ball gown. It been an unbelievable adrenalin rush – a bit like competing in motorcycle races. I had set myself a challenge and I had pulled it off. I couldn't wait to tell someone, anyone. After Megan's engagement, we had been communicating by email a bit more – I had never been one for Facebook and all that sort of thing. I have always felt it is a fast way to discovery if you are a closet transvestite like me – even though I had spent longer out of it than in it and most people knew. Anyway, June had said she would send photos to all the contestants and she was as good as her word. She sent a group one in evening wear and individual ones in evening wear and lingerie. And, although I say so myself, I looked at the photos and felt I looked like a girl – there was just no way anyone would know. June had only realised because she had a trained eye. My deportment was stilted and my figure not all that rounded but by and large I looked good. Megan thought so, too, when I emailed her the photos.

“OMG,” she emailed back. “Is that really my little brother, Marc? Be honest with me, have you had anything done? Are you taking anything?”

I assured her I wasn't.

“Marc, you look great. Really brill. I can't believe it! Do you mind if I show Claudia and Olivia? They are dying to see you dressed?”

I replied that that was fine and that I had split with Nisha who I had really liked.

“We'll have to get together. I am so sorry I have not called you but I have been tied up in the wedding planning and not paid attention to my kid brother who is all on his lonesome (but still makes the best looking “bird” in town).”

I had to smile at that. Megan and Olivia had often accused me of sexism because I called women “birds” - something I got from Fonz. After that we had a bit of an email conversation and I sent her more photos. I explained that I was dressing more since Nisha and I had broken up and that I was now working at a supermarket which I didn't mind, though I was earning less money.

Megan couldn't believe I had had the nerve to enter a beauty pageant and was impressed that only the organiser June had read me and I suppose that got her thinking....

Chapter Seven

Megan was getting married to Darren in the small village where they lived, it was about forty odd miles

from Newtown. Dad had suggested that she should have the wedding at their house but she wanted to get married in the locality where she now lived. I did not know it at the time, the compromise had been the engagement party at Mum and Dad's house which Nisha and I had attended. Things were being organised, she was getting married in the local church and the reception was at a neighbouring hotel which backed onto a golf course. Then out of the blue, Megan phoned me. She told me about the wedding and to keep the date free. Then she dropped a bombshell.

"Olivia, Claudia and I want to see you. We've not seen you since my engagement party. The three of us have decided to come to your place and book into a hotel so we can go out on the town together."

"What, me with three women?" I asked.

"Yep, you with three women only it won't be three women, it will be four."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I showed Olivia and Claudia your photos when they came up for a fitting for their bridesmaid's dresses. They were so impressed they want to meet you...well not you...Michaela."

"No way, Megan. I'm not dressing in front of you lot, it would be soooo embarrassing."

"Marc, we like it, we want to see you dressed as a woman. Mum and Dad have made such a song and dance over it and are so, like, Stone Age about it all that we are all intrigued about what you look like in the flesh as Michaela. Please Marc, please Marc, we're on your side, honest."

“I’m not sure about it, I don’t want people to laugh at me, I’ve had enough stick already.”

Megan giggled. “Hello Marc, this is your sister Megan talking! Megan who allowed you try on her clothes when you were living at home, Megan who bought you panties. Megan who has supported you against Mum and Dad and even had rows with them about their Medieval attitude to transvestites. I’m hardly going to laugh, Marc! I’m just really, really interested especially since you sent me those photos and told me about the pageant. When Claudia and Olivia were here last week, they could not believe it so we thought it would be great to come up to Newtown and see you and go out on the town.”

I paused. Part of me was excited. I loved passing in public as a woman but part of me was nervous. I guess it was Claudia who was the biggest issue for me as I had always liked her and I didn’t want her to think I was some freak.

“And Claudia’s up for it too?” I asked.

“She suggested it. She is really keen to see Michaela, Marc. We all are, it was the number one conversation last week. My wedding was far less interesting. In fact, my wedding really took second stage once they had seen your glam photos.”

That decided me. “OK, I’ll do it, only I think it may be better just to stay in the hotel and have a meal at the hotel rather than go out as I would feel a bit nervous out on the street.”

“That’s fine,” Megan said. “I’ll email details of the hotel when we have booked one up and the date and then, when we are all settled, I’ll contact you and you can meet us in the bar. My, how exciting!”

It was. I knew Megan and Olivia would select a five-star hotel and the restaurant would be good so there would be no prospect of any hassle, also, I thought back to when Nisha and I had gone out and been chatted up – I didn't want that to happen in front of my sisters and Claudia. I imagined them sitting around Megan's house concocting the plan to come up to Newtown and to ask me to meet them dressed. Little did I realise that Megan had only told me half the story and the other half would be revealed on the night...

So a fortnight after the telephone conversation. Megan emailed details of the hotel and said that Olivia and Claudia were coming up together in Claudia's car. The email was sent to Olivia and Claudia as well and she had addressed it as follows:

“Dear Olivia, Claudia and Michaela,

I have booked the Rossetti Hotel on East Street and will meet you there on Saturday, 24th September. Directions are on the website. I suggest we all meet in the bar a 7.30 pm and I have booked a table for 4 for 8.30pm. Look forward to seeing all you girls then. Luv, Meggie,”

It felt great to be included in an email as Michaela. I spent a long time planning my outfit and used my days off to buy various items. I swapped my Saturday with someone else so I would be free on the 24th and then I was ready.

That Saturday, the first thing I did, the first thing I always did once I was undressed and had a silky negligee wrapped around my smooth, slim body, was light up a cigarette. I lived in a first floor flat which had a small balcony so although smoking was banned by the landlord indoors, I could go outside on the balcony and enjoy a cigarette before I started to

get ready. It calmed my nerves and that night, of all nights, I was very, very nervous and wanted to make sure my 'look' was perfect. It had to be.

The sun was just setting on a lovely, warm autumnal day and birds chirped in the overgrown evergreen bushes which shielded the flats from the railway line at the back of the block of flats. I was not overlooked at all which was great as it meant no one saw my transformation. I stood smoking and thinking, then halfway through my smoke I rested the cigarette on the edge of an ashtray and went back indoors and collected my deep, red nail varnish. I shook it, came back out and sat on a small metal seat which was very uncomfortable. I placed my left hand on the small wooden table beside the seat and painted my nails with my right hand. I then repeated the process on the left. I added small crystals to a few fingertips, then sprayed my nails with a hardener. The cigarette had burnt down. I had a few more puffs, stubbed it out in the ashtray, left it on the small table and went back indoors.

I placed a CD in the player and poured myself a large glass of white wine which I consumed as I got ready. I liked getting ready but it confused Katie, my African Blue parrot who walked restlessly up and down her perch and squawked occasionally. I had taught her to say,

“Michaela is coming.”

Michaela, my *en femme* name, confused the various girls I brought back to my flat on occasions. Katie said other things as well; in fact, she had quite a pronounced vocabulary. I had taught her sayings like,

“Piss Pipe.”

Once indoors, I took off the negligee and pulled on a gaff to hold my tackle in. Then I yanked on a pair of firm control knickers. I wrapped a waist clincher around my small waist and did up the hook and eye fastening – a painstaking task if ever there was one. I had my own small shower in the bathroom, along with a toilet and sink and there was a kitchenette area to the side of the lounge/dining room. It was very small but the flat was self-contained. Earlier in the day I had made sure that I was completely smooth skinned by shaving in the shower.

Once I had the clincher in place, I sat on a chair and pulled on 10 denier stockings which were black

and had a circular pattern on them. I loved the feel of the nylons on my shaved legs and looked at my painted nails through the nylon. It was all about detail; even though no one would see my toenails it made me feel more feminine.

I attached the stockings to a suspender belt I had fastened below the clincher. I felt good. I fastened a bra around my smooth chest and placed silicone inserts into the pouches; I ensured the bra looked level and the breasts looked natural, although they were certainly larger than average and one girl had once asked me if I had had a boob job... cheeky! Then I pulled on a short, pink slip and sprayed on perfume (Yves St Laurent) and deodorant.

Next was a knitted cream jumper which was decorated with mini balls. I wrapped a makeup cap around my neck and sat down at the kitchen table where I started to do my makeup as the bedroom was too cramped. I turned on a magnifying mirror. I added some red panstick to my skin to neutralise any beard shadow and then I started with foundation, dabbing it on with a sponge, which was the most important part: I always ensured my skin was

well-moisturised. I took a long time over the foundation as it was so important and then I applied powder with a brush.

Once the foundation set I started on the eyes and drew a line underneath each one with a kohl pencil; I also used an eyebrow pencil to accentuate my plucked brows. Then I applied two colours of eyeshadow to my eyelids. The next bit was the black mascara which required a nice steady hand; at least I had long lashes. Afterwards, I applied blusher with a brush, stippling it on. I always used expensive makeup as I felt it looked better. Lastly, I drew a line around my lips with a red liner pencil, then gently painted them with a brush using two shades of pink from my pallet. Then it was the lip gloss, the final act, a dab of gloss on each lip just to make them stand out. I looked good, feminine, even without the wig.

I stood up and took off the cap. I straightened my jumper as I had turned down the collar, then I went and got my black leather, knee-length boots with the cuff top and 3" heel from the wardrobe. I sat on the chair and pulled them up, edging up the zip. I then turned down the cuff. Lastly came the thing I loved most. Hanging on my wardrobe door was a brand new, chic black leather mini-skirt. I detached the labels and stepped into it. It was size 10 of course. I fastened the button and twisted it around on my slim waist. I then edged up the zip and pulled the skirt up so it is above my waist line. I pulled the jumper down so it is over the skirt's waist band. I was ready...almost.

I couldn't go out without my crowning glory. The wig. I collected it from the polystyrene head and put it on. It was long and blond and the curls fell about my shoulders. I combed and brushed it into shape, then applied some wig spray to hold it in place. Then I added my silver hooped ear rings (I had pierced ears

of course), a silver bracelet and a small watch, not forgetting rings. At last I was ready. I had a small, black, leather handbag in which I placed my cigarettes, my lighter, my lipgloss, my lipstick (same colour as one of the pinks in the pallet), powder and a small bottle of perfume. I was finally ready.

I stood in front of the full-length mirror I had bought from a charity shop. I looked good. I stood with my feet together as I straightened my skirt, I smiled at myself and a beautiful woman smiled back at me. I was 25 years old and I was a transvestite. I sprayed on some more perfume and gulped down the last remnants of my wine. I felt like another cigarette but knew that would have to wait. I placed my phone into a pocket in my hand bag. I took a deep breath, took my keys and left the flat, slamming the door behind me.

I paced down the concrete stairs towards the communal front door; as I reached it a young professional couple – Paul and Sue – at number 4 were coming in. They said “Hi” and I replied “Hiya” in an easy, female voice. I walked out across the gravel carpark. My Honda CBR650 motorbike sat on the drive. A taxi waited in the road. Good, that meant I would not have to stand around. I walked up to the old, blue car and pulled open the rear door.

“Miss Simpson?” the driver asked.

“Stimpson,” I said correcting him. “It has a “T” in it.”

He shrugged, I could have been talking Chinese for he didn’t understand me. I got in and slid along the seat.

“Where to, Miss?” the Asian driver asked as he looked at me in his rear view.

“City Centre,” I said. “Glebe Street.”

“OK Miss,” the driver said. “We will get you there in just a jiffy.”

He pulled away from the kerb. I closed my eyes. A deep, deep feeling of satisfaction washed over me. I wondered what they would think of me and what the night had in store. Little did I know it was going to change my life.

A few minutes later the taxi pulled up and I leant forward so I was between the front seats.

“How much?” I asked.

The taxi driver smiled at me in the rear view.

“£8, Miss,” he said.

I opened my small black handbag and gave him a £10 note and waited for the change, which he dropped into my hand.

“Meeting your boyfriend?” he said as he gave me the coins. He smiled at me – two of his front teeth were missing.

“No, just some friends,” I said curtly. I eased across the seat and got out. I waited on the pavement for the taxi to pull away. I felt my skirt swaying in the gentle breeze. I placed my feet together, some lads walked passed me, one looked down, admired my legs and raised his eyes. I searched in my handbag and pulled out my cigarettes. I moved to a door way to light one up, then I walked slowly up the street to where the hotel was on East Street. My head was pounding. The idea of being dressed in front of Megan, Olivia and Claudia was too much to take in. What would they think? How would they react?

I had wanted the taxi to stop away from the hotel as I knew it was glass fronted and customers and residents in the bar could see taxis arriving. I wanted time to compose myself. I walked on. Walking always made me feel confident because people passed by me and took no notice or looked approvingly at me, which was even better. A car tooted its horn. And still I walked.

I got to the traffic lights, turned left and headed up to the modern, imposing building of the Rossetti Hotel. It was on the main road with a small area in front for taxis and an underground car park for customers. I finished my cigarette, took a deep breath and made my way through the swinging doors into the lobby. A blue uniformed girl on reception looked up and smiled and was about to ask me something but I quickly turned left into the bar area. I saw Claudia, Olivia and Megan at once. They were sitting on a brown leather sofa in the middle of the room, a coffee table in between. Actually, Claudia was sitting on one sofa and Megan and Olivia were sitting opposite on another. Olivia looked up as I came in. I smiled but she looked away. She didn't recognise me! Megan also looked up, she was more quizzical. I stepped closer, until I was almost upon them. God, I felt nervous.

“Hi, its Michaela,” I said, waving my hand in what I hoped was a girlish manner.

They all looked around then. Claudia seemed the most shocked. Her large blue eyes just looked me up and down, her mouth gaped open. There was silence for a while, then Megan got up and walked around to where I stood. She gave me a big, girly hug.

“Oh Michaela, thanks for coming. You look wonderful.”

Then Claudia was on her feet too. She gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek!

And finally Olivia leant over the coffee table and shook my hand. Claudia moved up on the sofa and I sat down beside her, opposite Megan.

A waiter hovered.

“What do you want to drink?” Megan asked.

“A vodka and tonic, thanks, no ice,” I said and smiled.

Megan relayed the order to the waited who scurried off.

“You look fab,” Megan said. “You really do look convincing.”

“I can’t believe it,” Claudia said. “Honestly, I saw the photos you sent Megan but in the flesh...is unbelievable. There’s just so many questions I want to ask you!” And she squeezed my hand.

Olivia beamed. “It’s great to see you Mar...Michaela.”

We all laughed at that. The waiter brought the drink over and soon we were chatting away about Megan’s wedding and what everyone was doing. I realised how much I had missed due to my self-imposed exile from family life. It was great to be with Megan and Olivia again. The thing was it wasn’t long before they seemed to forget I was dressed as a woman, and I did too! I had to keep looking down at my skirt, my legs, my boots to remind myself that I was dressed. It was weird, they acted so naturally. Was I really so convincing?

People came past and no one gave me a second glance. I have never taken cocaine but the feeling of ecstasy I felt that night must be similar to taking drugs. I just felt on Cloud Nine. After a few drinks we went into the restaurant for our meal. We followed the waiter in and he showed us to a table by the window. We ordered a bottle of wine, then starters and mains. Megan and Claudia were on one side and Olivia and I on the other. I was opposite Claudia who kept rubbing her toe on my boots and smiling at me!

When we had finished our mains Megan casually asked,

“Michaela, how would you like to be one of my bridesmaids?”

“What?”

“Olivia will be a maid of honour and Claudia a bridesmaid so we were wondering if you would be one too. You are so convincing, no one will know,” Megan gushed.

I couldn't believe it!

“But what about Mum and Dad?”

“I will just say you are an old school friend of mine and Claudia's. You moved away and then we got back together when I moved up this way.”

“But they will know it's me.”

“We didn't,” Olivia said. “No one would expect it and it will be a method of avenging them for how horribly they treated you. Just think, every time they look at the photos, they will be seeing you as Michaela!”

“What about me as Marc? They would expect Marc to come, particularly as I showed up at their house for the engagement.”

“Don’t worry about that. We will tell them we invited you but you have split with Nisha and you didn’t want to come on your own. I might even say we argued about it. Don’t worry, I will think of something.” She leant across the table and took my hand. “Will you do it? For me?”

“I don’t know,” I said. But I did know that I wanted to do it! Of course I did, it was every transvestite’s fantasy and I was living the dream.

The plan was simple. Megan, bless her cotton socks, had already started to put it into action in anticipation of my agreement: she had found a dress maker, called Anne, who lived in the next village who was going to make the bridesmaids’ dresses. She had chosen the material and Olivia and Claudia had been measured. Then Megan had dropped her bombshell to Anne.

“Anne, I have another bridesmaid but it’s kind of awkward. You see it’s my brother.”

Megan had gone on to explain that I was a transvestite and she really wanted me to dress as a bridesmaid at her wedding. Anne had agreed to make a dress for me which was great. I just had to call her up, say I was Megan’s brother and then come down to be measured. Megan agreed to email me the details and then I could make the arrangements to fit in with my days off.

“But what about the wedding itself?” I asked over a liquor coffee.

“I’ve thought of that,” Megan said. “Darren has agreed to move out of our house and back into his parents’ house two days prior to the wedding. That means you can come down and get ready at our house with Claudia and Olivia and me. Mum and Dad are staying at the hotel and coming the night before so, apart from Darren, no one knows what is going on or has met you as Michaela. Olivia’s husband, Andy, will be working overseas early December so can’t be there so it is like just the three of us.”

When she started to talk about the detail my heart started to beat. Could I really pull it off?

“What about my motorbike?” I asked. “I can’t really ride that to your house.”

Claudia answered that one. “Olivia and I will drive up the day before. We will pick you up and collect the dresses from Anne. It means you will have to lie low for a while and not leave the house but no one will suspect anything as the cottage is set back and Sian and Paul aren’t coming up until the evening. We’ll all leave from Megan’s house on the day of the wedding and stay at the hotel on the night. The only problem might be leaving the following day with so many guests staying there too.”

“I think you will have to try to get up early, Michaela,” Megan said. “Leave without having breakfast or anything. That way you can get a taxi back from the hotel to our house and pack your stuff up. When Olivia and Claudia come back they’ll pick you up and take you back to your flat on their way home. Don’t worry about the dress as they can always bring that back.”

I had to hand it to Megan – she had thought of everything.

“So apart from Darren and us, who knows about this?” I asked.

“No one,” Megan said laughing. “Isn’t it exciting?”

And all the time I could feel Claudia’s toe rubbing against the leather of my boot.

“I think it might just work,” I said. “As long as Mum and Dad don’t recognise me!”

“You don’t want Mum to give you a spanking again, do you?” Claudia goaded.

I blushed at the memory of the last time I had been over her knee. No doubt about it, she would hit the roof if she found out about the scheme. Megan ordered a bottle of Champaign and we drank a toast to her and to her bridesmaids.

“Don’t forget about the Maid of Honour,” Olivia said.

We all laughed.

“Have you thought about makeup?” I asked.

“Still trying to sort it.” Megan said.

“Well, it just happens I know a very good makeup artist who taught me all I know – she would be perfect if she comes out as far as your house.”

“Email me her number and I’ll give her a call.”

After the meal, we retired back to the bar and ordered more wine. We were all feeling a bit tipsy by the end of the night. I envied Megan, Claudia and Olivia their short trip to their bedrooms. I had to get home

and get clean up as I was due to go in to work the following day – fortunately on a late.

“Why don’t you come back for a nightcap?” Claudia asked.

“I’d better go before my five o’clock shadow shows through. Anyway, I am due in work tomorrow.”

“Come on Mar...Michaela, come up,” Claudia pleaded.

She took my wrist and dragged me towards the lift. The four of us got inside and got out on Floor Two. When the lift stopped, I was surprised that Megan and Olivia just walked off along the corridor.

“Where are they going?” I asked.

“Back to their rooms, stupid. I only invited you in for a nightcap,” Claudia said drunkenly.

She opened the door and then she fell on me, pushing me up against the wall and kissing me with a fervour I had never experienced before. Her tongue slid into my mouth and her hands rubbed over my breasts and leather skirt. She was rampant.

“Oh Marc, Marc,” she said over and over. Our tongues danced in each other’s mouths, my hands ran over her large breasts and down her short skirt. My horn came up and pressed against the leather of my own skirt. I had never experienced anything so erotic. The fusion of perfume, hairspray and body deodorant suffocated my senses. I was kissing Claudia! The girl I had dreamed about as a thirteen-year-old. Now, at 25, I was kissing her, embracing her.

But it didn’t stop there; soon we were rolling on the bed. Claudia pulled up her short sparkly skirt and

pushed down her tights as my throbbing cock tried to escape the tight confines of my gaff and panties. Claudia unzipped my skirt and ushered it down my legs in short movements. Then she felt for my cock beneath the gaff and panties. My cock popped up like a jack in the box. I felt her moist clit lips, sent my finger hunting for her G spot. Then I pressed home my rod. It was unbelievable. I had not expected anything like it to take place. I was dressed as a woman for God's sake and here I was fucking the most beautiful girl in the world.

I ran my hands over her large breasts, felt them through her cotton blouse and as I did so, I stabbed my manhood into her. Claudia arched her back, grabbed the headboard, and screamed in ecstasy. Over and over she repeated my name like a Masonic ritual in which all were hypnotised. I probed and probed and pushed and penetrated. My missile slid back and forth and back and forth in her innermost sanctum. Finally, we collapsed in orgasm: deep and hard and long.

"There's some makeup wipes in my bag," Claudia said when we had finished. I stumbled to the bathroom, cleaned up and had a shower, then she did the same. We got into bed and I wrapped my arms around her: we kissed and kissed – in fact we could not stop hugging each other.

"Did Megan and Olivia know this was going to happen?" I asked.

"I think they had a fair idea. They both know I fancy you. I have for ages."

"Really?" I said. I could not believe it. "You know I always fancied you as a kid but I thought you were out of my league."

Claudia laughed. “I think I love you, Marc Stimpson.”

I could not compute what I was hearing! I was in Heaven, Nirvana, anywhere but a hotel room on East Street. We made love again and again.

In the morning I had to get up early as Claudia slept. I had a wet shave, using Claudia’s razor, and did my makeup the best I could using Claudia’s cosmetics. Then I put on the same clothes I had worn the night before –high cuff boots, white jumper and leather skirt. By the time I left, Claudia was awake.

We kissed one more time and we swapped numbers and email addresses – and then I had to go. I left the hotel and got a taxi home. When I walked back through the door of my flat and Katie squawked a “hello” to me, I realised I had experienced the most incredible night of my life. Then I had to get changed again and go to work.

Claudia and I were living a long way apart so we agreed to communicate by email and phone and not see each other until after the wedding as we knew it would be too risky. The wedding was on the 3rd December so it was just over two months away. The problem was that she was living at home with her parents; if I came down to her house her mum and dad might mention to my parents that I was dating their daughter. If she came up to Newtown it might arouse suspicions with her parents and there were only so many visits to Megan’s house for a dress fitting Claudia could make.

The bridesmaid scam had to go smoothly, for Megan had planned it like a bank raid. I loved talking to her via email and did so every day. It put my mind at ease about the wedding which filled my every waking hour – and sometimes my dreams as well.



I made contact with Anne and said I was Megan's brother. She tittered a little, found her composure then said,

"When do you want to come to be measured for your bridesmaid's dress?"

I made an appointment for when I wasn't working, put on all my underwear and pulled on my motorcycle leathers. The good thing about riding the bike was that I was pretty anonymous. I then set off for Anne's small house in a village near where Megan and Darren lived. Anne was a very pleasant woman and made no comment about me being a man except to say that it was more awkward as I didn't have a female shape.

"Still, that can be overcome," Anne said. "The dress I make will give you a bit of shape with some invisible padding sewn into the lining."

Having a dress made meant it would fit better and I could not wait to see it finished. Megan had chosen a gold satin material with a tight skirt and bodice with a gold wrap as she anticipated it being cold. It was all very tasteful. So I was measured up. I went away and came back for a second time, then had a final fitting. It was a fantastic feeling when I finally put the dress on for the first time and Anne had to pin it up as it was too big.

By this time Megan had got in touch with Julie who had agreed to do the makeup which meant she would also do mine, Claudia's and Olivia's as well.

I just could not wait until the Big Day. I planned out my outfit to wear the day after the wedding when I left the hotel and all my makeup. Claudia and Olivia were going to take the bags to the hotel the night before and the hotel staff were going to move them to

our rooms. I was nervous, of course, nervous about meeting Mum and Dad and about trying not to show any recognition. Megan kept re-assuring me that it would be fine – and I knew I could pass in public *en femme*. I was ready.

The day before the wedding I finally saw Claudia again. I had dressed in a full flowery skirt, brown polo neck jumper, tan-coloured boots and a tan leather jacket. Both Claudia and Olivia said how lovely I looked.

“Thank you,” I said in my soft voice.

I took my tan handbag and overnight holdall and we walked down stairs and out of the flat. Claudia’s large, blue Mazda stood on the drive by my bike.

I took a deep breath. I was going to have to be a woman for the next forty-eight hours – a large part of which would be under a lot of scrutiny.

We stopped for a pub lunch which went really well. Some of the locals certainly thought their luck was in when they saw three blondes and the barman even said,

“There must be some joke about three blondes in a bar.”

After the meal we collected the dresses from Anne, who wished me well and said I just needed to be confident. It was the first time she had seen me in full makeup and a wig and she was “very impressed.” We travelled on and arrived at Megan’s house in the early afternoon. Megan was really glad to see us all and said how “pretty” I looked. It was strange walking back into her cottage dressed as a woman. It was strange too that Megan, Claudia and Olivia seemed to have forgotten about Mark and just treated me as

if I was Michaela – but that didn't stop Claudia occasionally squeezing my hand, smiling and generally being affectionate to me. We knew we had to be careful though.

Fortunately the cottage was very secluded with a high hedge around it which meant once indoors I could have gone back to being “in the male” but, of course, I didn't as I had decided that, for the part I was going to play, I was going to think of myself as Michaela all weekend. We had created a back story for her. Michaela had been a friend of Claudia and Megan's at school and had moved up North with her family as her dad had gotten a new job. She had kept in touch with Claudia, who she had seen regularly, and when Megan had moved up North, Claudia and Michaela had met up with her again.

The rest of the day was fairly relaxed. Megan showed us our sleeping arrangements, then Megan, Olivia and Claudia went to the hotel to finalise the arrangements. I had some time on my own so I got all my things prepared. I hung the lovely bridesmaid's dress in Megan's room. It was a glorious gold satin dress. My heart beat so fast it was unreal. I had to calm my nerves. Would I really be wearing it to a wedding? Would I really be able to pull off this great charade?

I put out the rest of my clothes and bits and pieces in the small bathroom. I kept catching glimpses of myself in the mirror and had to remind myself that I was a transvestite. It was hard to believe. At one point I stood in front of the mirror in Megan's room and said to my reflection.

“Marc, you are a transvestite and tomorrow you will a bridesmaid at Megan's wedding.”

It was kind of how I used to psych myself up for motorcycle races. But even so, it was still hard to take in. I had been nervous before big races but doing 150 mph on a motorcycle was nothing compared to being dressed as a bridesmaid all day.

When the three girls came back we had something to eat; later Megan and Olivia went off the hotel again to meet up with Mum and Dad which meant Claudia and I were alone together for the first time since the night at the hotel. It was great just sitting and talking to her. By this time, I had changed from the skirt, boots and top into a negligee and had removed my makeup and wig as I wanted to be ready for the next day. In fact, Claudia suggested a face mask which we both applied. We also painted our nails and did girly things. Claudia even painted my toenails for me.

“It’s so funny to think of you as a transvestite,” Claudia said. “I always thought of you as macho womaniser and a bit of a show-off.”

I laughed. “I suppose I was when I was younger but I’m better now after all I’ve been through.”

“I still can’t believe how your parents have treated you. It’s so old-fashioned. They just need to chill out,” Claudia said.

“That’s not going to happen,” I said. “I just hope it all goes as planned tomorrow.”

Later, Megan and Olivia burst through the door. They had walked to the hotel so they could have a drink with Mum and Dad and were a bit tipsy.

“How were they?” I asked.

“Fine,” Megan said. “The reception is all set up, the church is ready. It is just a case of us girls getting

some beauty sleep and being ready for the morning. It's my big day...and Michaela's."

So on that note, we all went to bed – Megan and Olivia in the double bed, Claudia in my old room and me on a sofa bed down stairs. It took me a long time to go to sleep for I was more anxious than Megan seemed to be but eventually I dropped off and had dreams of walking down the aisle in that gold bridesmaid's dress behind Megan and then nightmares about the congregation knowing I was a man and singing, "*Here comes the transvestite*" to the tune of "*Here comes the bride*" followed by pleasant dreams again. Could I really pull it off? Would anyone know I was male? Was it really possible I would not be read?

To be continued in T.T Girl Part Three: Claudia's Story