

# THE MAKING OF A TRANSSEXUAL

*By Deena Gomersall*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# **THE MAKING OF A TRANSSEXUAL**

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**By Deena Gomersall.**

## **Chapter One: BEST OF FRIENDS**

I was born and brought up on the West side of town. I was popular with the other boys in the neighborhood because they admired my daring, cavalier attitude, zest for life and sense of fun. I was also attractive to all of the girls, though when I was younger, I didn't have much time for them and thought them as stupid.

From the age of seven, my best friend was a boy called Carl. We both shared much of the same interests and understood each other, went to the same school; even sat next to each other in class. Carl lived just down the street from where I lived with my parents.

If there was one major difference between Carl and me, it was that he didn't like fighting. As such, he unconsciously invited bullies to have a go at him. Me? I was a good fighter and often found myself fighting Carl's battles for him.

Eventually, most of the roughs realized that, if they started trouble with Carl, they would also have to deal with me so they left him alone; Carl even joined the street gang that I was in.

We still had trouble from guys outside of our group, though,

As we grew up, Carl got further involved in some of the more boyish things that we got up to, though he always seemed to follow me and leave me to do things for him. Some of the guys said that he was a sissy because he never acted as rough as the rest of us. I would stick up for him and tell those who badmouthed him to lay off, that he was quieter than the rest of us... but he definitely was not a sissy.

Into our teens we were constant companions and, while getting ourselves into mischief like all boys do, we also got involved with other activities. We played football, went to the local youth club and enrolled at a sports center. We played games of squash or just messed about in the gym pumping iron and such.

By the time I was fifteen, my view on girls was changing. I began to be attracted to them and a number of girls began to hang around with the gang. Naturally, we began to pair off and began going out with the girls we had paired up with, away from the rest of the group.

Carl had a fair share of female admirers but always seemed shy around them. He was okay when he was among a mixed group of girls and boys. It was just when he was with a couple of guys and couple of girls that he would seem uncomfortable. Often I would join one of the other guys out on a double date; I would only see Carl when the gang hung out together or on the occasions that Carl and I had arranged to go off together, just the two of us.

But, so it was that we began to drift away from each others regular company; me hanging out with some of the more regular gang members and Carl discovering his own new social outlets, joining other groups of people in whatever interests they had.

By the time of my eighteenth birthday, I hadn't seen Carl in over four and a half months. I had repeatedly told myself to make contact with him, but just never got around to doing it, ...then again, he never contacted me, either.

Well, now I had an excuse. I was having a birthday bash with the other guys and Chrissie, my steady date. No way did I intend to leave my old bud out of such an important occasion, even if we *had* drifted apart a bit.

I knew that Carl had moved out from his parents place and gotten his own apartment about a half-mile across town. I went across over there to invite him along. I hadn't been there before and I hoped that I had written down the right address from his Mom. I was relieved when I heard Carl's familiar voice ask "Who is it?" from the other side of the door.

"Hey, old buddy, it's me, Don," I answered.

"Don! Oh, erm, hold up one moment," came his reply.

He sounded surprised and I could hear the sound of him rushing about inside the place; I guess he'll never change. He always liked things to be spotless. Carl was houseproud. I guessed he would be quickly cleaning up anything out of place before allowing me in. Finally I heard the turn of the key and, as the door swung open, there stood Carl.

"Don. It's great to see you, mate. Come on in, make yourself at home," he offered.

I let out a low whistle as I entered the light, airy, spacious pad he was living in. It was spotlessly clean, not a thing out of place, as I had expected.

"Hey, neat, man. What's it like having your own place?"

"Fine, just fine. I love having the privacy and being able to do my own thing, though it does get damn lonely once in a while," he confessed.

"Small price to pay for being out of your old man's hair, eh?" I said as I sat down on the soft leather, heavily-padded sofa.

"Yeah, I guess; but the quiet and the loneliness can be pretty depressing sometimes. You fancy a drink of tea or something? I'll put the kettle on."

"Don't suppose you have any cold beer in, do you buddy?"

"No, sorry. I don't usually drink when I'm at home, other than the odd glass of wine," he replied.

"Well, tea'll be just fine then."

As Carl made his way over to the sink, I settled back into the sofa and immediately felt something stick into my back. I reached behind myself and drew out whatever it was from behind the cushion. A lacy black brassiere was revealed and I grinned to myself.

As Carl returned carrying two cups of tea on a silver serving plate, I shot him a knowing look. "But you're not *too* lonely on evenings, apparently," I suggested.

"What do you mean?"

I revealed the bra I had found and shot him a wink and a broad grin, "So, who is she then? Anyone I know, or did you meet her at one of them groups you go to?"

Carl turned deep red and asked me to hand him the bra.

"Hey, there's no need for you to get all embarrassed on my account, you know. Don't forget, me and you are best mates. I think it's great that you've found yourself a steady girlfriend at last."

"Er, she's just someone. You...you don't know her," Carl replied in an edgy voice.

"All right pal, I won't press any further. I wasn't trying steal her from you or anything. Hey, you don't know! I'm going steady with Christine Baker now. Remember her? The girl with the long, shapely legs and big...you know?"

Carl eased up a little. "Oh, yes, I remember her...the one you always said was all tits and arse with legs up to her neck."

I laughed. "Yep, the very same. Anyway, let me get to the point of my being here. You may have forgotten, old buddy, but I come of age on Friday and me and the boys are having a night out. I'd be offended as hell if you weren't there. Oh, and feel free to bring your girlfriend, too."

"I'd love to come Don, but I don't think that Carol will. She's really shy among strangers and in crowds."

"That's a pity, but I expect you to introduce her to me some time," I told him.

I stayed there for another hour or so, catching up on what he had been up to the past few months, before setting off back home.

My birthday went well and, as you would expect, we all had plenty to drink. The other guys were pleased to see Carl after his lengthy absence and were happy for him as a result of my telling them he now had a girl in his life. It had crossed a few of their minds that he may be a bit of a fag seeing as he had never been known to have any kind of relationship with a girl before. As the night folded and everyone began to drift off back home, I approached Carl who had gotten himself slightly the worse for drink.

"Hey, pal, thanks for coming along. It's been great to see you out with all the boys again. Don't be a stranger, man. Keep in touch. I'm sure that mystery girl will let you loose once in a while."

As I was speaking, Carl was rolling himself a cigarette. He giggled a bit at what I said. "Ha ha, she...she's not en...entirely unknown to you. You've, you've all sheen her be...before," he replied drunkenly.

Rather than asking him where, my attention was drawn to the cigarette he was rolling.

"How long you been doing your own, man?" I questioned.

"Oh, 'bout six months now," he replied.

“So, what you rolling in there, mate?”

“Aw, just a bit of weed man, ain't nuthin' much.”

“Carl, you pillock. What the hell you doin' smoking weed? Christ man, you know that stuff ain't no good for you. I...I ought to land you one right here and now.”

“Back off, man,” Carl protested. “You, you ain't my minder or nuthin'. What I do hashn't nothin' to do with you.”

“I'm not your minder, huh? You never said anything like that all the times I was getting my butt kicked defending you. All the times that I've stuck up for you! That's the thanks I get?”

“Hey, I'm shorry Don. I wasn't thinkin'. I guess I've jus'...”

“You know my feelings on drugs, Carl. Tobacco is as strong as I go. Who got you started on that stuff anyway? Was it Carol?”

“Er, no. She does smoke the stuff, but it was some of the crowd that attend one of the clubs I've joined.”

I gave Carl a hard look. “Well mate, it's your body, but if I were you, I would keep away from it,” I told him.

Not long afterwards I reached my own place. I was still living with my parents but I was free to come and go as I liked. My folks had already turned into bed by the time I got home; I had soon crashed out myself, not long after hitting the sack.

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On my way home from work the following day, I decided to drop by Carl's place and make sure that he had gotten home safely. My bus route passed close by to where he lived and I knew that he didn't work on Saturdays.

Once again I found myself beating upon his door for what seemed like ages before he came and asked who was there. He sounded put-out when I said it was me. “Oh, just hold on Don. I'm not sure where I've placed my key,” he told me.

I waited for around seven or eight minutes, sitting on his step, wondering why he kept himself behind locked doors when, finally, I heard the key turn. As Carl's face peered around the door, I saw that his clothes were disheveled and his hair all mussed up. I began to wonder if he'd slept through the day with a hangover...or maybe Carol had called around and I had disturbed them.

“Have I come at a bad time, mate?” I asked. “I just thought that I would check that you got home okay. I can call back at another time.”

“No, no, it's all right, honest. I wasn't doing anything special. Come on in, I'll put the kettle on.”

As I entered, the room looked its normal tidy state. There was no bras to be seen this time as I sat myself on the sofa.

“Yeah. I called a cab,” Carl informed me as he prepared two cups. “Got home about 2:30, great night though. I really enjoyed it.”

Soon he was handing me a cup of tea and I looked upwards to thank him.

“Cheers! Hey! What's that?” I suddenly asked.

“What's what?” Carl asked, looking a bit startled.

“Did someone land you one last night?” I asked as I stood up to take a closer look at the slight black and bluish coloring by the side of his left eye. “Hell, that isn't a bruise. What is it?”

Carl suddenly looked horrified and started to turn red. Walking over to a wall mirror, he looked at himself and began rubbing at the mark. When he returned, the mark had vanished and he had a sheepish look. Smiling nervously, he just said, “Oh, it wasn't anything.”

“It was some kind of mark or smudge,” I stated earnestly. I began to wonder to myself and was just about to ask him if it was some kind of makeup when he spoke out.

“Don, look; I'd better explain to you. Like you were saying on Tuesday, you and I have never kept secrets from one another. I er, I don't have a girlfriend called Carol.”

I held my breath and looked at him questioningly, searching his dark eyes for an explanation.

“That, that bra you found...well, uh, it was...it was mine.”

I just stood there and stared at the person who had been my best friend all my life; the one person I really thought I knew better than anyone else. “Are you telling me that you are one of those guys who get their kicks by dressing in female clothes?” I asked. Carl's shamefaced silence provided me with the answer.

“Oh Carl!...for fuck's sake. First you're smoking weed and now you tell me you get turned on by parading around in stockings and garter belts.”

“Don't hate me for it, Don. It's just a harmless pastime. I don't hurt or offend anybody.”

“Hey, man, you've really changed. You've always been on the quiet side but, but...hell, Carl. I'd better go. What you do in your own time is your business, not mine...but, fuck; sort yourself out man, willya?”

I got up to leave and tried to avoid the pained look in Carl's eyes.

“You, you won't go telling everyone about me, will you?” he almost pleaded.

“No,” I returned sharply. “I owe that much at least to my former best mate,” I said coldly as I closed the door behind me and headed up the path away from his apartment.

## Chapter Two: NEW LODGINGS

Right or wrong, I kept clear of Carl's house after that. I couldn't really explain it, but the mere thought of what he was doing just made me feel...well. Anyway, I knew I just wouldn't feel the same in his company anymore.

I hung out with the rest of the gang and continued to see Chrissie. Six months passed. During that time I couldn't help thinking about Carl every now and then, even feeling guilt-ridden about keeping away for so long. After all, we had been the closest of pals for over eleven years. That couldn't just be wiped away.

There came a night when my folks had turned in early and I had been out with Chrissie. Well, one thing led to another; we were both feeling horny as hell and I sneaked her up into my room.

Of course, Dad discovered Chrissie's coat and purse downstairs, then began making investigations. Coming into my room, he saw Chrissie and me in bed together.

To say he blew his top would be a severe understatement; he went ape shit. Once he dispatched Chrissie, he gave me the full broadside.

"How *dare* you treat mine and your Mother's home in such a disgusting way?" he demanded to know.

"Whatever happened to it being my home too, Dad?" I asked.

"You may pay board, but that does not entitle you to use my home like some, some...brothel!"

"Hey, wait. Chrissie isn't some call girl or something, Dad. She's real decent," I snapped back.

"You kids today don't *know* the meaning of decency. In my day, you didn't sleep with a woman until you had said your vows and made her your wife. Now, everyone just seems to sleep with everyone else. You have no morals at all. It's sinful."

"Oh, come off it, Dad. Even in your so-called 'time', people slept out of wedlock. Didn't 'free love' start in the Sixties?"

"Don't get smart-mouthed with me. It doesn't change the fact that I will *not* tolerate you using my home for such immoral purposes, do you hear me?"

"I'm eighteen now, Dad. I'll sleep with whoever I wish; but I won't stay anyplace where I have to abide by such ridiculous rules. I personally do *not* think that I have done anything wrong. If you *do*, then fine, I'm outta here...I'll go find somewhere else to live."

"Well, that's fine by me. Go get your bags packed and be out of here as soon as possible."

Damn! I was in a bad mood for the rest of that day at work. I was eighteen years old, I shouldn't have to stand for being treated like a kid anymore. Still, I *had* put my foot in it a little. I mean...where was I going to go? If I had at least a few weeks to hunt for a place, it wouldn't have been so bad.



I reasoned that Dad was angry at me right now but by the time I got home he'd have settled down some. I felt sure he would let me stay until I found alternative accommodations. I intended to get my own place just as much as he wanted me to.

I called around at Chrissie's after work only to have *her* old man turn me away at the door telling me I was a bad influence. Dad had phoned, telling him what we'd been up to last night, hadn't he? Shit! Things were getting bad.

Mom would have talked Dad into letting me hang about for a while had it not been for me blowing my top over him having phoned Chrissie's Dad. Well, that was that; we had a blazing argument and I found myself out at the front door with a couple of bags and a back pack. Damn!

My first move was to go around all of the guys who had their own pads but nobody seemed to want the inconvenience of having me staying with them and they made up all kinds of lame excuses. I sure learned who my friends were.

Then I trailed around some of the hostels or cheap apartment blocks but the hostels required ID and various forms while the landlords of the apartments were asking for three weeks pay up front. I didn't *have* that much money.

I was getting really tired and my arms were killing me lugging the two bags around everywhere. I was contemplating sleeping in the park or the bus station overnight when I suddenly thought of Carl. How could I have forgotten him? He would surely put me up for a couple of nights; just until I found somewhere else.

Carl was out when I arrived. I knew because there were no lights on. Tired and exhausted, I sat upon one of my bags on the front door step awaiting his return.

"Don. DON!"

The calling of my name woke me from sleep; I must have dozed off. I shivered from the cold and looked up to see Carl staring inquisitively at me.

"Carl! What time is it?" I asked dozily.

"A quarter after eleven. Don, what are you doing here?"

"Look Carl, I have to ask a favor. I've been kicked out by my old man. Is it all right if I shack up here for a few days just 'til I get somewhere more permanent?"

A slight smile spread over his face and then his expression changed. "You sure you can stand to share a place with a pervert?"

"Gee buddy, I deserved that; and I'm real sorry for the last time. I did keep my word, though.. I never told anyone."

"Man, that was big of you. So; how *do* you feel about sharing a place with me and Carol?"

I looked at him inquisitively.

"You know, the *other* me. I relax better as a woman when I get home from work; it's the only way to relieve all the stress of the day. I look forward to unwinding in female clothes and I have no intention of doing anything different just because I have company."

"You mean, you'd dress as a girl...in, in female clothes, while I'm here?" I asked incredulously, wondering just what he would look like as a girl. Just like all the other sissy drag queens, I supposed: outrageous-looking men with makeup plastered all over their faces and ill-fitting clothes.

"I have no hang-ups about it, that's the way I am now. If you don't think you could cope seeing me like that, then find somewhere else to bed down."

"You mean...I can stay?"

Carl's face softened. "If you wouldn't get too embarrassed, I guess I *do* owe you a few favors. Beside, like I said to you, it does get lonely sometimes."

Carl unlocked the door and I carried my bags inside, happy in the thought that I would get a decent night's sleep. I was led up to a guest bedroom and shown which drawers I could use. The bed was already made up.

Carl returned downstairs to brew some tea. I swear, he lives on that stuff. I found that the other drawers and a built-in closet all contained feminine clothes. Oh well, I guess I could live with that.

**OoOooO**

In spite what Carl had threatened about my seeing him in his alter-ego, I didn't. I would be the first up to go to work and out of the place before he came down. I didn't know if he wore a nightie to bed or was used to pulling on a dress as soon as he returned home from work, but, whether to spare embarrassment for both of us or not, he didn't do either.

Carl would fix a meal for us both; then, after helping with the washing-up, I would go out. He either stayed in or went out after I had gone.

If Carl was going to his club, I was normally in bed before he returned, or at least in my room. Two weeks passed without my ever seeing him in his feminine state.

This was a relief, as to see Carl all poned up would ruin the image of my best friend; of the person outside my family I had only ever really known. Yet, I couldn't help feeling that I was imposing on him and preventing him from doing what he enjoyed doing, what he normally did and had a right to do in his own home.

Over a tasty meal during the third week (Carl was a real good cook!), I raised the subject.

"Look man, I'm starting to feel real bad. I've been trying to get lodgings but they are real hard to find, especially with me working six days a week; I don't have much time to spend looking."

"Don't worry about it, Don. You're okay living here as long as you need to, you know that. Besides, the extra money comes in useful."

"Yeah, maybe, but I'm holding you back, aren't I? I mean, I do try to keep out of your way but..."

"Holding me back?" he questioned. "Back from what?"

"You know, your thing...your dressing up."

"Oh, you mean Carol," he replied with a wry smile. "No, not really. I've still being doing it; though maybe I haven't seen her as often as usual."

"Well that's just it, I feel like I'm imposing. I thought you said you were going to disregard me and dress up anyhow?"

"Yes, I did say that," he said as he took a cigarette out of his packet and handed me one. "I realized that I would embarrass you. I don't want to make you feel uneasy or uncomfortable."

"You have every right to do as you want in your own home; and I don't suppose I would mind *too* much. In fact, I would like to meet her," I lied.

"You would!?" Carl replied, his delicate face lighting up, "Nah, you're just saying that."

"No, really mate," I insisted, "But I suppose you would feel awkward dressed up in front of me, wouldn't you?"

"No, not at all. I've accepted what I am. In fact, I go out regularly dressed as Carol."

"You mean to say you go outside? Dressed in women's things? In *public*?" I asked incredulously, "Don't you feel embarrassed? Don't people laugh at you or the cops pull you in?"

Carl smiled broadly. "It's not an offense. Just wait there, Don. I'll let you meet her and you can judge for yourself."

In a flash he left the room and ran upstairs. Now I really did feel awkward and was wishing I had not said anything. I suspected that I would feel more embarrassed on behalf of my buddy than for myself.

I began to make a mental picture of him with big pink blotches on his cheeks and thickly smeared red lipstick on his lips; gigantic false eye lashes and a gaudily-colored, curly wig.

I pictured him bulging out of tight-fitting clothes or dresses that were far too big, wobbling on outrageously high heels and showing off skinny legs with knobby man-nish knees covered in dense hair.

Eventually, I settled down a little and became much less apprehensive, mainly due to the length of time he was taking; over a half hour had gone by. I had expected him down in a few minutes. I was lighting up a second cigarette when I heard the stairs creaking slightly. He was coming back down and my heart started racing wildly all over again. I didn't want this, I didn't want to see my friend looking ridiculous and I stared at the floor.

"Well, what'ya think?" a soft, almost girlish, voice asked. I slowly lifted my eyes and looked towards the door.

"JESUS!" I heard my own voice gasp.

Framed within the doorway was a young-looking, very attractive brunette. She had masses of long, wavy hair tumbling down to fall softly over each narrow shoulder. Her eyes looked wide and sexy with long, curled lashes. There were several shades of blue shadow delicately blended together on each lid. Her cheek bones appeared to be high

but her cheeks were slightly sunken. Glossy, pouting, red lips smiled at me nervously. Upon her ears were two sets of large, hooped earrings.

The silky black, formfitting body suit she wore had an elasticized collar that was stretched over each delicate shoulder; the top of her shoulders being bare. Well-shaped "breasts" protruded from underneath the silky material. Her narrow waist was emphasized by a 5-in. wide glossy black belt; below that hung a skirt of deep blue satin of several ruffled layers that made it look like cascading water.

The hem of the skirt fell to just above her far-from-knobby knees, revealing a pair of shapely, smooth-looking legs adorned in shiny black, opaque pantyhose. On her feet she wore trendy modern sandal-style shoes with three ¼-inch thick, black suede straps across the foot and a fourth that crisscrossed around her shapely ankle. Her heels were 3½" blocks.

Long, slender, hairless arms fell timidly by her sides; a wide golden bracelet adorned the left wrist. I noticed she had long, tapering, glossy red fingernails upon fingers that wore several, small stoned rings.

"So, what do you think?" she asked again, nervously.

"Carl!" I gasped.

An enchanting, beautiful smile parted her pretty red lips and practically melted my heart. "No, actually, it's Carol," she corrected.

I was totally mesmerized. At some point, I found myself sitting besides her on the sofa. I could only think of this person as female she sat nearby me with her long, shapely legs crossed delicately at the knee.

For quite some time we just talked about how Carl had first started his "hobby".

All the time she/he spoke, my senses were dizzied by the heady perfume she was wearing. "No wonder you dare walk around dressed. Nobody would *ever* guess that you aren't what you appear to be. But aren't you concerned about getting hit on by guys?" I asked.

"Not really. Those I don't like, I know how to get rid of; those I do, I flirt with a little."

"You flirt with them! But, what if they pursued it? You know? I mean, it isn't just some game. Don't you think you're living dangerously?"

Carl, or rather Carol, began to blush and didn't say more. A terrible thought came to my head...perhaps Carl is homosexual, or at least bisexual. I felt embarrassed and didn't pursue it. I did learn from him, however, that the club he went to was for people like himself, transvestites. I had never realized it was such a big thing, as common as it was. I certainly didn't expect them to have their own clubs and meeting places.

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As the days passed, I began to see more and more of Carol than Carl and I became more comfortable with her presence. I also began to learn a whole lot more about transvestitism. I learned that there were societies, magazines, books—both fictional

and non-fictional—and shops all across the country, indeed all over the world, catering to their needs. There were chains of shops that sold outsized dresses and shoes to specifically fit males. There were false breasts as well as medications to grow your own! I was truly amazed.

Other than our time together in the apartment, Carl and I continued to do our own things and go our separate ways. I would hang out with the rest of the guys at our regular haunts or go out with Chrissie; Carl would go to his club or socialize with some of his new friends when not at home and dressing up.

Chrissie's father, Les, did his best to prevent me from seeing her. One evening, when I had arranged to take her out, he suddenly produced a surprise party for her. I was left with nothing to do for the evening. Carl was upstairs getting ready to go out.

"I thought you were meeting Chrissie tonight?" he called down from upstairs. His question was followed by a pungent smell of perfume.

"No, she's got something else on tonight. She's just phoned and canceled our date," I called back.

"So what are your plans now for the evening, then? You gonna go meet the rest of the boys?"

"No, everyone's arranged to go their separate ways tonight. I guess I'll just stay in and watch the TV."

Soon after, I heard Carl descending the stairs, midway through his transformation. He was wearing a bra with some kind of plastic inserts in the cups. He had on pantyhose and a mid-thigh length half-slip. Although his face was made-up, he wasn't wearing his wig which created quite an odd vision.

"Hey, Don, if you haven't anywhere to go, then how about joining me at the Paradise Club?"

I looked at him and burst out laughing. "Oh yeah, *highly* likely."

"No, I'm serious. Why not come? It's a really good evening out."

I saw from Carl's expression that he wasn't joking.

"What! You really serious? There is no fucking way that I am *ever* going to dress up as a woman. It may suit *you*, pal, but *I'm* straight."

Carl looked both annoyed and hurt by my outburst. "Thanks a lot, Don. I was just trying to get you out somewhere rather than you staying in."

"Listen, I'm sorry if I sounded rude, Carl, but, well, you have those soft features and slim frame that help you make a convincing looking girl. But look at me! Can you picture me wearing makeup with this mush?"

"Actually I wasn't expecting you to go as a girl or anything like that. I just thought we'd go together."

"But won't everyone regard me as your boyfriend or something? I don't want anyone assuming that I'm queer."

"Don't be silly. They all know that I have *far* better taste," Carl joked. "But really, I know nearly everyone that goes there. I'll introduce you as a friend and nobody will consider you gay nor will they try to chat you up. Believe me, they can tell who is straight and who's not. You do get some nice-looking chicks in there sometimes, too."

Don't ask me why or even how, but I finally agreed to go along with him. I had never been comfortable around homosexuals and yet, here I was, going to a club that was full of them. I knew that I would freak out if anyone tried to touch me up or get fresh with me. I would end up decking them, I felt sure.

Carl had finished his dressing and was now in a lacy black top and a short red leather skirt that revealed most of his nylon-encased legs. He looked a knockout!

"How the hell do you dare wear such revealing clothes?" I challenged.

"If you got it, flaunt it," he laughed. Carl sure had it.

I looked totally the opposite in a pair of stone-washed jeans and a plain shirt.

"Well, ready to go then?" I asked, feeling unsure if I was supposed to take his arm or not. There was a compulsion to; then I thought, "No way, Carl's a guy!" and walked out in front.

Carl slid into the seat of his Cavalier with me in the passenger seat. As he did so, the already short skirt he was wearing slid even further up his hairless, shapely legs; I couldn't help but look. Carl noticed and smiled, his pearly white teeth flashing through his bright red painted lips.

I briefly wondered how on earth he was going to drive in his stiletto-heeled sandals but, as we pulled away, I could tell that he was well-practiced driving in such footwear.

In town, as we stopped at lights, groups of young men passing by looked in through the windscreen with obvious attraction for the beautiful driver. I found myself glowing with pride in that it was me, not them, who was her companion.

The Paradise Club was nothing like what I'd imagined. There were three separate rooms. One was a lounge with plush carpeting and large comfortable chairs in groups of four around highly polished tables. A smaller room had a bar and, to one side, about half a dozen less luxurious tables with six chairs to each table. Then there was the main room.

This was a wide, spacious room with covered seats around cloth-adorned tables.

Taking up one third of the floor space was a dance floor with lots of colored disco lights flashing from a metal framework above. A music was run from one corner, the DJ having two decks, lights and a stack of CD's and audio tapes. The whole place was alive and buzzing to vibrant sounds when we got in and a number of couples were already dancing on the floor.

Seated around the room were groups of men, women and mixed couples. I reckoned that some of the "women" would in fact be men but it was difficult to pick those out. There were more groups of women sitting together than anything and I suspected that the really attractive ones would be wives or girlfriends.

Similarly, small groups of “women” dancing together would be both male and female, I reasoned. There were some men dancing with what did look to be real women. I couldn't understand why a straight couple would frequent a place like this, so I assumed, they were in fact, two guys.

The coloring of the walls, carpeting and drapes was all mauves, purples, light pinks and lilacs, which to me was a bit off-putting but, in general, the place looked very plush.

While I was busy casting my eye around the room and its clientele, I was aware of Carl wandering around greeting everyone. He seemed to know everybody there, while I just felt like a fish out of water.

“Carol, darling. You look positively divine this evening,” I heard one plump “woman” greet Carl. I assumed that “she” just had to be a man. Squeezed into a tight, glittering dress with what looked like a short, straight auburn wig perched upon her head, cut straight from just below the ears to the back of her head and outrageously long eye lashes. “She” was the perfect image of what I had expected Carl to look like that first time.

After the person had departed, I turned to Carl. “A man, right?” I asked knowingly. Carl nodded.

“Yeah, I thought as much. I can suss them out easily.”

“Really?” Carl inquired with a grin. “I'll tell you what then. Most haven't arrived yet, but let's just walk around and you tell me who you think is male and who is female.”

Well, that taught me! Out of the forty-three people wearing dresses in the room, I guessed about twenty-six to be real women, even though the balance seemed wrong. In reality, thirty-one were men. I had even figured four real women to be male, so I had guessed seventeen wrongly.

As the club began to fill up, some real “stunners” began to come in. By now, I had learnt to watch out for certain things in order to sex them, such as size of hands, Adam's apple and such like. I was doing much better at my little guessing game, though there were still some that looked every bit like glamorous females.

There was also some real dolls in there that were one hundred per cent women. I was fancying my chances of chatting one or two of them up until I discovered that they were the wives or girlfriends of the queens...or whatever you want to call them. What a waste, I thought. Babes like them would much prefer *real* men.

There were many inquiries put to Carl as to who I was and he introduced me by saying that I was just a longtime friend of his. I found, to my discomfort, that I was getting a few admiring glances from the queens.

Transvestites, I found, come in all shapes and sizes. There were slender ones, fat ones, petite ones, tall ones, some well over six foot, and short ones, all doing their best to look pretty and feminine, or, in some cases, just outrageous.

I couldn't believe it when I was told that one of them was a body builder! He covered his bulky muscles by wearing loose-fitting clothes. One was a professional quarterback. He always chose to wear trouser suits with large, flared bottoms, though in

soft materials. He did this, I was told, to cover his hirsute legs. Being in the public eye, he could hardly go shaving his legs just to display them each Thursday night. He did, though, always wear delicate, high-heeled sandals on his feet.

There were rich people, poor people who got their “stuff” from goodwill shops, Judges, Politicians, Garage Mechanics, Miners, Steel workers, Truckers, Businessmen, you name it.

As the night went on, I relaxed into the surroundings and got to know a few of the people. Some were obviously gay by their voice and mannerisms; I tended to distance myself from those, but others were totally straight and really nice to talk to.

Carl, or Carol, as everyone called him, went with two others in dresses for a dance. One guy in a long red gown invited me for a dance, which, of course, I very hastily declined.

“May I sit here?” someone asked from behind me.

The “someone” was an attractive-looking woman which, my instincts told me, was actually a man. He/she was wearing a floral patterned dress which fell to about the knee; he wore patterned nylons and white sandals. He also wore expensive-looking, dangling jeweled earrings, two necklaces and a string of beads. His face was tastefully made-up.

I must have looked uncomfortable.

“Don't worry,” he laughed, in a soft, yet manly voice, “I'm not trying to pick you up.”

I nodded to one of the seats. “Thank you,” he said as he pulled out the offered seat and placed himself upon it, “By the way, I'm Mike...or, as I am at the moment, Michelle,” he said, offering me his hand.

I reddened and looked hesitant. “Do I shake it or kiss it? I asked in genuine uncertainty.

He laughed softly again. “Let's shake, shall we, or my wife may get jealous.”

I blushed.

Mike, or Michelle rather, began to ask me why I didn't relax more. “I have watched you turn down quite a few dances. They ask anybody who is available for a dance you know; they're not trying to pick you up. If you look around, you'll see quite a few men dancing with the trannies. Those guys are mostly straight and just come here for some fun and to unwind,” he told me.

I got to like Michelle. He was one of those you can just easily take to, a real easygoing guy; much like Carl. I asked him how he had gotten into it and what his wife thought of it all. He told me he had a compulsion to wear women's clothes since eleven years old, but he had no desire at all to be a woman. His wife had slowly adapted after he had come clean and they both now agreed that it spiced up their love life. At that moment, Carl returned. He, of course, already knew Michelle.

“I'll go back and join my wife or she'll be thinking I've ditched her,” Michelle laughed. “I'm sure June would love to give you a dance later in the evening...if you still can't bring yourself to dance with one of us trannies.”



He gestured with a limp wrist as he said that which made Carl laugh and me smile.

“He's an all-right guy,” I said to Carl after he had gone.

“Yeah, most of them are. Like us or loath us, transvestites can be as manly as any man, yet as tender and compassionate as any woman. If more guys were like us, there would be far less violence in the world.”

That gave me something to think about; there was nobody I knew that was more harmless than Carl.

I got talking to a few more before the end of the evening and was having a conversation with a group of three Trannies—which was what they called themselves—when I set my eyes on the most stunning person I had ever seen in my life.

Her brunette hair was styled about her angelic face, falling softly to her shoulders. She wore a sparkling, black Lurex mini dress that came to mid-thigh, revealing long, shapely legs meshed in sheer black nylon. She smiled upon seeing me staring at her and I felt my heart go Pop! I was entranced.

It was her eyes more than anything else that grabbed me, sultry, seductive, twinkling eyes. I suddenly wondered to myself if she could possibly be a *guy*, taking into account where we were.

No, no way. She was the most feminine thing I had ever seen. My eyes left hers and traced their way down her low-cut dress. I could see feminine cleavage...she had breasts, real breasts...I just knew she was the real thing.

She slowly turned and walked seductively back toward her seat on high heels, moving as slinkily as a cat. My heart was captured.

Carl asked me if I would like to dance with him for the last one. He felt guilty that I was being left out but I knew I would feel really awkward dancing slow with my best friend. Then some other guy came up and asked Carl, leading him by his hand onto the dance floor. I thought of the offer to dance with June, Michelle's wife, but saw that he was already dancing with her himself.

I looked around for my dream girl but couldn't see her. Most of the seats were unoccupied as almost everyone was having the last dance and I suspected she must be amongst them. I just hoped that she was not with some husband or boyfriend. I wanted her for me. With nothing to do, other than ask one of the older, fatter, more masculine-looking trannies that had been ignored, I waited for the dance to end. The last dance was a slow one and I was both shocked and dismayed when I noticed Carl.

He and the guy were dancing very close together and Carl had his slender arms wrapped around the guy's waist, occasionally squeezing his butt!

“How can he dance like that...so close to another guy?” I wondered to myself with a shudder. I felt dismayed to see my best friend behaving in such a way.

As the dance came to an end and people began filing out, I saw that there was what appeared to be 70% more “women” than men saying their goodnights on the sidewalk outside the Paradise. A few were climbing into cabs, some getting into private cars.

It seemed obvious that many of the “females” necking with the guys were, in fact, males. In some cases, two “females” were kissing. Was it a man and woman or two trannies? Who knew?

“I thought you said that most transvestites were hetero?” I asked turning to Carl.

“Yes, most are, but there are those who are either gay or bi, too.”

“Seems like a whole lot of them to me.” I replied.

“Just snogging doesn't make you gay. They are out having fun. Necking with a guy just makes them feel more feminine and attractive; most wouldn't dream of having sex. The guys understand that too, it's harmless.

I wanted to ask Carl if he had ever necked with a guy but just couldn't bring myself to.

**00o00**

After we arrived back at the apartment, we made a hot drink. Not long afterwards, we departed to our own rooms. In spite of the fact that Carl had to take off all his girly clothes and clean the makeup from his face, I knew that he would be fast asleep long before I was that night.

I lay awake just thinking about the night, the people there and how much like women some of them looked. How did they feel when dressed like that in front of others? What kind of a kick did they get from creating the image of a woman? And why would they want to? My thoughts turned to Carl dancing that last dance, my lifelong friend being intimately close to some guy. I thought about the beautiful mystery girl...would I ever see her again? I couldn't get her face free from my mind: her red pouting lips, those soft sultry eyes.

I thought about the other people. Most of those I had spoken to were decent types, very much like myself, actually, except for their little “hobby”, of course.

**Oo0oO**

Over the next couple of weeks, Carl went to his club a further three times while I went out with either Chrissie or the guys. Each time that Carl left to go, I would think of the people he would be seeing. I wondered if the mystery girl might be there and I tried to describe her to Carl but he couldn't place her. I also wondered if my friend would be dancing with some guy again that night.

I came home one particular Friday night in a real foul mood, earlier than I normally returned. Carl was in, half-lying upon the couch in a nightgown and negligee, wearing makeup and with his finger and toe nails painted a bright crimson.

“You're home early, is there anything wrong?” he inquired.

“Nothing that concerns you much,” I spat, “And Jesus Christ, can't you cover yourself up a bit, you fucking faggot.”

I could have bit my tongue off as a pained expression immediately cast itself over Carl's pretty face.

"Oh, damn man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that, it's just me."

"Just letting out your true feelings," Carl replied.

"No, that's not it at all. I suppose I'm just angry and looking for someone to take it out on."

Carl didn't look pacified, but his expression did alter slightly.

"So, do you want to talk about it?"

I sat down at the edge of the sofa near Carl's outstretched foot. "You know Hutch? Well, I just found out tonight that he's been screwing Chrissie behind my back, the bastard."

"Gee, I'm sorry to hear that, What you gonna do?"

"Do! I've already done it, I laid the slimy toad flat out."

"What about Chrissie? I know that you really cared about her."

"She's forgotten, man. I could never continue with her now, knowing what's she's been doing behind my back...with Hutch, of all people. Do you know what really chokes me though? What *really* sickens me off? All the guys knew what was going on. They all knew and nobody said anything. I'll bet they've all been laughing behind my back, my so-called mates, the lousy bastards."

Full of my own self-pity, I leaned forwards and clasped my head in my hands. I felt Carl shift position and move near to me.

"Don, they aren't worth it, none of them. I could have told you that a long time back. You knew for yourself just what they were like."

I felt Carl's arm go around my shoulder to comfort me and I recoiled, feeling threatened. I glanced at Carl who looked momentarily shocked by my action. I knew he was just being his gentle, compassionate self and if I hadn't have learnt about his secret life I wouldn't have thought twice about it.

"I'm sorry Carl; no offense, I'm just a bit uptight." I

Carl smiled at my awkwardness and obviously forced gesture.

"I'm going to turn in, mate." I continued. "What I need most is a good night's sleep."

**oo0oo**

Over the evening meal the following day, Carl asked me my plans for the evening.

"I don't really know. Nothing, I suppose," I answered. "I certainly don't want anything to do with that pack of sewer rats."

"So you're still feeling miffed with them all, eh!"

"Of course I am, wouldn't you be? They all knew that Hutch was having it away with my girl and not one of them said a word. Well, stuff them! I don't need friends like that."

"Well, it's only a suggestion, but you could come with me, if you wish."

"I didn't think there was anything on at the club tonight?" I replied.

"No, there isn't, but that doesn't usually stop me from going out on Saturdays, does it? I'm going over to Mike and June's to watch some videos. There'll be about nine of us."

"Mike?" I questioned.

"Yes, you remember, from the Paradise club. Mike...or rather, Michelle."

Yes, now I remembered. "Who's going?" I asked, "Will they all be trannies?"

"Let's see, there'll be Mike and June, Debbie, Mandi, Jackie plus Carol and her boyfriend."

"And no doubt Mike will be Michelle?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And the others, they are all guys dressed, too?"

"Yes, but..."

"And what about you? Are you getting dressed up?"

"Yes, I had planned to."

"This Carol with her boyfriend, is she the only real girl other than June?"

"Well actually, Carol is a guy, but..."

"Well that's just swell then. You're asking me to socialize with a crowd of people who are mostly men dressed as women. There is just one woman, married, whose husband will also be wearing a dress and the only other regular guy there is a homosexual with a crossdressing boyfriend."

"Suit yourself, Don. I'll know better than to invite you the next time," Carl snapped.

"Well, you do have to agree that I would be well out of place, wouldn't I?"

"Just suit yourself. I only asked because I thought you'd said you got on well with Mike and you met Debbie at the Paradise, too. All the others are really nice people...even if they are, as you say, a bunch of sissy faggots."

"I'd just feel out of place, that's all."

"That's cool with me, pal. You just stay indoors and mope, tonight and every night. Me, I'm going out to have some fun with my 'queer' friends, friends that I love and can trust, friends I know I can rely on through thick and thin."

oo0oo

Carl was looking great again as we climbed into his car. Dressed in a plain black shift dress with brown opaque panty hose and heels, he was attired tonight for visiting with friends rather than clubbing.

Okay, so I was going to feel out of place. In fairness, like Carl had said, I *did* get on with Mike or Michelle and I really *had* enjoyed myself, in spite of all my apprehensions, at the Paradise Club. Just because I was not like they were, that didn't mean that I couldn't get on with them. And Carl had been right when he'd said that these people,

no matter what their fetishes or sexual preference, were all better people than any of *my* so-called friends had proven themselves to be.

Mike, or Michelle rather, was attractively dressed and made-up again. He greeted me warmly, saying that it was nice to see me again. Of the others that were there, Debbie was...should I say prettiest-looking? Well, let's just say he was the most convincing. I discovered that he and Carl went out together quite regularly dressed as girls. I did, of course, know that Carl went out "dressed" sometimes three times a week, but I never knew where he went or who with.

Linda, I suppose, was also attractive but had slightly masculine features.

Mandi was a little on the chubby side, wore a short, pageboy-style wig, very little makeup, just a touch of mascara and light-colored lipstick. He wore a small black top with narrow shoulder straps, a wide, flared black and white striped skirt, dark nylons on smooth, hair-free legs and black high-heeled pumps.

The last was Jackie. He just looked like a man wearing a wig. I was put off by him the most; he just looked too in-between, if you take my meaning. He wore a blonde wig, white clip-on earrings, a heavy set of white beads, a long-sleeved mini-dress with large white polka dots and an eyeful of long, nylon-clad legs. He seemed something of an eccentric.

Michelle poured me a beer while informing me that June had gone out to hire the videos. Carol and Phil, who I hadn't yet met, had gone out to pick up pizzas for everyone as the delivery boy had gone off sick.

Mike and June's house was large and spacious, expensively furnished and one of those places where you hardly dared walk on the carpet in case of making a muddy mark. All of the "girls" had slipped out of their heels and were mincing about in their stocking feet. I was too embarrassed to remove my own footwear because I knew I had holes in my socks.

Their home was in the better part of town and both Mike and June ran a car each plus one "spare" in the garage. Although I had seen June when Mike/Michelle had pointed her out at the club and when he was dancing with her, I had not yet spoken to her. She arrived back about ten minutes after our arrival.

I found that she was as charming as she was attractive, blonde-haired in a short, modern bob. She wore supple makeup and a very short dress that was low-cut to reveal the cleavage of a well-shaped pair of firm breasts. Her long, shapely legs seemed to go on forever and were encased in glossy black nylon. I very nearly ejaculated just by thinking of her wrapping those delightful limbs around my waist. Gee, control yourself Don!

"Ah, yes, Donald. Carol has mentioned that you are living with her," June said to me on being introduced.

Her!! I was taken aback by Carl being referred to as female. Still, I supposed that was how I thought of these crossdressers too. Well, the convincing ones, anyway. Still, it seemed really odd to hear my buddy of so many years being referred to as...*her!*