

# Billie Legend



# Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# **BILLIE - LEGEND**

**BY CHARLOTTE MAYO**

## **Chapter One**

I grow up on the third floor of a block of flats near the White City area of West London. The flats dated back to the 1950's and were those red brick affairs with semi-circular ends that made them look a little like ship's funnels. There was a court yard with a patch of green in the middle and dark, dreary concrete steps at either end.

Fortunately, the blocks were only a few stories high so it wasn't far to go. Even so, more than one person had fallen down in their time – either through accident or design. The steps led up to a path that went along the front of the flats, passing by each front door. The paths, streets and squares had unfashionable named roads such as South Africa Avenue and Empire Way. It was rough back then with a lot of single mothers and crime – everyone knew each other though. This was back in the early 2000s...

Two doors down from me lived my best friend, Sam and her younger brother, Billy. He was good looking lad with glorious blue eyes, a thin figure and clear skin but he was quiet and shy which was in total contrast to his sister, Sam, who was the same age as me and two years older than her brother. She was blond and beautiful and grew up to be a “real looker” as they say. Billy and his sister lived with their mother who was like Sam – confident and outgoing and something of a “dolly bird.”

Not that Billy did not have something of his mother and sister in him – in some ways it was just a shame he was a boy! He had long, eyelashes, a girlish face, a soft, round face and the same fair colouring. God knows who his dad was but he certainly hadn't played any part in Billy's genetic makeup in the same way he did not play any part in Billy's upbringing.

Billy would have been bullied at school if it had not been for his sister – we all attended the same secondary school and she was very popular – very popular indeed! She was friendly with a lot of the hard lads and, if anyone picked on her brother she would have ‘a word’ with one of her many, male admirers who would see to it that whoever was ‘essing’ with Billy was ‘sorted out’ – and one of those lads was Darren who was in our year at school and who will feature in my story. Likewise, I was afforded protection too – Sam was very influential and you could see that Billy was in awe of her. She mothered her brother – looked after him, made sure he was alright...

I'm not sure what age I was when my story opens but I was probably about twelve or thirteen, which would mean Billy was about ten or eleven – anyway, I was around at Sam's house with some of our other

friends who were in year at school. It was the long, summer holidays. We were smoking and messing around as we practiced make-up on each other. Normally, Billy kept out of our way – he made models, played computer games or watched TV in his bedroom - but on this occasion he was in the living room too and Sam said,

“Here Billy, you’ve got lovely, long eye lashes, let me put some mascara on them.”

“Naw way,” Billy said and turned up the TV – he moved uncomfortably in the arm chair and the cat hopped off his lap.

Sam’s friends, Stacy and Chloe began to laugh at his discomfort and that probably encouraged them to goad him into having the mascara applied. That and the fact his face had turned a lovely shade of crimson! I suppose he could have run out of the flat but he didn’t – he stayed and tried to argue his corner – I guess he didn’t want to appear a wimp in front of all of us girls. I always had a soft spot for Billy – even back then - and I didn’t really agree with it but I was not much help to him I’m afraid! I did not want to be seen as a kill joy in front of Sam and her other friends and ironically, it was my intervention on Billy’s side that finally won the day in favour of Sam and the rest of the group. I could see Billy getting more and more distressed so I said,

“Look Billy, just let Sam apply some mascara and then you can rub it off and go back to watching TV. It’ll only take a few minutes and we are not doing it to laugh at you. We really want to see your lovely, long eye lashes...”

Billy closed his eyes and thought for a few seconds. Maybe he was wondering what he had to do to get a quiet life. You could almost see the cogs in his brain whirring.

“OK then,” he said and reluctantly he got up from the sofa and walked towards the dining table where we were practising make-up on each other and had all the paraphernalia set out. I even held a damp, make-up wipe in my hand to show him it really would be wiped off at the end. Billy didn’t have many friends and I knew he liked it when his “big sis” included him in things – although, at that time, he probably drew the line at having his face painted! Anyway, half-heartedly Billy joined us at the dining room table and sat down in front of a cracked mirror.

All the girls “ohhed” and “ahhed” at the length of his lashes and Billy blushed but I could see he was enjoying the attention and the compliments. At school the other lads considered him a wimp and not very masculine and I knew he preferred female company, however, at school he could not show it for fear of being called ‘gay’. Sam told him to look up and started to brandish the mascara wand in front of Billy who looked decidedly nervous. She asked Billy to turn towards her and then Sam steadied her hand and started to apply the black, syrupy mixture.

“This is Maybelline,” Sam said. “It’s a good one.”

Of course, make-up manufacturers meant nothing to Billy back then. I suspect he only did it because he was bored and didn’t want to appear a loser in front of all of us girls. Sam lightly waved the wand against Billy’s lashes and, when she had finished, Billy looked funny, strange, and almost ghoulish.

“Turn around,” Sam said. “Look at yourself in the mirror – what do you think?”

He shrugged. He was clearly uncomfortable and I found I quite enjoyed it. Seeing his discomfort I mean – just like the other girls had. There was something strangely sadistic about the whole situation. A sense of power ran through me even though I had not really done anything. He stretched his legs out in front of him and crossed his feet.

“It’s alright, I suppose,” he said.

Sam turned to me and the other girls. “What do you think? Do you think he needs more?”

There was a sly, cruel smile on her face and we all knew exactly what she meant. Billy, though, obviously thought his sister meant more mascara but, unfortunately for him, she didn’t!

We all agreed he did “need more” and soon Billy found himself being made up: foundation was applied to his face and lipstick and blusher. Billy was reluctant at first but we all took it quite seriously – the joking was over and it became a very amateurish make- up session. When we had finished – I have to admit Billy didn’t look great but that day we had discovered a model for our practice sessions. There was no question about it.... we had discovered a model. And, here I have to hold my hand up, and say I was the chief protagonist. I’m not sure if Sam would have ever done it again but one time we were just hanging around the shops and I said to Sam,

“Is Billy in?”

“Think so, why?”

“Let’s go back to yours and make his face up again.”

“No, we’ve done it once, it was a larf, but shouldn’t do it all the time.”

“He might turn out gay,” Stacy interjected. We all laughed at that.

But I got my way. See, I was a quiet influence. Whilst Sam was brash and popular it was usually me that got my own way. I had a way of persuading people – especially Billy – as you will see later in my story. So the four of us traipsed by to Sam’s flat, Sam hooked Billy from his bedroom where he was playing a computer game on his own (as always) and once again Billy had his face made up. The second time was a lot better.

So, that was the start of it, over the summer holidays Billy got made up – maybe two or three times a week. We all took it in turns to practice make-up on his face. We were all doing a hair and beauty course at school and we used Billy as a model. In a way, we even forgot that he was boy. It seemed so easy and so much better than practicing on each other. And Billy just accepted it – he liked the attention – I know that. And he liked having things done to him. He was quite passive in that sense.

Very passive. And we all liked that. We liked the fact we could make him up and he would just accept it. When we did it to each other the model would often comment and say she didn’t like it. Not our Billy. One day his mum walked in and she just laughed – she



and Sam were two peas in a pod and more like sisters themselves than mother/daughter. Sam was often a young carer for Billy so why should he not repay her? With his mum on Sam's side there was no hope for Billy – he couldn't escape.

Then it kinda stopped. The summer came to an end and we all went back to school. And, at weekends and other holidays, my persuasive skills didn't work on Sam any more. It had been a 'larf' over the summer and it had helped us with her course but she wasn't interested in doing it again.

Still, it was something I thought about a lot as I got older. I liked to think about the days when we had practiced make-up on Billy and sometimes I would remind Sam about it. She would laugh and say how great it was but she obviously wasn't up to doing it again – she had discovered boys and things like that – poor Billy was very much secondary in her thoughts – even if he wasn't in mine.

As I say, I thought about it a lot. And the more I thought about it, the more I liked it. Maybe because I was black I liked the idea of making up a little, white boy with blond hair, blue eyes and a clear skin. Maybe it was a power thing, or maybe it was the awaking of my sexuality. I don't know, I can't really explain it really. But I know I liked it. I even asked other girls I knew who had kid brothers, if they had ever done anything similar: I found out that it was not that uncommon for older sisters to make up their brothers.

Then, when I was sixteen, I left school and started to do a hair and beauty qualification at college. Sam had also done hair and beauty but she was on a dif-

ferent course as she wanted to concentrate on becoming a hairdresser whilst I wanted to become a make-up artiste. Anyway, one day I saw Billy hanging around the shops and I said to him I had an idea and that I wanted him to “knock me up sometime”. A few days later he did just that – he came around and saw me. I had never had any brothers or sisters so I liked the idea of mothering Billy in the same way Sam did – or she had when they had been at school together. Anyway, he came around one afternoon and I told him I needed a model for my course. I then reminded him of the days when his sister, Stacy, Chloe and I had painted his face regularly.

“I’m too old for that now,” he laughed.

That kinda got me because it implied when we had been younger there had been nothing wrong with it. Not that there was anything wrong with it at any age but his logic was kinda twisted.

“It would be different now, Billy,” I said. “This time it would just be you and me and I would be doing it for my course – I may even take some photographs for my portfolio.”

Billy shrugged; I could tell he was interested. I forgot to say I was wearing a short skirt that day and had perfume on and my face made-up and, though I say it myself, I was alluring. Poor Billy, his teenage hormones were all in a state of anxiety. I knew he got fed up with his sister and her endless boyfriends and people around their flat. I knew the chance to spend some time with a good looking babe like me was not something he would turn down lightly.



“You won’t tell anyone,” he said. “I’ll get the piss taken out of me at school if anyone finds out.”

I touched his arm then. Looked him straight in the eye.

“It will be our little secret Billy,” I said. “Our little secret.”

We made a date for the following day and this time it was all very professional. I really took my time: foundation, eye shadow, eye liner, lippy. The works. Billy was so compliant it was untrue: turning this way and that; closing his eyes whilst I applied the eye shadow. I knew he was more than a bit turned on by my touch – he was a shy boy and didn’t have a lot of luck with women. In fact, he had never kissed a girl– Sam had told me that. So, I went to work and, after a lot of on my part effort, I allowed Billy to look in the mirror. He was shocked. Stunned. He could not believe it was him and he started laughing. He was really taken back by the strange, feminine, image in front of him. I had used slate grey eye shadow, a kohl pencil and mascara, blusher on his cheeks and lip liner which framed deep, red glossy lips. I took some pictures. I even took him into my bedroom so he could stand in front of my long wardrobe mirror and look at himself.

“God, Roxy,” he said. “I never thought I would look like this!”

“I’m good, Billy, aren’t I?”

“Brilliant,” Billy said.

“Come on, let’s clean the make-off you, we don’t want you getting too attached to it,” I said. I knew I had achieved what I wanted and didn’t want to push things too far. See, even then a strange plan was forming in my head... a very strange plan indeed.

We went back to the dining room and I wiped off all the make-up and Billy left the flat and went home. But the next day he came back around and we did the same thing again – I made him up to look like a pretty, pretty girl and he loved it.

And I loved it. I really did. I got such a kick out of making him up. But, of course, something started to gnaw at me. What would Billy look like in a dress, skirt, a blouse, a wig? What would he look like if he was fully made up? I didn’t say anything to Billy because I thought it was a stage too far but I continued making his face up and taking photos and pretending what I was doing for my course at college. Billy pretended too. It was like a game. I pretended it was all for my course and Billy pretended he was a reluctant model. Then he started developing hair and the magic was gone. For a while.

That forced my hand, when I saw that soft hair forming on his face – ‘bum fluff’ as they call it - I started to panic – I knew once he became a teenager he would not want to play my silly games and I would lose my control over him. Already he was branching out – he had a few friends, had developed physically and had more self-confidence: he wasn’t quite the skinny, awkward kid he had been when he was younger – the teenage years were transforming him. He was becoming more unwilling to come around and have his face made up but I knew I still had a hold over him: the truth was his testosterone was running

high and I knew he liked me – fancied me in fact – hadn't I seen a hard packet in his trousers when I touched his face?

So, to ensure that Billy engaged in my make-up sessions, I wore my shortest skirts and sexiest tops. I knew some of his friends though we were having a fling and Billy liked that – it gave him street cred, especially as I was two years older than him and maybe that kept him coming around as well...Plus, of course, deep down inside Billy liked it. I couldn't have done it with just any John Doe off the street; there was something inside Billy that liked me making his face up. He liked looking like a girl. Maybe he really was a transvestite before I met him, who knows? That's the biggest question and one I often ask myself.

*Was Billy a transvestite before I started to make him and dress him?*

I asked him once if he had ever dressed in his sister or mother's clothes and he denied it. But when I asked if he was tempted to dress in their clothes he admitted there had been the odd times when he had looked through his sister's wardrobe at her clothes and wondered what it would be like to wear them. He told me he loved the feel to the satin, silk, PVC and leather so maybe it was in him all along. Who knows? Anyway, one day, when I had made up his face, I said to him...

“Billy, have you ever wondered what you would look like if you really did look like a girl?”

“How do you mean?” Billy asked.

“I mean wearing women’s clothes,” I said.

Billy laughed that shy laugh of his and his face blanched. He shrugged.

“I guess I have thought of it. You know I told you I had opened the door of Sam’s wardrobe and looked in...”

“Yes, I know, but have you ever thought about *wearing* women’s clothes?” I pressed.

Billy took a deep breath. He was staring in the mirror at the reflection of his superbly made up face.

“Yes, I have,” he said quickly. “I often think about it.”

That surprised me. I was expecting to have to use my persuasive techniques but it appeared that Billy had already partially sold himself on the idea. I carried on.

“Do you think about it when you are made up, or is it when you are alone later?” I probed.

“It is when I am alone later,” he said, repeating my words. “Like sometimes I think back to how my face looked and how you made it look like a girl’s face, not like when Sam and the rest did it when I was a kid. Now, when you make me up it is really good and that gets me thinking.... I wonder what it would be like to wear a skirt and a bra and a top... I’ve looked in Sam’s wardrobes a few times but I know her clothes are too small and it wouldn’t seem right to wear them somehow.”

I went in for the kill. “Well, never mind thinking about it and fantasizing about it, would you like to *do* it?”

Billy shrugged, he didn’t look at me instead he continued to look at his reflection I the mirror. “I would... but I wouldn’t.... it doesn’t seem right and what if Sam and the others found out....”

“Well, they wouldn’t, would they?” I said. “We’ve kept this quite, haven’t we?”

Again Billy shrugged. “I guess.”

“So it is a deal?”

“OK,” Billy said.

I high fived him and then I went about taking his make-up off. I wasn’t prepared for him to dress just yet... nor for how easy my victory had been. And I had to do it properly. I needed time to prepare. I knew it was the one chance I was going to get and I needed to do it properly.

## Chapter Two

And that is exactly what I did. It was like a military operation. Of course, I had a fair idea of Billy’s size so it was easy. I went shopping and not just in High Streets shops either. I plucked up some courage and went to one or two specialist shops that sell to the transgendered community – cross-dressers, trans-vestites and transsexuals – they were the only shops



that sold some of the items I needed. Thankfully, the Internet had provided me with a lot of useful information. It didn't take long before I had all the things I needed – all nicely stored in our spare bedroom. There was only me and mum and mum was out a lot – working long hours or out with her latest boyfriend so that meant I had a lot of freedom – probably too much. Also, she liked to drink and was often drunk or just crashed out when she was at home. Eventually, when I was ready I knocked on Billy's door. Sam answered.

“Is Billy in?” I asked.

“Blimey you got the hots for my little brother, Roxy?”

I didn't see so much of Sam but she still knew I saw her brother... she didn't know I made his face up, although I am sure she had her suspicions for she had questioned Billy on his neatly shaped eyebrows and some mascara which was still on his lashes.

“Of course not!” I retorted. “He's just helping me... with some college stuff...” I turned away I didn't want to get into a conversation.

“He's not in but I'll send him around when he gets back,” Sam said. She eyed me suspiciously before saying,

“That's college work he helps you with? It involves making him up, doesn't it?”

The cat was out of the bag.

“Yes,” I admitted. “I just wanted a model... and I remembered how good Billy was.”

Sam sighed. “Billy’s too old for it now. When we did it he was a kid and it was fun but now he should have grown out of it...”

I felt annoyed. “I know, I know, alright. Just send him around when he gets in.”

Sam slammed the door in my face. That was a blow. Especially as he didn’t appear for a few days – maybe he got wind of my little scheme and decided to make himself scarce. Maybe, Sam told him he shouldn’t be having his face made up – which was more likely - and perhaps because of that and his liking for it he felt guilty. I don’t know. What I do know is that I had to wait a week before I finally caught up with Billy and persuaded him to come around to mine.

“Sam said you shouldn’t see me, didn’t she?” I said when he was finally seated on mum’s sofa.

“Yes,” he admitted. “She doesn’t think you should make my face up anymore.”

That made my heart sink. It was one thing making his face up but I wanted to take it a stage further and get him to dress up as a woman. I wanted him to look like a real teenage girl. I decided to be frank with him.

“Look Billy,” I said. “It doesn’t matter what Sam thinks or anyone else thinks for that matter. You like being made-up and I like doing it and it helps me with my course. There’s nothing wrong with it. You are getting older now and soon you will need to shave

more often and it will be difficult to make you up. Therefore, I was planning one last time. Only different as I wanted to make you up and put you in women's clothes and a wig so you look like a proper girl. I've even bought all the stuff. It will be the last time you would be made up. It would give you an opportunity to see what it is like to be a teenage girl."

Billy shrugged. "Really, that's what you want to do?"

"Really Billy that is what I want to do. And it will be the last time, I promise you that."

I knew Billy was fascinated by the prospect of looking like a real girl – after all he had said as much himself.

He stood up and started to walk across the living room, hands deep in pockets. "OK then, one last time. Tomorrow, we'll do it tomorrow; I'll be ready for it then."

"OK, tomorrow," I said.

I showed him to the door and we punched knuckles.

"Tomorrow, Billie, tomorrow. I will be waiting..."

\* \* \*

The next day Billy came around – I knew he would even though I wasn't exactly ready as he was a lot earlier than I thought he would be. He said he had not been able to sleep for excitement which was in to-

tal contrast to how he had presented the day before – then he had been blasé but I guess he was just trying to hide his true feelings. I sat him in the lounge and made him some toast and coffee. Then I went to the spare room and got my stuff ready. Of course, we started with his face and I took a very long time over it, carefully applying make-up. When I had finished he looked the best he had ever looked. Even Billy was surprised. He kept looking in the mirror and saying how “great” he looked and I knew then I was onto a winner. Once the wig was on his whole face would change and then he really would look “great”.

Once I had finished his make-up, I took him by the hand and led him to the spare room where I had assembled the clothes I had bought for him. He gasped.

“You want me to wear those clothes?” he said, looking at the array of silky lingerie and the short skirt.

“Yes,” I replied. “Just this once. I want to see what you look like as a pretty girl.”

I could tell he was intrigued. His hands felt clammy and I knew he was breathing irregularly.

“I...I...I don’t know,” he said at last. He was having doubts. It was a big step.

“I do,” I said, taking the lead. “Come on Billy let’s do it – it’s a once in a life time experience and if you never do it you will always regret it.”

“Just once,” he repeated shyly.

“Just once,” I echoed.

“OK then,” he said. He had doubts but, at the end of the day, Billie was a transvestite – he wanted to morph from a caterpillar to a beautiful butterfly. He was in denial, well he was a teenager and it was a hard thing to accept but as I said earlier, could I have done this to any John Doe off the street? Think about it. The answer is “no”.

Slowly, he took off his clothes right down to his boxers. I could tell he was slightly aroused!

I took up the pretty, blue silk knickers I had bought him and told him to go into the bathroom and change. He did that and when he reappeared I was waiting with tights which I pulled right up and then it was a bra and the first thing I had bought from a specialist shop – a nice pair of inserts – good quality breast forms which would last – oh, there’s something else I have forgotten to mention. Although, I told Billy this would be the one and only time he would dress as a woman I knew it wouldn’t be. I knew once I had him dressed my little tranny would be hooked and I would be able to dress him whenever I wanted – conniving, aren’t I?

After that I placed him in a white cotton blouse which I did up to the neck. Then I made him step into a floaty, satin, skater skirt which was black. Then I tied a pretty scarf around his neck. Lastly, I made him put on a pair of court heeled shoes which were the only things that didn’t fit. He was ready. Dressed. I added some jewellery: ear-rings, bangles for his wrists and a watch. When I had finished he pirouetted in front of the mirror – every inch was female – even Billy was impressed.

“What do I look like?” he asked.

“Great,” I said. “A real princess.”

Billy was confused, I could see that, especially when I got him to sit on the edge of the bed and I added his crowning glory - a short blond wig (again, one of my purchases for future occasions). That wig really made him look like a pretty young girl. Billie was amazed at the transformation just as I knew he would be.

“We shall call you Billie with an “ie” for the rest of the day,” I announced.

Billie laughed. Girlishly. The transition complete. He seemed in no rush to “lose the clothes” in fact he kept looking at himself in the mirror and rubbing his hands over his artificial breasts and along his satin skirt. As I said later in court, whilst I might have lead him into the transvestite world he was far from reluctant. For the rest of the day I trained Billie in how to act and behave like a woman. I made him walk properly and sit properly and speak in a soft voice. And, I have to admit, I smacked him if he made an error. Billie was surprised at first but soon got used to my dominance.

In fact, I didn’t need to smack him much – just the threat was enough. At the end of the day I told him he had done really well and I ordered a pizza in. When the door bell sounded I took some money out of mum’s drawer in the kitchen – she always left money in it but was often so drunk when she came home from work or a night out she didn’t know how much she had. In fact, she had helped fund some of Billie’s transformation – though she didn’t know it! Anyway, the door rang and I sent Billie to go and collect the

pizza. I stood in the kitchen getting plates out but really I was observing.

I saw the young pizza boy raise his eyes when Billie answered the door. He had padded to the door in his stockinged feet as the shoes were uncomfortable. I heard the pizza boy's flirtatious remarks to Billie – how he described the delicious topping. Billie came back to the kitchen holding the pizza as if it were a silver slaver. He placed it on the side.

“That was good, wasn't it?” I said. “You passed in public! Be proud of yourself Billie! Be very proud of yourself!”

And we hugged each other right there in the kitchen. Boobs rubbing against boobs. After we had eaten the pizza we curled up on the dining room floor and relaxed by watching a movie. Then, I took some photographs. I've still got them. Happy, happy memories. Poor Billie.

I waited after that. I said no more to Billie or Billy. I waited. Eventually a card was put through my door thanking me for the day of dressing and a little question,

*“Do it again sometime?????”*

Well, what could I say? I knocked Billy up and a few days later he came around and I made him up again and then I dressed him again – same outfit. He had learnt a lot from the first session and I loved the way he kept sitting down and splaying out his skirt. I liked the way he kicked the shoes off which were too big off his feet.

“Come with me.” As I was talking I was grabbing his hand and pulling on my coat. At the same time I threw a black leather jacket of mine over Billie’s shoulder. I knew if he had time to think about it he probably wouldn’t do it.

“We can’t go out, we can’t go out. People will see us!” Billy protested.

He was almost in tears. But the front door was closed and we were walking down the echoy walk way and then we were on the steps. We were walking together and Billie was out. Out in public, dressed *en femme*. I held Billie as tightly as I could.

“Calm, calm, calm,” I said. “Stay calm. Remember the pizza boy – he was taken in, wasn’t he?”

“I guess so,” Billie said.

A group of boys walked passed us. Fortunately, I didn’t recognise them but they raised their eyes as we passed. Billie scuffed on, holding my arm tightly. We walked down the steps and we were out. It was only a short walk to the shopping centre and the shoe shop and in no time Billie was seated on a suede effect couch having his dainty little feet measured. I did all the talking. I felt like his mother – the assistant must have thought it was odd that I choose the shoes but it did not interfere with her service for soon Billie was the proud owner of some low-heeled ankle boots. I said he would wear them and the young assistant pulled off the labels and Billie slipped them onto his feet. I paid and we left the shop.

For the first time Billie laughed. “That’s better.”