

HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME

By Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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A HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME

A novel by Miss Deena Gomersall

Preparing for a Holiday

My name is Charlie, Charlie Webster.

When I was much younger, I was a totally confused young man, unsure of who and what I was, or what I wanted in life or even what I wanted to be. In short, I had all of the mixed up crazy things that go through the mind of every adolescent youth.

Yes, I was a boy. There was no confusion there. I joined in the sports and physical education classes with all the other boys in school. All of my close friends were boys; and yet, I felt I was somehow different to them.

I tolerated sports more than enjoyed doing them, though I was quite good at gymnastics. I hated undressing and showering amongst all of the other boys afterwards, and I also had a problem going to the bathroom. There was just no way that I could relieve myself at the urinals if there was anyone else standing there.

Maybe I couldn't pee in public because I felt somehow inadequate. It's true that I was the runt of my family, the youngest and smallest of four, all brother's and no sisters. I was smallest in my class at school too, only being five foot six. I was slightly built with narrow shoulders and an elfin like face, which was a reason why I always avoided fights. I abhorred fighting and I didn't even like getting into the rough and tumble type of games that my friends all played. I was hardly a jock. Puny would be far more descriptive of me.

As I got older the other boys began making hurtful suggestions, saying that I was gay and a sissy. Nothing could have been further from the truth. I adored and worshipped girls. There were many that I really fancied in school, but I was always too shy to approach them. The way that I figured it, they would laugh at me and embarrass me if I asked them for a date. I mean, why on earth should they want me when there were so many big, much more macho boys around?

So, I may not have won any dates but, as I came into my mid teens, I did acquire a great many female friends. The girls could respond to me, I realized. I was one guy who they felt they could trust, one guy they knew was not just out for what he could get. Especially the girls who believed the rumors that I was gay, and one guy they felt they could confide in.

Of course, being in the company of girls for much of my time yet not dating any of them only added fuel to the allegations that I was queer. This caused the rest of the guys, even those whom I regarded as being my closest friends, to turn away from me, leaving me nothing but girl friends. If I didn't want to become a total loner, I needed the girls' company and friendship.

In this way, I found that I was allowed into the forbidden secrets of womanhood. I learnt much in the way of how girls thought, their likes and dislikes, what they really thought of men (which wasn't very much at all), and even the more intimate topics. They openly talked in front of me as if I were one of them. I learned about underwear, menstrual problems, boyfriend troubles and much more. I would always take an active interest, watching them as they applied makeup to their faces and make themselves look more beautiful than ever.

All the girls felt they could trust me, but none of them had any idea how I really felt about them, how I thought they were so lovely, like fine porcelain, and how I wished I had the courage to ask them out.

As I learned and understood more and more about a girl's lifestyle, from a girl's perspective, I began to envy them for what they were, envy their lifestyle. How much easier, more delightful and less complicated a girl's life was to mine. I envied how they always looked so pretty; they could let their hair grow long and free and put it in a multitude of styles. The way that they always looked so fresh, clean and dainty in their dresses and white knee socks, their buckled Mary Jane shoes and the soft wispy slips that showed just under the hem of their dresses.

My own clothing was made of thick, heavy material in somber colors. My socks were scratchy and my shoes scuffed, flat and boring. I often wondered why girls got to wear all the light, airy clothing with so many styles and choices to match whatever way they were feeling, while I and other boys had much less choice. And all of it was plain and heavy.

The girls invited me into their world, but I could only ever look and admire it, never share in it.

As I got older I started to become frustrated, seeing all of the other boys in school, including all of those who had been my friends, start pairing up with the girls and going out on dates with them in the evenings. My own closeness with girls always being restricted to just being good friends.

I really wanted a girlfriend of my own, a girl to go out with on dates, to share things with and to be close to. But I was far too shy to approach a girl directly in case of rebuke. I'd had several of those already.

At one point I tried placing adverts in the singles columns, writing the usual stuff about myself. You know: nice natured guy, kind, honest sincere with a warm and loving personality. The trouble with that was that most decent girls didn't believe that any man had such qualities, having been badly hurt by all the wrong sorts in the past. The majority of the 'other' kind of girls didn't want a 'pretty, nice boy' type. They looked for the rough and rugged macho type men. Why is it that women complain about being mistreated by men, but still mostly choose that kind of guy?

The suggestion that I was gay again raised its ugly head as it became apparent that I was the only boy in my year who was not dating. This brought some of the bullies to try picking fights with me, telling me to prove that I wasn't gay. Because I didn't like hurting people and moreover had no desire to get hurt myself, I did the only thing I could do in the circumstances. I ran away. This act had the effect of even further labeling me as a wimp, a coward and a sissy boy.

I got no support from my father or my older brothers. They only told me to fight and stick up for myself, as they would do. That I never did only led them to feel ashamed of me.

That my girl friends told me to just ignore my tormentors, saying I was a far better person than any of them, was of no consolation at all to me. The only thing that kept me sane through it all was my sense of humor and bright personality.

Even at home things were difficult. My three older brothers would bait me and forced me to clean up after them. There were times I almost felt like they were treating me as their sister rather than their brother; and sometimes I felt it would be better if I were. If I were their sister then I would probably be given more respect from them, and they would not bully me or push me about as much.

It was on times such as these, when my spirits were low, I would often lay upon my bed and wonder if things really would have been better had I been born a girl. I would wonder what it would be like even just to live in a girls world, wear their clothes, make my face up prettily and wear my hair long like they do.

I would cast my mind back to days that were hot and humid, when I would feel stuffy in my thick heavy clothing. The girls, in their light airy dresses and bare legs, looked so cool. They never looked hot or flustered like me or the other boys did. Girls had a choice; they could choose a dress, a skirt or a pair of shorts to wear. They could wear ankle socks, nylons or just go bare legged. They could wear their hair down, put it up or even have it cut in a short, chic, feminine style. They could wear flat shoes, pumps with low, medium or high heels, or wear strappy sandals. They could enhance their beauty with makeup and jewelry. Yes, girls had it made!

Girls were never rushed because nobody ever expected it of them. Most of the girls in my class would just sit and chat while they filed and polished their nails. Boys, on the other hand, if they had finished their revisions, would be given tasks to do, often heavy manual work. If only I could just for a short while sample a girls life, how much more pleasant, less fraught and more enjoyable life would be...

Don't get me wrong, I liked being a boy. I didn't want to physically be a girl, just to enjoy their lifestyle, looking and feeling like they did on a day to day basis, being able to find out for myself how they felt and how the clothes they wore felt to wear.

No, I certainly had no desire to be a girl if it meant having to date boys as part of the norm. I liked girls too much to exchange them for boys. And, as I didn't have the remotest attraction towards guys, especially knowing how rough, nasty, mean and scheming they were, I had no desire at all to ever want to date one, whether I was a real girl or not.

I think, if I had been born a girl, then I would have become a lesbian. Even that was far nicer than if a boy dated another boy. Many guys saw lesbianism as an erotic act while viewing homosexuality in guys as disgusting and perverse. I held these same views myself. There was nothing more of a turn-on to me than imagining two stunning, shapely, smooth-bodied women with full bouncing breasts, long shapely legs and willowy arms kissing and fondling one another. Yes, I could certainly go for that. Two hairy guys groping each other, however... I didn't even want to think of it.

There then came a time in my life, when I was still sixteen, that Mom and Dad, after a troubled marriage, separated and then divorced. Dad set up a new home with a woman he had been secretly seeing for the previous two years. At the same time, my eldest brother, Jack, brought his girlfriend, Trudy, into the family home to live with us.

Trudy, in a word, was a doll. At twenty years of age, she had long, soft blonde hair, a body to die for and legs that seemed to go on and on, right up into her armpits. She would always wear the most amazing, sexiest of clothing, which hugged and contoured around her every curve. And with a body such as she had, why not?

Trudy would often leave items of her clothing discarded around the bedroom or the bathroom. When nobody was home I would enjoy picking them up and feeling their fabric, rubbing the soft materials against my face and smelling the perfumes and scents that Trudy wore while they still lingered in their fibers. There were times, I was often embarrassed to find, that I would wonder what the clothes would feel like on my body; what it would be like to wear such soft sensuous clothing. I would have an overwhelming urge to try them on but, whether it was a fear of being caught or just a sense that it was wrong, that boys just did not wear that kind of clothing, I never did. I couldn't even understand why I should have such ideas.

I knew that the clothes would fit me because at five feet six inches, Trudy was the same height as me. We both took the same size thirty-nine shoe, so I also knew her sexy, spaghetti strap sandals with their towering four inch spiked heels would also fit me. Trudy wore high heels so that she looked taller next to Jack, who was just over six feet tall.

Although I never did experience the wearing of Trudy's clothes, from that time on, whenever I saw a young, attractive girl, bedecked in sexy, feminine clothes, I would wonder what they may feel like to wear. Sometimes I wished I was a girl just so that I could try them on without guilt.

Then something happened that was to change my whole life. I was reading one of my mom's newspapers and noticed an article about transvestites. This was something new to me. The article concerned some guy who had been fired from his place of work after turning up there dressed as a woman. He was now suing the company for unfair dismissal.

It wasn't so much the court case that astounded me but that some guy was dressing and living, full-time, as a woman. That whole notion just intrigued and excited me. How I wished I had the nerve to do something like that. The very idea had me becoming aroused.

I had heard the word 'transvestite' mentioned before but never took too much notice as to its meaning. I had always felt as if I were abnormal in my own desires to dress in female things, as if I was a freak. But now I knew that there were others like me, many others according to the article. Some of them did their dressing in secret, while others openly flaunted it and even dressed like the opposite sex every day.

Knowing that I was not alone in the world with my 'fetish' was not to say that I immediately fulfilled my burning desire to dress. I didn't. I still felt too afraid of being

caught wearing such clothes or of even tearing and ruining Trudy's things. If I had been caught wearing women's clothes I would have felt so guilty and embarrassed that I'd have ran away, not able to face anyone ever again. Or, if I had torn or smudged any of Trudy's clothes, I knew that Jack would have beaten me up for it, before humiliating me over what I had done.

So my wonderment at what it would be like to dress as a girl went unanswered and suppressed.

Over the next few years I was to see newspaper and magazine articles all the time about men who wore women's clothing. I even saw a number of television programs on the subject, things like documentaries and chat shows.

Through these programs I also learned about transsexualism, which was a desire for a man not just to dress in clothing of the opposite sex but to change his sex and actually become a woman. The thought of such possibilities was really exciting to me, but I also knew that it was not something that I wanted.

I then met Annie. Well, she actually approached me, via her friend, and she told me that she had been noticing me for ages. Annie became my first girlfriend and, through her, I had to suppress even more the desire to dress up as a girl.

Like Trudy before her, I found I had a real admiration for the clothes that she wore and a yearning to experience the feel of wearing them. Her clothes looked real good on her but I knew that, on me, they would probably just look ridiculous.

There was no way that I wanted to put our relationship in jeopardy by having her catch me wearing her clothes. And, again, I still had this feeling of guilt if I ever were to do anything like that. So again, I didn't do anything at all.

Things remained as they were. Eventually Jack and Trudy moved out of our house to live in a place of their own. Michael, my second eldest brother, moved out of the house at around the same time. Colin, who is just two years older than I am, found a job working abroad.

I had recently broken up with Annie. Actually, she had dumped me. Mom was seeing some new guy called Mathew and would be out most evenings with him, so that meant I was usually left home alone.

I was twenty-one at this time and working in an office as a clerk. From my wages I had started to buy and horde a collection of transvestite magazines. I had still never worn, even though I now had ample opportunity, any item of female apparel. But the fascination and desire to do so was back and stronger than ever.

I could not believe how good and how convincing the men in the magazines looked. I felt full of envy when I read how many of them made it normal practice to go out to clubs and bars, fully dressed and made up as beautiful women. How did they have the nerve to do it? I would just wish that I had the courage to do the same thing myself.

Then an idea began to form in my mind. I had some vacation coming up. I would never dare walk around the streets of my own small town dressed as a girl, and I still didn't dare try dressing up at home in case Mom ever came home unexpectedly with

her boyfriend. But what if I were to go somewhere where I knew nobody knew me, like on a seaside resort?

If I were to have the experience of dressing up as a girl, then I didn't want to spoil it by being afraid of Mom walking in on me, or of hardly daring to walk down a nearby street in case someone came along. No, if I were to do it then I wanted the thrill and the adrenaline rush that I would get by walking with my head held high. There was a campsite just far enough away that I would have complete anonymity. I knew that I would have to leave town, so I began to figure out what I needed to take with me.

Shoes were a problem. I really fancied trying high, stiletto heels, but decided I would be better with a more moderate, flatter heel in case I found I just could not walk in heels when I got there. I ordered a pair of loafers and a pair of elastic strapped sandals that had a two and a half inch block heel.

I didn't expect to ever dare expose my legs by wearing a short dress or skirt, but I also ordered two pair of pantyhose. I figured I could at least try them on and enjoy their feel in the seclusion of my caravan.

It wasn't until the order had been posted off that I thought about their delivery. What if my mom opened up the packages and found parcels, addressed to me, all containing female clothing? Still, there was nothing I could do about it now. The order was on its way.

I fell lucky when I found a book in a Goodwill shop that was about women's hair-styles. Quickly looking through the pages, I saw that it contained styles for shorter hair. My hair was not long, but longish. Longer than many guys my age. It was a boring ash blonde. I decided to buy the book, as I would need to do something with my hair. I took it nervously up to the sales counter, expecting the woman to give a funny look, as if asking, "What do you want a book on women's hairstyles for?"

However, she never even batted an eye. She just took the book, wrapped it and gave it back to me.

All the holiday details came through the post on the same day my parcels arrived from the mail order company. Luckily it was a day when Mom had gone off to the hair-dressers. I took everything upstairs and hid them the best I could, until I had a time to investigate everything in more detail. That time came the same night, after I had gone off to bed.

I eagerly opened each packet and inspected the contents, feeling an excitement in my groin with the knowledge that these soft and dainty women's clothes had been bought for the sole purpose of being worn by me. If I didn't lose my nerve, I would be wearing them outside, disguising myself as a woman.

I actually had an urge to try them on then and there, for fit and feel, but was scared to. The lifelong conditioning planted in me from an early age, that men wore one type of clothing while women wore another, constantly nagged at me that it was wrong. But I was determined to fight and overcome that conditioning, only not just yet.

As the time for my holiday drew ever closer, I wondered about all manner of things I should need or need to do. I was contemplating buying a wig even though my hair was fairly long for a man and was all grown out bushily. I reckoned that a wig would aid my disguise while also softening the more masculine features of my face.

I had noticed several advertisements for mail order wigs in both newspapers and magazines and decided to send away for a couple of brochures.

Checking again what I had already acquired, I believed that I was almost there. Two pairs of women's slacks, one in white and the other in blue. Four woolly tops and four feminine tee shirts. Five pairs of lacy Tanga briefs in a multitude of colors. Two bras, one lacy and one plain satin with underwiring. Two skirts and one dress Trudy had left behind, which would be for wearing inside the caravan. Makeup that had been acquired from both Mom and Trudy. Two bottles of nail varnish, one a glossy red the other a deep pink, also left behind by Trudy. A pair of slip on, low heeled shoes and a pair of block heeled sandals with elasticized straps. A hair brush, a pair of clip-on earrings (Mom's), several dress rings (bought from a Goodwill store for my girlfriend) and a ladies red quilted blouson type jacket (also from a Goodwill store, a "present for my sister"). Yes, I was almost there.

"Charlie, do you know anything about this?" Mom was asking as she showed me a large envelope which had been posted through the door.

"Uh, what is it?" I inquired dumly.

"Well, it's addressed to a Miss C. Webster... The envelope has an insignia on it that says Locks Natural Wigs."

"Oh, I reckon I know what it will be. I've had this sort of thing before. Someone in some office or other cursers through a directory of all those who have purchased something from a mail order company at some time or other. Then they post out their own brochures to the addresses. It looks like they have come across my name and posted their junk mail to me."

"But it says MISS C. Webster," Mom stressed as she began to open it up.

"That's an old ploy that they use. They come across a male name at an address but are wanting to post something for females. They then put Miss as if it is an error, yet hope that a female member of the household will look at it. I bet the wigs are all for women in there."

"Yes, they are," Mom confirmed as she skimmed through the pages.

"See? I told you the kind of things that these people will try. Well, I definitely don't need a woman's wig. And, unless you do, I suggest you just throw it in the trash."

Mom did, and I felt both relieved and proud of myself for my quick thinking. I waited until neither Mom nor her boyfriend Mat were around before deftly retrieving the brochure and scampering upstairs with it.

I was getting nervous. My holiday was less than two weeks away. I had never gone anywhere on my own before, and yet, not only was I now planning to go away by myself but I was planning to walk around dressed as a woman when I got there. I was even considering walking among people!

More worrying still, I had sent off for one of the wigs and it had still not been delivered. I was panicking in case it arrived after I had gone on my vacation. What if Mom opened it up and saw what was inside? How on earth would I explain that away?

The following morning I answered a knock on the front door. On opening up, I found it was our mailman.

"Good morning, Charlie. I got a parcel that needs to be signed for. It's, er, addressed to a Miss Webster?"

"Yeah, that'll be for me. The stupid firm has a typo error in the computer system. I've complained lots of times before but they still haven't rectified it," I lied.

"I get quite a few letters and parcels like that to deliver. Some blonde air-head somewhere types into a database while she does her nails, puts in some wrong information, usually the zip code, then downloads it into the system. Good job yours isn't some legal document... Miss!" he joked.

Signing for the box and thanking the mailman, I rushed upstairs with my newest possession before Mom got back home. The wig was all folded up in a hairnet and, when I took it out and tried it on, I ended up with a mass of hair and curls atop of my head. I looked ridiculous!

My suitcase was all packed up and I was ready to go. This was going to be one huge adventure for me, a trip into the unknown, and I hadn't a clue how things would go.

Mom's boyfriend Mat had kindly offered to run me to the train station. Kissing Mom goodbye, I put my case in the trunk and climbed into the passenger side of his car.

"I hope you have a nice time dear. Do please be careful," Mom warned. "And phone me when you arrive so that I know you have got there safely."

"Okay, I will Mom. And you and Matthew take advantage of having the house to yourself," I told her as the car moved off.

I was hardly able to believe it! I was there, I had arrived, by myself on a holiday, but it all seemed like a dream. I was awash with conflicts of emotion. I felt nervous, apprehensive, and even a little scared. I felt panicky but I also felt exhilarated. I was unsure of how things would go yet I felt excited.

Here I was, on my own, well away from my home and my family for three whole weeks. Could I survive on my own? Manage by myself? I had never been independent

before. Mom had always been there, buying the groceries, doing the washing, managing the house, cooking and cleaning. I had always been so dependent on her.

I wondered if I would get homesick. Would the thrill of wearing women's clothes not come up to expectations? Or, even if I did enjoy wearing them, would it wear thin after only a few days? Or would I even feel ashamed of what I was doing? Moreover, I was here for three weeks by myself. Would I feel lonely?

Such thoughts had invaded my mind to such a degree that I had scarcely taken note of the bus journey from the coach station to the holiday resort.

But here I was at reception, collecting the keys to my caravan and being given a map of the campsite. According to the map the caravan that I would be living in was on the far side of the camp, over by the cliffs.

My caravan, when I arrived, I found to be rather small and yet spacious enough for my simple needs. It had been well designed to use as much room and accommodate as much furniture as possible. It was a two berth caravan with a single bedroom and a double bed. When I made my reservation I decided I may as well have the luxury of a double bed.

There was a small refrigerator, a sink, cupboard space, a table and three chairs, and a small portable television. Each room had a built in closet where the bedding was stored, and there was a set of drawers in the room with the double bed.

I began unpacking, moving all of my male clothes (not too many) from the top of the suitcase and laying them out on top of the bed. I then began taking out the female things and putting them away in the drawers and closet.

With a sense of mischief I began laying or hanging some of my feminine things in eye view. I hung a dress up in the dining area, placed the pair of sandals over by the door and lay about various items of makeup. I was wanting to give the impression that it was a woman who was staying here and enjoying the thrill in knowing I was that woman. But, even though I knew nobody would possibly call on me, I was nervous in case anyone did disturb me. I didn't want anyone to see all the feminine things while knowing only a man was staying in the caravan. My bottle went and, reluctantly, I removed everything again.

Once I had fully settled in and was all unpacked I felt the urge to at last have my first experience wearing women's clothes. I was eager to discover how they would feel on my body and what I would look like wearing them.

Such an experience, unfortunately, was going to have to be delayed. I really needed to get some groceries and other provisions in from the campsite store and so, reluctantly again, I delayed the moment and set off on foot back to the campsite center.

The campsite, I found, had everything. Had I just come here to enjoy myself, especially with a family, I would have had a great time. It seemed almost a waste that I was here with just one purpose in mind.

There were amusement arcades and fast food vendors everywhere. There were bars, cabaret bars, bingo halls, a launderette, everything. If I did totally chicken out of dressing up to go out at least I now knew there would be plenty for me to do over the next three weeks.

Once I was back at my caravan with several large bags of groceries, I sat down with a cup of tea to reflect on things so far. This was all a new experience and achievement for me. I was independent for the first time in my life. I could do what I wanted, wear what I wanted, go where I wanted and eat what and where I wanted.

For the first time in my life I felt free, my own person, I felt alive and it was a great feeling. I could hold back no more, I now had the great desire to try on my new female clothing, and I even had the fancy to cook my first meal while dressed as a woman, fantasizing that I was a woman, alone on holiday, cooking for herself.

My heart was beating like a drum as I took out the first few items of clothing. I really wanted to put them on, but I was also terrified of doing so. That silly nagging voice in my head that it was wrong would not quit.

Fighting against it, I opened up a pack of pantyhose. Following the instructions on the reverse of the pack, I rolled up first one leg and then the other, working the silky soft material up to and over both ankles.

Their feel was sensational, but I was scared that I had bought a pair that were far too small or that I would tear them in trying to pull them on. I proceeded to pull and straighten the hose until they were fully up to the tops of my legs and comfortably positioned over my bottom, leaving my legs looking shiny and glamorous.

I had a sense of achievement, along with a feeling of extreme excitement. It just happened to make my penis spring to attention and ruin the whole moment for me.

Next I pulled on the cotton and lace Tanga briefs, working them up my now smooth, nylon encased legs. I let these too mold themselves over my derriere. How snug and wonderful they felt; I was in heaven.

I now had a desire to put on a skirt or even a dress so as to see and feel the full effect, but I still felt nervous about being caught wearing such things. I decided that if I just wore women's slacks and someone came to the caravan I would get away with it if they failed to realize the pants were, in fact, women's slacks.

I knew how stupid all of this irrational thinking was. There was as much chance of someone calling at my caravan as there was my winning the national lottery. My fears were all being caused by guilt, the guilt that I shouldn't be wearing women's clothes, that it was wrong.

Wrong or not, I proceeded to put on the pair of white cotton slacks that I had brought with me. There was one advantage in wearing slacks rather than a skirt, I supposed, in that at least the slacks would cover the hair on my legs that showed through the fine mesh of my pantyhose. It did spoil the whole effect and looked incongruous.

I had considered shaving the hair off of my legs but had then worried about anyone seeing me with hairless legs after I had returned home, such as when I came out of the shower with just a towel wrapped around my waist.

The feel of my nylon meshed legs against the soft cotton material of the female slacks simply felt delicious. The slacks hugged and clung to me much more than my ordinary pants, too. I had always expected that women's clothes would feel much softer and more comfortable than male clothing, and I was right.

Then it was dilemma time. I had chosen a blue woolly top with embroidered daisies to wear with the slacks but just couldn't decide whether I ought to wear a bra or not. Once again I was worried about someone calling and seeing me, seeing the obvious 'bumps' that would be there if I did wear a bra.

I therefore tried the top without a bra but it didn't look right at all, I looked horribly flat and the garment, because of that, didn't look especially feminine. That was good, however, in case anyone did come to the caravan. But what was the point of this holiday if I didn't use it to look like and feel like a woman or enjoy the full experience?

Pulling the top back off, I fumbled around my back to try and hook my bra clasps together. I was failing miserably, and my shoulders were beginning to ache from the unusual angle they were being held in. I decided, therefore, to close the clasps from the front then work it back around to my back; something which, at the time, I thought had been my own clever idea but later learned was done by most TV's and quite a few girls.

Filling out the cups with wads of cotton wool brought especially for the purpose, I once again pulled the top over my head and worked it down my frame. Now I was suddenly, and rather embarrassingly, 'tented out' in front. They looked just so very obvious as I glanced down upon my chest; they seemed to stick out a mile. Yet, when I looked into a mirror, they appeared to be just about the right size for the average girl of my height and build.

I decided against makeup. Again, if someone did come to the caravan I knew I could always quickly remove the bra before opening the door. But I would have no chance of wiping my face clean of makeup. I did try the wig on, though.

The hair of the wig covered my ears and fell softly onto my shoulders. While my face did not look particularly womanly without the aid of any makeup, I decided, just as long as I didn't look into a mirror, I could pretend that I did really look like a woman.

Nail varnish was decided against for the same reason as the makeup, but I did clip the earrings onto my lobes and added a couple of dress rings to my fingers.

Last but not least, I slipped my feet, which felt and looked great in the pantyhose, inside the flat heeled shoes. I was now dressed, from head to toe, in women's clothes.

Almost giddily I set about cooking my very first meal in the caravan. The clothes just felt so soft and so comfortable on me. My stocking feet felt so free and unrestricted in the shoes, so different from wearing thick heavy, hot socks. I adored the freedom that these clothes gave me.

The earrings and the wig, however, were something else. The earrings were beginning to pinch my earlobes and, what with the heat emanating from the cooker, the wig was beginning to feel hot and uncomfortable on my head.

Before I had finished cooking my meal both the wig and the earrings had been removed. I still felt girlish, but not as pinched or encumbered.

I remained in the same clothes for the remainder of the evening, enjoying their feel and comfort, feeling girlish, but not profoundly so.

The slacks, while different from a man's, were nevertheless still similar to a man's pants. Similarly the top, while feminine, wasn't too dissimilar to a guy's sweatshirt, other than the twin mounds that protruded underneath, of course.

What I'm saying is that what I wore, although female, wasn't that different from things I might normally wear. I would have felt much more femininely dressed if I had the nerve to wear a dress or a skirt.

It was only my first day, however. I would, I really would, do much more before the three weeks were up. I would force myself. My main goal, if I could summon up enough nerve, would ultimately be to go outside dressed as a woman, walk around in a skirt and heels, feeling the wind on my legs. Oh, what a thrill that would be, but how nerve racking at the same time.

As the time to finally settle down on my first night finally came, I disrobed from my first ever female attire and slipped into a full length, lacy nightgown, which I had brought along. It was another item left by Trudy. The nightgown felt scintillating against my skin. I could definitely get used to wearing such items for sleeping in.

After a day of getting up early, traveling and all the planning, I certainly felt tired as I slipped between the crisp, clean bedsheets. And yet sleep did not come easily. I had too much going on in my mind. What I had done, the whole day, so far, as a whole troubled me. What would I dare do tomorrow and what would I dare wear? Would I really have the courage to go out dressed? If so, what if someone did see me and saw that I was a man?

What a strange but delightful sensation! Waking up in an unfamiliar bed was strange enough, but waking to the feel of soft silky nylon caressing my body was just so unusual. It was nice.

I stretched my arms and legs languidly, feeling my legs brushing against the nightgown as I did. I felt so relaxed, so wonderful and so unhampered that I barely wanted to get out of bed. I just wanted to lay there enjoying all of the exquisite sensations.

When I did finally get up I slipped my feet into my slippers, wishing I had brought women's slippers with me, such as those with the fuzz at the front. I'd have especially

liked a pair of those high heeled mules that some women wear. How feminine I'd have felt then.

Nevertheless, I adored pacing up and down the caravan with the slinky nightgown caressing my legs at every stride as I fixed my breakfast. I knew that all too soon, however, I would have to face the day dressed in my own things and go outside.

I left doing both until as late as possible. When I did finally disrobe, though, I plucked up enough courage to be secretly feminine.

First, and with great care, I decided to paint my toenails with the red lacquer that I had brought with me. I found it to be very awkward and uncomfortable to bend forward so that I could paint each nail, and it was even more awkward trying to keep my toes out of the way of each other.

I realized, perhaps for the very first time, just how much toes overlapped one another. This fact came to light when I began to notice that the backs of some of my toes were becoming sticky from having rested on toenails that had still not dried properly.

In an act of ingenuity I gathered a couple of setting rollers that I had brought along on a whim. These were bendy, twisty wires with a soft spongy casing, designed to roll up and twist around segments of hair. I found that, by intertwining through the toes of each foot, I could keep the toes separated until the lacquer was dry.

As well as my toenails being painted, I decided to wear both my pantyhose and panties underneath my male pants. They still felt nice but not quite as sensuous as with women's slacks.

I did have some reservations about doing these things. Hence I needed to pluck up the courage. I mean, what if I were knocked down by a car or something and rushed to hospital! But I had to stop worrying about all of these remote possibilities and start taking a chance now and again.

Along with my black pants I wore a white, crew necked woolen top, lace up hiking boots and the red padded coat I had bought. The coat could be fastened on either side so as to be worn by either males or females. As the weather was overcast plus the fact that I did not have anything warmer, I decided the coat would be useful.

The coat did look more feminine than masculine, especially with it being bright red and quilted. I took advantage of this by brushing my longish hair a little bit more femininely so that I created a more ambiguous look. What with my fair, soft skin, elfin like face, small size and stature and my hair now brushed over my ears and forehead, I wondered if anyone might, from a distance, take me for being a girl.

As I walked around the campsite, I discovered a number of interesting things about the camp. One was that there was a full program of entertainment and things to do for the holiday makers, without even needing to leave the campsite.

The men were well catered for with several bars and pool halls. There were a number of gaming halls and an activity center for the kids, entertainment for all the family, and even things for just the women while their kids were doing the assault courses and the husbands and boyfriends were out fishing or playing snooker.

I bought a couple of hot dogs to eat while I walked around, and I took note of if anyone was taking notice of me. The truth was, however, that nobody gave me as much as a glance. Everyone was much too busy talking to others in their company or just doing their own thing.

Even when I consciously stared at people to see if they looked back at me they didn't. I almost felt that, had I been wearing a dress and heels, I would have got the same reaction, only they would have subconsciously thought they were walking past a female rather than a male. But nobody would be looking to see if the person wearing the female clothing was in fact a male. Why should they?

I returned back to the caravan at about 2:00 PM. Slipping off my boots and my socks, I enjoyed the feel of the nylon caressing my feet and the feminine appearance of my red painted toenails showing through the diaphanous material.

By 8:30, I was starting to get bored and wholly fed up with being inside the caravan. I decided that I wanted to take a walk, just to stretch out my legs and get some fresh air inside my lungs. I was trying to decide whether or not to do it as a woman.

Now that the possible moment was here, I was frightened, terrified in fact. Yet, deep inside, a part of me was encouraging me, daring me to do go ahead and do it, do exactly what I had come here to do.

I looked out of the caravan door before daring to commit myself, whether I should or not. I felt so nervous that it was unbearable. "But why?" I asked myself. "They are only clothes. Girls go out in men's clothes all the time."

Yet, no way could I muster up the courage to go out dressed femininely, not just yet. I had three weeks to achieve my objective, and so I decided to take it one step at a time. I would try going out half and half, presenting myself, from a distance, as a figure that could be taken either as male or, from a little closer, as female. But I didn't want to get close to anyone. I just dared to go outside with that possibility, enough to give me a buzz.

I put on my bra and padded it out so that, if I was seen from close up, it would appear that I had breasts. I pulled a white woolen top over the bra and then pulled on a pair of pantyhose and panty briefs. Over the top of these I wore a pair of worn and faded blue jeans.

Putting my feet into the slip-on shoes, I now had an exposed gap between the hem of my jeans and the tops of my shoes that showed off my ankles and revealed, to any close observer, that I was wearing hose under the jeans. Even that was scary, as, if anyone saw me, saw the flash of nylon and could tell I was a man, they would know I was wearing female underthings.

To finish off, I smeared some red lipstick across my lips and stroked mascara onto my eyelashes, just to give myself more of a girlish appearance in case I did run into anyone. That done, I brushed my own hair downwards into a more feminine style, clipped earrings onto my lobes and put on my red quilted jacket.

Now if I was seen by anyone from close range, they would either see I was a male and take me as being some sissy, or they would believe I was a real girl.