



Reluctant Press presents:

MUMMY'S GIRL

Charlotte Mayo



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2008, *Reluctant Press* - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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

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

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

Mummy's Girl

BY Charlotte Mayo

My mother was... is...a beautiful, feminine woman. Looking back now, I can see why she wanted a daughter... .. to dress in pretty clothes... for company when she went shopping and to have girly chats. Having three sons must have been torture to her, especially as Dad was the macho type who wanted to take his boys camping and fishing. When she became unexpectedly pregnant with her fourth child, I suppose she thought it was divine intervention – all that praying at church every Sunday had finally paid off. Imagine her disappointment when I was born; a bouncy, bubbly, cuddly, little boy.

She even bought girls clothes for me – little bonnets and pieces in pink. When she became pregnant, my Dad insisted she had an abortion but, being a good Catholic, she refused. My Dad virtually disowned me at birth – Mum had disobeyed him and that was that – she could bring me up. My three brothers were a lot older than me; Andrew was born in 1958; James was born in 1960 and Charles was born in 1963. That laves me, born in 1970.

My parents, Georgina and Richard were wealthy – or at least Dad was. He was ten years older than Mum and saw her as a trophy wife – he was very much of the old school. Men were men and women were, well, women. He expected her to do womanly things like cook, clean, sew, keep house. Not that my mother ever had to do any of those things - we were rich enough to afford a domestic who came in a couple of times a week. My mother had to look pretty and be on hand to welcome Dad home from work. She also had to run the house, which meant she planned the meals and acted as hostess when entertaining at home. Mum was quite feminine but I guess she got a bit bored with the domestic life. Dad wasn't sensitive and didn't much care for feminine things and womanly concerns so Mum was probably a bit lonely too – hence her hankering for a daughter, a soul mate, a friend.

I must have been a huge disappointment. Mum knew she would not get another chance to have a baby. Mum was 35 and Dad was 45 when she became unexpectedly preg-

nant once more. Dad made sure it could not happen again – he had the snip. No, I was the end of the Graham line. Number Four. Philip Graham.

To compound Mum's heartbreak at giving birth to yet another boy, her friend from the horse riding stables, Olivia, gave birth to a child three months earlier, a girl, who was named Annette. It must have been agonising for Mum, so cruel, such a nauseating twist of fate; certainly Mum thought so. Life had been unfair to her, she thought. From then on, every telling off I received would end with the admonishment, "Why could you have not been born a girl?"

I was born in June; on a hot, summer's day in July, when Dad was at work and my brothers were at school, Mum dressed me in a little bonnet and pink baby wear and pushed the pram out of the house. I was a girl, at least for a few hours as she pushed the silver pram along the street. It became something of a habit. Fearing she'd be recognised close to home, after that first trip she would drive to another area where she wasn't recognised and push me through a strange town awaiting the coos, ohhhs and ahhs from other mothers, who'd say what a pretty little thing I was with lovely rosy cheeks and girlish curls.

That lasted until the baby things were found in the wash basket by Andy. Mum had to think on her feet and she told him that Olivia's washing machine had broken down. It was a close shave, though, and I believe she stopped dressing me up as a baby girl.

Of course, I was oblivious to all this. I don't know if it had any effect on me, subconsciously I mean, but what I do remember well was the first time Mum dressed me properly.

It happened like this. I've already said her best friend, Olivia, had a baby daughter a few months before Mum had me. Olivia and Mum were close and would go riding together. Olivia was well aware that Mum wanted a girl and had been disappointed when I had been born. Olivia's daughter Annette and I used to play together and, like all young children, we would dig deep into the dressing-up box that Olivia provided in the nursery. Of course, the box contained a number of female garments which I tried on, oblivious to society's conventions. That gave Mum an idea. When I was about four, Olivia and Mum said they had a surprise for me and dressed me in one of Annette's dresses. I played with Annette all afternoon in the back garden dressed in a pretty pink summer dress with buttons up the back and white cotton socks. After that it became quite a regular thing.

Mum and I would visit Olivia's house and Annette and I would all play dressing games. Annette would want to play "house" or with dolls and that's what I did too. If I complained, which I believe I did once or twice, Annette would cry and scream and stamp her foot and that would bring Mum and Olivia racing into the nursery where my cantankerousness would be dealt with by way of a stinking smack and a period facing the wall. Even at that age, Annette knew how to get her own way!

As time went on, the games became more extensive with Olivia and Mum actually buying me dresses! I was even taken on shopping trips in a dress. Mum let my hair grow so the subterfuge would be complete.

The skirts around my legs made me feel funny, awkward and exposed but I enjoyed holding hands with Annette – being her friend. No one ever said a word about me being a

boy. In fact, the opposite was true; often, Annette and I would be told what lovely friends we were and wasn't it wonderful for two girls to behave and play so beautifully together. By this time, Mum had christened me "Philippa" which was the name she had chosen for her new born had the baby been a girl.

How did I feel? I don't know, not really. Philippa was like my alter-ego – the girl in me that came out around Olivia's house. I'd be lying if I tried to deny that I enjoyed it. The attention, the warmth, the love. Sometimes, I could barely conceal my delight when Mum said to me, "Philip, Olivia's phoned – she's invited us around for tea tomorrow."

Mum would smile and her eyes would twinkle and I knew that by the next afternoon I'd be sitting on the floor in Annette's nursery playing with dolls, brushing their coarse hair and selecting costumes for them. My toy garage and cars that I played with at my house would be dispatched back to the box in the corner where I kept my meagre supply of boy toys. You see, another thing was that I had no friends; Annette was my best and only friend and I loved her like a sister, I really did. I was like Pip in "Great Expectations," captivated and mystified by the beautiful, but unobtainable, Estella.

With everything that has gone on since, I now suspect that Mum planned it all on purpose. Me not mixing with boys, I mean. Harsh? Cynical? I don't think so. She enrolled me in a school a long way from our home – a different school from Annette's. She had to drive me to school each day and pick me up, which was not so common in those days. That meant it was impossible to have friends around without prior agreement and Mum would never give it, simple as that. I was just not allowed to have friends around to play. Sometimes my brothers would play with me or help me build a castle but most of the time I was on my own. That's why I looked forward to my trips to Olivia's house to see Annette.

Somehow, I knew not to tell my brothers of the dressing-up games we played around Olivia's house, nor the children at school. I don't remember Mum ever telling me not to tell them but it was just one of Mum's unwritten rules, "What happens in Olivia's house, stays in Olivia's house." Her husband was away a lot on business, the house was isolated and secluded without any neighbours overlooking the garden; it was an ideal haven for me to be dressed up as a little girl and sent off to play with Annette.

By this time, I was at school so the dressing games were mostly played out in the holidays – usually the summer when my brothers were away at Scout camps, sleeping over with friends or just out for the day. Being older, they had plenty of freedom and Mum was more than happy to make sure I got her undivided attention; she was very protective of me and wouldn't allow me to join the Scouts or sleep over at friends' – even if I had been invited, which I never was. I really had no friends – apart from Annette. I suppose that was why I looked forward to, and enjoyed, the dressing games – everyone making such a fuss of me, treating me like a lady, saying how pretty I looked. In truth, Mum made a fuss of me all the time, smothered me you might say. Dad just rolled his eyes and looked the other way. He hated it, but I guess he figured I wasn't his concern, he had three tough sons who played rugby and went shooting and fishing with him. Mum was free to do what she wanted, though I'm sure he would have thought differently if he had known about the dressing for that could have brought shame on the whole family.

The fact that Mum had free rein over me, and Olivia had a daughter of the same age... well I suppose it was natural that Mum indulged her fantasy and treated *me* like a girl.

And it wasn't just when I was dressed that I was treated like a girl; it was all the time. She didn't like me playing rough games and she didn't like me having male friends. Instead she liked me to be quiet and demure, she liked me to accompany her on shopping trips and to the stables – I quickly learned to ride – and even though I was dressed as a boy, I think Mum really did think of me as a girl *all the time*.

I guess that was why on the morning of Annette's seventh birthday, I found myself at Olivia's house staring at a dress, wrapped in plastic, that I was going to wear that afternoon.

Mum had even phoned the school to say I was sick so I had all day to get ready. It was going to be a surprise for Annette as well.

As soon as Dad had gone to work and my brothers had gone to school, and work, Mum drove me over to Olivia's house. It was a warm April day and the spring flowers were in bloom. As always, I sat in the back, musing about my day with Annette. Mum hadn't fussed about what I wore so I guessed I'd be subjected to wearing a dress as usual.

The first surprise was that Annette was at school. I assumed that Olivia had kept her out of school as well – but no.

As we walked into the living room, Olivia bent down in front of me.

"Philip, do you want to make Annette's birthday really special?"

I nodded.

"Then you're going to help Georgina and me. When Annette comes home with all her school friends, we're all going to have a really good time." She tapped me on the nose. "But it needs you to be a really good little boy and co-operate with your mother and me, do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Come here."

With that, she took me by the hand and led me upstairs – Mum followed behind. I'd been into Annette's bedroom plenty of times but Olivia's and her husband's bedroom was strictly off limits. That was where I was now led. It was a large front room drenched in sunlight. A thick pink quilt was draped over the bed and a large dressing table stood in one corner. My eyes took in the dressing table that was covered with pots and brushes, the large wardrobe.... and the pretty red dress wrapped in plastic hanging from a picture rail.

"Oh my, it's beautiful!" Mum said. It was clearly the first time she had seen it. She took it off the rail and held it out. She held it against her so all the skirts fanned outwards. "Don't you think it's beautiful?"

I was close to tears; I didn't know what to say. My heart missed a beat. The dress had layers of net buoying up the material and as Mum turned it, I could see a large bow on the back.

"You're going to wear it today," Mum said, "to the party."

She was smiling. Happy. And me? I felt confused. Lonely. Suddenly I wanted to be at school, not at Olivia's home, not without Annette.

"But...but...I can't," I said. My mouth felt dry.

Mum stood up straight, laughed. "Why not? You've worn dresses before!"

This was different though. This was a proper dress. I'd been taken out on shopping trips and to the park in dresses and skirts and played with Annette but that was fun. The clothes were dressing-up clothes or Annette's clothes and it had been a game. This had been bought for me. This was *my* dress. This was serious.

"Don't you want to make Annette happy?" Olivia asked.

I nodded.

"Well, come now, let's get you out of these old rags and put you into some finery. You, Sir, are going to be the prettiest, peachiest young lady you ever did see. Now less of the scowls and more of the smiles." Olivia said, pinching my cheek.

What could I say? They had it all planned out for me. So it began, the transformation. I was ordered to take off my clothes and place them on the bed. Last of all, my cotton Y fronts came off and I stood before Olivia and Mum naked, but only briefly as they averted their gaze and Mum threw me a pair of silky red knickers. I gladly pulled them up over my backside. Next I was given a slip to wear and then I was led to the dressing table.

Mum took some curling tongs from the wardrobe and worked on my hair while Olivia powdered my face. What did I feel? Excited, yet vulnerable; my heart beat in small staccato bursts; the feel of the brush on my skin, the warmth of the tongs working my hair. It was so sensual that my spine and neck tingled and my eyes watered. I closed them and let the feeling of calmness tingle down my spine. The feeling was divine. I opened them when Olivia had finished with the rouge and the lippy. I looked at myself. I was not "dressed," I was transformed. My face had become a girl's face with curly blonde hair. My young body looked like a girl's body in the pink slip.

Next I was told to place my legs out in front of me and Olivia pulled on a pair of white socks. I then stood up and was led to the bed. My attitude about the pink garment that lay on the quilt had now completely altered. Now I *wanted* to wear it, to try it on, to feel the tightness of the bodice on my chest, the skirts swishing about my legs.

Mum took the dress from its plastic wrapper, took it off the hanger, pulled down the back zip and held it on the floor. I stepped inside the circle of material and felt the nets itch. The dress was pulled up my legs to my waist, my arms slipped into the bodice, the zip was fastened and the bow tied at my back. Next, neat black silver buckle shoes were placed on my feet and I stood for the first time in front of the mirror... dressed as a pretty girl. Olivia added some jewellery and a spray of perfume and I was ready. I was unrecognisable; I was no longer Philip but Philippa.

For the rest of the day, I helped prepare for the party by carrying in nuts and crisps and cake and helping with banners and balloons.

"We knew that if we dressed you early today, you'd behave yourself, Philippa," Mum said.

"Also, it's nice for you to spend the whole day dressed, isn't it?"

I nodded, it certainly beat school, but I felt *so* different. Strange, I knew if I told anyone at school they would laugh and mock me, yet how could it be wrong to feel so good? It didn't seem long before Olivia left to pick up Annette and her friends from school. Mum made sure I looked the part and brushed my newly curled hair and straightened the bow at the back of my dress.

Then Annette's friends started to arrive, dropped off by their mothers or brought home by Olivia in her car along with Annette. I felt really nervous.

"What if they know I'm a boy?" I said to Mum.

She laughed, "Don't be silly, dear, no one will ever guess."

Annette knew, of course, and she made quite a fuss of me. I had a strange feeling, though, that this was one birthday surprise which was half-expected as she was careful to introduce me as "her bestest friend in the entire world, Philippa."

"What a lovely dress!" one girl said. "Where did you get it?"

Fortunately, Mum answered. For the rest of the afternoon, I was never far from either Mum or Olivia's sight. We played games like Pin The Tail On The Donkey and we were allowed upstairs to play with dolls or into the nursery to play with Annette's dressing up box, but we were not allowed in the garden as boys would have been.

"Do you want to get your lovely party frock dirty?" Olivia chided one girl who asked to play outside.

Then Mum appeared with her camera and took loads of photographs of us all.

"Annette can give you all copies once I get them developed," she said to Annette's friend.

Then there was the tea. I sat next to Annette as we had crisps and sandwiches, sorbet and strawberries. The girls chatted and screamed with excitement and laughed and drank their orange squash. The whole afternoon was one of girlish games, giggles and silliness and no one guessed I was a boy.

As the evening drew close, mothers and fathers collected their off spring. Mum took me upstairs, washed my face, took me out of the dress and gave me back my drab male clothes to wear. When the last guest had gone and there was just Annette, Olivia and I left in the house, Mum took me back downstairs.

Annette looked disappointed. "Oh, Philippa, why can't you be a girl all the time?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I felt awkward again now that I was back in trousers – I had gotten used to the dress. I kissed Olivia and Annette goodbye and left the house with Mum.

"I enjoyed that, Mum," I said as she drove the short distance to our house. "I really did enjoy that."

Chapter Two

Things move on and so it was with Mum, Olivia, Annette and me. Soon, Annette had her own real girlfriends to play with and didn't want to see me so much. Annette was

popular and had lots of friends. By the time I was ten, Olivia no longer allowed Mum to use her house as a “dressing room.” I guess Olivia thought it was a childish thing and I would grow out of it and Mum would stop wanting me to dress as a girl. For whatever the reason, the frequency of my dressing became less and less and stopped altogether by the time I was at secondary school. There was a strange incident, though.

The school I went to was a mixed-sex state school (my brothers went to private boarding schools – Dad said there was no money left to send me to a “proper” school”). Anyway, when I was twelve, we had to select two practical subjects; woodwork, metal work, needle work, or domestic science (cooking). I wasn’t sure what to choose – anyway, we had to bring the form home for parents to sign. Mum immediately ticked the boxes for domestic science and needlework. You could choose anything (this was the age of equality, after all); all the boys chose metal work and wood work. Me and all the girls chose needle work and domestic science – except one girl. So there I was in the needlework class. One time, we had to make a school skirt; we measured each other's waists and sewed and stitched. At the end, all the girls tried their skirts on.

“Oh Miss, it isn’t fair, Philip hasn’t tried his skirt on!”

That brought a chorus of laughter from all the other girls but soon they too were demanding to see me in the skirt. How would they know if I was a good seamstress if I didn’t wear the skirt? Eventually, the teacher ceded to their wishes and told me to go into a small ante-room and change. I took down my trousers. Hair was just beginning to grow on my thin legs. I pulled the black skirt on and pulled up the zip. It was slightly tight and I could hear the stitching start to creak. I emerged from the room to wolf whistles and cat calls. Bedlam was unleashed.

The Headmaster, Mr. Staunton, must have been striding the corridor because the classroom door flew open. He took in the scene before him. Suddenly, the room was quiet.

“Graham, what are you doing in a skirt?” he yelled.

Miss Prior, our teacher tried to cut in. “He made it and...”

Mr. Staunton wasn’t listening. “Get to my office NOW!”

I left the room and walked to his office, hoping against hope that no one saw me.

It wasn’t long before Staunton swaggered up. He asked why I was doing needle work? I told him my Mother had selected it for me.

“A mother’s boy, ah?” he said. “Stand there.”

A few minutes later, I was ushered into his study. I was told to bend over. The cane cracked against my backside and a searing pain rose through my body. Two more such strokes followed.

When I went back to change into my trousers, everyone had gone to their next lesson except Miss Prior who questioned me about the incident. She allowed me to sit in the ante-room and read until the end of the school day. I knew she felt responsible. I never told my Mum about the incident. After a few days, the teasing died down; even the bullies moved onto a new victim. I was lonely though, very lonely.

I had no friends at school and my one friend, my Mother, became less concerned about me and what I did and didn't seem interested in my dressing (for reasons I discovered later). I felt hurt but I was left to my own devices – playing games on my own in my bedroom, reading, watching TV, listening to music. I began to find myself missing the trips to Olivia's house and the dressing-up games that followed.

Bored, I even started going to the stables where Mum and Olivia kept their horses, on my own. I would muck out the horse boxes, groom the horses and take them for their exercise rides. I enjoyed talking to the girls that worked there and started fantasising about a girl called Helen. Seeing her in her tight jodhpurs and riding crop was a real turn on, especially when she was astride a horse and her breasts bounced and her backside rose up and down in rhythm to the horse's trot. Though she was much older than me – I guess she was in her early twenties - I would fantasise that she seduced me and we made love in the barn, rollicking on the hay.

Back from the stables, I would lie on my bed and masturbate over her. I was thirteen years old, my voice was beginning to break and "bum fluff" began to appear on my chin. I was becoming a man.

Helping out at the stables became my number one past-time – that and listening to music on my record player in my bedroom or on my Walkman. Then, when I was fourteen, I took a horse out for a ride. I was trotting down a bridleway when some lads roared up on bikes, spraying mud everywhere. My horse bolted and flung me the ground. Helen was over me, asking if I was all right before dashing back to the stable to summon help. I was taken to hospital concussed, with a broken leg and ribs.

I was out of school for ages; in many ways I quite enjoyed it. Mum nursed me and catered for my every whim when she was around. She was often out during the day so I had the place to myself. It wasn't long before I was ferreting around Mum's wardrobes and drawers, feeling the soft silk of her lingerie. Despite my broken leg, it was easy to try on a night dress. They were pink and shiny and soft to my skin and I would wrap myself in Mum's silk negligee.

One day, dressed in the nightdress and negligee, I was lying on the sofa eating the sandwiches Mum had prepared for me and watching TV, when a voice boomed,

"Don't get any mess on that!" It was my mother, back early from wherever she had been. She came up to me,

"That was a very expensive negligee, pure silk. And I see you are wearing my nightie. Dear me, Philip, what are we going to do with you?"

With that, she moved my broken leg onto the sofa and made me comfortable, even straightening up the nightie and negligee. I was shocked at her matter-of-fact attitude.

"Sorry," was all I could muster.

"Do you want Mummy to buy you a nightie and negligee?"

I was dumbfounded.

"Well, do you?"

I nodded.

“Same as Mummy’s?”

I nodded again.

“Well, when you’ve finished your sandwich, take those off. Then there will be no excuse for wearing Mummy’s, will there?”

And that’s what happened. She bought me a negligee and nightie. A matching set which fitted me perfectly, it was actually intended for a girl my age. I had my own room so I could lock the door and slip it on whenever Mum, Dad and Charlie were out. Charlie was twenty-one and the last of my brothers still living at home. Andrew had a place of his own and a regular girlfriend and James was travelling in the States. Charlie had a job at a local company and was looking for a place of his own.

You wonder why I mention Mum in terms of locking the door to my family? Well, even though Mum bought it for me, I still felt embarrassed about her seeing me hobbling around the house dressed in girl’s clothes. When I was young, it was OK but as an adolescent... well, I knew it was “wrong” and that the boys at my secondary school would call me “sissy” and have a field day if they knew. As I’ve said, I had few friends and though Mum wouldn’t tell them, it just didn’t seem right somehow. It just seemed as if I had to keep it a secret.

Anyway, I was lying on the sofa watching TV one day, just as I had been when Mum had caught me in her negligee when Charlie walked in!

I wasn’t close to any of my brothers and hadn’t realised that Charlie didn’t work on Wednesdays. He had been to town on his motorbike in the morning to do some shopping.

He stared open-mouthed at me as I pressed my crutch to the floor and tried to stand up.

“Philip! My God, what have you got on? Is it Mum’s?”

I nodded.

“My brother’s a Nancy boy! Who would have believed it? Dad always said you were a weirdo!! You wait until I tell him. You’re in for such a beating!” Charlie said gleefully.

I was off the sofa by then and hopped around like Long John Silver. The tears streaming down my face.

When Mum came in, I told her. She tried to stop Charlie from telling Dad but of course he did. Mum had the presence of mind to remove the offending items and place them in the wash basket. She told Dad they were hers and tried to make an excuse for me wearing them but that did not stop Dad from coming to my bedroom and belting me. Hard.

After that, I gave up dressing for a short time. The leg healed and I went back to school; to the lessons, the boredom, the noise and the shouting. However, once back into my mundane routine, it wasn’t long before I found myself drawn to Mum’s bedroom again. One night I sneaked in and stole some lingerie.

Fortunately, Charlie soon bought a flat and moved out so there was only the three of us; quite often, I was left in the house on my own after he moved out. Mum and Dad didn’t get on; Dad would often work late and Mum was often out during the day.

Sometimes, I would have a day off from school by saying I was sick. Then I would sneak into their bedroom and look at the glorious clothes in Mum's wardrobe – the neatly hanging skirts and blouses; the rows of shoes and boots; the drawers filled with expensive lingerie. Then, one day, I saw Mum in a silky gold blouse when we had visitors. Suddenly I had a feeling that I wanted to wear it. One day, when everyone was out, I sneaked into her room, found the blouse and tried it on. It needed a skirt and I recalled Mum wearing a black pencil affair. Soon I had one off the hanger and had pulled it on and done up the zip, followed by the high heels. After that, it became a habit. I progressed from lingerie to skirts and blouses and Mum's fabulous evening dresses.

A few nights later, as I settled down to sleep, Mum came into my room.

"I have a present for you," she said softly, the smell of her perfume lingering in the air. She pushed a package under my pillow. "I know what you do. Your secret trips to my bedroom. This is for you. Night, night."

She kissed me on the forehead and left the room.

When she had gone, I found that the parcel contained two pairs of silky, French knickers. That Christmas, Mum gave me a blouse. They were "secret" presents, of course, squirreled away in my drawer. I'm sure Mum enjoyed the thrill of doing something Dad didn't like, defying him. Dad never mentioned the incident when Charlie caught me dressed *en femme* and probably thought his few, well-chosen, whacks across the backside with his slipper had "cured" me of the evil of dressing in women's clothes.

Of course, it hadn't. Encouraged by Mum's gifts, I tried on her clothes whenever I could; shoes, stockings, dresses... by the age of sixteen, I was a fully-fledged transvestite.

I didn't do well at school; without doubt, one of the reasons for my failure was a maelstrom that burst just prior to my sixteenth year. In short, Dad discovered that Mum had been having an affair with one of his friends. The affair had been going on for two years and was the second affair she had had. To be honest, I was as shocked as Dad. My parents' marriage wasn't a happy one but I had never suspected that Mum was having an affair. Because I felt particularly close to her, I felt betrayed. Why hadn't she told me? Why had I not been able to share her secret?

Suddenly, all those times she had been out when I had injured my leg made sense, her lack of interest in me, the phone calls I thought were from her girl friends. Finally, I knew why she turned a blind eye to my dressing – we both had secrets we were hiding from the rest of the family.

For the first time, Dad and I actually held a conversation. He was hurt to the core by Mum's infidelity. He could not understand why she had done it; after all he had provided everything for her. The marriage was over. That was unequivocal. Dad wouldn't take her back. No way. She had betrayed him. After a few stormy rows, her bags were packed and she was gone. First, she stayed with Olivia, leaving me at home with Dad. For a couple of weeks, I didn't hear anything from her. Then, one evening, Mum phoned me,

"Do you want to come over?" she said. I felt betrayed and deserted but it was Mum I wanted to be with, not Dad. When Dad got back from work, I told him about the conversation.

“If you go and live with your Mum, you’ll never see me again.”

I packed my bags.

Olivia’s husband, John, collected me and took me to their house. I loved being reunited with Annette and it wasn’t long before I was sitting on her bed, sobbing like a little girl, telling her how awful I felt about Mum’s affairs and how lonely I was. Annette put her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek. A tingle ran up my spine as her long, blonde hair fell about my face and the smell of her shampoo filled my nostrils.

My brain said, “I love you,” but somehow the words would not emerge.

“Philip,” she said, “It’ll be all right. You’re here with us now – and back with Mum.”

It was, too. I enjoyed myself at Olivia’s house: shopping with Annette, the cinema, ten pin bowling. We just goofed around like normal teenagers and I got to meet her friends.

I was given the attic room and though my suitcase contained the night dress, negligee and blouses Mum had given me, I left them in the case. My cross-dressing was not mentioned by Mum and I wondered if Olivia and Annette realised I still did it.

Dad filed for divorce very quickly and Mum was caught up in her own financial matters. Her lover didn’t want to know; his wife had forgiven him, blaming Mum for the affair which meant Mum was very much alone. Dad was determined that she would get as little as possible out of the divorce. I think Mum realised that, for better or worse, her affluent lifestyle was over.

In many ways I wasn’t too worried as I had my exams to do and Annette had hers. We studied together and she helped me with revision but, alas, it was no use. I bombed out on the lot while Annette got straight A’s.

By this time, it was the mid-eighties and the New Romantics were very much on the scene musicwise. Despite my bad results, Annette and her friends and I all went out to celebrate. She said she would like to make up my face with eye liner; she even bought me a pair of white trousers and a jacket with the sleeves rolled up. My hair was cut into a fashionable mullet style and for the first time in my life, I felt really trendy.

When I was dressed, Annette applied the eye liner and chatted to me about her school friends until, “You remember when Mum and Georgina used to dress you as a girl, and we would play together?”

“I could hardly forget!” I said.

“It was funny, wasn’t it? I really loved it. You made such a *good* girl and you were so *pretty*.”

I smiled. “I enjoyed it too, it was cool.”

“And do you remember my party when you wore that really expensive dress? Mum paid loads for it... she planned it all... it was kinda like a present to Georgina too. They were such good friends. Mum knew Georgina was jealous of me and she wanted to make the party really special. Anyway, my friend Susan was so jealous because you were the prettiest. Oh, my God! Did she go on about it!” Annette laughed breathlessly. She stood away from me, eye liner in hand.