

Sample Chapter No Ordinary Man

From Chapter 24 – An Irish Secret

The following weekend after he moved in with Ken and Nigel they agreed to have a fancy-dress party. It proved to be a golden opportunity for the boys to dress up in some of the exotic clothing they had posted back home from Cairo. Nigel was an old friend of Ken's and also engaged in the habit of cross-dressing. Mick wore a sheer filmy long-sleeved beaded top over his silk chemise tucked into a knee length black pencil skirt. He wore black stockings with a seam line down the back and sling back heels. He spent most of Saturday waxing his arms, face, chest and legs to ensure he projected his feminine persona, Moira, to her very best advantage. He back-combed the long black wig he had purchased at the Egyptian *Souk* two years ago and carefully clipped the curled hair in place before placing it on his head. It took him over an hour to carefully apply his make-up and obscure his masculine face, so Moira could emerge.

He materialised from his bedroom, like a gossamer butterfly, resplendent in his transformation. His flat-mates, already dressed as Karen and Victoria, were aghast at Moira's complete obliteration of Mick.

'Wow,' commented Nigel, a tall bald man in a curly strawberry blonde wig. 'You look amazing. I'd never have recognised you!'

'Yeah,' added Karen, 'you've really outstripped yourself this time. You could almost go to the Club like that and no one would bat an eye.'

Moira smiled graciously and pulled a packet of cigarettes out of her black velvet clutch bag. 'You boys got a light?' She smiled at Nigel and Karen who scrambled to pass her the metal flip-top gas lighter.

'Boys?' Ken responded in mock chastisement.

There was a knock at the door and another group of formally dressed men and women entered their new home. Bottles of beer, wine and platters of food were proffered by the hosts. Several more guests arrived in various stages of transformative fashion, keen to announce the probability but not quite making the cut. The soiree was a huge success, and everyone enjoyed the indulgence in their unholy obsession.

The next morning there were several dishevelled guests sleeping on the sofa and lounge floor, in various hung-over stages of excess from the previous evening. Mick stood in the kitchen filling the kettle with water for his morning *cuppa*. His old navy coloured dressing gown wrapped tightly around his naked body with faint traces of eye make-up clinging to his exhausted eyes.

‘Good on you mate,’ came Ken’s voice before he sauntered into the compact kitchen. ‘I’ll have tea too.’

Mick pulled out another mug and put an extra teaspoon of loose tea leaves in the old enamel tea pot.

‘You looked amazing last night,’ Ken continued. ‘But what’s with the smoking?’

Mick smiled as he poured the boiling water into the pot. ‘It’s Moira. Wouldn’t you just know it, she’s a bloody smoker!’ he laughed.

Ken chuckled and shook his head with mild amusement. ‘You’re a worry mate!’

Mick showered and dressed in quick succession. The overnight guests were eating jam covered toast and ruminating over who wore what and who looked the best at the party night.

‘Where’re you off to?’ Nigel questioned Mick as he walked past.

‘It’s Sunday,’ Mick responded and then decided to elaborate for the others. ‘Off to parents for lunch and then to Glenda for a bit more fun than you boys have on offer!’

The weeks fell into this easy routine with a fancy cross-dressed gathering on the third Saturday night of every month at someone's house. Very rarely would any of them venture out in public, but it was tempting. Occasionally they would hear stories of someone beaten or jeered at by young drunken thugs late at night. This in itself was enough to restrain Mick's desire to break Moira out in the city streets and late-night bars. He continued seeing Glenda on Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoons when her husband, Des, was at his jazz band practice. He played the saxophone with four other friends who occasionally played at charity benefits. On Sunday afternoons Des visited his elderly parents, which gave the lovers the time and space to indulge in their lust and love for one another.