

TT Girl

Part One



Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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T. T. Girl

Part One

BY CHARLOTTE MAYO

Preface

T.T stands for Time Trial in motorcycle parlance.

Taken from T.T Girl Two

The first thing I do, the first thing I always do once I am undressed and have a silky negligee wrapped around my smooth slim body is light up a cigarette. I live in a first floor flat which has a small balcony so although smoking is banned by the landlord indoors I can go outside on the balcony and enjoy a cigarette before I start to get ready. It calms my nerves and this night, of all nights, I am very, very nervous and want to make sure my 'look' is perfect. It has to be. The sun is just setting on a lovely warm autumnal day and birds chirp in the over grown, evergreen bushes

which shield the flats from the railway line at the back of the block. I am not overlooked at all which is great as it means no one sees my transformation. I stand smoking and thinking; then halfway through my smoke I rest the cigarette on the edge of an ash tray, go back indoors, and collect my deep red nail varnish. I shake it, come back out and sit on a small metal seat which is very uncomfortable.

I place my left hand on the small wooden table beside the seat and paint my nails with my right hand. I then repeat the process on the left. I add small crystals to a few fingertips, then spray my nails with hardener. The cigarette burns down. I take a few more puffs, stub it out in the ashtray left on the small table and go back indoors. I place a CD in the player and pour myself a large glass of white wine which I consume as I get ready.

I like getting ready but it confuses Katie my African Blue parrot who walks restlessly up and down her perch and squawks occasionally. I have taught her to say, "Michaela is coming."

Michaela is my *en femme* name and it confounds various girls who I bring back to my flat on occasions. She says other things as well; in fact she has quite a pronounced vocabulary. I have taught her sayings of an old friend like:

"Piss Pipe."

I take off the negligee and pull on a gaff to hold my tackle in. Then I yank on a pair of firm control knickers. I wrap a waist clincher around my small waist and do up the hook and eye fastening – a painstaking task if ever there was one. I have my own small shower in the bathroom, along with a toilet and sink and there is a kitchenette area to the side of the

lounge/dining room. It is very small but the flat is self-contained. Earlier in the day I have made sure that I am completely smooth-skinned by shaving in the shower. Once I have the clincher in place I sit on a chair and pull on 10 denier stockings which are black and have a circular pattern on them. I love the feel of the nylons on my shaved legs and looking at my painted nails through the nylon. It is all about detail; even though no one will see my toenails it makes me feel more feminine. I attach the stockings to a suspender belt I have fastened below the clincher. I am starting to feel good.

I fasten a bra around my smooth chest and place silicone inserts into the pouches, ensuring the bra looks level and the breasts look natural, although they are certainly larger than average. One girl once asked me if I had had a boob job... cheeky! Then I pull on a short pink slip and spray on perfume (Yves St Laurent) and deodorant. Next is a knitted cream jumper which is decorated with mini-balls.

Then I wrap a makeup cap around my neck and sit down at the kitchen table. I turn on the magnifying mirror. I add some red pan stick to my skin to neutralise any beard shadow, then I start with foundation, dabbing it on with a sponge. This is the most important part and I always ensure my skin is well moisturised beforehand. I take a long time over the foundation, then I apply powder with a brush. Once the foundation has set I start on the eyes, drawing a line underneath each one with a kohl pencil. I also use an eyebrow pencil to accentuate my plucked brows. Then I apply two colours of eyeshadow to my eyelids.

The next bit is the black mascara, nice steady hand; at least I have long lashes. Afterwards I apply blusher with a brush, stippling it on. I always use ex-

pensive makeup as I feel it looks better. Lastly, I draw a line around my lips with a red liner pencil, then gently paint them with a brush, using two shades of pink from my pallet. Then it is the lip gloss, the final act; a dab of gloss on each lip just to make them stand out. I look good, feminine, even without the wig. I stand up and take off the cap.

I straighten my jumper as I have turned down the collar, then I go and get my black leather, knee-length boots with the cuff top and 3” heels from the wardrobe. I sit on the chair and pull them up, edge up the zip and turn down the cuff. Lastly comes the thing I love most.

Hanging on my wardrobe door is a brand new, chic black leather mini-skirt. I detach the labels and step into it. It is size 10 of course. I fasten the button and twist it around on my slim waist. I then edge up the zip and pull it up so it is above my waist line. I pull the jumper down so it is over the skirt’s waistband. I am ready... almost.

I can’t go out without my crowning glory. The wig. I collect it from the polystyrene head and put it on. It is long and blond and the curls fall about my shoulders. I comb and brush it into shape, then spray on some wig spray to hold it in place. Then I add my silver hooped ear rings (I have pierced ears of course), a silver bracelet and a small watch, not forgetting rings. At last I am ready.

I have a small black leather handbag in which I place my cigarettes, my lighter, my lip gloss, my lipstick (same colour as one of the pinks in the pallet), powder and a small bottle of perfume. I am finally ready. I stand in front of the full-length mirror I bought from a charity shop. I look good. I stand with my feet together, I straighten my skirt, I smile at my-

self and a beautiful woman smiles back at me. I am 25 years old and I am a transvestite.

I spray on some more perfume and gulp down the last remnants of my wine. I feel like another cigarette but that will have to wait. I place my phone into a pocket in my handbag. I take a deep breath, grab my keys and leave the flat, slamming the door behind me.

I pace down the concrete stairs towards the communal front door. As I reach it a young professional couple – Andy and Sue – at number 4 are coming in. They say “Hi” and I reply “Hiya” in an easy, female voice. I walk out across the gravel carpark. My Honda CBR650 motorbike sits on the drive. A taxi waits in the road. Good, that means I will not have to stand around. I walk up to the old, dark blue car and pull open the rear door.

“Miss Simpson?” The driver asks.

“Stimpson,” I say correcting him. “It has a “T” in it.”

He shrugs, I could have been talking Chinese for he doesn’t understand me. I get in and slide along the seat.

“Where to, Miss?” the Asian driver asks; he is looking at me now in his rear view.

“City Centre,” I say. “Glebe Street.”

“OK Miss,” the driver says. “We wills get you there in just a jiffy.”

He pulls away from the kerb. I close my eyes. A deep, deep feeling of satisfaction washes over me. I

wonder what they will think of me and what the night has in store...

Chapter One

Let me take you back to the Christmas Eve when I was thirteen years of age in the early 2000's. I was lying in bed reading a motorcycle magazine. It wasn't cold and there was no snow. It had been a dark, drizzly, dank day and my two elder sisters, Megan and Olivia, had been helping around the house.

Mum loved Christmas and they had helped prepare the food for the Christmas dinner and get the house ready. As they did so, Megan and Olivia had constantly talked about what they were going to wear, not for just for Christmas Day and Boxing Day, but for the "party season" as they called it; they had a lot of parties to go to. Dad had gone to the pub at lunchtime. I had watched TV, walked the dogs, played computer games and chilled out listening to The Doors who back then were my favourite band: like most things – my love of motorbikes and Sixties music had come courtesy of my dad and in the case of The Doors, the Oliver Stone film.

In the early evening Mum and Dad had placed the presents around the tree and we had had a mince pie and some mulled wine (yes, even me!), then we had all gone up to bed. Mum and Dad liked Christmas – Mum had a creative flair and loved dressing up the house (as well as herself) and having people round. Dad liked socialising and boasting about how well he was doing for the truth was we were pretty well-off.

We lived in a very large mock Georgian, seven-bedroom mansion with plenty of land attached. You might have heard of my dad; his name is Paul Stimpson and back then he owned an engineering factory, Stimpson Engineering, and ran a motorcycle team called Stimpson Steers. My mum, Sian, was a housewife, though we had a cleaner as well. When Megan, Olivia, and I were small an au pair lived with us too. Now though, Olivia and Megan helped mum a lot.

Olivia was the eldest, she was sixteen. Megan was fifteen and I, the runt of the litter, was thirteen years old and the only boy. Mum liked to cook and make the place look nice and was a stay-at-home mum. The three of us attended private day schools; my sisters went to a girls' school and I went to a boys' school which was a load of wank and I hated it.

I was not great academically and I hated being around boys all the time, not that I was a sissy or anything like that. It was just that I was not into the things they were – football, rugby, cricket and computer games with fighting - although I played motor racing games on the computer. You see, I liked motorbikes from an early age. That was Dad's influence. I had been around them from an early age and loved the smell of petrol and oil and the sound of a revving engine. I even rode a mini-motorbike around the garden before I rode a push bike.

From an early age Dad had taken me into his workshop and showed me how the internal combustion engine worked and I got to look at stripped-down bikes in the workshop. Part of the workshop was commercial and made a handsome profit and the other part was for his amateur motorcycling team, the Steers and made a not-so-handsome loss – still it was dad's hobby. He loved having a motorbike team

and of course, advertised his engineering business on the van and the team livery and leathers.

I loved being in the workshop and by the age of thirteen I was able to do repairs on most motorbikes. Dad had classic bikes as well as Ducattis, Yamahas and Kawasakis. His main rider (in fact his only rider) was a guy called the Fonz (named affectionately after the character in the US sitcom 'Happy Days'). Fonz was called the Fonz because he always greeted everyone by saying, "Ahhhhhhh, how ya doing?" He would slap people on the back – male or female – Pope or President.

I was Dad's other rider in a way, only I did motocross. At thirteen I was already a junior champion which was the reason I didn't get bullied at school. Kids looked up to me – I was kinda doing something mannish – something grown-up. People gave me space, though most of the kids were posh and could not understand how I enjoyed getting splattered in mud doing something they considered 'common'. Dad used to put my two bikes on the trailer and we would scoot off around the country to meetings and inevitably I would get a podium place or finish first. Dad said it was teaching me clutch, throttle and brake control as well as balance - that is always the most important thing on a bike - and that it would help when I started to race bikes. You see, even then, Dad had other plans for me. Big plans. He wanted me to be a MotoGP World Champion.

So that Christmas Eve I was lying in bed reading my motorbike magazine when there was a light tap on the door, then another and then a girlish giggle.

"Come in," I called.

Megan and Olivia entered, smiling broadly. They were both dressed in silky kimonos which stretched to the floor. I noticed Megan held a big box in her hands, wrapped in garish Christmas paper. They were like the Three Kings bearing gifts. I was intrigued.

“Is that for me?” I asked rather stupidly.

Megan and Olivia could not hide their tittering laughter. I knew it was some sort of joke but could not fathom out what it was and why they had gone to so much trouble. Both girls were having a job hiding their smiles and repressing their giggles.

“Yes, we have bought you a little gift.” Megan said.

“It was Megan’s idea,” Olivia cut in. Although Megan was younger she was more confident and bossy than Olivia and I was closest to her.

Megan turned on her sister. “No it wasn’t! We agreed together.”

Megan smiled and looked down; she wiped a hand across the front of her cream-coloured kimono, smoothing down the satin over her maturing bosom.

“Why don’t you leave it under the tree for tomorrow morning along with all the other presents?” I asked.

“We don’t want Mum and Dad to see what’s in our little box,” Megan said rising her eyes. I knew she was enjoying it. “Do you want us to place it on the bed so you can see what’s inside?”

“Why not?” I said. I sounded blasé but my head was pounding with a thousand thoughts. Was it some sort of cruel joke present? Would something

jump out at me? Why on earth didn't they want Mum and Dad to see it?

Megan placed the box on the bed and gingerly I started to pull away at the paper. I tore it off and realised it was a supermarket box – so nothing special then. And I could feel that the contents were light. Very light. There was tape along two folds and I ripped it off. There was some white tissue paper over the top. So the contents were delicate. I pulled that out and threw it on the bed.

I gaped. At first I didn't know what I was looking at; silky, something silky. Not one but many silky things. With fingers like pinchers I picked up a silky object and realised at once that it was a red, lady's thong. I dropped it back and pulled out a pair of pretty pink knickers; the next pair was gold, the next black. There was a mixture of thongs and briefs. All different varieties and styles.

“We got you a selection,” Olivia said.

“We didn't know what you preferred,” Megan added.

I blushed. My face felt on fire. It felt as if a furnace was burning in my cheeks. I fumbled to the bottom of the box to where a solitary note read, *To Marc*. I pulled it out and read quickly.

“Marc we are very sorry but we are fed up with you going down our lingerie drawers and taking our knickers (also from the wash basket and clothesline!) We never get them back and when we do, they have to be washed again. We don't mind you wearing women's knickers and appreciate it is hard for you to buy them so we are giving you these twenty-five pairs of undies in the hope that they will keep you supplied

until next year (unless you have grown out of this phase by then!). Love, your dearest sisters, Livvy and Meggie.

“But I don’t...” I started. It was hopeless. I looked down at the duvet. I wanted to cry. Megan placed a hand on my shoulder.

“We’re sorry, Marc, we don’t want to upset you. Really we don’t mind you wearing our knickers but you ruin our best ones and we want you to have your own pairs. If they need washing, just throw them into Livvy’s room or my room and we’ll put them in the wash. When they are freshly laundered we’ll bring them back. It’s no big deal.”

I felt so embarrassed! I wished the ground would open up and swallow me but at the same time I felt aroused. There was part of me that was pleased. Wasn’t it just the *best* and *worst* Christmas present I had ever received? And there was I thinking I was being so careful, so discreet! And all the time they knew. My silly sisters knew I was stealing their lingerie!

And if I needed any excuse that was why I threw myself into motorcycle racing with a reckless abandon, not caring if I got hurt or not, not caring if I came off and died. I wanted to prove I was a MAN. I wanted everyone to know I was a MAN.

Chapter Two

Ours was a strange family. Dad had all the money and he liked to spend, spend, and spend. Or more correctly Mum did. Mum was tall, slim and had short, blond hair which was normally in a bob; she

was very glamorous and attractive and when my story opens Mum was forty and Dad forty-three.

From an early age we had a family ritual which was to go shopping every Saturday. Mum would lead the way and buy things for the house and clothes for the family (including me and Dad) and Dad would pay by cash or credit and carry the bags. Mum was the Queen Bee and what she said, went. She was in charge and Dad tagged along for the ride. He was the boss at work and had the motorcycle team as his hobby but Mum was in control once the front door was closed. Of course, as “the girls” (as they were always known as they were so close), got older, they started to ask for things too.

“Dad, I need new designer sunglasses,” Megan would say.

“Dad, this girl at school has got this wonderful handbag,” Olivia would plead.

“Dad, I must have designer jeans,” Megan would insist.

“Dad, there’s a lovely pair of black boots in Zara,” Olivia would beg.

“Dad, I want a new phone. Apple has a new model out,” Megan would argue.

“Dad, don’t you want me to have a pair of Louboutins?” Olivia would pout.

And so when Olivia and Megan were teens they joined Mum in the pursuit of designer goods (for everything had to have a label and be expensive) and Dad just loved it. He really enjoyed shopping. He enjoyed lavishing money on Mum and us as a family. Mum always looked very stylish and would often

wear tight designer jeans or a pencil skirt and high heels (boots or shoes) when we went shopping. She would team up the ensemble with a leather jacket (she had quite a few in different colours) and a silk scarf around her neck. And don't forget the perfume – Chanel Number Five or Yves St. Laurent. She always looked great with her hair nicely done and her nails well-manicured and it wasn't long before Megan and Olivia were following in her dainty, little footsteps.

If my parents were going out together for the evening, Mum would always take a lot of time on her appearance and make sure she looked very glamorous which Dad loved. In fact, one of the bedrooms in our house was Mum's de facto dressing room and was full of clothes. Mum loved the fact that Olivia and Megan had inherited her love of expensive clothes and fashions. Mum (and this is a bit Nineteenth century) would often say to them,

“One day, girls, you will both marry rich men and be ladies of leisure.”

That was the environment I grew up in. Not so much money was lavished on me (in terms of fashion) and very little when we went shopping on a Saturday, bar Mum buying me a shirt or jeans or trousers (all high quality designer stuff, of course). I had the bikes and they were expensive so I knew it wasn't a case of me being “neglected”. Dad had a Range Rover and a trailer as well as a transit van and I had two Motocross bikes plus all the leathers and helmets so I was getting money lavished on me in a different way but that did not stop me from feeling jealous when we went shopping and Megan and Olivia got so much bought for them.

And it wasn't just clothes and phones and IT stuff either. Mum, Olivia and Megan frequently went to a

beauty salon and hairdressers and Mum had had a boob job and Botox. Dad even promised Megan and Olivia that they could have their boobs done when they reached eighteen if they wanted.

The thing with Mum was she was not very affectionate. She had been educated at a boarding school as her parents had worked abroad and it had made her a bit distant. She didn't really say she loved us and would not cuddle us or show much emotion. From an early age, I learnt to bite my lip and "grin and bear it" if I hurt myself which came in handy later when I used to fall off motorcycles. I knew Mum would just say,

"Oh well, you're not dying are you? You'll get over it."

Which was an attitude I took into my motorcycle racing; I was not really bothered by falls. In fact, I had a very high pain threshold.

Mum was also very strict and came down on misbehaviour or disobedience very hard. It was a case of "go to your room" (we were not allowed TVs in the bedroom so there was nothing there) or sometimes she would smack us, often by grabbing one arm and directing a smack onto the back of the legs or buttocks. Dad always supported her. When he was home he seemed disinterested in family life and just wanted peace and quiet. He would say,

"Do as your mother has told you!"

He had a short fuse and would really shout at us but he left the discipline to Mum. Mum would always be the disciplinarian with Dad's full backing. Quite often I would hear him talking on the phone.