

T T Girl

Part Two



Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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T. T. Girl

Part Two

by Charlotte Mayo

Chapter One

When is a transvestite not a transvestite? When dressed as a male? Well, the reality is if you are a crossdresser then there is probably not a day passes when you don't think about dressing. Maybe there's some girl you see who is wearing a nice skirt or dress or great boots or shoes and you wonder what it would be like to slip them on. Come on, be honest with me! It's true, right? You think that way, just like I do.

Part of you is heterosexual and you see a nice looking girl and all the normal, male responses kick in but part of you is a transvestite and you are looking at her clothes and wondering about the cut and the fit and the material and how nice the skirt is when it swishes and how great it would be to feel the silk or satin against your own skin – pulling it up over stock-

ings, tights or pantyhose as the Americans say. It's just how it is. I remember going to the funeral when poor Fonz passed away tragically in that motorbike accident and I lost the only true friend I had ever really had.

It was a big affair as he was a real popular guy. At that time he had a girlfriend called Debbie who had long, brown hair and a nice figure. She was really in love with him. At the funeral I remember standing behind her at the graveside. It was quite a cold day and she was wearing a thick, black, woollen trench coat. As she stood there and the coffin was lowered into the ground, she sobbed and sobbed. Her friend placed an arm around her shoulder and comforted her but all I could concentrate on were her very high-heeled, black knee-high boots. I noticed how the thin stiletto heel sunk into the soft soil and how tight the boots were around her calves – and all the time my best mate was being lowered into the ground! That's what I mean when I say you think about it all the time...even at a time like that. I felt bad; half of me was thinking about poor Fonz and the other half was thinking about those boots...crazy!

On another occasion, I was working in a supermarket and I joined some of the lads down the pub after work for a drink – there was a pub opposite the supermarket called The Horse and Jockey and we often used to meet up there. Sky Sports HQ was on and some sports news was rolling. I was not all that interested and was going to go outside for a smoke. There were two presenters, one male and one, an attractive female. As I stood up I noticed that the attractive, dark-haired female was wearing a black leather, knee-length skirt and lovely heels. I sat back down and watched the sports news as if I was suddenly interested in cricket in South Africa. The other lads were arguing about football; who would win this and that but all I could concentrate on was how one of the

presenters was dressed. I wasn't part of it at all. I'd guess none of them could have told you what the female presenter was wearing – except me – I had taken in everything, the skirt, the heels, the white, tight top, that was just how it was.

After I left the wedding of Olivia and Andy, I sped up the motorway on my Honda CBR650 motorbike back to my flat in Newtown. At that time, I would have given anything in the world not to dress and be a normal guy; being a transvestite had landed me in a whole heap of shit and I didn't want any part of it, but it just wasn't to be. I loved dressing too much. Being a transvestite was part of my DNA, just as it is part of yours too and there was nothing I could do to change it. Nothing. In a way, once I left Olivia's wedding I felt free – I no longer had to bother with “family stuff” – I was on my own. I could do what I wanted.

By that time, I had a job working in the motorcycle sales department of a Japanese motorcycle and car dealership called Thompson's Autos. The manager recognised that I really knew my stuff when it came to motorbikes and I got promoted to the position of a buyer in the purchasing division which meant more money and an office job. Within a short space of time I was able to get a reasonably decent, first floor flat close to the centre of town which meant I could walk to work (although I used to like to ride my motorbike when the weather was good) and start to invest time and energy in developing my female persona. Being on my own, in my own place, was a real liberation because it meant I could shave and buy my own clothes, which was great. The first flat I had lived in was a bedsit type with a communal bathroom, kitchen, lounge and one front door but my second flat was self-contained so it meant I had a lot more privacy. I really started to get into the “TV thing”. I wasn't interested in joining any groups, I just wanted to develop my female persona, Michaela. I spent a

long time working on my voice and on my deportment – reading books and watching videos on You Tube and that sort of thing.

I also had makeup lessons with a young girl called Julie who was sympathetic to the TG community: she was impressed by how good I was at applying makeup and, although the sessions were expensive, they were well worth the money as she really taught me a lot. I still had quite a bit of money saved from my compensation for my motorcycle accident. It actually turned into a blessing in disguise as I got a second payment based on loss of earnings (as a top motor-bike rider!). That meant I had a bit to invest in creating my character Michaela and, after years of frustration when I could only dress occasionally or was conscious of prying eyes (when I was in my bedsit anyone could have knocked on my bedroom door at any time and sometimes did). I now had complete freedom to do as I pleased. It was perfect.

The funny thing was, at the same time, I became a bit of a womaniser. It all started with a girl called Sue who also worked for Thompson's Autos and used to go outside for a cigarette occasionally. I had also started smoking (and drinking but that's another story) and I used to join her. It was her boots that first attracted me (the old TV brain kicked in). She often wore black boots with lowish heels and black, navy or grey pencil skirts. She was pretty plain really and not my normal type but I struck up conversation with her and it wasn't long before I was asking her out on a date and introducing her to Katie my parrot (Katie was a great asset where girls were concerned because she was always a talking point whenever they came back and would sometimes say something crude which I would have to apologise for).

Then I went clubbing a few times with some of the guys I worked with and again pulled a couple of girls

so my reputation spread around the dealership – Marc Stimpson was a bit of a lady’s man. But what none of them knew was that I liked to dress as a lady.

I suppose I had a bit of a knack of attracting women – for one thing I was very confident and didn’t mind getting knocked back occasionally and for another I just seemed to have a way about me that charmed girls. What I would do was look at them, catch their eye, and after a while smile and wink. It was all non-verbal and it worked a treat because when I did make my approach, the battle was half-won. I used to go into a bakery sometimes on the weekend and have a coffee and something to eat. There was a girl who worked there who I would smile at and chat to as I paid. One morning I was eating my bacon roll when I asked her to come over to my table. It was quiet so she had no reason not to.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Marie,” she said. She was a bit shy and only seventeen.

“I’m down in the town tonight, Marie. A group of us is meeting up, wanna come?”

“I’ve got a boyfriend,” she said.

“Fine,” I said. “He can come too.”

She blushed and laughed at that but I kept coming back and we chatted more and more until the inevitable happened: she finished with her boyfriend, and we went out on a date and then it was back to my place.

Casual dates were great for me as I didn’t want anyone to get too close. Girls would ask about my hairless state but I would just say I had gotten used

to shaving it off when I used to wear leathers for motorcycling. I found I was really good at lying and would concoct stories about how sweaty it was wearing leathers (which was true) and how being hairless helped. That didn't explain the fact that I still did it though and why I would spend ages in the shower making sure I was smooth-skinned or why I applied oils after I had shaved. I loved that feeling – getting out the shower and towelling myself down, then rubbing oil over my legs and chest and arms. One girl I dated had actually found some of my female clothes and accused me of having another girlfriend but I wasn't worried, the dates were casual and the sex easy.

The flat was small and the front door opened into a lounge which lead to a kitchen/diner at the back; coming off the lounge was my bedroom and next to the kitchenette was a small bathroom which contained a shower, a toilet and a sink – but the big thing was it was self-contained. Once I had finished I would walk over to my bedroom where I would have my clothes set out. Firstly, I would slip into silky panties and then pull on black, 10 denier tights, often with a pattern. I didn't really need a waist clincher as I was quite slim but I liked wearing one and would pull on a white one with a Velcro fastening or one with a hook and eye fastening which was tighter but fiddly.

Then I would put on an underwired bra so it was supportive. I would slip in a pair of silicone breast forms that I had bought off the internet and look at myself in the mirror to ensure everything was in proportion. I loved the feel of those weighty breasts in the bra pouches. Next I would put on a blouse or a thin jumper and then I would sit on my bed and apply makeup. I had usually laid out my makeup on the duvet beforehand.

I would start by applying my foundation, dabbing it on. Of course, I had moisturised in the bathroom so it went on smoothly. The makeup always took a long time as I needed to get it right. In fact, I spent hours trying the makeup and practising what Julie, the makeup artiste, had taught me. Eventually, I found I had it spot-on and with clothes purchased on the internet or bought in shops I decided, after three months of dressing, to go out dressed *en femme*.

Chapter Two

Once I moved to the purchasing division I worked Monday to Friday which I liked as I had the weekends to myself which meant I could have a late one on a Saturday. Still, I figured, going out dressed on a Saturday would be too risky. Most of the people in the other flats were professionals and worked similar hours to me so they were about weekends and the place was busier. I decided to take a day off work and plumed for a Wednesday, right in the middle of the week. I was so excited I could not sleep much the night before but I got up early and showered. By this time, I had had both ears pierced so I could wear nice earrings. I had painted my nails the night before so I got up, showered and shaved: I hadn't shaved for a few days to get a nice smooth shave on my face - fortunately I wasn't too hairy. Then, I started to get ready.

Firstly, I sprayed on perfume and deodorant. Then, I pulled on a pair of purple, silk panties followed by ten denier tights (I have always preferred tights to stockings which are fiddly but will wear stockings occasionally). Then I fastened the Velcro waist cincher around my waist and attached the bra around my chest. Next was the silicone breast forms

and then a thin, maroon polo neck jumper. I then applied my makeup. When I was satisfied with my look, I added my blonde wig and pulled on a black pencil skirt. I added a gold chain around my neck and some jewellery: rings on my fingers, a gold necklace and bracelets. I had found a pair of maroon shoes in a shop with a low heel so I slipped into them and paced the room. I took a leather jacket from the wardrobe – it was a blazer style and looked better not fastened.

My heart was beating like a drum. Part of me wanted to take the whole outfit off and forget about the enterprise; after all hadn't I been happy dressing at home for the last three months? But then there was the voice inside my head saying, *go for it Marc, you can do it!* I wanted to test myself in the public arena – I wanted to pass in public *en femme*. Somehow that had become my main ambition in life – at one time I had wanted to be World Motorcycle champion but now all I wanted to do was walk down the street wearing women's clothes!

I kept looking at the small dial of the gold watch on my wrist and checking my look in a tall mirror I had bought. I knew I had to venture out or I would feel like a failure. I thought back to my first attempts at bike racing and how great it had felt to compete in a race: In the beginning I was happy just to get around the track and then I won and that felt even better. It had been such an adrenalin rush – the same feeling I was experienced wearing women's clothes.

It was Katy, my parrot, that decided for me. She kept chirping and moving uneasily on her perch and I was scared people would wonder what was happening in my flat! I am sure the fusion of smells, the delicate scent I wore and the oddity of a new female in the flat was confusing her. I decided I had to get away from her squawking and walked to the door. I placed my hand on the handle, turned the knob and in an

instance slammed the door. My first thought was, where are my keys? I anxiously searched inside my maroon handbag for them. Fortunately, they were there. Nerves had kicked in. Then I walked. Down the hard concrete steps and along the hall to the communal front door.

Fortunately, no one saw me and in seconds I was walking down the path and onto the pavement. A woman was pushing a buggy and she glanced at me but then walked on. I was free. As I walked I became more and more confident. People passed me and took no notice. It was a short walk into town and it wasn't long before I had arrived at the shopping mall. It was a cold but bright day and I was conscious that I could feel every stone and every pebble under the hard sole of my shoes. I walked easily in them, pleased I had not bought a pair with a higher heel. Soon I was browsing clothes in department stores. On that first trip I just bought a sandwich, some milk, and a jar of coffee in a large store, then made my way back to the flat. The buzz was fantastic. I had made it. I felt so relieved when I got back in and collapsed in my arm chair, fully clothed. The feeling of elation was tremendous. I had successfully completed my first trip out *en femme*.

After that it became a regular experience – I had no interest in holidays or going away anywhere so I would use my leave to take a day off here and there so I could do a “walk” as I dubbed it. Of course, I got better and better and more and more confident.

One winter day, I went out in a nicely tailored black jacket matched up with a silver satin blouse and a flared black skirt and quite high-heeled, black patent leather boots (gradually I had tried a higher and higher heel). I walked around the town and done a bit of shopping. By this time, I was confident of my voice too so I was at ease asking for things in the

shops and saying “please” and “thank you” and handling my purse which could be tricky. When I finished my shopping I thought I would go for a coffee and went to one of these chain coffee shops. It was fairly busy so I took my tray, with my coffee and a sandwich, over to a stool by the window and sat on the only free stool available. It was kind of nice being perched on the stool and I was conscious of one or two office types giving me the once-over which was met by a smile on my part. I sat drinking my coffee and then the chap next to me, who was rather large, glanced up from his phone said, “You been doing a bit of Christmas shopping?”

I was so surprised I nearly slurped my coffee.

“Yes, but it’s mainly for me - clothes and things for the flat,” I said in what I hoped was a confident, lilt-ing, female voice.

Mr. Large picked up on this and I instantly knew what it was like to be on the receiving end of a predatory male.

“Live on your own then, do you?” He took a sip of coffee. I suddenly felt nervous and vulnerable.

“Yes, I’m new here, I came up to Newtown for a job.”

“Where’s it you work?” he asked.

“Oh, at Thompson’s Autos,” I said, wishing I had thought of a back story for my Michaela character.

“No family in these parts then?”

I felt like a fox being hunted by hounds.