

Savannah's Secret



Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

SAVANNAH'S SECRET

part two

by Charlotte Mayo

Chapter One

Having played the part of his half-sister, Savannah, to perfection when he was fourteen years old, Jamie found himself drawn to looking at female clothing in women's magazines as well as seeing how women dress when they go about their daily business. He became fascinated by them. When he returned home from school over the summer holidays, he would occasionally try on a dress belonging to his mother or wear her lingerie – something that the family's maid, Nancy, was only too well aware of. However, despite his best efforts, Jamie could not replicate the time when his mother and Nancy had turned him into Savannah for the visit of Oscar. As he got older, it became something he longed to do again. He became obsessed by the fact he had become another

character and that everyone who had seen him had been seduced by his feminine persona.

As time went by and Jamie matured into a young man, his parents seemed to forget about the incident and never referred to it again. Indeed, his mother continued her life in much the same way as before - wearing lovely evening dresses, fussing around the house and making sure everything was neat and tidy. However, Jamie found himself admiring and appreciating her clothes with a renewed interest. It was as if he had suddenly become hyper-sensitive to women's clothing and all their numerous adornments such as shoes, handbags and jewellery - not to mention makeup.

The world of femininity seemed so glorious and wonderful he could not understand why he had not appreciated it before, especially his mother's clothes. Compared to other mothers and other women he saw, his mother was extremely slim and good looking and always dressed in very elegant, up-to-the-minute fashions. It was as if, since the "Savannah incident," the scales had fallen from his eyes and now he relished seeing his mother in a tight, white sheath dress, a full-skirted blue evening gown or wearing elegant daywear set off by needle thin stiletto heels which artificially altered her height. Oh, her wardrobe had become an Aladdin's Cave of riches cocooned in delicate scents and fragrances.

At home at night or in the dormitory at school, he would think about his adventures as Savannah - reliving the whole episodes over and over again. He could still not quite believe that it had happened. He even wrote about it so he would not forget a single detail, then he would re-read what he had written, correcting it and altering it until he had a "perfect copy" of the original event. As Jamie became older, the

words took on a pornographic significance which reinforced his desire to impersonate his unknown half-sister again. But it wasn't really about her – it was the clothes, it was the feeling of being feminine and vulnerable and admired that Jamie had so loved. In an instant, by donning female guise, it seemed to Jamie, you could become popular and loved and wanted.

The trip to the theatre with Oscar was his almost perfect memory of the time he had spent dressing as that had been his first experience of being out in public. He had just felt so unbelievably good, almost euphoric. Jamie had been amazed that other people were so taken in by his transformation. While there was a part of him that was shouting inwardly, I'm a boy, let me out of here! There had been another part that had whispered I can deceive all these people - isn't it just fabulous. How they look at me! How enchanting it all is!

It had led to his first sexual experience when he returned from the Apollo theatre and swished the dress around himself and experienced his first orgasm. Jamie wondered if his liking for female clothing made him a homosexual and, knowing such a thing was illegal, he kept his desires very much to himself. Even so, as he grew older, he found he liked girls even though he was very shy and scared to approach them. He just did not know what to say to them – they were like an alien species. Unfortunately, being at an all-boys school had placed him at a great disadvantage when it came to women.

Eventually, Jamie left school. He was eighteen years old and for the past four years – ever since the “Savannah incident” - he had hated school. The incident had come at an impressionable age and it made him distant and lonely. He no longer thought about

joining the cricket team or partaking in the school's activities for he no longer wanted to have friends and be popular. He kept himself to himself and read a lot of books.

He had also started to misbehave and become lazy in his work which resulted in him being called to the Headmaster's office on two occasions to be caned. Jamie didn't care, he became fascinated by all things feminine and rued the fact that there were no women at the school – only strict, drab Masters who eagerly used the cane if there was the slightest hint of disobedience or a lack of effort put into school work.

Despite his lack of motivation, Jamie passed some exams and, at age eighteen, managed to scrap into a minor Southern England university to study law. His heart was not really in it and he found he did not get on well with the other students who were far more academic than he was. He thought of them as “swots” and he began skipping lectures and taking a train into London at least once a week. Sometimes he would see a show or sit in a pub, watching the world go by. Inevitably, he failed his exams. He had to re-take the first year – his parents were disappointed and told him he must try harder. Jamie promised to do his best but he knew he was only pursuing the degree course because it was what his parents wanted for him while his real interests lay elsewhere.

He felt drawn to the Soho area of London and visited theatres to see matinees or just wander around the place. On one visit to London he saw a drag queen on stage who was obviously homosexual. It made Jamie, yet again, question his own sexuality. He was in a turmoil over his sexuality and wondered why he liked women's clothes. One day he decided to visit a prostitute to see whether or not he was a heterosexual. It took several attempts to build up courage but

eventually he saw a “lady of the night” (although it was actually the middle of the afternoon). The “lady” was of medium build with peroxide blonde hair; she was wearing a tight, sweater that showed off her ample bust; a black satin skirt with a wide belt around it and high heels. She stood on Greek Street in Soho smoking a cigarette and walking up and down like a sentry. Jamie wandered passed her several times, the collar of his coat pulled up, trying to look casual.

“Looking for business?” the prostitute eventually asked.

Jamie nodded shyly.

They went into a hotel nearer by and Monique, as she called herself, began to undress, revealing a large pair of flabby breasts shielded by a black lace bra. Jamie felt his manhood rise on the sight of her bare flesh.

“You a virgin?” Monique asked.

Jamie said he was. He guessed Monique was in her early thirties. She told Jamie to undress and lay on the bed. When he was in position, Monique straddled him. Using her mouth, she eased a rubber over the tip of his cock and rolled it down the stem with her fingers. Jamie’s manhood expanded at the feel of her feminine touch. When she had completed the essentials, she moved forward and employed her fingers to press his meat into her soft clit. Jamie’s penis expanded into her. He had never felt anything so thrilling in all his life. She stretched back, her breasts flattening as she did so. Jamie’s meat expended and then she was riding him, back and forth, back and forth. Jamie tried to fondle her large, oscillating breasts but his hands were slapped away.

“Don’t touch,” Monique said.

Jamie lay still on the bed – he felt like a girl in the missionary position with Monique doing all the work. It was hardly what he had expected. Friends and acquaintances he knew who had had sex had all described how they had been in control and that the girls had had to just “lie back and take it”.

But Jamie wasn’t complaining, he liked looking up at Monique: her face fully made-up, her blond, curly hair neatly coiffured. He could smell the cheap perfume on her body. He started to think about the satin skirt she wore and how nice it must feel, the glorious high heels too – how great to slip a stockinged foot into them! His cock rose and stretched upwards.

After a few minutes, Jamie spluttered semen into her. He was twenty years old and he had finally lost his virginity. He smiled with relief. The Government grant he received for going to University had enabled him to lose his virginity. In Jamie’s opinion, it could not have been money better spent.

“That was great,” he said. “Thanks.”

He felt elated.

Monique kissed him on the cheek in a motherly way and he rolled off the bed.

“You are certainly different from my normal clients,” she said. “You are more refined, like a gentleman, not rough and ready like some of them. I am sorry I had to stop you touching my tits – I would not have minded you doing it but some men are too rough. With you, though, well, I think I can trust you. If you come back, next time you get a tit fondle and I won’t charge you no more.”

Jamie smiled. He knew he would be back.

“Who do you normally have as clients then?” Jamie asked as he pulled up his trousers.

“Oh, manual workers; men who work on the railways and city types on their way home to their wives.” Monique lit a cigarette. “Most of my clients are married.”

Jamie was surprised; never having been in such a world before he imagined married men would be faithful to their wives. Monique zipped up the satin skirt and pulled on her sweater; then she gave Jamie another kiss – this time on the lips.

“Come back,” she said.

“I will do,” Jamie said. And he went back to his university a happy man. He had hated the idea that his interest in women’s clothes may have meant he was a homosexual and he was pleased he had performed with Monique who seemed to like him. When he had been at school he realised some of the boys were homosexuals and he suspected some of the masters were too but he was glad he was heterosexual, Even so it did not stop him feeling guilty about his interest in female clothing. The vicar at church he attended and the Headmaster had both preached that men should be men and not be tempted by the sin of femininity.

After his liaison with Monique, Jamie found that Soho was an even greater draw and he started frequenting the area regularly. He used all his Government grant money and money his parents had given him to visit pubs and go in search of prostitutes. He thought of himself as an artist, like the ones who had lived on the Left Bank in Paris in the Nineteenth Cen-

ture. To look the part, he tried to grow his hair (for the first time), wore a duffle coat and a long scarf.

He started to make a few friends in Soho and even achieved a rather friendly kiss and fondle with a pretty bar maid at the pub he visited most regularly, The Spread Eagle. In fact, Sophie proved to be his first girlfriend. She was impressed by his good manners and middle class up-bringing so they started to date: they visited the cinema together and went out for meals. Eventually, she succumbed to his amorous advances in her bedroom which was in a flat above the pub. They made love on a creaky bed when her parents were out. The house shook every time a train passed by. One time, when Jamie took Sophie out for a meal, she was wearing a glorious, silky full skirt with yards of tulle under it.

“That’s a lovely skirt you are wearing,” Jamie commented. “Nice and full, it really suits you and the material is so nice to touch.”

Sophie frowned. “That’s a strange thing to say... most men never notice what you are wearing, If they do, they wouldn’t comment or if they did it would just say ‘you look nice.’ They wouldn’t say things like you have just said.”

Jamie blushed, he felt embarrassed; he felt his secret had been revealed.

“I notice such things,” he said softly.

They continued to date, however, and they continued to make love.

For the first time, Jamie was enjoying life. Even so, time was running out for him and he failed his first year exams again. This time his Head of the Faculty

wrote to him to say he no longer had a place on the course. The letter read, “Mr. Queensbury, you neither have the aptitude or the inclination to pass your degree, still less your legal examinations. There is little or no prospect of you ever becoming a solicitor or in any way qualified in the field of law. Therefore, you are removed from the course and your place at Southern England University is terminated. I wish you well in your future career.”

Jamie had to pack his bags and return home.

“We expected more from you, Jamie,” his dad said. “We had high hopes of you buckling down after the first time you failed your exams. We wanted you to become a solicitor. You could have started your own law practice and become a respected member of the community. Do you know how much those men earn?”

Jamie shook his head. He hated it when his dad lectured him. His dad continued.

“They earn a very good living and they all have nice wives, lovely houses and cars and they are members of the golf club. You have never liked hard work, have you? You have always been a lazy blighter. A really lazy, good-for-nothing blighter.”

“Now, that’s enough, Hugh!” his mother chided. “But Jamie dear, we are disappointed in you. You can’t expect to live at home for the rest of your life rent free. You need to make your own way in the world. You are, after all, twenty years of age.”

“You’re a bloody disgrace,” his dad bellowed. “You have really let the family down. What am I going to tell people down the golf club? I have a son who is a

good-for-nothing idler who flunked his exams not once but twice.”

Not for the first time, Jamie lay on his bed in his childhood bedroom with tears in his eyes. He knew his parents were right. Rather than using his grant from the Government and the money his parents had given him to buy law books and course materials, he had squandered it all on prostitutes, drink and betting on the horses. Jamie just seemed to be drawn to the seedy side of life. He had much preferred dating Sophie to the drab, colourless girls at university who often wore unfashionable tweed skirts and plain clothes. He was just pleased his parents did not know the true extent of his debauchery. They thought he was lazy but had no idea he spent all his time in London, running up debts, drinking, smoking, visiting prostitutes, betting on horses and watching drag acts. Mind you, it had been fun while it had lasted and he had met some real characters along the way, including writers, poets and artists.

On his regular visits to Soho, Jamie had often stopped to buy magazines of an adult nature at assorted newsagents which had “back rooms” where customers could find pornographic material. He had discovered that there were men, like him, who liked to dress in women’s clothes. When he could he had purchased an American import magazine entitled Female Impersonators International which depicted gloriously feminine women who were in fact men. Later he would buy another magazine from America called Female Mimics. Female Impersonators International magazine opened a whole new world to Jamie. He started to realise that being kicked off his university course was not such a bad thing. Who wanted to be a stuffy lawyer anyway? No, Jamie’s interests lay in performing as a woman on stage and

seeing the magazines made him realise it was possible.

One of the downsides of university life was that he had lived in a rented house with an inquisitive landlady who had cooked and cleaned for the five students who lodged in her house. That meant it had been impossible to have much privacy but once he was freed from the constraints of university life, he knew he could have more independence to dress and do as he pleased. So, once he was back home, he started applying for jobs eagerly. He wanted to move out of home as soon as he could and start renting his own place in London – as close to Soho as was possible. He wanted to get a job as a female impersonator. That was his aim, his ambition – to be a successful female impersonator.

“Why don’t you apply for another university course?” his mother, Madeline, said one day. “Something that is not as difficult as law.”

“No, I don’t want to go to university again, Mother,” Jamie said. “I want to get a job and earn some real money. I’m not really cut out for academia and, as you and dad say, I am twenty years of age and need to stand on my own two feet.”

His mother was disappointed in him – Jamie knew that – but he was determined to fulfil his dream and go onstage as a female impersonator. He knew the first step on that path was to apply for jobs so he could earn money and support himself. That meant he would be able to leave home and find some rented accommodation. Over the coming weeks Jamie bought national papers every day and started to apply for jobs which appeared in the vacancies column.

Soon letters were falling through the letter box inviting him for interviews and, in no time at all, he had secured a position as an insurance clerk for a company in London. That meant his hair had to be cut to a short back and sides style. At the interview he explained that he had tried university life but it was not for him. He wanted to get a job and be part of the “real world.” Mr. Dodds, who interviewed him, was impressed.

“It is nice to meet someone who has plans,” he said.

The fact that Jamie had a little legal training was also considered a benefit and he was given the job.

The job was quite boring but it gave him a weekly salary and the chance to save up. It also meant Jamie mixed with girls. He loved seeing the well-dressed secretaries wandering around the City of London and meeting up with their friends on their lunch breaks. By that time, Jamie was confident enough to pat and pinch the backsides of the pretty secretaries who worked for the firm or whom he passed in the street or on the train. Some of the men went a lot further but Jamie was too refined for that. Even so, he adored being around women and started to observe their mannerisms. So, Jamie commuted up to London each day on the train – often accompanying his father, Hugh. He did not date girls as he was determined to save as much money as he could. Within four months, Jamie had accumulated enough money to be able to afford the deposit on a rented flat. He moved out of his parents’ house and into a tiny, musty flat in central London which was close to his beloved Soho and that was all that mattered to him.

Chapter Two

Jamie now had a plan and the plan was to practice being a female impersonator so he could take to the stage. He longed to relive the day Savannah had walked into the Apollo theatre on Shaftesbury Avenue with all the men looking at “her.” He knew that, with training, he could relive that day on the stage. He recalled how his mother used to tell him how wonderful it had been to be applauded at the end of the night after a successful show and he wanted that too, only he would achieve it as a female impersonator. So every night, when Jamie came home from work, he started to rehearse. He even had singing lessons so he could improve his vocal range and he was amazed to find that he could sing like a woman. He also started to dress again which meant he shaved all over.

Although he had his own flat. the house was divided into a series of apartments. There was limited hot water, therefore he had to choose his hours carefully and he often had to have baths at night. Buying clothes was not easy but he had been lucky that Nancy, the maid at his parents’ house, was sympathetic to his “dressing” and had helped him purchase some clothes while he had been living back home. She seemed to like the fact that she shared a secret with him and she even added some old clothes of his mothers to his wardrobe and gave him some of his mother’s lingerie,

“I’ve put some frillies in your drawer, Master James,” she would say with a wink and Jamie would know his collection of underwear had increased. In that way, when he moved out of the family home into his own lodgings, he had quite a collection of women’s clothing – all nicely stashed in a locked brown leather suitcase, out of the way of prying eyes.

It was not long before Jamie was able to re-discover the shops his mother had taken him to as a fourteen-year-old. The shops, and indeed the whole experience, were so indelibly etched on his mind he knew their exact locations and found them easily. Jamie went back to the wig shop and purchased another hairpiece. Now, at twenty, his reaction to looking at the soft, blond wigs in the mirror was completely different to when he had been fourteen. At twenty, his emotion was one of excitement and a desire to try the wigs on fully dressed so he could gauge whether or not they made him look female. Of course that was not possible in the shop where he had to go in male clothes and pretend he was in a performance which desired him to dress in “drag.” That meant it took him several attempts and a lot of unnecessary expense to find the “right” wig.

Equipped with a wardrobe of expensive clothes and lingerie, Jamie set about dressing as a woman. He felt a flush of freedom - the desire to dress was overwhelming. How pleased he was to have been booted off his law course. The idea of spending three whole years in the restricted confines of the university would have sent him crazy. To become fully qualified, there would have been further exams. Now, though, he had freedom and money. Fortunately, the flat was not far from the office where he worked so he took a bus to and from work which was cheaper than the train.

He used to sit on the bus in his suit and read his copy of the Daily Express, looking every inch the city worker. In reality he wore soft, feminine lingerie under his trousers and when he got home he dressed in female clothing every night. The hardest part was practicing the makeup (which he had purchased from the theatrical makeup shop his mother had taken him to) but, with constant repetition, he grad-

ually got that right too. He regularly purchased magazines which depicted female impersonators and looked in awe at the photographs of men dressed as women. That was his aim – to be as good as they were. They were so convincing it was impossible to tell they were men and his goal was to be so credible no one who saw him would believe he was male.

Eventually, Jamie built up the courage to go out dressed in public. He knew such activities were dangerous and risked arrest. Even so, he was determined to test himself and announce his female persona to the world.

One Saturday morning, Jamie got up very early and ran himself a bath. The old copper pipes vibrated noisily as the water poured into the tub. Jamie added some bath crystals, took off his cotton pyjamas and got into the hot, soapy water; then he started to shave his legs, arms and chest with a newly purchased Wilkinson Sword safety razor. He was careful not to cut himself. After about an hour, he got out of the cooling water and dabbed himself dry with a thick red and white towel. He felt nervous and apprehensive.

When he had dressed as Savannah he was young and his face had not grown manly hair. Now, however, he needed a shave, so, having bathed, he stood in front of the circular shaving mirror in the bathroom and mixed up foam in a small pot. He applied it liberally to his face with a brush, then started to shave with a cut-throat razor. He was careful to ensure his face was smooth and he did not cut himself. The day before, he had invested in some new razors in order to prevent such a disaster. When he finished, he rubbed on some face cream which he had purchased that week. Then he wrapped a silky, pink negligee around himself and did up the tie.

He came out of the bathroom and walked into the bedroom. The flat was self-contained, two floors up in a low block of flats which were art deco in style with small, iron framed windows. The living room overlooked the busy High Street at the front of the flats, while the bedroom was at the back adjacent to the kitchen, next to which was a small bathroom.

Jamie went into his dingy bedroom. He had set his clothes out on the bed and the dress he had chosen to wear was hanging up on the picture rail. He started to feel aroused and his heart beat with excitement. He had a small dressing table in the bedroom by the window which he had purchased from a second hand shop. He went over to this and sat down. He felt like that fourteen-year-old boy again and could almost imagine his mother, Madeline, next to him, telling him it would all be alright and that she was convinced she could make him look like "Savannah," the half-sister he had never met. His body pulsed with excitement. He took a deep breath and went to work.

First, he added foundation to his face, then he dabbed powder onto the foundation with a thick brush. Next he drew around his eyes with a pencil and decorated them with a brush before adding rouge to his cheeks. Finally, he painted his lips with a pencil and stuck on false eyelashes. He took his time as he knew he had to look good. When he had finished his face, he painted his nails a deep red colour and waited for them to dry. There was a part of him that felt guilty – he knew he should not be doing this. He thought about the people he worked with. They would not approve. There was a girl in accounts whom he liked but he was scared to approach her because he did not want dating to get in the way of his dressing. It was a lonely life with no one to confide in.

