

Diary of A Crossdresser



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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This book is dedicated to Paul Cummings AKA Lavern Cummings, arguably the greatest female impersonator of all time, who died, aged 90 on 22/03/18, in Las Vegas, after being hit by a car whilst crossing a road.

Preface

There's a photograph of me standing by the front door. I am about to go to a classical music concert with my wife, Nadine. I am wearing a black leather pencil skirt; it has a front panel which is pitted. I am wearing black leather knee-length boots with a 3.5" heel and have a silver buckle detail on the ankle. On my smooth, hairless legs I wear 10 denier nearly black tights. Underwear-wise it is a pair of soft, sensual red knickers and a red and black waist cincher to trim my figure. Although I try to keep to around 170 lbs., it is a struggle. And a bra, of course, to hold up my enlarged silicone fake breasts. I wear a red polo neck top.

There is a very wide black PVC belt around my waist and a silver pendant around my neck. The black box jacket I wear is open. My nails are painted red and are well-manicured.

I hold a black hand bag in my small, hairless right hand which has rings on it and a silver bracelet is around my wrist. My hair is long and brown and straight and reaches down the side of my face, shoulders and back; you can just see my silver earrings. My makeup is immaculate. You can look at that photograph all day long and I would wager you would not know my secret – I am a transvestite. In fact, once I advertised a wig on eBay – I used a facial photograph and got a question back: “Excuse me for asking but are you a man or a woman?”

Diary of a Crossdresser

By Charlotte Mayo

Chapter One

It is Friday night and I am laying in a lovely, once-warm, soapy, bath. I have been there so long my fingers have wrinkled like prunes, my wet hair feels cold on the nape of my neck and my muscles are starting to feel stiff because I haven't moved enough. Still, no matter, I have a job to do. I raise a leg from the water, through the foam, and pull the Gillette Fusion Power razor over it again – checking for seemingly endlessly patches of hair. The leg feels smooth so I check out the other one. I run the razor around the back of my thigh and hips, trying to find those dark recesses where alien hairs may be lurking. It

has been a long process. Very long. Shaving my arms, my chest, my legs, my back, every damned aspect of my body apart from my face which still sports seven days' beard growth. God, why was I born so hairy? It is not the best starting point for a transvestite. Lined up on the side of the bath are three razor heads I have used already.

Of course, it wasn't always the case. Before the onset of adolescence, I could don a dress and make myself appear female with the minimum of fuss and effort. Indeed, my twelve-year-old sister did just that when I was seven years of age. I was the youngest of three, having an older brother and sister. My parents' first child – a daughter – had died of a heart issue when she was a baby and I feel this had a profound effect on my mother.

I know I was seven because we had just moved into a new house. It was the long, school summer holiday and one morning, my sister and I rummaged through a bag of jumble sale clothes that my mother had collected from an auntie who we had visited as a family over the weekend. They contained two lovely party dresses – one was rose-coloured and the other was pink – they had belonged to my cousin. My cousin was a few years older than me; one dress was about my size and my sister felt the other dress would fit her. That being the case she decided that it would be a great idea if we dressed up in them. My sister was quite bossy and tended to order me around a bit so although I am not totally sure, I feel the idea was al-



most certainly hers. I can't imagine that I would have suggested it even if I had wanted to as I was quite shy.

Anyway, I remember my sister taking me to her small bedroom and getting out a pair of her panties and white socks from her chest of drawers and I remember her undressing me and pulling the clothes on me. I even recall her pulling a white, nylon slip over my head. Then my sister made me step inside the dress and she pulled it up my slim frame and edged up the zip.

The dress had a tight bodice and full skirt with net underneath. I can remember feeling enclosed and entrapped by the dress, feeling it was alien and weird. My sister took off her clothes and slipped into the other dress and this time I helped her with the zip. Then she applied makeup to her face and mine. It amounted to powder, blusher and lipstick – I guess she was just getting into makeup. It is one of my most vivid childhood memories.

When she had finished my sister held my hand as we stood in front of the dressing table mirror in her bedroom. She was dressed in a slightly tight, pink dress with a full skirt whereas I was dressed in a lovely rose-coloured dress which was a perfect fit and had a pretty bow on the back which my sister had done up after she had eased up the zip. I remember standing next to her, feeling her dress brush against mine. We looked like two sisters. I looked at myself in

the mirror, the image of the pretty girl and I could not have felt happier – a feeling of elation rolled over me.

Then my mother came upstairs and my sister took me out of her bedroom and “showed me off” to her, pleased with her handiwork. Rather than being annoyed, my mother made a great fuss of me. I remember her giving me a big hug and picking me up as my sister looked on and smiled broadly.

Although my mother came from an era where boys dressing as girls was seen to be “wrong” - and she was quite old fashioned - she really had no issue with me and my sister playing “dress up” (even though my sister was twelve!). Indeed, I wore the dress on a number of occasions afterwards until my dad saw me and the “game” was instantly stopped. I was told in no uncertain terms that I should not dress as a girl and the dress soon disappeared.

Satisfied with my all-over shave, I slowly get out of the bath and drain the water away, collecting the hairs with a strainer so as not to block the drain pipe. My skin feels strange. Bare. I dab myself with a towel and then I go to the bedroom and run the electric razor over my body to catch any hairs that have so far escaped. It is a long, long, slow process that has taken the best part of two hours. Finally, I return to the bathroom and rub baby oil onto my skin which is sore and red; small abrasions and cuts glisten red under the oil. Once finished, I wrap my thick dressing gown around me and come downstairs. Nadine is

in the front room watching TV. I undo the dressing gown as a flasher might do and expose myself to her. She laughs. On the coffee table sits a small bottle of nail varnish. I sit down next to her on the sofa, then manoeuvre around so my feet are on her lap. She inspects my toes and feet, then goes to work painting each toe in turn with a lovely bright pink nail varnish. When she has finished she attaches a gold ankle chain around my left ankle. Already I am feeling like a girl.

We watch TV but it is hard to concentrate. I feel nervous, anxious. I am thinking about the following day and going to the theatre. I love these trips, love them, live for them in fact. And it's been a long time. A very long time. My female alter-ego Charlotte does not go out in the summer – it's too dangerous with family and friends and work colleagues so I don't shave my legs. No, like Dracula and vampires, Charlotte is a creature of the dark winter nights.

We go up to bed and I pull on a lovely, slinky silver and black knee-length night dress. I look at myself in the mirror, I feel shivers run down my spine. I feel so excited. I take some pills to help me sleep and, surprisingly I actually sleep well.

It has been a long time... a very long time but as the summer turns to autumn, as the leaves turn and fall from the trees, the dark nights draw in like a veil over the face of a mourning mother, Charlotte re-merges from "her" slumber. Her things are brought

down from the loft, her wig is washed and primed and Charlotte is prepared for her season. The summer hibernation is over: the long hot, hot days and long, long light-filled evenings when there is no “Trannyng” are a distant memory.

The summer... oh, the summer, not a time for Charlotte to dress and go out now but did not “her” most formative events take place during the summer? As a seven-year-old I was dressed as a girl during the long, summer, school holidays. And it was during the summer that I experienced one of the strangest dressing experiences of my childhood. I was eight or nine... maybe even older, certainly not younger, as it happened after the dressing incident with my sister.

My family had gone to visit a different auntie and uncle who had a daughter living at home who was two years older than me, so my brother’s age. We were due to go to the beach but my mum had forgotten our swimming costumes. All of them. My rather bossy auntie had a solution. I can remember trooping upstairs to my cousin’s bedroom and my aunt pulling open the top drawer of a chest of drawers. We would just have to wear my cousin’s swimming costumes, she said.

My sister was easily sorted with a costume of my cousin’s but my brother and I were more difficult. My aunt offered my brother a full-frontal swimming costume which sent him into a complete hissy fit. As a

compromise, he was given a pair of my cousin's navy knickers to wear. I was next in line and thought, as my brother had won the "battle of the swimming trunks," I would be proffered a pair of panties to wear as well! But oh no! My mother assured my auntie that I wasn't as "silly" as my brother and she duly went to the top drawer again and gave me a fancy, red full-frontal swimming costume to wear.

I remember it being very ruched and very feminine. I spent the whole day wearing it on the beach. My brother and sister and cousin played in the sea but I was scared to wander far from the adults just in case I was laughed at. To this day I can clearly remember a family looking at me with my short, boyish hair and girl's swim suit – it was a strange experience, very strange.

The next day it is bright and sunny, Nadine and I get up. I shower and then I weigh myself. Fortunately, after a week of limited food intake, my weight, which fluctuates enormously, has gone down. I change into my male clothes which irritate my smooth skin. It's the normal Saturday routine. I drive up the road and buy a paper, I come back, I go on line, I place some bets on the day's horse racing on line but sometimes use the bookmaker's shop.

When Nadine is ready, we drive into town. We have a bacon roll and a cup of tea in a café and then we do some shopping - mainly household bits but we also buy Char some more powder (Nadine is good at

checking the supplies and replenishing them) and a new scent: Yves St. Laurent. Only the best for Char.

We come home. Later Nadine goes shopping with her mum and I am left in the house on my own. I find it hard to concentrate and settle to do anything; I feel a bit on edge. It has been a long time. I cook myself a low-calorie meal at lunch time and have my last drink, a glass of water. I dehydrate myself as I do not want to use the toilet during the night. I get out all Char's things and set them out on the bed, ready for the evening.

I collect Nadine and then I have a facial shave, removing seven days of beard growth. I shave in the sink. I heat a damp flannel up in the microwave and press it to my face to draw out the hairs and then I go to work with a new head on my Gillette Fusion Power razor. I have become quite adept at shaving and don't normally cut myself. Once complete, I rub in plenty of moisturiser. This is when it starts to feel "real" – it starts to feel as if I am really going out... dressed...en femme. I used to go to a barber and have a shave but I can do it myself quite adequately and it as always difficult with time and appointments.

I come down stairs and, like the previous night, Nadine paints my nails – my finger nails this time – the same colour. We watch football results as they dry. Then I go upstairs. I walk into our bedroom. Earlier I have set out my clothes. Starting at the pillow end is a gaff which I have chosen to wear, then a pair

of pretty, pink panties with black spots; a pair of black, ten denier tights; a silver and black underwired bra; a pair of very expensive silicone breast forms, and a brand new waist clincher. I take a deep breath. Just looking at the clothes makes me feel excited. I can feel the adrenalin pulse through my veins, my heart races.

I take off my drab, male clothes so I am standing in the room, naked. My body smooth, I check for hair and use the electric razor to remove a few tufts I have missed the night before. Then I take up the black gaff and pull it on. Once I dispensed with it but tonight I have decided to try it again as it does hide my crown jewels.

Over the top goes the pink and black knickers. I sit on the bed and scrunch up one leg of the tights and then it makes its smooth, unhindered path up my bare, hairless leg. I get to the knee and do the same with the other leg. Then I stand up and pull the tights right up, making sure they stretch over the legs and are nice and smooth. They feel great against my smooth legs. Nadine comes up and helps with the waist clincher which goes around my stomach and attaches at the back with hooks and a zip. She pulls me in nice and tight so that I have a slight figure. I am an easy size twelve.

Then it is the bra. Nadine feels the breast forms look better in a bra as the material is softer and they look more natural. I have previously used body forms

but the material can be too thick and they lose their natural “bounce”. I stand before the mirror. My female alter-ego is beginning to take shape. Nadine sprays on some of the new Yves St. Laurent scent and then she gets the dress from the hanger. It is a bodycon, figure-hugging dress in white but with black and red flowers on it.

There is a partial zip up the back and it is lined, which I like. She places it on the floor and I step into it. She manoeuvres it up my body. I lift my arms. We have a job getting my hands through the arm holes. But then it is on and Nadine shifts it around and pushes up the zip. The dress is certainly finger-hugging and knee-length, my breasts look good, the nipples press against the material. We bought the dress over the summer and we both like it.

Then we go to the next room and I sit in an office chair. Nadine places a band around my hair and wraps a towel around me which she attaches with a hairdresser’s clip. Then she starts to dab my face with foundation, mixing it on her hand. She applies it with a sponge.

Finally, she sets it with powder, using a brush. Next, she measures my cheeks with a brush and whisks on red blusher. Then it is the eyes. I have put my contact lenses in prior to my shave as they look better. Nadine applies some eyeliner to the eyebrows and a bit around the eyes, then comes the shadow. She uses a brush to paint each eye in turn, slate

greys and silvers and then the black mascara on my long lashes. I used to blink a lot but over the years I have got used to the wand going close to my eye.

She uses a pencil to outline each lip, then she paints each one in turn with a brush – deep red. She gets me to suck my lips, paints them again. The makeup is complete – I look good even without the crowning glory. She clips on two dangly silver earrings.

Next comes the wig. She pulls off the towel and the hair band and I pull on a hairnet, making sure it meets my hairline. Then she gives me the long brunette wig, with a wavy kink and full fringe. I pull on the wig. The wig has a monochrome front so looks very natural. When it is in place, Nadine sets to work with brushes and sprays, styling it and setting it.

Finally, she adds jewellery: a thin silver watch, silver bracelet on the right wrist – rings – engagement and wedding on the left hand, a ring on the right. At last, I am ready. I stand up and look at myself, at Charlotte.

In the mirror I see a tall, slim lady with long, brown hair. The dress is sleeves so it exposes my slender arms, slim wrists and small hands; fortunately, I do not have a lot of muscle definition. I was called “weed” at school and was picked on and bullied because I was no good at sport (or anything much) and was not as rough and tough as the other boys but

those days are gone. Thank God. I smile at my reflection. I look good. Damned good.

“Don’t bend forward too much,” Nadine chides. “You’ll spoil your fringe.”

I’m pleased, very pleased that Charlotte is back. Nadine leaves the room and comes back with a brand-new black leather jacket we bought over the summer in a sale. It is ruched around the hem and even has small pockets. She helps me put it on, pulling out my hair so it sits over the top of the jacket. I draw up the zip, slightly.

I look very natural, very feminine. The white and black dress with the red flowers peeks from under the jacket, it touches my knee and the black tights show off smooth, shapely calves. My heart beats fast. I feel exited. I feel alive. I want to go out. Twenty-two times I have been to the theatre dressed as a woman. Twenty-two and this is the twenty-third. I have been read, of course, in the early days, but not tonight. Tonight I look too good.

I walk back to the bedroom on my nyloned feet and pick up a pair of black patent court shoes with a 4.5” stiletto heel. I have always been wary of high-heels but as I have gained confidence, I have worn them more often. I am aware I have slim ankles and nice legs and Nadine thinks I should show them off. She also thinks I walk very well in them - better than most women. I sit on the bed and slip on each one in

turn. Instantly I am so much taller. I tower over Nadine. I walk up and down to get used to the heels, feel the height, how my body is thrown forward. I examine myself in our floor-to-ceiling mirror. Now I really do look good. The shoes are the icing on the cake, adding that spice of femininity, that air of sexuality, that touch of vulnerability.

I prepare my handbag – again it is new - bought over the summer whilst Char was in recess. It is black leather, quite large, and has pockets on each side. I place my mobile phone inside (it has a girlish flowery case); lipstick, perfume; powder; brush; purse and money; tickets; tissues; mints; reading glasses; small mirror; hairbrush and Cath Kidston diary. Meanwhile Nadine gets ready. I walk around the house and draw curtains and check doors.

When Nadine has finished, we take some photographs and then we are ready to leave. By this time the sunny day has turned to rain and we are caught unawares – we constantly check the weather to check for wind and rain and none was forecast. Rain is Ok but wind is a nightmare... or can be. Nadine gets an umbrella. She places things in the car, including the pair of male slip-ons I will drive in.

Then she calls me out of the house and I make a fairly hurried exit. I get in the passenger seat whilst she locks the house up. Then she gets in the driver's seat and we depart. We drive to some garages by some flats. She parks up, I walk to the driver's side,

dispense with the high heels, slip into the slip-ons, adjust the seat and go. We are ready for action.

We head up the motorway. I soon forget I am dressed though I keep practising my voice, moving from my female one to my male one, unsure which I should use in the car. The journey is uneventful. I drive into the carpark and park up. I reverse back into a space a bit away from other cars that are coming in. Nadine checks my look.

“You look good,” she says. It is still raining, she gets out of the car and gets the umbrella. I remove my shoes and slip back into the high heels. They feel fantastic.

“Why is the light on?” Nadine says, looking at the back of the car.

I have my foot on the brake. Nerves.

Nadine holds the umbrella and I get out. I straighten my dress. I take my handbag from the back seat, then Nadine closes the door and I lock the car. We are ready. Slipping the keys into my handbag, I begin to walk, Nadine by my side, the brolly covering us both.

She also has a bag with sweets in it and water. I walk slowly and carefully. We come to a road and cross over and then another. Then we are on the theatre side and walking – walking towards the light,

walking towards the people. Walking easily in the heels, finding it is best to walk as if they are trainers and forget the heels. My feet press down into the toes. I am trying to avoid the gaps in the paving stones. Others are by us and merging into the theatre. I feel confident, free, but the dress feels flimsy and of little protection. We reach the glass doors of the theatre and walk in, followed by the second set of doors and then...

“Good evening, ladies,” a male usher says.

I smile a reply. The foyer is full of people. It is those first encounters which are always the most important in terms of calming nerves.

“Shall we go up to the circle?” Nadine says.

I agree we should. We walk around to the wooden, open stairs. People are oblivious to the fact there is a transvestite in the house. I pace up the wide wooden stairs easily in my high heels. I make sure the whole of the foot rests on the stair though I have noticed women often walk upstairs on the soles of their feet. We reach the circle. The bar is open and there is no one there so I walk up to the bar. There is a manager and two members of staff present. One of the staff members peels off and speaks to me as I approach. Her badge tells me her name is “Laura”.

“Can I help you?” Laura asks.

“Can I have two glasses of Pinot Gringo for the interval please?”

“Regular or large?”

“Regular,” I reply, feeling confident.

“Do you want a programme too?”

“Yes, please.”

It comes to over £20 (fortunately I had drawn out sufficient money during the day as we have learnt that cash is king). I show my members card with my en femme name and the bill is reduced by 10%. Laura hands me my change.

“Can I take your name and door number?”

“Charlotte Mayo and door 7.”

I go back to Nadine and check the tickets in my handbag – we are actually door 8. I walk back to the bar; a man is there waiting to be served but I go to his side. He moves out of the way as I step behind him. I would not get away with this “in the male”.

“Sorry,” he says.

I have pushed in front. A woman can do those sorts of things.