

Burn It!



Charlotte Mayo

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

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.



Copyright © 2019

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

BURN IT!

Part One

By Charlotte Mayo

Chapter One 1985

“To misappropriate a quote from the late, great John “The Duke” Wayne, “the only good bookmaker is a fucking dead bookmaker.”

As I tried to work out who the Hell uses a word like “misappropriate” at a racecourse, little bits of confetti - the residual from torn betting slips - fell on my head, back and shoulders. I looked around to see a tall, smartly dressed, dark-haired man with a craggy complexion. He was wearing black, drainpipe trousers, a white/red checked shirt and a bootlace tie. He smiled at me, revealing stained and uneven teeth.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to throw betting slips at you.”

“That’s alright, mate,” I shrugged. “I’m down on my luck too. Haven’t had a winner since 1978 – or so it seems.”

We were standing in the tattersalls at Brighton race course. It was a hot summer’s day and I was beginning to sweat as much as the horses in the paddock. Brighton was one of my favourite race tracks – it was quaint, quiet and quirky. I came down on the train from where I lived in Croydon, South London whenever I could afford it and then took the special race day bus which ran from the station to the race-track.

“Day off work?” the middle-aged stranger asked. He had a slight Northern Irish lilt to his voice but his accent was not strong and I guessed he had not lived there for some time. Later he would tell me had been born in Belfast.

“No, I’m between jobs,” I said. A euphemism for being on the dole – unemployed. I had just been fired because my work was not up to scratch and I was looking for new employment which was difficult with the unemployment rate skyrocketing upwards. It was Thatcher’s Britain and jobs were about as hard to find as a virgin in a brothel; a day at the races alleviated the boredom of trying to complete endless, tedious job application forms with the same repetitive, boring questions.

“Anyway,” I said, “what’s ‘misappropriate’ mean? Not heard that one at a race track before.”

The tall, lean stranger took a step down to join me on the terrace step I was on. I got a whiff of his expensive Calvin Klein aftershave. He smiled broadly, his hand was tucked into his trouser pocket, his mullet stroked the velvet collar of his stylish jacket - I could see it had threads of a rich, silver cotton mix in it and

the sleeves were pushed up similar to the fashion Crockett and Tubbs employed in *Miami Vice*. Expensive, I thought. He reminded me of a rock star – Huey Lewis and The News, that sort of look. Trendy.

He took a packet of Silk Cut cigarettes out of his inside pocket and offered me one. I waved it away.

“John Wayne is supposed to have said, in some or other cowboy film, that “the only good Indian – or North American native if you prefer – is a fucking dead Indian.”

“Oh, I see,” I said – the dollar had finally dropped.

He held out his hand. “I’m Richard... Richard E. Scrivener.”

He stressed the *E*, making it sound sing-song and important.

“Joe Creasy.”

And that was my chance meeting with the man who would change my life. Forever. Richard cupped his hands and lit the cigarette with a gold lighter; he took a deep breath and inhaled.

“You see those bookmakers over there?” He pressed a hand into his pocket.

I looked at the few independent bookies by the rail and dotted around the tattersalls.

“Which ones?”

He nodded again, exhaled. “Them – the Diamond Brothers.”

I looked at the red and white sign: the strap line under the name read, “*Win with Double Diamond*” and in the middle there was a diamond motif. One of

the Diamond brothers was moving his hands around erratically, doing the tic tac.

“What of them?”

“They’re the absolute bee’s knees – they’re the best independent bookies around. See that young lad wearing the glasses and operating the machine behind them? They call him The Wizard because he’s so good at getting odds right and laying potential winners – they’ve got a pitch at Cheltenham, Ascot, Epsom.” He paused. “They’re worth a few quid.”

I scoffed, “What do they say? Rich bookie, poor punter?”

Richard placed his hand on my shoulder. “It doesn’t have to be like that, Joe, we can win too.”

I thought about being on the dole, my lonely flat, Loverboy upstairs with his good job as a car salesman and his seemingly endless supply of nubile, young women who were itching to jump into his bed. Life hadn’t turned out the way I had wanted it to. People like me just never seemed to win big – OK, like all gamblers, I got a little return now and again and sometimes a reasonable return but days, weeks later it would be back in the hands of the greedy bookmakers. One of the Diamond brothers, Danny (as I would come to know him), had stopped doing the tic tac and was taking a bet: he was tall, slightly overweight, brown-haired but balding on top, he wore expensive shades. The other Diamond was behind the small board; he was shorter and had a full head of thick, dark curly hair. He was dealing with the pay-outs on winning bets. The man – little more than a teenager – who Richard had called The Wizard – shouted out odds so Bruce Diamond (as I would come to know him) could mark up a new price on the board when he had finished paying out the few lucky winners. I

noticed how other bookies followed the Diamond Brothers' lead. Richard was probably right.

When I turned around to chat some more to my new-found acquaintance, he had gone; I saw his back as he drifted into the crowd. Tall and lean, he stooped slightly as he walked. It was a chance encounter, the sort you often experienced at racing – it was one of the reasons I liked race meetings. Living on my own meant a day at the races was a good chance to meet other people – share a bit of banter. Have a laugh. Have a drink. Share tips and bad luck stories.

I won on the last race which lifted my spirits slightly but overall, I was down. As I left the race course, I looked around to see a figure walking in unison with me.

“How's your luck been?” Richard said.

I told him about a win on the last race.

“Better than me then. I lost on every fucking race. You go to get off anywhere?”

“I'll catch the racegoers' bus back to the station and a train back to Croydon.”

“I'll give you a lift if you want. I am going that way.”

“No, No, it's too far, I don't want to put you out.”

Richard laughed. Infectiously. “I don't mean to Croydon, you daft sod, I mean to Brighton station.”

“OK then.” I said. “It saves taking the bus.”

I followed him to a red, Jaguar XJ6 parked in the grassy field in front of the main stand. I liked cars –

my 1966 Triumph Spitfire, Mark 2 sports car was my pride and joy.

The worn red, leather seat felt like a favourite armchair and it was certainly better than waiting for the bus to leave, then having a rickety ride to the town centre. Cigarette butts were busting out of the ash tray and the air freshener could not hide the strong aroma of the stale smoke and nicotine which had stained the interior upholstery. The hot mid-afternoon sun showed up the dusty interior, I guessed Richard Scrivener – or Richard *E.* Scrivener as he had introduced himself with some flamboyance and a touch of arrogance - would not list “car care” as one of his hobbies.

As we queued up to get out of the course, Richard leant forward and placed an arm over the steering wheel. As if talking to the dusty windscreen, he said,

“I hope you don’t mind me saying this, Joe, but I never forget a face see and I’ve seen you before.”

“At the races you mean?”

“No, not at the races.”

“Where then?”

“I used to work in Croydon, in the Cool Kings Club. Remember it?”

I wondered where this was going.

“Sure, my mother, Joan Creasy, used to sing there for quite a few years. I was a teenager when she started and must have been in my early twenties when she left.”

“That’s right,” Richard said. “Your mother was a very good singer. Very good indeed. I was a barman,

see, so I got to hear her sing for free. I liked your mother. How is she?"

"Very well, thanks, she don't sing any more. Can't get the gigs. I guess she's too old. She never really made it."

"That's a pity," Richard said. He took a puff on his cigarette. "It's a real shame because even to my untrained ear, I could see she had talent. A lot of talent."

I was beginning to wonder what this had to do with me? Yes, I had been to the Cool Kings Club on more than one occasion to hear Mum sing and just hang out with friends and Richard may have seen me, but really? He could recognise the face of every punter he had served drinks to? Maybe I had been introduced to him by my mother? I certainly could not remember him.

"I saw you in the club a few times," Richard went on, "but the time I really remember was the night of the Beauty Pageant."

My blood ran cold and I started to shake a bit. I stared to my left, looked out at the sea, the swooping seagulls, the electric rail train, the happy carefree holiday makers, the little girl on the tricycle, the candyfloss, the inflatables. I closed my eyes and leant back in the big, soft worn leather seat. I wanted to get out of the car and run along the esplanade to the train station. I felt I was being set up, I tried to pretend it was no big deal.

"They... they... they had a beauty pageant every year," I said. I hoped I didn't sound too nervous.

"Yes, that's right, Joe, they did, but the one that sticks in my mind is the 1978 one. It's funny, when you said you hadn't had a winner you said you hadn't had one since 1978 - I think that is a year that is sig-

nificant to you, Joe, because maybe you did have a winner in 1978? A very significant winner. How old were you back then?”

“Twenty-two, I guess,” I said.

My heart began to race a bit faster, I put my hand to my forehead. Of course it would stick in his fucking mind because that was the night the club was robbed of its weekly takings! Richard didn't say anymore but I knew he had the finger on me. There was a lot he could say if he wanted to and my body language was not exactly telling a story of innocence. My hands felt clammy and my face was burning like a furnace and this time it was not because of the hot day. I decided to play along a bit more.

“But you can't recognise me from that pageant because I wasn't there. Mum didn't sing that night because they had the beauty contest thing going on. I did go to some pageants though – me and my mates – we liked to eye up the pretty girls. It was always a busy night - and a good night too.”

Richard glanced at me, smiled, like a crocodile in a swamp.

“Oh, I but I do recognise you, Joe, I *do* recognise you,” he said.

No more, no less. Then...

“From the '78 pageant, I mean.”

My heat pounded. My hands and feet were twitchy – I seemed to have St. Vitas Dance. I just couldn't stop shaking. He continued.

“It was a long, silver dress from what I remember, quite tight and figure-hugging and very elegant and

there was a white mink stole and silver opera gloves. Classy.”

Now my skin was prickling with beads of sweat, I began to feel dizzy and nauseous. I wanted to dive out of the car, take my chances and run, run like the wind.

He didn't say any more. The car pulled up outside the station.

“So here we are,” he said.

I went to get out but I was rooted to the spot, I couldn't pry myself from the hot, sticky, leather seat.

Richard rested a long, chimp-like arm on the steering wheel and turned to me.

“Look Joe, I'm not the filth or anything like that. I'm on the other side of the so-called fucking justice system. I know what you did and it's cool with me. Very cool.”

He paused, took another cigarette from the Silk Cut packet. He placed it in his mouth so it was just balancing on his lower lip, he patted his jacket pocket and then took out the expensive gold lighter he had used earlier. He flicked up the top. A yellow flame touched the tip of the cigarette. Then he said words I wished I'd never hear.

“I know all about the Cool Kings Club robbery and that you and your mother committed the crime.”

Speechless, that was the word. What could I say? Nothing. My mouth felt as dry as an Arab's sandal.

“I... er I.... I don't know what you mean.” I shrunk down lower into the soft seat.

“Let’s have a drink, or even better go for a meal, and discuss it. Then you can catch your train home. What ya say?”

I could only nod my head in agreement. To be fingered for a crime so long after the event... Jesus... give a man a break! Anyway, I was intrigued to find out what he knew about the Cool Kings Club robbery so I agreed to go along with him. It was seven years since the robbery and no one likes their past being dragged up – especially a past like mine that could leave me – and my mum - in a whole heap of shit. It was a one-off, a mistake but somehow Richard seemed to know all about it. I was determined to find out what he knew... and, more importantly what he planned to do with the information.

Chapter Two

I did have that drink with Richard and a meal after – he knew a great Italian place in the centre of Brighton. I raised a glass of wine to my lips whilst Richard twirled spaghetti around his fork, like an experienced pasta eater, using a spoon and a fork, not like me who tended to cut it up with a knife and fork.

“I have to say,” he said between mouthfuls. “It was good, very good... I guess it was your mother Joan’s idea.”

I looked down at the pristine, white table cloth and nodded my head in meek surrender. What was the point in denying it? Whatever Richard knew – or didn’t know - he obviously felt he knew enough to confront me about it – and he had gone out of his way to show me he had the finger on me. He sucked spaghetti off his fork, chewed, then spoke,

“I’m going to put a scenario to you and you tell me how much I get right...”

So, like a tape machine, Richard E. Scrivener re-told the story of Saturday, 21st, October, 1978 – the night of the Cool Kings Club’s beauty pageant – and the night when the Club’s weekly takings were stolen by “person or persons unknown” as the Old Bill like to say.

“Your mother wasn’t working that night because of the pageant. I know some months before she had had a blazing row with Phillip Drakos, the club owner, over her pay. She got to hear that the black lads who did the Four Tops and the Motown numbers were paid more than her and she was really upset as she was the resident singer and was supposed to be top of the bill. She knew where the safe was and she knew the combo because she’d worked at the club a long time and Drakos allowed her to put some of her expensive, stage jewellery and other stuff in there so she didn’t have to take it home each night. I know all that.”

In some ways it was interesting listening to the story. It had been so long ago I had tried to put it out of my mind – I pretended, to myself at least, that it had never happened. I had been twenty-two. I was illegitimate and had lived alone with my mother in a small, council flat in Croydon, South London – no siblings. I could still remember the day Mum had told me about the plan. I had come home from work and we sat down for our evening meal together as it was her night off from singing at the club. I can only imagine that she must have been thinking about it for some time before she spoke to me about it because it was already fully formed in her head perfectly. I had taken quite a bit of persuading, I can tell you...

Richard continued...

“Joan knew how much money the club took and she knew Drakos thought her act was old fashioned –

he wanted the Four Tops trib to be top billing. Joan felt betrayed because she had worked there for years and had a good following so she thought about one last pay day and the pageant was the biggest pay day of the year. Drakos always put the door entrance fee straight in the safe so, although there would be no bar money, the safe would be well-stocked with the weekly takings and most of the entrance fee money. Think about it. Thousands of pounds sitting in the safe but how could she get to it?" Richard twirled some more spaghetti around his fork, his dark eyes never left me. A hint of a grin formed on his lips. "How indeed?"

"Go on, I'm listening," I said.

"You're not denying and I like that, Joe..."

I smiled, shrugged, "But I've admitted nothing. I'm enjoying the story, what happens next?"

"Your mother had an idea. The pageant was approaching and that would mean many young ladies would be backstage who were not normally there and if they were backstage it would mean they had access to the back stairs that lead up to Drakos' office which was immediately above the stage. Because no one went back stage apart from staff, whom he naively trusted, he never locked the door. In his office, over the fireplace and behind a picture was the safe. All she needed was a young lady to pay her admission fee for the pageant, get her name on the sheet and then, presto, she would have access to his office and the safe!"

I smiled. Richard could almost have been there. I remember the arguments I had with Mum. One day we had a really heated exchange and I had stormed out of the house yelling,

"I am not fucking doing it!"

I had gone to stay with my girlfriend for a few days – sleeping on the sofa.

“But who could she trust with such a mission?” Richard asked, pointing his fork at me. “Who could she involve in such a crime?”

It had taken a lot of persuasion – shortly after I had come back from my girlfriend’s house I had agreed to do it but only because I had been fired from my job and my girlfriend had done the dirty on me.

“Just think of the money,” Mum said. “We could both do with the money, you could buy a car, take driving lessons, maybe get a place of your own.”

At the time I had had a boring, mundane office job in the Health Service. I wanted something better – I certainly wanted a car. I was twenty-two years old and not much had been happening for me: I had friends who seemed to have money and a steady stream of girlfriends and the way Mum described it, well, it would be a breeze. She had watched Drakos put money in the safe; she had even put some of her own jewellery in there so she could observe him open the safe and memorise the number. The safe was actually quite simple – a push button affair, not a dial. As luck would have it, Drakos had used his birth date as a code so, although Mum never got to see all six digits, she guessed the rest when she had realised it had been his date of birth.

“How much will the safe hold?” I asked her one day over breakfast.

“There will be well over £5,000 in it. It’s a pity we can’t do it after the pageant as that is one of the best nights of the year but in normal circumstances there is no opportunity for someone who doesn’t work at the Cool Kings Club to go backstage into the staff area.”