

# TT Girl<sup>3</sup>



# Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# T. T. Girl

## Part Three

**by Charlotte Mayo**

I have known Megan for, like, forever. We were in the same year at school and we were like just *sooo* close it was untrue. I was an only child so I loved hanging out with Megan and Olivia – they just seemed so cool, always so fashionable and well-dressed which meant a lot to us as teenagers. Meg was popular with everyone. She had a bit of the imp about her, a bit of devilment. She liked to scheme and plan things – not to hurt anyone but for her own enjoyment.

Although Olivia was older she was a bit quieter and it was definitely Meg that was the leader. Marc took after Olivia in nature – he was quiet and had the same blonde hair colour, blue eyes and delicate fea-

tures as their mother Sian, whilst Meg was darker and took after her father, Paul. But Meg just had *that* quality, a kind of charisma and I guess that was one of the reasons Marc liked her so much.

Marc, what can I say? He started out as the kid brother who just did his own thing and who I took no notice of – well, there was a two-year age difference between us which is a lot when you are young. So I took no notice of him. None at all. Half the time I didn't even know he was there. But I liked visiting Meg's house. Oh My God, it was big! My parents were well off too but not in Meg's league – she always had the best things – all designer labels – money no object – her parents just bought them all whatever they wanted.

Her mum, Sian, was a bit of an ice queen and very frosty. She was always very glamorous and well-dressed but she didn't show a lot of warmth and affection to Megan, Olivia and Marc; I must admit, even I was a bit scared of her! It was a totally different vibe between my home and Meg's place.

Meg's house was really neat and tidy and if you didn't know it you would not think there were any kids living there. Sian ruled the house with a rod of iron and everything had to be tidied away. Even their rooms had to be neat and tidy – most parents don't mind it if their children's rooms look like tips – but not Sian, she went in and inspected them and they had to be tidy – she was like a sergeant major, I guess you would say she was a bit of a control freak. She liked the whole house to be neat, tidy and clean and if

things weren't put away there were punishments – it was a tight ship. There was cleaner, of course, but even so Sian was always hoovering and saying 'pick this up' and 'do that' or 'go to your room' – she had a lot of rules and believed in smacking – I saw her smack Meg a couple of time because she answered back or had done something wrong.

My parents were totally different – they were pretty cool. I suppose you would say they were liberal and I just did what I liked which was why Meg used to like coming around to my place in the holidays – she knew she could make a mess and didn't have to clear it up. But we were so close, really like sisters.

As I say, I didn't take a lot of notice of Marc when he was a kid. In some ways we had a common bond as he did his motocross and I used to ride my horse in events until I fell off and broke my arm but we both competed at something when we young, so we had that in common. But then, when we were teenagers, Meg started saying that Marc fancied me! It was funny as I had never really noticed him but after that, I suppose, I took a bit more notice: I was probably about fifteen so Marc would have been thirteen. I guess I flirted with him after that, well who wouldn't? It was fun. And I guess that's what I was doing when I asked to go to the garage to see his motocross bikes. It was safe, you see, and I was showing off in front of Meg and Olivia too.

Did I give a stuff about his motocross bikes and motorcycle racing? Of course not! But that was Marc's one and only topic of conversation – that was

all he ever droned on about. It was like he was really obsessed. I know it was his dad who wanted him to be a motorcycle world champion, but it didn't interest me – I was like Meg and Olivia – I was a girly girl with nice nails and long, blond hair: I didn't like dirty, old motorbikes. Then Meg told me that Sian had spanked him, over her knee, because he had left oil marks on the carpet and I felt really awful and guilty because I knew it was me who had asked to go to the garage and I was kind of playing with him. Also, I knew I had left the majority of the oil marks – there was no way I was going to take my shoes off!

I couldn't believe she would do that to him! He was like, how old? Thirteen! I remember my mum said it was abuse but I knew Sian had smacked Meg and Olivia too. One time she slapped Olivia around the face for answering her back and Olivia was sixteen! That's how strict Sian was. I was glad I didn't live in that house – I would have always been getting smacked. To be honest I was terrified of Sian when she was annoyed, she didn't blow her top like Paul. No, Sian was quiet, calculating and deadly.

But Marc fancied me! I loved that. I remember one day I wrote Marc's name on an exercise book at school and Meg saw it and started teasing me and saying I fancied him too! It was kind of subconscious and I don't know why I did it - but it was just a doodle because, let's face it, when you know someone likes you then you like them better, right? I knew it was just a teen crush from Marc's point of view but Megan was always going on about it and I knew she had done this deal to get me around to her house. I'm not

very good with time lines and when things happen but I think it may have had something to do with the thong, pantie and knicker episode.

I think the first thing that happened was that Marc wore a thong for a dare and Meg had said that if he won the bet she would invite me around for tea. Then she revealed he was a “knicker nicker” who raided her bedroom and went down Olivia’s drawers too. That was such a hoot. Meg told loads of us at school about it; Marc was stealing her and Olivia’s knickers so they had come up with an idea of a special Christmas present for Marc: a box of knickers, panties and thongs! It was so funny because Olivia and Megan bought them over a period of time – even when out shopping with Sian, Marc and Paul. I stored them at my house and then Meg came around and we boxed them up. Meg took them home and wrapped them in Christmas paper and then, on Christmas Eve, Megan and Olivia went to Marc’s room when he had gone to bed and presented him with the unusual gift!

After Christmas, when we were back in school, I couldn’t wait to find out what had happened. I had not wanted to text her because I didn’t want her parents finding out and knew Sian would go mental – she was all over their mobile phones and Facebook accounts like a rash.

“Oh, he was embarrassed at first but he accepted the gift,” Meg said in the math lesson.

“And has he actually worn any of them yet?” I asked. I could not believe it.

“Oh yes, he was wearing a nice satin pair the other day and now he has started back to school he is going to wear them to school – except when it is P.E.”

I was almost crying with laughter - so much so that Mr. Grainger threatened to throw me out of the math lesson. It just seemed so funny. I could not visualise the motorcycle-obsessed Marc wearing his sister’s undies – or those his sisters had bought for him. I know, looking back, it seems cruel, but at the time I didn’t know that much about transvestites and crossdressers and just could not visualise Marc as one. Again, I know it sounds cruel but I thought they were kinda weirdos and not normal people.

Then it just got a whole heap worse! Meg revealed that Marc was trying on her and Olivia’s clothes. Apparently he used to sneak into their bedrooms and get their clothes from their wardrobes – and not only their clothes but Sian’s too!

“Do you think he is gay?” I asked.

Megan laughed. “He fancies you, stupid, so he can’t be! No, Olivia thinks he is a transvestite.”

I was a bit shocked but just shrugged and said, “Well, its horses for courses,” but I wasn’t entirely sure what a transvestite was back then.

The next revelation came after we had left school. We met up when we were both at college and Meg told me about her and Olivia’s liaison with the German and how they were desperate for their parents not to find out. Poor Marc had been stuck in the wardrobe



whilst they had been humping away! It was like a comedy sketch – a farce. They knew Marc wouldn't say anything but to humour him they had agreed to his demand that he wear their clothes when they weren't at home. They liked the idea they all had secrets which they didn't want revealed to their parents. Also, Marc had helped Meg when she was in her tight lacing faze which I had been into too but my parents hadn't minded. At first I could not believe that they would let him do it. Really?

“I wouldn't let any man touch my clothes,” I remember saying – and yet years later that was exactly what happened.

“I'm not keen on it,” Meg had said. “But Olivia thinks it is a good idea.”

Apparently, that one had been Olivia's idea as she said she had known, like for ever, that her brother, Marc, was a transvestite and regularly went down Sian's wardrobe. Apparently, Olivia had covered for him by saying it was her that had been looking through her mother's wardrobe and Sian had accepted it – maybe Sian had not wanted to believe it was Marc so they brushed over it. I think they feared Paul finding out as he hated that sort of thing and wanted Marc to be World Motorcycle Champion.

I suppose, after that, I looked at Marc a bit differently. From being the boring motorcycle enthusiast, he became a bit more of a character. And I guess I felt a bit sorry for him too - living in the house with three attractive women plus a dad who worked a lot and

who, when he was at home, was often in his garage or the study away from the kids. Another reason I felt sorry for Marc was that Paul tried to live his life through his son and had this burning ambition that Marc become a champion MotoGP racer. And yet, all the time, poor Marc had this secret which he couldn't tell anyone about. I knew he didn't have many friends and he was quite self-contained and a bit of a loner. Meg was very protective of him and I was too to some extent. I didn't like it when girls at school said to Meg, "Does your brother still wear your knickers?" And then laugh about it even though I had laughed at the time, too.

As he got older he started racing on circuits and was a mechanic for his mate Fonz who raced for Stimpson Steers team. Meg and I used to go racing sometimes, we were like the "racer chasers," the girls that hung around the pits – the groupies. Even though it was not top level there was still a lot of girls who hung around looking to date motorbike racers. It was the speed and danger that attracted them. I know Marc liked Fonz but I didn't like him. He was very tactile and would put his arm around you and squeeze you and he was always looking at my tits.

Marc was a lot more of a gentleman. He was quite easy to get on with and he treated girls as equals. Fonz was always saying things that had an element of innuendo and making sexual comments. And he was always cheating on his girlfriends too. I feel bad saying negative things about him because he died in a horrific accident on a country road but I have to be honest here and I didn't like him.

## Chapter Two

I left school at sixteen but I wasn't very academic and went on to do a hairdressing and beauty course at college. Then when I was eighteen, I worked in a London saloon as a stylist. I still saw Meg, of course, but once I got to work, I became a bit of a party chick. And in some ways this is where my story opens. One evening when I had just turned nineteen, I was going to an ex-college friend's birthday meal. I had stayed in touch with her and my other college friends and we still met up occasionally. Dad was going to give me a lift into town so I could have a drink but he was late home from work and so I texted Meg moaning that I was going to be late for my friend's meal and I was really pissed off about it. Because we lived in the country it was difficult to get taxis to come out to us. Meg texted back and said.

*“Don't worry, Marc will take you – you know he'd do anything for you!”*

Without thinking I texted back to say that it would be “great” if he would do that for me without really thinking about it (nor the mode of transport!) It seemed that even before the text had left the phone, Marc was outside my house on his bike. He had a spare helmet on his arm stuffed with an extra pair of gloves.

“Your steed awaits you, Claudia,” Marc said as I came out the front door and walked down the drive.

“Fuck me, I’m not getting on that thing!” I exclaimed as I walked towards the big bike. For some reason I had thought he would come in a car! I didn’t realise he had not passed his car test and couldn’t drive as he preferred two wheels to four.

My mum followed me out of the house – the noise of the high performance bike would have awakened the dead.

As I got closer, Marc handed me the helmet and gloves. I pulled the helmet on tentatively and did up the strap, cursing the fact that it would flatten my newly coiffured hair. Then Mum was by my side.

“Go careful Marc, drive slowly,” she said. “I don’t want Claudia ending up in a ditch.”

Marc laughed and then he mumbled through his helmet that he would drive “real slow.”

Then he turned the throttle round a few times to emphasise the point – not!

The bike just looked so big and powerful: I know now it was a 750cc Kawasaki (Marc had passed his motorbike test on his seventeenth birthday). I looked at the bike nervously. I had not been on a bike before and I was a little bit unsure about getting on. I asked Marc to look after a present I had bought my friend.

Marc was wearing this white and green puffer style jacket with Kawasaki emblazoned on the back; he unzipped it and placed the present inside and zipped the jacket up. I carefully got on the back on the bike.

Fortunately, I was wearing black leather trousers and not a skirt (little did I now then about Marc's fetish for leather). I grabbed the hand grips and put my feet on the pegs. Marc moved off gently at first but then he got to the country lane outside our house and he accelerated. God, my heart was in my stomach! It felt like I was riding a rocket!

"Slow down, Marc!" I shouted. "For fuck's sake, slow down!"

When we stopped at a junction, he turned and said, "Put your arms around me, it'll be better, you won't get pushed back when I accelerate."

So I did. I hugged his jacket, held him as tight as tight could be. Then as he sped up to what seemed like 500 miles per hour again, I closed my eyes and waited to die... especially when he started overtaking cars but the worst thing was the cornering – each time the bike went so low I felt sure it would topple over. God, how he did not crash I will never know!

When he pulled up outside the restaurant, I was just glad to be alive. My heart was pounding. He dipped inside his jacket and handed me the present I had bought. I gave him back the spare helmet and gloves and tried to fluff up my blonde hair with my fingers.

"Fucking Hell Marc, that was the ride of death. Thanks for the lift though. Even though you almost killed me, I do appreciate it."

“Anytime,” he laughed. And then he revved up the bike again and he was gone. When I walked into the restaurant, I was smiling. Meg’s kid brother still fancied me and that kind of felt nice and made me feel warm inside. He was quite macho and though he was thin, he had a recklessness about him which I liked... when I sat down at the table for the meal that evening I was thinking about Marc... he was no longer the “kid brother”. He had matured and was confident and care free. And, of course he had this little secret – he liked women’s clothes. Somehow I just could not picture him in a dress.

I guess after that I started to like Marc – not so much in a sexual way but I just thought he was a “nice guy” – and, of course, he was Meg’s brother and I loved Meg like a sister. As I say, Meg and I used to watch him ride and after Fonz died, he started racing with the Stimpson Steers. He was fast on the track too. Very fast. He was good at racing and it was great to see him win. He was naturally talented. Everyone said it.

He was great at cornering and would often overtake on a turn. He could just get the bike down so low (as I knew only too well!) He started to do really well and won more and more races and Paul was as pleased as punch. Then he started dating Katie; she was a typical blonde bimbo type. Although I am blonde myself, I would like to think I have a bit more about me than Katie had. She wasn’t a bad person but she was very materialistic. Meg wasn’t that keen on her either because she was so shallow. She was Paul’s Personal Assistant’s daughter and I think she

had an eye for the money. It was obvious Paul intended Marc to take over the family business when he retired and Marc was going to be rich. Katie liked that idea.

After the lift to the restaurant, I didn't see Marc for a while but I would always ask Meg about him and what he was up to when we met up. Then he came off his bike and was in hospital. I know Meg was really upset and cried when she heard the news. Then the details of the accident started to circulate – apparently a love rival had kicked out at him and caused him to crash. That made him seem even more charismatic and wild and I liked that. Meg and I visited him together in hospital. Marc was great to talk to and I even went to see him on my own a few times. It was the first time I had properly spoken to him face-to-face and I began to really like him. He was quite warm and funny and had a quiet confidence which I liked. By then he was a bit of a lady's man and used to chat girls up – I suppose dating Katie had given him a lot of confidence. I knew he liked me, Katie, Olivia and Meg visiting him in hospital as it gave him reputation with the nurses. He dated one after it all blew up with Katie.

Then he came out of hospital and was recuperating and that was when it all came out about this crossdressing/transvestite thing. I couldn't believe that. How they all treated him when Katie discovered him wearing her clothes when she came home from work early one day! It was, like, so bad. And Sian and Paul were worse. They virtually disowned him. Meg was very upset by it all and so was Olivia. It really set

everyone against everyone else. Like, all their ideas were, like, so *last century*. I sided with Meg and Olivia and found myself defending him too. My parents thought the same – it didn't matter if he was a transvestite – it was his business and they thought Katie should be more understanding and they said Paul and Sian should just accept it and let him dress up if he wanted to.

Then I was around Sian and Paul's house and Paul came back from clearing out the workshop Marc had used; he was determined to get rid of Marc's stuff. I knew Paul thought Marc was a huge let-down and he was devastated that he did not want to ride again. I think if Marc had been World Motorcycle champion *and* a transvestite Paul would have accepted it more but it was both things together – the fact that Marc showed no enthusiasm to ride again and the cross-dressing. Anyway, he came back from the workshop in a right strop.

He called out to Sian, “Not content with fucking around in Katie's clothes, he's also been fucking around behind her back too!”

He threw this black, hard-backed book on the sofa and Meg picked it up. She started to flick through pages. Paul turned to address the book as Sian entered the room, as glamorous as ever.

“Do you know what that fucking son of ours has done? Not only has he recorded race details in this book, as I have always told him to do. He has put an extra column in it about girls he has shagged. When



you look at the dates, they are at a time when he was living with Katie.”

“He’s beyond the pale,” Sian said. “But please Paul watch your language in front of Megan and Claudia.”

Paul apologised to us and added, “I am just so fucking uptight; I can’t believe what that boy has done to me. God, I have given him so much and invested so much time and energy into him and this is how he repays me!”

Here I must say there was a part of me that wanted to giggle. I placed my hand over my mouth and repressed the urge but I was desperate to see that book. When Meg casually dropped it on the sofa, I picked it up and started glancing at it. There was no doubt about it, Marc had recorded names of girls and even given each girl a score! My eyes quickly darted down the list - Gemma, Fiona, Laura, Sarah, Kelly, Marion in France. I started to count. Just how many girls had Marc made love to? There were at least thirty! It was unbelievable.

Paul saw me looking at the book.

“How would you feel, Claudia, if you had a boyfriend who not only wore your clothes but cheated on you as well?”

I blushed, I could feel Megan’s eyes on me.

“I would tell him where to go,” I said unconvincingly. “He’s certainly a bit of a dark horse.”