

# Ritchie's Awakening



# Charlotte Mayo



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# **RITCHIE'S AWAKENING**

**by Charlotte Mayo**

## **Chapter One**

The doorbell rang at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon—dead on time. Ritchie took a deep breath and walked across the tidy, uncluttered hall of his apartment. He opened the door. Monika stood in the corridor. Her black, curly hair bounced off her shoulders. She smiled – a warm, pleasurable smile.

“Hiya,” she said and placed her feet together, military style. Her lips gleamed, deep crimson; her teeth shone pearly white.

Ritchie beamed. He started to feel aroused. He took in her long, bare, shapely legs, ending with a pair of gloriously glamorous black stilettos which had platforms and were at least six inches high. Then he took in the black leather, skater skirt. The hem

trimmed her shapely bare thigh; her ample breast was covered by a tight white top, over which she wore a short black box-style leather-look jacket, open at the front. A heavy gold chain glistened on her chest.

“Are you going to invite me in, or just stand there staring at me?” She laughed.

Ritchie remembered his manners. “Sorry, sorry, come in, Monika,” he said. He held the door open and watched the enticing movement as she walked into the apartment. Arms folded, she wandered down the hall, wriggling seductively. Ritchie noted the gold link chain of her very large, black padded handbag; he noticed, as well, the way the bag bounced against her leather-clad hip. He knew the bag contained the instruments of her profession. He felt his heart beat faster. He wanted her, but he was nervous as well – he was always nervous when Monika came a-calling.

By the time Ritchie reached the lounge, Monika was already lolling in his sofa as if he were a close friend, her long legs stretched out. She curled one around the other like twine on a tree.

“Do you want a drink?” Ritchie asked. Ritchie certainly felt as if *he* needed one! He liked Monika—in fact, he had asked for her specifically when he had gone on line that morning—but that did not stop the butterflies in his stomach. A peculiar cocktail of desire, nerves and anticipation built up a heady mix.

“I’ll have vodka and tonic,” Monika said, pronouncing the drink as *voodker* – very seductive, very Russian. He knew she liked him. She had often said how men in Russia were “manly,” and it was nice to meet a guy who was so different, not afraid of his feminine side.

“I wore this for you, Ritchie,” Monika said pulling out her skater skirt. “You like?”

Ritchie said he did. He mixed the drinks on the drinks cabinet and brought them over. He handed Monika her vodka and tonic. His glass contained rum and Coke.

“All the girls think I’m so lucky coming to see you,” Monika said as she sipped her drink. “You are such a nice guy, I was pleased as, how you say, Punch? when you booked me this morning.”

Ritchie collapsed into an armchair opposite; it gave him a good view of Monika’s shapely, extended legs.

“You are my favourite girl,” he said, raising his expensive crystal glass. He was conscious that Monika could see the long, thin scar on his white, hairless arm. In some respects, he felt quite proud of it, as if it were macho – not so the one on his stomach, which had stopped his enjoyment of tight lacing.

“I wonder why you not have a girlfriend,” Monika continued. “I know you have an unusual pastime but that is not so much a problem in this time and age.”

Ritchie smiled. Monika always referred to his passion for dressing in women’s clothing as his “unusual pastime” – perhaps not realising how many men in the UK and elsewhere actually liked to do it.

“I prefer to be single,” he said. That was true. He had had relationships before, and there was always that awkward moment when he had to explain why he was hairless or why his wardrobe had so many women’s clothes in it. He had usually just confessed to being a transvestite – and now everyone knew anyway.

Monika shrugged. “But sure, it must get expensive using the Agency? You not want a girl to take out and go to the meals and the cinema and that sort of thing?”

“It’s hard with the dressing,” Ritchie said realising that they had both used a euphemism for his transvestitism. “It’s hard to find a woman that accepts it.”

He looked down at the grey carpet. His eyes welled up. He thought of his only serious girlfriend, Debra. She had moved into his apartment and they had set up home together – and then she had caught him in bed wearing her nightdress. He had got away with that one by introducing the wearing of lingerie into their lovemaking, but Debra had realised his interests went further and he went out during the day “dressed.” Eventually, he had been forced to confess. It had got bitter when she had realised she would be the one to move out of the apartment and she had shared photographs of him on Facebook.

He looked up and slugged back his drink. Monika had dampened his ardour. “Let’s not talk about it. You’re here to service me, so when you’ve finished your drink we’ll go through to the bedroom,” he said.

“Oh, Ritchie, I like it when you are manly!” Monika laughed. She reached into her large black bag. “But when we go next door I am going to be in charge and I think you get a spanking, no?”

“I guess so,” Ritchie said. “I have been naughty of late.”

“What have you done?”

Ritchie told her about work – how he had been called into the office by the manager and told his work was not up to standard. This was true, but Ritchie made up some other transgressions in addition.

“I will just give you a hand spanking,” Monika said. Like Ritchie, she drained her glass and stood up in one, easy motion, pulling down her short skirt as she did so. Ritchie felt his manhood rise again. He took

her by the hand; he felt the sharpness of her well-manicured, long nails – painted black to match her outfit.

He led her to his bedroom and then she took over. She removed her black PVC jacket revealing the tight, white top which showed off her ample cleavage: she sat on the corner of the bed.

“You will wear your wig, to show me what a bad transvestite you are, and how much you deserve a spanking,” Monika commanded. Ritchie obeyed, retrieving a curly blonde wig from the polystyrene head where it rested when not in use, and placing it carefully on his own head.

“Now strip off,” she ordered. Ritchie pulled off his T-shirt and unbuckled his trousers. He stood before her wearing a pair of pink satin panties.

Monika smiled. “Do you even own a pair of men’s pants?”

“Nope,” Ritchie said.

She held up her hand and ran one of her delicious fingernails down his smooth, hairless chest; she felt the dark scar on his stomach.

“Soon there will be a trial, no?”

“Umm,” Ritchie said. “I’m not looking forward to it.”

“I bet you’re not. But for now, I am here and we can forget, no?”

“I hope so,” Ritchie said.

“Ritchie,” Monika said seductively as she sat on the corner of the bed, “bend over my knee.”

Ritchie looked at the leather skater skirt. He felt aroused. He eased himself over Monika’s knee, wrig-

gling so he was in position. His knees were on the floor and his hands on the carpet. He shivered slightly, knowing what was coming next.

“You naughty boy!” Monika said, her voice suddenly taking on the stern tones of the dominatrix. “You are wearing your mother’s panties again, are you not?”

“Yes,” Ritchie said. In a sudden swipe the panties were pulled down and torn in the process.

“Now, stuff them in your mouth!”

Ritchie did as he was told. He was now naked and he knew his punishment would begin. His cock hardened: the feel of the leather, which was now next to his skin, made him excited.

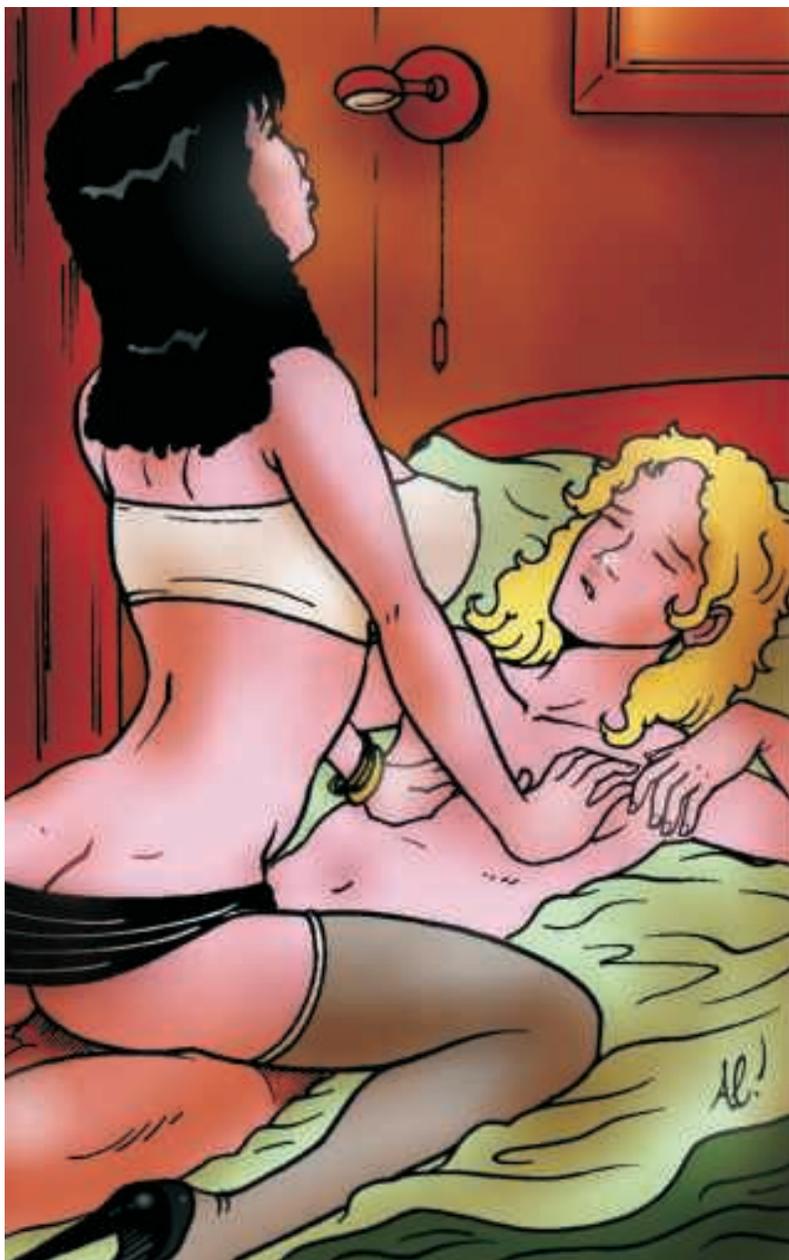
Suddenly he felt Monika’s hand on his backside. She drew it back and gave him a hearty smack. The force reverberated through his body and made Ritchie shudder. It was followed by another spank and the another. Monika soon built up a steady tattoo of spanks – first, the right cheek and then the left – smack, smack, smack. Ritchie withered in pain. He tried to grip the carpet but the volley of spanks did not stop and, as each one was received, Ritchie received an admonishment—for being lazy and getting into trouble at work, and for wearing his late mother’s clothes (though in truth he had very few clothes left from his mother’s wardrobes).

“You are a lazy transvestite, aren’t you?” Monika said.

Ritchie spat out the panties. “Yes, Mistress,” he replied.

“You were born with the silver spoon in ya mouth, weren’t you?”

“Yes,” Ritchie mumbled.



“And you are a lazy transvestite, aren't you?”

“Yes,” Ritchie replied.

“And I am right to spank you, aren't I?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Ritchie responded.

“You are lucky I am not doing more than the spanking. I have the paddle in my bag too, but for today I will just leave you with a nice warmed-up bum. Now stand up.”

Ritchie scrambled off Monika's knee. His cock was erect and near to bursting.

“Lay on the bed,” Monika ordered.

Ritchie assumed his normal position, laying on the double bed, face up. Monika climbed on the bed as well and rested on his thighs. Unlike Ritchie, she was still clothed. She knew the routine: Ritchie liked the feel of her leather skirt on his smooth, hairless chest. Fortunately, she had “forgotten” to wear any panties.

“My, you are a big boy!” she said as looked at Ritchie's enlarged member. Then, like a magician, she produced a rubber from her mouth and suckered it onto the tip of his cock. Her hands went to work, moving the rubber down Ritchie's red erect stem. Ritchie leant back on the bed – such moments were pure ecstasy. He loved the feel of the gossamer sheaf encasing his cock, the gentle hands pushing it in place, the warmth of his freshly spanked backside on his satin sheets.

Monika edged up his body and lifted her skirt. Like a magician's cloak, the skater skirt shielded Ritchie's member. Ritchie closed his eyes and felt his cock being inserted into her warm, moist pussy. He pushed up into her, arching his back as he did so; he felt the tip stretch into Monika's soft clit.

Then she rode him, and rode him well. The warmth of his buttocks, the feel of the leather chaffing his thighs – he leant back – he felt as if he were in Heaven. Monika worked him, back and forth, back and forth, building up a momentum like a steam train moving uphill; back and forth – Ritchie thought his cock would snap in two, such was the vigour of the prostitute—until, at last, he spluttered semen into the rubber and released a great sigh of release.

Monika clambered off the bed. “You enjoy?” she said.

“Yeh, of course,” Ritchie said. “I always enjoy it.”

“You out tonight?” Monika asked, immediately reverting back to her normal, friendly self, which was far removed from the dominatrix role she played for him. In fact, he knew she only played the dominatrix for a few other clients; most wanted straight sex, and Monika did not see herself as a dominatrix—but, as she had told Ritchie on many occasions, her aim was to give punters pleasure. “No,” Ritchie said. “Not tonight. I’ll dress, though, just in the apartment. If you want I’ll cook you dinner; I was about to have something myself.”

Monika smiled. Ritchie was not like her other clients: he seemed to care, he didn’t treat women like pieces of meat. Most of the punters just thought of you as an object. A lot of the girls liked it when Ritchie called or booked an appointment on the internet site; it was an enjoyable, hassle-free assignation. She always let him pay at the end, as she trusted him and he always gave her more. On a couple of occasions they had had a light, microwavable meal together, before she had gone to her next assignment.

Ritchie went to his drawer where he kept an envelope filled with a wad of money, and placed some

notes on the bed. Monika picked them up without counting them; she rolled them up and placed them in the large handbag she had brought with her. She had already put her jacket on. By contrast, Ritchie was now wearing a slinky sky-blue negligee.

She kissed him on the lips. "Until next time," she said, touching his lips with her finger.

Ritchie saw her out and walked to the small kitchenette area. It was a shame Monika had not wanted to eat with him. He took a small bottle of beer from the fridge and cracked it open. Then he pressed the remote on the small kitchen TV. Meanwhile, he pierced a ready meal and placed it in the microwave. He didn't have a lot of time to waste on cooking; he needed to get dressed.

After his light meal in the kitchen, which he had consumed whilst painting his nails, he walked into the bathroom, where the light was better. He opened a cabinet, took out foundation, and dabbed it on his face. When he had finished, he went to the bedroom and sat at the dressing table. Then the real work began. He stippled on powder, then eyeliner, mascara, blusher, lip pencil and lipstick. Finally, an hour later, his face was fully made up. Monika had always said that one day, when she had more time, she would like to see him get dressed as a woman. It was something Ritchie had always wanted.

He stood up and removed his negligee; this was the part he liked the best. He took some new satin panties from a drawer and pulled them on. Then he took some thin tights from a drawer and sat on the bed and pulled them up so the darkness encased his legs. He looked at himself in the wall to ceiling wardrobe mirror. He was twenty-eight years old. He was very slim, a size ten. His body was completely smooth and free of hair, as he shaved at least once a week in the bath. Fortunately, he was just under medium height

and small-boned, which meant he had small hands and feet. In fact, he was not a very manly man at all – by appearance at least - and he did not want to be, for Ritchie Arthur Stone was a transvestite who could transform himself into a very passable, attractive woman.

Having admired himself in the mirror, which he frequently did whilst dressing, Ritchie took a waist clincher from a drawer and fastened it around his thin waist. He pulled it as tight as he could stand whilst trying not to cause pain to the tender area where he had scarring. Then he attached a large, cupped bra and filled it with quality, silicone breast forms which would have cost the best part of a week's salary – if Ritchie had had to worry about such things. He loved the weighty feel of the breasts on his chest. He drew up the bra straps and ran his finger around the cups to ensure they fitted well – there was nothing worse than an ill-fitting bra. After many experiments, he had realised that wired was best.

Then he opened the mirrored wardrobe and looked at the mass of female clothing he had hoarded over the years – first from his mother's house, and then from stores where he regularly bought his own clothes. Although he was not well paid, Ritchie was well off, due to a large inheritance from his mother. This meant the apartment was paid for outright. *That* meant that, with minimal outgoings, all or most of his spare money could be spent on his alter ego, Vicky.

Ritchie had discovered early on that to pass in public you needed to ensure you looked the part, and that meant he dressed in expensive clothes and bought expensive make-up products. Below the neatly stored clothing were rows of shoes and boots, and that was not the end of it. More ladies' clothes were stored in his other wardrobe, as well as shoes and boots, scarves, coats, belts and jewellery. Yes,

dressing as a woman, when you were *not* a woman, was a very, very expensive business if done properly—and Ritchie, the perfectionist, liked to do everything properly.

He liked nights like this when he stayed in and dressed; it gave him an opportunity to try on different outfits and wigs. He looked at the range of dresses and skirts in his wardrobe; he pulled them out and examined them, feeling the material between his fingers – the soft chiffons, the silks, the cottons, the silky blouses, the leather skirts in their polythene wraps.

At last, he removed an evening dress, floor-length and gold with black chevron patterns on sparkly material. He took it out of the wardrobe and placed it on the back of the door. Then he slowly unzipped the dress. Gently, he took it off the hanger. He placed the dress on the floor, took a deep breath and stepped into it. He wriggled as he pulled it up his body. Then he eased up the zip. It was a difficult job and he could not do up the catch. The dress was long-sleeved and sheaved so it encased his body.

He bent down and searched in the wardrobe for a pair of high-heeled stilettos. He had just the ones: black patent shoes with gold 4.5” heels. He sat on the bed and slipped them on. He was dressed, except for the crowning glory: the wig. He had several, and that night he chose a curly, voluminous reddish one. He pulled it on and instantly transformed himself into a glamorous woman.

Next, he walked to his dressing table, sat down and picked up a box of jewellery: he added rings and a gold necklace. He sprayed on some perfume. Then he stood up and looked at himself in the mirror. He ran his elegant hands down his body, feeling the slightly rough material. The dress sparkled and shone under the electric light. His heart beat with ex-

citement. He felt an inner stillness ease through his body. He thought of Monika earlier – the richly deserved spanking followed by the love-making on the bed. That afternoon it had only been a quick session, the prostitute astride his thighs, moving back and forth on his erect member. He looked at himself – no, not at himself, but at the character he had created, the character of Vicky Hall, his alter ego. Helen Hall had been one of the girls in his class at school whom he had had a crush on, so he had taken her surname. Someone else had named him Victoria; he was not sure why.

Pulling himself upright, he looked at his image with a critical eye. He loved the way the heels increased his height, loved the light ache in his ankles, loved the feeling of being encased by the dress. He shivered with a feeling of ecstasy – was there a more pleasurable activity than dressing as a woman? If there was, Ritchie was not aware of it. Even the sex with Monika could not match the current feeling of well-being that encompassed him.

After a while Ritchie took off the dress and placed it carefully back on the hanger. In the apartment below him a door closed; he realised the professional couple who lived there, Tom and Sarah, were going out. He smiled at his reflections, thinking of the times he had meet them by the communal front door, when dressed, and said an embarrassed “hello.” The first time he had thought he had been read—but when he had seen them again, whilst in male mode, there had seen no indication that either of them thought the man that lived in the apartment above them was a transvestite. In fact, Sarah in particular was always quite chatty and gave him a generous smile when she saw him.

Ritchie took out the next piece of clothing, a white translucent blouse with silver buttons. He buttoned up a the blouse. The material stretched over the large

mounds that were his breasts. He loved the feel of the material on his breasts.

*Transvestite*, he thought, that was the word. Some of the people in the support group he belonged to didn't like it, preferring "crossdresser" or "transgendered," but Ritchie loved it. He had always thought of himself as a transvestite, and he always would.

He finished doing up the blouse and took a brand-new, black leather pencil skirt from the wardrobe. He removed the protective polythene and placed the skirt on the bed. He loved buying new items of clothing, getting ready and then putting them on. He unzipped it and wriggled as he moved the skirt up his slim body. He edged up the back zip – he loved that bit – slipping into a new skirt for the first time, feeling it against his body. He found a pair of black court shoes in the wardrobe and slipped them on. He adjusted the blouse so that it was slightly out of the skirt and not too tight. Then he changed his wig for a more functional, black bob. That was his favourite, as it was the wig he knew he could pass in easily. He also had a new blond one which seemed equally realistic. He looked at his slender ankles and his thin legs; he felt the leather on his thighs.

"Thank God, I'm a transvestite," he said to his reflected image. He pirouetted in front of the mirror, looking at his small buttocks encased in leather; he could still feel the warmth from the bum-warming he had received earlier. He liked the look. He tried it with the blond wig, and added silver jewellery to match the buttons on the blouse. Then he sorted through the wardrobe and found a black clutch bag. He stood in front of the mirror again, admiring the image that stared back at him.