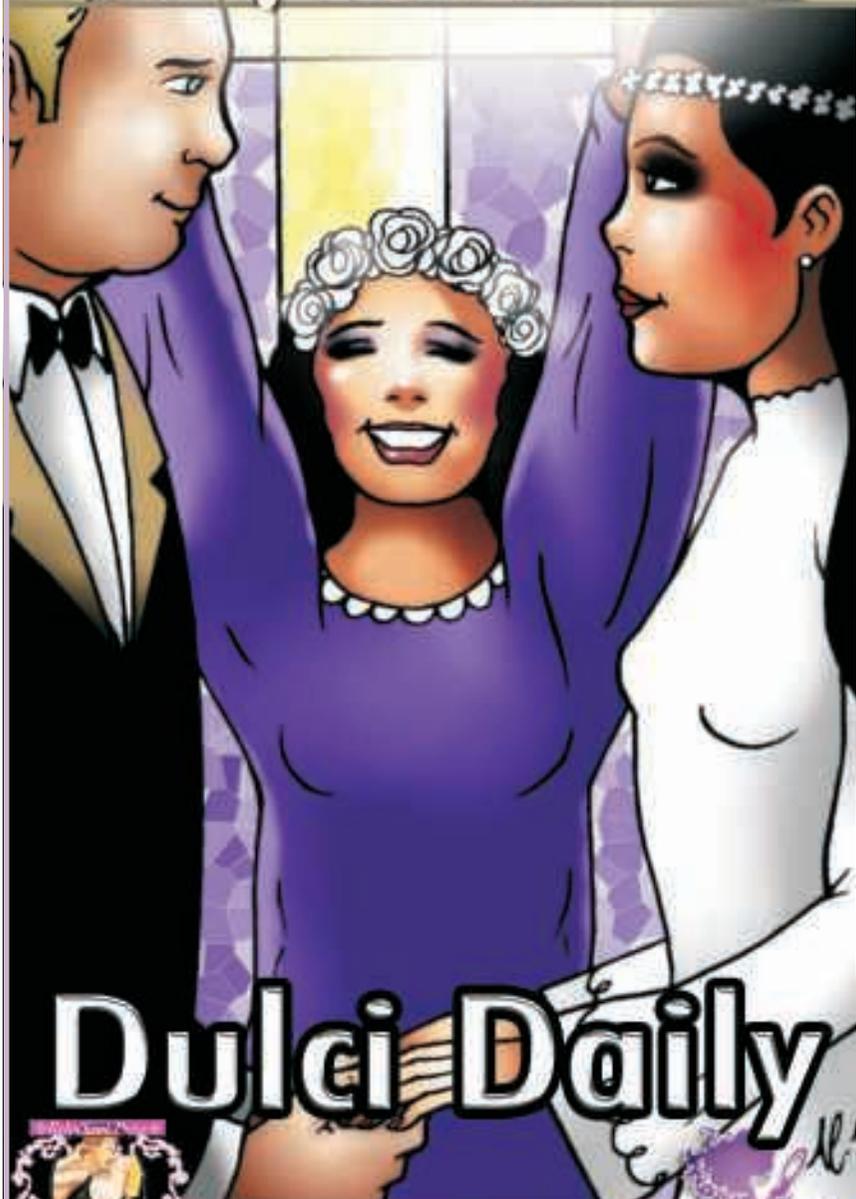


# Dearly Beloved Sub



# Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# Dearly Beloved Sub

by Dulci Daily

## Chapter 1

“OK, brains, that’s it for this year,” said Mr. Blungeon, the faculty advisor for the Rutland Ridge High School Honor Society. “And for the graduating seniors, that’s it forever! Your great experiences here in the Honor Society will soon be only a memory!”

*It couldn't be too soon for me,* Jack Boomschmidt thought. Graduating from Rutland Ridge, with good enough grades to get into the U, had been one of his life’s great aims ever since he came here.

He looked around at his fellow honor students who would soon be only memories. He wouldn’t miss most of them, he thought. He sure wouldn’t miss Rudy Wong and David Ballmoore, two chubby little well-known gays who were going off together to Stimson-Beamish College in Yonilingamanandapuram, the capital and largest

city of the neighboring state of Orgasmia. No doubt, he thought, they would engage in lots of gay sex there, since that was reputed to be one of the favored activities at Stimson-Beamish. Jack didn't want to think about it. He was no gay, and he was strongly repelled by gays.

The only person here he might miss, Jack thought, was Sarah Liebloss—if he didn't see her any more. He didn't know whether he would or not. She was the only girl who tolerated Jack enough to go on dates with him, and he feared that was only because she was deemed too unattractive for anyone else.

Sarah was tall and dignified, and Jack actually found her attractive, but she was certainly unusual-looking. When he had seen a picture of the former Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev in history class, Jack had been struck by Sarah's resemblance to him. Her face was thinner, but her features were similar, especially her great, black, bushy eyebrows. Her long coils of black hair were slightly suggestive of the mythical Medusa, although Jack had looked at Sarah a great many times without being turned to stone. Sarah had the smallest breasts of any girl in the whole school, too, so far as Jack could tell—and he had a mighty sharp eye for breasts. Even Rudy and David, who both had mild cases of gynecomastia, had breasts at least as big as Sarah's. Maybe Sarah was a good match for Jack, he thought with bitter irony: she had the smallest breasts of any girl, and Jack, with a *severe* case of gynecomastia, had the biggest breasts of any boy in the whole school!

Sarah might like him more, Jack thought, if he could bear to become a Christian. Sarah was one, and Jack listened to her talk about it, but still he found it unimaginable. As far as he could tell, if you

failed to leap to the conclusion that you should believe the Bible without having good enough reasons to believe it, you would be a flop as a Christian, and Jack was a flop for sure.

Still, Jack had to admit, Sarah was a good, honest, kind-hearted girl, and she seemed to be the only girl who liked him at all. She was waiting for Jack at the door of the meeting room; she would walk with him. That was good. Maybe he could talk with her about getting together after graduation. Sarah, too, was going to go to the U, and Jack was pretty sure a lot of Christian young people stopped being Christians at the U. Maybe Sarah would even be one of them, although it didn't seem too likely.

Jack and Sarah walked out of the room together, but they didn't hold hands or anything. Jack frowned to see that, yet again, someone had altered the "Rutland Ridge Honor Society" sign for the meeting. It now read "Fuckland Fridge Queer Society." Worse yet, some students, who were not honor students to say the least, were loitering in the hallway, looking for idle amusement at best. Some of Jack's fellow honor students would politely refer to students of that kind as "dishonor students." Jack preferred to think of them as "scumbuckets."

"Hey, tits," one of them said. "Hey, *massive bazzooms*," another elaborated. They sure weren't talking about Sarah. Then one of them began to sing a too-well-known jingle from a TV commercial, and others quickly took it up: "Call the Moob Doc, Moob Doc, Moob Doc; call the Moob Doc now!"

Jack clenched his fists and gritted his teeth in silence. He wished he *could* call the Moob Doc, a prominent local surgeon who specialized in male breast reduction surgery—but he couldn't. His parents were

cheapskates, and they probably couldn't afford to pay the Moob Doc even if they weren't cheapskates. Fortunately, Jack hadn't been subjected to extremes of degradation such as the one shown in the commercials, which displayed a young man with "moobs" (short for "man-boobs") being butt-raped, or at least getting something done to him that looked a lot like being butt-raped. Many times, though, guys had subjected him to lesser indignities: pinching his breasts, asking him for dates, telling him he needed a bra, and much more.

Jack and Sarah escaped from the scumbuckets; Jack was glad they had only taken a little passing amusement at his expense. Now he could talk to Sarah.

"Hey, Sarah," he said, "I was wondering if you'd like to go out to lunch with me this Saturday, and, uh, maybe talk about getting together after graduation."

Sarah seemed to hesitate and think about it, but then she frowned and looked away. "Well, Jack," she said, "I'm not sure that would be a good idea. I've really been hoping you might decide to become a Christian, but you've been making it awfully clear that you won't. What's worse, I've noticed that you've even started to ridicule Christians. I've really been wishing this would work, I mean, you and me—but you've forced me to see that it won't. I'm really sorry about this, but—this is it. We'll just have to go our separate ways." Sarah didn't look happy about it, in fact she looked terrifically unhappy, but she did seem determined.

She sighed and gave Jack one last chance: "Are you really sure you're not going to become a Christian?" It flashed through Jack's mind that she was

desperately begging him, *Please, please become a Christian, and love me for life!*—but the flash vanished. What remained was the thought that Sarah was right: it wouldn't work, and there was no point in trying to make it work. It sucked, it was sickening, but there it was, and it wasn't going to change.

Jack clenched his fists, but then unclenched them. "Yes, I'm sure," he said. "I'm not going to."

He felt sick and angry that this was happening. He had started to pay attention to Sarah because he thought a girl who looked like her would surely be glad to have a guy pay attention to her, and also because (unlike many girls) she didn't seem to be bothered by Jack's "moobs." He actually liked her, and he might even like her a *lot* if only she didn't insist on him becoming a Christian.

Jack almost ejaculated out loud, "Jesus Christ! Who the hell do you think is going to go out with you if I don't?"—but he would not stoop to using the enemy's name in vain.

"All right, then. See you later." Abruptly, Jack turned and walked away, clenching his teeth, trying in vain to kill his heartache.

Jack said almost nothing for the rest of the day. At home he did homework, endured dinner with his family, and did some more homework. He didn't slack off, as even some of his fellow honor students were doing so close to graduation, although admittedly he had slacked off every now and then before. Then he closed his bedroom door, stripped, lay down on his bed, and began to indulge in fantasies of tender love with his dream girl.

Jack was still strongly attracted to Sarah, despite her rejection of him, and his dream girl looked a lot like Sarah—except that her breasts were as big as Jack’s own. His dream girl was not a Christian, and would never demand that Jack should be one. Her devotion was for Jack, and he amply repaid it. He fancied himself holding her face in his hands, kissing her lips, caressing her breasts—oh, yes, her lovely breasts! Maybe it was a good thing he did have “moobs,” Jack thought; it was so exciting to pretend they were his dream girl’s breasts!

The dream girl warmed up rapidly, and was soon ready for Jack to enter her. He lay face down, clasped his stout eight-inch penis between his hands, and began to thrust. The dream girl responded with devoted, endless love, shown in her words, her caresses, and her total responsiveness to Jack’s mighty thrusts. “Oh, Jack, I love you so much!” the dream girl murmured, and Jack responded, “I love you!”—but almost silently, so no one outside the room could hear. Jack’s ardor and tenderness rose to the maximum as he lost control of his rapid thrusts and ejaculated deep into his dream girl’s womanly entryway. In reality, Jack’s sticky, gooey semen was getting all over his hands, his abdomen, and his sheet.

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Ashamed of his own shyness, David Ballmoore—secretly known, to himself alone, as a girl named “Desiree”—vividly imagined what might be happening right now if he, or *she*, were not too shy to befriend Jack Boomschmidt. Jack was such a nice, smart, fascinating boy—and he had the biggest breasts of any boy in school, much bigger than Desiree’s tiny, though girlish, buds. Desiree had to

wonder whether Jack, too, had a secret girl-self. But, if he did, how could Desiree ever find out?

There was no time now, before graduation. Desiree's only hope was to see Jack again, when they were both at the U. Before that, she would have to break through her shyness and speak to him—at graduation, for that was almost the only time left.

At graduation she would still look like David—but very soon afterward her looks would greatly change. Her girl-self would no longer be secret, but openly shown to all the universe. After that, if she were ever to meet Jack, he would know what had been *her* secret—and, if he had such a secret himself, Desiree's new looks would give him the perfect opening to say so.

Right now, Desiree was nude under the covers in bed, with her three-and-a-half-inch clitoris hidden between her legs. She embraced herself, pressing her little breasts together, and thought of Jack. She didn't really know whether he had a secret girl-self, or whether he was a totally manly young man despite his breasts. She also didn't know if Jack had a girlfriend. Sarah Lie Bloss was reputed to be his girlfriend, but they never engaged in any public display of affection.

Desiree sighed. If Jack did have a girlfriend, Desiree wouldn't try to interfere. Her destiny, Desiree believed, was to be a substitute woman for a man, or men, who had no real woman. She had read a lot about the Quoheemish people of old, who inhabited all the land for miles around what was now the city of Pacific Heights before the white people came, and she had been inspired by the old Quoheemish ideal of the *kabavoomish*, the "male woman" who gave love and companionship to men who had no real woman.