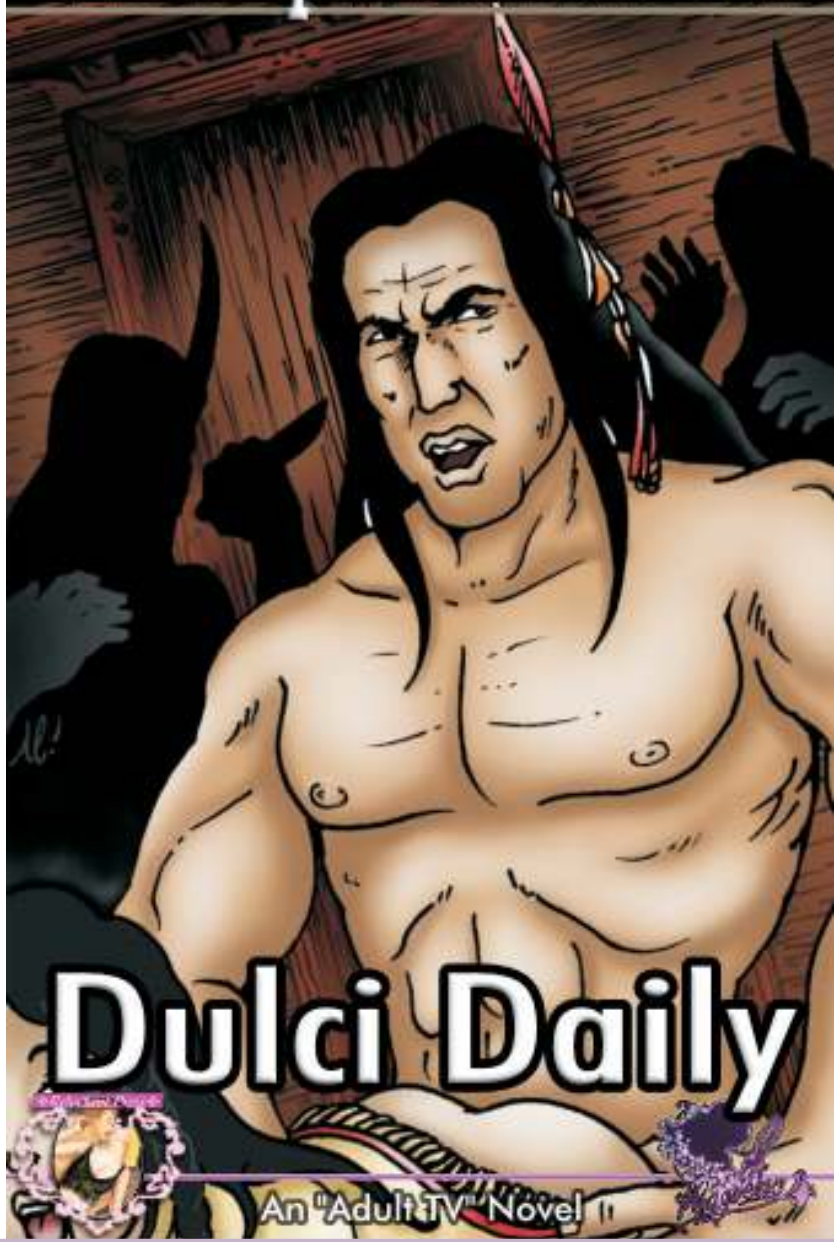


# Great Spirit's Male Girl



# Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel II

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# Great Spirit's Male Girl

**RP Classic Edition**

**By Dulci Daily**

## **Chapter 1**

White men were few, and my Quoheemish people were many, in our rich land beside the western ocean. I was born way back in 1830 as the White men count years. No White men were present in our longhouse, or anywhere near it, on the summit of what we called the Hill of the Sun. Few Quoheemish remained there either, for it was Spring, and the wide world outside was beckoning.

I knew nothing then. I didn't know what the people meant when they said I was a beautiful baby. I had no idea that, before the end of my life, White men would build the great city of Pacific Heights upon our

land, with the Pacificum State Capitol where our longhouse once stood on the Hill of the Sun, now called the Capitoline Hill. I could not have imagined what marvelous and terrible events the Great Spirit had in store for me.

I was born a male, but before many years had passed, everyone could see that I was as sweet and pretty as any girl. I acted like a girl too. People whispered that I might be a male girl. I didn't know what that meant when I was little, but it had a strange and exciting sound even then.

When I was 10, my mother and sister dressed me in girls' clothes, and my father gave me a new name, a girl's name: Illiyalla, meaning "Singing Sparrow." I was "Sparrow" because I was small, and "Singing" because of my beautiful, musical voice. They told me I was being tried out to see if I was really a male girl.

I was sure I was, even then. I enjoyed the girls' games and the women's work, cooking, sewing and all the rest of it. I didn't like the rough boys' games, which sometimes ended in fights, and I didn't want to go out hunting. Above all, I didn't think I could ever be a brave, strong young man, ready to defend our tribe with bows and arrows, knives and clubs—much less with the White men's guns, which we still had seldom seen or heard.

Our Quoheemish people were peaceful, but some other tribes were not, so our brave young men had to be always ready to fight them if need be. I admired the brave young men and thanked the Great Spirit for them—but as for being one of them myself, I could never imagine it.

When I was 12, my father announced that the Great Spirit had certainly made me a *kabavoomish*, a male girl—a male with a female spirit, or a female with male body parts. Everyone had to believe it, for

my dad was well known as the wisest elder in the tribe. White men had already started calling my dad “Chief Semakoboomish” because they thought we must have a chief, just as they had a president and some other White men had kings or queens.

We didn’t really have a chief, but my dad didn’t tell them that. Quoheemish people didn’t mind because they knew my dad was probably the strongest and smartest man in the entire tribe. They called him the “Voice of the Great Spirit” or “Man Who Plants the Seed of the Great Spirit” (that’s what “Semakoboomish” means) because he was so much in tune with the spirit world, and he was always saying that all the “little spirits” were like nothing compared to the Great Spirit who made everything.

So, when my dad said I was a male girl, that’s what I was, no question about it.

My dad and mom were proud of me because male girls were special in the Great Spirit’s eyes; He didn’t make very many of them, and he gave them special destinies when He made them.

My dad must have planted much seed in my mom. I had four brothers and six sisters, all older than I was. Soon after the announcement that I was a male girl for sure, my oldest sister, Running Deer, took me far into the woods. There she let me view her nudity, and she viewed mine. I was still young and hairless between my legs, and anyway she was not the kind of woman to lie down with her brother or sister. Her aim was simply to instruct me.

“Here is my *umuvu*,” she said, pointing to the cut between her legs, with hair above it. “It is where my man, Soaring Hawk, plants his seed with his *mungushumu*, the thing that men have and women do not. Women have only a little *mungushi*, which

you can see here if you look closely.” I did. It was very little indeed, hardly visible above her *umuvu*.

“You,” she said, “being a male girl, have a *mungushi* like a woman, but it is bigger, like a man’s *mungushumu*. When you are older, you will hide your *mungushi* between your legs, and it will shoot seed, but not into a woman. We will take you to Gray Fox when you are older, when your *mungushi* has begun to shoot seed, and you will learn more about being a male girl.” Everyone knew that Gray Fox was the tribe’s eldest male woman, one of only a few in the entire tribe.

“And here are my breasts,” she said. They were big, and her nipples were protruding. “Girls rub berry juice on their breasts, at the right time, to make them grow. You are not ready for your breasts to grow, but you will rub them with juice when you are ready. Sometimes a male girl’s breasts grow as big as those of a woman whose breasts are small. Right now, you can get ready by eating plenty and getting plump, so your breasts will begin to stick out.”

I eagerly took her advice. I could hardly wait to have breasts like a woman, even if they were smaller. By the time I was 14, I was as plump as a well-fed woman, and my breasts looked like a girl’s breasts when they are beginning to grow. My *mungushi* was beginning to have hair above it, and it was giving me new, strange, exciting feelings.

One night I had a dream, the beginning of my grown-up life. A man I did not know was viewing my nudity. Then he stood behind me and rubbed my breasts with juice. I could feel my breasts growing bigger, big like a woman’s, and my nipples stuck out like Running Deer’ nipples. I could feel his *mungushumu* pressing between my thighs from be-

hind. In the dream I had an *umuvu* like a woman, and it was hot and wet.

Then, still gripping my breasts, the man made me bend over on my hands and knees, and he began to press his *mungushumu* up into my *umuvu* from behind me, making me tremble with excitement. Then I could feel an earthquake, and the man shot seed deep into my *umuvu*. When I awoke, I found that it was only I who had shot seed, for the first time in my young life.

“I have shot seed while dreaming,” I said to Running Deer that day. “Is it time for me to go to Gray Fox?”

“Yes, it is time,” she said. “We will go.”

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Gray Fox sat alone on the far side of the hill we called the Hill of the Ocean, which White men later called Queen’s Bluff. She was looking away from us, toward the ocean and the horizon beyond. “Gray Fox,” said Running Deer, “I have come with Singing Sparrow.”

Gray Fox turned. Her hair and her eyes were as gray as the ocean, reflecting the dull gray sky. Her wrinkled face looked old and tired, and yet she smiled at me when she saw me. “You have come at last, young beauty,” she said. “Is it time?”

“Yes, Gray Fox, it is time,” I said. My voice was trembling.

“I have hoped to see this day. I have watched over you carefully since I first saw you in girls’ clothing. The Great Spirit has given you much beauty, Singing Sparrow—but your destiny is far greater than your beauty.”



“Show me my destiny, Gray Fox.”

“It will be done. Running Deer, you may leave us. I myself will come back to Semakoboomish with his daughter Singing Sparrow.”

“The first step in your journey as a male girl,” Gray Fox told me when Running Deer had gone, “is your binding. I must see your nudity.”

I revealed my nudity to Gray Fox. My *mungushi* was growing. I had not been excited to show my nudity to Running Deer, although I had been excited to see hers. This was much different.

“A girl’s *mungushi*,” Gray Fox said, “does not stick out in front of her. A female girl’s *mungushi* is too small to need binding, but a male girl’s *mungushi* is not. At first your *mungushi* will be only loosely bound, to keep it from rising like a man’s *mungushumu*, but not to hide it between your legs when you are standing up. Later the binding will be tightened, and your *mungushi* will be hidden between your legs even when you are walking, just like a female girl’s *mungushi*.”

My *mungushi* was hard, and did need binding. “Bind me, Gray Fox,” I said. My heart was beating strongly at the thought of my dawning destiny.

“Sit down, Singing Sparrow, and raise your knees,” Gray Fox instructed me. “Then press your *mungushi* down until it sticks out beneath your thighs.” I did as Gray Fox said.

“Here is your binding,” she said, wrapping two long, narrow, soft strips of deerskin over the top of my *mungushi*. “Now you will stand up, and I will stand behind you.”

I stood up. From behind me, Gray Fox gently pulled on the deerskin, keeping my

*mungushi* from rising. She then brought the ends of the deerskin strips up around my plump buttocks, crossed them below my navel, wrapped them completely around me, and tied them together in front. “You see,” she said, “Now your

*mungushi* will not rise, no matter how hard it may become. Later, when the binding is tighter, you will look exactly like a female girl in front, and your

*mungushi* will be fully hidden like hers.”

I was shy, but I asked her anyway: “Will my *mungushi* still become hard when it is completely hidden?”

“Yes. Sometimes it will become very hard and shoot seed in back of your thighs. Perhaps it will even do this more often, because you can squeeze it between your

thighs whenever you wish.”

I felt desire to squeeze my *mungushi* between my thighs and shoot seed, but I did not wish to do this in front of Gray Fox. When I was alone, I would do it—or maybe even when I was not alone.

“What if a man wished to unite with me and plant his seed, as with a female woman?” I dared to ask. “Can this be done?”

“Yes, but not now. You are young. You should live the life of a maiden to the full. Once you have abandoned that life, it is gone forever.” Gray Fox sighed, seeming sad that a maiden’s life must vanish with youth and never return.

“Later, when you are older,” she went on, “you will learn to let men hop on top of you and mate with you. But you must never do this with a man who has a female woman and plants seed in her.”

“Why not?”

“It is because of your destiny as a male girl. You can understand both men and women, in a way that male men and female women cannot. Because of this, you can be good friends with both, and help them to understand each other better. But to take a man’s seed, and part of his heart, away from his woman is not the act of a friend. Once, before you were born, there was a male woman who did take a man’s seed from his woman, thinking no one would know. But the Great Spirit knows all—and by and by, the Great Spirit brings all evildoers to ruin. That male woman was found out. She was forced to leave Quoheemish people and wander the earth, never to return.”

“So I am to take seed only from men who have no woman.”

“Yes, and not only that. You must not take seed from young boys who are not yet ripe for a woman—for boyhood is like maidenhood and should be lived to the full,

before it is too late. But from men who are ripe and yet have no woman, you may take seed—when *you* are ripe. Do not think much yet of taking men’s seed, young maiden; it will do you no good, and it might do you much harm.” I tried to accept Gray Fox’s advice, but the thoughts were hard to repel.

“Gray Fox,” I said, “am I ever to love one man as a female woman does, and stay with him for life?”

Gray Fox sighed deeply and, it seemed to me, very sadly. “That is the hardest question, Singing Sparrow,” she said. “Your heart may struggle against your destiny. You have a woman’s heart, and a woman’s heart is made to love one man for life. For most people, this is how it should be: a woman loves a man, he plants his seed in her, the Great Spirit gives them children, and so they become the newest in the unbroken line of the Ancestors. I do not say that it is never a male woman’s destiny to love one man for life—but your destiny may be greater, as mine has been.”

Gray Fox looked up to the sky, light gray all over, as it so often was in the land of the Quoheemish, and so often is to this day. “See the sky,” she said. “You do not see the sun, but you know it is there, just as you do not see the Great Spirit, but you know the Great Spirit is everywhere. The sun gives light and life to all, but gets nothing in return—except, it may be, the joy of giving light and life to all. The Great Spirit, too, gives light and life to all, but gets nothing in return. And yet the Great Spirit is not lonely or unhappy. Do you begin to see, Singing Sparrow?”

I thought I did, and yet I was afraid. “You mean”—I groped for words—“I am to be like the sun, or even like the Great Spirit, in that way? To give myself to many men, not only to one?”

“It may be so. I do not say it *is* so, for you must discover your own destiny. But it has been so for me, and it may be so for you.”

I was silent, for I did not know; I was still too young to know. Gray Fox was right, I thought: I must live the life of maidenhood to the full, and not be too eager to leave it behind forever.

“And now we will leave such thoughts behind until you are older,” Gray Fox said, seeming to read my

mind. “You must rub your breasts with berry juice to make them grow. After that, I will take you to Semakoboomish.”

We looked for ripe berries and soon found some blackberries and raspberries. I wondered if Gray Fox would rub my breasts with juice if I asked her, but I did not dare ask. I took the berries in my hands and crushed them against my breasts, getting juice and seeds all over.

“Now squeeze your breasts and pull them out, gently, to make them grow.” I did as she said. My nipples quickly grew big and hard, and the rest of my breasts began to look and feel more like a woman’s breasts when I squeezed them.

“Now press them and rub them around and around with the juice.” I did. My

*mungushi* was straining against the binding, and my nipples were as hot and hard as my *mungushi*.

“Gray Fox, I am afraid I will shoot seed if I go on,” I said, straining for breath.

“Hide your *mungushi* between your legs,” Gray Fox advised me. “Then, if you shoot seed, it will be womanly seed.”

I pressed my *mungushi* back between my legs and clenched them tight; then I returned to rubbing my breasts. Soon my hips were moving of themselves, faster and faster, like women’s hips I had dimly seen in the longhouse when their men were planting seed. I had to open my mouth to breathe deeply, and I imagined a man was planting seed in me. Soon it was I who was shooting seed, back behind my legs. My *mungushi* was short, barely sticking out behind my plump legs, and much seed dripped down the insides of my thighs.



“It is done,” said Gray Fox. “Let us return to the longhouse of your family. There you may rest and wait for Semakoboomish to return.”

Soon I became tired. By the time we had walked back to the Hill of the Sun, I was exhausted. I lay on the grass, not far from the longhouse, and fell asleep at once.

When I awoke, Semakoboomish stood above me. Near him were brave young men with an elk they had hunted. Gray Fox sat by my side.

“Gray Fox,” said my father, “have you taught my daughter the ways of a male girl?”

“I have, Semakoboomish.”

“It is good. We will feast.” Giving me his hand, he raised me to my feet. “My daughter,” he said, “your destiny is great. May the Great Spirit always be with you, and may you never turn away from your destiny.”

## Chapter 2

The years of my maidenhood passed peacefully, most of the time. Soon I was ready to have my binding pulled tight, to hide my *mungushi* fully between my legs. I felt desires to lie with men, but I resisted.

Some of the other maidens giggled at me because I was a male maiden, but others did not. Among those who did not, my dearest friend was Smiling Willow. Smiling Willow was the loveliest of maidens in my eyes, and in those of many other Quoheemish. She was tall and slender, with great kind eyes, and almost always a smile that showed her good heart. Her parents had died—her mother from sickness, and her father from defending the Quoheemish against

an attack by our warlike northern neighbors, the Haigasha. My family treated her like one of my sisters. My father, Semakoboomish, had promised to give a big potlatch for her when she accepted a man as her own.

Her grown-up name was Smiling Willow because of her willow-like looks, much different from many Quoheemish women's looks, and because of her smile. She smiled like a sunny day upon children, ancients, and everyone in between. Her words were smiling, too; unlike many of the people, she did not say cutting words behind other people's backs. Only upon Mighty Bear she did not smile.

Mighty Bear was the biggest and strongest brave young man of the Quoheemish. He had won renown for leading our defense against the Haigasha, in the same battle where Smiling Willow's father was killed. It had given him a big head and made him think he deserved the most beautiful maiden, Smiling Willow, to be his woman.

One day Smiling Willow came to me and spoke of him. "Singing Sparrow," she said, "I would like you to come with me and speak to Mighty Bear. I have told him I will not be his woman, but he does not believe me. You are a male girl and daughter of Semakoboomish; you will speak to him the word of the Great Spirit. If he does not listen, we will tell all Quoheemish people who will listen."

I was frightened. I tried to think straight and speak rightly. "First I must understand why you will not be his woman," I said.

"It is because I have seen his anger. If he ever became angry with me, I am afraid he would treat me as he did the Haigasha."

I shuddered.



Women and girls had been shown the dead, bloody bodies of the Haigasha, and of the Quoheemish too, after the great battle. I wept to think that Smiling Willow might ever be like them.

“Do not weep, my sister,” she said. “Only be strong, and speak the words of the Great Spirit.”

I feared that Mighty Bear would become angry with me, and treat *me* as he did the Haigasha. “But there are far greater male women than I,” I protested, “and far greater voices of the Great Spirit. Surely Gray Fox would speak to him.”

“He would not listen. Gray Fox is an old male woman with little strength, and Mighty Bear respects only strength. But you are a daughter of Semakoboomish, who has great strength.”

“But why do you not ask Semakoboomish himself to speak to Mighty Bear?”

Smiling Willow lowered her eyes. “I have asked. He will not. Semakoboomish has much wisdom about many things, but not about Mighty Bear. Such a great and brave young man, in his eyes, can do little wrong.”

Desperately I tried to think of someone, anyone, other than myself, to talk to Mighty Bear. “Why not Soaring Hawk? He, too, has great strength, and I do not.”

“No. Mighty Bear would take it as a challenge to fight to win me. But you are a small male girl, with little strength to fight. You have only the power of the Great Spirit and—perhaps, in time—of Semakoboomish. Mighty Bear would not imagine that you would try to fight him.”

I saw my doom coming over me, but I could not refuse to help Smiling Willow. “Very well,” I said. “I will go, and I will speak the words of the Great Spirit.”

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“Mighty Bear,” I said, trembling so much I could hardly get the words out, “hear the words of the Great Spirit. You must respect Smiling Willow’s wishes. She will not be your woman.”

Mighty Bear rose up high above me, as if he were a real bear rising up for the kill—and yet he could not say my words were not the words of the Great Spirit. “You have great courage, little one,” he said, “in your own eyes. I warn you, do not try to steal Smiling Willow from me, for she is mine. If you try, you will feel all your courage vanish when I turn against you.”

I feared it was true, and yet I must speak. “I will not steal her from you,” said, “for she is not yours. She belongs to the Great Spirit, as do we all. Do not resist the Great Spirit, for you will not prevail.”

I felt Mighty Bear’s anger through his eyes, seeking to pierce my heart like a spear, and I knew Smiling Willow was right: she must never be his woman. “Little one,” he said slowly, “I have never resisted the Great Spirit, nor will I now. But you must know that, if the Great Spirit takes away my woman, he will give me another, for a man must have a woman. *Do you know what I mean?*”

His fists were clenched near his loins. As if to make his meaning unmistakable, he thrust his hips at me like a man planting seed in a woman. I could have no doubt: if he could not have Smiling Willow, he would seek to make *me* his woman. Then I, not she, would suffer the fate of the Haigasha if he became angry with his woman.