

Rosie Revealed

And other stories



Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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and Other Stories

by **Dulci Daily**

Rosie Revealed

“Help!” a voice called out from the woods along Mount Quoheemish Avenue. Jack MacMurfree’s ears were alert to the sound. Jack was planning to become a policeman; helping people in distress was his calling in life.

“Help!” the voice called out again, and a nastier-sounding voice responded: “Shut up, you fucking asshole!” Jack ran to the path into the woods and followed it toward where the voices were coming from.

In a small clearing Jack saw two big boys, almost as big as him, and a smaller, chubby, feminine-looking blond-haired boy. The smaller boy’s pants were pulled down, revealing his big, girlish-looking butt,

and he was crying while lying face down on the ground. There was a gag around his mouth, but it wasn't very securely put on, for the boy had been able to work it loose. One of the bigger boys was trying to press his wiener into the smaller boy's butthole, while the other stood guard.

"Hey, you can't get away with this!" Jack shouted. The boy standing guard raised his fists. Jack delivered a tremendous roundhouse to the boy's face, sending him sprawling over the boys on the ground. Then Jack leaped on top of the boy trying to butt-rape the smaller boy, and started hitting him hard and fast on both sides of his face.

God damn it, I wish I had a gun and handcuffs! Jack thought—but in vain. All he could do was to pound the would-be butt-raper without mercy, yank him off the smaller boy and turn him over, make him scream by kicking his hard wiener, and tell him and his buddy to get the hell out of there fast if they didn't want more of the same. He had to throw a few more hard punches before they got the point, but they finally did. Saying many bad words, both boys took off, after the would-be butt-raper yanked up his pants.

"Are you OK?" Jack asked the smaller boy, who had quickly pulled up his own pants and removed the gag. Jack actually knew the boy's name, Roy Althingsen. Roy was a classmate of Jack's in the Class of 1959, the senior class at Mount Quoheemish High School, and so were the two attackers, Frank Farnwicke (the would-be butt-raper) and Ed Rucktoole (the guard).

"Um—I think so," said Roy, although he was still crying. Jack was well aware that Roy's "rep," his reputation, was that of a sissy, a weakling, and a cry-baby; he was even rumored to be a homosexual. Jack didn't care about Roy's rep, even if all those things were true. Sissies, weaklings, crybabies, and homo-

sexuals needed to be protected by the police at least as much as everyone else did, and Jack was going to be there to protect them.

Jack gritted his teeth in disgust. He had to ask: “Did he get it into your butt?”

“No,” said Roy. “But I didn’t think I could keep him out much longer. You saved me!” Roy’s big, moist blue eyes looked at Jack with tremendous admiration and gratitude, making all the effort of the fight more than worth it.

“Oh, all in a day’s work,” Jack said. “Or that kind of thing *will* be all in a day’s work, when I become a policeman after I graduate.”

“You’ll be a good one,” said Roy.

“I sure hope so,” said Jack. He grinned. “It’ll be a lot easier to handle bad guys like those when I’ve got some handcuffs and a gun!”

Hardly had Jack and Roy emerged from the woods onto the avenue when a police car pulled up and two policemen got out. “Hey, Jack, short time no see,” said one of them—Sergeant Bill Boomschmidt, the advisor for the Pacificum Future Police. Jack had seen him only two days ago at a PFP meeting at the high school.

“Hi, Sarge,” said Jack. “What’s up?”

“Well, we’ve just received a complaint from two guys that you beat them up,” said Sergeant Bill. “What can you tell us about that?”

“Yeah, I beat them up,” said Jack. “One of them was trying to butt-rape Roy here, and the other one was acting as lookout. I had to use reasonable force to protect Roy from them.”

“I see,” said Sergeant Bill. “Guess what, they didn’t mention the part about the butt-rape. Did they succeed?”

“No,” Jack said. “But Roy said I got there just in time.”

“Jack saved me!” said Roy.

“OK, tell me about it,” said Sergeant Bill. “Are you ready to get this down?” he asked the other policeman, who was holding a pencil and a notepad. The other policeman nodded “yes.”

“How did this all start?” Sergeant Bill asked.

“Well, I was walking home from school,” Roy said, “and these two guys came up behind me. One of them said, “OK, queer, it’s time.” He put his hand over my mouth, and they dragged me into the woods.”

“Was anyone else around?”

“I don’t know. If they were, I guess they weren’t paying any attention, or they didn’t care.”

“Didn’t want to get involved,” said Sergeant Bill. “It’s incredible how often that happens. OK, what happened next?”

“Well, they gagged me and pulled my pants down, but the gag wasn’t put on too well, so I could shout for help. I did shout for help, but the boy was holding me down and trying to force his wiener into my butt, while I was trying as hard as I could to keep him out. Then Jack showed up, and—he saved me.”

“We’re you and Jack together before the fight started?” Jack didn’t know why Sergeant Bill was asking this; the answer seemed obvious.

“No. I just *said* that. Jack only showed up after I shouted for help.”

“Did either of the boys say anything about homosexuality before the fight started?”

“About *homosexuality*?” Roy’s eyes and mouth opened wide. “No, except when the one boy called me a queer.”

“Why are you asking these questions?” Jack asked. “What have they got to do with anything?”

“Well, one of the boys—who seemed to be a lot smarter than the other one—had quite a story about how the fight started. He said he and the other boy came across you and Roy indulging in homosexuality in the woods, and he advised you that you should stop because homosexuality was wrong, and you got mad about it and beat him and his buddy up.”

“God damn it! That’s a lie!” Jack said. “It must have been Frank who made that up. He’s a lot smarter than Ed.”

“Yeah, it was Frank,” said Sergeant Bill. “Ed just said he didn’t know why the fight started, but you started it by punching him. I’m finding it more believable that you showed up because Roy was calling for help, rather than that these guys just happened to go for a walk in the woods at the precise time when you and Roy were supposedly doing it with each other.”

“It’s a whole lot more *true*, too,” Jack said. “I’ve *never* done that with a boy, or a man.”

“OK, well, we don’t need to go into that,” said Sergeant Bill. “I’m thinking we’ll be arresting Frank for an attempt to commit the infamous and detestable crime against nature by force, and Ed as his accomplice.”

“Would you like me to walk home with you,” Jack asked, “just in case those guys show up again before they get arrested?”

“Oh, sure!” Roy said with a big smile, making his face look even more like a cute girl’s face than it had before. “And would you like to come in and meet my mom and my sister, and maybe have some cookies and milk?”

“Uh—well, sure,” Jack said. “I’d like that.”

“My house is right down the street from the library,” said Roy, pointing to the Farm Hills branch of the Quoheemish Public Library up the street. Both Roy and Jack lived in Farm Hills, an oddly named area in the south end of Quoheemish where there were neither farms nor hills, but only a fairly flat expanse of small houses and a few small businesses.

They walked up the avenue past Svensen’s corner drugstore, MacTavish’s mom-and-pop grocery store, the library, and a newspaper dispenser in which the headline on the *Quoheemish Free Press* for March 19, 1959, was “Eisenhower Signs Hawaii Statehood Bill.” The weather was warm for mid-March in western Pacificum, but still chilly enough that both boys needed the sweaters they were wearing. They turned off the avenue onto Bohemia Street, and walked down the long block until they got to a pink-and-white Cape Cod-style house near the next corner, the only pink house on the street.

“Here we are,” said Roy. “Thanks a lot for coming.” They entered the house and Roy called out, “I’m home!”

A middle-aged woman with short graying hair, wearing a plain light blue house dress, emerged into the living room to meet them.

“Well, *there* you are!” the woman said. “You’re late! Where have you been?”

“In the woods getting attacked, until Jack saved me,” Roy said, “and then talking to the police. Mom, this is Jack MacMurfree. Jack, this is my mom.”

“Well, I’m very pleased to meet you, Jack!” said Roy’s mom. “What’s this about getting attacked, and being saved, and the police?”

“Two bad boys dragged me into the woods and attacked me,” Roy said. “I shouted for help, and Jack saved me. Then the police came, and we told them what happened.”

“*Oh!*” said Roy’s mom. “*Well!* I’m so glad you’re safe! Jack, I’m very glad you were there, and willing to help!”

“So am I,” Jack said. “Any time.”

“Would you like to sit down in the kitchen and have some cookies and milk, and meet Roy’s sister?” said Roy’s mom. “Roy, please go get your sister.” Roy left the living room; Jack and Roy’s mom entered the kitchen.

“Our home is ever so humble, like in the song,” said Roy’s mom. “And I’ve had to work third shift at the screw products factory, ever since my husband left us when Roy was 11 and Lydia was 13.”

“I’m sorry for you,” Jack dutifully replied.

“Roy is determined that he will *not* turn out like his father,” said Roy’s mom. “He’s really gone *all out* to be as different from his father as *possible*. His father, you know, was quite the womanizer, and he divorced me for another woman. No doubt he’s cheating on his new wife as we speak, if he hasn’t divorced her already. I haven’t kept up with his escapades, and I

don't want to. But Roy is the *farthest thing* from a womanizer, and we're so proud of him!"

Roy re-entered the room, accompanied by two girls. One of them was a dark-eyed, dark-haired knockout, with fairly small breasts in a pointy bra under a tight pink sweater, a petite waist, and probably shapely hips under a very full white knee-length skirt. The other was a chubby girl with short brown hair and big breasts, wearing a plain white blouse and a nondescript dark skirt. Jack was surprised to notice that the girls were holding hands.

"Jack, this is my sister Lydia," said Roy, indicating the knockout, "and her good friend Sally."

"Hi, Jack!" said Lydia with a big, wide-eyed grin, looking as if she found Jack very interesting. "I'm really glad to meet you!"

"I was just telling Jack," said Roy's mom, "that Roy has gone all out to be as different as possible from his father."

Lydia laughed. "That's for sure!" she exclaimed. "Roy, would you like to let Jack see just how far you've gone to be different from our dad?"

"Oh!" Roy cried. "Well! Uh—I guess I could." Turning to Jack, he said, "Jack, can you keep a secret? This would be—uh—really embarrassing to me if it ever got out." Jack could see that Roy was blushing hotly.

"Uh, well, sure, I can keep a secret," Jack said. "You can count on me."

Roy looked hesitant, but then he grinned at Jack. "All right, then," he said. "I'll be right back." He quickly left the room.

“Say, Jack,” Lydia said as soon as Roy had left, “do you happen to have a girlfriend?”

Jack stared at her. “Well, no, I don’t, now that you mention it,” he said. “Uh—why do you ask?”

“I just wondered,” Lydia said. “A big, handsome guy like you—I would have thought you’d have your choice of girls—I mean, if you *wanted* a girlfriend.”

“I’d like to have a girlfriend, if she was a really *good* one,” Jack said. He laughed. “But you know the song: you’ve got to be a football hero to get along with the beautiful girls. I’m no football hero. I can see taking some serious risks to fight for the right—but not to get a ball over a line.”

Lydia laughed. “That’s how Sally and I see it too!” she said. “We’re certainly not interested in any football heroes!” Sally nodded emphatic agreement. Now Lydia and Sally had their arms around each other.

“And then some good girls lose interest when they find out I’m planning to be a policeman,” Jack said. “They’ve heard that, you know, a policeman’s lot is not a happy one, and a policeman’s wife’s lot isn’t either, and they don’t want to become widows at an early age if their husband gets killed by a criminal.”

“That’s sad,” Lydia said. “But don’t give up hope!”

“I’m trying,” Jack said, “but it’s not easy.”

At this point in their conversation, a beautiful blonde entered the room—a beautiful blonde with a round, shyly smiling face exactly like Roy’s face! The girl wore a white headband in her fairly short hair, flipped up at the ends. Her breasts, in a pointy bra, looked almost exactly like Lydia’s breasts, and she wore a tight pink sweater and an extra-full white skirt just like Lydia’s. The girl was looking straight at Jack, as if hoping for his approval.

“Wow!” Jack couldn’t help exclaiming. “Uh—Roy, is that *you?*”

“Yes, it’s me,” said the girl. “And you can call me Rosie.”

“Rosie!” Jack echoed. “All right, then, Rosie—I’m terrifically glad to meet you!” Jack’s heart was pounding hard. Roy had turned into a girl as beautiful as almost any he had ever seen—maybe even as beautiful as Lydia—and a girl who was giving him a big, grateful, admiring smile!

“Rosie, guess what!” Lydia said in a stage whisper. “Jack doesn’t have a girlfriend!”

Rosie blushed. “Oh, doesn’t he?” she asked with air of total innocence. “How do you know?”

“I asked him,” Lydia said. “I asked an honest question, and got an honest answer.”

Rosie laughed. “Lydia’s *not* a shy person, in case you hadn’t guessed!” she said to Jack. “I guess pretty soon she’ll be asking you if—uh—if you want *me* to be your girlfriend.”

Jack’s eyes bulged. Was he really going to have a *boy* for a girlfriend? He was pretty sure he was going to have to decide soon—and his thundering heart, as well as the growing protrusion in his pants, were telling him the answer was going to be a resounding “*yes.*”

“I will, now that you mention it!” said Lydia. “Jack, would you like Rosie to be your girlfriend? I can tell she’d really like to!”

Jack looked at Rosie. She was giving him a big, wide-eyed, welcoming smile, unlike any girl—any *other* girl—he had ever met. Obviously she did want

to be Jack's girlfriend—and Jack couldn't resist, though he knew Rosie was really a boy.

“Well—uh—that sounds very interesting,” Jack said. Sweat was starting to pour down his forehead. “Uh, Rosie, is that really true? Would you like to be my girlfriend?”

“Yes!” Rosie said. “I'd love to!”

“Well, um, I'm really glad,” Jack said. “Does that mean—uh—you want to kiss me?”

“Yes, it does,” Rosie said, holding out her arms to embrace him.

Jack embraced Rosie and kissed her on the mouth in front of everyone. His erect wiener was pressing hard against her tummy through his pants. He could feel the back of her bra through her sweater. Of course she must be wearing falsies, Jack thought, but her breasts were as exciting to Jack as if they were real. He wondered if Rosie would let him take her bra off, and if so, what he would find beneath.

“Let's go out to the stairs,” Rosie said. “If I stand on a stair, I'll be almost as tall as you.” Jack, eager for more kissing, eagerly complied.

“Oh, Jack, you're my hero!” Rosie said when she embraced him while standing on a stair. “I'm so glad you want me for your girlfriend!”

Again they kissed on the mouth. Rosie's tongue darted in and out of Jack's mouth, and she pressed her breasts firmly against Jack's chest. Below the waist, Jack's big erection was now pressing hard against Rosie's girlish delta through her skirt. Jack could feel no wiener there. *She must be hiding her wiener between her legs!* Jack thought.

Jack raised his hand to Rosie's breast and caressed it while they kissed. Rosie did not protest. When he reached under her sweater in hope of unhooking her bra, though, she did protest.

"Jack! No! Please!" Rosie cried. "I'm a good girl! Please don't try to take my clothes off!"

Jack sighed. "Well, all right," he said.

There was no need to remove any of Rosie's clothes, though, for Jack to press his big erection between Rosie's legs and rub it against her hidden wiener through his pants and underpants, her skirt, and her panties. The extra-full skirt allowed plenty of room for this exciting maneuver, and apparently Rosie did not think it unworthy of a good girl, for she was squeezing Jack's wiener tightly with her plump thighs through their clothes.

Jack's hands gently but firmly descended to Rosie's big butt and gripped it. Rosie did not protest. He feared she surely would protest at what he wished to do next, but he was too excited to stop. He reached under her skirt, put his hand between her thighs at her delta, and caressed her hard, stout, hidden wiener through her panties.

Incredibly, Rosie did not protest. Apparently, so long as her clothes remained on, this good girl would permit almost anything.

Jack reached far between Rosie's thighs and stroked her hidden wiener, at least five inches long, all the way down to its swollen bulb. Meanwhile, their kiss went on and on.

Jack had to shoot his load. Discreetly but quickly, he removed his hand from Rosie's wiener and unzipped his pants. Then, with Rosie's panties still on, he lifted her skirt, gripped her hips, and masterfully



pressed his big, nude erection fully between Rosie's thighs, rubbing it against her wiener through her panties.

"Oh, Jack!" Rosie cried. "We're going too far! I'm too excited! I'm going to soak my panties!"

"Go ahead and soak them," Jack said. "You can change them after we're done." Now Jack was thrusting hard between Rosie's thighs, and Rosie's hips were responding with thrusts of their own.

Sure enough, Rosie trembled all over and soaked her panties with semen. "Oh, Jack!" she cried. "Thank you! I love you! I'm all yours!" Jack could feel Rosie's semen spurting from her backward-turned wiener, drenching her panties beneath her quick-pumping rump, as he rose to climax and shot his own big load of semen between her thighs.

"Oh, dear!" Rosie said when she had fully finished soaking her panties. "Jack, you don't think I'm a bad girl for getting so excited and letting you go so far, do you? I've never let a boy do this with me; I've certainly *never* soaked my *panties* with a boy before!"

"No, I sure don't think you're a bad girl at all," Jack assured her. "You're a good girl, Rosie—you're *my* good girl, and I love you!" With his wiener still between her thighs, beneath her semen-soaked panties, Jack kissed Rosie on the mouth again to seal their love.

Again and again Jack and Rosie returned to the stairs in the days and weeks that followed; again and again Rosie soaked her panties with semen, with Jack's big wiener between her thighs. Meanwhile, at school, Rosie remained Roy in boys' clothes. Inevitably, though, Jack and Roy began to get a "rep" as a

queer couple because they were so often seen going to Roy's house together after school.

Only a couple of months after the attack in the woods, Frank and Ed went to trial. Jack and Roy were excused from school to testify. They rode the bus together into downtown Quoheemish, and entered the MacCraikie County Courthouse together.

After locating the courtroom where the trial was to be held, Jack and Roy were greeted by the deputy prosecutor in charge of the trial. This was Mr. John Foehawke, a dignified, balding, middle-aged gentleman. They had met him once before at a pre-trial conference, where he had gone over the facts with them and warned them about the defense attorney—Percy Blissoon, a high-powered lawyer from Pacific Heights, hired by Frank Farnwicke's well-to-do parents.

Now he warned them again. "Blissoon will probably ask a lot of objectionable questions," he said. "Don't be in any hurry to answer them. Give me time to raise the right objections. I'm pretty sure Judge Cornohoot will sustain them. He's had a whole lot of experience seeing through defense attorneys' tricks."

"All rise!" a bailiff called out. "The MacCraikie County Superior Court is now

in session, the Honorable Ebenezer W. Cornohoot presiding!"

All rose. Judge Cornohoot, a rotund, white-haired old gentleman, strode to the bench and sat down. "You may be seated," he said. "We're here for the joint trial of the *People of the State of Pacificum versus Franklin Delano Farnwicke*, case number 59-1590, and the *People of the State of Pacificum versus Edward Everett Rucktoole*, case number 59-1591. Are the parties ready to proceed?"