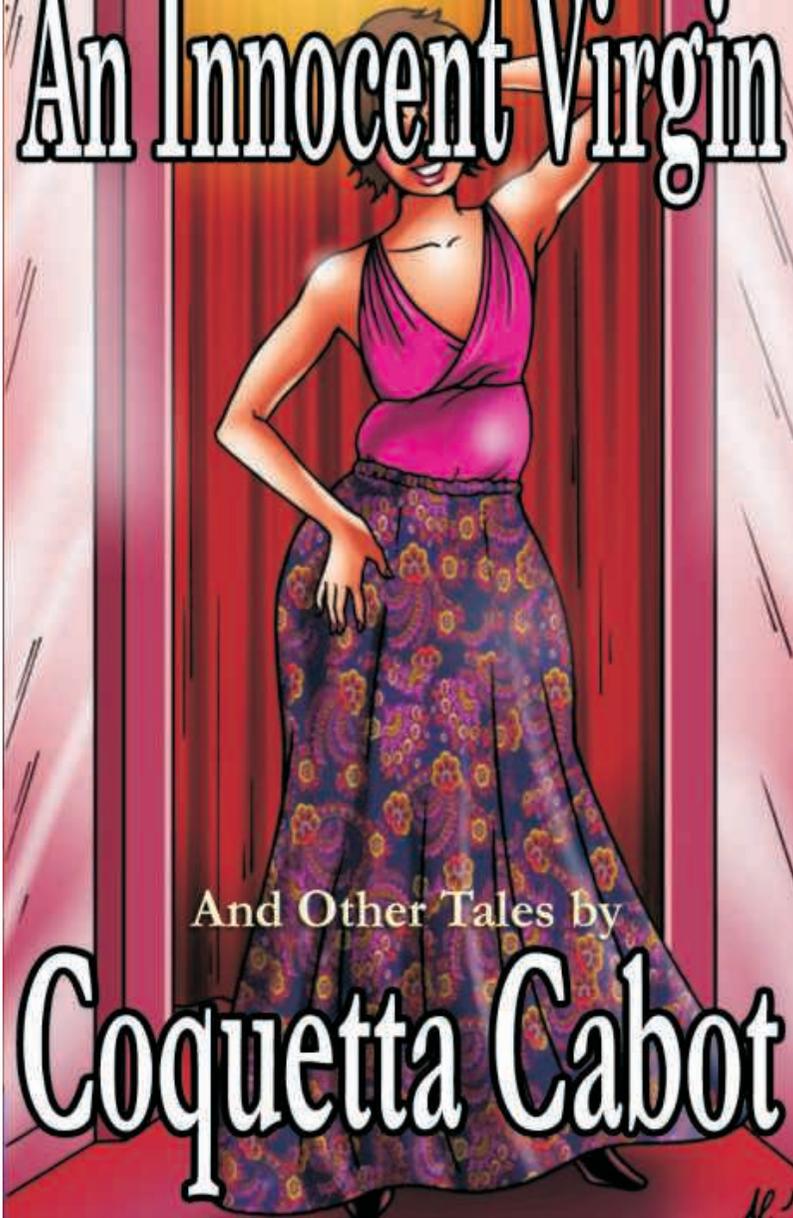


# An Innocent Virgin



And Other Tales by

# Coquette Cabot

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# An Innocent Virgin

and Other Stories

By Coquette Cabot

## AN INNOCENT VIRGIN

*No! Please, not again! Dear God, help me! Help me not to sin again! Please help me now, to be a sweet, innocent virgin at heart—a virgin most pure!*

I prayed with all my heart—or almost all, at least. I really did want to be good and pure, to be pleasing to God, but it was dreadfully hard when my flesh rebelled as intensely as it was doing now. My pointy little girlish nipples were hard and aflame with desire to be kissed; my

stout little four-inch coquette, secretly known as my “giant clitoris,” was swollen to maximum hardness and ignited almost to maximum heat; my plump, feminine-looking hips would have been trembling with the urge to do the deed, had I not kept them under the strictest control. And I had done nothing to deserve this, I assured myself—nothing except to try with all my might, or almost all, to keep myself pure and free from masturbation!

I had succeeded for more than a week now, though my last failure had been a disastrous one: I had lost all control, gone down to Club Swank Wank on a busy Friday evening, and exposed myself to total strangers for mutual masturbation. Next day, at least, I had remembered the good advice of the great St. Francis de Sales in the *Introduction to the Devout Life*: No matter how often, how hard, or how many times you may fall, simply pick yourself up at once, acknowledge your fault to God, and try again. I had gone to confession; I had firmly, sincerely resolved to sin no more; I really had sinned no more, or at least I had not physically committed sexy sins any more, until now. True, I was fully aware that the flesh was weak, no matter how willing the spirit might be; I did foresee, though I did not intend, that I might reveal myself as a sexy sinner yet again. But still I was in earnest, indeed almost desperately sincere, as I prayed again: *Dear God, please help me! I want to be a sweet, innocent virgin!*

Deeply I sighed. My excitement stubbornly refused to vanish, or even to subside. I would *not* go to Club Swank Wank again tonight, I vowed—especially since today was Saturday, and there would be no opportunity to go to confession afterward before Sunday Mass. I knew that full well, for there was a little Catholic chapel, the St. Frances Xavier Cabrini Chapel, within a short walk downhill toward the harbor from Club Swank Wank; once I had tried

in vain to find a priest there for confession on Saturday night, after I had sinned at the club. Mother Cabrini herself would never have approved, I thought; she would have wanted priests available 24 hours a day, every day, to welcome repentant sinners and cleanse their souls. “Mother Cabrini, pray for us!” I whispered.

Almost at once I knew what I must do. There would be some risk, as always—but it had worked before, though not always, and it was my best hope. To be a sweet, innocent virgin, I must look, think, and act like a real virgin: a good Catholic schoolgirl. At the age of 29, I was unlikely to be mistaken for a schoolgirl—but still I could, and would, be one at heart.

I must bare my burning breasts, but only for a moment, only long enough to put on my pure white bra and my equally white, high-necked blouse. I grasped the bra from the drawer and the blouse from the closet; I sat down on my bed and put them both as close to myself as I could, to minimize the time when I would not be fully clothed.

Surely a good girl would not stare at her own bare breasts while putting on her bra, so I did not. I stripped off my shirt and undershirt; I put one arm and then the other easily under the straps of the well-designed front-hook bra; I barely glanced at my plump little “AA-cup” breasts as I fastened the hooks of the petite but shapely B-cup bra. Then, with hands made expert by long experience in using handkerchiefs as breast-enhancers, I stuffed the bra until it looked quite full.

A good girl would proceed at once to put on her blouse, and so I did; then I looked for a moment in the mirror, and found my looks quite satisfactory. My curly chin-length light brown hair needed only a pure white headband to complete the fresh, innocent look I desired. My blouse would never reveal my cleavage to anyone at

any vantage point; my bra was slightly visible through the thin white cloth of my blouse, but only visible enough to let any onlooker see that it was not low-cut and showed nothing of my nipples.



I blushed to recall that I still retained a flimsy, lacy, low-cut red A-cup bra, which was stretchy enough to fit me tightly and did almost nothing to restrain my nipples—but no good Catholic schoolgirl would ever wear such a thing, nor would I dream of wearing it today.

Surely no good Catholic schoolgirl would have an erect four-inch clitoris sticking out and making the front of her panties bulge, either—but my skirt was full enough to conceal it fairly well, and that was the best I could hope for. I retrieved my pretty pink Patties' Puffies panties, generously cut to accommodate even (shall we say) ladies with gigantic clitties; I took down my subdued blue-and-green plaid knee-length skirt from the closet. I did not look at my coquette as I pulled down my trousers and my boxer shorts; I forced myself to well away from it as I quickly put on my panties and my skirt. Then I put on my headband, looked in the mirror again, and approved what I saw: a decent, ladylike schoolgirl indeed, not more than about 11 years older than your average high-school graduate. I was no longer Randolph Stimson McClimmons, a lonely, slightly aging, effeminate single male, who desperately longed for holy matrimony at times, but was far too sinful to be worthy of a good Catholic wife. I was now transfigured into the pretty and popular, yet thoroughly pure and innocent, Catholic virgin *Miranda McClimmons*, known as *Randi* to my friends and admirers.

I completed the look with white anklets and Mary Janes straight out of the 1950s; then I went to the bathroom, sitting down on the toilet like a girl of course, and arose to be seen by the world. This would be the most embarrassing part for me, but I had done it before with some success, and I knew I must do it again.

I walked toward the door with my hips swaying, my skirt swinging back and forth, like any other girl. I

thanked God for His good gifts, and (right now) especially for my Patti's Puffies. I was so excited that, if I had been wearing tighter panties, I might have ejaculated in them before I even got out the door.

I opened the door, walked down the stairs from my second-floor apartment, and entered the open air. Uphill, to my left, I saw the golden-domed Pacificum State Capitol, hiding the nondescript state government building where I worked as a paralegal for the state attorney general's office. Downhill to my right, the view along wide Capitoline Avenue was much more expansive. Below a few blocks of aging mansions and elegant apartment houses, the trees and meadows of Grand Stimson Park could be seen on both sides of the avenue. Farther below, I could see the skyline of Pacific Heights, with the well-known gigantic black box, the Magnum Supreme Building, towering over all. Down farther still I saw the harbor, the endless ocean beyond, and above all the rare blue sky filled with pure white clouds.

The park, of course, was my goal. There I might see normal, decent families with beautiful, modestly dressed moms, who completely (or almost completely) concealed any sexiness they might possess, saving it to reveal to their husbands alone. Then I would breathe a deep sigh of delight and relief, and perhaps the rebellion of my flesh would subside for now at least. True, I might also see women who flaunted their sexiness, and I might see some of the many gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and transgendered persons who flocked to the Capitoline Hill and nearby Queen's Bluff—but at least some of these might be repellent to me, and this too might help to quell my flesh's inflammation.

In the park's great meadow, filled with flowers in full bloom and surrounded by leafy green trees, I saw many people already enjoying the perfect weather beneath the

mid-morning sun. Joggers and cyclists ignored me; walkers smiled and said hello to me, though they did not know me.

One very pretty little mom with long dark hair and equally dark eyes, accompanied by four children, gave me an especially lovely, memorable smile. My eyes opened wide, and barely glanced down at her small but delightful-looking breasts before returning to her face. I gave her my sweetest, most virginal smile in return, and I sighed with delight after she had passed.

I turned and looked after her, trying to engrave her upon my memory—but all I could see of her was long hair, pink short-sleeved top, long flowered skirt, nice-looking ankles, and small feet in simple sandals. Her figure, I did see, was surprisingly girlish for a mom of four—not only her breasts, which her close-fitting top had shown me quite clearly, but also her fairly slender waist and her pleasantly rounded hips. Her husband, I fancied, must find her quite delightful. I almost wished I could be her husband myself, or the husband of a lovely lady like her. I had to remind myself quickly that it was almost hopeless for an un-manly man like me to want a good wife, especially since there was so much danger that I would cheat on her with men. For all I knew, I might even turn out to be impotent with a woman. Certainly I had never wanted sex with a woman outside of marriage, nor gotten an erection while thinking about it, while I had craved opportunities to “play girlfriend” for boys and men since the young age of 11.

I turned away from her. At least, I felt some relief to think, my “Catholic schoolgirl, innocent virgin” strategy to defeat my raging horniness was working to some extent. I was breathing more easily; my coquette was no longer rock-hard beneath my panties and my skirt, though the sight of the beautiful mom had been surprisingly

stimulating. I walked toward a bench to sit down, relax more completely, and enjoy the peace and beauty all around me—but then, before I could reach the bench, came the shock. I heard a too-familiar voice calling out to me: “Hey, Randi!”

I felt afraid to turn. I knew full well who it was. Almost at once my heart was pounding, and a hot blush suffused my face. I almost wished I could simply walk away without responding—but I was a good girl, and a good girl could never be so unforgivably rude.

I turned. I saw. It was him, all right, coming closer and closer—no doubt aiming to come *too* close. I saw the big, grinning, unmistakable face of Roger Randwick, one of the deputy attorneys general in my section—well known as one of the most sex-crazed young men in the attorney general’s office, if not in the entire state government, or indeed in Greater Pacific Heights or the State of Pacificum. Worse yet, I could see in Roger’s eyes that he was mentally stripping me nude. In a futile, foolish gesture, I placed my hand over my coquette, now fully erect again, as if I could prevent him from seeing it through my panties and my skirt.

“Wow, Randi, you’re looking even cuter than usual!” said Roger. Of course he called me “Randy” with a “y” at work—but now I could almost hear the difference between that and “Randi” with a cute, sexy, totally feminine little “i” on the end. My blush turned deeper. I knew at once that Roger would want sex with me—but at least he would not get it easily.

“I suppose you think you’re *acting* even cuter than usual,” I retorted.

Roger laughed. “No, about the same as usual,” he said. “Hey, how come you don’t dress like this at work? You’d do a lot more to beautify the office!”

Roger thinks I'm beautiful, I couldn't keep myself from thinking—worse yet, thinking with *pleasure*. I feared my greatest weakness was far too obvious to him: my weakness for admiration, any kind of admiration, for anything from my looks, my intelligence, my friendliness and helpfulness, to my sexy looks and my skill at mutual masturbation. Still, I insisted to myself, I must try not to make my weakness even more obvious than it already was.

"I don't dress like this at work," I informed him crisply, "because then guys like you might think I was another Vicki Rutledge." Vicki Rutledge, one of my fellow paralegals, was well known as a slutty "shemale" with a perpetually visible cleavage and an almost perpetually bulging skirt. Here in Pacificum—probably the most liberal state in existence, with some of the strongest and broadest anti-discrimination laws in the history of the universe—everyone treated Vicki as if she were just another female slut, at least until her panties came off to reveal her big cock (as I fancied they often did).

Roger laughed again. "You've got to be kidding!" he said. "You don't look anything like that slut. You look like a totally decent lady—maybe even a virgin."

I swallowed hard and dared to glance again at Roger's eyes. They were full of genuine admiration, such as I found hardest to resist. Of course I would not say anything to Roger about being a sweet, innocent virgin, much less about fearing I would fail to resist him, but I would say this: "Why, thank you. I'm glad to see you have some concept of decency after all, despite your reputation."

"My *undeserved* reputation," he retorted. "Didn't they teach you in paralegal school that a man has to be presumed innocent until he's proven guilty? You've never seen me having sex with anyone, have you? For all you really know, I could be a totally decent gentleman, maybe even a virgin. Right?"

I stared at him in disbelief; then I took up the challenge. "Even if I can't prove *beyond a reasonable doubt* that you're not," I said with great and sarcastic emphasis, "I'd at least have probable cause to arrest you on a charge of grossly indecent solicitation—if only there were such a charge any more, and if I had the authority to arrest you on it. I've seen you coming on to ladies in the office—real ladies, I mean, and to Vicki too. I've even seen you coming on to Gary, and to *me*." Gary Roundtop was an openly gay guy, known as a good friend of Roger's; as for me, Roger often stopped by to talk and to look me over, as if he were trying to discern whether I too was gay.

"Innocent friendliness only," Roger shot back. "I can't believe you would actually condemn me on mere suspicion, just because I like to be friendly to people. What if you could dare to bring *yourself* to be a bit friendlier to *me*? Would you condemn *yourself* for it?"

I was silent. I knew what would be all too likely to happen if I could dare to bring myself to be even a bit friendlier to Roger. I feared he knew too; I feared he could see me struggling to force myself not to be attracted to him, not to like him, not to want him to be my admiring friend, not to want sex with him this very day.

"Give me a chance," said Roger. "I'm not the kind of guy you think I am. I'm a decent guy, and you're a decent girl, even though you've been shy about letting anyone see you're a girl—until now. Can't we sit down and talk for a while? Can't we at least be friends?"

*At least*, my heart demanded, though I feared my coquette and my nipples were echoing and enhancing the demand. How rude and unkind it would be, I thought, to refuse to be friends with Roger!

I sighed, and felt my heart skip a beat. "Well, we'll see," I acknowledged. "All right, let's sit down and talk."

We sat on a bench at the edge of the meadow. Roger was too close to me, but at least he wasn't touching me. "Hey, I never imagined," he said. "Well, hardly ever. What with your hair, and your swivel-hips, and your nipples sticking out through your shirt, I did use to wonder every now and then whether you might be a girlie-boy like me."

He grinned, and barely touched my knee with his, obviously wanting to see if I would draw back or not. Perhaps I might have, if not for the words "like me." I opened my mouth wide and stared at him; I gave a little, barely believing laugh. "Uh—like *you*?" I said.

"You bet," he said, moving closer to me, pressing his thigh against mine. I started, I swayed away for a moment, but still I did not draw back; I left my thigh right where it was, and my coquette murmured its strong approval. "You don't think I could have got through high school with man-boobs like these and never been informed that I must be a girlie-boy, do you?"

I glanced, then gazed, at Roger's breasts through his T-shirt. I had always tried to ignore them before, but now I saw how big they were—bigger than mine really were; almost as big as mine looked in my bra. "Uh—well! Oh, dear!" I exclaimed. "I'm sure you couldn't have! Mine aren't really as big as they look in, uh, the bra I'm wearing, but they were big enough that I got teased about them in the shower room almost every day, and—uh—yours are bigger than mine!"

"I used to think they were way too big," said Roger, "but I don't any more. Now I love them—and I wear girls' clothes in secret, too, but I don't dare wear them out in the open like you." He wanted me to see him wearing girls' clothes in secret. It was as obvious as the nose on his face—and the cock in his pants, which were bulging enough to show me that his was bigger than mine.

"I never dared back in high school," I assured him. "I—uh—well, I always used to wish I knew a boy I could trust to see me, um, pretending I was a girl—but I never did, back then." I did not say "pretending I was a girl and playing girlfriend for him"—but my pounding heart, I feared, was transmitting the missing words to Roger so loudly that he could surely hear them.

"Well, now you sure do," he assured me. My heart throbbed hard—too hard. I feared I was going to give in to Roger's wishes if this kept up—but I could not refuse to reveal my secret self to Roger, for he too had known the humiliation and the excitement of being a secretly girlish boy.

"How long ago did you first pretend you were a girl," Roger asked me, "and how did you get started?"

"I was 11," I said, "or, actually, I guess I was 10." I was going to have to be pretty selective in this account, for I didn't want Roger to know how sexy I had been at the age of only 11—or did I? "I just, uh, felt good pretending to be a girl, and I drew pictures of myself as a girl," I said. "I didn't have any girls' clothes, but I stuffed hankies in my T-shirt and pretended I was wearing a bra."

He laughed, and his eyes darted to my breasts. "Do you stuff your bra with hankies now," he asked, "or something else? Or does it need any stuffing?"

"A little," I said. "Uh—not very much, though."

*Can I see?* Roger's eyes demanded to know, as clearly as if he had spoken the words.

"I do use hankies," I said. "I got pretty good at making them the right shape back then."

"You sure did!" He looked as if he wanted to touch my breasts without delay, but he held back. "Hey, are

these the only girls' clothes you have, or do you have some more?"

I took a deep breath. "Well, I do have some more," I admitted, "but these are the ones I wear, uh, out of doors."

*What have I said? I thought at once in fear. He'll surely guess the ones I don't wear out of doors are too sexy! I'm revealing myself far too much to Roger! Dear Lord, please help me!*

"I've got some I don't wear out of doors too," he told me eagerly. "Would you like to see them?"

"Uh—well—" *No! Not right now! Please, no!* I thought—but I was silent. I knew too well what would happen if I agreed, and yet I did not disagree.

"I think you'd like to see them," Roger gently insisted. "I don't think you'd be blushing so hard if you didn't want to."

I sighed. "Perhaps I wouldn't," I admitted. My blush, indeed, was so hot that I felt sunburned.

At least it was still morning, I reflected. I would have time to sin with Roger and still go to confession this afternoon. I was ashamed of thinking like this, as if I were a bad Catholic who made bad confessions, lying every time I said I firmly resolved to sin no more—but I was more excited than I had ever been in my life, and I was far too weak to resist.

"Let's give it a try," said Roger. For a moment, discreetly, he put his arm around me and touched my butt; he looked into my eyes to see how I would respond. I sighed again, but I had made up my mind. I did not withdraw my eyes from his; I did not try to remove his arm. I barely kept myself from giving his butt a quick touch in return.

“Yes,” I said. “Yes, I’d love that.” I was fully on fire now. In silence we rose and walked together out of the park.

Roger’s apartment, as it turned out, was right on Climstim Street, which ran along the uphill end of the park. He lived in a tall red brick apartment building next to a wide stairway, which ran up the steep hill instead of a street in that block. Near the top of the stairway—very convenient for confession, when the time came—was the white-domed Church of St. Thomas More, completed way back in 1950 as the parish church for the Capitoline Hill area.

The time for confession had not come. Right now I simply glanced up the stairway toward the church and then moved on, into the red-carpeted foyer of Roger’s building.

“I’ve got a great little apartment in here,” said Roger as we entered the elevator. “Incredibly impressive view, just the right size, and the rent isn’t too bad for what you get.”

“Uh, it certainly looks like a very nice building,” I said as we arose to the eighth floor, second from the top, and emerged from the elevator.

“It’s excellent,” Roger assured me. “Come on in and make yourself at home.” He opened the door to reveal an impressive view indeed of the skyline, the sky, and the ocean.

“I’ll be right back!” Roger promised, zipping into his bedroom and closing the door. I looked around the small, sparsely furnished apartment. Except for a couple of chairs by a small round table in the kitchen area, on the far side of the apartment next to the gigantic picture window with the impressive view, the only place to sit appeared to be a red plush love seat along the left wall, facing the bedroom

door. Unless I remained standing, my only choice was either to face away from Roger and toward the view of the wide world outside, or to sit in the love seat—the *sex* seat in reality, I fancied—and stare at the bedroom wall awaiting Roger.

I sighed. I had come here for Roger, not for the view. I sat in the sex seat, primly arranged my skirt so it almost covered my knees, held it in place with both hands, and stared at the dark wood wall.

At least the wall was not totally blank. Roger did have some artistic taste, leaning strongly toward French portraits of girls and women. Two Renoir reproductions dominated the wall, one on each side of the bedroom door. One showed a wide-eyed, innocent-looking little girl among flowers; the other showed lovely, buxom nude women bathing together and laughing. On seeing them so juxtaposed, I could not help noticing a striking similarity, in hair color and facial features, between the fully clothed little girl and one of the nude women. It seemed almost as if Renoir, and Roger, were making a statement: “See how good little girls grow up and get nude and sexy!” The ironic thought came to me at once: *See how good Catholic schoolgirls grow up, get sexy, and soon get nude and sexier!*

Two other reproductions, more widely separated, then caught my eye in sequence. The one on the left, beyond the picture of the little girl, I recognized as Fragonard’s *La Lisante*, “Young Girl Reading.” It showed a side view of a fully clothed, pretty young lady with small but attractive breasts, reading a little book. The one on the right, extremely different in appearance at first glance, was Ingres’s *Grande Odalisque*—a nude woman in a harem, looking over her shoulder at the viewer, with her bare breast plainly visible beneath her outstretched arm, and her big buttocks almost directly facing the viewer. This one I had parodied in a drawing of myself that showed

my coquette peeking out beneath my buttocks, as big as those of the Grand Odalisque—before I destroyed the drawing and confessed the masturbation it had evoked. Now I wondered if Roger was suggesting a connection by juxtaposing these two pictures, as with the two Renoir pictures. Did prim, brainy virgins, like Fragonard’s young girl reading, grow up to be harlots in harems, just as innocent little girls grew up to be sexy nude women?

I had little time to think about it, for Roger rushed back into the room—and drove all thoughts of prim, brainy virgins, including myself, out of my mind. He had changed clothes exceedingly fast, and totally. Now he wore only a skimpy red bra and tight red panties bulging in front to the limit, both covered only by a short, low-cut baby-doll nightie so sheer it was almost transparent.

“Please tell me the truth, Randi,” said Roger, almost shyly. “Do you think I’m pretty?”

“Oh!” I couldn’t keep from gasping at the question. “Uh—well, yes, I think you’re very pretty!”

“Oh, thank you so much!” Roger said, sitting down very close to me on the sex seat. “I’ve wanted to hear that for so long—but I didn’t know anyone I could trust to keep my secret!”

*I’m sure you could have trusted Vicki Rutledge, I thought—but I didn’t say it. I feared it might hurt Roger’s feelings—his feminine feelings, now revealed as so much like my own.*

“Uh, well, you can trust me,” I assured him. I was so excited that my fingers clutched the hem of my skirt and started to pull it up. I forced myself not to pull it up further, but I did not push it back down either. Roger saw his opportunity, and slipped his hand between my bare legs just above my knees. My excitement made me clasp his hand tightly between my legs.