

A Girl So Young



Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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A Girl So Young

by **Dulci Daily**

Chapter 1

It all started, Wendy guessed, when she was seven, and her dad took off for California. Before that, there was a lot of shouting and screaming. Afterward, there was dead silence most of the time—except when Mom talked about how bad Dad was, and when she moaned and howled alone in the bedroom at night.

Back then, Mom didn't let Wendy know what she was doing in the bedroom. She didn't think Wendy was ready yet, as she later explained. She still called Wendy "Wendell" back then too, and dutifully but distantly regarded her—regarded him, as he still was then—as a mere boy.

The first hint of a big change in Mom's attitude came soon after Wendy's 10th birthday. Before that, Wendy—or Wendell—looked fully like a boy, with short hair and boys' clothes. One day when Wendell was 10, Mom sat down and had a talk with him.

"Wendell," Mom said, "you know that, as long as you live in my home, you must follow my rules."

“I know that, Mom,” Wendell said, having already heard it many times.

“Now,” Mom said, “I am making a new rule—a rule that you must let your hair grow longer. You have beautiful blond hair, and I would like to see it longer.”

Wendell inwardly rebelled at once. “Mom, I don’t want to grow my hair long!” he protested. “Boys will say I look like a girl! They’ll pull my pants and under-pants down to see if I’m really a girl! They did that to a boy who had long hair!”

“Wendell, I have spoken,” Mom said. “You will do as I say. If bad boys commit delinquent acts, you will report them to the authorities, and they will be sent to Juvenile Hell.”

“What if I run away from home?” Wendell dared to ask.

“If you run away,” Mom declared, “you will certainly be hurt very badly by vicious men, and you will have nowhere to go—except, of course for Juvenile Hell. It is a very terrible place, full of the worst boys, and they would do much worse things than pull your pants down. If you will simply obey the rules, you will be happy at home. If not, you will be miserable.”

Wendell grimaced. “What if I cut off my hair?”

“Wendell,” Mom said, “I am your parent, and I have a right to discipline you. Cutting off your hair would be a very serious act of disobedience. You would be punished with a severe enough punishment to modify your behavior, and that is all I will say.” She drew closer. “But you won’t, Wendell,” she went on. “I know you won’t. You are too good and too sweet ever to violate my rules like that.”

Wendell wasn’t at all sure about that, but he knew he didn’t dare disobey Mom when she got like this. Her will was stronger than his; she could punish him, and he could not retaliate. His hair would grow, and that was all there was to it.

The really big change started on Wendell's 11th birthday. Unlike other kids, Wendell didn't have a birthday party with friends. He was a short, shy, chubby bookworm, and he didn't really have any friends. There were only Wendell and Mom—and Mom gave him some very unusual birthday presents.

"Wendell," Mom said, "you're going to be growing up soon, and you need to make a very important decision. You already know how terrible your father was." Wendell nodded "yes" in silence. He could hardly help knowing, from everything Mom had said.

"What you may not yet know," Mom went on, coming very close to Wendell and speaking most earnestly, "is why he was so terrible. I've learned that it wasn't just him; it was men. If you want to have any hope of being a good and decent human being, you must not grow up to be a man like other men. At your age, what you need to know is simply this: girls are good; boys are bad."

"But I'm a boy, and I'm good!" Wendell thought it, but didn't say it. It would do no good to say it, he thought, and it would only make Mom mad. Instead he said only, "Um, Mom, do you wish I was a girl instead of a boy?"

"I think it's time for you to start becoming a girl," Mom said. "I think it's time for you to stop being Wendell, and start being Wendy."

Wendell's heart leaped high, in fear and yet in wonder. His hair was down to his shoulders now, and he knew he looked too much like a girl. Bad boys had already called him "Wendy" at school, and said he was a girl in boys' clothes, though he had been fortunate enough to escape having his pants pulled down. It was nasty of the boys to say it, and yet Wendell had to feel fascinated by the thought: What if I really was a girl in boys' clothes—or what if I became a boy in girls' clothes?

"So, Wendy," said Mom, "your first step will be to wear girls' clothes here at home, where no one can see but you

and me. I've bought you some for your birthday, and I think you'd like to try them on." She handed Wendell a big package. His hands were trembling, but he pulled and twisted until she got the package open. It contained a complete outfit of girls' clothes: pink panties, a pretty little thin-strapped white cami, an old-fashioned white blouse with a lace collar and little puffed sleeves, a plaid knee-length skirt, antique-looking white anklets, and black Mary Jane shoes. "I think you'd like to put these on," said Mom. "I'll just turn around while you do."

She turned her back to Wendell. He stared at Mom's back, wondering if he really had to put the girls' clothes on—and how he would feel if he did. But, if he didn't, what could she do? Run away on the spot? Or tell Mom, "No, Mom, I don't want to"—and feel the heat of Mom's wrath closing in on her, suffocating her, as she had done before? It was impossible, Wendell already knew—and he was not perfectly sure he would really want to, even if it were possible.

Trembling all over, Wendell took off his boys' clothes, put on the girls' clothes, and became for Mom—as Mom had said—no longer Wendell, but Wendy. Now Wendy knew how she would feel: more excited than she had ever felt before. Her breasts were still pretty flat, but her nipples were just starting to become pointy, and now they were hot and hard. Her clitoris, too—as she would soon learn to call it—was equally hot and hard. "Uh—I've got the girls' clothes on, Mom," said Wendy. Mom turned around. Her dark eyes, even darker than Wendy's, burned through the flimsy veil of girls' clothes and saw Wendy's heat and fear. "You look lovely, Wendy," Mom said. "I'm so glad you want to do this." Wendy still wasn't sure she did want to—but her nipples and her clitoris were crying out that she did, and her lips could not disagree.

Mom got Wendy more girls' clothes too, very pretty and feminine. By the time of her 12th birthday, Wendy was well aware that she looked like a very pretty girl indeed. She was so accustomed to wearing girls' clothes at home now

that it seemed quite normal, although she still had never worn them outside the house.

On her 12th birthday, after yet another lecture on the vileness of boys and men, Mom gave her still more girls' clothes, a little different from the ones she already had. "Wendy, your breasts are growing," Mom said. "It's time for you to start wearing a bra." Wendy had been pretty sure she was going to get a bra for her birthday, since Mom had measured her for it. She already knew her breasts were growing, too. They looked like a girl's budding breasts now—very small for a girl's breasts, but round and shapely, with protruding nipples that grew hot and hard at the least provocation. Wendy had started to rub and squeeze them in secret at night, and her clitoris got very hard when she did. She had measured her clitoris when it was hard, too, wondering how big it could get. It was three inches long. She had heard that normal boys' "cocks" were bigger than that, but she didn't care.

That was how long it was now, a full three inches, as Wendy opened the package containing a pretty, skimpy cream-colored AAA-cup bra, stripped to the waist, put it on, and let Mom see her in her skirt and bra. "You're so lovely, Wendy," Mom said. "You look like a beautiful girl, not like a bad boy at all. Come look at yourself in the mirror." She led Wendy into the master bedroom, where Mom slept alone, and went up to the full-length mirror.

Wendy felt a shiver of delight, now only slightly tinged with fear, as she gazed upon her own loveliness. Her long, wavy blond hair looked as pretty as any girl's hair. Her big brown eyes, so unusual for a blonde, were moist, tender, and fully girlish-looking. Her full, deep pink lips, too, could compete with any girl's lips for beauty. Her plump freckled face looked just like a pretty girl's face, and her breasts—oh, dear! She could hardly even look at her breasts in her bra, they were so exciting!

"And now, Wendy," said Mom, sitting down on the bed, "I'm going to show you something you'll need to know about very soon. You may have started to have sexual feelings already. You'll need to know what to

do about them. You're certainly not going to do anything about them with sickening boys, and you're certainly not going to jack off like a disgusting boy either. What you do need, I've learned, is known as womanly sexual self-sufficiency."

Wendy's eyes almost leaped out of her head at what Mom did next. She opened her blouse, took off her bra, and revealed her bare breasts. They were not very big for a woman's breasts, but they were fascinatingly formed, and Mom's nipples were much bigger and pointier than Wendy's.

"The first step," Mom said, "is to rub and squeeze your breasts, like this." She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, tilted her head back, and manipulated her breasts. Soon she was breathing hard. Wendy gaped with open mouth and grimacing face. She really did not want to see this, but she was afraid Mom would catch her not looking if she turned away.

"Next," Mom said, "you rub your clitoris, making sure to press it downward between your legs. You must never, ever hold it out straight in front of you, as filthy boys do when they do the disgusting maneuver known as jacking off." Mom pulled off her pants and panties; then she rubbed her middle finger between her legs. Her breathing was harder and faster now. Wendy felt repelled and even sickened by the sight, and yet she could not keep from imagining what it might be like to do something much like this herself.

"Keep one hand on one of your breasts," Mom gasped, "and the other on your clitoris. That will be all you need to bring you to orgasm—like this!" Gripping her right breast with her left hand, she rubbed her clitoris frantically with her right, while squeezing her hand hard between her thighs and bucking her hips. Before too long she was moaning and howling in ecstasy, just as she did when alone in the bedroom at night.

Wendy's mouth was open, and she was afraid—but she could not take her eyes off Mom. Would Wendy, too, soon be doing this to herself? Would she moan and howl as Mom did—and would Mom be listening? She did not want to do it, and she

really did not want Mom to hear her doing it—but she could not be sure she would not want to, all too soon.

The dream—Wendy always thought of it as the dream, even years afterward—happened very soon after that, when Wendy was still barely 12. Wendy was nude in the shower. She was rubbing her breasts as Mom had done, and feeling extremely good; her clitoris was fully hard, and she was about to press it down between her legs and rub it.

Suddenly a boy appeared in the bathroom, as if out of nowhere. He was a very handsome, strong-looking boy with reddish-brown hair and a big smile, which grew even bigger when he looked at Wendy in the shower. Wendy wanted to smile back at him, and yet she was afraid. He was, after all, a boy—and boys were bad, while girls were good. Wasn't that true? Or did Mom just say it because she hated Dad and all men?

The boy was nude too, and he was entering the shower. He certainly looked like a good, kind, friendly boy. Wendy shyly smiled at him, but tried to cover her breasts with one hand and her hard clitoris with the other. Gently, but firmly, the boy was pulling her hands away, with strength much greater than Wendy's own. Wendy was afraid, and yet she could not bear to resist him, though he was a boy. The boy's cock was hard, and at least twice as long as Wendy's clitoris. He was trying to put it into Wendy while standing up—no, not just trying, he was succeeding! Vividly Wendy felt that she had a vagina like a real girl, tight and hot and wet, and the boy's cock was exciting her to the maximum as he entered her.

Wendy no longer had any will to resist. The boy was thrusting hard, and she was bucking wildly in response. With all her might she clutched the boy's cock with her vagina and made him ejaculate deep into her, while an orgasm as strong as Mom's gripped her and overwhelmed her fully. She moaned and shrieked as Mom had done—and then she awoke.

She was alone in bed, not in the shower. There was no boy. It was she who had ejaculated, for the first time in her life. She did not know whether she had moaned and shrieked only in her dream, or in real life.

Next evening Wendy absolutely had to re-enact the dream in real life, so far as possible. She was wearing her bra underneath a tight white top that showed the exact size and shape of her tiny breasts, which Mom especially loved to see her wearing. Her feet were already bare when she entered the bathroom. Below the waist she wore nothing but a hot pink miniskirt, another of Mom's favorites, and a pair of pale pink panties.

She imagined the boy—her secret boyfriend, her dearly beloved, whom Mom would loathe if she could see him—was with her already as she stripped off her top and let him see her in her bra. He was coming up close to her, and going around behind her; he was unhooking her bra and removing it; she could feel his hard cock pressing against her plump, girlish butt as he clasped her bare breasts from behind. Now he was stripping her miniskirt and her panties off at once. She got into the shower, turned the water on, and began to rub her breasts while the boy stripped, watching her all the time. He was coming close to her, pulling her hands away from her breasts as she pretended to struggle to keep them covered, while knowing all the while that she would lose the sham struggle. Soon he would slip his cock into her vagina, as he had done in the dream—but how?

Wendy's eyes alighted upon a cock-sized shampoo bottle. Yes, that would do the job—and, since she didn't really have a vagina, she would just have to squeeze the bottle tight between her thighs. This was hardly sooner thought than done.

Yes, yes, that was it! The tight, hot space between her thighs would serve delightfully well for her vagina, especially when she lathered it up with hot soapy water. Soon the boy was thrusting into Wendy as hard as he had done

in the dream, and her hips were quaking even more wildly than they had done then. She could feel him ejaculating into her as he had done in the dream, she fancied—while really it was her own three-inch clitoris, pressed down tight against the bottle, that was ejaculating.

Only one thing, really, was different from the dream. Wendy didn't want Mom to hear her moaning in orgasm. Her mouth was open wide as she came to climax, she was breathing hard and gasping in delight, her heart was crying out "I love you! Yes! I love you!"—but she forced her mouth to remain silent, even while all the rest of her was beyond her control.

"Wendy, I don't mean to be too nosy," Mom said a couple of weeks later, "but—well, have you done it yet?"

Wendy didn't have to guess what Mom meant when she asked that; she meant, had Wendy engaged in "sexual self-sufficiency." Wendy felt Mom was being far too nosy, but she answered truthfully, "Yes, Mom. I've done it." She didn't think she needed to say she had done it every night, either in the shower or in bed, and always while pretending a boy who loved her was putting his cock in her "vagina" between her thighs.

"And—like a girl, not like a boy?" Mom begged to know.

"Yes, Mom. Like a girl." Like a girl who's totally fascinated by boys, and needs to be loved by a good boy, she thought but did not say.

"Oh, Wendy, I'm so proud of you!" Mom exclaimed. "That's my good girl!" Mom clasped Wendy tight in a big hug. Wendy could feel Mom's breasts through her clothes, and couldn't help grimacing when she thought of Mom's demonstration of "sexual self-sufficiency."

"Wendy, I just knew you would!" Mom said when the hug was over. "I just knew you were really a good

girl at heart, not a bad boy! You've got such a wonderful future ahead of you!" Wendy hoped it was true—but she feared she could never be sure that a future of "sexual self-sufficiency" would be as wonderful as Mom claimed.

Chapter 2

Years went by, and Wendy grew bigger—though not much bigger. By her 16th birthday, her clitoris was still only three and a half inches long, her breasts were a little larger but still looked like a younger girl's small budding ones, and she was still really short—barely five feet tall, not much taller than she had been at 12. Most girls at Mounds Junction High School, and almost all boys, were taller than she was. Her voice was still high, too—like Truman Capote's voice, she thought. She had recently skimmed through a biography of Truman Capote, and remembered that his voice was still high and girlish when he was a sex-crazed teenager giving boys blow jobs.

Mom gave her more girls' clothes for her birthday, but they were quite different from the ones she got on previous birthdays. "Wendy," Mom said, "it's time for you to start wearing girls' clothes to school. Those bad boys have got to know for sure that you're a good girl who won't do any of the filthy things they want girls to do with them. I've bought some very ladylike clothes for you, which will force those boys to know you're a virgin and you're going to stay a virgin."

Wendy looked at the clothes and tried them on. They were very pretty: some long many-colored skirts, some loose blouses that hardly showed her breasts at all, and some old-fashioned dresses that did show her figure and her legs below the knees, but had high necklines so no boys could ever glimpse her bare breasts. Her clitoris was going to be hard when she wore them in front of boys at school, she knew—but Mom was still in control, and Wendy couldn't refuse to wear the clothes. She just hoped it wouldn't be so exciting to wear them in front of boys that she would uncontrollably ejaculate in her panties.