

Velva Linda's Double Life



Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Velva Linda's Double Life

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

Pete Stigmire's smile was more than usually mischievous tonight, as he gazed over his glass of cream sherry at Velva Linda Buenazno, sitting next to him on the love seat in her apartment. She was still fully clothed, in her stunning, semi-sheer, bright red blouse that distinctly displayed her skimpy, lacy white bra beneath, her short dark brown skirt that passed for professional attire while showing off more than a little of her plump, pretty thighs, and her matching dark brown low-heeled pumps. None of these articles of clothing, she felt sure, would long remain where they were.

Velva Linda gazed back at Pete, at his too-familiar blond hair, his sparkling blue eyes, his strong-looking, jutting chin, and his mighty manly body that had united so often with her own. She knew they were go-

ing to make love again—at least, *she* desperately insisted on calling it “making love,” though Pete did not—but Pete seemed to have something else on his mind as well. Too soon Velva Linda found out what it was.

“Babe,” Pete said, “I think it’s time for a break.” Pete almost always called Velva Linda “Babe.” She was, she knew, an outstandingly cute, discreetly hot-looking “babe” in the view of many men, but only Pete was allowed to address her as “Babe.” Only Pete knew her weakness; only he, at least for the last few years, had seen and felt her secret. Only Pete was the man she was desperate to marry, if ever she could—and only Pete knew it, all too well.

“What do you mean—a break?” Velva Linda asked. She took a sip from her own glass of wine and swallowed it quickly, trying to ensure she wouldn’t choke when she found out what Pete meant. Did he want to break up with her, to dump her, after all she had done for him, and all he knew she could still do for him? Impossible—and yet what else could he mean?

“I need a new challenge,” Pete informed her. “This is getting a little old, a little stale. You know what I mean?”

“No, I *don’t* know what you mean,” Velva Linda retorted hotly at once. “We’ve been having a—a very good relationship. I don’t see any reason why we couldn’t stay together for a long time.”

“We’ll get back together, all right,” Pete assured her. “But first I need you to help me climb Mount Everest.”

Velva Linda stared, then laughed. “No way,” she said. “I won’t even help you climb Mount Quoheemish, and that’s less than half as high as Mount Everest, plus it’s a whole lot closer to here. I’m not a mountain climber, or a skier either. You know that.”

“It’s a figure of speech,” Pete said. “I’m not talking about literally climbing a mountain. I’m talking about seducing a Catholic virgin.”

I should have known it would be something like that, Velva Linda thought. Pete had been almost obsessed with the notion of seducing Catholic virgins when he and Velva Linda were attending St. Ives Law School in Appledale together. He hadn’t actually minded too much that Velva Linda herself wasn’t a virgin, and had a four-inch secret under her skirt that ordinary young ladies didn’t have—but still, if he ever thought he saw any chance of seducing a Catholic virgin, that had to take first priority. Once he even complained to Velva Linda that too many females around St. Ives were easy pickings—he had anticipated more of a challenge in seducing women at a Catholic institution, and he was sorely disappointed!

Velva Linda bit her lip to try to keep back her tears. It didn’t work. She wished Pete would be faithful to her, but she knew he wouldn’t. Even if they were ever married, she was pretty sure Pete would cheat on her, although she wouldn’t cheat on *him*. Sometimes she felt like cursing her weakness for Pete. She couldn’t really curse it, though, and she couldn’t leave him to await some man as yet unknown.

“What about *me*?” she said with a pouty, saucy smile, even while failing to keep back the tears. “I’m a Catholic. Aren’t I good enough for you?”

Pete laughed. “You’re a *bad* Catholic,” he said. “A *really* bad Catholic. I’m talking about a *good* Catholic. The girl I’m thinking of goes to Mass every day, and she’s unquestionably a virgin—but I can tell she’s repressing some pretty strong feelings, and I’ve just got to help her break free.”

You mean you’ve just got to screw her and dump her in the trash! Velva Linda could feel her face flushing with hot anger at the thought—not least because of her almost constant fear that Pete would dump *her* in the trash. She wondered how Pete wanted her to

help. She wondered, too, whether she might be able to derail Pete's scheme, discreetly and secretly, if she pretended to be helping him carry it out.

"How do you want me to help you?" she asked.

"Get to know this girl," Pete said. "Pretend you're a repentant sinner, who needs a good Catholic friend like her. Get her to trust you—and get her to trust *me*, your non-Catholic friend who's now seriously considering whether to become a Catholic."

Pete grinned. Velva Linda did not. She frowned and turned away. "What's in it for *me*?" she asked.

"Well, *this*, for one thing," Pete said. Velva Linda heard him softly putting his wine glass down on the coffee table. Then she felt his arms reaching around her from behind, and his hands caressing her breasts through her blouse and her bra. She clutched his hands, thinking of trying to pull them away, but she just couldn't. Her weakness for him was too strong. She only succeeded in pressing his hands firmly against her breasts.

"Babe, you're my one and only," Pete assured her, kissing her on the neck and stroking her small but delectable breasts. "Don't begrudge me a quick fling or two. It only helps me return to you refreshed."

Velva Linda sighed. "Well, if you're sure," she murmured. "Show me I'm your one and only."

"Gladly." Pete unbuttoned her blouse, undid her front-hook bra, and caressed her bare, delicately hormone-enhanced breasts. Her dark, pointy nipples were hard, and so was her four-inch secret beneath her skirt. Her breathing was already heavy with desire.

"Oh, Pete, I love you," Velva Linda moaned, pulling one of his hands down to touch her secret through her skirt. She turned her head far around to kiss Pete on the mouth. He reached beneath her skirt to stroke her secret through her panties. Her broad, girlish



hips were moving in rhythm with his hand as he stroked her secret.

“Make love with me, Pete. Please. Now,” Velva Linda begged. Pete eagerly complied. They stood facing each other and embracing. She could feel Pete’s long, hard penis through his trousers. Pete stripped off her blouse and bra; then he pulled down her skirt and panties at once, revealing her short, stout, throbbing secret with its swollen purple plum, and her balls bulging beneath it. She pressed her secret and her balls down into hiding between her legs, making her look fully like a woman from the front.

Rapidly. Pete stripped and embraced her in the nude, claspng her womanly buttocks hard, then reaching back beneath them to caress Velva Linda’s balls and her backward-facing plum. “Oh, Babe, yes, yes, *yes*,” Pete murmured. “Yes, you’re my one and only!” Keeping his hand on her plum, he moved around behind her and began to rub his penis against her secret behind her buttocks. Slowly they moved toward the wall.

Velva Linda knew well what would happen now. Pete’s penis, still rubbing against her secret, pressed onward into the tight, hot gap between her secret and her thigh. When it was fully inserted, with its bulb sticking out in front beneath Velva Linda’s delta, she leaned forward against the wall. Pete grasped her breasts again, and she reached down with one hand to stroke his bulb.

“Oh, my God,” Pete moaned, though he didn’t believe in God. “Babe, you’re the greatest! You’re my one and only!” He was thrusting hard and clutching Velva Linda’s breasts with manly might.

Velva Linda rubbed and squeezed his bulb vigorously with her hand, while her hips and her hidden secret trembled with wanton delight as she felt the onrush of orgasm. Soon she felt Pete’s slippery semen all over her hand, while her own semen spurted all over Pete’s balls and his thighs behind her own.

“Oh, Babe, you’re the finest,” Pete moaned, clasping Velva Linda tightly from behind. “A fling is a fling, but you’re the one for me forever!” Desperately Velva Linda hoped it was true, or wished it were true—and yet, even now, she knew she could never be sure.

Only a few days later, Velva Linda walked into St. Genesius Cathedral in downtown Pacific Heights for midday Mass. She was actually going to go through with it—though not in exactly the way Pete would wish. She had seen the picture of the girl she was to meet, Marguerite Rougemont, on the Totally Catholic Singles website. She knew that Marguerite was a paralegal at Farquhar, Hardart & Frick, the same prestigious law firm where Pete was an attorney, and the top local competitor of Grando, Nix & Fumus, where Velva Linda herself had now been an attorney for about three years. She had rehearsed what she would say when she met Marguerite, perhaps pretty much in accordance with Pete’s wishes.

At least one thing, though, was not at all in accordance with Pete’s wishes. Velva Linda was going to tell Marguerite she had just returned to the sacraments—and it would be true. She had gone to confession, and had confessed (among other things) that she had had sex with a man approximately 150 times since her last confession about 15 months ago. She remembered the drill well from when she had given up sex for Lent in some past years, most recently last year, though not this year. Now it was not Lent, it was a bright day in June, and Velva Linda had no ashes on her forehead as she had on Ash Wednesday last year—but she was giving up sex all the same, at least for now. She was pretty sure it wouldn’t last forever, but at least she was going to give it a try—again.

She looked through the gathering crowd in the pews of the cathedral for Marguerite. Pete had said she was tall and slender, and would probably be wearing her long dark hair in a ponytail. Velva Linda

spotted a young lady fitting that description, simply but neatly dressed in a high-necked blouse and a knee-length skirt, kneeling and seeming absorbed in prayer; her face looked as if it could be the same face Velva Linda had seen on the website. After looking around to make sure no one else looked more like Marguerite, she entered the pew and knelt beside the young lady.

Soon the Mass began. Velva Linda remembered the responses from when she had attended Mass before, most recently at Easter last year, not long before she started having sex with Pete again. Again and again she glanced at Marguerite—supposing the young lady really was Marguerite—whose attention seemed fixed on the priest and the crucifix behind him.

The readings, the homily, the prayers of the faithful, the offertory, the consecration, the Our Father rolled steadily onward; then the time came for the sign of peace. Velva Linda turned toward the young lady, smiled, and offered her hand. She was rewarded with a firm handshake and a lovely, bright-eyed, wide-mouthed, kind-looking smile that nearly took her breath away. If this was really Marguerite, and if Pete had ever seen her smile like that, Velva Linda could readily see how Pete might regard her as the Mount Everest of his life—the highest point, the supreme challenge, the awe-inspiring summit of his endeavors. What Velva Linda could not understand—or *wished* she could not understand, although she knew she could, because she knew what kind of man Pete was—was how Pete could imagine it would be better to seduce her than to marry her.

The time came for Communion. Velva Linda remembered, with a shock of delight, that it was actually all right for her to go to Communion for a change. After all, she had confessed her sins and resolved not to commit them any more—even though she wasn't sure how long her resolution would last. She arose and received the Bread of Life, together with the

young lady who—she devoutly hoped—was soon to be her friend.

After Mass, the young lady stayed and prayed. Velva Linda, who was not accustomed to pray except on rare, unusually stressful occasions, sat and looked at the big statue of St. Genesius near the corner of the sanctuary. Like most Catholics (good, bad, or mediocre) in the Archdiocese of Pacific Heights, Velva Linda knew the story of St. Genesius: he was a comedian performing before the Roman emperor, putting on a ridiculous imitation of a Christian, until he suddenly decided to become a Christian for real—after which the emperor, after some delay, managed to stop laughing and ordered him to be put to death. The statue showed St. Genesius ripping off a grotesque-looking comic mask to reveal a kindly-looking, smiling, bearded face beneath. Velva Linda couldn't help thinking there was some deep mystery behind the story and the statue, if only she could fathom it.

The young lady got up to go. Velva Linda quickly followed. "Excuse me," she said after they had both genuflected and begun to walk toward the doors. "I wonder if you can help me. I don't really know anyone here, and I—I've just returned to the sacraments."

The young lady's face, shy and surprised at first, was soon transfigured with joy. "Oh, thanks be to God!" she cried. Looking around quickly at the few people still kneeling and praying, she said more softly, "Let's go outside, and we can talk!"

As soon as they had emerged through the wide, high doors of the cathedral, the young lady turned toward Velva Linda and said, "I'm so glad to have met you! I'm Marguerite Rougemont. What's your name?"

"Velva Linda Buenazno," said Velva Linda. It really was her legal name, and had been for about 10 years now, ever since she graduated from high school and abandoned her former identity as a boy named Vicente.

“Oh, that’s a lovely name!” said Marguerite, obviously not suspecting that Velva Linda had grown up as a boy. It was good. Velva Linda’s voice, her looks, her mannerisms were all perfectly feminine, and of course she would *not* disclose her secret to Marguerite.

“Uh—do you work around here?” Velva Linda asked, though she already knew.

“Yes, I’m a paralegal at Farquhar, Hardart & Frick, in the Big Black Block,” said Marguerite. She pointed to the Magnum Supreme Building on the other side of Semakoboomish Street, facing the cathedral and towering over it.

“Oh! Uh—I know someone who works there, who’s thinking about becoming a Catholic,” Velva Linda said. She didn’t mention that Pete was thinking about becoming a really *bad* Catholic.

“Oh, really?” Marguerite asked, her brown eyes wide, innocent-looking, and eager to know.

“Who’s that?”

“Uh, he’s an attorney named Pete Stigmire.”

Marguerite frowned in obvious disbelief. “Uh—well, that’s extremely surprising!” she said.

“Why is it surprising?” Velva Linda asked, as if she didn’t know.

“Well, his reputation is—uh—not so good. I mean, when it comes to women, you know.”

“Oh.” Velva Linda tried to think what to say. “Well, I guess you probably know more about his reputation than I do, working at the same firm. I’m an attorney too, but I’m at Grando, Nix & Fumus. But, you know, people’s reputations aren’t always accurate. And besides, people can change, like St. Augustine—or St. Genesisius.” Velva Linda didn’t know a lot about saints, but at least she did know that St. Augustine

had screwed and dumped some women before he became a saint. She felt a quick pang of guilt at the thought that she might be softening Marguerite's heart toward Pete and helping him get her into his grip. She hoped it wasn't true.

"Well, yes," Marguerite said thoughtfully. "Or St. Norbert." Evidently noticing the look of incomprehension on Velva Linda's face, she explained: "St. Norbert was a wealthy, worldly gentleman, until one day he was almost killed by a bolt of lightning. That really made him think about his life. He decided he was going in the wrong direction, so he completely turned his life around."

Velva Linda was pretty sure Pete wasn't going to turn *his* life around, even if he almost got killed by lightning—but she didn't say so to Marguerite. "Well," she said instead, "I guess if those saints could do it, maybe Pete could do it too."

"I hope he will, and I'll pray that he will, too," Marguerite said, "but, frankly, I am *not* going to hold my breath!"

Velva Linda laughed. "Yeah, I know what you mean," she said. Quickly recognizing her *faux pas* in suggesting that she knew more about Pete than she was letting on, she added: "I mean, not about *Pete* necessarily, but—well, you know, a lot of guys are like that. I mean, not so good when it comes to women."

"It's so hard to find any who aren't," Marguerite confided, "and who are good Catholics and, you know, *available*."

"Oh, yes!" Velva Linda sympathized. She looked at Marguerite, wondering why a pretty girl like her might find it hard to attract a suitable male admirer. Admittedly, her face was a bit odd—long and horsy-looking, with full lips and a disproportionately wide mouth—but it was not at all unpleasant to look at; far from it. She was quite tall and slender, and her

breasts seemed very small, even smaller than Velva Linda's own; perhaps men who fancied shorter, more buxom females wouldn't think her very attractive. Still, Velva Linda thought her lovely, and could easily see how Pete might think her lovely too.

"Um, I've heard of a website called Totally Catholic Singles," Velva Linda said, knowing already that Marguerite was seeking a man there. "I wonder if that's a good place to find a good Catholic man who's available."

"Well, I've wondered about that," Marguerite admitted. "I did meet a man there, an electrical engineer, who lives on Willow Mound and works for Magnum Supreme in the Big Black Block. He's a good Catholic, I guess, although he's awfully negative about the things and people he doesn't like in the Church—I mean, so-called liberals and wackos, and people like that. He doesn't have much of a sense of humor, either, if any, and I think I would find it really hard to get along with a man who had little or no sense of humor. What really disturbs me the most, though, is that he seems to be in an *incredibly terrific hurry* to get married. He seems to have fixed on me as the one he wants to marry, but I'm not quite sure why, unless it's because I did agree to go out with him, and I tried to be kind to him. He asked me to marry him not too long after we first met, and I told him this was awfully sudden and I'd have to think and pray about it, and do you know what he said? He actually said, 'Well, you shouldn't need to think for too long. I'm a good Catholic man; you're a good Catholic woman; what are we waiting for? I mean, as St. Paul says, it's better to marry than to burn!' That kind of gave me the creeps—almost as if he meant that, uh, lack of self-control was some kind of qualification for marriage! I really do *not* think that was what St. Paul meant!"

Velva Linda didn't know what St. Paul did mean, but the man sounded creepy to her too. "So did you tell him to get lost?" she asked.

“Well, I didn’t want to be unkind to him,” Marguerite said. “I’ve tried to tell him, in nice, discreet ways, that I think he’d do better to find someone else, but he doesn’t seem to be listening.”

“Is he stalking you, or something like that?”

“Well, I’m not sure I’d call it *stalking*. I mean, I don’t want to get him in trouble with the police, or anything like that. But he has been paying me some unwanted attention, and I’d really like him to stop.”

“Hmm.” Velva Linda was getting an idea, about how the man really might do better to find someone other than Marguerite, and it almost made her laugh out loud. “I wonder,” she said, “if I might attract him away from you. I mean, I know how to handle creeps. I guess maybe I’m not quite as tender-hearted as you. I wouldn’t have any problem with telling him to get lost in so few words, or with calling the police if he stalked me, either. And by that time, if he got fixated on *me*, maybe he would have forgotten all about *you*.”

Marguerite really did laugh out loud. “Oh, do you mean it?” she asked. “I couldn’t really wish him on you—but it *would* be such a relief to have him off my back! Do you really want to help me like that?”

“Sure I do,” Velva Linda assured her. “I can see you deserve somebody a lot better than him.”

She meant it. Marguerite’s kind heart was evoking an unexpectedly deep response from her own, almost as if she were still Vicente and not Velva Linda. She had to become Marguerite’s friend, her *very dear* friend, and she would do whatever it might take—even, perhaps, if it meant climbing Mount Everest herself.

“What’s this guy’s name, anyway?” Velva Linda asked.

“Roger Randwicke.”

“Well, OK, would you like to introduce me to him, and see if he thinks I’m at least as suitable a Catholic woman as you?”

“Oh, *yes!*” Marguerite exclaimed. “The sooner the better!”

Chapter 2

“Father, thanks so much for letting me go to confession by phone,” Roger Randwicke said to Father Cuthbert Reardon by phone early in the morning before work. “I know it may not be strictly according to canon law, but it’s *necessary*—and, as St. Thomas says, necessity knows no law.”

“He does indeed,” said the aging priest. “Certainly it would be preferable for you to confess to a priest in person—but, if you don’t find that to be feasible, it’s surely better to confess by phone than not at all, notwithstanding any canonical irregularity.”

“It sure is! Father, you’re the only priest I can really *trust*, and I can’t drive all the way out to Redrum now that they’ve sent you into exile there. The liberals and wackos, and their dupes and stooges, are in total control in this archdiocese. You know that; I know that. If I went to confession to one of *them*, they’d probably tell me my sins are no sins at all!”

“Perhaps some of them would,” the priest agreed in part, “though we should always avoid rash judgment and hasty over-generalization, as well as defamation. And now let’s proceed to your confession. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.”

“Bless me, Father, for I have sinned,” Roger said. “It’s been about two weeks since my last confession. Since that time, I masturbated on three occasions, while pretending I was engaging in the marriage act with a woman. I was plagued by impure thoughts about this woman almost every night, but I successfully resisted the temptation to masturbate on all but

those three occasions. I also indulged in a bit of gluttony on a couple of occasions, and I think I sometimes failed to speak out as forcefully as I should have done against sin and liberal lunacy, in discussions on the Internet. And I succumbed to distractions at Mass and at my prayers. I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life, especially any sins against purity.”

“Very well. Is there anything else?”

“Uh—not that I’m aware of.” Roger did not confess his temptations to indulge in girlish pretensions, a secret vice that had plagued him periodically since the age of 11—for those were only temptations, not sins, and he had conquered the temptations. He hoped he would always overcome them now, for he had become a fully, firmly manly man in thought, word, and deed. Once he was married, he was *sure* he would always overcome them, and indeed they would vanish forever—for his despair and anger at girls and women who ignored or snubbed him, which alone had led him to play the role of a girl and then a woman in strictest secrecy, would be gone.

“Might you need, perhaps, to confess some rash judgment and defamation?” Father Reardon prompted him, interrupting his thoughts of the girlish pretensions in which he would never again indulge.

“Uh—well—yeah, I guess maybe so.” Roger didn’t think he was really guilty of those sins, but he thought it best to go along with Father Reardon.

“Very well. For your penance, say three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys, that you may obtain the virtue of purity of mind and heart. Now make a good act of contrition.”

“O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend Thee, who art all good and worthy

of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life.”

Father Reardon said the words of absolution, followed by “Your sins are forgiven; go in peace.”

Roger said, “Thank you, Father.” Then he quickly added, “And now, please pray for the woman I love to make the right decision about marrying me. She’s a bit hesitant, but I’m pretty sure she’ll come around soon. She’s a really good Catholic, and I know she’ll make a great wife. I have to admit she’s not the most attractive girl I’ve ever seen, but her heart’s in the right place, and that’s the most important thing.”

“It is indeed,” Father Reardon agreed. “Man may look upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looks upon the heart, and He gives the blessings of marriage without regard to looks. Many women who are no glamor girls, to say the least, have given great happiness to their husbands and children.”

“Well, that’s what I need,” Roger said. “Thanks for your prayers.”

“I will indeed pray for her to make the right decision,” said Father Reardon.

After the call ended, Roger decided to call Marguerite almost at once. “Hey, Marguerite,” he said when she answered. “This is Roger. I was wondering if you’d like to go out to lunch today.”

“Oh, *yes!*” Marguerite said, with more than her usual enthusiasm. Roger was thrilled. Maybe Marguerite was coming around after all; maybe she would soon agree to marry him.

“Where would you like to go?” Roger asked.

“Oh, I always like The Decencies,” Marguerite said. “And it’s convenient to the Big Black Block, but it’s nicer than the employee cafeteria.”