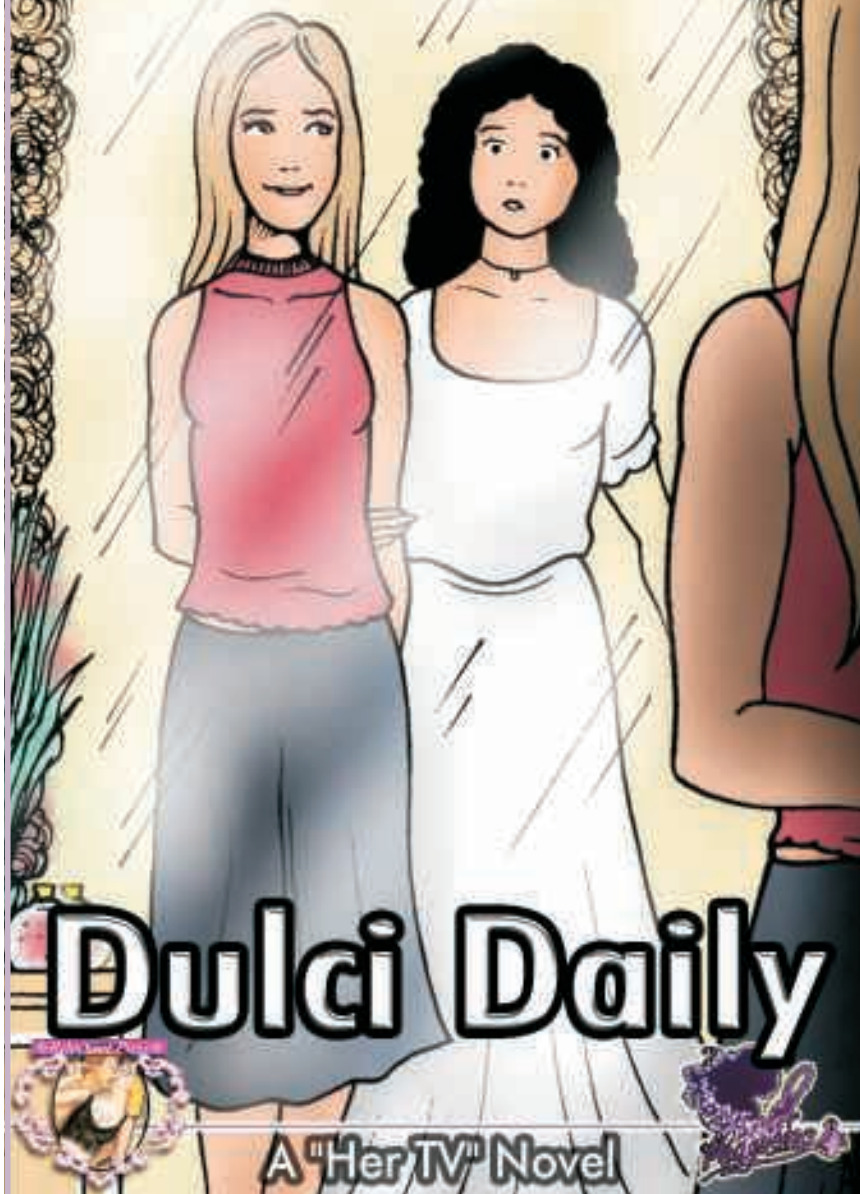


Brighter Prospects for Jo



Dulci Daily

A "HerTV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Brighter Prospects for Jo

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

The prospects were bleak—*damn* bleak. Joe Mogarzcic fantasized yet again about being in a female-dominated profession—nursing, teaching, or even romance novel writing—in which, he imagined, nubile young ladies might pay some attention to him as a man among women. Alas, in reality, Joe had considered and rejected each of those professions. He didn't think he would be good enough at them, and there were things about them he wasn't interested in.

What he *was* good at, and still fairly interested in, was the work he actually did for a living in IT Central, the information technology department of the government of the State of Pacificum. This earned him a

fair amount of money, enough to live comfortably in his tiny house near Mounds Junction—an area less expensive, and less jam-packed with gays and lesbians, than the Capitoline Hill where he worked. It also earned him an opportunity—for what it was worth, which was nothing—for contact with three actual female co-workers among a sea of men.

Riding the crowded trolley-bus out toward Mounds Junction after work, Joe reviewed these three damn bleak prospects in his mind with distaste. “The sexy slut, the livid lesbian, and the skinny scarecrow”—that was how he thought of them. He did think of them, yet again, just to verify that he was right in rejecting all of them.

The sexy slut was Randi Borgolille, a petite, buxom bundle of orgones (supposing orgones to exist). She was really cute, and surprisingly good with computers—but she was always, or almost always, flinging herself at some guy, and she had quite a reputation for “doing it” with many guys. Joe did *not* want to marry a girl who was always flinging herself at guys and “doing it” with them. Rather than that, he would keep on being his own secret girlfriend for the rest of his life, and “doing it” with himself alone—though that prospect often seemed pretty damn bleak as well.

The livid lesbian was Liza Rackstorck, a tough, short-haired female with the soul of a porcupine (supposing porcupines to have souls resembling their bodies). On those occasions when Joe had to encounter her, she seemed to be always, or almost always, pissed about something—men, politics, religion, race, more men, allegedly mindless and spineless females who didn’t stand up to male aggressors, you name it. Real porcupines don’t shoot their quills, Joe knew, but *she* did. Guys, including Joe, avoided

her as much as possible, lest they get shot with one or more of them. Even Joe himself, in his secret identity as Jo with no E, was a hell of a lot sweeter and more feminine than the livid lesbian.

The skinny scarecrow—that was Beatrice Brainerdie. To her partial credit, Joe thought, she wasn't a slut or a lesbian—or if she was, at least nobody knew about it. She also wasn't an attractive woman, though. She reminded Joe of the thin, plain, tight-lipped, weatherbeaten woman in the famous “American Gothic” picture, next to the bug-eyed guy with the pitchfork, and her breasts were so tiny they almost (though not quite) looked like she didn't have them at all. Joe actually liked to look at women with fairly small breasts, but not *that* small. Beatrice was probably frigid, too, Joe figured from the way she acted. Joe imagined the “American Gothic” female doing it with the guy with the pitchfork, presumably her husband—just lying there, totally inert, wishing he would get it over with and get out. That was what Beatrice would be like, Joe figured, if she ever got married—not that anyone would want to marry her.

Joe sure didn't—but he couldn't find anyone he *did* want to marry. He wasn't going to slog through bars or online dating sites any more in search of a female in a haystack; he'd had it with that shit. He had screwed and dumped a few in his time, but no more. He still remembered the thrill of fucking one particularly hot little screw product named Caitlyn from behind, with her on her hands and knees, and him gripping her luscious breasts while plunging her tight, hot, slithery womanly sheath beneath her petite, frantically quaking butt—but that too had turned tedious, and he had dumped her without remorse. Now, tonight, Joe knew what he was going to do—the only thing left to do, since the prospects of getting

married were too damn bleak—and there was no way around it.

He got off the trolley-bus just before it got to Mounds Junction, walked to his tiny house, microwaved a frozen dinner, and ate it while checking e-mail and some websites. Then he urinated, let down his hair, and changed his clothes.

It was a really big change. Joe wore his thick, dark, curly hair long, down to his shoulders—usually in a ponytail at work, but he let it down after work. There was a good reason for that. Unknown to anyone at work, Joe’s secret female self—the lovely, excitable Jo—often totally dominated him at home after work.

Sometimes Joe turned into Jo as a nice girl, wearing a white headband, white bra, white panties, and pretty, modest-looking, feminine clothes—until she stripped them off for solitary sex. Sometimes Jo was a little more daring, showing off generous portions of her bare breasts—known too well to Joe as his embarrassing “bitch tits” in his earlier years—above a low neckline. Tonight Joe passed up all that. He changed directly into a sheer, sexy, totally feminine-looking nightie that turned him into Jo at once. Then he, or rather *she*, got down to business.

Jo didn’t look at the shemale images, not yet. She always started with images of real women, most often with small breasts—not teenage or pre-teen girls, for Jo was no disgusting molester, but mature women showing off their lovely little breasts to the world. Jo’s six-inch “clitoris” always became erect when she looked at pictures of ladies with fine little breasts.

Now she was looking at one of her favorite collections of them. Sure enough, Jo’s stout six-incher was hard, and the plumlike bulb at its end was already

swollen. She touched it through her nightie, but only briefly at first. She didn't want to go too fast.

She flitted from picture to picture like a honeybee from flower to flower, extracting all the erotic delight she could from each before moving on to the next. Her fingertips were on her erect clitoris, but her nightie was still on. Her urgency was beginning to rise, but she was still in control.

Tonight, for some unknown reason, Jo found her eyes drawn especially to the ladies with the very smallest breasts—some of them, perhaps, as small as Beatrice Brainerdie's or even smaller, if that was possible. She was finding it unusually exciting to view the really tiny ones, smaller than her own pretty, pointy breasts—*not* now to be known as “bitch tits.” Briefly Jo wondered if she might even get an erection from seeing Beatrice's tiny breasts nude, if she were ever to see them. She laughed. Of course *that* was never going to happen!

Soon it was time to progress to the next stage—the shemale stage. Jo viewed the website, entitled “Go, Granny Girl!” of the person who had first led the would-be manly Joe to succumb—after years of fear, fascination, reluctance, and still more extreme fascination—to the incredible delight of girlish pretensions. That person was an aging but still exciting transvestite called Letitia. Incredibly, Letitia was now a 68-year-old “granny,” but still going strong and outstandingly hot.

Jo wondered if she would ever be like Letitia—a married closet crossdresser and secret shemale, admittedly with a wife who wouldn't approve at all if she knew—getting obviously intense erotic excitement from showing off *en femme*, in various states of dress and undress, for unknown men. She figured she

probably would—especially if she ended up marrying some sourpuss like, say, Beatrice, who no doubt loathed and despised girlie-boys.

Here was Letitia, showing her stuff in her wife's front-hook bra stuffed with hankies; then she opened the bra to show off her lovely little bare breasts. Letitia, like Jo, had gynecomastia; her breasts were like a young girl's fascinating buds, or perhaps like Beatrice's tiny ones—not as big as Jo's "bitch tits" (rather, her beautiful breasts), but round and nicely formed, with pointy, erectile nipples. Jo gently stroked her six-incher as she looked at Letitia's breasts through Letitia's wife's sheer, sexy nightie that plainly showed her dark, erect nipples underneath.

In one very "shemaley" image, Letitia was shamelessly pulling up the nightie to reveal her fully erect "coquette"—fairly short, surely no more than four inches long, but rather stout, with a pretty plum almost as big as Jo's own on the end. Jo's stroking grew firmer as he looked at it—but then she backed off. She knew what was coming, and she wanted to save herself for it.

One of Letitia's specialties was showing off her coquette, not from the front, but from behind. The next image showed her wearing a skirt, which she was pulling up to reveal her big, feminine-looking butt and, beneath it, her balls and her plum sticking out above her pulled-down panties. Another showed her in a skimpy yellow bikini, with a top that perfectly fit her little breasts; she was pulling down the bottom part to show her plum and balls from the side, peeking out beneath her curvaceous butt.

Then there were *really* hot, short videos showing Letitia actually masturbating to orgasm like a girl,

which she claimed to have started doing every night when she was barely 11 years old (though the videos showed her at the age of more than 60, certainly not 11). One showed her from the front, with her hands on her breasts and a feminine-looking delta, resulting from hiding her coquette between her thighs; she was rubbing her breasts, pumping her hips, and obviously undergoing an orgasm, though you couldn't see her ejaculating since her coquette was hidden. Another was a rear view, showing her butt, balls, and plum; in this one she was ejaculating backward toward the viewer, and you could see spurts of semen shooting out of her plum. A third showed her in bed, lying on her back, with her hands on her breasts, her knees raised, and her coquette squeezed tight between her thighs and sticking out beyond them, ejaculating yet again. (Letitia admitted, shamefacedly, that masturbating like a girl was the only way she could have orgasms any more; she could no longer "get it up" for her wife.)

Joe was 31 years old and had been fascinated by girls from an early age, as well as embarrassed by the size of his big "bitch tits" since he was a teenager—but he had forced himself never to pretend *he* was a girl with breasts, until he stumbled upon Letitia's site several years ago. He still remembered how rapidly he got an erection the first time he saw Letitia's girlish pretensions, and how incredibly excited he got when he became Jo, imitating Letitia's girlish masturbation.

Why? Joe wondered. Was it because he was secretly gay? He was pretty sure it wasn't. He didn't want sex with guys; he didn't even want to *pretend* he was having sex with guys. He just pretended he was a girl masturbating, a girl as solitary as himself. He was doing it right now, as his secret girl-self Jo—ca-

ressing his, or rather *her* breasts, stroking her clitoris, lingering longingly on the plateau of pleasure.

And why did Joe do *that*? He wanted to understand girls, to know what it was like to be a girl, and how it felt. He had quickly discovered that it felt incredibly good. It was feeling better and better, right here, right now.

But there was more to it than that, Joe knew. He masturbated like a girl because he no longer wanted to masturbate like a guy. Guys masturbated like they were screwing girls. Joe didn't want to screw girls, or even to *pretend* he was screwing girls, because he knew from bitter experience that he would get tired of them and dump them if screwing was all there was to it. Joe might never get married—in fact, at this rate, he was pretty damn sure he wouldn't—but at least he could stay as far away from screwing and dumping girls as he would if he ever became a faithful husband.

He sighed, even while gripping his “bitch tits”—Jo's lovely breasts—and squeezing his six-incher tightly between his thighs. The fantasy of being a faithful husband kept haunting and hounding him, no matter how far—how *damn* far—it was from reality. He couldn't get rid of it, but it would be far too painful to dwell on it—especially now. If he dwelt on it, Joe would lose his excitement. If he lost his excitement, he would lose his chance to get rid of the pain.

He had to get rid of the pain. That was all there was to it. He had to keep exciting himself strongly enough to get rid of the pain. For that, he had to be Jo and masturbate like a girl. It simply must and would be done—so Joe, yet again, kept on being Jo and did it.

By now, moving way beyond Letitia, Jo had accumulated a large collection of shemale images. It was to these that Jo now turned, to excite herself to the maximum through her eyes before moving on to the final stage, the culmination of her arousal in girlish orgasm. Jo didn't like to see shemales with massive bazzooms, but still many of these lovelies had bigger breasts than Jo's, yet they had fine erect cocks as well.

Jo was still sitting in front of her computer, on the edge of her chair, with her erect six-incher pointing downward, clutched between her thighs and peeking out beneath them. She slipped her hand down between her thighs again to stroke her long clitoris as she gazed upon one of her favorite shemale images of all time. It showed a slender, long-haired youth with breasts like a young girl's buds, a lot like Letitia's, and a hard little three-inch "coquette," even shorter than Letitia's. The youth was smiling and intelligent-looking, wearing glasses but nothing else, with hair neatly parted in the middle.

It struck Jo that the youth looked a lot like Beatrice Brainerdie—except that the youth's face was prettier, Beatrice was older, she seldom smiled, and her clitoris (supposing her to have one) presumably wasn't three inches long. The youth's hair was light brown like Beatrice's and parted just like hers, he was almost as slender as she, his glasses even looked a lot like hers, and his breasts—so far as Jo could tell, never having seen Beatrice's breasts in the nude—were a lot like hers in size and shape. Why, then, was the real Beatrice so unexciting to Jo, in her male capacity as Joe—while this very similar-looking shemale drove Jo wild?

Jo didn't know. Had she thought about it, perhaps she would have seen that it was because the pros-

pects of extreme pleasure were far more obvious and more certain with the shemale's image than with the real Beatrice—but she didn't think about it. She was beyond that now. Desire was overwhelming her, and it was time for the culmination.

Jo got up from her desk and lay down on her bed, after putting down a towel on which to ejaculate so the sheet wouldn't get wet. She raised her knees, clutched her six-inch clitoris between her thighs, and gripped her breasts—just like a real girl masturbating, she imagined, or like Letitia pretending to be a girl masturbating. Jo's hips were moving now, up and down, faster and faster, rhythmically clutching her clitoris, just like a real girl squeezing her much smaller clitoris between her thighs, bringing her closer and closer to climax. At last she thrust her hand down between her thighs and frantically rubbed her clitoris, raising it to maximum heat, touching off the explosive charge that overpowered her in orgasm.

Soon Jo was drained and empty. As happened so often, the orgasm had left her sadder than before. Absurdly, she even felt as if she had cheated on a real woman, though she had no idea who the woman might be.

She sighed. It wasn't true, she assured herself. There was no real woman for Jo. Most likely there never would be. It was sad, it was sickening, but it was unavoidable. The prospects would just grow bleaker, ever bleaker, until Jo died.

Chapter 2

Beatrice Brainerdie breathed deeply, silently, and inconspicuously (she hoped), as she stood in the



crowd on Capitol Circle, waiting for the trolley-bus that would take her home. Deep, regular breathing surely would help her stay calm, or as nearly calm as possible. Maybe this month, she hoped and prayed, she would get through the hot and bothered times without the secret, solitary sexual disasters that had befallen her last month, and the month before that—and, indeed, for many months in a row.

The hot and bothered times were upon her again, that was for sure. It was time for them, and they had not delayed in coming. Every month, more or less, Beatrice passed through the four seasons of her life as a woman. There was always the cold winter, when her bleeding chilled her heart with the knowledge of her barren loneliness. Before and after winter, the spring and autumn brought comparative calm and fair freshness, vanishing all too soon. The other season—the hot summer of fruitless fertility, bringing grave danger of erotic insanity—was hitting her harder and harder every month as she grew older and older. Beatrice was now 30 years old, the clock was ticking more and more loudly, and she feared that another lonely explosion would shake her this very night.

She glanced around at the crowd. Many were men; many of those, she feared, were men of bad character, worse than Mr. Wickham in *Pride and Prejudice*, or even Mr. Crawford in *Mansfield Park*—but they were *men*, perilous magnets for the burning iron in Beatrice's soul.

She clenched her fists, but she could not keep the insanity from coming upon her. Foul fantasies attacked her, fantasies of flinging herself wildly at any man who paid her the least attention—fantasies of living a sex-crazed life like Randi Borgolille, if only men would pay Beatrice even one tenth of one per-

cent of the attention they paid to Randi. “You have to do it with a lot of frogs before you find your prince,” Randi had often said. She had admittedly “done it” with many frogs and found no prince, but she never gave up hope that the next conjunction would bring about the long-awaited magical transformation. In the hot and bothered times, Beatrice looked upon Randi’s way of life with mingled horror and intense fascination. Still, in the end, the horror had always won out—or at least it had kept Beatrice from seeking to “do it” with a man in reality. She was still a virgin at 30—at least in reality, though not in fantasy—and perhaps she would remain one forever.

The trolley-bus arrived. Many men crowded on first, oblivious to the concept of politely making way for ladies. By the time Beatrice climbed the steep steps into the bus, almost no empty seats were left.

The bus jerked forward, as trolley-buses were accustomed to do. Beatrice gripped the overhead railing and struggled to keep her balance while walking toward the back. She tried to find an empty seat. She saw only one, far toward the back. When she got closer, she saw that the empty seat was next to a guy from work, Joe Mogarzic.

Of course, if Beatrice had not been in her hot summer of burgeoning erotic insanity, she could easily have sat down next to Joe and tried to make simple, polite conversation on the way home. She wasn’t too well acquainted with him, but she did talk to him on the job from time to time, mostly when she was sending him out from the help desk to assist state employees having problems with their computers. He didn’t seem to be a Wickham or Crawford type, so far as she could tell; he lacked the specious charm of those fictional gentlemen, for one thing, plus he wasn’t among the men who bragged about their exploits

with females like Randi. Beatrice had never heard Joe call IT Central “*It Central*,” unlike those men for whom doing “it” seemed to be the main aim of life. Of course she knew nothing about his private life, and she did know he was pretty funny-looking, with bulging brown eyes, a big nose, wide thick lips, dark shoulder-length hair that he usually wore in a ponytail, and a fairly nonathletic, even almost effeminate-looking body. At least she didn’t know anything *bad* about his private life, though, and she knew too well that she shouldn’t be overly demanding in the matter of men’s *appearance* when it was so extremely difficult to attract a man of good *character*.

All these thoughts flashed fast through Beatrice’s mind as she approached the empty seat next to Joe. She wished there were another seat. Foolish fantasies about a future life together with Joe were already attacking her in full force. If she sat next to him, he would feel the heat of her body, he would see her blushing and sweating, he might even guess what she was thinking, and most likely he would be thoroughly repelled. Frantically she searched again and again for another empty seat, knowing all the while that it did not exist.

She was drawing near the seat. She must either sit in it or snub Joe and stand—which would be unbearably rude. She knew she would be offended if a man did that to *her*. At least she could bring herself to be polite—even at the risk of revealing herself to a man who would most likely think her a prim, unattractive, overheated bore.

“Oh, hi!” she said when she reached the seat. “Um—is it OK if I sit here?”

“Sure, why not,” said Joe, as if it were a matter of utter indifference to him—which it probably was.