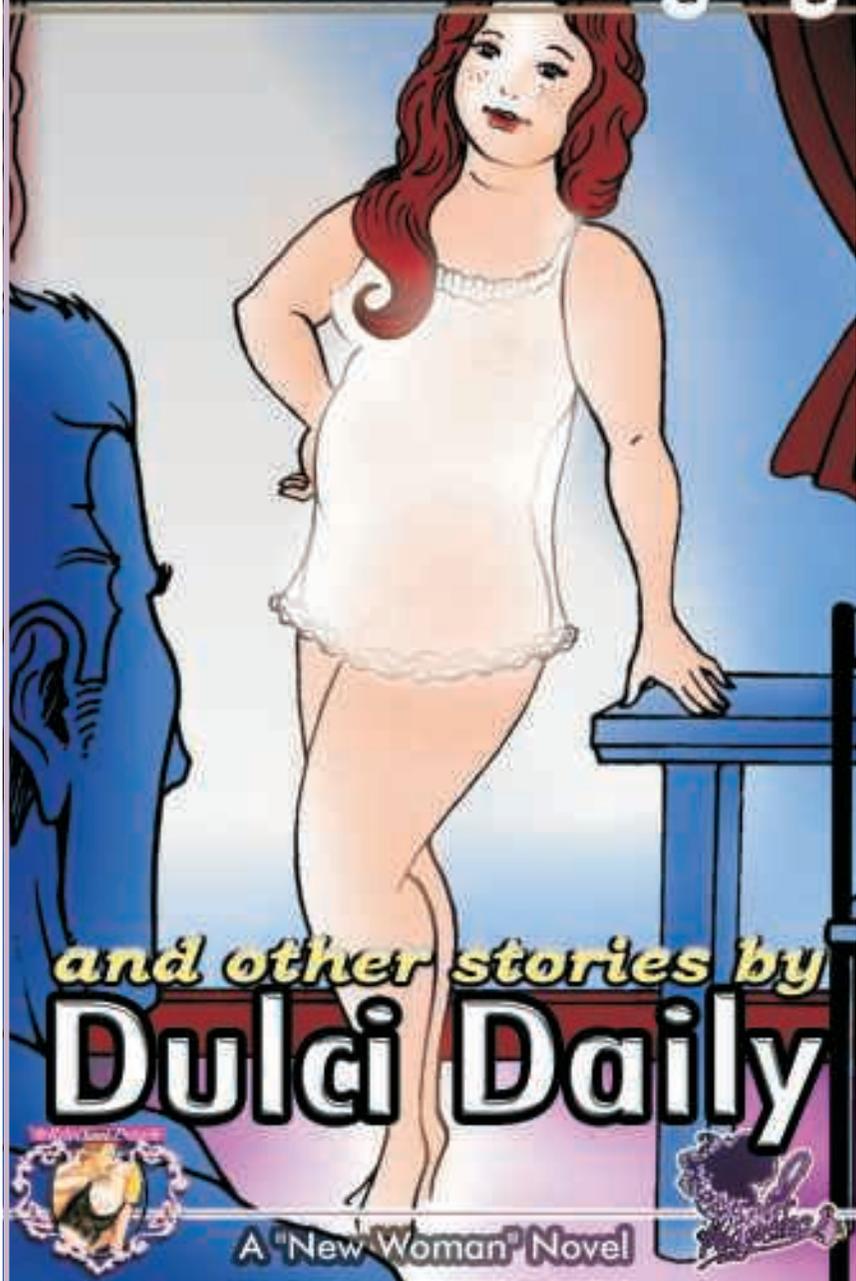


Good Girl Emerging



and other stories by

Dulci Daily



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Good Girl Emerging and Other Stories

by Dulci Daily

Good Girl Emerging

Marianne trembled with excitement as she prepared to emerge from her dorm room, moving quickly to abandon her superficial identity as a shy, short-haired college boy named Martin. She gave a last glance at the wall above her roommate Jack's bed. It was plastered all over with pictures of scantily clad females—supposedly looking like the “girl next door,” but certainly not like the *good* girl next door—which Jack looked at to excite himself to beat off every night. He made no secret of it; Marianne had never actually seen him do it, but she had heard him way too often. Jack's orgasms were loud and gross-sounding.

Marianne, though she was a good girl and knew she should be ashamed of herself for secret indecency, sometimes couldn't help succumbing to self-indulgence in bed too—but always like a girl, with her five-inch clitoris hidden between her thighs, never beating off like a boy. She always kept herself very quiet, too, even when she climaxed. Most importantly of all, though she had been known to *pretend* she was going all the way with a boy and having a climax with him, she was determined never to do it in reality. Good girls did not really do such things with boys when they weren't married—and, of course, Marianne could never really marry a boy, or a man.

Jack's pictures did not excite Marianne—indeed, Jack had expressed strong suspicion that Marianne, known to him only as Martin, was a queer because of Martin's obvious lack of interest in them—but something else was exciting Marianne greatly, right now. Her secret excitement was more intense than it had ever been before, except perhaps when she was climaxing with an imaginary boy. Her dearest dream, nurtured in solitude since 1951 when she was only 11 years old, was about to come true. Now it was the spring of 1959, Marianne was a 19-year-old freshman at the U, and she was going to emerge into public view wearing girls' clothes.

She only hoped she wasn't going to lose control of herself and ejaculate in her panties when she wore them. Her big clitoris was fully erect and throbbing already at the very thought of wearing them. She would just have to try to keep herself under strict control—but she wasn't sure she could succeed. Indeed, she knew from past experience, the more strictly she tried to control herself, the more intense the urge to ejaculate might become.

The clothes were in her small suitcase. She was still dressed as a boy, an ordinary-looking college

boy, but not for much longer. She couldn't very well change in a phone booth like Superman, but a little-used, out-of-the-way men's restroom in the university library would serve her purpose well. She would enter with her suitcase, change in the toilet stall, and quickly emerge in girls' clothes without being seen coming out—she hoped. Then she would proceed to her destination, the fairly new coffeehouse that had already become well known throughout the State of Pacificum as a gathering place for far-out liberals, radicals, hipsters, homosexuals, transvestites, and advanced thinkers and oddballs of every kind. It was located just off “the Drag,” Pendragon Avenue, in the heart of University Heights, and its name was The Potent Negro.

Casually, Marianne walked out of the dorm room, down the hallway, and into the elevator, as if nothing were out of the ordinary. Through the dorm lobby, out into the brisk spring air in which the trees that weren't evergreens were budding and blooming all around the campus, and into the library she walked, trying to exude confidence and normality, as if she were doing nothing the least bit questionable, much less abnormal.

She entered the restroom. She had searched the entire library, indeed the entire campus, for this restroom—the one in which she thought it least likely that she would be interrupted, disturbed, or detected. She had obtained her beautiful girls' clothes from Les Beaux Extraordinaires, the store near the Drag that had discreetly catered to transvestites, homosexuals, and their admirers throughout the 1950s. Now, at long last, she would wear the lovely clothes in public.

She sat on the toilet, pretending to use it but keeping the lid closed to use as a seat, with her pants down to her ankles for the sake of authenticity, in

case anyone should happen to look beneath the bottom of the stall; then she stripped to the waist. Marianne's hands were shaking and her stout, hot five-inch clitoris was fully erect, but she tried to work as efficiently as possible in putting on her pointy little A-cup brassiere.

First she fastened the back hooks, for she had no hope of mastering the trick of reaching behind her back to hook them up. Then she lifted the brassiere above her head as if it were an undershirt, put her arms through the straps, and stretched it down over her chubby little breasts—too small for a grown-up woman, but embarrassingly big for a boy, quite like a young girl's growing, attention-grabbing buds. The finishing touch was to stuff each cup with handkerchiefs and mold each one with her hands to look smooth, not lumpy.

After that, it was fairly easy to put on a slip and pull on a tight pink V-neck cashmere sweater—a rather daring one, cut low enough to show her pretty little cleavage. Then she stood up, still with her pants around her ankles, and slipped on a full, knee-length, matching pink skirt over her head. She adjusted the skirt around her big girlish hips, zipped it up at the side, and prepared for the final step in her transformation.

Marianne still didn't have any panties on. Sitting down on the toilet lid, she took off her boys' shoes, socks, pants, and underpants as fast as possible, hoping no one would come in and look under the stall. Then she got out her panties, white like her brassiere, and pulled them up under her skirt. She didn't ejaculate in them, at least not yet, but the bulge in them from her big clitoris was quite embarrassing. She didn't know how she could possibly keep it from showing; she certainly couldn't walk to The Potent Negro with it hidden between her legs,

and she would *surely* ejaculate in her panties if she tried *that!*

Rapidly, Marianne put on foot protectors and flat-heeled girls' shoes, leaving her legs bare. She did show a little lack of confidence when she peeked out to see if anyone was around to watch her emerging from the restroom, but fortunately no one was. Breathing a deep sigh of relief, she resumed her confident stride with her suitcase in her hand, and began to walk toward her destination.

Before she arrived, Marianne did discreetly check her appearance in her handheld mirror. She was beautiful, if she did say so herself—even if she wasn't quite as beautiful as Audrey Hepburn, her ideal of feminine beauty. Marianne's hair and eyes were dark like hers, and her hair was cut almost exactly like Audrey Hepburn's—it was so exciting to see a famous female movie star with hair cut short like a boy's hair! Marianne was considerably chubbier than the slender movie star, but her lips looked a lot like the star's kissable-looking lips, and she fancied her breasts in her A-cup brassiere looked a lot like Audrey Hepburn's little ones too.

Marianne wondered if any men at the coffeehouse would be attracted to her—and if they would still be attracted when they found out about the secret under her skirt. She was excited, and her clitoris was still erect; she wished it wouldn't distend her skirt in front, but she was pretty sure it would. She stuck her big, chubby, girlish butt out farther in back, trying to increase the distance between the base of her clitoris and the front of her skirt.

She was pretty sure it wasn't working. She glanced down; sure enough, her skirt was bulging in front. She almost wished she had a tiny clitoris like other girls. She still remembered how fascinated she had

been to find out that girls had puny little things that could get erections and give them good feelings, and even climaxes, like a boy's penis. Marianne's mom had briefly told her that boys had what sounded like "peenosses" and girls had "vulvas," but nothing was said about clitorises, nor about boys putting their penises in girls' vulvas, and certainly not about climaxes; Marianne had to read about those things in secret for herself.

Marianne remembered when she had started to pretend she had a vulva, concealing her penis between her legs, when she was 11—although, being a good girl, she had not pretended to admit any boys' penises into her vulva back then. At 13 she had found out about clitorises and climaxes, and soon started to pretend her penis was her clitoris. It was so exciting that she had succumbed to overwhelming temptation to pretend she was letting a boy rub her clitoris, and then letting him put his hot, hard penis in her tight, equally hot vulva, giving her a climax. Being a good girl, she was ashamed of herself for doing this, and kept it strictly secret—but sometimes she just couldn't help herself. She wondered if any other good girls ever pretended to admit boy's penises into their vulvas—and if they got as incredibly excited when doing so as Marianne herself did.

Now Marianne would find out very soon whether men would be attracted to her—and whether they would find out that she was abnormal, a transvestite, with an abnormally big clitoris that was really a penis. The coffeehouse was straight in front of her now, with big black letters over the door proclaiming that its name was "THE POTENT NEGRO." Marianne took a deep breath, trying to relax in faint hope that her clitoris would subside; then she opened the door and stepped into the dimly lit interior.

Few people were there, perhaps because it was only late afternoon, and the real action at The Potent Negro was reputed to take place long into the evenings. The only person Marianne distinctly noticed at first was a nervous-looking, balding man in a business suit, sitting at a table alone, drinking coffee, smoking a cigarette, and watching the door as if he were expecting someone. He glanced at Marianne; his eyes lingered on her for a moment, but then he looked away. She was obviously not the person he was expecting.

“Hey, babe, cool you could make the scene,” said a man approaching Marianne from the side. She turned to look. This man was middle-aged and his pale face looked quite ordinary, even mediocre—but he wore a bright-colored zoot suit, and his hair looked bizarre, kinkier than the hair of any other white person Marianne had seen. “Could you dig some Potent Negro Caffeine?” the man asked her.

“Uh, yes, please,” she said, figuring that must mean strong black coffee. “With cream and sugar, please.”

The man’s eyes opened wide for a moment, but then returned to normal. Marianne’s voice might have surprised him, she guessed. It was the weakest point of her effort to appear to be a girl—at least, the weakest point so long as her big clitoris wasn’t too obviously making her skirt bulge. Her voice was soft and fairly high, but it didn’t really sound like a girl’s voice. She had tried a falsetto, but that was even worse. *Oh, well*, Marianne figured, *this is supposed to be a place for transvestitesto gather, so it might as well be obvious that I’m a transvestite!*

“Sure, babe,” he said. “Have a seat. Something to eat, too? Doughnut, Danish?”

“Danish, please,” said Marianne, sitting down at a little round table where she could see the balding man. He remained oblivious to her, watching the door.

“Thank you,” Marianne said to the zoot-suited man when he brought her coffee, Danish, and check. “By the way, would you mind telling me why this place is called The Potent Negro? Is it just because of the strong black coffee? I don’t see any, uh, actual Negroes here.”

“Sure, babe, it’s the coffee,” the man said, “but there’s a lot more to it than that. You hip to Norman Mailer?”

“Uh, well, I’ve heard of him,” she said. She didn’t really know a lot about him, but she did know that, among his other literary accomplishments, Norman Mailer had invented the word “fug” as a substitute for “fuck,” just as “heck” was a substitute for “hell,” “shoot” for “shit,” and “gosh-darn” for “Goddamn.”

“Dig this,” the man said, grabbing a little book from a bookstand near the cash register and handing it to Marianne. The book was entitled *The White Negro* by Norman Mailer. The cover showed a photographic negative of a picture of a white man, making his skin falsely appear to be dark.

“This is what it’s all about,” the man said. “The hipster, the white Negro, the psychopath living for kicks and thrills every moment, because the next moment the Goddamn atom bomb may go off and it’s all over. It’s about the self-imposed exile from white square society, always in search of the apocalyptic orgasm—whether in sex, violence, music, you name it—that will validate his existence.” As a seeming afterthought for Marianne’s sake, he added, “Or *her* existence.”

Marianne stared at him, but then looked away, thinking about what he had said. She had undergone an embarrassingly large number of orgasms since she was 13, all in strictest solitude, but never had she imagined that any of them would validate her existence. She didn't even know what it would *mean* for an orgasm to validate her existence. Was that only because Marianne's youthful orgasms from girlish masturbation weren't apocalyptic enough? She was pretty sure it wasn't; they often seemed mighty earth-shaking to her when she was swept away by the urge to pretend a good boy was going all the way with her. Or was it because orgasms weren't really the kind of thing that could validate your existence (whatever that meant), or help you find yourself, or show you the meaning of life, or any of those kinds of things that people talked about but Marianne didn't understand?

She grasped for something to say, to try to help her understand *something*, anyway. "Uh—but what does that have to do with Negroes?" she asked.

"The Negro," the man explained, "is the model for the white hipster. The Negro is the pioneer in exploring the moral wilderness, the master of indulgence in all experiences that the white square automatically condemns as delinquent, immature, self-destructive, and evil. To the Negro, all situations are equally valid: promiscuity, perversion, drug addiction, rape, murder, you name it. Negro morality—the morality of immediacy, of unrestrained physical action, of the quest for earth-shattering orgasm wherever it may be found—rips white square morality to shreds whenever the two come into contact. That is why the white square cannot endure the thought of Negro equality—because Negro equality would mean that Negro morality is equal to white square morality, and therefore will *destroy* white square morality."

Marianne was shocked speechless. She was all in favor of Negro equality, because she thought Negroes were just as capable of being decent human beings as anyone else. This talk about the opposition between “Negro morality” and “white square morality” seemed to her to be an expression of the worst kind of racial prejudice, no matter if Norman Mailer or any other famous person spouted it. Marianne knew she might easily, eagerly want to play girlfriend for a kind, decent Negro man, if she met one; she certainly wouldn’t presume he was a rapist or a murderer just because he was a Negro!

She groped for words to express her outrage, when she could speak. She couldn’t just tell the zoot-suited man she didn’t agree with him; that wouldn’t accomplish anything. But what *could* she say?

“What would you say,” Marianne said at last, “about the transvestite? Does the transvestite have a special kind of morality too, opposed to what—what ordinary decent people think is morality?”

He opened his eyes wide and glared at her. Of course he knew that Marianne herself was a transvestite. Even if she had succeeded in looking exactly like a girl with an Audrey Hepburn haircut, her voice gave her away. After a moment of silence, though, it turned out that he hadn’t abandoned the values of so-called white square society completely enough to forget the cash register and give offense to a customer. “You tell *me*,” he said meekly.

“No, I do *not* believe the transvestite has any special, different morality,” Marianne said, “and neither does the Negro. There are good and bad Negroes, just like there are good and bad transvestites, and good and bad people of every race and every kind. You can’t—you can’t equate so-called Negro morality with how *bad* Negroes act.”

“You say so,” said the zoot-suited man, “but you say so from the standpoint of a *white square* transvestite. Here you are, looking just like any white square girl, with the pointy bra, tight sweater, pink skirt, and all that goody-goody girlie crap. Not that there’s anything *wrong* with that, you dig—but you can’t pretend the white square transvestite is no different from the Negro transvestite. Here, let me show you what the true Negro transvestite is like.”

The man went and reached under the counter beneath the display of *White Negro* books, retrieving a magazine. Bringing it back to Marianne, he opened it to display a fascinating but wholly obscene picture of a Negro transvestite. Above the waist, the dark-skinned person was putting on a very convincing female impersonation, with a dark-haired white woman’s wig, massive fake breasts, and a tight, bright-colored bodice. Below the waist, the voluptuous Negress—for so the impersonator certainly appeared to be—was pulling up her skirt to reveal a fetching side view of her bare, buxom buttocks. Below her buttocks, behind her thighs, the Negress was displaying her extremely long erect clitoris, perhaps twice as long as Marianne’s five-incher, sticking out almost straight backward. Marianne’s eyes bulged. She could make her erect clitoris stick out a bit in back, all right, but she was quite unable to do anything like *this*.

“I bet *you’ve* never shown off like this Negro transvestite is doing,” said the zoot-suited man. He grinned, lewdly. “Or would you like to try?”

Marianne was shocked. The thought of pulling down her panties, pulling up her skirt, and letting the man see her plum peeking out beneath her own buxom but “lily-white” buttocks, flitted through her mind, but she crushed it at once. Fortunately, she no longer had an erection, and now she did not want

one. “No, thank you,” Marianne said in her best “white square girl” manner. “And I certainly have never done anything like *that!* I’m a good girl—and a good *Negro* girl would never do anything like that either!”

“Oh, man! What a goody-goody!” the man exclaimed. “I bet next you’ll be telling me you’re a *virgin*—and you’re totally uninterested in sex!”

Marianne felt herself blushing rapidly and deeply—partly from shock, partly from anger, partly from embarrassment at how very far she was from being totally uninterested in sex. She was a virgin indeed in fact, though not in fantasy, but she did not wish to tell this repellent man so, lest he try to get her to stop being a virgin. “That’s none of your business,” she said.

The discussion was interrupted by the surprising entrance into the coffeehouse of an actual Negro. He was a tall, handsome, very dark, dignified-looking man, perhaps about 28 or 30 years old, wearing a business suit—perhaps the furthest person imaginable from a hipster. This, apparently, was the person the nervous, balding man had been waiting for—though it quickly became evident that the Negro did not regard himself as that person.

“Good afternoon, sir,” said the balding man, quickly and awkwardly getting up from his seat. “I wonder if I might interest you in a proposition—a richly rewarding one.” He pulled out his wallet and opened it, displaying what seemed to be quite a bit of cash.

The Negro stared in silence. “It’s not for *me*, you understand,” the balding man said quickly. “It’s for—uh—my wife. You see, my wife suffers from a very—very distressing and embarrassing condition.



She cannot be—be, uh—be satisfied with my services as a—a husband. In fact, she cannot be fully satisfied by anyone other than a—a *potent Negro stud*. The services of such a stud are like a—a drug to her, a drug to which she is strongly addicted. In short, my wife—uh—desperately craves *black rod*.”

The Negro took a deep breath, as if desperately trying to control his outrage—which nevertheless flashed from his eyes like gunfire. “*Black Rod*,” he said in a crisp, British-sounding voice after a long, grim silence, “is an official of the British Parliament, charged with maintaining the security of the Palace of Westminster. The present Black Rod is Sir Brian Horrocks. Perhaps your wife would wish to travel to London, to inquire whether Sir Brian would wish to consort with her—though of course I cannot guarantee the success of the expedition.”

Marianne had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. The balding man was not laughing. “But—uh—you don’t understand!” he stammered. “I’m offering you a *rich reward* for an activity that you, as a—a Negro male, must regard as most desirable: s—sexual intercourse with a w—willing white woman!”

“Sir, I assure you, I *do* understand!” said the Negro. “You are trying to entice me to serve as a male prostitute for your depraved wife. I strongly recommend that, if you do not wish the police to arrest you for this crime, you depart from this place at once!”

“Oh, no!” the balding man cried, making for the exit. “That must never happen! I’ll procure my wife’s bl—black rod elsewhere!”

Marianne was delighted. As soon as the would-be black rod-procurer made for the exit, she heartily applauded the dignified Negro, though only by clap-

ping. He looked at her in surprise, but smiled at her and bowed. He did not take his eyes off her, nor did he soon stop smiling.

Marianne's heart leaped at the thought that this handsome Negro man might be attracted to her.

She had to speak, even at the risk of repelling him by revealing herself as a transvestite. "I say," she said, picking up a bit of the British manner of expression, "that was perfect! That was exactly right! I only wish you'd had time to call the police!"

The Negro's eyes were wide, presumably because of the discrepancy between Marianne's voice and her looks, but he kept his composure, and even smiled at Marianne. "The prospect sufficed, and I am glad of it," he said. "Had it actually been necessary to call the police, I am not sure they would have believed my account of the man's proposition—and if they did believe it, they might not have believed I *refused* the proposition."

Marianne opened her mouth wide in surprise, but then closed it at once. Racial prejudice was still so widespread, she feared, that police officers might well share the balding man's view that Negro men were nothing but sex machines, with black rods always ready for piston-like action—especially with white women. Of course Marianne herself could have confirmed what the Negro would have told the police, and *she* was certainly white enough—but as soon as she opened her mouth, her credibility might sink at once to the same low level as his. He, as a Negro, and Marianne, as a transvestite, might equally well be regarded as untrustworthy outcasts from so-called white square society.

"Well, *I* believe you refused it," Marianne assured him, "because I *saw* you refuse it. And, um—I'm glad

you did. It was an incredibly stupid and—and prejudiced proposition.”

“It certainly was,” he said. His eyes were fixed again on Marianne. She couldn’t presume upon the reason, but her five-inch clitoris was getting hard again beneath her panties and her skirt, and her eyes were equally fixed on him. Of course it would be far too prejudiced to presume that this dignified Negro was secretly a sex machine after all! Still, if he did have any interest of that sort in Marianne, she hoped she might discreetly let him know she would find it acceptable, within the due and strict—or at least moderately strict—limits to be imposed by Marianne’s character as a good girl.

He swallowed hard. “No doubt it would be equally—er—equally stupid, and equally prejudiced,” he said, “to presume that *you*, because of your—your unusual mode of dress, are among those who favor—er—indulgence in degrading sin.”

Marianne almost gasped out loud, but succeeded in keeping her sharp intake of breath almost silent, and her mouth was wide open for only a second or so. “Oh, er—yes, indeed!” she assured him. “It would be very—*dreadfully* wrong to presume such a thing!” True, she had pretended many times that she was indulging in what this man might call degrading sin with boys—but she didn’t want him to know. On the other hand, if he was discreetly trying to find out whether she might be willing to play girlfriend for him, in a manner that he would *not* regard as degrading—then Marianne *did* want him to know.

“I do like to—to play the role of a girl, as you can easily see,” she said, “but a *good* girl—one who might, er, show a man a bit of innocent affection on dates, but always draws the line to rule out anything de-

grading.” Marianne’s heart was beating hard, and her big clitoris was fully erect inside her panties.

“That is admirable,” said the Negro. His eyes were still fixed on Marianne, and he was drawing closer. “I dare say,” he said in a very soft voice, “I might well wish to get to know such a girl—if she would find it acceptable.”

Marianne still didn’t quite gasp out loud, but her mouth was open again, and her heart was galloping. “I dare say,” she said in a voice little louder than a whisper, “she *would* find it acceptable, if you are as fine and decent a man as you seem to be. If you were to—to ask her for a date, I believe she would accept.”

“I shall now find out,” he said. “Would you like to go on a date with me?”

“Oh, yes!” Marianne said, giving him a big smile. “Perhaps we could go to dinner and a movie?”

“Excellent,” he said. “And perhaps we could learn one another’s names, as well?”

“Oh, yes!” she said. “I’m Marianne. Well—I mean, my original name was Martin, but my *girl* name is Marianne. I’ve called myself that since I was 11.”

“Marianne,” the Negro repeated. “A lovely name. I am Edward Wickham, named after King Edward VII, whose name, in turn, was descended from that of St. Edward the Confessor. Edward VII was no longer king when I was born, you understand—I am not yet 30 years old, and was born during the reign of George V—but it was the custom of my parents to name their children after the kings and queens of England.”

“Um, I gather you’re not from the United States,” Marianne said, as if it were not already obvious.