

Shy Little Shemale



Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Shy Little Shemale

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1- She

Dan Rockridge was getting distracted at work again—by thoughts about sex, as usual. Dan was a black man with a big penis and an intense interest in sex, but his conformity to racial stereotypes ended right about there. He was a librarian in the research division of the Pacific Heights Public Library, always conservatively dressed at work, with short hair and dark-rimmed glasses. His upbringing was thoroughly middle-class, in largely white Farquhar Village; he had never lived in the District, the notorious slum area of Pacific Heights, and he had hardly ever even set foot there. He hated rap music, he didn't own a gun, he had never committed a crime or fathered an illegitimate child, he couldn't stand to hear black men call themselves “niggas” and “jigaboos,” and he wasn't crazed with lust for white women—or at least, usually he wasn't. Right now, though, he was getting way too fascinated with a cute, young, uncannily womanly-looking little white *man*.

This was Ron Carnargill, who worked next to him in the library. Ron had beautiful shoulder-length red hair and a plump, pretty, girlish-looking freckled face. He was very short, not much more than five feet tall, but his butt was remarkably big, and it swayed like a woman's butt when he walked. He wore men's clothes at work—at least Dan guessed they were men's clothes—but he often wore form-fitting knit shirts, in rather unmasculine colors, that showed off his breasts. Yes, Ron had real breasts with pointy nipples, tiny compared to most women's breasts, but looking a whole lot like some sweet young girl's blossoming buds.

Dan and Ron had worked together for a couple of years now, and they got along very well, but they knew nothing of each other's lives away from work. Now Dan was wondering (yet again) if Ron, in his unknown life away from work, was a sexy little shemale.

Like many middle-class youths, Dan had been a porn addict from an early age; he had started masturbating and ejaculating at the age of 10 while looking at porn, some of it created by himself with pencil and paper. He had never stopped beating off at least once every night (except when he was fucking, getting blown, or some such thing, sometimes with girls but most often with guys). At his present age of 26, he had accumulated over 5,000 orgasms by his estimate.

Dan was especially fascinated by shemales, those incredible beauties who abounded on the Internet, who looked totally female above the waist but were male below, sometimes with lovely erections. He had even gone wild with a couple of real shemales he met at random, one at Club Swank Wank and one at the Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center. He had never yet been personally acquainted with a real one, though—unless Ron was one.

He didn't think it would be a good idea to ask him, "Hey, Ron, are you a shemale?" He couldn't banish the thought from his mind, though. Fantasies of seeing Ron in the nude, kissing his breasts, and having sex with him, were flooding his mind. Dan's pants were bulging.

"Hey, Dan, here's a—a remarkable stumper," Ron said, looking at his computer screen. A "stumper" was a research question, named after the library's procedure for submitting such questions to librarians, which was called "Stump a Librarian."

"What is it?" Dan asked.

"This person is asking, 'What are all possible gay male sex acts?'"

"All possible ones!" Dan exclaimed. "What, somebody wants to make sure he does them all?"

"I guess so," Ron said. Dan's eyes lingered on Ron's pretty face. Ron's eyes were averted from Dan, and he was blushing.

Dan's eyes dropped to Ron's breasts. Ron's nipples were sticking out, plainly visible through his thin pink knit shirt. Were they erect with excitement from thinking about all possible gay male sex acts? Dan didn't know, but he sure wished he could find out.

*Well, does that interest you? Are you interested in gay sex? You are, aren't you? **Aren't you a hot little gay shemale?*** The questions rushed through Dan's mind, but he couldn't ask them. He knew Ron was pretty shy, and he didn't want to embarrass him—even if the answers to all the questions would be "yes," as Dan wished they would.

Dan had to say something. He said the only other thing he could think of: “Well, would you like me to take that stumper?”

“Oh, yes, I really would!” Ron said, giving Dan a grateful glance with his soft blue eyes. “I can take one of yours any time you like.”

“OK, then, I’ll take it,” said Dan. Was he eager to think about doing every possible gay male sex act—or at least some possible ones—with Ron? He was pretty sure he was, and he was going to start really soon.

By the time he got home from work, Dan had read about a great variety of gay male sex acts, only beginning with every possible variation of blowing and butt-fucking. The most interesting to him were frottage (rubbing cock against cock) and intercrural sex (one male squeezing another male’s cock between his thighs). He was imagining himself plunging Ron between his short, plump thighs from behind, while gripping Ron’s breasts. Dan could hardly have butt-fucked anyone, much less little Ron, because his cock was too big. Intercrural sex from behind was as close as he could get; this he had actually done with numerous guys, including one shemale with very fine enlarged breasts to grip. Now the thought of doing it with Ron was fascinating him.

He couldn’t do it in reality, at least not right now, but he could draw a picture of it. Dan had a pretty fair amount of artistic talent, almost all of which he had devoted to erotic art, starting at the age of 10. He set to work at once, drawing with his right hand while rubbing his erect cock through his pants with his left.

In the picture, Dan clutched Ron's breasts and bucked his hips with all his might. Ron's head was reared way back and his mouth was wide open in orgasm. Dan didn't know for sure how big Ron's cock was, but he guessed it was pretty small, to judge from the smallness of the bulge in his pants when Dan's sharp eyes detected that Ron had an erection. Ron's little cock was ejaculating wildly in the picture, as was Dan's big one—so big that it was rubbing against the bottom of Ron's, and their gushing bulbs were touching each other, uniting intercrural sex with frottage.

Dan gazed upon the finished picture, still rubbing his cock through his pants. Dan knew he was very close to ejaculating in reality. He needed to do it now. Rapidly he grabbed some tissues, whipped out his cock, and drenched the tissues with his semen.

Dan sighed. He wished there was some way to break through Ron's shyness and know whether Ron would wish to do such things in reality as Dan had drawn. He didn't know what the way might be—but, if there was one, Dan was going to find it.

At last he thought of a possibility. He drew another picture. This one did not show them having sex; it did not even show Dan at all. It simply showed Ron in women's clothes—a scoop-neck top and a slightly above-the-knee skirt. Dan would see if he ever got an opportunity to show the picture to Ron, he decided. If Ron liked it, that would show unmistakably that Ron did like to play the female—and perhaps even the sexy shemale.

Veronica Carnargill, known to the world as Ron, swiftly changed into her feminine self when she got

home. She pulled off her shirt and put on her bra, which she had often imagined herself wearing to work under her shirt, though she had never yet dared to do it. She pulled off her pants, which were actually women's pants because they fit her big hips better than men's pants, though they didn't look a lot different. Underneath them were women's panties, which she did wear to work every day. Inside her panties was her erect three-inch clitoris—longer than the world's record real woman's clitoris, though not a *lot* longer.

Her clitoris was erect, and her nipples were too, because she was fantasizing about being married to Dan Rockridge and having sex with him. She liked Dan very much, though she was far too shy to let him know about her fantasies. Dan was a handsome man with a big penis, which was quite evident through his pants when he got erections, as he often did. What was more, Dan was a fine gentleman who had often shown consideration for Veronica—like today, when he agreed to take that dreadfully embarrassing question about every known gay male sex act!

Veronica, at the age of 24, was still a virgin—a church-going virgin, for she regularly attended St. Austin's Episcopal Church on Queen's Bluff. She hadn't done *any* known gay male sex act with any man in reality—but she could and did pretend she was about to do one with Dan, for they were married to each other in her fantasy. Veronica was repelled by the thought of casual sex and equally casual dumping. She wanted love, real lasting love, and she was desperate to find it in fantasy even if she could never have it in reality.

“Oh, Dan, I love you so much,” she accordingly murmured. “I need you. Please! *Now!*”

Veronica was far too excited to put on any more women's clothes; rather, she needed to take them off. She opened her bra, a thinly padded little white front-hook beauty designed for young girls with growing buds, which actually fit her. Dan was caressing her breasts from behind, she imagined. Then he was putting his hand down into her panties and caressing her clitoris, short but quite stout, with a very short thick shaft and a beautiful big bulb.

"Dan, take me in the shower," Veronica begged. She entered the bathroom, pulled down her panties, turned on the warm water, and slipped into the shower. Wasting no time, she grabbed a shampoo bottle and clutched it between her thighs beneath her clitoris, pretending it was Dan's penis. Vigorously plunging the bottle between her thighs with one hand, while fervently caressing the bulb of her clitoris and above all the vale of bliss on its underside with the other, Veronica soon ascended to climax, with great spurts of sperm gushing out of her bulb into her eager hand, while she softly cried out, "Dan, yes, yes, *yes! I love you! I LOVE YOU!!!*"

Deeply Veronica sighed when she had "jackied"—meaning ejaculated—to the full. "Ohhhh!" she moaned. She had, on occasion, expressed her deep feelings in prayer, and now she did: "Oh, my God! Thank you! Thank you for the beauty of faithful love! Please, dear God, let me have it in reality, not only in fantasy! And if it's the right thing for me—please, *please* let me have it with Dan!"

Next morning, Veronica wondered if she dared to wear a bra to work under her men's shirt. The shirt she had selected, like many of her shirts, was indistinguishable in cut from a men's knit shirt, but in a

very feminine color (fuchsia). She knew her breasts were going to protrude, and her nipples in particular were going to stick out (just as they were doing now while nude), when she saw Dan and thought of what she had pretended to do with him. Never had she looked like a manly man with a flat chest, ever since her breasts started to embarrass and excite her by looking like a girl's buds with pointy nipples when she was barely 12 years old. Her only choice would be between looking like a girl wearing a bra, and looking like a girl *not* wearing a bra.

Breathing deeply and trembling with excitement, she decided to look like a girl wearing a bra. If Dan happened to notice, and even to make some remark upon her new appearance, she might be embarrassed, but she would be excited too. She did wish she could give Dan some shy, discreet, but unmistakable signal that she did have a hidden feminine identity—that, to speak plainly, she was secretly a *shemale*. Perhaps a bra would be just the thing.

She put one on and looked at herself in the mirror. It did make her look very much like the young girls it was designed for. The little cups were rather skimpy, covering not much more than necessary, and her shallow but discernible cleavage was plainly visible. Of course she was *not* going to let Dan see her with her shirt off at work—but still, the bra beneath it would be a noticeable little signal of femininity.

She put her fuchsia shirt on. It was fairly obvious to *her* that she was wearing a bra beneath it, especially because the thin padding made her breasts look slightly bigger. Surely it would be fairly obvious to Dan too. He would notice, and he might even get a bulge in his pants when he noticed. Veronica's heart was beating too hard at the thought that he would. In secret, she knew, she was far too sexy for a decent

virgin—and far too fascinated by Dan’s mighty penis, barely hidden by his pants.

But what if Dan isn’t as decent as he seems? The thought attacked her and almost made her back down in fear. What if Dan tried to exploit her and then dump her?

Veronica took a deep breath. She would just have to explain to him, she reasoned, that she was not interested in any quick, loveless have-sex-and-dump sequences, with *any* man. She would reveal that she was an old-fashioned good girl, who believed in God, went to church, and insisted on waiting until marriage. If Dan didn’t like it, that was just too bad.

Wow, that’s incredible! Ron’s wearing a bra! Dan thought at once on seeing Ron at work that morning. His eyes always leaped to Ron’s lovely little breasts, and he almost always saw Ron’s nipples sticking out. Today Ron’s breasts looked a bit bigger than usual, but Dan didn’t see Ron’s nipples—and he saw *why* he didn’t see them.

Of course he couldn’t say, “Hey, Ron, I see you’re wearing a bra today!”—but he had to say *something*, to let Ron discreetly know he noticed. It was hard to think of the right thing to say, but he was going to do it; he *had* to do it.

“Hey, Ron, you’re looking extra nice today,” he finally thought of saying softly. “I—uh—I like that outfit.”

He was rewarded with a flash of pleasure in Ron’s blue eyes. “Why, thank you!” Ron said, so softly that Dan could hardly hear—but he *must* hear, and he did.

“I—I’m glad you noticed!” Ron stammered. “I mean, I—I’m glad you like it!” Ron was blushing. He must know Dan meant he had noticed the bra, and he liked what it signified. Dan did indeed—especially if it signified that Ron was a sexy little shemale!

“Yeah, it’s really, uh, distinctive-looking,” Dan said. “It’s got that little *something extra*—you know what I mean?” Dan hoped he wasn’t being way too obvious in referring to the bra, but he feared he was, especially since he couldn’t rip his eyes away from Ron’s breasts. Ron *must* know Dan was shamelessly ogling his breasts in the bra—and Dan was pretty sure it was exciting Ron to be ogled!

“Oh!” Ron said. He was blushing bright red now, and the little bulge had appeared in his pants. “Well—uh—yes, I think I know what you mean.” Dan’s pants were bulging too, and Dan saw Ron’s eyes darting to the bulge, then leaping away again.

“Hey, Ron, I was wondering,” Dan went on, “would you like to, uh, go out for lunch sometime? Like today?”

“Oh, my!” Ron said. “*Well!* I—well, uh—yes, I’d love to.” Ron’s eyes were averted, but he was breathing deeply, as if his feelings were very strong—and very womanly.

Dan’s eyes were opened as he gazed upon Ron’s beauty—totally feminine beauty. Ron could really pass for a woman, Dan thought. He *must* be a shemale—and Dan must find out for sure if he was!

Dan drew near Ron and spoke even more softly. “That’s great,” he said. “I’ll treat you—like a lady.”

Ron gasped. His eyes darted to Dan’s eyes, but quickly leaped away. “Oh, thank you so much!” Ron murmured, almost whispered. “And—you can call

me Veronica.” Ron, or Veronica, was blushing deeply as he, or she, said the name.

“Veronica! That’s a beautiful name!” Dan exclaimed. “A beautiful name for a beautiful lady!” He meant it. No longer could he think of Ron—of Veronica, rather—as a man. Veronica was a lady, and Dan would see her and treat her as one—even if she did happen to be a *shemale* lady rather than a *female* one!

“OK, Veronica,” Dan said. “It’s a date! Where would you like to go?”

“I’d like The Decencies,” Veronica said, “because I’m a *decent* lady, you see.” Her eyes met Dan’s for a fleeting moment, and she even smiled at him. His heart leapt high. He wondered if a decent shemale lady might ever let him take her bra off and put his hand in her panties, and might make love with him. If there was any chance, he thought, he had to find out.

“So, Veronica,” Dan said when they had ordered their meal at The Decencies, “tell me all about yourself! I’ve never met a lady like you before.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever met a gentleman like *you* before, either,” Veronica said. She gave Dan a shy, awkward smile. Her feelings were begging her to reveal them fully to Dan. She tried to keep them under control, but she wasn’t at all sure she would succeed.

“So I guess you’d like to know,” she said, “how I became a lady.”

“I sure would!” Dan said. Unlike Veronica, Dan wasn’t shy at all. His eyes were fixed on her, showing her his admiration and his desire. She was getting

too excited in response, and she feared it would get much worse—but she did feel she ought to tell him how she became a lady.

“Well, I think it started when I was about nine or ten years old,” she said. “I found it—it felt very good to imagine myself looking and feeling like a girl, with long hair and girls’ clothes. That was when I started calling myself Veronica, but only in secret; I didn’t dare let anyone know about how girlish I was getting.

“And then when I was 12, I dreamed I was wearing girls’ clothes and—and kissing a boy I liked.” Vividly Veronica remembered the boy, Tom Brandrim—a skinny, brainy boy who, Veronica had noticed, sometimes looked at her with what might almost have seemed to be thinly veiled fascination. “It made me wish I could do the same thing when I was awake, if only I could be perfectly sure the boy I liked would keep my secret.”

“So it made you want to be a lady for a boy when you were awake?” Dan softly asked. “To be his girlfriend?”

“Well, yes, it did,” Veronica admitted, knowing full well that Dan was asking because he wanted her to be a lady for *him*, to be *his* girlfriend. “After that, I—I often wished I could be in love with a real boy and kiss him, and be his girlfriend—but I never could. I was always way too shy to, uh, let a boy know I wanted to be his girlfriend.” *Yes, Dan, I’m a virgin!* she was thinking, though of course she did not say it. *I’m a virgin—but a terribly excitable one!* She must not reveal to Dan that she had pretended she was married to many boys and men in sequence—the latest of whom was him—and made love with them in vivid fantasies, and had many orgasms. That was *not* the way to remain a virgin until she was married in reality!

“Well, you’ve met a *man* I’m hoping you can trust,” Dan said softly, drawing near Veronica. Her eyes met his. He must be able to feel her heart pounding, she imagined. She could not look away from him. She knew he wanted her to fall in love with him, and to make love with him—and she knew she was going to do it.

“I hope so,” Veronica said, almost breathlessly. “I—I hope I can trust you to respect me, and—well, I’ve got to say this. I—I believe in God, I go to church, and I’m going to stay a virgin until I’m married. I can’t accept any man who—who doesn’t approve of that. I hope that’s all right with you.”

Dan’s eyes were wide open. “That’s beautiful,” he said. “I’ve *really* never met a lady like you before!”

Dan had brought his backpack to the restaurant. Veronica wasn’t sure why, but now he showed her why. “Hey, I was wondering,” he said, “if you might like to see a picture I drew of you.”

“Of *me*? Really?” Veronica felt her eyes opening wide. “Oh, well—sure, I’d love to see it!”

Dan brought a picture out of his backpack and showed it to Veronica. Her eyes opened even wider, and so did her mouth. It was recognizably a picture of Veronica herself—wearing women’s clothes!

“Oh, my!” she exclaimed. “Uh—you’re a very good artist! It does look a—a lot like me!”

“Have you ever worn clothes like these?” Dan asked.

“Well—yes, I have,” Veronica had to admit, “but only in secret. At least—well, only in secret *so far*.”

“Would you like to let me see you wearing them sometime?”

Veronica’s heart was pounding hard and fast. *Yes! Yes! Of course I would!* her heart cried out. Her lips, more shyly, said only this: “Well—I suppose I might dare to wear them to work sometime, if you’d really like to see me in them.” She glanced up at Dan. He was gazing straight at her, with obviously extreme admiration. “Like maybe tomorrow!” she added.

By the end of their lunch, Dan’s heart belonged wholly to Veronica. He had never thought of himself as the marrying kind before, but now he did. He had screwed girls from time to time—always with a condom, of course, unlike the bad-asses from the District whom he had been raised to detest—but he always quickly tired of it and dumped them. He had had sex with many gay men too, but never had he wished to marry one of them. Porn, created by himself and by others, had been his most constant exciter for ejaculation—but porn, too, had long been boring.

Why, then, did Dan keep going back to it, as if his life depended on viewing those blowers and fuckers, those beaters and squirmers and squirters every night, and above all the shemale ones? Oh, God, those shemales! They drove him wild! Was there something in the shemale porn that had long been leading Dan, unknown to himself, toward Veronica?

There was. Dan was sure of it. He was going to marry her. He would look for the opportunity to ask her, and find it, and she would accept him. He knew she would. He only hoped he could be patient enough, and not blow the chance by being *too* eager.

Veronica's heart was beating madly as she dressed for work the next morning. She was going to wear women's clothes from top to toe; she was going to go all out to be attractive to Dan, to look as much as she could like the picture he had drawn of her. Soon she had the clothes on—a pink scoop-neck top over her bra, a very short white skirt (shorter than the one Dan had drawn) over her panties, and white sandals. Dan would know for sure how womanly she was, and he would desire her.

He did desire her, most ardently. She could see it at once when he saw her at work. "Wow, Veronica!" Dan cried. "You're incredibly beautiful!"

"Oh, thank you, Dan!" Veronica cried. "I'm so glad you think so!"

"Hey, I was wondering," Dan said, drawing near and speaking softly, "is it too soon to ask you to marry me?"

Veronica gasped and laughed. "*Well!*" she exclaimed. "It's—uh—*surprisingly* soon, but—I don't think it's *too* soon." She drew very close to Dan. "I mean—well, we've known each other for a while, and I admire you, and—well, I've got to admit I've already been falling in love with you."

"Veronica, honey, I'm already *madly* in love with *you!*" Dan assured her. "So—will you marry me?"

"Oh, yes!" Veronica cried. "Dan, I've *got* to marry you!"

She looked around. The library wasn't open to patrons yet, but there were librarians around, and some of them surely would have noticed if she had

kissed Dan passionately right here at the research desk. “I guess I shouldn’t kiss you here in front of everybody,” she said. “But I tell you what: we can have dinner at my apartment this evening, and I’ll kiss you then. But we mustn’t go all the way yet, because we’re not married!”

“Honey, I can wait for you,” Dan promised. “You’re the greatest! Where’s your apartment?”

“On Queen’s Bluff, near St. Austin’s church.”

“Hey, that’s convenient; I live on Queen’s Bluff too. OK, give me your address, and I’ll be over there right after work.”

Veronica was a good cook, Dan thought, though her food was somewhat different from what he was used to. Veronica was a vegetarian, and she served a main dish that was heavy on cheese, eggs, and potatoes, plus a light salad and a glass of white wine. A little sherbet served as their dessert. Right after that, in Dan’s view, it was time for the *real* main dish of the evening—the beautiful little shemale who loved him and was going to marry him.

“Veronica, honey, that was terrific,” Dan said. “And now—well, now that we’re engaged, you promised me a kiss. Is that promise still good?”

“Oh, yes!” Veronica said with a big, sweet smile. “Would you like to sit with me on the love seat?”

“You bet!” Dan eagerly agreed.

They sat down very close together on Veronica’s little love seat. Dan put his arm around Veronica, and she drew even closer to him. “Oh, Dan, I’m so glad



you want to marry me!” Veronica murmured. “I love you so much!”

She closed her eyes and raised her lips to his. Dan kissed her gently at first, then more fervently, full on the mouth. His tongue began to dart between her lips, and she did not exclude him. Soon her tongue was responding to his, and the kiss went on and on.

Dan wondered if she would let him touch her breast through her clothes. There was only one way to find out. Gently he caressed her face, then slipped his hand down to her little breast. She did not resist him, and he could feel her kissing him even more passionately when he squeezed her breast.

Then Veronica did something that Dan would never have thought a virgin like her would do. “Dan, do you want to pet me down here?” she asked, pulling his hand down from her breast toward her waistband. “We can do just a *little* bit of heavy petting, now that we’re engaged.”

“Veronica, baby, are you sure that’s not going too far?” Dan cried in disbelief—but he couldn’t wait for an answer. Before the words were fully out of his mouth, he was reaching down inside her skirt, inside her panties, to feel her beautiful, hard little cock—her “cockette,” as Dan had to think of it, for it was so short, surely no more than three inches or so.

“I’m sure,” Veronica said. “Please kiss me and pet me. Just don’t try to go all the way yet.”

Dan lovingly obliged her with more tongue-thrusts, while he rubbed and squeezed her cockette inside her panties—especially her bulb, which was surprisingly big for the head of such a short cock. He could feel his hand getting moist from Veronica’s pre-ejaculation fluid while he stroked her

bulb. She was going to spring a gusher in his bare hand if he didn't grab some tissues and shove them down into her panties at once.

This he did, barely in time. Almost at once Veronica's hips were pumping and she was trembling all over, she was clutching Dan frantically, and she was soaking the tissues and his hand with her semen. "Oh, Dan!" she murmured when her climax was done. "You—you won't think I'm a bad girl for this, will you?"

"No way! You're a good girl—you're *my* good girl!" Dan assured her. "But—oh, Veronica, honey, would you pet me too?" He was not far from climax, though Veronica had not yet touched his cock.

"Yes. Give me some tissues," Veronica said.

Dan grabbed some tissues and gave them to Veronica. She tried to put her hand inside his pants, but it wouldn't fit.

"It's got to come out," Dan said, unzipping his pants. His dark, mighty cock emerged, nine inches long, with a bulb as big as a nectarine.

"Oh, my, it's so big!" Veronica exclaimed. Shyly she put her hand with the tissues on Dan's bulb; then she started to stroke his long, thick shaft with her other hand.

"Oh, baby! Yes! Stroke me! Pet me!" Dan moaned. *Veronica, honey, blow me!* he wanted to say—but he forced himself not to say it. He was pretty sure Veronica would think blowing was going all the way, and he wasn't going to take any risk of offending her. They would go all the way soon enough, when they were married.