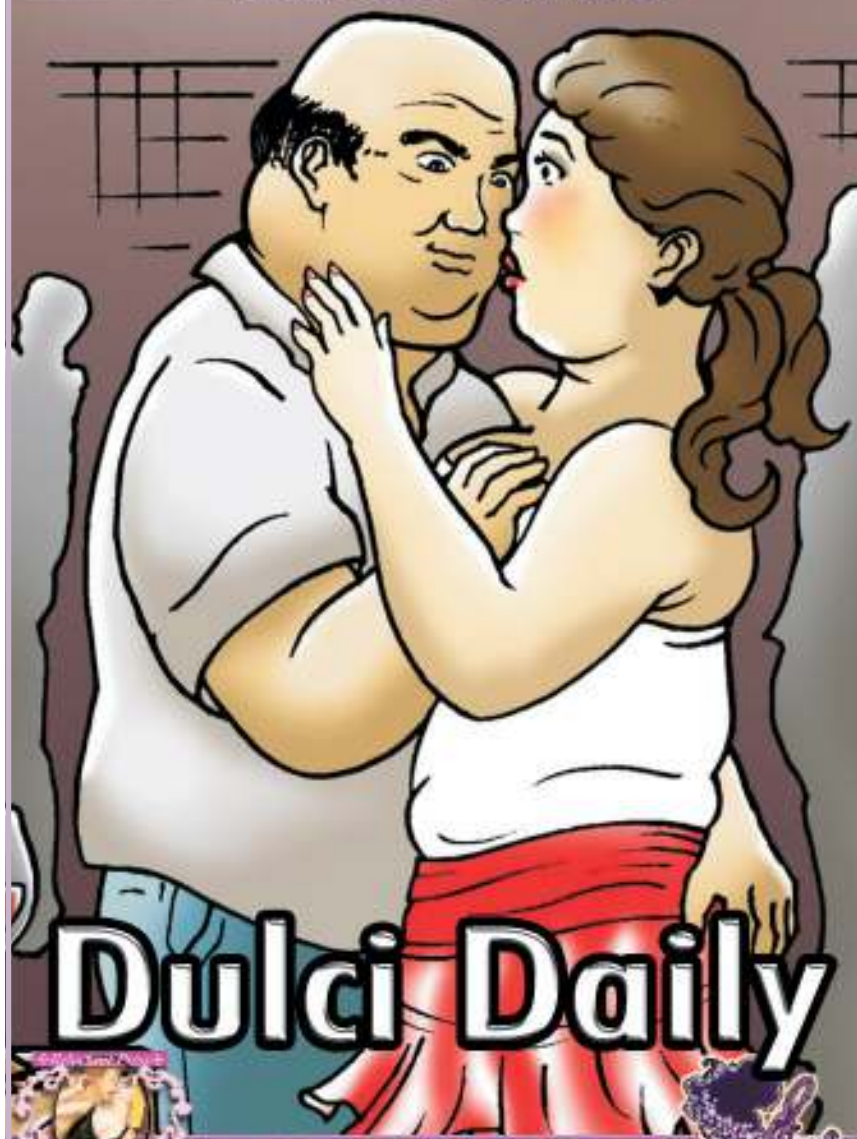


Beauty Bare in Hiding

And other stories...



Dulci Daily

A "Spectrum TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Beauty Bare in Hiding

and Other Stories

by Dulci Daily

Beauty Bare in Hiding

“Hi, Bob, how’s it going?” Tim Broadbeame said to his co-worker, Bob Beelyhames, when they met one Friday morning in the kitchen area in the Magnum Supreme Corporation’s legal department, where they both worked. Both were wearing the requisite men’s dress shirts, trousers, and ties. As always, Tim’s shirt was loose enough, and his T-shirt tight enough, that no one—or hardly anyone—could glimpse his breasts beneath them. From an early age, Tim had been the embarrassed—but secretly excited—possessor of a beautiful pair of girlish-looking breasts, not huge but finely formed, with pointy, excitable nipples.

“It’s going pretty well, all things considered,” Bob replied with a shy, awkward-looking smile. His bulging eyes, beneath his balding forehead, were fixed on

Tim. Tim was pretty sure that Bob was gay, and that he found Tim attractive.

Tim felt a twinge of pity for Bob, but he didn't want to lead him on to hope for a gay relationship. True, Tim had indulged in gay sex many times, but only in the form of one-night stands at Club Swank Wank. Tim's heart, deep in hiding, felt bittersweet yearnings for love from time to time—but his mind and will demanded independence, and that was what he got.

Bob's big eyes were darting around, as if he wondered whether anyone would hear what he was about to say. "Hey, I was wondering," he then said softly, "would you have any interest in, uh, going somewhere and doing something after work sometime?"

Tim gulped. This was it. Bob was attracted to him, and letting him know it. Worse yet, Tim was starting to get an erection from the knowledge that Bob was attracted to him, as if his penis were in league with Bob—and with Tim's heart—against his mind and will. He didn't want to snub Bob—he actually thought Bob was a nice guy, and liked him—but what *did* he want to do?

"Uh, maybe sometime," Tim said noncommittally. "Like, what were you thinking of?"

"Oh, maybe dinner and—uh—dancing."

Tim's eyes darted to Bob's trousers. Bob's penis evidently wasn't as big as Tim's six-incher, but it was making them bulge in front.

"Well, I'm a pretty poor dancer," Tim admitted. "And—uh—I'll have to think about that for a while. I'll let you know. OK?"

"Sure, that's OK," Bob said. "I guess maybe it was a—a surprise when I asked you. I'm glad you're even—uh—willing to consider it." Tim could see beads of sweat on Bob's brow.

"Hey, no problem," Tim said.

“Would you like my phone number,” Bob asked, “in case you—uh—decide you’d like to go somewhere and do something?”

“Uh, sure, I’ll take it,” Tim said. Bob quickly gave him his number.

“Thanks,” Tim said. “Hey, I—uh—I appreciate that. I probably will—uh—give you a call sometime.” He hardly knew why he said it; he guessed it was because his penis was begging him to—and maybe his heart was secretly joining in. Tim hadn’t had sex or masturbated for several days, and knew he was going to reach the bursting point pretty soon. Sex with Bob, he even began to think, might not be such a bad idea after all.

Bob’s eyes opened wide. “Oh, that would be great!” he exclaimed. “I’m really looking forward to it!” Bob’s eyes darted down to Tim’s trousers. Tim’s ungovernable erection had no shame; it was sticking way out right in front of Bob, barely concealed by the trousers.

Tim gulped. “So am I,” he said. “I think I’ll give you a call—uh—pretty soon.”

I’m going to do it, Tim thought. Bob’s a nice guy. I like him—and I sure do need sex!

After work, while walking up to his downtown apartment near the “Big Black Block” (the Magnum Supreme Building), Tim stopped by the nearly Rip’s Hits cannabis store to obtain a joint. He never got more than one at a time, lest he become an abuser rather than an occasional user. When he did get one, and then drank some strong tea, he often found himself putting on a wig and women’s clothes, going to Club Swank Wank, and being transformed into Tina, his feminine alter ego.

It was happening. He entered his apartment, smoked the joint, and drank some tea. Soon he was ascending into visions of feminine loveliness—and of revealing that loveliness to Bob.

He removed his tie and shirt; then he pulled off his undershirt, revealing his bare beauties. Even before he removed his men's trousers, he grabbed his white tube top and pulled it on, beginning his transformation into Tina.

The tube top barely covered Tina's nipples, revealing generous portions of her breasts above. After putting it on, she placed her dark, curly shoulder-length wig on her head, becoming totally Tina above the waist, while still Tim below.

That changed almost at once. Tina pulled off her men's trousers and boxer shorts, revealing her erect penis—known as her big clitoris when she was Tina. Then she put on a pair of white Patti's Puffies panties, followed by her very short, ruffly red-and-white miniskirt. A pair of white ladies' sandals completed her transformation.

Looking at herself in the mirror, Tina could see that she was hot—really hot. Generous portions of her delectable cleavage were on view above her tube top. Her miniskirt was bulging way out in front, in an unfeminine but highly erotic manner. Her big brown eyes and her small but full red lips looked totally feminine, and totally eager for sex.

Tina took a deep breath. She was going to call Bob. She liked Bob, Bob would be pleased or even thrilled, and Tina would be glad to please him. The cannabis smoke had wafted away all her reluctance.

She did call Bob. Bob quickly answered, "Hello?"

"Hi, Bob," Tina said. "This is—uh—Tim. Hey, I was wondering—maybe we could go out this evening for dinner and, uh, dancing. How does Oldio-Goodio sound?"

“Wow! It sounds great!” Bob exclaimed. “Would you like me to pick you up?”

“Yes, please do *pick me up*,” Tina said with saucy emphasis, knowing full well that she would seem to be asking him to pick her up for sex—which, in truth, she was. “I’m at 169 South Ragnarsson. Call when you get here and I’ll come down.”

“I’m on Queen’s Bluff,” Bob said. “I’ll be there in half an hour or less. Hey, thanks a lot, Tim!”

Less than half an hour later, Bob called and Tina descended to meet him. Bob’s eyes bulged to the maximum when he recognized the hot babe smiling at him and entering his car, a shiny blue late-model Infiniti. “Wow, Tim, is that really you?” Bob exclaimed.

“Yes, it’s me,” Tina said. “And you can call me Tina.”

“Uh, OK, Tina!” Bob said.

It didn’t take long to get to the Oldio-Goodio Restaurant and Dance Hall, on North Arthur Boulevard between downtown and Rutland Ridge. Soon Tina and Bob had obtained their food from the cafeteria-style service area, and were facing each other across a small round table near the dance floor.

“Uh, well, Tina!” Bob said. “I never dreamed you were, uh, secretly like *this!* Have you been a—a cross-dresser for very long?” His eyes were darting at high speed between Tina’s face and her breasts.

“Well, yes,” Tina said. “Since I was 12. There was a—a boy named Charlie who I liked, and he told me he thought I needed a bra. So he got one of his sister’s bras for me, and I put it on.”

“Wow,” Bob said. “Uh—did it fit you?”

“Pretty well,” Tina said. “His sister’s breasts were about the same size as mine when I was 12. I’ve had, uh, gynecomastia for quite a while; my breasts

started growing when I was about 10, even before I—uh—crashed into puberty. I still remember how it got me excited to see them and touch them back then.”

“I can believe it! They’re beautiful!” Bob said with unabashed admiration. “So did you—uh—do anything with Charlie, like play girlfriend for him or anything, after you put the bra on?”

“Um, yes, we were making out,” Tina said. “He unhooked the bra and he was about to take it off—but then his mom caught us! I was terrifically embarrassed, and that was the end of *that*, because his parents were pretty strict and they wouldn’t let him do anything with me after that.”

“But you were m—making out with a boy when you were only 12 years old? You were already going gay at that young age? That’s really exciting!” Bob said. “I didn’t go gay until I was almost 17. Before that, I was trying to get somewhere with girls, but I couldn’t. Then a boy was attracted to me, and I got excited, and—well, the rest is history. I’m 39 now, and I’ve been going gay for over 22 years.”

“I’m 28,” said Tina. “Except for Charlie that time, I didn’t really do anything with boys or men until I was 18—although I *pretended* I was doing plenty of things. Then, when I was 18, I started dressing as a woman and going to Club Swank Wank. I guess I’ve done it quite a few times over the last 10 years.”

“Oh, so you’re a Wanker, not an Actor!” Bob said. As all gays in Greater Pacific Heights were aware, a “Wanker” favored Club Swank Wank, where butt-fucking was not permitted; an “Actor” favored the Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center, where it was permitted.

“Definitely,” Tina said.

“Me too,” Bob said. He shyly smiled. “But I’ve never before wanked with a—a *woman!*” His gaze made it



perfectly clear that he regarded Tina as a beautiful woman.

“Well, I bet you will before too long,” Tina said. All shyness and reluctance had vanished in the cloud of cannabis that now enveloped her.

Soon they had finished their dinner. “Shall we dance?” Bob eagerly asked.

“Oh, yes!” Tina responded. “As long as it’s a really slow dance like this one, I’ll know just what to do!”

They walked onto the dance floor. At once their loins were locked together. Tina could feel Bob’s short erection pressing hard against her through her skirt and panties, and she was sure he could feel her longer one too. Bob was shamelessly gripping Tina’s big, womanly butt as they danced. Then, even more shamelessly, he reached up to caress her breast through her tube top.

Tina laughed, her eyes and mouth open wide in surprise and delight. “Bob! You’re too bold!” she cried. “What are you doing? Right here in front of everyone?”

“I’m stroking your breast,” Bob accurately replied, matching his actions to his words. “You’re too beautiful to resist.”

“Bob, you’re getting me too excited!” Tina protested. “We’re going to need a room!”

“Yes, we are,” Bob readily agreed. “I can’t wait. Let’s go.”

The Oldio-Goodio Restaurant and Dance Hall, though it was a respectable establishment and *not* a sex club like Club Swank Wank or the Sex Act Center, did display a realistic understanding that its customers might sometimes wish to enter neat, clean little rooms for copulation. Bob quickly paid for one; he and Tina entered it. Once inside, they wasted no time.

Tina's lips met Bob's, and their tongues caressed each other. Bob's hand was on Tina's breast again almost at once, through her tube top at first; then he pushed the tube top down and squeezed her bare breast. Bob was incredibly excited, gasping with desire. Tina slipped her hand into his pants. His penis was thin and not more than about four inches long, but it was totally hard.

Bob reciprocated, slipping his hand inside Tina's panties beneath her miniskirt to caress her erect six-inch clitoris. "Oh, God, oh, *God!* What beauty!" Bob moaned. "Tina, please let me blow you!"

Without waiting for Tina to speak, Bob knelt before her, pushed her miniskirt up, and pulled her panties down just far enough to let her erection peek out. His mouth was on it at once. Obviously a skilled and experienced blowman, Bob knew just how to suck and lick Tina for maximum erotic effect. Soon her mouth was wide open, her hips were quaking, her semen was flooding Bob's mouth, and she was crying out: "Oh, oh, *ohhh!* Bob, you're the greatest! *Thank you!!!*"

Almost as soon as her orgasm had ended, Tina knelt before Bob. "My turn," she said, pulling his pants down as she spoke. She placed her mouth on Bob's short, thin penis and engulfed it. Bob clutched her head hard, almost dislodging her wig, and pumped his lean hips fast. As Tina felt his semen entering her mouth, Bob moaned, "Tina, Tina, you're so good to me! I love you! *I love you!!!*"

Tina almost choked when Bob said he loved her. This was exactly what she had *not* wanted to happen, when her independent mind and will were in full control—and yet now it had happened. Worse yet, Tina was even feeling tender sentiments toward Bob, who was so hungry for love. Was she going to be trapped in a gay relationship after all? Or might a gay relationship, incredibly, not be a trap at all?

She kept her mouth on Bob's penis until it was almost limp. Incredibly, she wasn't feeling an urge to get up and go, as she almost always had after ran-

dom sex at Club Swank Want—at least not yet. She was even feeling as if she might want sex with Bob again—and yet again. She could not say the words “I love you”—at least not yet—but she seemed to feel them beginning to form themselves deep in her heart, her lonely yearning heart.

“Bob, thank you so much,” Tina brought herself to say when she could speak. “That was—that was wonderful.”

“Any time,” Bob said earnestly. “I mean that.”

Tina was totally carried away. “*Any* time?” she asked. “You mean like right now? Would you like to shower together?”

“Wow, you bet!” Bob agreed.

They rose and walked hand in hand to the tiny bathroom adjacent to the copulation room. They kissed and stripped each other. Bob’s hands felt so good on Tina’s breasts, and then on her butt when he pulled her miniskirt and her panties down, that she envisioned making love with him—yes, making love, not just having sex—again and again.

Both of them already had erections again when they entered the shower. Each of them washed the other’s erection until it was very clean indeed. Then Bob pressed Tina’s erect big clitoris downward, trying to press it between her thighs.

“Please hide it,” Bob begged. “Pretend you’re—you’re really a girl.”

Tina eagerly complied, though it was difficult because her big clitoris was so hard. This was what she had done the first time she ever ejaculated, when she was not yet 12 years old. She still remembered her extreme excitement when she had been caressing her breasts in the shower at home with her erection hidden between her legs, and her hips had been moving rhythmically, faster and faster, and then she was overwhelmed by a flood of feeling while she felt some-

thing spurting out of her backward-turned erection beneath her butt, again and again, while she gripped her breasts in ecstasy.

Now her erection was hidden again, just as it had been back then, but no male had been with her back then. Now Bob was clutching her butt and kissing her nipples, first one and then the other, and moaning with delight.

“Come into me,” Tina begged. “Please.” She grasped Bob’s erection and pressed her delta against it, opening her legs just enough to let him enter her between her backward-turned erection and her thigh. “Oh, God, yes!” Bob cried when he was in her. “Tina, Tina! You’re the woman for me! My woman, my beauty, my baby, my love!”

Seldom had Tina ever had two orgasms in a row, but she knew she was going to have another one very soon. Bob was plunging her manfully, gripping her butt and murmuring endless expressions of love. Her hips and Bob’s, joined in most intimate union, trembled together in beauty, ascending to climax together. Soon their mighty spurts of semen were joined, entering the water together beneath Tina’s butt, and Tina was fast losing her heart completely to Bob.

At work the following week, Tina (in her usual disguise as Tim) tried to pretend nothing was different whenever she and Bob happened to meet. So far as anyone could tell, she hoped, she and Bob were just two regular guys doing their regular jobs. They did happen to eat lunch together in the employees’ cafeteria, but that was just because they were friends, nothing more.

This pretense went on for most of the week. Then, on Thursday at lunch, Bob made a suggestion that Tina, despite her shyness and reluctance to be

known as gay or effeminate, found too exciting—and too obviously pleasing to Bob—to resist.

“Hey, Tina,” Bob said softly. “You know, the office is having a casual-dress day tomorrow. Well, I was wondering—you know, they don’t want to see any tube tops or ultra-short miniskirts, or anything like *that*—but I was wondering if you might, uh, like to wear some casual *girls’* clothes.”

Tina gulped. She was embarrassed at the thought, but she was quickly getting an erection too. “Uh—would you really like me to?” she asked.

“I sure would,” Bob said. “I think you’d look terrifically cute.”

I’d look like your terrifically cute girlfriend! Everyone would know! Tina thought at once. Would that be such a bad thing after all? Or might it even, beyond belief, be a *good* thing?

“Uh—you wouldn’t mind if people thought I was your girlfriend?” she asked.

“I’d love it,” Bob said. “I’d be proud to have everyone know you’re my girlfriend.”

“Oh, Bob! I’d get too excited!” Tina protested. “I’d get a big bulge in my skirt in front of everyone! Then I’d be *terribly* embarrassed! I mean—getting one at the *office* is *not* like getting one at Oldio-Goodio, or someplace like that!”

“You could wear a *joquette*,” Bob said. “You know, one of those things that are like jockstraps, only in feminine colors and fabrics. Then it wouldn’t stick way out even if you—uh, you did get a big bulge.”

“I guess I could,” Tina admitted. “And—well, I *am* your girlfriend, after all.” It was true. She smiled at him. “I guess there’s nothing wrong with people finding out.”

“That’s the spirit!” Bob said. “I’m really looking forward to this!”

Tina had never before worn a *joquette*, but she made a quick trip to Les Beaux Extraordinaires after work to obtain a pretty pink one. The rest of her casual girls' clothes, she decided, could be selected from her existing feminine wardrobe.

Next morning she had a big erection as she showered before work. She was so excited that she could hardly keep from ejaculating right there in the shower as she got her big clitoris very clean, but she forced herself to resist. She and Bob would have sex after work today, she was pretty sure, and she wanted to be near the bursting point when they did.

She dried herself off, put on her wig while still in the nude, and tied it into girlish twin ponytails. She put on her *joquette*; it firmly held her erection against her abdomen, keeping it from sticking out as it was strongly inclined to do. Her Patti's Puffies panties followed, and then her skimpy white back-hook bra, which she had to imagine Bob excitedly unhooking after work. After that, she put on her full flower-print skirt that came down to only a few inches above her knees, and her white ladies' sandals.

Last of all came her white, short-sleeved, scoop-neck top. It was a masterpiece, she thought. Like similar tops often worn by real women and deemed to be acceptable professional attire, it showed off just a little bit of her delectable cleavage—as if to say to men observing her, “Look! Here are my breasts! Yes, right here—but I’m too decent to let you see more than a tiny bit of them!” She knew, though, that if she happened to bend over in a certain way, her low-cut bra would permit a view of generous portions of her beautiful breasts, hitherto always hidden at work by her loose men’s shirts.

She left her apartment building and walked down to work, swinging her broad, womanly hips as she walked. Everything was going to be perfectly normal, she tried to tell herself. *Of course* she was wearing

women's clothes to work on the casual-dress day. All in an ordinary day's work! Inside her *joquette*, though, her erection was strongly contradicting her protestations of ordinariness and normality.

She entered the Big Black Block. For a full few minutes, until she reached the corporate legal department's office suite, she maintained the pretense of normality. Then Amanda Grandbouche, the brashest, most loud-mouthed paralegal in the department, caught sight of her.

"Wow!" Amanda cried. "I can't believe this! Hey, Tim, you look totally cute! Everybody's got to see this!" She called out to a few of her fellow paralegals: "Hey, ladies! Check this out! Tim's wearing a wig and women's clothes!"

The ladies duly checked Tina out and made admiring, though possibly tongue-in-cheek, remarks. Tina tried to smile. As soon as she could, she was going to enter her office, turn on her computer, and get some real work done. First, though, she had to go to the kitchen area and make her usual cup of double-strength tea.

Amanda and the other ladies followed, evidently fascinated by Tim's transformation. A couple of other attorneys, male ones, were in the kitchen area drinking coffee. Their eyes bulged when they saw Tina, but at least one of them tried to keep up a pretense of normality too.

"Hey, uh, cool-looking casual clothes, Tim," said the younger of them, a short, sharp-eyed guy named Josh Earnstein.

"Very passable," said the elder, the stout, white-haired Rupert Barshee, with a smile of appreciation. "You've really got what it takes."

"Uh, thanks," Tina said, quickly making her tea. "I figured it would be OK to, uh, stand out from the crowd a bit for one day at least."

Barshee laughed. “Well, you’ve succeeded at *that!*” he said.

Tina carried her tea to her office and turned on her computer. Being an attorney, she had an actual office with a door, not just a cubicle as the paralegals had. It was customary, though, for the attorneys to leave their doors open unless they were in a conference or some such thing—so Tina noticed several more males ogling her within a few minutes after she sat down at the computer.

Soon she was working on her present assignment, a motion for summary judgment in an employment discrimination case. The plaintiff was a gay male cross-dresser like Tina, but had not been as consistently hard-working as Tina before getting fired. She (as Tina was careful to call the plaintiff in the motion) had been a machinist in the Magnum Supreme Screw Products Division, the oldest division of the company, and had actually been fired for being a “screw product” in the vulgar, non-mechanical sense of that expression. That is, she had been caught screwing with a man on the job in the supply room, when she should have been working.

Now, with the valuable assistance of the well-known greedy attorney Brandon Burnstiggs, the plaintiff was busily trying to filch from the deep pockets of Magnum Supreme Corporation by claiming employment discrimination on the basis of gender identity and sexual orientation. The case would be a sure loser if it ever went to trial, but Burnstiggs was hoping to grab some money in a settlement if he could survive summary judgment. Tina’s job was to make sure that didn’t happen.

By lunchtime, she thought, she was well on her way to making sure. She arose and sought out Bob to eat lunch with him. “Hey, ladies, look here!” Amanda called out as they walked to lunch together. “Tim’s Bob’s girlfriend! Isn’t that cute? Isn’t that *romantic?*” Tina tried to ignore her.

“Wow, Tina, you look great,” Bob said as they sat down for lunch. “Would you, uh, like to do something after work?”

“Yes,” Tina said softly, drawing close to him. “I’d like to go right up to my apartment and make love. Wouldn’t you?”

“Oh, God, yes!” Bob exclaimed. “Would I ever!”

So this was falling in love, Tina thought. She couldn’t deny that it was happening, suddenly but unmistakably. She had been reluctant even to think of it being allowed to happen—and yet, now that it was happening, she could hardly bear to imagine it *not* happening. Her heart, deep in hiding, had craved the beauty of love for many years, no matter how much she had ignored it, or even tried to smother its desires with loveless one-night stands. Now, as soon as the ignoring and smothering had stopped, she knew that her heart was totally ripe and ready for love.

I love you, Bob! her heart cried out within her. She would say the words when they were making love—yes, fully making love, not just having sex. Indeed, she thought, why wait until then? Softly, drawing very close to Bob, she said the words: “I love you, Bob!”

“Wow!” Bob gasped with delight. Softening his voice to match Tina’s, he responded most ardently: “Tina, I love you so much!”

Alas, the spell of the tender, romantic moment was soon broken. Tina heard a female voice behind her saying, “I bet you won’t! I dare you!” Then Amanda’s voice responded, “Will too!”

Amanda walked up to Bob and Tina’s table, and stood very close to Tina. “Hey, Tim,” she said, with a big, mischievous-looking smile on her face. “Can I ask you something?”

“Uh, I guess so,” Tina said.

“Are those real?” Amanda asked, pointing to Tina’s breasts. Then, without waiting for an answer, she slipped a finger into Tina’s cleavage, pulled the neckline of Tina’s top away from her breasts, pulled it farther with both hands, and stared at all she could see of Tina’s uncovered breasts—which was quite a lot, as Tina verified by looking down at them herself.

“They’re real!” Amanda cried. “Tim’s *got them!* Tim’s a real *shemale!* And he’s wearing such a cute little bra, that fits him so well!” Laughter broke out all around the lunchroom.

“Well, *thank* you, Amanda,” Tina said with unrestrained sarcasm. “Did anyone ever tell you you’re the rudest person in the universe?”

“Never!” Amanda retorted with a grin. “Did anyone ever tell you you’re the *cutest shemale* in the universe?”

“Never,” Tim said.

“Not until now!” Amanda said. “You are! Wow! You need to come to work dressed like this more often! And you need a girly name, too! What’s your girly name, Tim?”

Tina sighed. She guessed she couldn’t avoid disclosing it. “It’s Tina,” she said.

“Tina!” Amanda exclaimed! That’s *ultra-cute!* OK, Tina, that’s *you!*”

“Let’s get back to work, Bob,” Tina said abruptly. She rose from the table, and Bob rose with her. They weren’t done with their lunches, but they would finish them in their offices. Tina was too embarrassed by Amanda’s grotesque rudeness to remain—and too embarrassed, too, by the knowledge that Amanda had actually *excited* her by viewing her breasts, proclaiming to all that they were real, and calling Tina the cutest shemale in the universe.

As soon as Bob and Tina entered Tina's apartment after work, they were embracing and kissing. Their tongues plunged deep into each other's mouths; their loins were locked together, their erections caressing each other through their clothes, just as at Oldio-Goodio; Bob's hands were on Tina's big butt, gripping her with fervent desire. Then Bob slipped his hands up under Tina's top and unhooked her bra.

Tina gasped with the pleasure of vivid reminiscence and anticipation. This was where she had been forced to leave off when she was 12! This was what Charlie had just done—unhooked his sister's bra, which Tina was wearing—when Charlie's mom caught them and quashed their make-out session! Tina had been eager to let Charlie feel and kiss her breasts—and now Bob was really going to do it!

He really did it. Immediately after unhooking the bra, Bob reached up under Tina's top and her bra, and caressed her bare breast with ardor. "Oh, Bob, yes!" Tina cried. "I love you!"

"I love you, Tina," Bob responded. With her bra still dangling from her shoulders under her top, Bob spied Tina's bedroom and quickly escorted her into it. Then he stripped off her top and her bra, pressed her down onto the bed, and kissed her bare breasts with extreme desire. "Bob, yes, *yes!*" Tina cried again. "Oh, I love you so much!" This time Bob did not reply, for his mouth was stuck tightly to Tina's breast and he was licking her nipple to maximum arousal.

Tina did not wait for Bob to pull her panties down. She raised her knees, reached under her skirt, and stripped off her panties and her *joquette* in a single move. Then she pressed her erection down between her thighs and clasped it tightly with them, to play the woman for Bob below the waist as well as above.

When he had kissed her breasts for quite a while, Bob got up for a moment and fiercely stripped himself as fast as he could, while Tina pulled off her skirt. As soon as they were nude, Bob lay down on top of Tina, and they began to perform the Wanker Marriage Act.

Both being experienced Wankers, they knew well how this act was performed, for it was one of many Wanker acts illustrated in pictures on the walls of Club Swank Wank, and on the club's website too. As there was no butt-fucking at Club Swank Wank, Wankers needed a suitable substitute for the "gay marriage act" in which a gay "wife" lay on her back and a gay "husband" plunged her rectum while lying on top and facing her, like a man and a woman having intercourse face to face. In the Wanker Marriage Act, the "husband" wanked his wiener against the "wife's" tummy and squeezed her "big clitoris" between his thighs, while the "wife," lying on her back beneath him, raised her legs high or clasped the "husband" with them.

They were doing it with delight, Tina was clasping Bob tightly with her legs, and Bob was doing the job of a real man on Tina's tummy, just as if he were a husband plunging his wife. "Oh, Bob, I love you!" Tina cried. "I'm all yours! I love you! *I love you!!!*"

Bob was ejaculating frantically, getting his semen all over Tina's tummy. Tina was not far behind. Soon she was gushing between Bob's thighs, while jolt after jolt of extreme delight surged through her whole trembling body.

"Bob, that was so wonderful," Tina praised him, while his semen was still on her tummy and her big clitoris was still between his thighs.

"Oh, God, was it ever!" Bob agreed. "Say, I was wondering: Tina, do you think you might like to go out and visit my parents sometime? I mean, sometime *soon?*"

Tina gulped. She was in love with Bob now, all right—but going to meet his parents might well seem to suggest that they were going to get married! Was she really ready for that?

“Well,” she said, stalling for time, “are you really sure your parents would like me? I mean—if they knew everything about me?”

Bob sighed. “Well, no, I’m not *sure*,” he admitted. “But I—I hope they will. I mean—well, they’ve got to face reality. You’re the—the woman I’m in love with, and I hope they’ll accept that.”

Bob sounded as if he wasn’t at all sure that they *would* accept that. Still, Tina was in love with him indeed, and she could actually envision herself, with pleasure, getting married to him. It was worth a try, she thought.

“OK, Bob, I’d like that,” Tina found herself saying. “How soon do you mean? Like tomorrow?”

“Wow, yes!” Bob exclaimed. “Tomorrow would be great!”

The next day was Saturday, and Bob picked Tina up pretty early in his blue Infiniti. “Now, where are we going?” Tina asked. “Where do your parents live?” Even as she said it, she was thinking Bob’s parents would surely know she was really a male as soon as they heard her speak. Her looks were feminine, but she had not mastered the art of sounding like a woman. When she tried, all she got was a frightful-sounding falsetto.

“Seaview Grove,” Bob said. Everyone in Greater Pacific Heights knew that Seaview Grove was a pretty wealthy suburb—a far cry from Rutland Ridge, the notorious “white trash” area where Tina grew up as Tim, from which she had escaped to attend the U as an undergraduate and then a law student. The life of

a “brain” in Rutland Ridge was not a happy one, even if the “brain” didn’t have breasts. For a “brain” who *did* have breasts, it could be misery.

“Lucky you, I guess, growing up in a place like that,” Tina said.

“It wasn’t too bad in some ways,” Bob said. “My dad was pretty cool, and he still is. He’s retired now. But my mom wasn’t too pleased when she found out I was gay. She’s more or less gotten used to it by now, though.”

“I sure hope so,” Tina said. “My voice would give me away, even if my looks don’t.”

“Your looks sure don’t,” Bob assured her. Tina was pretty sure that was true. She was dressed like an old-fashioned good girl, in a loose-fitting gingham blouse (with a bra underneath, of course) and a dark blue knee-length skirt over her panties and her *joquette*. Just from looking at her, she was pretty sure no one could tell she wasn’t really a female.

“My mom will face reality, I hope,” Bob went on. “Her son has a beautiful girlfriend. She’s not going to look under the girlfriend’s skirt. The girlfriend’s voice may be a bit deep, but that’s a—a minor oddity that can be overlooked. I’m pretty sure she’ll see it that way, when she *thinks* about it.” Bob looked and sounded as if he wasn’t quite as sure as he claimed to be.

“I sure hope that’s right,” Tina repeated. She really wanted to marry Bob now, and it would be very good to have his parents’ approval.

After a fairly quick drive along scenic Seaview Boulevard, the Infiniti entered Seaview Grove and ascended to a hilltop overlooking the ocean. Bob’s parents’ house was pretty expensive-looking. Tina tried to be calm, dignified, and (above all) quiet as she entered it with Bob.