



Reluctant Press presents:

Hippie Girl

Dulcinea Daily



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Hippie Girl

by Dulcinea Daily

Chapter 1

“Hey, hippie - hey, hippie *girl!* Let’s see you swivel those hips and rub those tits!”

The guys in the shower room at Grant High School were laughing at me, at my little girlish breasts, and at my big girlish “swivel-hips” for the last time ever. There would be no more gym classes before graduation. Soon I would escape from the screwed-up, disgusting Class of '69 at Grant and begin a whole new life at “the U,” Pacific Heights University.

I looked around. The naked guys were a blur, because of the steam in the shower room, and because I didn’t have my glasses on. I decided I didn’t care what they thought of me now. Besides, most of them already thought I was a long-haired hippie queer.

I was starting to get an erection. I pressed it downward and back between my thick thighs, so the guys could see me looking like a naked girl with my big “clitoris” hidden between my legs. They started to laugh, hoot, and wolf-whistle. When I brought my arms down to cup my plump, pointy, most unacceptably girlish-looking breasts, the guys were roaring.

I heard Mr. Oliver, the gym teacher, shouting, “Hey, what’s going on here?” The guys held the line and didn’t let him get through to stop me. Fortunately Mr. Oliver was pretty short and so was I, so I don’t think he could see what was going on. I was pretty sure I wouldn’t get in trouble anyway. Any youthful indiscretions at this time of year would be put down to “senioritis,” “blowing off steam,” and whatnot. Some senior guys last year had done a lot worse than this, and they had still graduated.

Quickly I started to go about my usual shower business almost normally. My hair didn't need shampoo right now, but I drenched it until it fell almost straight and stuck to my back and shoulders. Still facing the guys, I lathered my face, my arms, my breasts, my loins, and especially my hidden clitoris.

"God damn it, I can't stand this any more! I need some *pussy!*" a guy proclaimed. I knew the voice at once. It was Stan Mountbeaton. Of all the guys in my gym class, he was the most persistent and most offensive teaser. "Hey, cutie-pie!" he would say. "Hey, gorgeous! You need a bra! You need some pretty pink panties on those swivel-hips! And how about a cute little miniskirt, and a see-through blouse? If a girl comes into the guys' shower room, she should take off some *girls'* clothes, not guys' clothes!" It went on and on like that. Now Stan was approaching me. I was afraid he might try to plunge my butt by force.

I turned to face him. Looking up, I glanced at his short black hair, his indistinct face, his body much taller than my own; then I glanced down at his loins. Even in the steamy blur, I could see that he had a hard on—a huge one. "Hold still," he demanded, facing me and gripping my buttocks. I complied, too afraid—and too excited—to do anything else.

"What's going on here?" Mr. Oliver again demanded to know.

"Fucking, that's what!" a guy I couldn't see cried out. "There's going to be some fucking!"

"*What?*" Mr. Oliver yelled. "That's got to stop!" Stan ignored him and started to press his long thin cock between my thighs. I shivered with delight when I felt it touch the base of my big hidden clitoris.

"You heard him, Mount-*bation,*" said Chris Stubbs, a huge football player who didn't like Stan. He grabbed Stan's shoulders and started to pull him away from me. "No fucking in the shower room. Let that hippie girl go." He started laughing, as if he thought it supremely funny to call me a hippie girl.

"Come on, I need some *pussy,*" said Stan, not letting me go. "If I see a cute naked girl in the guys' shower room, I'm going to do what I *need* to do."

"Bullshit," said Chris. "Let go of her." He didn't say, "*or I'll pound your face to a bloody pulp*"—but the words were almost audible anyway.

Stan seemed to consider his options, and to decide at once that fighting Chris wasn't a good one. "Have it your way," he said. "I can wait." After letting Chris pull him away from me, he evoked a lot of laughter and a lot of groans by saying, "Hey, hippie girl, how about a date after we get out of this fucked-up place?"

I couldn't speak. Of course I couldn't accept his offer, right in front of all the guys. That would be far worse than what I had just been doing, which the guys might accept as merely a funny, sexy joke. To accept would be disaster—and yet I was so excited, I wanted so much to accept, that I could not bring myself to refuse. In the end I got more laughs by simply telling the truth, with a frightened, astonished expression on my face: "I'm speechless!"

“That's more like it,” Chris said to Stan, grinning and sneering at once. “Wait until you're out of here, *queer!*”

Stan turned toward Chris and clenched his fists, as if willing to fight him after all. “Take that back,” he demanded. “Nobody calls me a queer and gets away with it.”

Lots of guys burst out laughing at this absurdity. I even started to laugh myself. Stan wasn't joking. He seriously insisted that no one should call him a queer, despite what he had been about to do!

Chris was laughing loudest of all. “Okay, have it your way,” he said when he could speak. “Wait until you're out of here—*straight man!*” The whole room roared at this. Other guys started shouting, “Straight man!” I could see that Stan was pissed, but he could do nothing. I almost felt sorry for him.

Mr. Oliver was finally allowed to get through and size up the situation. I discreetly allowed my wiener to escape from confinement, while turning away from Mr. Oliver and trying to hide it from him. It was starting to go down, and I hoped it would go down quickly. This was certainly not the time for orgasm. I must just grin and bear the pain of unfulfilled longing. Later—at home, after school or at bedtime—I would seek and find lonely, effeminate satisfaction, as I had done so often before.

* * * * *

“See you at graduation—at long last!” I said after school to Priscilla McLean, the only girl in the whole school who had ever been friendly to me. Even Priscilla would not go out with me, because I wasn't a Christian and her strict parents wouldn't approve of me. All other girls, it seemed, feared and loathed me because of my reputation as a queer—a reputation I didn't fully deserve, since I'd never had sex with a guy, or with anyone.

“Uh, yes,” said Priscilla. She didn't seem very happy.

“Hey, aren't you glad we're getting out of here?”

“Oh, I guess so, but—well, I'm not so glad I won't be seeing *you* so often.”

“What?” I literally couldn't believe my ears. My heart almost leaped out of its hiding place between my little breasts. I even started to get an erection again, as I sometimes did around Priscilla. I might be the only guy in school who found her attractive, but I found her *really* attractive. “Uh—hey, I'll miss seeing *you*, too, but—well, I figured, you didn't want to go on a date with me or anything.”

“It's not that I didn't *want to*,” she assured me. “My parents wouldn't let me. There's a big difference.” She wasn't looking at me. She sounded almost as if she was crying.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, almost gasping. “Uh—well, yeah, there sure is. A—a *really* big difference?”

“Yes,” she said. “A really big difference.” Now I was sure she was crying. Her face was turned straight away from me; I could see only her long, frizzy brown hair. I wanted to comfort her, but I was afraid.

“Well,” I said, “after you leave home, maybe we could get in touch. Are you going to the U after all?”

“Yes. My parents still want me to go to Stimson, but I'm not going there.” Priscilla had told me before about “Stimson”—the Bob Stimson Institute for Biblical Studies, a wretched-sounding fundamentalist institution.

“I told them I was an adult now,” Priscilla said, “and I was going to decide for myself where to go to college. They were horrified. They told me they weren't going to pay a cent for me to go to the U—but Mrs. Penniston helped me get some extra scholarship money to make up for it.” Good old Mrs. Penniston, I thought—the greatest of high-school counselors, always ready to help any students who needed to break free from their parents' restrictive grip.

“Well, cheer up, then,” I said, looking up at Priscilla—distinctly *up*, for she was six feet tall, nearly half a foot taller than I. “Maybe we can get together at the U.”

“If we can find each other among the nameless, faceless masses.” She gave a short, faint little laugh, but she still didn't look at me.

“We'll find each other. I promise,” I said to her. She glanced at me. I could see her tears.

“I hope so, Dan,” she said, though she didn't sound hopeful. “We'll see.”

“Well, see you at graduation, anyway,” I assured her. She was already walking away.

* * * * *

After school I rode my bike uphill to Queen's Arms, the big, aging, elegantly restored apartment building I called home. I rode the elevator up to the sixth floor and let myself into our apartment. No one else was home; my mom and dad were at work, and I was an only child. Already Priscilla had almost vanished from my mind.

Now I could fully relax, with no pressure yet to do homework, and no prying eyes to see what I was doing. When I was cool and dry after the bike ride, I selected some of Mom's excellent clothes and wore them in full freedom—no longer as the lonely, boring Dan Robursson, but as the cute, sweet, feminine *Danielle Rayborn*.

Tops on my feminine agenda was a pretty bra. Mom had some really good, lacy, low-cut bras, and I was incredibly lucky that they fit me—except I needed to stuff a couple of handkerchiefs in each cup, of course. Her panties didn't fit me so well; my hips were pretty broad for a boy's, but hers were even broader, and the panties slipped pretty far down—but at least they stayed on. A short, elegant, thin-strapped slip completed my picture of feminine sexiness. I didn't put on a blouse

or skirt, much less a pair of Mom's stylish pants; those could only decrease my loveliness, not increase it further.

I brushed my hair until it shone; then I gazed upon my beauty in the mirror. I was pretty sure I wouldn't get sucked into the mirror, like Narcissus getting sucked down into his own reflection in the pond—but sometimes I wasn't *entirely* sure. I literally loved to look at myself that much.

My wavy light-brown hair was my crowning glory. I was extremely lucky, I thought, that my liberal-minded parents didn't care how long it was—plenty long enough to be a beautiful girl's hair. I loved to feel it lightly caressing my shoulders as I turned to view myself in different ways.

My bright blue eyes, complete with long girlish lashes, were glorious too, I thought—pure and simple, clear and moist, shining with the joy of peace and love despite my loneliness. They were the eyes of a true hippie girl, I fancied—not a drug-crazed, promiscuous slut, as hippie girls were wrongly thought to be, but a girl of cosmic wisdom and unfathomable bliss, free from every artificial restriction. When I went to the U, I wondered, would I dare to dress as the hippie girl I was, to reveal my innermost being and consciousness?

My eyes dropped down from viewing themselves to viewing my lips—small but full and deep hot pink, almost as if I had been born with lipstick on—and then to viewing my body beautiful. It was the body of quite a chubby girl, but of a most feminine boy. Authentic hippie girls didn't wear bras, of course, but surely they would have worn them if bras had been nearly as exciting to them as they were to me! My twin pairs of thin straps, my delicate low-cut lace, my bare well-molded cleavage undefiled by any manly hair, my gently bulging bosom-cups beneath my thin silky slip, making me look exactly like a real girl wearing a small-sized bra—all made my hidden “clitoris” big and hard.

So entranced was I with my girlish looks, I didn't even hear my mom coming into the apartment, and then into the bedroom. The first thing I knew, she was gasping—and trying to keep from letting me hear her gasp.

I didn't want to turn around. Mom was fairly liberal-minded, all right—but I was afraid she wasn't liberal-minded enough for *this*. Besides, she wasn't supposed to be here this early. Maybe, I vainly imagined, she would just turn around and go away if I didn't move.

For a long, painful moment there was silence. At last Mom ended it. “Dan?” she said. I could hear her voice trembling. I shuddered, unable to kill my idiotic shame and fear.

“Yeah?” I asked, not turning around.

“Uh—I got off early from work,” she said, as if that were not obvious. “Jack decided he was caught up enough to go play golf, and he told me to go—enjoy myself.” Jack Melton was the president of the local TV station Mom worked for; she was his executive secretary. Everyone at the station was supposed to call him Jack, even the janitor.

“Um—so, why did you come home instead?” I asked, hoping I wasn't sounding too snotty but fearing I was.

Bad move—Mom seemed to think I was. “Well, since you asked,” she said, “I was thinking I'd come home and *change my clothes*.”

Silence. There was nothing I could say. I still didn't turn around.

“So, do you mind if I change them?” she asked. “And, while we're on the subject of *changing clothes*—”

She stopped. I took a slow, deep breath. Her voice sounded ripe with the stench of sarcasm. I hoped she was going to calm down before saying more.

What happened next surprised me even more than her coming home too soon. She still didn't look at me or face me—but, from behind me, she waved some \$20 bills in my face.

“It really doesn't bother me if you want to, uh, dress like this,” she said, sounding too shaken to be believed. “You're an adult now, and you can do what you want. I can—well—but I want—I mean, I really think you should get your *own* clothes. I know you don't have a lot of money yet, and we're willing to help out with that—I mean, *I'm* willing, I really don't think you need to let your father know about this—but I think you should get your own, if you want them. I know Suite Elite is very tolerant of that sort of thing, and Movers and Shakers has some excellent deals, and they really don't care who buys what items. So please take this and go get yourself some clothes.” She was talking too fast. I could tell she had lied when she said it didn't bother her.

I counted the money—*two hundred dollars*. I knew my parents had money, but I hadn't expected Mom to throw it around like this.

“Uh—thanks, Mom,” I said. “Thanks a lot! I really appreciate this.”

“It's no problem at all,” Mom assured me, sounding too decisive. “You know I like to pay cash for things. I can just stop off at the bank and get some more. But—please wear your *own* clothes from now on. That's all I ask. Now, I'll just get out of here for a few minutes, and you can put those in the hamper, and then you can put your other clothes on and go get some of your own.” She walked away and shut the door too softly, as if to make it overly clear that she wasn't slamming it. I still hadn't even looked at her, and she hadn't seen my bright-red blushing face.

* * * * *

I didn't even make it to Suite Elite, a high-priced women's store, that afternoon. I went looking for deals at the excellent Movers and Shakers Thrift Shop, run by the Movers and Shakers of Greater Pacific Heights, a business and professional women's club that Mom belonged to. The biggest Movers and Shakers store in the city was right here on Queen's Bluff, and it had good deals galore.

Mom was right: nobody seemed to care whether I was getting women's clothes or not. I even saw another long-haired guy examining the women's clothes too. I

was pretty embarrassed anyway, in spite of everything—but not too embarrassed to fill two big shopping baskets with women's clothes I was pretty sure would fit me. From wearing Mom's clothes, and from taking my measurements carefully starting when I was only 12, I knew my sizes really well, and there were plenty of things in my sizes.

I stayed in the store for hours—at least two hours, anyway. By the time I left, I was pretty fully equipped: I had some really pretty, moderately well-fitting slips and bras, plus halter tops, low-cut tank tops, see-through blouses, opaque blouses, cutoffs and short-shorts, pink slacks, miniskirts, long skirts, knee-length skirts, hippie beads and headbands, sexy negligees, soft sweaters, and even a really nice, hardly used pair of hippie-style sandals. I eschewed all unfeminine, unisex crap such as bell-bottoms, fringy jackets, tie-dyed T-shirts, and so on. I knew authentic hippie girls wore that stuff, but I didn't care. Panties were about the only thing I wanted that I didn't have. I figured it would be better to get them new.

I jammed as much clothing as I could in my big backpack, and put the rest in two more or less balanced shopping bags, one on each handlebar. It wasn't easy to ride, but I made it home. Mom's eyes bulged when she saw how much I had. She said to put it away quick before Dad came home.

I had plenty of time, as it turned out. Dad often worked late at his law firm, and often came home pissed. Tonight, when he came home at last, he was pissed at some lawyers on the other side of a case; he said they were wasting his time so they could cheat their clients out of a lot of money for a lawsuit they knew was no good. Last night it had been a client who wanted *him* to waste other lawyers' time, so their clients would lose maximum money on lawsuits and have to settle their cases or go out of business.

I looked back and forth between Dad and Mom, as Dad talked about the lawyers he was pissed at and Mom supposedly listened. Dad looked like a modern version of a handsome Viking captain, with stylish hair but a big fierce-looking mustache and piercing blue eyes, looking intent on a chase. Mom looked like a nice, plump, moderately pretty, old-fashioned Irish housewife striving desperately to prove herself modern and sophisticated. I could see that Mom's eyes were glazed, but Dad didn't seem to care.

“I'll say one thing for the fucked-up '50s,” Dad was saying. Mom winced. She wasn't quite liberal-minded enough to like it when Dad used words like *fuck*. She winced pretty often, as if she was never quite going to get used to it.

“More of the lawyers back then were gentlemen, at least,” Dad said, “and some of them were actually *honest*. Now everything is money, money, money; cheat, cheat, cheat. I'm getting pretty damn sick of it.” Believe it or not, in spite of all his griping, Dad actually wanted me to follow in his footsteps and be a lawyer too. I didn't have any idea what I wanted to do for a living, but I already knew I didn't want to be a lawyer.

I excused myself from dinner as soon as I could. For a little while I skimmed some magazines; then I got ready for bed. Now, if I wished, I could put on something sexy, and experience the most delightful consequences.

I closed the door of my room and rummaged through my “new” used clothes. There were so many things, I could hardly find what I was looking for. At last I found it: a short red silky negligee, with thin straps and lots of lace all around the edges.

I had an erection, a hard, thick rock-cock with a great bulbous plum on the end, fully six and a half inches long. That final half-inch was important, because six inches was supposed to be the dividing line between a small penis and a big penis. Mine was a big penis—or a big clitoris.

Quickly I hid my erection between my legs, slipped on the negligee (which was slightly bigger than it needed to be), and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. The neckline was so low it barely covered my pointy little nipples. They were hard, and silently begging me to rub them. Eagerly I complied. Soon I stripped off the straps and pulled down the top of the negligee so I could rub them better. My hips were pumping on their own now; my thighs were rhythmically clutching my hidden, super-big, superheated clitoris; my nipples were throbbing with delight in my hands.

I lay face down on my bed. This was the best way. This was the way I had done it the very first time, when I was only 12, when I was afraid I was doing something abnormal and harmful, but I was too excited to stop. I pulled up my negligee to reveal my balls and my backward-pointing rock-cock, sticking way out beneath my big bare buttocks, soon to spring a gusher all over the backs of my thighs. I clasped my breasts again, curving my back so the bed wouldn't flatten them. Then I did the deed, trembling all over, thrusting my hips up and down, squeezing my great spurting clit between my legs as hard as I could, as if I was on top of Stan and he was fucking me from below. “Oh, Stan! Stan! Yes!” I whispered. “I want you! I need you! I love you!”

By the time I stopped pumping and squeezing and whispering, my thighs were covered with the sticky, oozing gush they knew so well. I was even rubbing them together to make them gushier. Stan had conquered me. Priscilla had vanished from my mind, at least for tonight.

* * * * *

“See you at the U, Priscilla!” I said, holding my diploma and wearing my blue cap and gown.

“Uh, yes, I hope so,” said Priscilla. She even *smiled* at me. I was delighted. From her, any little crumb of personal recognition was a treasure. This was more—a much bigger crumb, I hoped, of actual affection and liking. My heart was leaping again.

I looked up at her face, almost ignoring the big blue-and-white banner on the wall beyond: "CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '69." In her white cap and gown, with her hair emerging in billows from beneath the cap, Priscilla looked truly pretty—to me, at least. Few or no other guys would have agreed, but I didn't care. Her features were fine and regular: a big but feminine-looking oval face, strong dark gray eyes, a well-formed nose, and small but full lips that looked quite kissable.

The guys who thought her ugly would have focused on her notable excess of hair. She had the bushy eyebrows of a grizzled old Scotsman, and the hair was even worse farther down. Many dark hairs, short but unmistakably unfeminine, sprouted from her cheeks, her upper lip, and her chin. Her arms and legs, now pleasingly covered by her gown, were much too hairy for a girl, and Priscilla made no concession to fashion by shaving them.

Her figure was pretty odd, too. Below the waist it was fine—excellent, in fact—with broad hips, big firm buttocks, stout strong thighs, and thick but beautifully tapered calves. Above the waist, it was entirely different. Her torso was like a slender man's, almost the same diameter all the way down, and her breasts were barely bigger than my own. Her bra appeared to have very small cups, and yet they were caved in and wrinkly because they were too big for her tiny breasts. Refusing again to concede to fashion, she never wore padded bras.

None of this mattered to me. I had been attracted to her at first because she seemed to be as lonely as I was—and she really had been, before I came along. I had tried to befriend her because she was the most honest and straightforward girl I had ever met, and she did seem to appreciate my efforts, even though I wasn't a Christian. I only wished that *she* weren't one, or at least that she didn't demand that I be one before I could go out with her.

Her little smile grew slightly bigger as she saw that I couldn't, or wouldn't, take my eyes off her. "This cap and gown must really improve my looks," she said. Always before, she would have looked away after a second or two at most. Now her gray eyes were fixed on me, as if she were willing to let me know at last how hungry she was for a compliment on her looks—and for more than a mere compliment.

"Uh, you do look really nice in them," I said, "but—well, I think you always look really nice."

She must have been *starving* for such a compliment. Her eyes darted around, as if to see whether anyone was looking or listening. Fortunately, her parents weren't; they were over in the refreshment area. Then she gave me a *big* smile, one that showed her good white teeth, and her eyes were sparkling. "Why, thank you, Dan!" she said. "You're so sweet!" She had me blushing, and my heart was pounding.

I saw my opportunity. I had to seize it. "Hey," I asked, "as soon as we get to the U, would you mind if I asked you for a date again?"

Her eyes darted around again; then she spoke more softly. "I wouldn't mind at all," she said. "I'm looking forward to it!"

Chapter 2

These are the nameless, faceless masses, all right, I thought as I trudged toward the high-rise dormitory I would now live in. All around me were hundreds of students I didn't know, who weren't looking at me and didn't care about me. I hoped I could find Priscilla somehow, but first I needed to haul my big suitcases up to my room.

It would take me two long, slow trips from the huge student parking lot, a couple of blocks from the dorm. At least I hadn't had to make two trips from Queen's Bluff on the trolley bus. I didn't like cars much, but now I had one anyway, thanks to my summer job as a typist and file clerk in Dad's law firm—which made me surer than ever that I didn't want to be a lawyer. My car was an aging, light blue VW bug, perfect for a hippie girl—even a hippie girl in dull male attire, as I was now.

Why am I doing all this? I wondered as I set the heavy suitcases down and wiped my forehead—but I didn't wonder for long. I could have stayed with Mom and Dad and commuted to school, but I refused. *Kids* lived at home; I wasn't a kid any more. Besides, Mom was okay most of the time, but I honestly didn't like Dad that much at all, and I liked him less now than ever before. At the law firm, everyone seemed to know that one of his “lunchtime fitness routines” was screwing secretaries (not that he was the only lawyer who did that). Plus, he was getting pissed more often at Mom, not just at lawyers and clients. I was afraid a big blow-up was coming between Mom and Dad, and I didn't want to be around to see it.

I picked up the suitcases, walked into the dorm, and got my room key and number from the front desk. Soon I would meet my roommate, some arbitrarily selected guy I'd never met before and might not like any more than I liked Dad—but I had made my decision, and I wasn't turning back.

I opened the door. Two beds, two little study desks, two chairs, four walls, and very little else met my gaze. I was alone, but I knew my roommate had been here. The walls above one bed and one desk were covered with pictures of nude or semi-nude women.

When I had glanced at such pictures before in magazines, I hadn't been very interested. The women seemed to be made of plastic, too slick and glossy to be real flesh and blood. Some of these were like that, too, but some were not. Some looked like nice, sweet, friendly girls, who just happened to have too little clothing on.

My gaze was fixed on one of these—a red-haired, freckled, brown-eyed cutie with big bare breasts, who couldn't have been much older than I was—when I sensed that I was not alone. I turned around to see.

“Hey, what's going on?” my new roommate said with a grin. He looked like a nice enough guy; he could have been the red-haired cutie's brother. He was red-haired and freckled too, skinny and not a lot taller than me, with big, beautiful brown eyes that would have looked great on a girl. He wasn't a long-haired hippie, though; his hair was pretty short, even for a guy.

“I'm Chuck Lilleman,” he said, putting down a brown paper bag and shaking my hand. “I guess you're my new roommate.”

“I guess so,” I said. “Uh—Dan Robursson.” Of course I didn't dare call myself *Danielle*.

“Hey, I saw you checking out my ladies,” said Chuck. “You like these pictures?”

“Uh, yeah, some of them.”

“Well, I bet you'll love this!” He pulled a copy of *Pumphouse* magazine out of the bag. “The Girls of Pacific Heights U” was the title of the cover article. On the cover was a girl with sweet, kind-looking dark brown eyes, long fluffy brown hair like Priscilla's, small breasts (though not as small as Priscilla's), and fair hairless skin like mine. She was holding pompoms and wore a short cheerleader skirt, but she was bare above the waist.

I got an erection almost at once. “Wow!” I said. “It looks really good!”

“I just got it,” he said. “I haven't even looked inside yet, but I'm going to look right now! All the beauties in this cover article are right here at the U, or at least they were last year! You want to check it out?”

“Yeah!” I said most sincerely.

We checked it out. I was astounded. Very few of these women were made of plastic. From the pages of *Pumphouse*, sweet-faced, neighborly beauties of all races and many styles invited men to gaze on them and masturbate. One of them, above all others, gripped my eyes: a lovely, slender hippie-like girl with great blue eyes, delicate freckles, and wavy golden-red hair, wearing a flowered headband, beaded necklaces, a see-through blouse that clearly displayed her tiny breasts and pointy pink nipples, and a long purple tie-dyed skirt that she was pulling down to reveal her bare mound of Venus. Chuck liked it too, but in the end he dwelt upon the centerfold. This showed the same brown-eyed beauty who appeared on the cover; she was on her hands and knees, turning her smiling face toward the viewer. She was totally nude except for her cheerleader skirt, which was pushed up to reveal her fair bare buttocks. *Pumphouse* was not the kind of magazine that let you actually see the women's vulvas, but you could *almost* see hers.

“Man, I can't stand it any more,” said Chuck, his gaze fixed upon her. “I've got to beat off. You don't mind, do you?”

“Uh—no! Sure, I don't mind at all!” I assured him.

“Hey, that's great.” With no shame at all, he pulled a couple of handkerchiefs out of his pocket and dropped his pants and underwear. He had an erection, all right, but his was much shorter than mine—barely four inches long, if that—and much thinner, too. “A few of us guys in Millville, where I'm from, used to have a

little beat-off club. We'd get these magazines and use them for what they were made for. Sometimes we even used to help each other out—you know what I mean?" He grinned and winked at me.

"Uh—help each other out with the beating off?"

"You bet. You stroke mine, I stroke yours. Ever do anything like that?"

"Uh, well, no, but . . ." My eyes cried out to him: *I'd love to!*

"Want to give it a try? Are you up for it?"

"Wow! Um, well, I think I'd like to give it a try—I mean, I'd like to help *you* out, but I think you'd better not help *me* beat off right now. I mean, there's this girl . . ." I hoped I wouldn't need to say any more. I couldn't imagine that Priscilla would actually let me *do it* with her, but I wanted to stay fully sexed up in case I saw her soon, and in case anything happened. She had defied her parents to come her, after all; maybe she was breaking free from their grip in some other ways as well. Anyway, in hope that something might happen with Priscilla, I had abstained from beating off for more than a week now—longer than any other time in history, so far as I could recall. I didn't want to spoil it now.

"Hey, cool! Are you really going to *do it* with a girl?" Chuck looked at me with admiration. "I hope I'll get to do it here, too. I admit I never got to do it in Millville. All the girls there were either prudes or sluts; either they wouldn't do it with *me*, or I wouldn't do it with *them*."

"Hey, that's good that you don't like sluts," I said. "Neither do I."

"Now, a first-class babe like *this*"—Chuck displayed the centerfold—"that's a whole different story!"

"It sure is," I said. I glanced down at his erect penis. "Well, um, may I help you?"

"Wow! You bet!" He stepped toward me so I could grip him and beat him off.

I reached out with my left hand and shyly touched his erection; then I gripped it more firmly. Chuck began to pump his hips; I hardly had to move my hand at all. "Hey, better put on the handkerchief!" he said. I complied.

"Oh, baby," Chuck moaned. He held up the magazine between his face and mine. "Oh, baby, yes! That's what I need!" He was fucking my hand hard now. I was almost bursting with excitement. I wanted to play girlfriend for him and squeeze his hot wiener between my thighs, not just in my hand. Despite all my wishes to save myself for Priscilla, I almost told Chuck, "*Wait! Let me be your girlfriend! I'll pretend I'm a girl for you!*"

It was too late. Chuck was mounting up to climax. "Wow, baby, yes, *yes!*" he cried out, burying his face in the magazine, gripping the tops of the pages hard with both hands and pressing them to him as if the magazine itself were his long-lost lover. "Baby!" he cried. "Oh, God! I want you! I need you! I *love* you!"

He was thrusting so hard I had to grip his little cock with both hands to hold on. The hanky was wet and slippery with his gush. I had to force myself not to let him thrust between my thighs, pants on and all.

“Oh, man! Oh, baby! Oh, God!” Chuck moaned. “That was *terrific!*” He looked at me and melted my heart more than a bit with his big brown girl-eyes.

“I’m glad I could help,” I said demurely.

“Hey, if there’s ever anything I can help *you* with, be sure to let me know.”

“I will,” I assured him. “Um—in fact, if you wouldn’t mind helping me haul the rest of my luggage . . .”

“Hey, no problem. Just let me clean up a bit and put my pants back on.” He put the magazine down and did so. Soon we were in the parking lot, clearing out my car.

“Man, what have you got in these things?” he asked me as we hauled luggage back to the dorm. “They’re not that heavy, but they sure are big!”

“Uh—mostly just clothes and stuff.”

“Wow, you must have a lot of clothes. Pretty fancy dresser, huh?”

I laughed a bit. Chuck had trusted me to beat him off; I wondered if I could trust him to keep my secret. I feared I couldn’t, though. Beating off was *normal*; my secret wasn’t. “Oh, I don’t know how *fancy* they are,” I said. “I’ve just got a lot of them.”

“Why so many? Are they all just, you know, regular clothes?”

“Well, uh—” I had to tell him, and I *wanted* to tell him. Besides, he seemed pretty nosy; I was sure he’d find out sooner or later anyway. Still, I didn’t dare tell him—at least not quite yet.

“Yeah, just regular clothes,” I said. I wasn’t *lying*, I figured; they were all either regular guys’ or regular girls’ clothes.

“You’re *blushing*,” he said. “Come on, you can tell good old Chuck.”

I laughed. “You seem like a pretty nosy guy, good old Chuck,” I said. “I bet you’ll peek at my clothes as soon as my back is turned.”

Chuck laughed too. “You bet!” he said.

“Guess I’d better tell you, then.” I felt myself blushing more hotly. I stopped, looked at him, and asked him softly, “You can keep a secret, can’t you?”

“I sure can! You can bet I kept the old beat-off club in Millville a secret!” His eyes were fixed on me, and he was getting very close.

“Well, then—I’ve got some regular guys’ clothes, and some regular *girls’* clothes too.”

Chuck’s eyes bulged. “Wow!” he said. “Are you kidding? I mean, are you *bisexual*, or what?”

“Well, yeah, I think maybe I am.”

“Oh, God!” he burst out laughing, but then caught himself and looked around as if to see if he was being overheard. “Oh, man!” he said much more softly. “That’s too far out! Hey, Dan, I think you’re going to be a pretty fun roommate!”

I leaned close to him and whispered in his ear: “Call me Danielle!”

“Danielle!” he exclaimed with delight. “Oh, *yeah!* Hey, Danielle,” he whispered in *my* ear, “don’t get too tired out with that girlfriend of yours, okay?”

My heart was pounding insanely. I was so excited that, for a moment at least, I was afraid I might ejaculate in my pants. “I won’t!” I assured him. I hoped it was true.

* * * * *

As it turned out, I didn’t need to look Priscilla up. In my very first class at the U, a huge English 101 lecture with hundreds of students, she waved and called my name from high up in the big amphitheater. I recognized her hair, her height, and her overall shape, but her clothes were completely different.

“Hi, Priscilla!” I said as I approached her. I guessed I could believe my eyes, but it was really hard. In high school she had always worn high-necked blouses or tops, and at least knee-length skirts or, on occasion, long loose pants. Now she was wearing some pretty short blue shorts, a low-cut white tank top displaying her small but enticing cleavage, and no bra. Her breasts were tiny indeed, barely bigger than mine, but her nipples were noticeably bigger and more prominent than mine—as I could clearly see through her thin tank top.

“Hey, you look *great!*” I commended her. She smiled, shyly at first, but soon she was almost grinning.

“Thank you!” she said. “I thought I should get some new clothes that would fit in better with my new surroundings.”

I looked around. Actually most of the women students were wearing bras, so far as I could tell, but I didn’t point that out to Priscilla. “They fit in pretty well,” I said, “a lot better than your old ones would have!”

“You’re looking really nice too,” she said. “I used to think I’d like your hair better if it was shorter, but I like it just the way it is. I like your—uh—shirt, too.”

I didn’t tell her that my cream-colored “shirt” was really a see-through blouse. My years of silence and concealment had ended—forever, I hoped—on the last day of gym class. Now I was looking as girlish as I dared.

“Thanks,” I said. “Hey, you’re not still going to refuse to go out with me, are you?” I didn’t want to embarrass her by adding, “because I’m not a Christian.”

“Oh, I really don’t think so,” she said. “I’ve been, uh, thinking a lot of things over, and I’ve decided I’m going to do things a lot differently now.” She was silent for a moment; then she smiled again. “If you want to be sure, though,” she said, “I guess you’ll need to ask me out, and see if I refuse or not.”

I laughed. “How about this evening?” I asked her. “Where would you like to go?”

“Well,” she said, “I like Blessing’s Buffet. Maybe we could go to the one over on Queen’s Bluff. After that—well, I guess we might go for a drive somewhere, if you like. Do you have a car?”

“Yeah, but it’s only an old VW bug.”

“Oh, how cozy! I’d love to go!”

I could hardly believe my good fortune. Priscilla was not only going on a date with me, but she had practically begged me to drive her someplace where we could make out—if I understood her meaning correctly. She might even be thinking of Farquhar Park above Queen’s Bluff, one of the best-known parks for “parking” in Pacific Heights.

Something, surely, must have made Priscilla decide to become a whole lot different than she used to be. I wondered what it was. I hardly dared think the thought, but I even wondered if she might be in love with me, if she might have wanted to make herself as attractive to me as she could. If so, she had succeeded. To me, at least, Priscilla was now a vision of sexy loveliness.

I was really glad now that I’d stayed fully sexed up, and not discharged my built-up excitement with Chuck. I sure hadn’t pledged my *heart* to Chuck, either. My heart was fully available to Priscilla—and she could have it, if she wanted it, tonight.

* * * * *

“I was wondering about a lot of things for quite a while in high school, actually,” Priscilla told me as we ate from our well-laden plates at the clean, simple, wholesome-looking Blessing’s Buffet. “And I was wishing I dared to go out with you when you asked me, but I didn’t. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, that’s okay,” I said. “Better late than never, especially if late is *now*. Um—what kind of things were you wondering about?”

“Well, I was wondering if everything I’d been taught was really true. I mean, about the Bible and everything. I was getting so I wasn’t sure it was. I was taught that the Bible was like the owner’s manual to the universe; you just have to read it and follow the directions. I guess I started to think that wasn’t really true. There were too many things left out, and people couldn’t agree about what the real directions were, and some of the directions even sounded pretty bad when you thought about them. I just figured there must be a better way to decide how to live your life, although I wasn’t sure what it was.”

She looked at me and gave me a little smile full of promise. “And I have to admit,” she said, “I started thinking about it a lot more seriously when a non-Christian guy wanted to go out with me, and no Christian guys did!”

She leaned forward and moved her clasped hands toward me, as if she were praying to me to deliver her from her too-strict upbringing. I leaned forward too and looked into her guileless eyes, despite her breasts' strong claim on my attention. She was wearing a see-through blouse a lot like mine now, still with no bra. The dark twin peaks of her protruding nipples had gained a strong hold on my gaze, but still I sought to resist their relentless force.

I clasped my hands around hers. I felt her pull back a bit, as if strong habit held her in its grip, demanding that she flee from the touch of a man, but I felt her resisting the habit too. "Hey, I didn't know it meant that much to you," I said. "You were always so shy around me, I didn't even know if you liked me."

She withdrew one of her hands, put it around one of mine, and held me tight. "I'm sorry," she said. "I liked you a whole lot. You were the only guy who was really nice and friendly to me. I was so thrilled when you asked me for a date, I really almost dared to defy my parents and accept. They would have been horrified. To them, you would have been not only a non-Christian, but also a *long-haired hippie*. They would have thought you must have been involved in drugs and orgies and things like that."

Her eyes searched mine, as if begging me to tell her I hadn't really been involved in those things. "Well, I wasn't," I told her truthfully. "I've seen kids' brains turned to mush from using drugs, plus they're illegal. And, uh, even if anyone had ever invited me to an orgy, which they didn't, I don't think I would have gone."

"I didn't think so." She gave me a smile that made me think she'd surely fallen in love with me. "I thought you were way too nice, and too smart, to go for things like that."

I laughed a bit in embarrassment. I knew she really meant it. "Hey, I like that," I admitted. "I'll try not to let you down."

She gazed at me in honest admiration, as if she was sure I wouldn't. My heart was in her loving hands. Already, in secret, it was crying out to her: "Priscilla, I love you! You're so good to me! I'm yours forever! I'll *never* let you down, no matter what!"

* * * * *

The little air-cooled engine whined loudly as I tried, but failed, to make my old VW bug go fast up Queen's Boulevard toward Farquhar Park. My good fortune was holding so far. I had suggested Farquhar—because of its great views of the city lights downtown and on University Hill, of course, *not* because of its notoriety—and Priscilla had said it sounded lovely.

In due time, with all deliberate speed, we rounded the ascending curves and came to a stop in a quiet spot near the very top of the hill. The lights fulfilled their promise; Priscilla said she had never seen them so bright and beautiful before. I put my arm around her shoulder and we looked at them together. I felt her stiffen, but she put her arm around me and leaned closer to me as if to make up for it.

“I’m afraid I’m still pretty shy, Dan,” she told me. “I feel really awkward. I’ve never even let a guy touch me before—I mean, not that any other guys have even *tried* to touch me.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” I said. “I don’t have a lot of experience, uh, touching girls either. In fact, if you really want to know, I don’t have *any*.”

She laughed a little and leaned her head on my shoulder—not an easy feat, with her so tall and me so short. “Then we’re even!” she said. “That makes me feel better.” It made me feel better too. I reached over with my left hand and softly stroked her hair. She sighed, in what sounded quite like contentment.

I stroked her cheek too. She looked up at me. “I like that,” she said. “You’re so gentle.” After a pause, she asked, “Whatever got you interested in *me*?”

I gave a short laugh. “Is that surprising?” I asked her. “I thought you were nice, and smart, and pretty too.” It was true. I didn’t care about a bit of excess hair, and I didn’t demand that a girl have gigantic “bazzooms.”

“Funny, I thought I was ugly,” she said. “That seemed to be the consensus, anyway.”

“I don’t care about the consensus. I couldn’t take my eyes off you. I thought you were beautiful, and I still do.”

She raised her head and looked me full in the face. There wasn’t much light in the car. I couldn’t even see any excess hairs. At least in this light, she really *was* beautiful. I wondered if I should try to kiss her, but I didn’t want to stop looking at her.

“I thought you were really *honest*, too,” I added. “I would have liked you even if you *had* been ugly, because I knew I could count on you to be honest with me.”

“I wasn’t very honest about how much I liked you, and how thrilled I was that you seemed to like me too. I wish I had been.”

“Better late than never,” I said again, “especially if late is *now*.” I stroked her cheek again. Her lips were opening. The time was right. I kissed her. I heard her gasp and felt her almost shudder, but she held me tight and pressed her lips firmly to mine. Delicately I explored her lips with my tongue. She drew a sharp breath through her nose, but her tongue met mine in response. My tongue passed between her lips in triumph, and she did not draw back.

“Oh, Dan!” she murmured when our lips had parted at last. “Please—just don’t try to go all the way with me. I’m not ready for that, and I don’t think I’ll be ready for quite a while.”

“I won’t,” I promised her. “Besides, I don’t think it would be possible in this car.”

She gave a big sigh of relief. “Thank you,” she said. “My parents always warned me that, if I ever went out with a non-Christian guy, he’d try to make me lose my virginity—I mean, without waiting to marry me. I didn’t really think *you* would, but—well, I wanted to make sure we understood each other.”

“I hope we always will,” I said.

She sighed again and relaxed almost completely in my arms. I loved her; my heart was all hers. I actually felt like I wanted to marry her someday. I also wanted to touch her little breasts, tonight, without undue delay.

I stroked her hair again; then my left hand descended to caress her back. She breathed in calm contentment.

My hand began to make its advance, with only the silky film of her blouse between my skin and hers. First to the side of her waist it went; then, slowly and steadily, like my car going up into Farquhar Park but silently, it rose to meet her breast. I felt her tensing up, but she did not repel me.

She jerked and gasped again when my fingers touched the bottom of her breast, a distinct but diminutive hill arising from the flat expanse around it. Quickly now I moved my fingers up, and then my palm, to gain the summit of her distended nipple. Almost at once she gripped my hand with hers.

“Oh, Dan!” she whispered. “That feels so good—but please don’t do it for very long! I’m afraid I’ll get carried away!”

“No longer than you want me to,” I assured her. Gently I rubbed her nipple and squeezed her breast. We kissed again. She did not pull my hand away.

“I’m afraid I *am* getting carried away, Dan,” she murmured when our kiss had ended at last. “Please be kind to me; please don’t take advantage of me.” Even while she said the words, she was unbuttoning her blouse. “Please kiss me down here,” she said, indicating her breasts.

I eagerly complied. Both of her nipples in sequence welcomed my wet lips and tongue. As firm as my red-hot erector, they now seemed huge, almost dwarfing the cool white mounds from which they sprang. She clutched my head with both arms and pressed it tightly to her chest.

“Oh, *Dan!*” she cried. She was moaning now. “Please be gentle—be tender—be kind!” My left hand was on her waist, just above the elastic waistband of her pants. She reached down with her right hand and pushed it downward between the elastic and her skin, into her panties, down toward her womanly opening.

My hand didn’t know its way around down there at all. I groped around the hot wet flesh-folds of her virgin vulva, insanely pleased with my good fortune in getting so far, but clueless as to whether I might be touching her clitoris. At last she helped me find the spot, so tiny I could hardly believe that was it. It was, though; her clenched thighs, her quick-trembling hips, her clutching fingers, and her frantic moaning soon told me so. I knew then that, in secret defiance of her parents’ strictures, Priscilla’s own strong hand had explored this virgin wilderness before me, and had found the hidden treasure. I kissed her neck as she thrust herself into mighty orgasm with the help of my feeble hand.

Long afterward, it seemed, her quaking ceased at last and I withdrew my hand from her love-drenched panties. She held me tight and did not look at me. My gigantic plum was almost bursting with urgent need to gain belated release.

“Priscilla, please,” I begged her, “will you help me?” I pulled out a handkerchief, unzipped my pants, and let her see my desperate condition.

“Oh, my!” she exclaimed. She still did not look at my face. “That would be only fair, wouldn’t it?” I almost laughed at how extremely rational she sounded.

“Yes, please.” I took her hand and placed it on the handkerchief.

“You understand I’ve never done this before. I’m not sure I’ll be very good at it.”

“You’ll do fine.” I capped my plum with her hand; then I kissed her again on the mouth. She was pretty awkward about stroking me, but she attended most faithfully to her duty. Soon my own hips were quaking in orgasm, though not so wildly as hers had done. Even when her hand was drenched with gush along with the hanky, she did not let me go.

Priscilla loved me. There was no doubt about it. She was no fun-seeking slut, ready to cap a guy’s dick with her hand on call. Only for me would she ever have done such a thing, and she was doing it still; her hand was still clasping my sticky, gooey, diminishing wiener in love. I need only love her and wait for her. Sooner or later her womanly cave of bliss would replace her hand, and she would be all mine forever—if only I would be all *hers* forever.

Chapter 3

Almost at once, almost before I knew it, I was living a double life at the U. With Priscilla I was all man, or as nearly all man as a longhaired, pacifist, effeminate-looking “hippie” could be. She knew nothing, I was pretty sure, about my secret girlish pretensions. I was fairly honest with her, but not *that* honest. Every now and then we went on dates and made out to the maximum, but more often we were just calm, peaceful, loving friends together. We talked, we studied together, we held hands, we were an obvious campus couple, if anybody cared.

On Sundays we went to the quiet meetings of the Universal Peace Fellowship near the campus. It was a little like going to church, and Priscilla actually liked it for that. (She always wore a bra when we went there, I noticed, just as she surely would have done at church.) It wasn’t a *lot* like going to church, though, so I liked it too. People sat together in silence, and every now and then somebody got up and spoke about peace, or enlightenment, or something like that. After the meeting they had a social hour where we met some really nice people. It was a good break from school—and I hoped it would give me points as a conscientious objector, too, in case I ever lost my student deferment from the draft.

Priscilla was in love with me and wanted to marry me. She made it perfectly obvious; she was too honest to try to conceal it at all. Except that we didn’t go all the way, she was almost like a faithful, devoted wife to me by mid-November, when less than three months had elapsed since we came to the U. I cherished her

loving heart, and I would never have wanted to hurt her. When I was with her, I even sincerely wanted to marry her.

When I wasn't with Priscilla, though, my life was very different—shockingly different. I was Chuck's secret girlfriend too. I was dividing my sexy energies between Chuck and Priscilla. Now, less than three months after I had first beaten him off, Chuck was getting far more than his share. We hadn't done any buttfucking—Chuck didn't want it, and I really didn't either—and we hadn't even done any blowjobs. My hands and my thighs, though, had welcomed his hot little wiener many times.

We might have gone on like that all year, if Chuck hadn't asked me, one dreary mid-November evening, “Hey, how'd you like to go to a party dressed as a girl?”

“Uh—I don't know,” I said. I gave a nervous little laugh. “Not right *now*.” We were in Chuck's bed, and we had both just finished gushing between my thighs. I was still trying to squeeze Chuck's diminishing wiener with my legs, next to my likewise diminishing, hidden big clit.

Chuck laughed too, not nervously at all. “No, this weekend. A guy I know invited me, and asked me to bring a girl. Naturally I thought of *you*. The party's at his frat house.”

“Uh—let me think about it, okay? But this isn't really such a good time for me to think about it.”

Chuck laughed again. “Take your time.”

* * * * *

I took my time. I thought about it. I was pretty shy about going. Never before had I worn girls' clothes in public. In the end, though, Chuck convinced me that it would be a lot of good fun, if not good *clean* fun. “They're celebrating New Year's Eve early,” he told me. “A lot of the guys aren't going to be here on the real New Year's Eve. They want to be the first to welcome the '70s, and to make them even wilder and crazier than the '60s.”

Now I was going to find out what that meant. Chuck and I were walking up Frat Ave, officially known as Byron Avenue, from the campus. The weather wasn't bad at all for a November evening in Pacific Heights: there was no rain, and the temperature wasn't very near freezing. I needed only a soft purple cashmere sweater from Movers and Shakers, left over from the '40s or '50s, to keep me warm.

We passed several houses with Greek letters over the door. From yet another one, up at the end of the block, I could hear loud rock music. As we drew nearer, I could see it distinctly: the biggest, most brightly lighted house on the block, with great shining golden-looking letters that looked like an X, a P, and a triangle above the door.