



Reluctant Press presents:

Gay Girlfriend



Duci Daily

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Gay Girlfriend

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

“Hey, girlie! Can’t you read the dress code? Didn’t I tell you what would happen if you came to school without a bra again? Girls get *punished* here for not wearing bras! They can get suspended, expelled, or even *worse!*”

Whoops of laughter broke out among the small group of bad fuck-heads surrounding Don Dumont on the upper walkway at Mounds Junction Junior-Senior High School. Don gritted his teeth and clenched his fists, but he knew he was powerless. These assholes could probably pull his pants down, force him to wear a bra, and maybe even butt fuck him with impunity in full view of everyone, for all the school administrators cared.

"I bet you think you don't have to wear a bra 'cause you're disguised as a boy," said the ringleader, a tough little scum-bucket named Mike Farnay. "Well, that's bullshit. If it walks like a duck, quacks like a duck, and fucks like a duck, it's a duck. If it walks like a girl, acts like a girl, and has tits like a girl, it's a girl."

"I bet it fucks like a girl, too!" said Frank Agle, a gigantic fat butt who was always talking about fucking, blowing, and beating off. Roars of laughter greeted this filthy witticism.

"Stop being so nasty to him!" A girl's loud voice broke through the laughter. The bad boys turned toward the girl and stared. Don stared too. He saw that the girl was Susanna Willcocks, well known as one of the ugliest girls in seventh grade. She was pretty tall and strong; she could probably beat any one of the fuck-heads in a fight, Don thought, although she might not be able to beat them all at once.

"Why don't you just shut up and leave him alone?" Susanna demanded. "He can't help how he looks or walks!"

Farnay laughed, stared at her in disbelief, and gave her the finger with both hands. "So what?" he retorted. "Neither can you, ugly dog! Fuck you!" He jabbed the fingers at her rapidly in alternation.

Susanna looked like she was going to attack him. Don didn't wait to see if she did. This was his chance to get away. He felt a pang of guilt at leaving a girl alone with a bunch of fuck-heads, but it didn't stop him or even slow him down. He only glanced back and saw that no fight had started after all. Susanna was walking away from the bad boys who were giving her the finger from behind and shouting filthy words at her. Don almost thought he should stop and thank her, but he

didn't want to do it when the fuck-heads were anywhere around.



He really does walk like a girl, Susanna thought as she watched Don walk away. His broad hips looked and moved a lot like Maria Galvanelli's hips. Maria, quite unlike Susanna, was one of the most beautiful and well-developed girls in seventh grade. Susanna sometimes got abnormally, shamefully excited when she saw Maria nude in the shower room; she might even get excited right now if she kept watching Don walking, too, although he wasn't nude. She knew she should look away, yet she didn't.

Susanna couldn't see right now whether Don really needed a bra; she was still looking at him but he was facing away from her. His face, she remembered well, did look a lot like a girl's face, with dark sparkling eyes, and lips as full and red as any girl's lips; Don's face was certainly prettier than her own long, stern, tight-lipped, overly masculine-looking face, with big, dark, bushy eyebrows that made her look even more like her dad. Don's dark brown hair was pretty short, but if he let it grow he might actually pass for a girl—*at least as well as I can pass for a girl myself*, Susanna thought with a little grimace.

No matter how much Don looked like a girl, Susanna thought, he was a nice, clean, smart boy who didn't say or do nasty things to people, and she would be glad to be his faithful friend if he would accept her. Maybe a boy who looked like a girl would even be glad to have a friend who was really a girl but looked like a boy! She would never be unkind to Don because of his girlish looks, she silently vowed. No, she would be as far as possible from unkind.

She almost walked after him and spoke to him, but she stopped cold. Susanna was a good girl. Good girls did not fling themselves at boys, ever—not even now,

in the new ultra-modern 1970s. For a girl to walk up to a boy and start talking to him would be *flinging herself at him*, a grievous social sin against the Good Girl's Code. A girl who dared to violate the code in that way would be ostracized as a slut, even if she really loathed sluthood as much as Susanna did.

Susanna's heart ached at the idiocy of it all. She didn't want to *marry* Don at the age of 13; she just wanted to be friends with him! Why not let him know? Today, old-fashioned social conventions like modesty, self-restraint, and even bra-wearing were being thrown in the trash (though not in the Pacific Heights Public Schools, where the dress code said that girls in junior and senior high must wear bras and implied that boys must not). Even today, Susanna would always dress modestly (except in the shower room, of course), whether her parents required it or not. She would always wear a bra in public, even though her breasts were so tiny that she hardly needed one, and she feared they always would be. But still, why couldn't a lonely good girl simply extend a hand of friendship to a lonely good boy?

She sighed in sadness. It wouldn't work. Don would probably be repelled if Susanna did anything remotely resembling *flinging herself at him*. The other good girls would snub her even more than they now did, if she violated the code. But at least she could watch for Don, seize any chance to say hi and smile at him without *flinging herself*, and see whether he ever got the point—perhaps after several years!

God damn it, I'm getting a boner again! Roy McCargill thought in dismay. *Guys get called queers, or "gay" nowadays, for getting boners in the shower room!* He tried to hide it from at least some of the worst queer-callers,

but he was pretty sure he would be spotted and embarrassed soon.

Roy's problem with boners was getting worse every week. When he entered seventh grade last fall, he had hardly any hair over his little wiener, and he had never ejaculated. Now, in May, he had a lot more hair, and his wiener was noticeably bigger (especially when he had a boner). Now he had beaten off at least a hundred times, maybe more. Beating off didn't stop him from getting boners, though, especially when he couldn't keep from gazing through the steam at Don Dumont's pretty little bare breasts, with pointy their little dark nipples that stuck out like a girl's nipples. He could hardly keep from staring at Don's boner too when Don had one, as he did now.

It isn't fair! Roy thought. *It's almost as bad as putting up Pumphouse pictures in the shower room—or even letting a live Pumphouse girl in here! They should make him go into the girls' shower room!* Roy loved to sneak peeks at the bare-breasted beauties in *Pumphouse* magazine; they gave him instant erections, which he relieved as soon as he could by beating off. Don's breasts weren't nearly as big as the *Pumphouse* girls' breasts, but still Don vividly reminded Roy of those beauties, Roy didn't dare beat off in the shower room, so he was stuck with a boner. Soon he was also stuck with a loud-mouthed fuck-head.

"Hey, gay! Who gets the blow job today?" Frank Agley bellowed at him. Agley's wiener was thick and long, but it was still curved downward, so it didn't count as a boner. "How about that cute girlie-boy right there?" He pointed to Don, who ignored him.

Roy was silent. He couldn't tell Agley to shut up, or else Agley would pound him after school—or maybe

buttfuck him, if he thought he could get away with it. It would be even worse if Roy ever dared to suggest that Agley, being fascinated by gays, was gay himself. Roy didn't even dare say, "No, thanks, I'm not interested in girlie-boys." Agley would read that as a thinly veiled suggestion that he himself *was* interested in girlie-boys, and then he would surely pound *and* buttfuck Roy after school.

Having failed to get a rise out of the trembling Roy, Agley quickly moved on to Don. "Hey, girlie-boy," he said, "I know you're gay! When was the last time you did 69 with a guy?"

"Never," Don said, quietly but distinctly.

"Bullshit!" Agley insisted. "Gays do 69 all the time. I bet you've done it before with that little gay with the boner." He pointed to Roy. Don shook his head "no" and frowned.

"Well, your assignment for this weekend is to do 69 with him," Agley instructed Don. "I want a full report on it first thing Monday morning." Agley claimed to have read the Kinsey Reports, and he was obsessed with pseudo-educational reports on beating off, fucking, blowing, and all such activities

"My dog will eat the assignment," Don said quietly, "or else my bull will shit on it."

Frank's and Roy's eyes both bulged. "Fuck you," said Agley. "You can't get away with giving *me* that kind of shit, you little asshole. Just get going on that 69—or else." He didn't say or else *what*. In fact, he actually stopped giving shit to Roy and Don, and started to use the shower room for its stated purpose, though he was obviously pissed off as hell.

Roy could hardly believe his eyes and ears. This nude girlie-boy with sexy little breasts had dared to stand up to Frank Agley! Agley was going to beat him up or buttfuck him after school for sure! What did Don have in him, which Roy did not, to give him the daring to talk back to Agley?

I should thank him for getting Agley off my back, Roy thought. He sure wasn't going to thank him right now, though, while they were both nude in the shower room. That would look far too gay. Later, much later, when no one else was around, would be the time for that.

But what if Don really is gay? Roy thought in fear. What if he tries to take advantage of me, to get me to be gay too? Goddamn it! And what if I can't resist him, and I turn gay?

That would suck, that would be fucked, that would be horrible! Roy writhed in anguish at the very thought. He didn't need to thank Don *that* much, to take a risk like that. Someday Roy was going to get a real girlfriend, not a gay fake girlfriend. If he even seemed to be friends with a gay, it would stand in the way of him getting a real girlfriend, and if he turned gay himself, it would be total disaster. Better ignore Don, Roy decided, rather than take any risk like that.

I'll grit my teeth and bear it again, Susanna thought as she entered the shower room after gym class. *I'm used to it by now. I'm a weirdo, a freak, as sex-crazed as any boy—and everyone will see!*

Susanna had been thinking too much about Don. She was already excited, her nipples were already sticking out, when she removed her gym blouse and

her little bra, with just enough padding to serve as armor-plating for her unruly nipples. As soon as she stripped off her shorts, the abnormal, embarrassing abomination — *The Thing*, as Susanna thought of it — was already as erect as any boy's penis would be if he were viewing nude beauties in the girls' shower room. She walked toward the showers, and everyone could see: Susanna was the only girl in the class, perhaps the only one in the universe, who had a two-inch clitoris that stuck out like a boy's penis.

The girls only tittered and giggled. They, too, were used to seeing *The Thing* by now. Last fall had been the worst time. Susanna gritted her teeth hard as she remembered the roars of laughter at the cruel remarks: "Ugh, look, that girl's got a *wiener!*" "Blah, that's disgusting!" "Excuse me, sir, you'll need to go directly to the boys' shower room at once! This one is only for girls!" It had been horrible and sickening to Susanna, especially since the size of *The Thing* was not the only weird, freakish thing about her. Worse yet, most abnormally and abominably, the sight of nude beauties in the girls' shower room made *The Thing* stand at attention almost as readily as if it had really been a boy's "wiener."

She got clean and dried off as efficiently as possible, but not efficiently enough to exclude the indecent, exciting fantasies that were plaguing her today. She imagined that Don had been told by bad boys to go to the girls' shower room, and he had complied with the command. Now he was here before her in her fantasy, revealing abnormally large and lovely breasts with nipples as excitable as Susanna's own, and an erect penis which dwarfed even *The Thing*. Terrible, most shameful fantasies assailed her, fantasies of throwing away all restraint and acting like the worst of sluts, lying down

on the shower room floor and “going all the way” with Don in front of everyone.

At least she had power not to do anything so dreadful in reality. She rushed to open her locker, grabbed her panties, and put them on so fast they almost ripped. Her bra came next; she struggled a bit with the awkward back hooks as usual, but won the struggle. She breathed a sigh of relief when her knee-length plaid skirt and her high-necked white blouse, both standard issue for good girls, were in place. Susanna hated pantyhose and had refused to wear it after a brief, unpleasant experiment; she still wore socks in seventh grade, which made her even more of a weirdo. She put on her socks and shoes, and quickly brushed her frizzy shoulder-length brown hair into some semblance of neatness. Then she grabbed her book bag and fled from the shower room as fast as she could walk.

“Hi, Mom,” Don said when he got home after school. Mom was cooking dinner already. Television-like noises were emerging from the basement; Don figured his younger brother and sisters were down there watching TV after school.

“Hi, Don!” Mom said. She came to give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek, as she always did. “How was school?”

“Not too bad,” Don said. It was true, kind of. He didn’t actually get forced to wear a bra or have his pants pulled down, much less get buttfucked. That girl Susanna stood up for him, although he didn’t get a fair chance to thank her yet. He refused Agley’s “69” assignment, and Agley didn’t even do anything in retaliation, at least not yet. He didn’t learn a lot in school, but that was nothing new.

“Well, did anything happen out of the ordinary?”

Don knew Mom was showing she cared about him by asking things like that, but he rolled his eyes after glancing for a moment at Mom’s plump, kind, anxious face. He gave her a highly censored account: “Well, some guys were giving me a hard, time, and a girl told them to shut up!”

“Oh, that was nice of her!” Don held his breath while wondering whether Mom would ask him what the guys gave him a hard time about. He breathed a sigh of relief when she didn’t, even though what she did instead was to ask, “Do you think the girl did that to show she likes you?”

I don’t know and I don’t care, Don thought, but didn’t say. He didn’t especially want Susanna to like him; he wasn’t even sure he wanted *any* girl to like him. What he did want, what he was going to indulge in fantasies about as soon as he ascended to his room, was a deep, dark secret that Mom must never know, or even guess.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Don said. “I guess I’ll find out, sooner or later.”

“Well, I hope you’ll thank her for it,” Mom said. Don was too young to go on dates with girls, but he could see Mom was hoping he wasn’t too young to be interested in them.

“Uh, I guess so, if I get a chance,” Don said. “I think I’ll go up to my room and relax a bit before I start my homework.”

“All right, then. We’ll have dinner as soon as your dad gets home from work.”

“I won’t miss it, don’t worry.” Don gave her a little smile. He sure wouldn’t miss a meal, at any time. He knew he was too chubby; that was part of the reason

why his breasts were too big, but he just loved to eat. There was something else he loved to do at least as much, too, and he was going to do it really soon.

He went upstairs, went to the bathroom, entered his bedroom, shut the door, and grabbed his pencil and paper. Sitting at his desk, with a homework sheet ready to cover up his pictures if anyone interrupted him, Don began to draw. His heart began to beat hard, and his pants began to bulge.

He was drawing himself as he imagined he might look in girls' clothes. He had already learned how to draw a fair likeness of his plump, pretty face; he drew it now, surmounted with a highly feminine shoulder-length hairdo. Below the neck, he showed himself opening his blouse to reveal a pretty, lacy, low-cut, only slightly padded white bra—not to bad fuck-heads, of course, but to a nice boy he liked and trusted, whoever the boy might be. Below the waist, in the picture, he wore nothing but lacy panties, showing off his bare, chubby legs to best advantage, while hiding his short, stout “wiener” between his legs to make himself look more like a girl. Meanwhile, back in reality, his erection was already straining to emerge from his pants, but he kept it in place and only briefly touched it.

“Wow, is that *you*?” he imagined the nice boy asking him in amazement, and showing greater amazement when he received the answer: “Yes.” Then the nice boy would want to see more, and Don would eagerly draw a picture of himself in the nude, still hiding his wiener. Don drew it now, touching his wiener more times through his pants, but only briefly.

The third picture would reveal all. The nice boy would see without a doubt that Don was gay, and wanted to “play girlfriend” for a boy, for *him*. Don

drew the picture, showing a side view of himself with his bare breasts fully visible and the bulb on the end of his wiener peeking out beneath his butt. He was raising his lips to kiss the boy on the mouth, while the boy, with a very visible erection, grasped Don's big butt with both hands. Don still didn't open his pants, much less beat off as normal boys did, but now he could hardly keep his hand off the bulge.

He thought of a fourth picture, a terribly gay one, in which he and the nice boy would be doing "69" (without reporting to Agley about it, of course)—but he couldn't even start to draw it. A too-familiar surging sensation was gripping his loins. He gasped and fumbled with the zipper on his pants, trying to open them, pull out a handkerchief, and gush into it—but it was too late. The strong, rhythmic throbbing that had first come upon him at only 11, and had done so hundreds of times since then, was already in full force against his will. Almost at once, his pants were wet with sticky, slimy gush.

Don groaned, but softly, to make sure Mom wouldn't hear. He hid the pictures in what he hoped was his totally secret hiding place for such things. He grabbed a clean pair of pants, as much like the pair he had on as possible, and clean undershorts; he went quickly back to the upstairs bathroom. He stripped below the waist, cleaned off his wiener as well as he could, and put the clean clothes on. Then he slipped the gushed-up pants and underpants into the laundry chute, hoping Mom wouldn't hear them going down, or at least she wouldn't guess what they were and why they were in the chute.

On returning to his room, Don stared blankly at the homework sheet. He couldn't do homework right now.

He would go down and get some cookies and milk, which Mom almost always had on hand. After that, perhaps his body would not be quite so drained, and perhaps his mind would even snap back to work.

“Mom, I think I’ll go to bed early tonight,” Susanna said. She had taken a potent soporific, *The Times of Pacific Heights* for today, May 5, 1971. *The Times*—an almost exact replica of *The Times* of London in appearance, except for the words “of Pacific Heights” in small letters below “THE TIMES” in large ones—was by far the more respectable and less interesting of the city’s two daily newspapers. Things like U.S. dollars flooding European currency markets were actually deemed to be worthy of front-page treatment in *The Times*. The other paper, the *Pacific Heights Informer*, strove to titillate the masses and increase its circulation by any means, fair or (preferably) foul. Mom refused to read the *Informer*, but Dad found it amusing, so their family got both papers.

“Well, all right,” Mom said, sounding doubtful. “Have you got all your homework done for tomorrow?”

Not getting all her homework done would have been a very serious offense in Susanna’s education-crazed family. There were some nice things about having a dad who was a university professor and a mom who was a high-school teacher, but a relaxed attitude toward homework wasn’t among them.

“I’ve done all I really need to get done. The rest can wait until I’m more awake.”

“Well, I certainly hope you’ll get it all done on time. You know, your final grades are the most important of the year.”

"I'm not worried about my grades, Mom." It was true, not only because Susanna was smart and hard-working, but also because she knew her grades in seventh grade would mean little or nothing in the long run.

Susanna walked down the short, lonely hallway, stopped in the bathroom for a minute, and entered her prettily furnished bedroom. She wasn't quite as sleepy now as when she was reading *The Times*. She rapidly stripped, put on her plain, long, high-necked nightgown, and turned to read something that (unlike *The Times*) had something to say about sex, and even about love.

Dad didn't go to church, but Mom and Susanna did, and Susanna was glad. Mom subscribed to a big church magazine called *The Christian Option*, which had a long, detailed column of advice for teens called "Options for Teens" by Dr. Mark Hillsbury, a Christian psychologist. Having been a teen for four full months now, Susanna had delved through the columns from many years gone by, and Mom let her keep the old magazines in her room. The columns, especially the newer ones, were fairly frank about discussing the various things that teens might be tempted to do, and Susanna now had a very good idea how to perform "necking," "light petting," "heavy petting," and even "going all the way." Of course Dr. Hillsbury didn't actually tell the teens how to engage in heavy petting or go all the way, but still it was pretty obvious what these expressions meant.

Susanna leafed through some of the columns, and felt her loneliness lessen as she sympathized with unseen teens and shared their questions. It was understood that boys would try to do some petting, but girls

who weren't engaged were supposed to remove the boys' hands, gently but firmly, as soon as they even tried a little light petting. If they were engaged, they could permit some light petting on occasion, but no heavy petting, and of course they must never go all the way before they were married.

Soon Susanna was thinking too much about Don again. She would stretch the limits of the Good Girls' Code, she decided; she would do whatever she could to be friendly to Don without actually flinging herself at him. Maybe Don would respond; maybe he would even like her, very much, no matter what she looked like.

She swallowed hard, took a deep breath, and ventured far beyond all fantasy. Maybe Don would even ask her to marry him, and she would say yes. Then they would be engaged, and they could engage in light petting—and maybe even a bit of heavy petting, if the temptation grew too strong, though they would never go all the way until their wedding night.

"Oh, Don!" she fancied herself murmuring to him. "I love you so much!" She pretended her hands were Don's hands, moving to her little breasts and caressing them ardently, engaging in light petting (though not the lightest possible, to say the least). *The Thing*, now hidden and tightly clasped between her legs, trembled with strong approval and anticipation. "Oh, *yes!*" she murmured. "Don, just—please, just don't go *too* far—until we're married!"

Chapter 2

"Mom, it's just a style," Don insisted. "I'm going to be a senior this year, and I think I should get to make my own decisions about things like my hair and

clothes. This is 1975, not 1950, and things are a lot different than when you were my age. A lot of totally normal guys wear their hair long now. It doesn't mean anything, any more than totally normal girls wearing pants means anything." Don feared he was being at least a bit dishonest with Mom. His long hair did mean something: he wanted to be a nice boy's gay girlfriend, and he had a pretty good idea who the nice boy was going to be.

"I'm not so sure about that," Mom said. "I think a lot of nice girls would rather see a boy with short hair. When they see long hair, they'll think of a drug user, or worse." Of course she meant "gay" by "worse." Attractiveness to nice girls was Mom's sole criterion for judging a guy's appearance, especially if the guy was her son, and she was sure gays were even more repellent to nice girls than dope fiends were.

"But let's see what your father thinks," Mom said. Don and Mom both looked to Dad, sitting at the end of the dining table. Dad's light brown hair was short enough to satisfy Mom or anyone; he made no concessions to the fashions of the '70s when it came to hair. His pale blue eyes, behind his big dark-rimmed Clark Kent glasses, darted from Mom to Don and back. He touched all the fingertips of one hand to those of the other. At last he spoke.

"I think Don needs to find his own way in life," Dad said. Don breathed a silent sigh of relief. Dad was going to be on his side.

"My dad tried to force me into his own mold, and it didn't work," Dad went on. "I wasn't cut out to be a lumberjack. I didn't have any interest in it. My dad was always trying to make a man out of me. He refused to see that I already *was* a man, just not his kind of man. I

decided that, if I ever had a son, I was going to let him be his own kind of man."

He looked at Don and smiled. "And I have, haven't I? Have I pressured you to become an accountant like me, or have I let you decide you were more interested in 'long-hair' stuff like music, art, and literature?"

"Uh, you let me decide for myself, all right," Don said. "Thanks, Dad. I really appreciate that."

Mom gave a sigh that was almost like a snort, but she admitted defeat. "Well then, it's up to you," she said. "I certainly won't try to force you to get your hair cut. But don't be surprised to find the girls would like you better if you had shorter hair."

"A lot of girls go wild about a guy like David Cassidy, and his hair is at least as long as mine," Don pointed out. It was irrelevant, since Don didn't want crowds of girls going wild about him. Mom might not think David Cassidy's female fans were nice enough girls, but he couldn't resist scoring a harmless debating point against Mom under the circumstances.

Soon Don ascended to his room in triumph. It was settled: he would wear his hair long, like the pretty girl he deeply desired to be. He stripped nude in front of the mirror and brushed his dark wavy hair, parted in the middle like David Cassidy's but neater and more feminine-looking than his, into the prettiest, most girlish hairdo he could attain. For a minute or two he looked at his girlish face and breasts from different angles in the mirror, pretending he was a *Pumphouse* girl and even wondering if he might sneak into *Pumphouse* in reality. Then, in preparation for the future he longed for, he turned his attention to his girl's clothes.

From a secret hiding place he retrieved and put on two treasures from the excellent Movers & Shakers Thrift Shoppes. The first was a lacy little low-cut bra such as he had dreamed of for years, just the right band size for him. Of course the B-size cups were too big, but that was easily remedied by wadding, stuffing, and shaping a couple of handkerchiefs to fill out the cups on each side. The second treasure was a girl's tight pink knit top, which would still be tight and show his nipples even if he wasn't wearing a bra.

Don was breathing deeply through the mouth as he gazed upon his feminine self in the mirror. He didn't look *entirely* feminine; he did have a thick five-inch boner, as big and un-girlish as it could be, with a swollen bulb as big as a plum or a nectarine. He was seriously afraid he was going to ejaculate without even touching his boner, although it turned out he didn't. His heart was thundering in trepidation, and yet in triumph. His transformation from Don Dumont into the lovely, exciting, thoroughly feminine *Donna* Dumont had begun in earnest.

Oh, God, no! Roy thought, though he didn't believe in God. *I can't believe this! What does he think he's doing? I'm going to get boners all year long in class, not just in the shower room!*

He stared, while trying not to seem to stare, at Don. Last spring Don had been growing his hair out, getting prettier and prettier, but he still wore loose shirts that did at least something to conceal his breasts. Roy had still been friendly to him, as he had been throughout junior year. He figured the guy needed *somebody* to be friendly to him, and Roy didn't exactly have people lining up to be his own friend either, especially not smart ones like Don. Roy still had zero girlfriends. No cute,

sexy girls were interested in a skinny, brainy little “wimp” like Roy, and he wasn’t interested in the ones who weren’t cute and sexy.

Now, on the first day of senior year, there was a new cute, sexy girl in school—but the girl was a boy. Don not only looked almost exactly like a beautiful, dark-haired, dark-eyed, eminently kissable girl above the neck, but he was wearing a tight pink top that showed the exact size and shape of his breasts. They were *big*—not gigantic compared to the average girl’s breasts, of course, but a whole lot bigger than what Roy or the average boy had in the same place, and bigger than at least some girls’ breasts. Not only that, but Don could get away with something that real girls couldn’t because of the dress code: he wasn’t wearing a bra. His pointy nipples were sticking out for all to see, just like the girls’ nipples did in *Pumphouse* magazine, only those girls didn’t have pink tops, or *any* tops on.

Roy could hardly tear his eyes away from Don even when he heard a real girl’s voice addressing him in the midst of the crowd along the walkway: “Hey, Mr. Science! How about giving me some help with my science this year?” Roy knew she was talking to him. Almost everyone called him “Mr. Science” now, since he won the annual “Mr. Science” competition for the entire Pacific Heights Public Schools last spring.

He turned to see who the girl was. She was cute and sexy, all right, and she made no secret of it. The girl was Deb Vivray, whose reputation as a heartbreaker and guy-snatcher was well known even to guys outside the social whirl, like Roy. She had brilliant, curly reddish-blond hair, bright blue come-hither eyes, and full red sexpot lips, and that wasn’t all. Her big breasts and protruding nipples were barely restrained by a

tight white top and an extremely flimsy bra, flagrantly flouting the spirit of the school dress code while technically conforming to the letter. Her skirt did the same; it wasn't really a miniskirt, but she had yanked the waistband up so far that it could serve as one for the purpose of sexiness, and yet be pulled down at once to conform to the dress code if any nosy teachers or administrators happened to appear.

Roy stared at her. His heart was pounding. He still had a boner from seeing Don, and it wasn't going down. If he played his "Mr. Science" cards right, maybe he could get Deb for a girlfriend, and maybe even fuck her. Sure, she would throw him in the trash and get another boyfriend when she got tired of him, but what a life it would be while it lasted!

He almost told Deb he'd be glad to help her any time, but he choked up. He couldn't say it. He was pretty damn sure Deb was a heartless slut, and that wasn't what he wanted. He wanted a girlfriend who would love him, *really* love him, and never throw him in the trash.

He looked her in the eye and told her, "Sorry, I can't help you. Your science is *boyology*. I've never studied that."

That remark scored big points with the onlookers, especially the girls. Some of them not only laughed, but applauded the cutting remark. Don was looking on too, laughing with the rest of them.

Deb was pissed off. "Have it your way, you scrawny little pervert," she snapped. "I guess you'd rather go on a hot date with that gay girlie-boy you can't keep your eyes off!"