

A Little Fling



Dulci Daily



A "Spectrum Tv" Novel



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A Little Fling

and Other Stories

by Dulci Daily

Don't get me wrong; I love my wife. In fact, I love her now more than ever. It's just that her sister Cindy has some good points that my wife Kathy doesn't have. For one thing, well, Cindy is still slim and sexy at 35. Kathy, at 41, is pretty fat, and it's harder for me to get excited about her than it used to be. For another thing—and this is how it all started, more than a year ago now—Cindy likes cross-dressers, and Kathy doesn't, or didn't. She wouldn't have approved at all if she had known I was secretly one myself.

For a while, long ago, I thought maybe I would be able to leave my secret sissy self behind when I got married, even though I was pretty girlish ever since I was 10 or so,

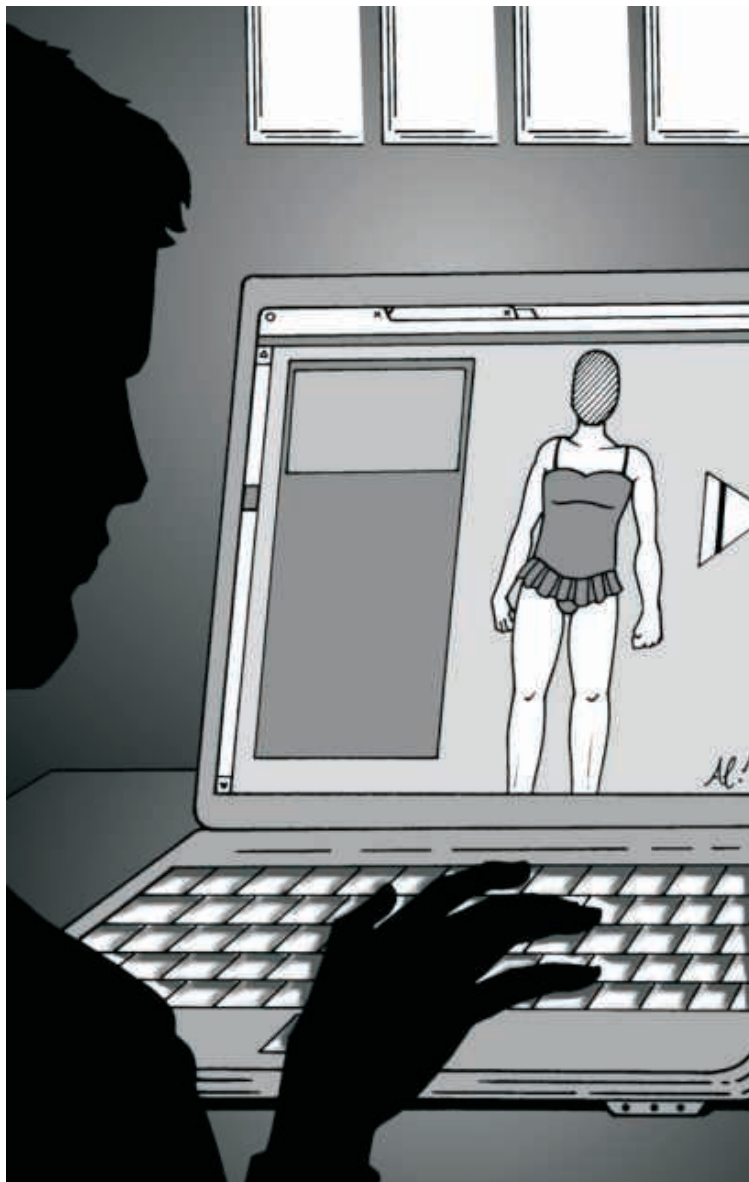
and my girlish pretensions got me excited like crazy. For a while, I actually succeeded in leaving them behind, pretty much, with an occasional exception. As the years wore on, though, Kathy got fatter, I got closer to my present age of 44, and I found I needed some extra stimulation to try to keep myself young and sexy for her. The only extra stimulation that ever worked for me was you know what, so I reverted to my secret girlish self in strictest secrecy.

Imagine my delight when I found that Kathy had become so big around that her bras and lingerie would fit me! I don't mean the bra cups would fit, of course; my breasts are chubby and pretty big for a guy, but I still need to stuff the cups with handkerchiefs to fill them out. Same goes for the lingerie, although Kathy has a sweet little cami with an elastic breast-holder that looks great even when I only stuff one hanky on each side. But at least I can wear them, and it's so exciting!

Best of all, I found that Kathy's swimsuit would fit me too. It's a one-piece one, of course; you'll never catch Kathy wearing a bikini, and she might not even look too good in one if she did. It's perfect for my purposes, though. Ever since I was 11, I dreamed of wearing a girl's swimsuit and bathing cap, because then I could look exactly like a girl, with no short hair showing to reveal that I was a boy. Kathy's swimsuit, a bright blue one, even has a little skirt at the bottom, very handy for covering up any un-girlish erections I might happen to get. (My erections don't need a lot of covering up, though. My stout little cock, which I affectionately call my "coquette," is pretty short, only four inches long.)

I took pictures of myself wearing Kathy's clothes—headless pictures only, since I was too shy to show my face in them. I put them up on cross-dresser sites and masturbation sites on the Internet, but it just wasn't the same as having a real friend I could confide in

about my sissiness. (It's really tough to make any real, lasting friends at sites like Girlie-Boy Lovefest and Whackoff Wonderland, in case you didn't know.) And so, you see . . . that's how my weakness for Cindy got started.



Cindy isn't your average 35-year-old lady in almost any way. First off, she's a truck driver. I don't mean she drives a little delivery truck or something; she drives a big truck, an 18-wheeler, on long-distance runs all over the country. She's not a tough, ugly broad, though; she's a tall, slender, lovely lady with a big, winning smile.

She's really different from Kathy (a so-called stay-at-home mom who doesn't stay at home too much) in other ways, too, especially her opinions. When Cindy comes here on truck trips, she and Kathy could do pretty well on one of those TV or radio shows where a liberal and a conservative cross swords with each other; Cindy would be the liberal and Kathy the conservative. Naturally, since we live in Pacific Heights which is crawling with cross-dressers, one day Kathy was expressing disgust at how openly and even brazenly you could see guys dressed as girls in public here. She was saying it was harmful to kids' normal development to see them, and all that.

"Oh, come on, Kathy, loosen up," Cindy instructed her. "They've got just as much right to live their lives as anyone else. Plus, I've met some cross-dressers who were really sweet guys, and pretty darn cute too!"

My heart thudded while Cindy laughed and Kathy tried to think of a retort. What if I let Cindy know I was a cross-dresser? What if she was the trustworthy friend I longed for, who would accept me as I secretly was? I had to let her know, I thought. I only needed to find the right opportunity.

I found the opportunity that very day, almost that very hour. Kathy had to go to the grocery store. The kids, 14-year-old Marie-Rose and 6-year-old Vincent, wanted to go to the library, so she took them to the local branch. She had no qualms about leaving me and Cindy alone together, but only because she trusted me, not Cindy.

Right after Kathy was gone, I seized the chance to say to Cindy, "Hey, Cindy! I'd like to show you something."

"Sure, what is it?"

"Come here to my computer." She did. I didn't show her the pictures of my erect coquette on Whackoff Wonderworld, of course, but I did show her the page on Girlie-Boy Lovefest where I displayed my cross-dressing pictures of myself. They were headless pictures only, as I said, but Cindy could see at once that they were pictures of me. Just to be perfectly sure, though, she asked me: "Oh, gosh, Angelo, those are pictures of you, aren't they?" Without waiting for me to do more than silently nod "yes," she went on: "That's wild! Ooh, I like these!"

There were some pictures of me in the swimsuit, some in the cute cami, some excellent cleavage shots in a red nightie, and some back-hook bra shots. (I never mastered the art of hooking a bra in back, but fortunately the one I had on in the picture was stretchy enough that I could hook it first, then pull it on over my head and stuff it.) Then came some sexier ones with the bra and the cami pulled up or down to show my bare breasts—some of the best natural breasts I've ever seen on a guy, if I do say so myself. By the time I got to the ones of me pulling a front-hook bra open to show my breasts some more, Cindy was saying, "Wow, these are great! I never dreamed!"

"I know I can count on you not to tell Kathy," I said. "I'm pretty sure she wouldn't understand."

"No, probably not," she agreed. "But I do understand! I just love to see guys in girls' clothes!" She took a deep breath, and then went on: "Maybe I could even see you wearing them in person sometime. And you could sure count on me not to tell about that, if it happened!"

“Uh, wow, yeah, I guess that might be nice sometime.” I meant sometime soon, before she drove truck out of town. She could tell that was what I meant. I had a really hard erection. I could tell she was excited too. I glanced at her small, firm, delectable-looking breasts. She was wearing a flimsy bra and a thin, tight top. I could readily see that her nipples were as erect as my coquette.

I guess maybe I should have known what would happen if I let her see me in person. Kathy, whose mouth was bigger than it should be when it came to talking about other people’s faults, had told me Cindy used to have a big problem with promiscuity, and Kathy thought she probably still did. Still, I found it hard to believe that even Cindy would want her own brother-in-law to cheat with her—and I had yearned so much, for so long, to have a real friend I could confide in about my secret femininity!

“How about wearing that swimsuit at the motel pool?” Cindy asked. Cindy always stayed at a motel when she drove truck to town, and Kathy thought she had a pretty good idea why. Me, I thought it was more decent of her to suggest the swimsuit at the pool than the bras and lingerie in her room.

“Wow!” I said. “I’d love to! I can take some time off from work tomorrow afternoon.”

“Hey, that’ll work out perfectly. I’ve got to pick up a load and roll down to California starting early the next day.” She gave me her most charming smile, with her dark eyes sparkling and her full red lips surrounding her bright white teeth. “And now I’d better read a really serious book or something, to get my mind off it until then!” I was pretty sure I knew what she meant. She didn’t want Kathy to come back and see her with her face still flushed and her nipples still sticking out.

Next morning, I tried really hard to keep my mind on my work at the office downtown. I'm an in-house accountant for Magnum Supreme Corporation, and I work in the "Big Black Block" —the Magnum Supreme Building, more than 40 years old and still the tallest building in Pacific Heights. It took extreme effort to keep my mind on dollar figures when Cindy's lovely slender figure, and her sweet face too, were constantly intruding into my thoughts. I did it, though, and I don't think I even made any mistakes, which is astounding under the circumstances.

After lunch, having signed up to take some vacation time for the afternoon, I took off. I made a brief, circum-spect visit to one of the building's many restrooms with my big gym bag in hand, and emerged with Kathy's swimsuit carefully concealed beneath my dress shirt, tie, and trousers. It was easy to get to and from work on the trolley bus; I almost never needed the car, which I left to Kathy to use. It was equally easy to get to the Mounds Motel, where Cindy was staying. I just continued on, past my stop for home, to the motel, which was out on Beaconsfield Road about halfway between Mounds Junction and Beaconsfield Center.

Here it was. I got off. The motel was a cream-colored complex with red trim, and a big red sign announcing that it was indeed the "MOUNDS MOTEL." In case anyone had any doubt about what you could do there, there were big red hearts in place of the letter O in both words on the sign.

I was trembling and getting the chills, although it was an unusually warm summer day for Pacific Heights. The agreement was that Cindy would let me into the pool area. It was easy to see where it was; there were big aqua-colored letters spelling out "POOL." I took off my tie, folded it carefully, and put it into a small pocket in my big gym bag. Then I retrieved six handkerchiefs from the

bag, undid a couple of buttons on my shirt, and not-quite-nonchalantly stuffed my cups with three hankies in each. With hands made expert from long experience in using hankies as breast-enhancers, I shaped them to look as real as possible, which I thought was pretty real.

I was going in. I saw Cindy, with her dark curly hair pulled back in a ponytail, grinning at me like a much younger girl. She let me into the pool area.

Even if I hadn't already had an erection, which I did, I would have gotten one at once when I saw Cindy. She was wearing a skimpy sky-blue bikini, the real sexy kind with a bow knot at the back of her neck, just begging me to untie it and reveal her bare breasts. Speaking of which, they were splendid, perfectly formed, not saggy at all, and yet with surprisingly long, deep cleavage for their fairly small size. I could hardly take my eyes off them, and she knew it.

"Hi, Angelo!" she greeted me. "Have you got the swimsuit on under those clothes?"

"Call me Angela." I gave her a grin almost like her own. "You guessed it. Want to see?"

"Ooh, yeah! You bet—Angela!"

My hands were shaking, but not too much to unbutton my shirt. I took it off, folded it, and put in the gym bag. Then I quickly retrieved my white swim cap and put it on.

The next step was to pull down my pants in front of Cindy. I hoped I wasn't going to ejaculate in the swimsuit. I didn't, but I noticed that the little skirt was bulging a bit in front, suggesting maximum extension of four inches beneath.

"Wow, Angela, you look great!" Cindy said. Leaning closer to me, she whispered, "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were a real girl!"

I laughed. Of course I did not tell her she could see at once that I wasn't a girl if she looked at, or felt, the bulge. "Maybe I would, too!" I responded, getting into the spirit of the occasion.

"Hey, girlfriend," she said, "would you like to get in the pool?"

"OK, I'm not much of a swimmer, but I'll get wet at least."

Cindy was much of a swimmer. She swam laps from one end of the pool to the other, while I lounged in the water at the shallow end and watched her. When she finally got done, we were both dripping wet.

"Wow, I really need a shower," she said. "How about you?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess I do." I didn't need it to get clean. My erection was demanding that I see Cindy nude in the shower, and it was pretty obvious that she was going to let me.

"OK, the women's showers are right over here." She grinned at me again. "I'm sure you can pass!" I wasn't so sure, but I followed her to the women's shower room, carrying my big gym bag while she carried a little one.

It was quiet in the shower room, except for the thunder from my heart. No one was in sight. The shower room had enclosed shower stalls, but I couldn't hear anyone taking a shower.

Cindy opened a locker, pulled a little thing I couldn't see out of her gym bag, and stuffed the little thing into the back of her bikini bottoms. Then she put her gym bag into

the locker, held it open for me to put mine in too, and shut and locked it.

I looked at her. She looked at me. My last, faint, crazy hope that she might not want me to cheat with her was vanishing. Worse yet, I knew I was going to do it if she did want me to. I was far too excited, and too weak, to resist.

She did want me to. She was reaching out to me, forming her lips for a kiss, pleading with her eyes. "Hey, girlfriend," she said nonchalantly, "this is really great. Would you like a hug?"

I clenched my fists, still thinking of resisting, but knowing it wasn't going to work. She put her hands on my waist, and moved them around to my bare back. I unclenched my fists and grasped her arms with both hands, still showing a last flicker of uncertainty about whether to try to push her away or pull her closer to me. She leaned forward and pressed her bikini-clad breasts to me. I tried in vain to keep my erection from touching her. She pressed forward with her hips and made firm contact with it. I took a deep breath, let it out, and pulled her closer to me. Our lips met, and her tongue plunged deep into my mouth. I grasped her buttocks. I was gone.

"Let's take a shower," she murmured. "The showers here are great. They're made for two."

They certainly were. The stall we entered was big enough for two people to have sex in it on the floor, and it had two showerheads too. As soon as I shut and latched the door, Cindy untied the bow knot and bared her breasts before me. Her nipples were big, dark, and protruding almost straight toward me. I had to kiss them. She gasped with pleasure and clasped my head with both arms as I sucked one breast and then the other, making her hot, hard nipples even hotter and harder.

“Now my turn,” she begged. She pulled my swimsuit straps down, making the hankies fall to the floor. Then her lips and tongue touched my pointy little nipples, much smaller than hers but just as hot and hard.

“Ooh, Angela, yours are beautiful!” she softly said to me. “You don’t even really need any padding!” I clasped her head more tightly and more tenderly, as she had done to mine.

“Shower time,” she said, pulling out the thing she had stuffed into her bikini bottoms, stripping them off, and turning on both showers. She finished pulling my swimsuit off, and saw my erection. “Ooh, that’s beautiful too!” she said, giving it a little caress. “It looks like just the right size!” She ripped open the thing she had pulled out of her bikini bottoms, which turned out to be a package containing a condom. Expertly she slipped the condom onto my throbbing coquette.

“Would you like to feel my little love-button?” she asked. Without waiting for an answer in words, she guided my hand down to the hot, dripping region between her slender legs, and pressed my middle finger firmly against her “little love-button.” It actually felt like it was almost an inch long, and just as hard as my coquette.

“Oh, yes, yes!” she moaned, rubbing her love-button harder with my finger. “I’m ready! Get down, doggie! Kneel down! Please! Now!”

I complied, with both of my hands on her hips. Right in front of me, facing away from me, Cindy knelt down too. Reaching far between my legs, she grasped my coquette and guided it into its goal, her tight, hot, slippery womanly cave. As soon as my big bulb touched her vulva and began to enter her, I felt her kissing me passionately with her lower lips. When I had entered her fully and my loins were pressing hard against her buttocks, I leaned

over her back and grasped her breasts with both hands. She began to buck, slowly at first, but soon so hard and fast that I could scarcely stay inside her. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she moaned. "Oh, God, this is wonderful! Angela, you're great, you're the greatest!"

Her cave was strong, grasping and rubbing my coquette almost as firmly as I could have done with my own hand. Soon my orgasm was coming on, and I could feel hers coming on too. With all my might I thrust her up to climax, the most astounding climax I had ever known a woman or a man to undergo, while I squeezed her breasts so hard I was afraid I would hurt her. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, God, yes!!" she cried out, while the maximum excitement overcame her fully and my semen was gushing into the condom and rapidly getting smeared all over my coquette.

We kept bucking together as long as we could, until my coquette was totally limp and dropped out of her. Even after that, I stayed on top of her back, grasping her breasts, as if the magic would vanish at once if I let go. At long last I did let go, and the magic did vanish—at least for me, though not for Cindy.

"Oh, God, Angela, that was terrific! Thank you so much!" she said. I didn't say "any time." I took off the condom, wondering what to do with it. She silently pointed out a little trash receptacle attached to the stall wall.

We used the shower for its primary purpose and got dressed. "I hope I'm not going to get in trouble for being a man in the women's shower room," I said.

"Oh, I'm sure you're not," she assured me. "The management understands what people use these showers for, in addition to getting clean."

We walked out of the shower room, fully clothed, with our swimsuits in plastic bags in our respective gym bags. "Hey, Angela," she asked me, "do you think maybe we could do this again when I get back up here from California?"

Oh my God! I thought. I wasn't sure if it was the beginning of the Act of Contrition or not.

"I don't know," I said. Now that the craze had passed, I didn't want to cheat on Kathy again, but I sure couldn't guarantee that the craze wouldn't come on again. I had already thought Cindy was incredibly attractive, even when I didn't know for sure what she could do with a guy. Now that I did know, I was pretty sure she was one of the sexiest women in the universe.

Cindy was silent for a minute. "I hear you," she said after that. "I guess maybe you're going to want to go to confession after this, right?"

"Yeah, I guess maybe so." I wasn't the world's most devout Catholic, to say the least, but at least I did know I should go to confession after committing adultery.

"I might even go again myself sometime," she surprised me by saying. "Every now and then I do go to confession and try to turn over a new leaf, but I'm such a bad Catholic, a lot of times I wonder why bother. I just get so excited about having a little fling with a man, you know?"

"Yeah, I sure do." I felt sorry for her, and I yearned to be her friend despite the danger that I might cheat again. She seemed like such a sweetheart, I wondered whether she might have become a good wife for somebody if things had been different. Soon I learned, as Kathy had said, that things would have had to be a whole lot different indeed.

"Um, just tell me off if I shouldn't be asking about this," I said, "but have you had a lot of little flings with men?"

"Oh, more than you'd want to hear about," she said, as if to pass it off lightly. "You'd be disgusted if I told you how many."

"No, I wouldn't." I wasn't sure it was true, but I really wanted to know. "Go ahead and tell me. You'll see."

"I can count on you not to tell Kathy, right?"

I laughed. "Yeah, we need to be able to count on each other totally not to tell Kathy things about flings, right?"

"We sure do! OK, then; I'm glad I can tell somebody who won't be disgusted. I must have had flings with at least 700 different men."

I was stunned. Me, I'd had one-night gay flings with maybe 35 or 40 men at Club Swank Wank before I got married, plus a regrettable but memorable affair with a priest not too long before I got engaged to Kathy. I'd never had sex with a woman before I did it with Kathy, my virgin bride, on our wedding night. I never had any more gay flings after that in reality, although I occasionally did in fantasy. I couldn't even imagine flings with 700 men.

"Uh, wow, that's incredible," I truthfully told her.

"Well, I've been doing it since I was 16," she said. "That's at least 7,000 days ago, so it's an average of only about one new guy every 10 days."

I admit I was having trouble not being disgusted. "I've got to say," I said, "frankly, I'm glad I married Kathy, with all her faults, and not somebody who would have cheated on me with at least 699 guys."

She blushed and gave a nervous little laugh, but took it pretty well. "Yeah, you probably made the right

choice," she admitted. "I'm pretty sure I wouldn't make a good wife, because I just know I'd cheat whenever some cute guy wanted me to, especially if he was a cross-dresser. I just love those girlie-boys!"

I didn't want to be unkind to her. I actually liked her, even if she had had flings with 700 guys. "That's good," I said. "I wish Kathy did too, but I guess I can't have everything."

"Well, at least you can't have everything from your wife," she said softly. She still wanted another fling with me when she came back from California, I could see. I said nothing.

"I guess you probably want to get going," she said wistfully, after more than one moment of silence.

"I probably should," I said. I wanted to see Kathy, who loved me faithfully, who would never cheat on me with even one guy, much less 699 guys.

"OK, well, I'll be over for dinner as planned, and then I'm taking off for California early in the morning. I'll have a couple of days down there before I come back up here, and then head out East."

"OK, see you sooner and later."

She wanted me to give her a hug before I left. She practically threw herself into my arms. I did give her a hug, and even a pretty long, tight one. I wished I could hold on to her and keep her from having 700 more flings, but I knew I couldn't. The hug ended, and I turned away.

Almost at once, though, I turned back. "One little thing," I said. "I think I need to put this swimsuit in a dryer. Is there one here I can use?"

"Sure," Cindy said. She led me to the motel's laundry area. I put the swimsuit into a big dryer, inserted the coins I thought would suffice to get it dry, and sat down to

wait. Cindy didn't show any sign of wanting to leave me alone. In fact, she sat down right next to me, almost touching me.

I didn't want to hurt her, but I did want to know what was going on and why she had chosen to live the way she did. "Hey, Cindy," I said, "just tell me to butt out if this is none of my business, but would you mind telling me something about, uh, why you've had the flings with 700 guys? I mean, I know it's exciting and all that, but I don't think a lot of people would go that far just for excitement."

Cindy sighed and clasped her hands together on her lap. "I guess I just think it's better than masturbation," she said. "I mean, I'm sure I would have masturbated a lot more than 700 times by now if that was all there was to it. And I would have fantasized about sex with guys while I masturbated, which I actually did at least 700 times or more before I ever really had sex with a guy. I had my first orgasm from masturbation when I was only 11, but it was just so much greater and more exciting to do it with a real guy who thought I was beautiful and sexy and desirable, and all that." She sighed again, more deeply. "And then, if one guy was only interested in a one-night or few-night fling, it felt so good to find out that another guy wanted me too."

"Uh, yeah, I can understand that," I assured her. "Yeah, I did that too. I was 11 when I had my first orgasm from masturbation, too, and I did it almost every night after that. I almost always pretended I was a girl having sex with a guy."

"Oh, so you've been a girlie-boy for a long time!" She smiled and touched my shoulder.

"Yeah, a really long time, because I'm so old." I smiled back.

"Funny, you don't look or act old!" She was so sweet and charming, and she obviously liked me so much, I was seriously afraid I was going to cheat with her again when she got back from California.

"Hey, thanks, I appreciate that," I said. "But, um, did you ever wonder why you wanted to masturbate so much? I mean, my best guess about why I did it so much is that I wished a good girl would love me, and none of them did, and it was so painful that I felt like I needed to kill the pain in my heart by pretending I was a sexy girl who gave boys what they wanted, and had plenty of orgasms, and I didn't need a good girl to love me."

I looked at her. She was biting her lip and blinking her eyes. "Yeah, I guess it was about the same for me," she said, "to kill the pain of knowing nobody on earth really loved me because I was me, and even my own family didn't love me all that much."

I wished I could help her. I had to help her. I just needed to think of the right things to say and do. When I actually said something, it surprised even me, and I'm sure it surprised her much more.

"I love you, Cindy," I said. "I mean, you know I love Kathy and the kids, and I'm never going to leave them. But I really care about you, too, because you're you. I guess I kind of think you're way too great to be throwing yourself away on flings with hundreds of guys."

"Angela, you're so sweet," Cindy said. "I love you too, and I'd never want you to leave Kathy and the kids. Kathy and I have our little disputes and everything, but deep down we really care about each other a lot. And I tell you what, you know I've got this terrific weakness when it comes to guys, but at least I'll promise you this, no flings with guys at least until I get back from California. It may not be much, but it's a start."