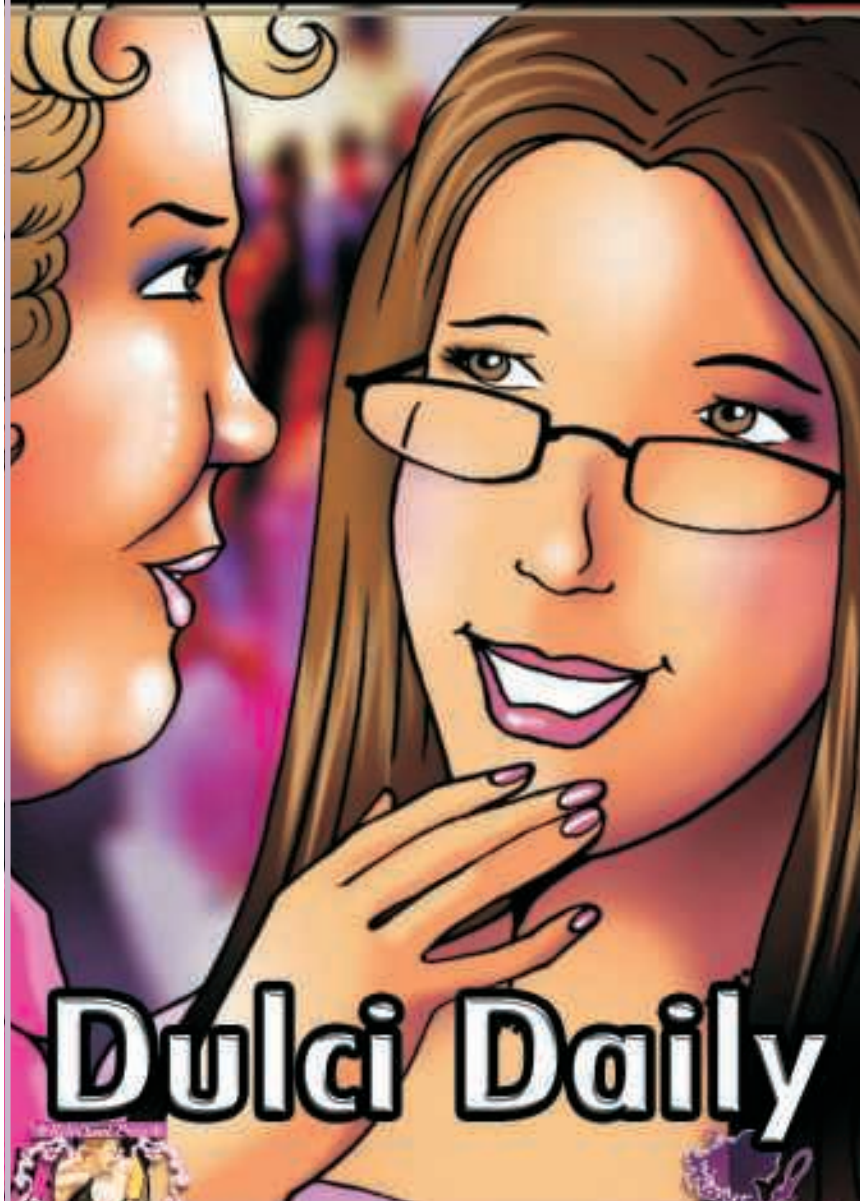


# Jasmine's Victories



## Dulci Daily



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# JASMINE'S VICTORIES

by Dulci Daily

## Chapter 1

It all started, I guess, when Scut got into middle school. Before that, she didn't call herself Scut. She called herself by her real name, Sarah, and she wore regular girls' clothes. Her clothes were pretty, even though *she* wasn't.

That all changed (except she still wasn't pretty) within a week after she started sixth grade. She got all-black boys' clothes and announced that she was to be called Scut.

"Scut?" I laughed. "Why?"

"Because I'm one hell of a damn tough lesbian, that's why!" She clenched her fists and raised them, ready to punch me if I laughed again. I didn't. If she had fought me, she probably could have won the fight. She was only 12, but really big and strong for

her age—as big as me, and probably stronger, even though I was 14.

“OK, then, Scut,” I said. I didn’t question her about her sudden discovery that she was a lesbian. I figured some guys at school probably called her one because of how she looked, and she got mad at them and decided she was one because lesbians didn’t like boys. Our dad would probably applaud her for “coming out.” Our mom would have been horrified, but she was dead.

I started thinking hard about Scut’s pretty clothes. I wanted to wear them. I never dared to wear them before, because I knew she would get pissed and probably fight me. Now, at my first chance, I was going to wear them—and let Scut see me wearing them. She would still get pissed, of course, but I didn’t care any more.

I had a boner, though it was pretty small, only about three and a half inches long. I had seen boys showing off their boners, and all of them were bigger than mine. I never showed off my boner. In fact, every time I took a shower at home, I hid it between my legs and pretended I was a girl, with my boner transformed into my clitoris. The first time I ever had an orgasm, when I was barely 11, I was already pretending I was a girl and my boner was my clitoris, and I had been keeping it up almost every day since then. I figured I’d probably had close to 1,000 orgasms, every one of them a girlish one with my clitoris hidden between my legs, never sticking out in front like a normal boy’s boner.

I had to do it now. I was incredibly excited at the thought of wearing Scut’s pretty clothes. I went into the bathroom and stripped down fast. Getting the water as hot as I could stand, I stepped under the shower and pressed my boner down into hiding between my legs. It wasn’t easy, because my boner was really hard, but I did it anyway.

Then, as I had done many times before, I pretended I was a naked girl getting very, very clean. My plump, pointy, girlish little breasts got cleaner than they had ever been before, while I imagined myself wearing one of Scut’s bras. My hidden clitoris got ter-

rifically clean as I lathered myself up between my legs—and, as always, it magically seemed to get longer back there, sticking out beneath my butt. My big butt, too, got very clean when I clutched it hard with my soapy hands and pumped it back and forth, harder and harder, until I was having an orgasm and my clitoris was spurting backward beneath my butt.

I wondered if Scut ever had orgasms. I knew my dad had them, because I sometimes listened outside his bedroom while he had one with Sam Pelior, the guy who had replaced my mom before she killed herself. Their orgasms were loud. My own were as nearly silent as I could make them.

I turned my thoughts back from orgasms to Scut's clothes. The first chance I got, when Scut was out of the house, I was going to take the best of her clothes and make them my own. I was afraid I might ejaculate in her panties because it would be so exciting to wear them, but I was going to risk it. If Scut wanted to fight me for wearing her clothes, I would fight her. Even if I lost the fight, I was determined to keep the clothes.

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I got my chance on the Saturday after Scut announced that she was a lesbian. She went to the library; I told her she could ride my bike, which she liked better than hers. My dad, the well-known, hard-working lawyer Inticus Fitch, went to his law office. I didn't know and didn't care where Sam was, as long as he was out of my way. Sam didn't live in our house; he only came over often to visit and have orgasms with Inticus.

I invaded Scut's bedroom and rummaged through her clothes, first grabbing the prettiest panties and bras. Scut's breasts were still not much bigger than mine; the cups looked almost, though not quite, small enough to fit my chubby breasts.

I stripped and selected a cute pink bra. I had no idea how girls mastered the art of hooking bras in back. The only thing I could think of, after testing the

elasticity of the band, was to hook it first and then put it on over my head. My hands were shaking as I fastened the hooks. Then I lifted it by the straps, ducked my head to get the band around it, and awkwardly slipped it down.

The band fit just right; the cups were only slightly too big. I found some handkerchiefs, molded a single one for each cup with my hands, and slipped them into the cups. When I admired the lovely result in Scut's full-length mirror, my clitoris throbbed with excitement.

Then I forced my hard clitoris down into hiding and started to put on Scut's prettiest pink panties. I couldn't even get them halfway up before my clitoris fired a warning shot. I pulled them back down, breathing hard through my mouth, desperately trying to keep my excitement from overwhelming me.

I had to have an orgasm, really soon. Carefully I lay down on my back on Scut's bed. With her bra still on, I gripped my breasts, raised my knees, and clutched my hidden clitoris tightly with my thighs. I had done this many times before, usually rubbing my clitoris with one hand, but this time I didn't even need my hand; my thighs alone were enough. Almost at once I was pumping my butt, gasping for breath, and gushing onto Scut's sheet beneath my thighs.

I lay there until my heart and my breathing slowed to normal speed. Then I got up, wiped the goopy tip of my clitoris with a tissue, put Scut's panties on again—*my* panties now, I thought—and finished getting dressed.

To cover my bra, I selected a tight pink top that showed the exact size and shape of my breasts, as enhanced by the bra. Finally, I picked out a bright multi-colored knee-length skirt with a floral print and slipped it over my head, much more easily than the bra.

*Wow, I really look ladylike!* I thought, surveying my new girlish-looking self in Scut's full-length mirror. My light, wavy brown hair was already pretty long for a boy's hair, and I knew Inticus wouldn't care how long it got. My baby-blue eyes looked like the eyes of



an innocent good girl who never got sexy with boys. My full pink lips were kissable, but I tried to keep them from looking too hot. My figure was chubby, but no more so than Scut's, probably less. I began to imagine I could really pass for a girl, a *good* girl, and be friends with other good girls. I even thought of a girl's name for myself—a little like my real name, Jeremy, only ladylike and flowery. My new name, I decided, was Jasmine.

I went to the bathroom, sitting down like a girl of course, and washed my hands. Then, barefooted, I glided through the empty house, swinging my big hips like a girl, but trying to keep my dignity like a *good* girl. I didn't have a boner now, and that was good. Real girls, I felt sure, didn't go around with erect clitorises all the time merely because they were wearing girls' clothes.

I grabbed all the best of Scut's pretty clothes, to make sure she wouldn't try to keep them from me, and hid them under my boring boys' clothes in my dresser drawers. Then I began to wonder if I dared to go for a bike ride. It was a beautiful, sunny September day, a rarity in Greater Pacific Heights, perfect for a ride.

Of course I dared, I thought. I was a girl now. It wouldn't take a lot of daring for a girl to go for a bike ride wearing girls' clothes!

I would ride Scut's bike, of course, since she had mine. She was always complaining about how her pink girl's bike, which only had seven speeds, wasn't as good as my royal blue boy's bike, which had 21. Well, she could have mine now if she wanted it. A girl's bike was designed for riding in a skirt, and that was exactly what I wanted.

I put on some white socks and running shoes, not too ladylike, but many girls wore ones like them. Fortunately the skirt had pockets, in which I deposited my keys and my cell phone. I tied my hair in a ponytail, so it wouldn't blow in my face when I rode. Then I made sure the house doors were locked and went into the garage to get the bike.



Scut had taken my black helmet along with my bike. That was fine with me; I would wear her pink one. I put it on, opened the garage door, and went out into the sunshine. Then I mounted the bike and began to ride.

I turned right onto Manor Road and began to coast downhill. Up here, some of the houses could fairly be called mansions, although ours wasn't quite big enough to qualify. The houses gradually became smaller and less impressive as I descended toward Farquhar Village, where the library, the high school, and many shops of various specialties were located.

As I passed the well-known Temple of the Grand Union with its gigantic Yin-Yang window, a gust of wind caught my skirt and showed off my bare legs in a most un-ladylike manner. Some passing guys of high-school age in a car, who didn't know me, whistled at me and called out, "Hey, babe, great legs!" I turned away from them, so as not to let them think they had interested or excited me in any way—and yet my clitoris couldn't help responding eagerly to the thought that I could pass for a cute "babe" with great legs, attractive to boys.

I decided to go to the library, and to let Scut see me in her clothes. I was pretty sure she would be pissed—I mean, highly displeased; of course it's not ladylike to say "pissed." I was equally sure, though, that she wouldn't dare make a loud scene in the library. A librarian might recognize me but, if so, would do nothing worse than smirk.

I rolled up to the library on Village Lane, the main street of Farquhar Village, and locked the bike. No one seemed to recognize me or pay any attention to me when I entered. I found Scut in the periodical section, avidly reading an issue of *The Lesbian Leader* magazine.

"Oh, hi, Scut," I said in a soft falsetto voice. It didn't exactly sound like a girl's voice, but it was the best I could do.

Scut looked up. For a second she didn't seem to recognize me. Then she did, and she was outraged.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” she asked me, but softly, so the librarians wouldn’t hear.

“I’m wearing your clothes, as you can see. I figured you wouldn’t mind, since you didn’t want them any more.”

“You stole my clothes! Give them back!”

“Why, so you can throw them away? I will not, and I’m sure not going to take them off and give them to you here! I like them, even if you don’t, and I’m keeping them.”

“The hell you are. If you’re still wearing them when I get home, I’ll rip them off you and cut them to shreds, and throw them in the trash. That includes the underwear. I’m going to leave you naked. You can’t get away with this.”

“Well, we’ll see about that—Miss Sarah Marie Fitch.” I knew it would make her even more outraged when I called her by her real name. It did. She gave me the finger with both hands, frantically moving her hands up and down like pistons. I simply smiled and walked away, with my skirt swinging freely from side to side.

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Inticus got home before Scut did. “Jemmy? Scut?” he called out in his deep, resonant bass voice. “Anyone home?”

“I’m home,” I said. I swallowed hard. I tried to pretend everything was normal, and *of course* I was wearing Scut’s clothes, because that was just how it should be.

I arose and went into the living room. Inticus was sitting in his armchair, with his reading glasses on, reading a book. I stood before him in silence.

He looked up at me over the top of his reading glasses, took in my changed appearance at a glance, and raised his eyebrows. “Uh—call me Jasmine,” I said.

“Hmm,” he said. He paused before going on: “All right, then, Jasmine. This will take courage, you know. You’ll come up against bigotry.”

“I know.” I wasn’t going to wear girls’ clothes to middle school, because I knew how the bad boys there would express their bigotry: by punching me and pulling my panties down. Next year, though, I hoped I might dare to wear them to high school.

“You can always count on me to support your decision,” Inticus assured me.

“Thanks, Inticus. I really appreciate that.” Inticus probably didn’t realize how soon he would be called upon to support my decision, but *I* sure did.

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“All right, let’s have those clothes,” Scut demanded after she got home and invaded my bedroom. “All of them.”

“No. They’re mine now. You abandoned them. I’m keeping them.” I smiled at her, though my heart was beating hard in fear of a fight. “I mean, *somebody’s* got to be ladylike in this house.”

“*Ladylike!*” Scut’s face showed total outrage. “You idiot! You asshole! It’s kill or be killed out there! Ladylike softies don’t survive!”

My heart was starting to fill with outrage like her face. “Well, I’m going to be a ladylike softie, and survive,” I told her. “And let me tell you something. You say it’s kill or be killed, and you’re going to be one of the ones that kill, unlike the ladylike softies who get killed. Well, if I ever find out that you’ve killed any ladylike softies, I’ll get a gun, I’ll hunt you down, and I’ll kill *you!* Got it?”

“No. I don’t know what you’re talking about. Now give me those clothes, God damn it!”

Scut grabbed my skirt and started to pull it down. I slapped her in the face, hard. “God damn you to hell!” she screamed.

“Inticus!” I cried out. “Help! I’m coming up against bigotry! Scut’s trying to steal my clothes!”

“What’s all this?” Inticus demanded to know, striding into my bedroom.

“Germy stole my clothes!” Scut cried out, using her insulting nickname for Jeremy. “I want them back!”

“She does not want them back,” I countered. “She only wants to keep me from wearing them, to keep me from being ladylike. She tried to beat me up, and she threatened to kill ladylike softies.”

“I did not! He’s lying!”

“You did too.” I was smarter than Scut, I knew, and now I was going to use my intelligence to full advantage against her. “You said it’s kill or be killed, and ladylike softies don’t survive. That means you think there are two kinds of people: those who kill, like you, and those who get killed, like ladylike softies. That’s an explicit admission that you’re a killer and ladylike softies are your victims.”

Inticus laughed. “Jemmy—I mean, Jasmine, you may make a very effective prosecutor someday,” he said, “but you’ll have to bear in mind the presumption of innocence. Scut may have meant only that she thinks you have to be tough to survive, and that she doesn’t think you’re tough enough if you’re ladylike.”

“She said *kill* or be killed,” I protested, “not just *be tough* or be killed.”

“I think you should take that as mere hyperbole and rhetoric,” Inticus said, in a tone of voice indicating that he wouldn’t accept any more disputation about it from me. “Now, let’s talk about this charge of stealing clothes.”

“Germy stole them,” Scut charged. “I want them back. All of them. Now.”

“I did not steal them,” I countered. “She abandoned them. Abandoned property is free to the taker.” I knew that because Inticus had told me. “She just wants to keep me from wearing them, not to wear them herself.”

“Well,” Inticus said, “I think you’re both overlooking something very important. Who paid for those clothes? Scut?”

Scut frowned. “You did, of course,” she admitted. “So what? They’re mine now.”

“Since I paid for them,” Inticus instructed her, “in a very real sense, they are *my* clothes, not yours, and I may dispose of them as I see fit. I paid for them for your use. If that use has ended, they may be put to another use.”

Scut was smart enough to see which way the decision was going to go, and she was pissed—I mean, vexed. “Germy doesn’t really want my clothes!” she protested. “He just wants to insult *me* by wearing them! He wants to say *fuck you* to me because I’m not *ladylike*, and his way to do that is to pretend he *is* ladylike!”

“That’s a lie!” I cried. “I’ve wanted to be ladylike for years! This is my big chance, and I’m not giving it up!” That might not have been exactly true, since what I had wanted and done for years was to get nude and have orgasms like a girl, not exactly the most ladylike of activities—but I figured it was close enough to the truth to serve the purpose.

“My decision,” Inticus said without further ado, “is that Jeremy, now to be known as Jasmine, may possess the clothes that Scut has no longer been using. Scut, if you wish to return to wearing clothes of that kind, I will buy you some more. If not, there is no more to be said on this subject.”

I grinned, but I tried not to look at Scut and gloat over my victory. “God damn it,” Scut muttered under her breath. “Fuck you.” Then she turned around and fled from my room.

## Chapter 2

By the time I was 15 and ready to enter high school, Scut had gotten used to me wearing the clothes that used to be hers, although she still didn't like it. Except when I was at school or having an orgasm, I wore them almost all the time. They were almost as normal to me as they would have been for a real girl, and it usually didn't make my clitoris erect any more to wear them.

They were getting pretty tight on me by that time, so Inticus said I should give them to the Movers and Shakers Thrift Store, and he would pay for me to get new clothes. I went on a shopping spree and got some of the prettiest, best-fitting girls' clothes I could find. My clitoris wasn't getting any bigger, still not more than three and a half inches on my ruler, but my butt and my breasts were noticeably bigger. Scut's panties were way too tight on me now, so I got Patti's Puffies which had lots of room for unusually big butts and clits. I discovered the excellent invention of the front-hook bra, which I could put on almost (though not quite) as easily as a shirt, and I bought several lacy, low-cut ones of various girlish colors. I got some cute tops with slightly low necklines, but not *too* low, for that wouldn't be ladylike. My skirts had to be full, so my clitoris wouldn't show if it got hard; I got a good selection, some approximately knee-length or a tiny bit shorter, some below the knee, but no unladylike miniskirts. A few dresses, a couple of pairs of pumps, and sandals completed my basic wardrobe.

"Well, as I said," Inticus told me on the morning of the first day of school, "this will take courage." I figured it would. I was wearing a white scoop-neck top, a white A-cup bra lightly stuffed with hankies, a bright floral-print knee-length skirt with Patti's Puffies underneath, and sandals. My clitoris wasn't erect, at least not yet, but my heart was beating hard.

"You are very fortunate," Inticus said, "that the Pacific Heights Public Schools are among the finest public schools in the nation—and, among them, Farquhar Park High School is one of the very finest. You will notice that, even up here where the parents

could easily afford to send their children to private schools, very few do, because the private schools have little or no advantage in quality over Farquhar Park High. You will have no reason to fear physical abuse of any kind for wearing girls' clothes to school, as you might at so many other schools in other parts of the country."

"I'm sure glad about *that*," I said.

"But still," Inticus said, "no doubt you will encounter bigotry, and it will take courage to stand firm against it. Jasmine, you have my assurance that I will stand behind you and support you, no matter what forms of bigotry you may encounter."

"Uh, thanks, Inticus," I said. "I really need to know that."

Inticus shook my hand, and I turned to go to school. Scut's pink bike and helmet were mine now; I put on the helmet, got on the bike, and rode downhill toward school.

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"FRESHMAN ORIENTATION," said a big sign at the school entrance, with arrows pointing toward the auditorium. I joined the crowd, as if I were just another girl, and made my way toward a seat. A few boys looked at me twice, but no one else seemed to pay much attention.

"Welcome to Farquhar Park High," the bald-headed principal, Mr. Greengarten, was soon saying on the stage at the front of the auditorium. "Our aim here is to give you the best possible preparation for higher education, and for life in the real world." He then said some forgettable things and introduced the head counselor, Mr. G (whose real name was Bob Ruggerbuck).

"We'd like to offer you the most terrific and awe-inspiring welcome possible," said Mr. G. He was a totally manly, athletic-looking guy in his 30s or so, and it soon became evident that he was openly gay.