

Meet Misti



Dulci Daily



A "Her Tv" Novel



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Meet Misti

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

Mitch MacCraikie was a normal boy, pretty much, until he was almost 12 years old. He was a bit chubby, and sometimes an obnoxious female friend of his mom's would embarrass him by saying it was too bad he wasn't a girl because he had such a pretty face—but that was no big deal. Mitch didn't notice that something was *really* unusual about him until a couple of months before his 12th birthday.

Mitch had noticed that his nipples were getting bigger and pointier but he didn't pay a lot of attention to them until one evening when he was getting ready for bed. He was in his underwear, and his nipples were making his T-shirt stick out in front. They were giving him funny feelings, good feelings, and he wanted to touch them. He wasn't sure it was a good idea but his hands seemed to be drawn to his nipples like iron to magnets. He touched them both at once through his T-shirt, and received an electric shock of pleasure. His penis, already over five inches long, stood erect almost at once.

Mitch had heard bad boys joking about “beating off,” but Mitch was a good boy and he didn’t want to do that. Still, his penis was demanding attention. If he didn’t do *something* about it, he was afraid his hands would be drawn to it as they had been to his nipples, and he would beat off for sure.

Girls don’t beat off, Mitch thought. They can’t beat off, because they don’t have penises! Maybe, Mitch figured, if he pretended he was a girl, he would be saved from beating off.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and took off his underwear. He saw his big dark nipples, at least as big around as quarters, with hard tips that were sticking way out. He pressed his penis down between his legs to pretend he was a girl. It wasn’t easy because his penis was so hard, but he did it anyway, clutching it tight between his legs to keep it from escaping.

Looking at his breasts again, Mitch noticed that something else was different about them too. It wasn’t just his nipples that were getting bigger, it was his whole breasts. In Mitch’s fifth-grade class at St. Raymond’s, some of the girls had little breasts. Mitch’s breasts looked a whole lot like theirs.

Mitch swallowed hard. He was afraid of what might happen if his breasts kept growing, and he was afraid it might make them grow faster if he squeezed them, but he couldn’t help it. The iron leaped to the magnets again. Mitch rubbed and squeezed his bare breasts with his eyes closed and his mouth wide open. His penis was going to escape and he feared he was going to beat off for sure if he didn’t press his legs together as tightly as he could to keep it down.

His penis was throbbing and protesting, demanding that Mitch release it and beat off. Mitch refused. He lay down on his side on the bed, bent his knees, and kept his legs clenched together as tightly as he could. His hips were starting to move in rhythm; he couldn’t keep them still. He pressed his breasts with both hands and kept clutching his hidden penis

tightly with his legs. It was sticking out beneath his butt, begging him to reach around and touch it. He tried to resist, fearing it would be too much like beating off if he touched it—but his penis, like his breasts, was a strong magnet for his hand. A shock of extreme pleasure made him tremble all over when he touched the big, backward-facing bulb of his penis behind his thigh, beneath his butt. His hand stayed on his bulb, gently caressing it, while his hips pumped faster and his thighs clutched the hidden part of his penis more intensely. At last he ripped his hand away, but the deed was already done. Mitch lost all control of his hips, an incredible flood of excitement overwhelmed him, and he could feel something coming out of his penis in great spurts onto the bed behind his quaking thighs.

When he was fully drained, Mitch gave a deep sigh. He hoped he hadn't harmed himself by doing this strange, unimaginably exciting girlish thing. At least, though, he hadn't beaten off, and that was a real accomplishment. With a sense of genuine triumph, Mitch thought to himself: *I'm not like those bad boys who beat off!*

To Mitch's dismay, his breasts continued to grow. In sixth grade, the bad boys started to call him "Nips" because everyone could see his nipples sticking out, even though he wore the loosest shirts he could. He was afraid it made them grow more when he rubbed and squeezed them while playing the girl, but often it was too exciting to resist.

By the time he was 13 and in seventh grade, Mitch decided something had to be done. He sneaked a peek at instructions on how to measure yourself for a bra, and he measured himself. The chart said he needed an A cup.

"Mom," Mitch said soon after that, "uh—can a boy wear a bra?"

His mom stared at him. “Well,” she said after a long silence, “I guess a boy could wear a bra if he really *needed* one.”

“I need one, Mom! This is crazy! Look!” Mitch pulled up his shirt and undershirt to show Mom his breasts.

“Oh!” Mom almost shrieked. “Oh, no! Well—uh—I guess you do need one. I can’t—well, I can hardly believe this.”

“Don’t tell Dad, OK?” Mitch begged. He was pretty sure his dad wouldn’t approve of him wearing a bra.

“Well . . . all right, I won’t tell him, but I’m pretty sure he’ll find out sooner or later.”

Dad found out sooner, not later. Mom had advised Mitch to wear bras with a bit of padding, to make sure his nipples wouldn’t show through. Mitch agreed and Mom bought him some plain, sturdy, padded bras. They did the job but they made Mitch’s breasts look even bigger than before. At dinner on the very first day when Mitch wore a bra, his dad stared, frowned, pointed, and said, “Hey, Mitch, what’s this? This doesn’t look good.”

Mitch gritted his teeth. He had to get it over with, he guessed. “I’m wearing a bra, Dad,” he said.

“I need one.” Mitch’s 11-year-old sister Katie, who had just started to wear a bra herself, giggled. Baby Henriette, oblivious to her brother’s discomfort, guzzled greedily at Mom’s breast.

Dad’s pale blue eyes, usually cool, showed mounting outrage. “The hell you do!” he almost shouted. “No son of mine is going to wear a bra!”

“I’m already wearing one, Dad,” Mitch insisted, “and I *need* one.” Angry at having to speak of such a

thing, he went on: "I'm too big up here to go without one."

"Well, that's got to be fixed," Dad proclaimed. "We'll take you to the Moob Doc."

Mitch felt a sudden shock of fear, though he was not sure why. "Who's the Moob Doc?" he asked.

"He's a doctor who specializes in male breast reduction surgery," Dad said. "He's helped a lot of guys with problems like yours, and he can help you too."

Mitch was shocked into silence. Could this really be the solution to his problem? Would it really be a good idea to get rid of his breasts and be like other boys—and maybe beat off like other boys, too? Dad had already made little joking references to Mitch beating off—not knowing that he never had, although he had acted like an incredibly excitable nude girl in bed quite a few times by now. Could Mitch really bear to lose his breasts—his beautiful, girlish breasts—just to please Dad and avoid being teased by bad boys?

Mitch looked around the table. Henriette was still oblivious. Katie's bright dark eyes and her sharp ears waited eagerly to see whether Mitch would refuse to go along with Dad's proposal. Mom's round, golden-brown, usually serene face showed signs of worry and anxiety. Dad's pale, thin face and piercing blue eyes showed his determination to bend Mitch to his will, to get rid of his bra and his breasts.

What would Mom say? Mitch frantically wondered. Mom, the family's fountain of serenity, somehow knew the secret of being able to calm Dad down when he was pissed—but Mom wasn't saying anything now. Mitch had to guess what she would say. He wasn't sure his guess was a good one, but he said it: "Well, uh, thanks, Dad, but I'm pretty sure this is how God made me—and this is how I'm going to stay, even if I do have to wear a bra." Yes, Mom would talk about God, as if she had some secret communication with God that most people didn't have; and Dad

would listen to her and calm down, even though Dad wasn't too devoted to God, to say the least. When Mitch tried it, though, it didn't work—far from it.

“*Horseshit!*” Dad shouted. Mom's face showed pain. She looked as if she wanted to reprimand Dad for shouting and using profanity, but also as if she didn't think this would be a good time for a reprimand.

“Look here, Mitch!” Dad said. “What you've got is a *disease*—a disease called *gynecomastia*. You're not going to tell me God doesn't want *diseases* to be cured! We'll make an appointment with the Moob Doc, and you're going to go. That's that.”

Mitch clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. He would *not* go! His breasts were part of him, lovely and exciting, and they set him apart from bad boys who beat off, too! Maybe he wouldn't have chosen to have them, but he did have them, and he wasn't getting rid of them! “No, Dad, I'm not going,” he was just about to say, heedless of the uproar he would surely provoke—but Mom intervened.

“Mitch,” she said softly, “it's your decision, but I really think you should go to the doctor and get his advice. Find out about all your options, and the pros and cons. Then you can make your decision.”

Mitch tried to calm down, just as Dad so often did when Mom talked to him. “All right, Mom,” he said when he could speak. “I'll get his advice—but it will be *my* decision.”

“Well, all I've got to say,” Dad said, “is it better be the *right* decision!”

“RICHARD OGLESTONE, M.D.” read the gold-colored plaque on the door of the doctor's office in the Physicians Tower, adjacent to Kingsley Memorial Hospital in downtown Pacific Heights. Dad and Mitch

entered the office, spoke to the receptionist, and filled out papers. A nurse called Mitch back, got his weight, took his temperature and blood pressure, and asked him some questions. Then, after Mitch waited alone in the examining room for a few minutes, the Moob Doc came in.

“Hi there,” said the tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, slightly stout doctor. “You’re Mitch, right?”

“That’s right.”

“I’m Dr. Oglestone. Your dad tells me you’ve got a problem with moobs.”

“Uh—does he mean these?” Mitch pointed to his breasts.

“Yes, that’s the idea.”

“Well, *he* thinks it’s a problem, but I don’t.”

The Moob Doc raised his eyebrows. “That’s pretty unusual,” he said. “Most boys your age, if they’ve got moobs, are dying to get rid of them. Well, do you mind if I have a look at what your dad thinks is a problem but you don’t? How about taking off your shirt and undershirt?”

Mitch complied, revealing his bra which had been under his undershirt. The Moob Doc suppressed a smile. “OK, I’ll need to see what’s under your bra,” he said. Mitch removed his bra.

“Hmm, this is pretty unusual,” the Moob Doc said upon viewing Mitch’s bare breasts. “I’m thinking there could be a hormonal imbalance that could affect the prospects for success of the surgery, if you did have the surgery. We’ll need to get some blood work done. I’ll get a nurse to poke your arm for a blood sample, and we’ll see you back here when we get the results.”

“Um—how do you mean, it could affect the prospects for success of the surgery?”

“Well, I don’t know yet. There are some fairly rare conditions under which it wouldn’t be advisable to get the surgery for various reasons. We should know when we get the results back.”

He went out of the examining room. Soon a nurse came in, tied Mitch’s arm, swabbed it, and poked it with a needle to draw blood.

“Well, what’s going on?” Dad asked when Mitch emerged. “Are you getting the surgery?”

“The doc said he needs to get results from a blood sample,” Mitch said. “He said I might have a hormonal imbalance that would make it not advisable to get the surgery.” Mitch tried not to smile in Dad’s face.

“Well, that would be the pits,” Dad said, frowning. “That better not be true.”

“OK, Mitch,” said the Moob Doc at the follow-up appointment, “I guess your dad’s going to be disappointed. You’ve got a rare hormonal imbalance that makes you develop the secondary sexual characteristics of a female, while retaining the primary sexual characteristics of a male. I guess I should verify that you’ve got all the standard male equipment down there, but I’ll be surprised if you don’t. Just drop your trousers for a minute, OK?” Mitch complied, and the doctor briefly examined his penis and balls.

“OK, you can pull them up,” he said. “Mitch, what you’ve got isn’t your standard case of gynecomastia, or male breast enlargement, that can easily be cured by surgery. There have been very few cases where the surgery was tried on a patient with this rare syndrome, and some of the results were pretty unsatisfactory. I mean, in those cases, the patients’ breasts grew back, sometimes larger than before, and in a couple of cases they even grew back misshapen. I’m pretty sure you don’t want that.”

“No, I don’t!” Mitch said. “Uh—well, so are my breasts going to keep growing?”

“Probably for a while—and that’s not the only thing. The hormonal imbalance will probably get more severe as you get farther into adolescence. Your hips will tend to get bigger like a girl’s hips, and your voice will get higher as the hormones kick in more. Within a couple of years, you’ll probably be just like a girl in voice and in looks, as long as you keep your pants on—or your skirt on, as the case may be.”

“Uh—you mean there’s nothing that can be done to keep that from happening?”

“Well, something *can* be done. It *may* be possible to cure this condition with a combination of complex hormone treatments and advanced surgical techniques. The cure, if it happened, would be terrifically expensive. It wouldn’t be covered by insurance, because the procedures are still experimental, and they don’t have an excellent success rate, to say the least. We could give it a try—but frankly, I don’t think your dad would want to spend a huge amount of money to turn you into a guinea pig for a probably unsuccessful experiment.”

“No, he sure wouldn’t. My dad hates to spend money, but he wanted me to get this surgery—I mean, the regular breast reduction surgery—even though the insurance wouldn’t pay for it.”

“Yes, I hope that will change someday, but it hasn’t yet. Well, your dad will be disappointed about you not getting the surgery, but the bright side will be that he’ll save a bunch of money. I’ll talk to him about it.”

The doctor left the room. After breathing a great sigh of relief, Mitch began to contemplate his future—or *her* future—as a boy who, to all appearances when not in the nude, would be a girl.

Mitch's dad wasn't the only one who noticed that he was wearing a bra, when Mitch would have preferred that embarrassing fact to remain unnoticed if possible. Not many days later, Mitch was called to the office of Mr. Killfrickrick, the vice principal at St. Raymond's.

"Mitch," said Mr. Killfrickrick, "I'm afraid there have been reports that you've been violating the dress code."

"How?" Mitch asked, though he knew the answer perfectly well.

"Well, it's been reported that you're wearing a bra." Mr. Killfrickrick appeared to be at least as embarrassed as Mitch was, and beads of sweat were forming on his brow. "The dress code prohibits boys from wearing any girls' clothes. That includes bras."

Mitch took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Yes, I'm wearing a bra," he said. "I need one. The doctor says I've got a rare hormone imbalance." Mr. Killfrickrick frowned, but said nothing.

"If I didn't wear a bra," Mitch went on, "I'd look like a girl who was violating the dress code by not wearing a bra when she needed one. That's not what you want to see, is it?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Killfrickrick quickly assured him. "But—" His eyes darted to Mitch's breasts, and leaped away again at once. The sweat was dribbling down his face from his brow.

"Well, can you get the doctor to certify that it's medically necessary for you to wear a bra?" he asked at last.

"Uh—yeah, I guess so," Mitch said.

"Good. Please do. If it's, uh, a medically necessary device, we can make a limited exception to the dress

code for it.” Mr. Killfrickrick grabbed a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face. “But just don’t wear any *other* girls’ clothes, all right?”

“Don’t worry, I won’t!” Mitch assured him.

Mitch walked home from St. Raymond’s that day with his mind on the distant future. If he was going to look and sound more and more like a girl, he figured, he *should* wear girls’ clothes—and maybe he should even have a girl’s name. They wouldn’t let him at St. Raymond’s, but they sure would at Farquhar Park High School when he went there, starting in the ninth grade. Farquhar Park was well known for being friendly to G’s, L’s, B’s, and T’s; Mitch would surely fit right in as a T.

By that time, Mitch imagined, he might have really big breasts, big hips, and a totally girlish-sounding voice. He daydreamed about wearing pretty girls’ clothes to high school, and having a girl’s name—but what? He tossed around several in his mind, finally deciding on a pretty cute and sexy one: *Misti*.

He wondered what his mom and dad would think. Dad would hate it, he was pretty sure—but it was Dad who wanted him to go to Farquhar Park. That was his agreement with Mom: Mitch would go to St. Raymond’s through the eighth grade, and then switch to public school. Mom probably wouldn’t be too pleased about Mitch looking like a girl and having a girl’s name—but he was going to look like a girl anyway, and Mom would reluctantly admit that this was how God made him.

Mitch wondered how God ever got his mom and dad together to make him. They were pretty devoted to each other, and yet they were so totally different! Dad was a “lapsed Presbyterian,” meaning he didn’t go to church or think much of God, from an old Scottish-American family that had first come to

Pacificum Territory before it became a state. Mom was a devout Catholic, though not an especially rigid one, a Creole from New Orleans who came to Pacificum to attend the U, where she met Mitch's dad. Mitch got his light golden-brown skin, round face, and full lips from Mom, but his height—he was already taller than Mom—from Dad. Now it was turning out, it seemed, that he also got his breasts from Mom, as well as his penis from Dad.

Mitch approached his home, the only one on Beaton Street with a heart-shaped plaque proclaiming that the “MacCraikie Family” lived there. It was a small split-level built in the 1950s, the only home Mitch had ever known. Mom would be here. Mitch could talk with her in confidence about his future, especially if Katie didn't butt in. He hoped she wouldn't. He unlocked the door and went in.

Chapter 2

“Mitch, meet Misti,” Mitch said to his reflection in the mirror. Even as he said it, or rather as *she* said it, she became no longer Mitch, but Misti indeed.

Misti was lovely, she thought, if she did say so herself. She was five feet, nine inches tall now, almost as tall as Dad, but she looked much more like Mom. Her dark curly hair was long now, at least shoulder-length, and held back by a pure white headband. Her big dark eyes, her dark-rimmed glasses, her full lips and golden-brown skin, were those of a fully feminine-looking beauty indeed. Her breasts were still far from gigantic, but they had grown bigger as the Moob Doc predicted; she now wore a low-cut, lacy B-cup bra underneath her scoop-necked white top. Her hips, now covered by a brilliant-colored, slightly less than knee-length skirt with a tropical flower design, were broad like a girl's hips, too; by the end of seventh grade she had had to start wearing girls' pants, despite Mr. Killfrickrick's admonition, because boys' pants no longer fit her.