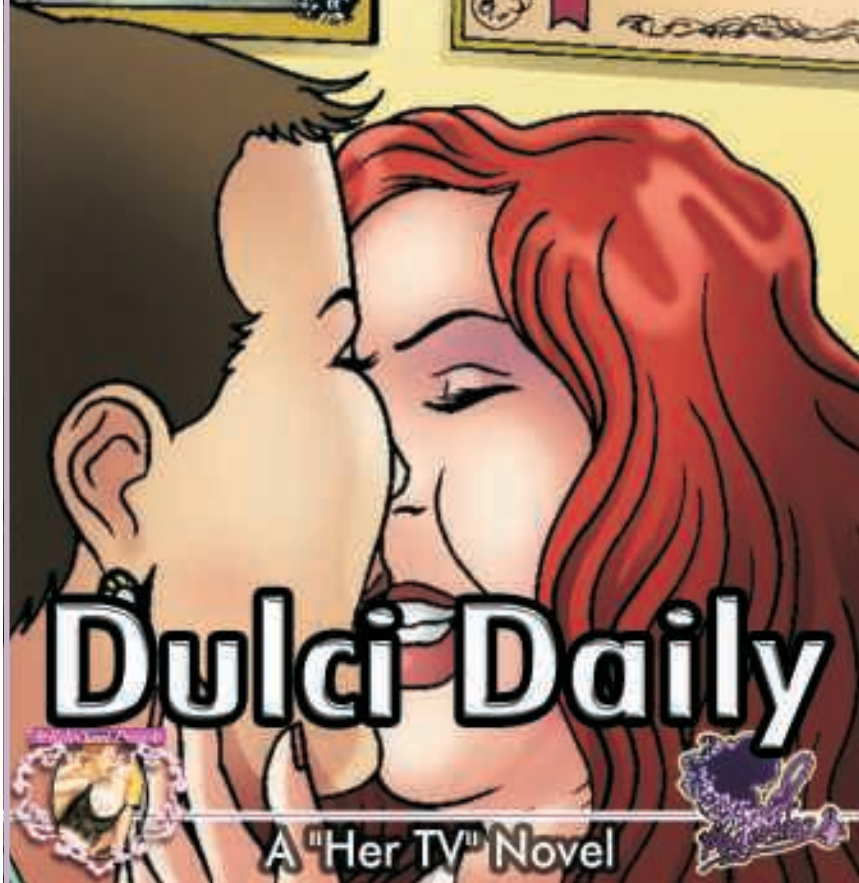


Change of Orientation



Dulci Daily



A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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Change of Orientation

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

Cars streamed into the parking lot at Redemption Pointe in Seaview Grove, the biggest megachurch in Greater Pacific Heights. A huge sign near the main entrance gave the reason. The Reverend Dr. Bill G. Magnumson, a fast-rising star in the Christian pro-family movement, was giving a talk entitled “YES, Homosexuality CAN Be Cured!”

Janet Raredoone drove her little, old, but well-maintained sky-blue subcompact car into the parking lot and parked next to a big, expensive-looking white SUV. Her brown hair was very short, which she figured would make her look like the lesbian she really was, but her tall, lean figure was neatly and conservatively dressed. Her small but shapely breasts were covered, if not concealed, by a

high-necked white blouse, under which lurked a plain white A-cup bra. She even wore a skirt, which she seldom did—a big, maroon-colored, mid-calf monstrosity. Sensible shoes completed what she hoped was the look of a polite young lesbian shyly, but desperately, seeking a cure. No one, surely, would discern that she was really a scout for the Pacificum LGBT Defense Team, here to spy out the enemy and report back to the team.

Janet flowed with the crowd into the megachurch and sought a seat near the front. There were only a few left, and she had to squeeze past several people to get one, but she succeeded. She was only a few rows back, with an excellent view of the huge stage.

The look of the place was indistinguishable from an auditorium for the performing arts, especially since there was a rock band on the stage. To Janet's dismay, the band soon began to play a dreadful-sounding hard rock song, with shrieking guitars and crashing cymbals and drums, in which the most discernible words were in the repeated refrain, "Jesus, Jesus, give me all I need." Janet didn't even like hard rock with non-Christian words, and the "Jesus, Jesus" words seemed to make it even worse. Janet was not accustomed to considering what Jesus would do, say, or think about anything, but she suspected that even Jesus himself would not appreciate this tribute to him, if he could hear it.

For a brief moment after the song finally ended, Janet almost wished she were a Christian, so she could give thanks to God that the song was over. Her brief moment of almost-thankfulness ended at once, though, when she saw the man walking out to front and center on the stage—a short man with short light brown hair, blue eyes, and small eyeglasses. She recognized him at once. He was the notorious Bob Stimson IV, a leader of the enemy forces. Stimson

had led the campaign for the narrowly defeated Initiative 491, to redefine marriage in the State of Pacificum as the union of one man and one woman, back before the Supreme Court had settled that issue forever. Now he was here, presumably hoping to play upon fear and hatred of homosexuality for the sake of obtaining money, power, self-aggrandizement, and the like.

“As many of you probably know,” Stimson’s amplified voice called out to the audience, “I’m Bob Stimson IV, professor of cultural pathology at Bob Stimson Christian University. I’ve dug deep into the horrors of the homosexual agenda, with its all-out attack on everything that decent Christian people hold sacred. I’m here this afternoon to introduce a man who is leading the most *exciting*, most *effective* counter-attack on the homosexual agenda in the world today! The founder of Magnumson Christian Therapy; an ordained minister as well as a Christian psychologist, Dr. Bill G. Magnumson has the credentials, the expertise, and above all, the *zeal* to cut off the homosexual agenda at the roots, by turning unhappy, hopeless homosexuals into normal, happy heterosexuals. He has recently returned from a national tour, to his home in Normal Heights. I won’t waste your time; I’ll introduce you right now to the Reverend Dr. Bill G. Magnumson and his lovely wife, Rhonda!”

To thunderous applause, a man and a woman strode to the center of the stage, hand-in-hand. The man was tall, lean, pale, and handsome, with short light-colored hair, much like Stimson’s hair. The woman was considerably shorter and ruddier in complexion, with long, lovely, wavy red hair.

Janet’s attention was drawn to the woman at once. She looked like the perfect Christian wife, Janet supposed, the mythical “Proverbs 31 woman”—not a

glamor girl, but beautiful in a clean, simple, pleasingly plump way, slightly bashful-looking but brightly smiling. Her breasts were no bigger than Janet's, but the modest-sized bulges in the front of her elegant-looking cream-colored blouse made it obvious that she had them. Her hips were not unusually broad, but her butt was big and shapely, to judge from the glimpse Janet got of her dark knee-length skirt as she walked onto the stage. She was, in fact, exactly the kind of woman to whom Janet was most strongly attracted.

Janet paid little attention while Dr. Magnumson made some preliminary remarks about how Christians longed to find a cure for homosexuality, but until recently it had always seemed to be out of reach. He made a few condescending, mildly disparaging remarks about previous forms of therapy that hadn't worked, and about so-called ex-gay leaders who abandoned the cause and even fell back into gay sin. (That seemed to be one of his favorite expressions: "gay sin.") Janet did hear his remarks, but meanwhile her imagination was devoted to his wife.

Of course, she considered, she wouldn't exactly want to induce his wife to cheat on him. Janet strongly disapproved of cheating. She had been stung more than once by unfaithful lesbian lovers—not to mention the unmentionable male scumbucket who took her virginity and dumped her long ago—and she was sure she would be faithful to her female spouse if she were ever married. Still, she did want, very much, to get to know this lovely creature if at all possible.

Then Dr. Magnumson started to describe his own claimed cure for homosexuality. Before too long, Janet was shocked into paying full attention.

"Return with me now," he said, "to the days of the prophet Jeremiah. You'll recall, from the 38th chap-

ter of the Book of Jeremiah, that Jeremiah's enemies had him thrown into a cistern, in which there was no water left, but only mud—and Jeremiah sank into the mud. Now, my dear friends, Jeremiah's desperate situation is a metaphor for the equally desperate situation of a human being who is cast by the most vicious enemy of humanity—Satan—into the mud, the muck, the filth, of homosexuality. Not that holy Jeremiah himself ever indulged in gay sin, of course; we're talking here about one of the many *metaphors* in which the Bible abounds.

“Now, here is the crucial point, my dear friends: How did Jeremiah get *out* of the cistern? Did he simply leap out, or climb out, by his own power? No. That would have been impossible. Did God levitate him out without human assistance? No. That was not in God's plan. No, Jeremiah got out of the cistern because Ebed-melech the Ethiopian complained to the king, and the king sent men to lift Jeremiah out of the cistern before he died! And that, too, is a metaphor—a metaphor for the *only universally effective method* of escaping from homosexuality. You and I, my dear friends, have cried out to God, the king of the universe, in prayer—and God has sent men and women, skilled therapists all, to lift homosexuals out of their deep hole full of filth, in which the water of life cannot be found, before they die in their sins!

“And *how* did those men lift Jeremiah out of the cistern? Was it easy? Was it quick? No, imagine Ebed-melech and his companions straining, step by step, slowly dragging Jeremiah upward, while Jeremiah was still *covered all over* with the mud, the muck, the filth in which he had been sunk! And that *too* is a metaphor, my dear friends, for the process of escaping from homosexuality—the only process that will reliably work. It is slow; it takes place step by step; the mud, the muck, and the filth are not fully removed until the *end* of the process.

“That process, that *successful* process, is the one we employ at Magnumson Christian Therapy. Step by step, homosexuals are weaned away from homosexuality and toward heterosexuality, by skilled therapists who direct their homosexual urges gradually toward the opposite sex. The first step for a lesbian may be to direct her urges toward a therapist who plays the role of a *male* lesbian. The first step for a male homosexual may be to direct his urges toward a male therapist who plays the role of a woman—or, if he has already reached that step, to direct his urges toward a female therapist who engages in activity similar to male homosexual activity. By gradual, measured steps, the homosexual arises out of homosexuality and into full heterosexuality, just as Jeremiah arose out of the muddy cistern and into the open air.

“This process *works*, my dear friends! I myself am living proof, and so is my wife Rhonda! I myself was once a homosexual, and she was a lesbian. Both of us were living in the depths of degradation, wallowing in gay and lesbian sin. We have pioneered all the steps of this process, struggling upward out of the filth, until now we are as you see us today—a happy, healthy, normal, Christian, heterosexual couple!”

Dr. Magnumson took his wife’s hand and held it high as she stood up together with him. Another round of thunderous applause broke out among the big crowd. Janet did not applaud. She could hardly believe what she had heard. Was this man a fraud in the vile tradition of Elmer Gantry, only even worse—running a prostitution racket under the guise of Christian therapy? Or did he sincerely believe he was helping homosexuals by leading them to engage in the same old sex they were accustomed to engage in, only with people who were, or appeared to be, of the opposite sex?



Whatever the truth might be, Janet could see this man was an enemy of the LGBT movement—perhaps a more formidable enemy than Stimson himself. This man, she had to think, was *cheating*: he was using behavior similar or identical to so-called “gay sin,” to deceive his victims into imagining they were *escaping* from gay sin. If he could get away with that, then he could break the fundamental connection between gay sex and gay orientation, *gay identity*, without which the LGBT movement would wither and die.

Janet stared intently at Dr. Magnumson’s lovely wife. She was still smiling brightly and holding up both her hands, the one her husband was holding and the one he wasn’t—but did Janet detect a hint of distraction, even of dissatisfaction, in her bright blue eyes? Might Janet somehow detect a weakness, even a fatal weakness, in Dr. Magnumson’s monstrous plans, if she were to befriend this beauty? Or was it merely her own fascination that made her imagine she might? Janet did not know. She knew only that, if there was any way, she would get to know this lovely little lady—and even get to know her secrets, if she could.

After waiting in line at the reception for Dr. and Mrs. Magnumson after the talk, Janet got her chance to meet the lovely lady. “I’m so glad to meet you, Mrs. Magnumson,” Janet gushed, shaking Mrs. Magnumson’s hand. “My name is Janet. I wonder—would you have time, sometime, to answer a few of my questions? I was extremely interested in what Dr. Magnumson said about his therapy, but I admit I’d be embarrassed to talk to a *man* about my problems. Maybe you could help me? I certainly hope so!”

“Oh!” Mrs. Magnumson said with a shy-looking, winning smile. Her voice was unusual, deep and rich,

but unquestionably feminine. “Well—I’d love to be able to help, if I could! Maybe we could go out to lunch sometime next week; I should have some free time then.”

“That would be wonderful!” Janet said.

“And please call me Rhonda,” Mrs. Magnumson added.

“All right, I will,” Janet said, “Rhonda!”

They quickly made the arrangements and Janet moved on to make room for the next person in line. She was extremely pleased and her heart was beating fast. She would have to restrain herself carefully, she thought, lest she make any effort to seduce this beauty—or would she? Surely, if Rhonda fell back into so-called “lesbian sin,” Dr. Magnumson’s claimed cure for homosexuality would suffer a serious setback, maybe even a fatal one. Would it be right to induce Rhonda to cheat, for the sake of defeating this formidable enemy? Janet did not know, and she was dismayed that she did not know. She only hoped she would know before the time came to decide.

“I thought that went extremely well, didn’t you?” Dr. Magnumson said to Rhonda as they drove through the well-known Pearly Gates of Normal Heights and proceeded uphill toward their home near Normal Heights Park. A fairly new development at the near edge of the foothills beyond the Interstate, Normal Heights had already gained renown as a highly desirable and exclusive area—even if it did not quite live up to its incredibly pretentious slogan, “The Closest Thing to Heaven on Earth.” The “Heaven” theme was carried out not only in the huge number of imitation pearls on the Pearly Gates, but even in the street names, such as “Seraphim Court” on which the Magnumsons lived, and on the large, easily readable

street signs, which bore images of pearls, harps, haloes, and the like along with the street names. Rhonda did not feel especially heavenly at present, but she tried hard to conceal this defect.

“Oh, yes, Bill!” Rhonda enthused. “You were splendid, and the audience loved it!”

“I hope you didn’t think I was too harsh,” Bill said with a little smile, “on the few fanatics who claimed I was actually *promoting* gay sin instead of opposing it.”

Rhonda forced herself not to sigh. Bill almost always asked this question, or a very similar one, after a talk—and Rhonda always had to reassure him when he did. “No, certainly not,” she said. “With Jeremiah and Abe Lincoln on your side, you could hardly lose, and I thought you were dignified and restrained—as usual.” The reference to Abe Lincoln arose from Bill’s comparison of himself to Lincoln, the great statesman who favored the gradual elimination of slavery, in contrast to the fanatical Abolitionists—who accused Lincoln of being soft on slavery and even favoring it, but they were wrong. Likewise here, any fanatics who accused Bill of being soft on the slavery of gay sin, or even favoring it, were dead wrong.

On Seraphim Court, Bill and Rhonda’s garage door opened of itself as their big white SUV—not by coincidence, a Lincoln—approached. Soon they were out of the car and in the house, and they were kissing. “I think this will be a very fine night,” Bill said when the kiss had ended. Rhonda knew well what that meant: Bill wanted sex. That was good. Rhonda loved sex. It felt so incredibly good, and it helped banish her doubts, her fears, her worries about her future with Bill—or without him.

After they both urinated, Rhonda quickly entered the master bedroom, stripped, and put on her sheerest, sexiest nightie. For a brief moment she gazed down in admiration at what no one but herself and Bill must ever see: her very stout four-inch clitoris, already fully erect, with its remarkably big, beautiful bulb, fully two inches in diameter. Then she quickly bent over at the waist and shoved it down into hiding between her legs. Even in strictest secrecy, Bill didn't like to see Rhonda with her clitoris sticking out in front, as if it were what it really was: a penis.

Rhonda was just in time. Bill entered the master bedroom. "This will be a very, *very* fine night!" he repeated, while rapidly stripping. Bill's strong, lean seven-inch penis, too, was already fully erect when his trousers came down. He wasted no time embracing Rhonda, kissing her deeply on the mouth, and caressing her plump little breasts, with their pointy, ultra-excitabile nipples, through the sheer fabric. Then he stripped her in a single move and pressed her down, face up, on the bed.

She was near the edge of the bed and Bill was kneeling on the floor, facing her. She knew well what he wanted to do. She raised her legs, keeping her knees and thighs together to hold her clitoris in place, but spreading her feet apart so Bill could squeeze between them; then she spread her thighs and planted her feet on Bill's shoulders as his tongue touched her clitoris near her big, womanly buttocks. Bill's tongue darted all along Rhonda's swollen bulb and her short, thick shaft, giving her the most delectably sexy sensations. Meanwhile, since Bill couldn't reach her breasts, Rhonda caressed them herself. Soon her hips were pumping up and down as her feet pressed harder on Bill's shoulders, and Bill's mouth was engulfing Rhonda's whole huge, juicy nectarine.

Her orgasm was soon in coming, and her semen flooded Bill's greedy mouth.

"Kneel before me! Please! Now!" Bill begged, or rather commanded. Rhonda complied. Getting off the bed, she knelt on the floor before Bill, put her fingers all over his penis as if it were a woodwind instrument, and took it into her mouth, again hiding her clitoris between her legs. The tune she was playing on his penis was a most exhilarating one, to judge from his reaction. He was thrusting hard and Rhonda had to grip his penis more firmly to keep from choking.

Fortunately Bill's bulb was considerably smaller than Rhonda's, but still she could barely keep him under control. Her own excitement was diminishing fast by the time Bill ejaculated, but she obediently swallowed his semen, as he desired her to do.

"Rhonda, darling, that was tremendous—as always," Bill commended her. "You're the greatest."

"I'm so glad you think so, Bill," she responded. "I hope you'll always think so." This, she knew, was what Bill wanted to hear. Even as she said it, she wondered whether it was really true.

As usual after sex, Bill was soon fast asleep. Rhonda was not. She lay in bed awake, feeling the old, deadening dread and emptiness that sometimes overcame her, especially after the thrill of sex with Bill had vanished. Yet again she remembered the bizarre chain of events that had led her to this point; yet again she wondered if this would be all there was to her life.

Rhonda had been a natural actress, or actor, from a very early age, when she was still known as a boy named Ron. Young Ron loved mimicry, especially

mimicry of girls. By the time he was 10, Ron wanted to wear girls' clothes—not at school, where bad boys would beat him up, but at home—and his liberal, tolerant parents let him wear them. Ron let his hair grow and started calling himself Rhonda, and his parents played along. Already he was dreaming of being an actor, or rather an actress, playing female roles.

When he was 11 going on 12, it seemed the natural next step was to play the role of a female having sex with a male. With no assistance from anyone, Ron learned the secret of girlish masturbation, with his short, stout penis hidden between his legs and his chubby little breasts gripped firmly in his hands. He loved it as soon as he discovered it, and ejaculated “backward” behind his thighs almost every night from then on.

Ron, now known as Rhonda, grew up in Rosebush Highlands, a suburb of the capital city of Yonilingamanandapuram in Orgasmia. After graduating from high school she moved to California, hoping to make it big as an actress. She landed a few bit parts, but fame and fortune remained highly elusive. Then, while attending a big studio party where many aspiring actors and actresses were hoping to be noticed, Rhonda got the big break that put her where she was today.

A tall, lean, very handsome man, who looked about 30 years old, was passing out cards to actresses. Rhonda got one. It said “Gay transgendered actress, totally feminine-looking, needed for unusual, exciting opportunity. No porn or prostitution.” It gave the name “Bill E. Magnumson, Ph.D.” and a phone number.

Rhonda didn't wait to call him on the phone. She walked right up to him, holding the card, and said, “Hi, can I have an audition?”

The man, Bill Magnumson, rapidly looked her over and smiled. “Wow, you sure can,” he said. “You’re totally feminine-looking, all right. Your voice will need a bit of work, but we can manage that. How about tomorrow morning?”

“Great!” Rhonda said. They made the arrangements, and Bill moved on.

Next morning Rhonda found out about the opportunity, which was extremely unusual indeed. Bill’s first question of substance, after a few pleasantries, was this: “Well, Rhonda, how do you feel about hypocrisy?”

“Uh—well, I’m not sure, but I’ve always been taught it was a bad thing,” Rhonda said.

“But what about acting? You’re an actress; you think acting is a good thing, right?”

“Well, sure.”

“What if you were to act the part, *in real life*, of my devoted Christian wife, while secretly you were my gay lover? Acting, or hypocrisy? Or both?” Bill’s eyes, shining with something like dark fire, seemed to seek to pierce Rhonda to the core.

“Uh—both, I guess,” said Rhonda, hardly able to believe what she was hearing. “Is *that* your unusual, exciting opportunity?”

“It is,” said Bill. “It’s a gamble, but I’m pretty sure it will work. If it does work, we can both become terrifically rich and famous, purely through *acting*. There’ll be added excitement because of the element of *hypocrisy*, the danger of being found out, and the exercise of supreme skill to keep from being found out. Hypocrisy, as you may be aware, is almost universally regarded as among the most loathsome of vices—especially by those who favor almost every other vice.”

Bill grinned broadly, as if this were actually a pretty good recommendation for hypocrisy. “Doesn’t that sound like a terrific adventure to you?”

“Well, maybe,” Rhonda said cautiously. True, she had always been of an adventurous disposition, but she wasn’t at all sure she was *that* adventurous. She did also have some interest in wealth and fame, though, and she wanted to know more. “But how would we become terrifically rich and famous?”

“We would bamboozle Christians,” Bill explained, “who believe in the *myth of homosexual orientation*. The truth, as a certain famous author with lots of gay sexual experience used to say, is that there are no homosexual *persons*, only homosexual *acts*. Of course there are also homosexual *feelings* that may or may not lead to those acts—but those feelings don’t make you a homosexual *person*, any more than you’re a ‘murder person’ if you happen to feel like killing somebody.

“Now, huge numbers of people have been sucked into believing the lie that your sexual feelings equal your sexual orientation, your *identity*. There’s little or no money to be made from bamboozling people who think that’s just great—but a lot of other people, especially Christians, think it *isn’t* just great. Many of them imagine you could change a homosexual orientation into a heterosexual orientation, a homosexual *person* into a heterosexual *person*, if you could just find the secret key to doing it. *We are going to sell them the secret key.*”

Rhonda couldn’t help being fascinated, especially since Bill was so totally self-assured about his plan. “What’s the secret key?” she asked.

“The secret key,” Bill said, “is *therapy* to supposedly change homosexuals into heterosexuals, by gradual steps that minimize any difference between

homosexual and heterosexual activity. We are going to sell Christians, except for a fanatical few, on the idea that any and every kind of sex between men and women is OK simply because it is heterosexual, not homosexual, so long as it can be seen as a progressive step away from homosexuality and toward full heterosexuality. We will even dare to exploit the fact that most Christians think birth control is perfectly OK, and discreetly point out that sex with birth control—which is unquestionably heterosexual—is basically not all that much different from a woman blowing a man, or a man butt-fucking a woman. And we are going to have well-paid therapists actually doing those things with their clients, all in the course of helping them to stop being homosexual persons and start being heterosexual persons. What's more, we are going to have donations pouring in from sincere Christian people all over the country.”

Rhonda couldn't tell whether Bill was a genius, insane, or both. He gave her little time to think about it. “I've been preparing this plan for many years,” Bill said. “I'm an ordained Christian minister, and now I've got a Ph.D. in psychology too. I inherited plenty of money from my grandfather, which will help us get going. I'm ready to start putting the plan into practice, if I can just find an excellent, but totally unknown, actress to play my wife—and be my lover.”

“Well, it does sound very interesting,” Rhonda said, still cautious.

“It's far more than just *interesting*,” Bill insisted. “I honestly believe it will make us rich and famous—but, even more importantly, it will undermine the whole basis of Christian opposition to gay sex, except among a few fanatics. Ultimately, Christians will be forced to admit that gay sex is every bit as good as the kind, or *kinds*, of sex they favor—and they'll *pay* to be forced to admit it.”