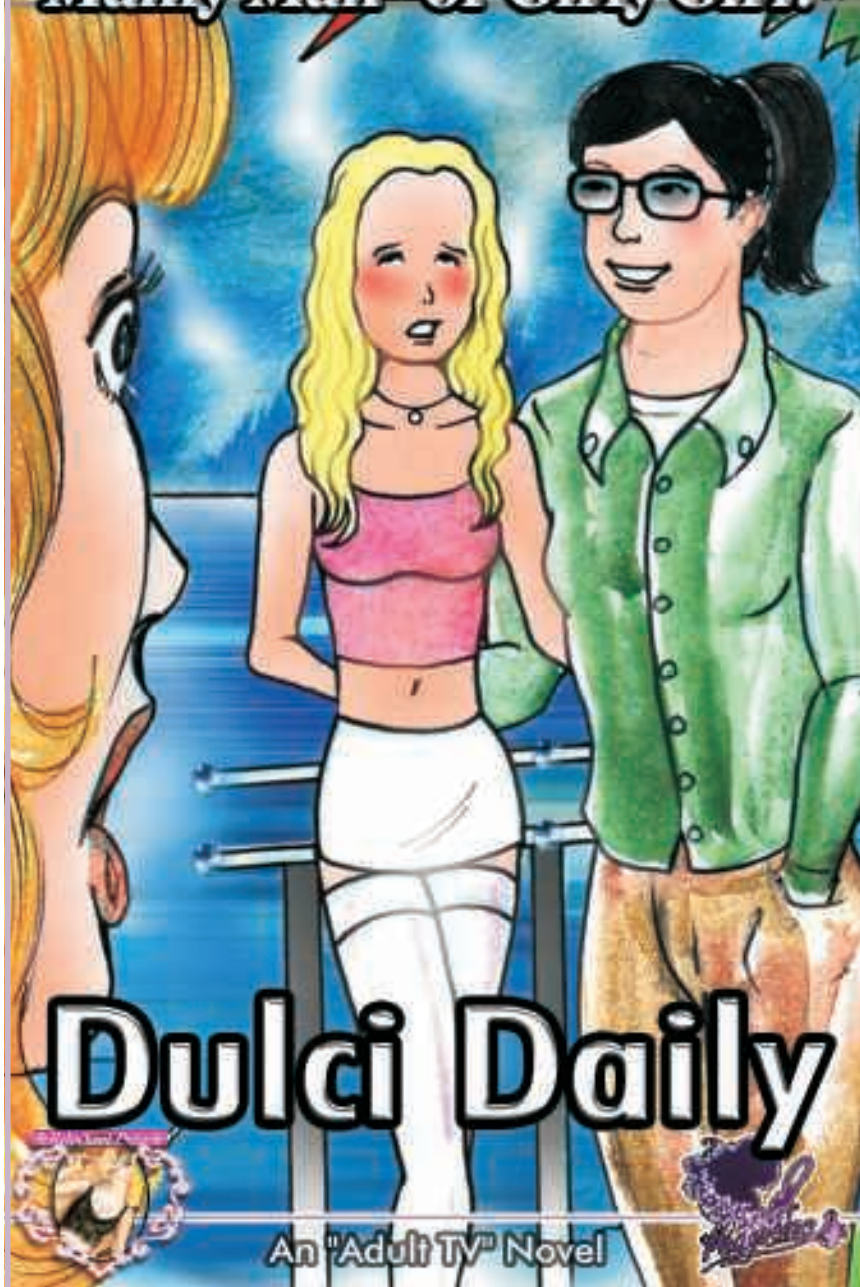


Rebecca's Manly Man--or Girly Girl?



Dulci Daily

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Rebecca's

Manly Man—or Girly Girl?

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

“Hey, Rick, uh, can I ask you a personal question?” Frank Beamish said to his roommate one evening in their dorm room at the U, a few weeks after the beginning of their freshman year. Frank’s little four-inch penis was fully erect at the thought of the highly personal question he wanted to ask. He wondered if Rick was gay—he sure *looked* gay, Frank thought, what with his long, wavy, girlish dark hair, his round face that looked like a pretty girl’s face (especially his full, hot-looking lips), and his remarkably big butt that swayed like a girl’s butt when he walked. Rick’s feminine looks even evoked vivid, intense memories of the mingled fascination and horror that had filled Frank to the brim when he had masturbated while reading stories of forced feminization, far too many times now.

Frank wasn't going to ask Rick if he was gay, though, for Frank himself was no gay. He wasn't going to ask if Rick was effeminate, either, for Frank was a manly young man, despite his susceptibility to the lure of forced feminization that had drawn his imagination in so many times. The question Frank *was* going to ask was at least embarrassing enough, and his penis felt the embarrassment to the full.

Rick Craigreekie, sitting at his desk and reading, looked up at once and shyly smiled—*Oh, my God, his lips look so hot!* Frank thought. Rick's smile quickly grew bigger, as if he liked Frank a lot—almost as if he were a gay who was hoping Frank was gay too. “Uh, well, sure, I guess so,” Rick said. “What is it?”

“Well, I was just wondering,” Frank said, with beads of sweat forming rapidly on his forehead, “uh—do you masturbate?”

Rick laughed. “*Well!*” he exclaimed. “Uh—that *is* a personal question!” Rick's dark, soft, girlish-looking eyes were looking straight at Frank through his dark-rimmed glasses, and a blush was spreading quickly over his round, light golden-brown face. “I bet you can guess the answer,” he said. “What do *you* think?”

“Well, uh, I bet you do,” Frank said. “Am I right?”

“You win the bet,” Rick said. “I do, all right. Uh—what about *you*? I bet you do, too!”

“Well, sure,” Frank readily admitted, his penis throbbing. “I do it every night.”

“So that means you're going to do it tonight, right? Like pretty soon?”

“Uh—well, sure.”

“So why are you asking me this?” Rick asked. “Are you looking for a helping hand? Or, uh, were you wondering if you could watch *me* m—masturbating?” Now Rick was blushing deeply.

“I don’t need a helping hand,” Frank said quickly, thinking it would be far too gay to have another guy beat him off. “But, uh, if you wouldn’t mind me watching you—”

“I wouldn’t mind at all,” Rick said. “I’d love it. But you need to know I—uh—I don’t do it like a regular guy. In fact, um, I—I do it like a girl.”

Oh, my God! Frank thought again. *He’s been feminized! This is incredible! Was he forced? Will he tell me how it happened? I’ve got to know!* Visions of blah, boring, mediocre men turning into beautiful, desirable, ultra-erotic women—forced into it by vindictive girlfriends or wives, girlizing judges, tough bullies, dominant lustful ladies, you name it—danced and leaped in Frank’s head. He found it hard to believe that such things happened often, if ever, in reality—but, if they ever did happen, Frank was going to find out.

“Uh—wow! Like a *girl*?” Frank echoed. “You mean, like, you—you really, secretly pretend you’re a girl?”

“I sure do,” said Rick. “And it won’t be a secret any more, when I can afford to buy myself some girls’ clothes.” He laughed. “I mean, it’ll still be a secret that I *masturbate* like a girl—except it won’t be a secret to *you*, because I’m going to let you see me. But it won’t be a secret to *anyone* that I love to play the girl, when I can afford the clothes.”

“Wow!” Frank said again. “Have you got a girl’s name picked out?”

“Yes, I have. Please call me Rebecca.” Rick, now to be known as Rebecca, gave Frank a sweet smile that made his heart leap, even though he was no gay. If a real girl ever gave him a smile like that, he knew, his heart would be hers at once.

“Uh, OK, Rebecca,” Frank said. “Um, why did you pick that name?”

“It’s from *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*,” Rebecca said. “I mean, the book, not the Shirley Temple movie, which has nothing to do with the book. In the book, Rebecca becomes a teen-age beauty, and a man she calls Mr. Aladdin is in love with her.”

“Mr. Aladdin?” Frank laughed. “He didn’t, uh, *rub his lamp* in front of her, did he?”

“Certainly not!” Rebecca laughed even louder and longer than Frank. “But he did want to marry her—and of course, if they got married, they would have had intercourse. That wasn’t mentioned in the book, though. They didn’t mention things like that in books for young people back then.”

Frank didn’t ask Rebecca if *she* had ever had intercourse—yes, he was already thinking of Rebecca as “she,” despite the ordinary men’s clothes she still wore but might soon shed. He wanted to avoid any needless suggestion of gayness. Instead, he got right to the point: “Well, Rebecca, when can I see your secret—I mean, *our* secret?”

“Now,” Rebecca said. “I’ve studied enough for a while. Here, I’ll show you in the shower.”

Frank hoped he wasn’t going to ejaculate in his pants as he followed Rebecca down the hall to the big bathroom, his eyes fixed on her round, swaying, highly feminine-looking rump. A couple of guys looked at him and Rebecca as they entered the bathroom, obtained clean towels, and walked to a shower enclosure. He feared the guys would think he was gay, but he was far too excited to back off now.

He followed Rebecca into the enclosure and locked the door. Their dorm, Burke-Farquhar Hall, was fairly new and obviously designed to allow for the possibility that sex would occur in the showers. The outer part of the enclosure was big enough for two to hang their clothes in, and the glass-enclosed shower area was likewise plenty big enough for two.

“Well, here goes,” said Rebecca, unbuttoning her shirt. “You won’t laugh at me, will you? I’m pretty em-

barrassed. I've never let anyone see me doing this before."

"I sure won't laugh," Frank said. "It's great that you want to let me see." He felt a warning spurt emerging from his little penis. "I mean, you understand, I'm not *gay* or anything like that; I'm not wanting to, uh, *do* anything with you in the shower. But I'm, uh, really glad you'll let me watch."

"I'll be glad to let you get in the shower with me and watch," Rebecca said. "It's plenty big enough for you to stand way over at the far side, at least a couple of feet away from me, while you're watching."

Rebecca pulled off her undershirt, and Frank's eyes grew huge at the sight. Rebecca actually had breasts—not huge ones, far from it, but round, shapely breasts with dark, pointy, delectable-looking nipples. Frank was going to ejaculate in his pants at the sight if he didn't strip quickly, and yet he feared he would ejaculate at once if he did strip.

He started to strip, and tried to make conversation to delay the onset of ejaculation. "Uh, wow!" he said. "Do you, uh, use hormones or something to make your—uh—your breasts grow like that?"

"No," Rebecca said. "I've just naturally got gynecomastia—meaning, you know, I've got breasts kind of like a woman's breasts. They've been like this ever since I hit puberty when I was 11. Well, actually, they're quite a bit bigger now than they were then, but they—uh—they did start to look like a girl's breasts when I was only 11. I mean, uh—boys were already starting to tease me about my 'tits' back then, and I was pretty embarrassed, but pretty excited too."

Frank dropped his trousers, revealing his four-inch erection. Rebecca smiled. "Ooh, are they really that exciting to look at?" she asked.

"You are," Frank said. "All of you." *Oh, my God, am I turning gay?* he wondered. Surely not—and yet he was getting as excited looking at Rebecca as he would

if she were really a girl, though he knew she was really a male!

“Oh, but you haven’t *seen* all of me yet! Here, let me show you my clitoris.”

Rebecca dropped her own trousers, revealing her big “clitoris”—actually a fully erect penis at least two inches longer than Frank’s four-incher, and much stouter too, with a swollen bulb that looked almost as big as a nectarine. Frank’s eyes bulged. He was no gay, he still insisted, but he was starting to think maybe it wouldn’t be gay to make love with this beautiful girl even if she did have a gigantic clitoris.

“And now let me show you how I masturbate,” Rebecca said. “Let’s get in the shower.”

They got in the shower. Rebecca turned on the warm water, stood facing Frank, and pressed her “clitoris” down between her legs, pressing her thighs tightly together to hold it back. Then she lathered up her breasts, rubbing and squeezing them in obviously growing excitement, while slowly making scissor-like movements with her legs. Frank stared at her in awe.

Frank’s fear that it would be gay to make love with Rebecca was rushing down the drain like the water in the shower. Rebecca looked exactly like a beautiful girl—the only girl who had ever wanted to make love with Frank in his life. He couldn’t resist. He moved forward into Rebecca’s embrace; his lips met hers, and their tongues plunged deep into each other’s mouths. She guided his thin, hard little penis into the tight, hot, wet, slippery slot between her hidden “clitoris” and her plump, strong thigh.

“Oh, Rebecca! Oh, my God! You’re incredible!” Frank cried. He was starting to ejaculate almost as soon as he was in her—yes, fully *in* her, for the slot he had entered was obviously her vagina, and they were fully man and woman, engaging in sexual intercourse while standing up. He gave her rapid little

thrusts, gripping her womanly butt and pressing as close as he could to her so his four-inch erection wouldn't slip out. Rebecca did her part too, clutching him tightly and bucking her big hips with short, quick pumps. Soon she was gasping for breath and gripping Frank as hard as he was gripping her; then they both moaned together in orgasm.

"Ooh, Frank, you're so *manly!*" Rebecca murmured when their orgasms had subsided. "That was wonderful!"

Still gripping Rebecca's buttocks and keeping his dwindling little penis in her astoundingly fine vagina for as long as possible, Frank knew he could never again fear it would be gay to love Rebecca. He was a skinny, nerdy little guy, even shorter than Rebecca who wasn't all that tall, and no one had ever called him manly before. He was all hers, and he had to let her know it.

"Wow, thanks, Rebecca!" Frank said. "You're the greatest! I've got to admit I've never had a girlfriend before, but—well, this wasn't just a one-time thing, I hope. I mean—well, you'd be the greatest girlfriend I could imagine."

"Why, thank you, Frank! You're so sweet!" Rebecca said. Frank's penis had slipped out of her womanly entryway, but she was still holding him tight. "I'd love to be your girlfriend!" She laughed. "And I'd love to *look* like your girlfriend, too, even when I'm—uh—not nude! I hope I can afford some girls' clothes pretty soon!"

Frank was ready with a response. "Oh, you don't need to worry about *that*," he assured her. "I get a pretty generous allowance from my parents." He didn't think he needed to tell her yet that he was a scion of the prominent Beamish and Fochawke families, two of the wealthiest families in the State of Pacificum. She would find that out in due time. "I'd be glad to buy you some girls' clothes."

“Oh, Frank! Are you sure? Rebecca asked, her eyes wide.

“I’m totally sure,” Frank said. “Let’s go to Les Beaux Extraordinaires tomorrow.”

“Well, I certainly can’t possibly pass up an offer like *that!*” Rebecca exclaimed.

“Just don’t let on that you’re my girlfriend until you’re wearing girls’ clothes,” Frank warned Rebecca as they set out for the store, not holding hands. “I don’t want anyone thinking I’m gay, because I’m not.”

“Oh, certainly not!” Rebecca said with a smile. It was fine with her if Frank wanted to disclaim all gayness, so long as he didn’t think it would be gay to be her boyfriend. Though short and thin, Frank was a totally manly young man, and that was just what she wanted.

“I mean,” Frank said, “to me you’re totally a girl, even if—uh—your clitoris is a lot bigger than average. I want you to look like a girl, act like a girl, and *be* a girl.”

“I’d love to,” Rebecca said. “It’s what I’ve always wanted, ever since I was 11.” She thought of adding, “and I’ve always wanted a boyfriend just like you, too”—but she figured her smile and her admiring gaze would say it for her.

“Wow!” Frank said. “You really mean that, don’t you? I mean—nobody ever had to force you into it, like in stories about forced feminization?”

“Certainly not!” Rebecca said. “Nobody had to force *me* to act like a sexy girl, in secret, when I was only 11 years old!” She laughed heartily. “I was *awfully* sexy, and awfully girlish, even when I was only 11. I wished I had a boyfriend back then, but I didn’t. In fact,

you're the first one I've ever had. I was too shy to let boys know how sexy I was, I guess."

"You're sure not shy any more," Frank said.

"Well, not with *you*," Rebecca acknowledged. "But I've never met a man like you before. I was always afraid I couldn't trust the boys, but I could see almost at once that I could trust *you*."

"I hope I'll always deserve your trust," Frank said. Rebecca sighed in deep contentment, already hoping Frank would see that it wouldn't be gay for him to marry her.

Rebecca was incredibly beautiful in girls' clothes, Frank thought as he gazed upon her at Les Beaux Extraordinaires, the well-known shop that catered to crossdressers and other distinguished persons. Her long dark hair was now held back by a pure white headband. Her breasts, in a little low-cut lacy white bra he had seen her put on, looked most delectable in a form-fitting scoop-necked pink top that showed more than a tiny bit of her pretty cleavage. Her big hips were glorious in a full, almost knee-length flower-print skirt; her bare legs, plump but shapely, drew his eyes to themselves above her white-sandaled feet. She was indeed a vision of feminine loveliness—and yet Frank felt she could be lovelier still.

"That's very good," Frank said, "but not quite the thing for going to dinner and dancing at Chez la Vie Sublime."

Rebecca looked at him and laughed. "Is *that* what you'd like to do this evening?" she asked. "That's rather extravagant, isn't it?"

"Not too extravagant for *you*," Frank assured her. "You'll need an evening gown, and, uh, a strapless bra."

“Well, I’m sure I’ll be glad to wear them,” Rebecca said. She found a fairly low-cut burgundy-colored evening gown with skinny spaghetti straps, and a slightly padded, very low-cut, strapless push-up bra in her size. When she had put them on, Frank looked upon her with extreme admiration. She was perfectly glorious, Frank thought—and she was all his! He could be proud to go anywhere with her—even, perhaps, to visit his parents sometime, and tell them he was going to marry Rebecca. He wouldn’t do it yet; for one thing, her voice would need a bit of professional training to sound fully female. Still, if things kept on going at this rapid pace, he really would marry Rebecca—and his parents would never know what she had under her skirt.

Rebecca’s eyes were wide as they entered Chez la Vie Sublime, a place far too expensive for her frugal parents to consider. Frank seemed quite at home here. She wondered just how rich Frank’s parents were, but of course it would be dreadfully rude to ask.

“Uh—have you been here before?” she asked when they had been seated and given their menus.

“Not *here*,” Frank said, “but my parents like to go to a couple of expensive French restaurants in Seaview Grove, where they live, and I’ve occasionally been there with them.”

“Oh, good!” Rebecca said. “Then maybe you can recommend some things for me to eat. I’ve never been to an expensive French restaurant in my life. I grew up in Beaconsfield—the near end of Beaconsfield, the less expensive end—and my parents were pretty thrifty. Their favorite restaurant was Fong’s Family Buffet—not the kind of place your parents would want to go to, I guess.”

“No, frankly, my parents are pretty snooty about restaurants,” Frank said, “among many other things.”

You might get some idea if I told you my full name; I'm Franklin Foehawke Beamish IV." He grinned sheepishly. "They say the Foehawkes speak only to the Beamishes, the Beamishes speak only to the Farquhars, and I don't know who the Farquhars speak to, but I'm pretty sure it isn't God."

"Oh, dear!" Rebecca said with a laugh. "All I know about those families, except that *you* belong to one of them, is that they're all supposed to be terribly rich and high-class. And I know my parents don't speak to *any* of them. My parents aren't too thrilled by rich people." She looked at Frank and smiled. "But I'm not *prejudiced* against you for being rich," she hastened to add.

"Thank you," Frank said sincerely. "I appreciate that. And it does come in handy every now and then, like when it comes to ordering things at expensive French restaurants."

"Oh, yes!" said Rebecca. "Speaking of which, what would you recommend? I'll try pretty much anything, if you recommend it—only not *escargots*. I already know I don't want *escargots*."

"Ugh, neither do I," Frank said. "Disgusting things that French peasants dug up in their gardens and threw away, if they weren't famished enough to eat them—until some brilliant peasant got the idea of bamboozling the gourmets into thinking snails were a delicacy. Then the rich Americans came along and thought, 'Wow, French gourmets eat these things! They must be really good!' Not so." He looked over the menu. "I'd recommend some *boeuf bourguignonne*, French onion soup, *quiche sublime de la maison*, and *salade sublime de la maison*. Those should go over pretty well with someone who doesn't want *escargots*."

"That's me!" Rebecca said. "That's what I'll have!"