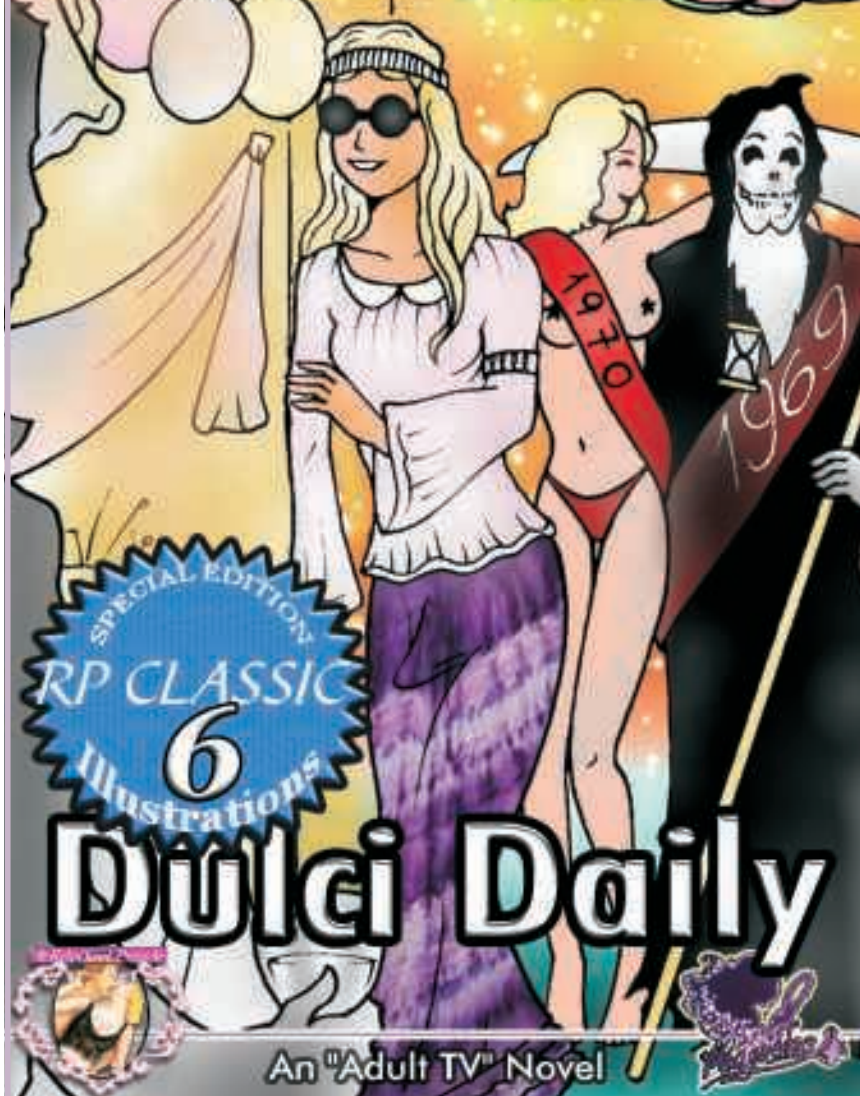


# Hippie Girl

Year 1970



SPECIAL EDITION  
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6  
Illustrations

# Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



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# Hippie Girl

by Dulci Daily

“Hey, hippie! Hey, hippie *girl!*” Let’s see you swivel those hips and rub those tits!”

The guys in the shower room at Grant High School were laughing at me, at my little girlish breasts, and at my big girlish “swivel-hips” for the last time ever. There would be no more gym classes before graduation. Soon I would escape from the screwed-up, disgusting Class of ’69 at Grant and begin a whole new life at “the U,” Pacific Heights University.

I looked around. The naked guys were a blur, because of the steam in the shower room, and because I didn’t have my glasses on. I decided I didn’t care what they thought of me now. Besides, most of them already thought I was a long-haired hippie queer.

I was starting to get an erection. I pressed it downward and back between my thick thighs, so the guys could see me looking like a naked girl with my big “clitoris” hidden between my legs. They started to laugh, hoot, and wolf-whistle. When I brought my arms down to cup my plump, pointy, most unacceptably girlish-looking breasts, the guys were roaring.

I heard Mr. Oliver, the gym teacher, shouting, “Hey, what’s going on here?” The guys held the line and didn’t let him get through to stop me. Fortunately Mr. Oliver was pretty short and so was I, so I don’t think he could see what was going on. I was pretty sure I wouldn’t get in trouble anyway. Any youthful indiscretions at this time of year would be put down to “senioritis,” “blowing off steam,” and whatnot. Some senior guys last year had done a lot worse than this, and they had still graduated.

Quickly I started to go about my usual shower business almost normally. Still facing the guys, I lathered my face, my arms, my breasts, my loins, and especially my hidden clitoris.

“Goddamn it, I can’t stand this any more! I need some *pussy!*” a guy proclaimed. I knew the voice at once. It was Stan Mountbeaton. Of all the guys in my gym class, he was the most persistent and most offensive teaser. “Hey, cutie pie!” he would say. “Hey, gorgeous! You need a bra! You need some pretty pink panties on those swivel-hips! And how about a cute little miniskirt, and a see-through blouse? If a girl comes into the guys’ shower room, she should take off some *girls’* clothes, not guys’ clothes!” It went on and on like that. Now Stan was approaching me. I was afraid he might try to plunge my butt by force.

I turned to face him. Looking up, I glanced at his short black hair and his body, much taller than my own; then I glanced down at his loins. Even in the steamy blur, I could see that he had a hard on—a huge one. “Hold still,” he demanded, facing me and gripping my buttocks. I complied, too afraid—and too excited—to do anything else.

“What’s going on here?” Mr. Oliver again demanded to know.

“Fucking, that’s what!” a guy I couldn’t see cried out. “There’s going to be some fucking!”

“*What?*” Mr. Oliver yelled. “That’s got to stop!” Stan ignored him and started to press his long thin cock

between my thighs. I shivered with delight when I felt it touch the base of my big hidden clitoris.

“You heard him, Mount-*bation*,” said Chris Stubbs, a huge football player who didn’t like Stan. He grabbed Stan’s shoulders and started to pull him away from me. “No fucking in the shower room. Let that hippie girl go.”

“Come on, I need some *pussy*,” said Stan, not letting me go. “If I see a cute naked girl in the guys’ shower room, I’m going to do what I *need* to do.”

“Bullshit,” said Chris. “Let go of her.” He didn’t say, “*or I’ll pound your face to a bloody pulp*”—but the words were almost audible anyway.

Stan seemed to consider his options and to decide at once that fighting Chris wasn’t a good one. “Have it your way,” he said. “I can wait.” He evoked a lot of laughter and a lot of groans by saying, “Hey, hippie girl, how about a date after we get out of this fucked-up place?”

I couldn’t speak. Of course I couldn’t accept his offer, right in front of all the guys. That would be far worse than what I had just been doing, which the guys might accept as merely a funny, sexy joke. To accept would be disaster—and yet I was so excited, I wanted so much to accept, that I could not bring myself to refuse. In the end I got more laughs by simply telling the truth, with a frightened, astonished expression on my face: “I’m speechless!”

“That’s more like it,” Chris said to Stan, grinning and sneering at once. “Wait until you’re out of here, *queer!*”

Stan turned toward Chris and clenched his fists, as if willing to fight him after all. “Take that back,” he demanded. “Nobody calls me a queer and gets away with it.”

Lots of guys burst out laughing at this absurdity. I even started to laugh myself. Stan wasn’t joking. He

seriously insisted that no one should call him a queer, despite what he had been about to do!

Chris was laughing loudest of all. “Okay, have it your way,” he said when he could speak. “Wait until you’re out of here—*straight man!*” The whole room roared at this. Other guys started shouting, “Straight man!” I could see that Stan was pissed, but he could do nothing. I almost felt sorry for him.

Mr. Oliver was finally allowed to get through and size up the situation. I discreetly allowed my wiener to escape from confinement, while turning away from Mr. Oliver and trying to hide it from him. It was starting to go down, and I hoped it would go down quickly. This was certainly not the time for orgasm. I must just grin and bear the pain of unfulfilled longing. Later—at home, after school or at bedtime—I would seek and find lonely, effeminate satisfaction, as I had done so often before.

“See you at graduation—at long last!” I said after school to Priscilla McLean, the only girl in the whole school who had ever been friendly to me. Even Priscilla would not go out with me, because I wasn’t a Christian and her strict parents wouldn’t approve of me. All other girls, it seemed, feared and loathed me because of my reputation as a queer—a reputation I didn’t fully deserve, since I’d never had sex with a guy, or with anyone.

“Uh, yes,” said Priscilla. She didn’t seem very happy.

“Hey, aren’t you glad we’re getting out of here?”

“Oh, I guess so, but—well, I’m not so glad I won’t be seeing *you* so often.”

“What?” I literally couldn’t believe my ears. My heart almost leaped out of its hiding place between my little breasts. I even started to get an erection again, as I sometimes did around Priscilla. I might be the only guy in school who found her attractive, but I found her *really* attractive. “Uh—hey, I’ll miss seeing

*you*, too, but—well, I figured, you didn't want to go on a date with me or anything."

"It's not that I didn't *want* to," she assured me. "My parents wouldn't let me. There's a big difference."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, almost gasping. "Uh—well, yeah, there sure is. A—a *really* big difference?"

"Yes," she said. "A really big difference." Her face was turned straight away from me; I could see only her long, frizzy brown hair.

"Well," I said, "after you leave home, maybe we could get in touch. Are you going to the U after all?"

"Yes. My parents still want me to go to Stimson, but I'm not going there." Priscilla had told me before about "Stimson"—the Bob Stimson Institute for Biblical Studies, a wretched-sounding fundamentalist institution.

"I told them I was an adult now," Priscilla said, "and I was going to decide for myself where to go to college. They were horrified. They told me they weren't going to pay a cent for me to go to the U—but Mrs. Penniston helped me get some extra scholarship money to make up for it." Good old Mrs. Penniston, I thought—the greatest of high-school counselors, always ready to help any students who needed to break free from their parents' restrictive grip.

"Well, cheer up, then," I said, looking up at Priscilla—distinctly *up*, for she was six feet tall, nearly half a foot taller than I. "Maybe we can get together at the U."

"If we can find each other among the nameless, faceless masses." She gave a short, faint little laugh, but she still didn't look at me.

"We'll find each other. I promise," I said to her.

She glanced at me. "I hope so, Dan," she said, though she didn't sound hopeful. "We'll see."



“Well, see you at graduation, anyway,” I assured her. She was already walking away.

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After school I rode my bike uphill to Queen’s Arms, the big, aging, elegantly restored apartment building I called home. I rode the elevator up to the sixth floor and let myself into our apartment. No one else was home; my mom and dad were at work, and I was an only child. Already Priscilla had almost vanished from my mind.

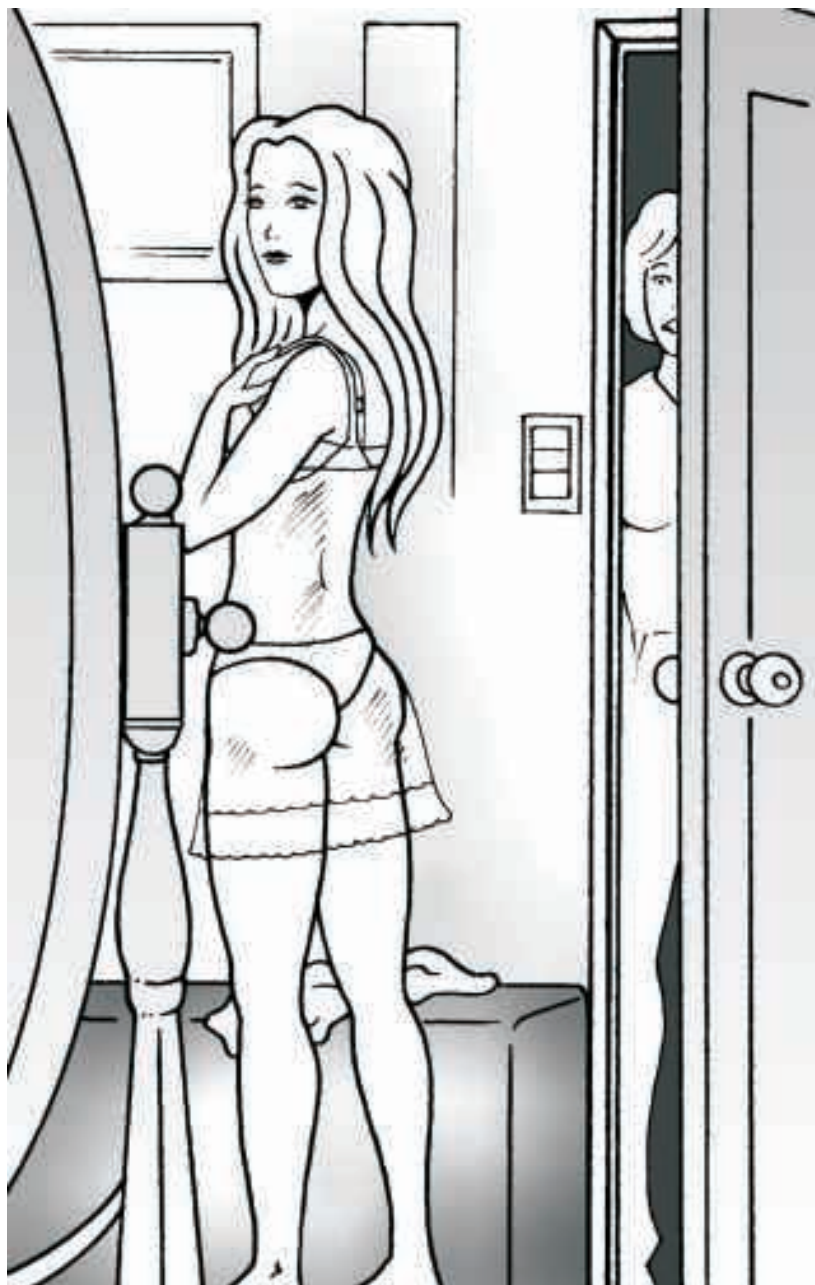
Now I could fully relax, with no pressure to do homework, and no prying eyes to see what I was doing. When I was cool and dry after the bike ride, I selected some of Mom’s excellent clothes and wore them in full freedom—no longer as the lonely, boring Dan Robursson, but as the cute, sweet, feminine *Danielle Rayborn*.

Tops on my feminine agenda was a pretty bra. Mom had some really good, lacy, low-cut bras, and I was incredibly lucky that they fit me—except I needed to stuff a couple of handkerchiefs in each cup, of course. Her panties didn’t fit me so well, but at least they stayed on. A short, elegant, thin-strapped slip completed my picture of feminine sexiness.

I brushed my hair until it shone; then I gazed upon my beauty in the mirror. I was pretty sure I wouldn’t get sucked into the mirror, like Narcissus getting sucked down into his own reflection in the pond—but sometimes I wasn’t *entirely* sure. I literally loved to look at myself that much.

My wavy light-brown hair was my crowning glory, plenty long enough to be a beautiful girl’s hair. I loved to feel it lightly caressing my shoulders as I turned to view myself in different ways.

My bright blue eyes were glorious too, I thought—pure and simple, clear and moist, shining with the joy of peace and love despite my loneliness. They were the eyes of a true hippie girl, I fancied—not



a drug-crazed, promiscuous slut, as hippie girls were wrongly thought to be, but a girl of cosmic wisdom and unfathomable bliss, free from every artificial restriction. When I went to the U, I wondered, would I dare to dress as the hippie girl I was, to reveal my innermost being and consciousness?

My eyes dropped down from viewing themselves to viewing my lips—small but full and deep hot pink—and then to viewing my bra-enhanced breasts. Authentic hippie girls didn't wear bras, of course, but surely they would have worn them if bras had been nearly as exciting to them as they were to me! My twin pairs of thin straps, my delicate low-cut lace, my bare well-molded cleavage undefiled by any manly hair, my gently bulging bosom-cups beneath my thin silky slip, making me look exactly like a real girl wearing a bra—all made my hidden “clitoris” big and hard.

So entranced was I with my girlish looks, I didn't even hear my mom coming into the apartment, and then into the bedroom. The first thing I knew, she was gasping—and trying to keep from letting me hear her gasp.

I didn't want to turn around. Mom was fairly liberal-minded, but I was afraid she wasn't liberal-minded enough for *this*. Besides, she wasn't supposed to be here this early. Maybe, I vainly imagined, she would just turn around and go away if I didn't move.

For a long, painful moment there was silence. At last Mom ended it. “Dan?” she said. I could hear her voice trembling.

“Yeah?” I said, not turning around.

“Uh—I got off early from work,” she said. “Jack decided he was caught up enough to go play golf, and he told me to go enjoy myself.” Jack Melton was the president of the local TV station Mom worked for; she was his executive secretary.

“Um—so, why did you come home instead?” I asked.

“Well, since you asked,” she said, “I was thinking I’d come home and *change my clothes*.”

Silence. There was nothing I could say. I still didn’t turn around.

“So, do you mind if I change them?” she asked. “And, while we’re on the subject of *changing clothes*—”

She stopped. I took a slow, deep breath. Her voice sounded ripe with the stench of sarcasm. I hoped she was going to calm down before saying more.

What happened next surprised me even more than her coming home too soon. She still didn’t look at me or face me—but, from behind me, she waved some \$20 bills in my face.

“It really doesn’t bother me if you want to, uh, dress like this,” she said, sounding too shaken to be believed. “You’re an adult now, and you can do what you want—but I really think you should get your *own* clothes. They have some excellent deals at Movers and Shakers, and they really don’t care who buys what items. So *please* take this money and go get yourself some clothes.” She was talking too fast. I could tell she had lied when she said it didn’t bother her.

I counted the money—*two hundred dollars*. I knew my parents had money, but I hadn’t expected Mom to throw it around like this.

“Uh—thanks, Mom,” I said. “Thanks a lot! I really appreciate this.”

“It’s no problem at all,” Mom assured me, sounding too decisive. “You know I like to pay cash for things. I can just stop off at the bank and get some more. But—please wear your *own* clothes from now on. That’s all I ask. Now, I’ll just get out of here for a few minutes, and you can put those in the hamper,

then you can put your other clothes on and go get some of your own.” She walked away and shut the door too softly, as if to make it overly clear that she wasn’t slamming it. I still hadn’t even looked at her, and she hadn’t seen my bright red blushing face.

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I went looking for deals at the excellent Movers and Shakers Thrift Shop, run by the Movers and Shakers of Greater Pacific Heights, a business and professional women’s club that Mom belonged to. It did have good deals galore, and Mom was right: nobody seemed to care whether I was getting women’s clothes or not. I even saw another long-haired guy examining the women’s clothes too.

By the time I left, I was pretty fully equipped: I had some really pretty, moderately well-fitting slips and bras, plus halter tops, low-cut tank tops, see-through blouses, cutoffs and short-shorts, pink slacks, miniskirts, long skirts, hippie beads and headbands, sexy negligees, soft sweaters, and even a really nice, hardly used pair of hippie-style sandals. Panties were about the only thing I wanted that I didn’t have. I figured it would be better to get them new.

Mom’s eyes bulged when she saw how much clothing I had brought home. She said to put it away quick before Dad came home.

I had plenty of time. Dad often worked late at his law firm, and often came home pissed. Tonight he was pissed at some lawyers on the other side of a case; he said they were wasting his time so they could cheat their clients out of a lot of money for a lawsuit they knew was no good.

I looked back and forth between Dad and Mom, as Dad talked about the lawyers he was pissed at and Mom supposedly listened. Dad looked like a modern version of a handsome Viking captain, with stylish hair but a big fierce-looking mustache and piercing blue eyes, looking intent on a chase. Mom looked like a nice, plump, moderately pretty, old-fashioned Irish

housewife striving desperately to prove herself modern and sophisticated. I could see that Mom's eyes were glazed, but Dad didn't seem to care.

"I'll say one thing for the fucked-up '50s," Dad was saying. Mom winced. She wasn't quite liberal-minded enough to like it when Dad used words like *fuck*.

"More of the lawyers back then were gentlemen, at least," Dad said, "and some of them were actually *honest*. Now everything is money, and cheating. I'm getting pretty damn sick of it." Believe it or not, in spite of all his griping, Dad wanted me to follow in his footsteps and be a lawyer too. I had no idea what I wanted to do for a living, but I already knew I didn't want to be a lawyer.

After dinner, I closed the door of my room and rummaged through my "new" used clothes until I found a short, silky red negligee, with thin straps and lots of lace all around the edges. I was going to wear it. I had an erection, a hard, thick rock-cock with a great bulbous plum on the end, fully six and a half inches long. That final half-inch was important, because six inches was supposed to be the dividing line between a small penis and a big penis. Mine was a big penis—or a big clitoris.

Quickly I hid my erection between my legs, slipped on the negligee, and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. The neckline was so low it barely covered my pointy little nipples. They were hard, silently begging me to rub them. Eagerly I complied. Soon I stripped off the straps and pulled down the top of the negligee so I could rub them better. My hips were pumping on their own now; my thighs were rhythmically clutching my hidden, superheated clitoris; my nipples were throbbing with delight in my hands.

I lay face down on my bed, as I had done when I was only 12, when I was afraid I was doing something abnormal and harmful, but I was too excited to stop. I pulled up my negligee to reveal my balls and my backward-pointing rock-cock, sticking way out be-

neath my bare buttocks. I clasped my breasts again and did the deed, trembling all over, thrusting my hips up and down, squeezing my great spurting clit between my legs as hard as I would, as if I was on top of Stan and he was fucking me from below. “Oh, Stan! Yes!” I whispered. “I want you! I need you! I love you!”

My thighs were covered with the sticky gush they had known so well since I was 12. Stan had conquered me. Priscilla had vanished from my mind—at least for tonight.

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“See you at the U, Priscilla!” I said, holding my diploma and wearing my blue cap and gown.

“Yes, I hope so,” said Priscilla. She even *smiled* at me. My heart was leaping again. From her, any little crumb of personal recognition was a treasure. This was more—a much bigger crumb, I hoped, of actual affection and liking.

I looked up at her face, under the big banner that said “CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '69.” In her white cap and gown, with her hair emerging in billows from beneath the cap, Priscilla looked truly pretty—to me, at least. Few or no other guys would have agreed, but I didn’t care. Her features were fine and regular: a big but feminine-looking oval face, strong dark gray eyes, a well-formed nose, and small but full lips that looked quite kissable.

The guys who thought her ugly would have focused on her notable excess of hair; she made no concession to fashion by shaving her legs or anything. Her figure was pretty odd, too. Below the waist it was excellent, with broad hips, big firm buttocks, stout strong thighs, and thick but beautifully tapered calves. Above the waist, it was entirely different: her breasts were barely bigger than my own, and you could see how small they were because she never wore padded bras.

None of this mattered to me. I had tried to befriend Priscilla because she was the most honest and straightforward girl I had ever met, and she seemed to be as lonely as I was. She did seem to appreciate my efforts, even though I wasn't a Christian. I only wished that *she* weren't one, or at least that she didn't demand that I be one before I could go out with her.

Her little smile grew slightly bigger as she saw that I couldn't, or wouldn't, take my eyes off her. "This cap and gown must really improve my looks," she said. Her gray eyes were fixed on me, and she didn't look away.

"Uh, you do look really nice in them," I said, "but—well, I think you always look really nice."

She must have been *starving* for such a compliment. Her eyes darted around to make sure her parents weren't watching. Then she gave me a *big* smile, one that showed her good white teeth, and her eyes were sparkling. "Why, thank you, Dan!" she said. "You're so sweet!"

I saw my opportunity and seized it. "Hey," I asked, "as soon as we get to the U, would you mind if I asked you for a date again?"

Her eyes darted around again; then she spoke even more softly. "I wouldn't mind at all," she said. "I'm looking forward to it!"

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*These are the nameless, faceless masses, all right,* I thought as I trudged toward the high-rise dormitory I would now live in. All around me were hundreds of students I didn't know, who weren't looking at me and didn't care about me. I hoped I could find Priscilla somehow, but first I needed to haul my big suitcases up to my room from my car in the huge student parking lot. My car was an aging, light blue VW bug, perfect for a hippie girl—even a hippie girl in dull male attire, as I was now.



I could have stayed with Mom and Dad and commuted to the U, but I refused. Thanks to my summer job as a typist and file clerk in Dad's law firm, I not only had a car, but I had more knowledge of what kind of a guy Dad was—and I liked him less than ever before. At the firm, everyone seemed to know that one of Dad's "lunchtime fitness routines" was screwing secretaries. Plus, he was getting pissed more often at Mom, not just at lawyers and clients. I was afraid a big blow-up was coming between Mom and Dad, and I didn't want to see it.

Soon I would meet my roommate, some arbitrarily selected guy I might not like any more than I liked Dad—but I wasn't turning back. I opened the door to my dorm room. I was alone, but I knew my roommate had been here. The walls above one bed and one desk were covered with pictures of nude or semi-nude women.

These were not like such pictures I'd seen before, in which the women seemed to be made of plastic, too slick and glossy to be real flesh and blood. The girls looked like nice, sweet, friendly girls, who just happened to have too little clothing on. My gaze was fixed on a red-haired, freckled, brown-eyed cutie with big bare breasts, hardly older than I, when I sensed that I was not alone. I turned around.

"Hey, what's going on?" my new roommate said with a grin. He looked like a nice enough guy; he could have been the red-haired cutie's brother. He was red-haired, freckled, and brown-eyed too, skinny and little taller than me, but with very short hair.

"I'm Chuck Lilleman," he said, putting down a brown paper bag and shaking my hand. "I guess you're my new roommate."

"I guess so," I said. "Uh—I'm Dan Robursson." I didn't dare call myself *Danielle*.

"Hey, I saw you checking out my ladies," Chuck said. "You like these pictures?"

"Uh, yeah."