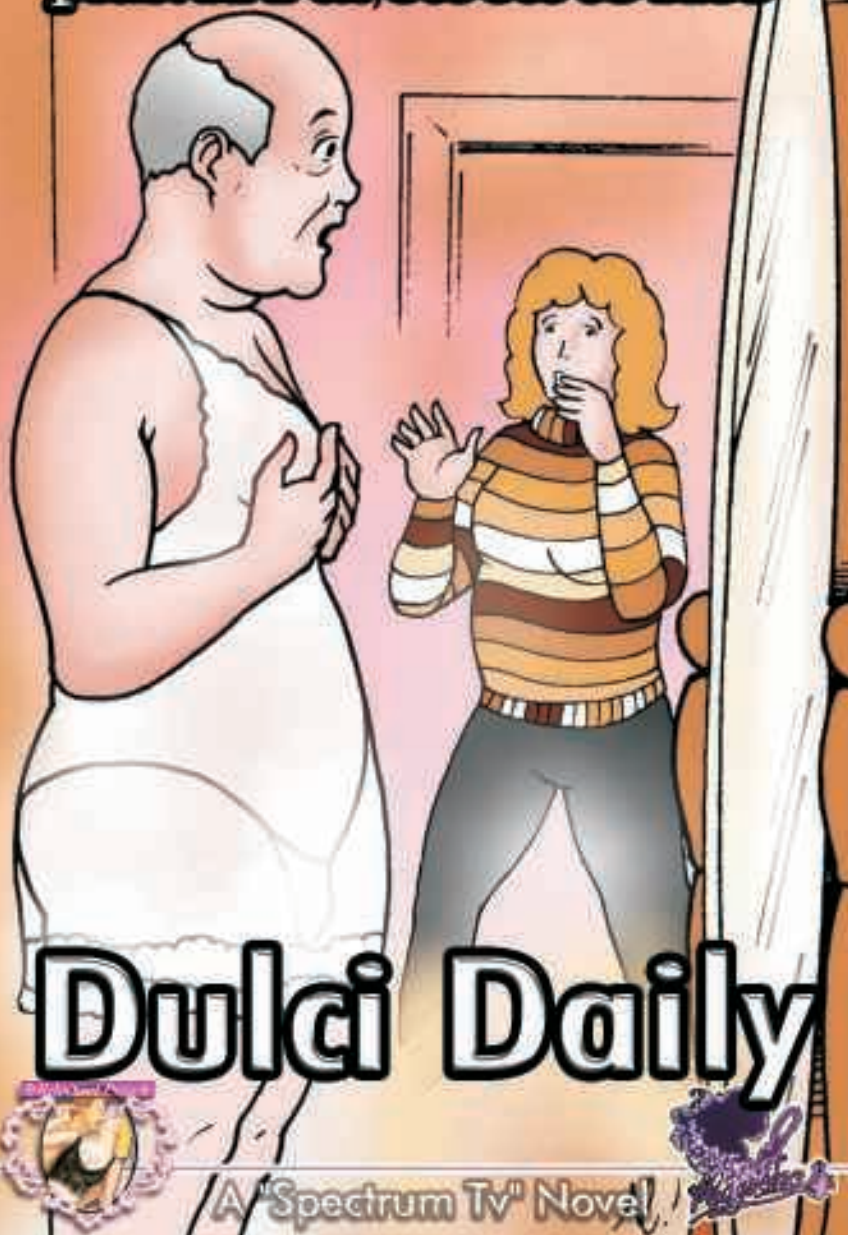


Second Teenhood

plus: *A Farewell to Ass*



Dulci Daily



A "Spectrum TV" Novel!



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Second Teenhood

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

Gary Wayne McClittick was named after two great Hollywood he-men—Gary Cooper and John Wayne—but he wasn't much of a man right now, at least in his wife's opinion. His neat little house on Willow Mound, inhabited only by Gary and his wife Sylvia now that their two children were grown up, was getting filled with the poison gas of dissension. Gary was being subjected to painful and offensive criticism of his lack of manhood, of devotion, and of whatever else might be causing a decline in his sexual vigor.

"Gary, it's been *three days!*" Sylvia complained, referring to the length of time since they had had intercourse. "Don't you love me any more? Is there something wrong? This is very hard for me!"

"I do love you," Gary dutifully said, with downcast eyes. It was true: he did love Sylvia, although it was-

n't easy when she whined and complained about no intercourse after a small number of days.

"Nothing's wrong," he said, "except I'm getting old." This was also true—Gary was 53, Sylvia only 46, and still beautiful though fat—but it was not the whole truth.

Gary was having a hard time getting erections for Sylvia because she was too fat, as big around as Gary himself, and also because she didn't want him to enter her from behind, which was by far the most exciting position for him. He still remembered the very few times she had let him plunge her from behind, gripping her petite, chubby, excitable breasts and rutting wildly like a mastiff mating with a bitch in heat. He might even be able to get an erection for her right now, he imagined, if he thought she would let him do *that* with her—but he knew she wouldn't.

"Well, this can't go on!" Sylvia proclaimed. She didn't mean she was going to cheat; she wasn't that kind of wife. She just meant the whining and complaining would increase in intensity until Gary managed to do it with her—and then they would increase again, if he didn't do it soon enough again.

"Well, we'll see about tomorrow night," Gary said doubtfully, "but I can't tonight." Sylvia snorted in disgust.

Lying in bed awake while Sylvia lay turned away from him, Gary did try to think of some way he might get erections for Sylvia; he tried hard, for he did still love her in spite of her whining and complaining. He remembered his teen years, when he got erections all too readily.

He still remembered how incredibly excited he could become at the least provocation back then—and how cute and sexy the neighbor girl, Darlene, had been. He had ended up "doing it" with

Darlene when he was 18, in their senior year of high school, but she had started showing him her sexiness years before that.

It started when they were only 11. Gary was big for his age and had already started having wet dreams. His most recent one had disturbed him, but excited him greatly: he dreamed he was a girl having sex with a boy. In the dream, the Gary-girl actually felt the boy's penis entering her vagina, and Gary quickly ejaculated when the boy ejaculated into the dreamy Gary-girl. Now Gary was often beset with embarrassing but exciting fantasies about what it would be like to be a girl—or to pretend to be one.

Darlene was 11 too, shorter than Gary, with freckles and fascinating little budding breasts. Gary had to wonder if he could pass for a girl if he wore a two-piece swimsuit and a bathing cap like hers; it totally covered her reddish-gold hair, and surely a boy could look almost like a girl if he wore one.

“Hey, Gary, guess what!” Darlene said when they were splashing in the little portable swimming pool in Gary's back yard. She was grinning excitedly.

“What?” Gary asked.

“I've got real breasts now!” Darlene said. “Do you want to see them?”

“*What?!*” Gary cried, astounded. “You mean—you mean *naked?* Right here, right now?” Gary looked at his house in fear that one of his parents might be watching. He was pretty sure they would never let Darlene come over again if they saw her revealing her bare breasts to him.

“Sure!” said Darlene. “Here, look!”

She squatted down so her breasts were under the water, then pulled up the top of her swimsuit. Sure

enough, Gary saw through the water that she did have little breasts that were no longer quite flat, and her pointy little nipples were sticking out in a most delightful way. Gary got an erection at once on seeing them.

“Wow, they’re really cute—and sexy!” Gary said admiringly. His own nipples were sticking out too, he noticed. Gary was a chubby guy, and he actually had little breasts too, although he was embarrassed to think about it. He got more embarrassed, but more excited too, when he noticed that his breasts were at least as big as Darlene’s tiny ones.

“I’m glad you like them!” said Darlene. She looked down at Gary’s swim trunks through the water.

“Wow, you’ve got a boner!” she exclaimed. “Can I see it?”

Gary would ejaculate in his trunks for sure if he let Darlene see his boner, he feared. He was just about to do it anyway, when his dad interrupted.

“Hey, what’s going on here?” Gary’s dad shouted, striding toward the pool. Darlene still had her breasts exposed and Gary’s dad surely could see. Darlene pulled her top back down as fast as she could, but too late. It was perfectly obvious what had been going on: Darlene had been getting very sexy with Gary, letting him see her bare breasts. This was completely unacceptable behavior for a pair of 11-year-olds, and Gary’s dad put a stop to it at once.

“Darlene, you’ll have to go home now,” Gary’s dad said in a cold, stern voice. Gary knew he meant forever. He would never see Darlene’s bare breasts again, he feared, and he would be left with nothing but memories—vivid, stirring memories—of Darlene’s daring feminine sexiness. He would keep those memories forever, he promised himself. Almost at once he realized what would be the best way to

keep and treasure the memories. It would be to pretend that he himself was a sexy girl like Darlene.

This Gary proceeded to do, giving himself the name “Shari”—a cute, sexy girl’s name that rhymed with Gary. Many times over the years, always in strictest secrecy until his senior year in high school, Gary had turned into Shari, especially in the shower and in bed. He was still doing it when he turned 18, soon after the beginning of his senior year. On the evening of Gary’s 18th birthday, he turned into Shari yet again, still in secret.

Shari’s breasts at 18 were as pointy, as pretty, and as feminine-looking as Darlene’s had been at 11, and rather bigger. She imagined herself in a bathing cap and a girl’s swimsuit like Darlene’s, passing for a girl, and even letting boys see her looking like a girl. Shari pressed her stout five-and-a-half-inch boner down into hiding between her legs, making herself look exactly like a girl in front. It was hard to do because her boner was so hard, but at last she succeeded—and it made her feel so good!

Shari’s hidden boner, also known as her “big clitoris,” was hot and wild with excitement as she clutched it tightly between her thighs, stepped into the shower, turned on the warm water, and began to caress her breasts like a girl, like Darlene. She was breathing hard, imagining she really was a girl rubbing her breasts. Then Shari slipped her hand between her thighs to rub her big hidden “clitoris.”

Shari could not stop. She had to go all the way, as she had done so many times before. She imagined she was letting a boy put his boner in her vagina, standing up in the shower, while she rubbed her big clitoris with her hand between her thighs. It was incredibly exciting, pretending the boy was fucking Shari, thrusting hard into her hot, wet, quivering vagina, having an orgasm, ejaculating deep into her

young womanly cave and giving her an orgasm as mighty as his own. Now Gary was having an orgasm too, ejaculating backward in the shower beneath his plump, rapidly pumping rump.

That might have seemed exciting enough but there was more to come, and soon. Gary and Darlene had been friends all through school, and Gary knew Darlene liked him. It wasn't easy to go on dates because Gary didn't have a car, but they often walked home together and talked. Then one afternoon, incredibly, Darlene invited Gary to come into her house when her parents weren't home. She explained that they were on vacation, and she was home alone.

She was wearing her big falsies under her blouse. Darlene was a brainy girl but perhaps her approach to displaying her breasts wasn't too brainy. When she didn't have her falsies on, you could see that her breasts were pretty small; when she did have them on, she appeared to have massive "bazzooms." A lot of boys and girls in school laughed at her for this alternation in the apparent size of her breasts, but Gary still thought she was incredibly sexy—and he wished he could be like her. Falsies could make even a boy, a boy like Gary, look like he had big breasts like a buxom girl, if only he could get them.

Darlene's falsies wouldn't fit Gary because she was quite a bit smaller than he was, but he was pretty sure she was going to let him take them off. He was right. Darlene wanted to make out and she made no secret of it. Soon they were French kissing in her bedroom and Gary was unbuttoning her blouse, while Darlene unbuttoned his shirt.

"Ooh, yours are so cute!" Darlene said, caressing Gary's bare breasts while he struggled to unhook her falsies. "Do you ever pretend you're a girl?"

“Pretend I’m a *girl*?” Gary exclaimed, incredulous that Darlene had guessed his secret. “Well, uh—now that you mention it, I have been known to do that—uh, on occasion.”

“That’s so exciting!” Darlene said. “I love your breasts!” She confirmed this by kissing Gary’s erect nipples, to his great delight.

“I love yours too,” Gary said. Darlene’s falsies were off now, and her lovely little breasts were nude. They were bigger than Gary’s now, but not by much.

Gary kissed Darlene’s pointy nipples, making her moan with delight. He slipped his hand inside her panties. She parted her thighs to let him stroke her hard little clitoris and then insert his finger into her hot, wet womanly cave.

“Let’s do it,” Darlene said. “I’ve got a rubber.” She produced a condom and slipped it onto Gary’s stout penis. “It’ll be easy,” she assured him. “I’m not a virgin.” Gary wondered who she had done it with before, but he didn’t stop to ask.

“Come into me from behind,” Darlene said, kneeling on her bed on her hands and knees. Gary hadn’t even known such a thing was possible, but he soon found out it was. Darlene expertly guided his condom-sheathed penis into her womanly opening while he knelt behind her. It was so intensely exciting he feared he would ejaculate at once, but he desperately tried to hold off to satisfy Darlene.

“Oh, yes, yes!” Darlene cried. “Stroke my breasts!” Gary leaned forward, reached underneath her and caressed her little breasts while he plunged her from behind. Darlene, a bucking filly in full heat, was fully ready for climax already, and reached it even before Gary began to ejaculate. Pumping Darlene like a maniacal stallion, Gary gushed without restraint.

In reality, 35 years later, Gary's five-and-a-half-inch penis was now fully erect at the memory. He wondered if it was too late for sex with Sylvia. If this kind of thing would work consistently—if he could dredge up the memory of his sex-crazed teen years at will, and use the memory to excite himself for sex—then Sylvia would be satisfied, and his problem would be solved!

“Sylvia?” he whispered, hoping not to wake his wife up if she was asleep. She was not. “What is it?” she asked in a crabby tone of voice.

“Is it too late? I—I think I can do it now.”

“What? Do what?”

“You know, *it*. The sublime.” That was what Sylvia liked to call intercourse: “the sublime.”

“Are you kidding?” Sylvia asked. “Well, all right. Better late than never.” She rolled over to kiss Gary on the mouth, while he stroked her breasts and then her tiny clitoris. He tried hard to keep thinking of Darlene and his own girlish sexiness, at 11 and 18, to maintain his erection while he kissed Sylvia's big protruding nipples and she got juiced up for “the sublime.” It wasn't easy, but at last she guided him into her entryway and he was still hard enough to do the job. He plunged her dutifully, manfully, and was rewarded with moans of orgasm even before he ejaculated. He had to say that for Sylvia: unlike a lot of women he had heard or read about, Sylvia wasn't slow to have orgasms—far from it. She was every bit as hot as Darlene in that way.

“Oh, that's more like it!” Sylvia commended him. “Gary, let's do that more often!” Gary would if he could, he thought; he only hoped he really could.

Sylvia did not demand sex the following night, but the next night Gary was pretty sure she would. He wondered if it would help to take a shower and pretend he was a girl, as he had done so many times so long ago. He decided to give it a try. Maybe, he hoped, it would excite him enough to satisfy Sylvia again.

Gary stripped in the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. His looks were not too manly, he had to admit. His chubby face looked too much like a plump, pretty girl's face, and his breasts were much bigger than it might seem a man should have—much bigger even than they had been when he was 18, and bigger than more than a few women's small breasts. Gary's gynecomastia, which had already begun to become evident at 11 and had been delectable to Darlene at 18, was now far advanced. He wondered if he could wear Sylvia's bras; it might be exciting, he thought, and might help him get erections for her. Sylvia was as stout as he was, and her breasts were not a whole lot bigger than his own bulging beauties.

He wasn't going to wear a bra right now, though. He entered the shower and pressed his burgeoning penis down between his legs, imitating his teen-girl-ish excitement from many years ago. He rubbed and squeezed his breasts and his hips responded with gentle pumping motions. He opened his mouth and breathed deeply, rejoicing to know that he could still get excited more or less at will, hoping he would be able to transfer his excitement to satisfy Sylvia.

Gary turned his head toward the shower entrance. Suddenly, vividly, he imagined a strong, handsome teen boy was looking at him, moving toward him, desiring him. The boy's bright blue eyes were fixed on him, and the boy's big erection was coming very close to him.

This had been Gary's teen-girl dream, though he had never done such a thing in reality as a teen. He was a girl again now, a girl named Shari, and Shari wanted the boy to fuck her, to plunge his penis into her vagina standing up in the shower. The thought that Shari was still Gary after all and was trying to excite himself sexually only in order to please his wife, flitted through Shari's mind, but soon vanished with hardly a trace.

Shari needed to feel the boy's penis entering her. Frantically she looked around for something, anything, to serve as a makeshift penis. She grabbed a shampoo bottle and pretended it was the boy's penis, pressing it into the tight, hot, wet space surrounded by her big hidden clitoris and her thighs, which formed her vagina. Again a dismaying thought flitted through her mind; that she would surely ejaculate if she pretended the boy was fucking her and then she would disappoint and anger Sylvia again—but soon that thought too had vanished and Shari was all too eagerly letting the imaginary boy enter her and penetrate her fully.

Oh, yes, the boy was plunging her deeply, exciting her to the maximum—exciting her far too much! She was a bucking bronco in the shower, the boy was fast riding her up to orgasm, and she could not control her gigantic backward-facing clitoris, which soon was spurting great shots of semen beneath her big hard-pumping butt.

Shari sighed in disgust and became Gary again. Rushing up to the extreme of excitement, he had failed in his purpose. He would disappoint Sylvia. He had let his teen-girlish excitement run away with him completely, failing to divert it toward Sylvia, and she would complain. He gritted his teeth and turned to face the inevitable.

Actually, Sylvia did not complain about no intercourse that night, nor even the night after that—but Gary was sure she would on the night after *that*, if it didn't happen yet again. He wanted to wear Sylvia's bras, panties, and sexy nighties, thinking it would help him get excited for her—but he didn't dare when she was in the house.

What he did dare to do, though, was what he had dared to do many times when his mom was home when he was a teen, starting at only “one-teen”: to draw pictures of himself as Shari. He had successfully concealed the pictures from his mom (or so he thought), and they had been a never-ending fountain of erotic delight for Gary back then—or at least a hardly-ever-ending fountain. When he drew the pictures as a teen, sometimes he rubbed his wiener so raw inside his pants that it hurt and even bled a bit; other times he got so excited that he couldn't keep from ejaculating in his pants, a messy and embarrassing event he did not like at all.

That wouldn't happen now, Gary promised himself. He was only going to use the pictures to excite himself for Sylvia. He was *not* going to rub his wiener, although he did start to get an erection at the very thought of drawing the pictures and it got harder as he started actually drawing them. Soon he couldn't help touching it every now and then, for his big bulb was so beautiful and it felt so good—but he touched it only briefly, thrillingly, though more and more frequently as he went on.

He started by drawing himself as Shari fully clothed—if you could call her fully clothed when she wore an extremely short miniskirt, displaying her big, delectable, girlish butt and her plump, shapely thighs. Boys had teased Gary about his big butt

when he was a teen, and they said he walked like a girl too, calling him “swivel-hips.” His pants had bulged in front as well as in back, from embarrassment and excitement combined, when he felt his hips swaying like a girl’s hips as he walked, and knew the bad teasers were telling the truth. Now Gary was Shari again in the picture, and Shari’s hips were hot.

Shari had long dark hair and dark eyes; she was looking over her shoulder and smiling at a boy who was desiring her. Her breasts, almost as small as Darlene’s had been at 11 but even more delectable, were displayed in a tight white top. She knew she was going to strip for the boy, he would put his wiener into her, and she would go wild with excitement.

In the next picture, Shari was pulling up her top to reveal her breasts in her skimpy little bra. Her eyes were fixed on the boy’s eyes, and his on her. The boy, already nude above the waist, was opening his pants to reveal his big erection in his underwear. As he drew the picture with his right hand, Gary couldn’t keep his left hand off his penis for long. He did try, really he did, but the power of the pictures was getting too great for him.

In the next one, Shari’s breasts were nude and her nipples were sticking straight out; the boy was pulling her panties down and his wiener was very close to her. Shari’s big clitoris was hidden between her legs; if you knew she had it, you could see that it must be hidden in the picture, because her panties were coming down quickly and her clitoris was not sticking out in front.

Gary’s heart was pounding, his penis was throbbing, and he was utterly failing to keep his hand off his penis as he drew the next picture, the sexiest of all. The boy was fucking Shari from behind as Gary had fucked Darlene from behind, rubbing her big clitoris with one hand and her breast with the other,

while she supported herself with one hand and rubbed the boy's wiener with the other. The picture showed them at the moment of orgasm, ejaculating in each other's hands, losing all control of their excitement—

Oh, no! Gary thought. It was happening! He was ejaculating in his pants, just as he had done as a teen, and there was no way he could control it! Spurt after spurt of gush was getting his underwear wet and sticky inside his pants, and he would fail yet again to satisfy Sylvia.

Sylvia was afraid something was wrong and she told Gary so repeatedly over the next few days. He could sense that she was afraid he was having an affair with another woman. There was only one way to prove to her satisfaction that he wasn't. Gary absolutely had to find the way to satisfy her, *without* ejaculating in his pants. When Sylvia went shopping on Saturday, Gary was pretty sure she would be gone for hours, and he seized his chance.

As a teen, Gary had wished he could wear girls' clothes, but he didn't have any except in the pictures he drew. He still remembered the silly, crazy makeshift expedients that had thrilled him, like tying a towel around his hips with his wiener hidden between his legs, pretending the towel was a miniskirt, while above the waist he wore a tight sweater with wadded-up handkerchiefs stuffed beneath it to play the role of falsies.

Now, at last, Gary could get real falsies, as sexy as Darlene's had been. Sylvia's bras were ready at hand. Gary selected a cream-colored front-hook bra, stripped to the waist, and put it on with trembling hands. He was delighted to find that it fit him, except

for the cups. That could be quickly fixed by stuffing hankies in the cups.

Gary, now Shari again, gazed upon the beauty of her newfound big (or at least bigger) breasts in the full-length mirror. Whipping out her smartphone, she took several selfies of her breasts in the bra, including some in which she wore a blouse and opened it to reveal her breasts. Shari's real breasts were big enough to have pretty cleavage, and one of the ways she wasn't like a he-man was that she had very little hair on her breasts. Wearing the bra, she really did look like she had big female breasts.

Of course Shari's big clitoris was erect again. She tried hard not to touch it but she wanted more—more of Sylvia's clothes and more photos of herself. With the photos on her phone, Shari thought, she would have a never-ending fountain of erotic stimulation to help her, as Gary, satisfy Sylvia.

Gary, as Shari, set to work with a will. Shari took selfies of herself wearing Sylvia's blouse over her bra, and some of herself wearing one of Sylvia's tight tops; then she took some that showed her pulling up the top to reveal her breasts in her bra, as in one of the pictures she had drawn before ejaculating in her pants. She stripped and started over in a bathing cap and a swimsuit (a one-piece one, of course, since Sylvia didn't wear bikinis). As a teen, Shari had been fascinated by the thought that she could look just like a real girl if she wore a girl's swimsuit and a bathing cap to conceal her short hair. Now she did it in reality, stuffing the cups with hankies to fit—and, she fancied, she did look just like a real woman!

Shari took many selfies of herself in the swimsuit, of course with her big clitoris hidden between her legs. As when she was a teen, it was still incredibly exciting to her to squeeze her stout clitoris between her thick thighs, but she tried hard to keep from get-



ting *too* excited, lest she ejaculate in Sylvia's swimsuit. Then she stripped off the swimsuit and started over yet again, this time with no bra, in one of Sylvia's skimpiest, sexiest lacy nighties.

Shari was sure she still had plenty of time, for no doubt Sylvia would be shopping for hours. Despite the comparative smallness of Shari's bare breasts beneath the sheer fabric, her selfies in the nightie were some of the sexiest she had taken yet. Her clitoris was still between her legs, and her nipples were hard. She hoped she wouldn't be thrust into ejaculation if she happened to rub her nipples, but she was too excited to resist.

Shari's hands were on her breasts and she was gazing upon her loveliness in the full-length mirror, when she had the worst shock of her life. Sylvia was screaming. She had come home early. Her eyes were wide open in horror, and she was shrieking terrible words: "Gary, *no!* I can't believe this! I was afraid something was wrong—I was afraid you might even be having an affair—but I couldn't imagine you might be turning into a *homosexual!* That's sickening! I can't stand this! I'm moving back home with my parents, and I'm getting a divorce!"

Shari ripped her hands away from her breasts and turned to face Sylvia. She knew Sylvia meant what she said. Sylvia couldn't stand homosexuals. Even if she had known that Gary had pretended he was Shari and wished he could play girlfriend for a boy when he was a teen, she surely wouldn't have married him, although he never did anything about it in reality back then. When Sylvia saw Gary in her nightie with his hands on his breasts and his penis hidden between his legs, she was sure at once that he must be turning into a homosexual, and that was the end.