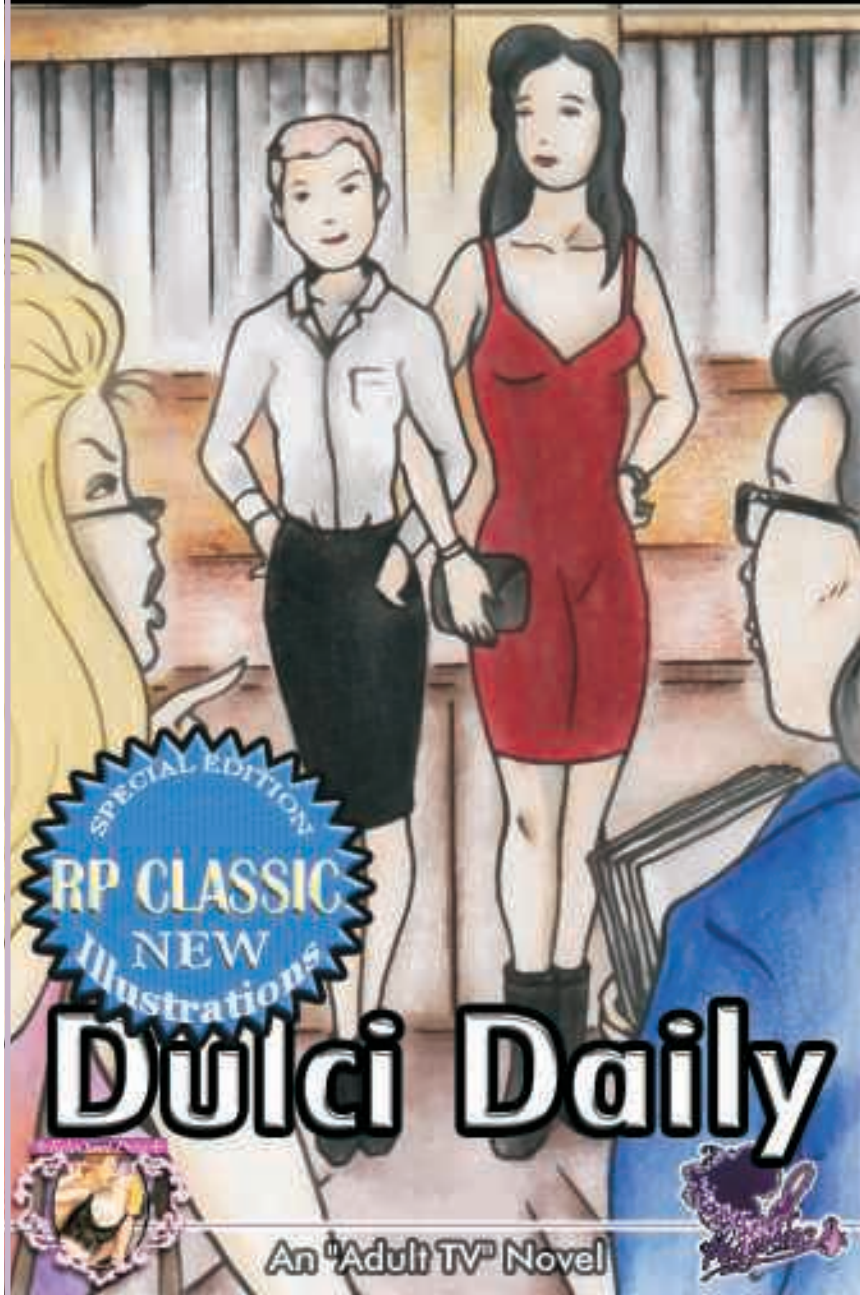


Connie & Jeannie



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Dulci Daily

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Connie and Jeannie

by Dulci Daily

Here we go again, Connie thought, glancing at the empty station next to her own at the circulation desk. She was not looking forward to helping yet another neophyte librarian while trying to keep up with her own work too. She was going to do it, though. Annie O always put the new librarians next to Connie, because she was so “patient and experienced and helpful.” No one but Connie had stuck it out at the circulation desk for ten long years, and this was her reward.

Here she came: Anne Beaveridge Ockham herself, Director of Circulation Services, with her latest lovely acquisition. Annie O certainly seemed to show a weakness for feminine beauty when selecting new librarians. This one was a real winner: a dark-eyed, full-lipped, pleasingly plump but not buxom girl of medium height, with light golden-brown skin and long wavy dark hair, and with a shy, almost frightened expression in her eyes.

Connie discreetly scrutinized the girl. At least this girl wasn't showing off her cleavage, as Bev Cignelle, the girl's sassy little predecessor, had been so fond of doing. She *was* showing off her lacy slip and her skimpy bra straps through her sheer, high-necked,

cream-colored blouse, though. Her breasts seemed to be pretty small, barely bigger than Connie's own. Maybe the girl didn't even have any cleavage to show off, any more than Connie herself had—not that Connie would show it off if she had it, but she was glad she didn't. Her own flat chest and puny breasts, pressed almost flat by her sport bra and well concealed by her loose, opaque gray shirt, were fully invisible to all observers—or so she hoped.

The girl was too plump to have much of a waist, but she did have nice hips, well displayed in her pretty knee-length flowered skirt. Nice plump legs, too, well-shaped and sweet-looking in white stockings. Annie O had struck again. Connie wondered how unsatisfactory the results would be.

“Good morning, Connie,” said Annie O. Connie looked up—far up, for Annie O was six feet tall and Connie was barely five—to see the gray hair and the too-familiar face of her supervisor, with the same old small blue eyes, long horsy face, wide mouth, and great white teeth. As she had now been doing for thousands of days, Connie gave Annie O a polite, meaningless smile yet again.

“Good morning, Anne,” said Connie. It would have been a glaring *faux pas* to call her “Annie O” to her face, but an equally glaring one to call her “Ms. Ockham” or—even worse, though technically correct—“Mrs. Ockham.”

“Connie, this is our new librarian, Jeannie Cavalcanti,” said Annie O. “Jeannie, this is Connie Clerkson. She's our most experienced librarian at the circulation desk, and she'll be more than happy to help you get a good start.”

“Hi, Jeannie, nice to meet you,” said Connie, brusquely and noncommittally. Jeannie smiled and shook Connie's hand, but said nothing. *She seems pretty shy and innocent*, Connie thought. *She's probably a virgin*. That was all right; Connie had nothing against virgins. She wished she were still a virgin herself—but she hadn't been one for 14 years, ever since she was a dumb, naïve freshman at the U, when she had flung herself with all her might at that damned fuckhead Dave Glamis.

Connie shuddered. If she lived to be 100, she feared, she could never forgive her own idiocy in letting Glamis screw her and trash her. She tried to shove Glamis out of her mind and back into hell, where he belonged.

“All right, Anne, I’ll take good care of Jeannie,” she assured Annie O in a cool, hard, efficient voice. “I’m sure she’ll do fine.” She was *not* sure Jeannie would do fine, but she guessed it was possible after all.

“OK, step one is you need to turn on your terminal,” said Connie. Jeannie smiled again and switched it on.

“We’ve got a little time before the library’s open to patrons,” Connie said. “Have you got any questions about anything right now?” She still sounded tough and efficient, though she wasn’t sure she wanted to. That shy virgin did have a lovely, winning smile.

Jeannie opened her mouth as if to speak; she pointed at a poster on the wall. It showed pictures of many different kinds of people, with a caption in big letters: “PACIFIC HEIGHTS PUBLIC LIBRARY CELEBRATES DIVERSITY.” In a sweet, trembling, low voice—lower than any female voice Connie had ever heard—Jeannie asked, “They really mean that, don’t they?”

“Uh—yeah, they really mean it, all right,” said Connie. *Say more!* her heart demanded, beginning to race. *You’re not a girl at all, are you?* In a flash she scrutinized Jeannie’s looks again. Jeannie *could* be a male, she guessed—but a male with an almost perfectly feminine, rounded, hairless face, quite unlike Connie’s squared-off, man-like visage.

“Every now and then,” Connie said, “there’s something in the news about how fundamentalists are wailing and whining and gnashing their teeth about the library. Usually it’s because the library has books or movies they don’t like, but sometimes it’s because it has *people* they don’t like.”

“I’m afraid they won’t like *me*,” Jeannie ventured to say. “The man shall not wear what pertains to the woman,’ and all that.”

Now Connie had no doubt. *It's true!* her heart cried out in silence. *He's not a girl!* Almost at once her wild heart rushed further: *I wonder if he could be a male lesbian—the male lesbian of my dreams!*

“Uh—nope, I’m pretty sure they won’t!” she said, talking more loudly to hear herself over the beating of her heart. “It’s totally unfair. Here I’ve been looking and acting as much like a man as I could for years, wearing what pertains to the man and all that, and I’ve never heard that any fundamentalists were pissed—er, peevd about *me*. Now *you* come in, and I bet they’re going to go on the warpath as soon as they see you and hear your voice!”

“Well, uh—we’ll have to start a campaign for equal wailing and gnashing rights, then,” Jeannie said with an absolutely lovely little smile. “Pretty soon we’ll start to see front-page articles, with headlines like ‘Gender-Inappropriate Attire at Library Provokes Bible-Bangers’ Wrath,” featuring pictures of you and me together.”

Connie laughed out loud. “I like that!” she said. “But surely our dignified, responsible newspapers wouldn’t use an expression like ‘Bible-bangers.’”

“Bible-slingers, then? Or how about Bible-bombers?”

“Hey, that’s more like it!” she said, laughing again. “Yes, that’s serious journalism!”

“All right, then,” said Jeannie. “But, uh—the powers that be *will* stand up for both of us if that happens, won’t they?”

“I’m pretty sure they will. Annie O wouldn’t have hired you without their explicit and fully informed consent. I don’t think she’s ever done anything the powers that be wouldn’t approve of in her life.”

“Well, then,” Jeannie exclaimed, “bring on the Bible-bombers, and don’t give up the ship!”

That wasn't too bad at all, Jeannie was thinking. I was polite to all the patrons, even the peeved ones, and none of them said anything about my clothes. None of them came out as Bible-bangers—at least to my face!

Jeannie swung her big hips freely beneath her full skirt as she walked down broad Arthur Boulevard past the massive Magnum Supreme Building. Yes, they were *her* hips, not his—for Jeannie, with no external sex change and no intention of getting one, was yet *her* in her heart of hearts. Now, after work, she could be wholly unrestrained in her attractiveness to men. Her too-low voice would hardly be heard tonight, and those who heard it would not care how it sounded.

That aging lesbian librarian, Connie, was pretty helpful, Jeannie thought. Connie had stepped right in and explained what to do when the patrons had screwed-up accounts, or when they asked questions Jeannie couldn't answer. Connie actually seemed nice, for an obvious hard-core lesbian with a man's ultra-short haircut, men's clothes, a bulletproof vest (or something equally effective in flattening her breasts, if she had any breasts), a squared-off manish face, and a tough-sounding edge to her voice.

Tonight, though, no females but Jeannie herself were likely to enter her world. She would stop at The Decencies for a bite to eat; then she would go directly to Club Swank Wank. Men would be attracted to her, she knew. She would respond to one of them, and they would do most exciting deeds.

Jeannie's stout three-inch "coquette," also known as her "giant clitoris," was hard already inside her lacy fuchsia panties, though no one could see because of her skirt. The silky panties felt like they were caressing it, buttering it up for ecstasy. Her coquette was beginning to moisten them already. She tried hard to turn her mind to higher things until she got to the club.

Jeannie walked past many little shops until she got to The Decencies. This was one of her favorite restaurants, a simply furnished place with wooden

chairs, round tables, and blue-and-white checkered tablecloths. No sooner had she entered than a male admirer greeted her.

“Jeannie! Wow! You look splendid, my dear!” Jeannie looked up at the big, clean-shaven, curly-haired, deep-voiced man who was saying the words—Ike Starkmiller, a regular at the club, and Jeannie’s greatest admirer. Ike’s massive cock—a full ten inches long, according to his own credible report—was rising rapidly in his sweat pants, as Jeannie noticed at once on glancing down.

“Hi, Ike! Hey, thanks! I like that!” Jeannie said with a big smile.

“My treat, sweetie?” Ike asked. Jeannie agreed. She would be Ike’s date for the evening, and she would give Ike the intimate “treats” he loved to receive.

Ike made small talk, and Jeannie smiled and listened, while they ate their dinner. Then they arose at once; Ike paid for both of them, and they walked hand in hand down toward the club.

“CLUB SWANK WANK,” said the letters above the gold-plated, round-topped door. Ike opened it and led Jeannie down the familiar red-carpeted hallway to the front desk.

“How about a dip, sweetie?” Ike asked as soon as the attendant had verified their membership and they had entered the locker room. Without waiting for confirmation, he stripped off his clothes, leaving only a pair of garish, flowered swim trunks with a gigantic bulge in front.

“I can’t wait,” said Jeannie—“except to change into my swimsuit, of course!” She went to her locker, with Ike following close behind. Turning to face Ike, she leisurely flipped her long hair into twin ponytails, pulled her slip off over her head, and undid her front-hook push-up bra. Ike’s eyes bulged, as they always did, when he saw Jeannie’s plump, delectable, golden-brown, girlish little breasts with their dark, hard, pointy nipples.



Jeannie teased him, knowing it only got him more excited: she crossed her arms to hide her breasts from him, and turned her back to him while she put on her skimpy purple bikini top. Keeping her back toward Ike, Jeannie slipped her skimpy fuchsia panties down to bare her big buttocks.

“Oh, baby,” Ike crooned. “I can hardly wait!”

“Now, now, Ike,” she twitted him. “You wanted to go for a dip, remember?” She turned to face him; for a brief moment she let him glimpse her big reddish-purple plum, adorning the end of her thick, hard, very short shaft. Then she quickly pulled up her purple bikini bottom and turned toward the pool entrance, swinging her hips most engagingly for Ike’s benefit.

They walked down into the water by the underwater stairway at the shallow end of the pool. Neither of them made any move to swim.

“Oh, baby!” Ike moaned. “This is it!” He gripped her hips. She could feel his great cock, barely concealed by his wet trunks, pressing between her thighs. Ike was going wild—perhaps too wild to leave the pool. Right here in front of everyone, he pulled her bikini bottom down to bare her buttocks.

“Ike! No! Not in the pool!” Jeannie squealed. “It’s against the rules!” She pointed to a big sign saying “NO EJACULATING IN THE POOL”; then she grabbed the handrail and squirmed up the slippery steps. She tried to reach the shower room, where they could explode together in a private stall—but Ike gripped her hips and stopped her.

He had stripped off his trunks. He wanted everyone to see. *At least we’re not still in the pool*, Jeannie thought with slight relief, as Ike finished stripping off her bikini and pressed his massive shaft between her thick thighs from behind.

I’m so glad they don’t allow butt-fucking at Club Swank Wank! Jeannie thought with greater relief. She would be killed, she was sure, if Ike ever tried to butt-fuck her. Fortunately, he didn’t seem to want to. He only wanted to plunge her between the thighs,

and rub and squeeze her breasts—and make her kneel to service him, right in front of everyone.

He was pressing her downward toward the floor. She complied. Very soon the time had come to burst. Ike was kneeling behind Jeannie, thrusting hard, while bending over to grip her breasts. Jeannie was kneeling on the wet tile floor beside the pool, supporting herself with her right hand, clasping Ike's ten-incher and rubbing it frantically with her left hand and forearm. Her own three-inch coquette, riding and sliding atop Ike's master cock like a short, squat rider almost falling off a bucking bronco, needed no further encouragement. She felt Ike gushing; she released all control, pumped her hips at maximum speed, and gained the tremendous relief of gushing all over Ike's cock.

“Oh, man, oh, baby!” Ike groaned when the gushing was over. “Jeannie, you are the most terrific lady in the universe!” The audience, in and around the pool, seemed to agree; many were applauding and crying out with glee.

Jeannie pressed her sticky, gushy, fast-shrinking coquette between her thighs and raised her hands. Ike clasped one of her hands and they bowed together to the admiring crowd; then they turned together and exited into the shower room.

“Wow, Jeannie, you're the greatest,” Ike reiterated when they were getting clean together in the shower. “You know what?”

Jeannie, lathering up her limp coquette and its environs, looked at him. “What?” she asked.

“Well, you know, we get along together so great, and all that,” Ike said. Jeannie began to feel fear at what this might mean.

“Uh, yeah?” Jeannie murmured weakly.

“Well, I was kind of thinking we might get married, as soon as it's legal.”

Jeannie forced herself not to choke. This was not the right time for such a proposal—if there *was* a right time. Jeannie was undergoing what she knew too well as “the Reaction,” which she almost always underwent after wanking. The very thought of wanking, and of sex in general, now seemed totally idiotic, boring, and even disgusting. Now, far from wishing to be a married gay, Jeannie wished she were an asexual.

Not only that—as soon as Ike asked the question, if not before, Jeannie knew she would never dream of marrying Ike. He was a superb wank partner, but nothing more. Ike’s mental horizon never seemed to extend beyond small talk and sexy talk. Jeannie doubted that she would ever marry anyone—but, if she did, she knew it must not be someone like *that*.

“Uh—the gay marriage law goes into effect next month, doesn’t it?”

“You bet! July 1st, at midnight!”

“Uh—well—Ike, let me think about it later, OK? Uh, I mean, I really think this isn’t quite the time for me to, uh, think about something like that. Do you, uh, know what I mean?” Jeannie was trembling. She knew she was afraid to offend Ike, to tell him “no” flat out. She didn’t know how she could ever do it. The best she could do was to put it off as long as possible.

Ike squinted. His little brown eyes did not show that he had any idea what Jeannie meant. Obviously he had expected Jeannie to be ecstatic and say “yes” at once. She feared she had offended him already, simply by not fulfilling his expectations.

“Well, OK,” he said reluctantly. “Take all the time you need to think about it. I just thought it would be a really great idea. I mean, we’re really well matched; I think it would be a marriage made in heaven.” Jeannie could not speak.

Connie sighed and turned away from the shelves of books. It was time to go home—to go to what passed for home.

Almost always, after work, she lingered among the books and read for a little while. Her love of books had drawn her to become a librarian, but she didn't get to read them on the job. Only now, after work, was she free to read.

Today she had drawn a total blank. "Male lesbianism" was her subject of interest right now—too eager interest, she knew, but no one else need know. In all the Pacific Heights Public Library's vast collection of materials on sexual activities, orientations, dysfunctions, and much more, there seemed to be nothing at all about male lesbianism. There was plenty about *female* lesbianism, and female masturbation too; book after book even purported to teach presumptively ignorant young women how to masturbate. *Thanks, but I already know how to masturbate*, Connie had thought with a grim little smile. *What I don't know is how to find a male lesbian—and how to attract him if I ever find him!*

She would be as friendly as she could to Jeannie, she decided. Even if there was only a chance in a million that Jeannie was the male lesbian of her dreams, she must not miss that chance. She would reveal her heart to Jeannie, she fancied, if ever she could. Only by revealing the secrets of her heart—still desperate, after all these years, for enduring love that would never be betrayed—could she have any hope of the blessings she desired.

She retrieved her bicycle, put on her helmet, and pushed off. She needed a workout, and she got one. *I can still do it*, she insisted to herself as she started to breathe hard, slowly ascending the steep slope of Queen's Bluff. *I'm not too old and out of shape yet*. It was true—Connie was lean and strong, not out of shape at all, and not old either—but that didn't make the job easy.

The weather was quite warm for a June evening in Pacific Heights. By the time Connie got up to the Tiny Temple of the World Designer, just a few blocks from her apartment, she needed to stop and wipe the sweat from her face. She stood and looked with a faint smile at the Tiny Temple, a geodesic dome dating from the early 1970s.

This was the closest thing she had to a neighborhood church, here in the intensely unconventional environment of Queen's Bluff, and she often went to the weekend gatherings there. It was a lot better than the neighborhood church of her youth, the First Presbyterian Church of Seaview Grove, which repelled her so much that she had defied her parents and quit going when she was 14. She had been reading about the supposedly great figures in the history of Presbyterianism, like John Calvin and John Knox, and she didn't like them—especially Knox, with his raving against the “monstrous regiment of women.” What really booted her butt *hard* out of that church, though, was when she realized that hardly any Presbyterians in Seaview Grove believed what Calvin and Knox had believed, or cared about them at all. Not that she would have liked the Presbyterians if they *had* believed all that shit—but somehow it seemed to be even worse that they were keeping the name of Presbyterians, while betraying everything their fanatical old founders had stood for.

There it was again—*betrayal*. No matter what Connie tried to think of, that horror would worm its way into her mind again, sooner or later—probably sooner. She shuddered and turned toward home.

She came to her aging apartment building. She was home—if her lonely, crappy little efficiency apartment could ever be called home, even after 10 years. Everything was still the same: the narrow bed, the cramped kitchen space, the crowded computer desk, the few bare chairs, the small scratched coffee table, the plain-looking little brown love seat on which no one in love with Connie had ever sat.

Even while she looked around the apartment, Connie was stripping. She needed a shower—because she was so sweaty, of course, but that was not all. She must be very clean, she thought with a wry little smile, because she so often took two showers a day. The morning one was her shower for work; she never masturbated then. The evening one—when she did take an evening one—was much different.

Soon she was nude. She entered the tiny bathroom and gazed upon herself in the full-length mirror. Her pointy, good-sized pink nipples, with their tips al-

ready erect, looked as incongruous as ever on her tiny, almost boyish breasts—as much out of place, she thought, as the bill of a platypus looked on the face of that furry mammal.

Even before she entered the shower, she raised her hands to touch her breasts. A soft sigh of deep relief escaped her, and with it a single word: “Jeannie!”

This was absurd. Connie knew it. She hardly knew Jeannie—yet. She had no knowledge that Jeannie might really be that unheard-of, delectable creature, a male lesbian—much less that the lovely young Jeannie might ever be attracted to an aging, ugly, mannish female like herself. Connie was entering a realm of bald-faced, impossible fantasy—and yet, as she turned on the water and stepped into the shower, she plunged deep into that realm with open eyes.

“Jeannie, I love you,” she murmured. Jeannie, she fancied, was standing behind her and caressing her wet, slippery little breasts. Jeannie’s loins were pressed tightly against Connie’s well-formed buttocks, but she felt no noxious male protuberance between her thighs. As a male lesbian, Jeannie made his giant clitoris *behave*, pressing it tightly back between his legs.

“Oh, Jeannie, I’m all yours, forever,” Connie softly moaned. Now Jeannie was facing her; he was kissing her nipples, and soon she was kissing his. Then their legs were entwined, Jeannie’s giant clit was rubbing hard against Connie’s thigh, and her own little love-button was fast gaining momentum toward an astounding climax.

“Jeannie! Jeannie! Yes! Yes! I love you!” Her climax burst upon Connie and took her breath away. Her hands were still on her breasts, gripping and rubbing and squeezing them with all her strength, while her bucking thighs held each other tight, swishing rapidly back and forth in the scissor motion she had discovered so long ago, pressing her up to the peak of orgasm with no assistance below the waist from her hands.

“Oh, my love! Jeannie! You’re so good to me!” Connie drained every drop of delight from her climax and

its long-lingering afterglow. She drained every drop of warm water from the shower, too.

Only when the water was too cold to bear did she step out, dry off, put on her boys' blue pajamas, and make herself a dull and lonely supper. Only later, when she lay deep in darkness, trying but failing to sleep, did vicious thoughts attack her in full force, as they so often did after the last faint ember of orgasm had been extinguished: *That was idiocy. I can't believe I did that. I'd better watch out or I'll fling myself at Jeannie, as hard as I flung myself at that fuckhead Glamis. If I'm lucky, Jeannie will just ignore me, or laugh at me. If I'm not, he'll trash me sooner or later—just like Glamis trashed me! God damn it! I hate this! Why can't I just be an asexual?*

She lay face up and stared into nothingness, in bitter pain at her memories and her knowledge. She knew she could never be an asexual. Ever since she was 12, when she discovered how to masturbate with no help from anyone or any book, she had known the unquenchable yearning. When she had been an eager bisexual teen in fantasy, a plain and lonely virgin bookworm in reality, the surging tide had thrust her further into the open sea, away from the lost horizon of asexuality. Later—after Glamis, that unthinkable vomit-inducer, had killed the flower of her youth—she had turned hard-core lesbian, or mainly hard-core masturbatrix who fantasized about lesbian sex. Asexual crazes had gripped her from time to time, but they had never lasted. Now, in the last few years, astounding imaginings of delectable, unheard-of male lesbians had given her the most potent orgasms of her life.

Connie sighed in resignation. She would be no asexual; that much was certain. If only it were equally certain that she would be no *idiot*, she could rest in calm satisfaction—but she knew she could not. She must fight with all her might, lest she be swept away and drowned in a flood of idiocy—of hopeless, deathless yearning for what could never be.

In the shower in her little apartment on University Hill, Jeannie lathered her limp little coquette again;

she rinsed it and quickly moved on. Now she was glad it was limp. She wouldn't go back to Club Swank Wank for a good long while. When she did, she would wank with someone other than Ike. Then Ike would see that Jeannie would be a little cheater if he married her, and he wouldn't want to marry her any more. Then Jeannie could go back to wanking with him, at last—unless he asked her again to marry him, and started the same old cycle!

She turned off the shower and fiercely rubbed her butt with her big bath towel. Why couldn't Ike just accept a good wank session for what it was, and let it go at that? Why did he have to exalt it into something it could never be?

Jeannie had to stop thinking about Ike, or at least to try to stop. It was time to get dressed and go to work. Rapidly she finished drying off and started looking for clothes.

Soon she was wearing her panties and bra. The push-up bra, of the well-known Patti's Pushies brand, was low-cut and lacy, and it greatly enhanced the beauty of her cleavage. Vividly Jeannie remembered her early discovery that she could make her plump breasts look much bigger,

and her cleavage much deeper, by pressing her breasts together between her biceps. This bra did the job at least as well as Jeannie's biceps could ever do, and the effect was utterly lovely. No one could tell, from peeking at her breasts in that bra, that Jeannie hadn't been born female.

Some white sandals and a light above-the-knee summer dress, with no slip underneath, would complete her outfit for today. The weather was predicted to be good and warm, which it seldom was in Pacific Heights in June. Jeannie picked out a pretty sleeveless dress, white with little many-colored flowers all over, and slipped it on over her head.

The total effect, Jeannie thought on seeing herself, was certainly pleasant, and quite decent—or it *would* have been decent, if not for Patti's Pushies. That bra was so effective at enhancing Jeannie's cleavage that she could actually see quite a bit of her long cleft

above the straight, slightly too low-cut top of her dress, even when standing straight up. If she were to bend over, even a little bit, the visual effects might be quite remarkable.

She performed a bend-over test in the mirror. She was right. Even with a fairly modest bend, much of her breasts became visible right down to her bra, not far above her nipples. Even with no bend at all, any onlooker could easily see that her cleavage was superb.

Jeannie stood straight upright. The dress was too pretty not to wear on such a day as this one promised to be. Besides, it was time to walk down to the Drag and catch the trolley bus to go downtown. She would just have to pretend she had no idea that any breast display was occurring.

Connie stepped out of the shower. The time had come to choose, and she was not ready. It was absurd that a mere choice of clothes should be so hard—and yet it was. She should simply wear what she always wore—sport bra, plain underpants, man's shirt, and trousers—and be done with it. And yet—she could not force herself to stop thinking—what if Jeannie would like to see her in something prettier?

This was misery. She hardly knew Jeannie, and yet she was going to fling herself at him, on the one-in-a-million chance that he might be the male lesbian of her dreams. That could not, would not, must not happen—and yet, she feared, she was too weak to keep it from happening. Were all her years of trying to be a strong woman about to go down the drain in a flood of idiocy? Had she learned nothing since the day when Glamis first screwed her?

Wait, she thought. I wear pretty dresses to the Tiny Temple, but that doesn't mean I'm flinging myself at the men there! Connie had journeyed far from Presbyterianism, but her church-going youth still lived in one small way: she often wore pretty, feminine clothes on Sunday. She could do the same today. Why not? It was just normal. Even Annie O wore moderately pretty clothes to work sometimes, despite

her strict propriety mingled with up-to-date library liberalism—and Annie O was not flinging herself at Jeannie, or at anyone, by wearing them!

Connie had to laugh at the very thought. Surely, then, Connie herself could do the same as Annie O did.

She felt herself blushing hotly. She was lying to herself. She was going to fling herself. She didn't care. She would wear something pretty to work anyway—just for a change, at long, long last.

At least she must wear a pair of her same old plain white undies—not that anyone would see them. She put them on. A sport bra would not do, though. She must wear a regular bra, and it must have some firm padding—not to say *armor*. Connie didn't want to make her breasts falsely look big, but she absolutely must ensure that her unruly nipples could never show through, no matter how abysmally she might fail to avoid arousal.

When the regular bra was in place, she needed a dress. Looking through her small collection of dresses, she decided on a white sleeveless knee-length one with little flowers all over. It was just a cheap mass-produced item from Farman's department store, but it was pretty—a bit low-cut in front, but not too bad. The sturdy bra was decidedly *not* low-cut, so no one would see anything—not that Connie had anything to see, anyway.

She slipped the dress on and zipped it up. She glanced at herself in the mirror, trying to be as efficient as ever. Yes, she thought, nice dress, no view of her almost painfully excited nipples, no unacceptable display of any kind, time to go to work.

She hadn't ridden her bike in a skirt for years. For a moment she thought of putting some bike shorts on beneath the skirt, but she decided it would be silly. If any men whistled at her bare legs, she would just ignore them and ride away. She would put on some crew socks and highly sensible sneakers right now, too, in hope of diminishing any unwanted sexy effects.