

A Boyfriend Named Judy



Dulci Daily

A "Young Adult/TV" Novel



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A Boyfriend Named Judy

by **Dulci Daily**

The summer of 1999, I expected, would be at least as boring as any before it. I would be friendless and alone at the age of 12, as I had been at 11, 10, and every age before that. By the end of summer I would be 13, and all would still be the same. My childhood was almost gone, and I had never known the joy of living—or so it seemed to me then.

The first faint hint that my boredom might not be eternal came, one rare cloudless day, from Christie Geistman, a neighbor girl my age and a fellow unpopular “brain.” I had seen Christie sometimes at school, and also at the Sunday school my parents made me attend (although I didn’t believe in God), but usually I ignored her. Last year, when she came over to play in our small above-ground backyard swimming pool, her swimsuit was all-concealing and her breasts almost negligible. This summer she came over again, and she was much harder to ignore.

She had a new swimsuit, which showed off her figure to good advantage. Her hips and legs, though too stout to be stylish, were already well-formed and womanly. Her breasts, though still small by grown-up women's standards, were much bigger than they had been last year. Her well-sculpted cleavage was noticeable above her too-low neckline, even when she wasn't bending over. I wondered why her strict parents had permitted such a thing—if they had—but I wasn't about to ask them to withdraw their permission!

“Hi, Jim!” she said with a big, friendly smile. “Nice to see you again!”

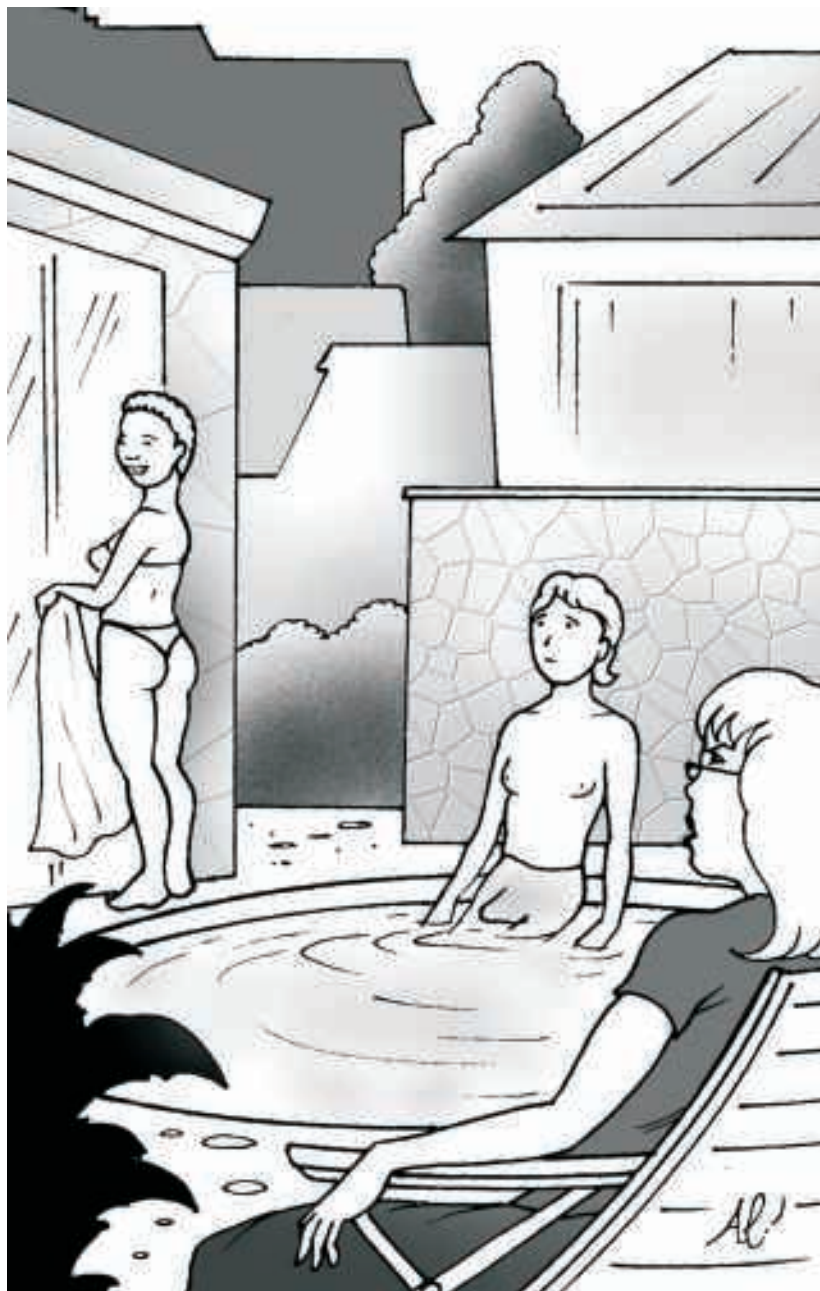
“Hi, Christie,” I said. “Uh, nice to see you too.” I would have been lying, if I'd been talking about her face instead of her figure. She had been one of the ugliest girls in my sixth-grade class at Oceanview Park Middle School—or so all the kids had thought, including me. She had bushy black eyebrows, thick eyelids, a too-big mouth, a boyish jutting chin, and a big nose that looked too much like a hog's snout. Her long hair was a disgustingly grayish shade of mediocre brown; fortunately, a big white bathing cap now covered it up. Only Christie's big, moist, long-ing brown eyes were pretty—very pretty indeed, I now saw.

“Are you going to VBS this summer?” she asked.

“VBS” meant Vacation Bible School. I was *not* going, if my parents didn't make me go. “Uh, I don't know,” I answered.

“I think it'll be a lot of fun,” she said. I could not agree, but at least I didn't tell the truth: “I think it will be sickening, idiotic, and a total waste of time.”

“I hope I'll see you there,” Christie told me. She was delightfully friendly, I had to admit, and she seemed to like me a lot. She didn't know I wasn't really a Christian. Maybe, I thought, her new swimsuit was supposed to show me how much she was “worth waiting for”—what an exciting Christian wife she would make.



“Well, let’s dive in,” Christie said. We did. I got big eyefuls of her beautiful figure, and I felt the excitement that predictably followed the eyefuls. She made no effort to conceal her wet, glistening, astoundingly lovely breasts. A few times, I fancied, she even shot a quick grin at me, as if she knew what I could see and she wished I might see more.

At last Christie got out of the pool and dried off. My mom had come out of the house and was sitting in a lawn chair.

“Hi, Mrs. MacGregor!” Christie said, sounding more than a bit nervous.

“Oh, *hello*, Christie!” said my mom, raising her eyebrows high. “My goodness, you’re really *growing up*, aren’t you?”

I tried hard to hope this was merely the sort of meaningless thing that grown-ups said to boys and girls who weren’t really grown up yet. Surely, I tried to hope, my mom would not betray Christie to her mom: “Doris, I think you should take a look at Christie’s bathing suit and see if it needs some *alteration*! I really think it’s cut a bit lower than it should be, and you know Christie is a *growing* girl!” Christie’s strict mom would need no bigger hint than that—and then I would never see even a glimpse of Christie’s breasts again.

“Well, I don’t know about that!” Christie giggled, now sounding very nervous indeed. She grabbed her blouse and put it on fast, even before she put on her slacks. “See you at VBS, I hope, Jim!” she said. Then she was gone.

At once I turned away from my mom, went into the house, and entered the bathroom, unbearably excited from my time in the pool with Christie. I needed to give myself some relief, right now—or so I thought.

I stripped. I decided to take a shower. I always got the finest relief in the shower.

My gaze fell upon my bare breasts. I already knew they were plumper and more girlish-looking than other boys’ plain, flat

chests. The teasing I got from other boys, in the locker room at school, had left no doubt of that; the boys called me “girlie” and “cutie,” and even told me I needed a bra. I hated the teasing, and I had also hated the breasts—until today. Now the sight of my own smooth, hairless little breasts was pumping up my excitement even beyond the level it reached when I saw Christie’s bigger ones.

I stood and gazed upon my newly-discovered young-womanly loveliness, with eyes wide open to new and deep delight. My breasts were girlish not only in size but in shape, I fancied. Much more than my breasts, as well, looked feminine to me now. My big brown eyes were soft and tender-looking; my lips, though small, were full and deep pink, like the lips of a pretty girl who needed no lipstick; my dark brown hair, though not nearly long enough for a ponytail, was bushy and quite long enough for a girl’s cute short hairdo. My hips were broad like a girl’s, though my stout waist was not very girlish. Something else, ahead of my hips, was even less girlish—but I could take care of that right now.

I reached down and pressed the hard evidence of my boyhood into hiding between my short thick thighs. Now, so far as anyone could tell from the front, I was a girl—and it felt very good indeed, I found, to be a girl. Might I myself be the girl of my dreams? I wondered—a girl as good and sweet and friendly as Christie, but beautiful too, and *not* a Christian?

I gulped. I was afraid. I knew this was not normal. My dad had warned me about “homosexuals”—who, he said, were boys who liked to wear girls’ clothes and kiss boys. I felt shame and fear at the thought that I might become a homosexual—and yet I could not ignore or abandon my new, already beloved girlish self.

I would do the deed, I decided; I *must* do the deed. In deepest, darkest secrecy, I would let myself be the girl of my blissful dreams—no longer a bored and boring boy named Jim, but a sweet, warm-hearted, exciting and excitable girl named Judy. I would be a good girl, a “brain” and a virgin, yet secretly eager to

please some special boy who needed me—even to let him feel my bare breasts.

I looked at myself again in the mirror. I looked like a girl now, but not *enough* like a girl. I must have girls' clothes, too, I decided; yes, I must have a girl's bathing suit and cap, just like Christie's.

The urge to beat off and gain relief, at the cost of losing my bliss, was gripping me. I fought it off hard, I resisted the temptation—almost as if I were a good, pure Christian boy, I thought with a little laugh. If I obtained relief, I knew, my precious new feelings of girlishness would go away—and they must *not* go away.

I had more urgently important things to do than to spring a gusher in the shower. I must get a bathing suit and cap for myself as soon as possible. I must become the girl of my dreams—this very day.

I grabbed a tape measure and the catalog from Farman's, a big local clothing store. I read the pages about how to measure your hips, waist, and bust; I found my magic numbers and carefully wrote them down. Then I looked at the bathing suits in the catalog, and decided which one I wanted—a pretty flowered one-piecer with a daringly low-cut top, a very loose waist, and a cute little skirt to hide my boyhood completely.

I put on some mediocre boys' clothes and strode out to get my bike. I rode fast to the shopping center where Farman's nearest clothing store was located, on the edge of Pacific Heights, the proudly progressive city to which I already longed to escape from our staid, conservative suburb of Seaview Grove. I locked my bike, entered the store, and zeroed in on the girls' bathing suits.

It was for my girlfriend, of course. This was the only reason why I would ever look for a girl's swimsuit. This was the bogus story that, I hoped, would carry me through a brief encounter with even a glaringly disapproving clerk.

At length I found it—my style, my size, and all. I gazed upon it with loving satisfaction. “PACIFIC COVE Girls’ and Ladies’ Swimwear,” the label proclaimed. The package showed a picture of a pretty girl no more than 11 or 12 years old, with short, almost boyish blond hair and very small but finely formed breasts, wearing the swimsuit and proudly showing off her new cleavage for all to see. Soon the swimsuit would be mine; soon, in strictest secrecy, I too would be a young lady, as pretty as she, with breasts as big and a cleavage as cute as hers. I was so excited that I almost forgot to pick up a bathing cap too.

I approached the counters, my heart pounding hard with every step. Only one clerk was on duty, plump and middle-aged, with modest-sized breasts beneath an opaque white blouse; she wore plain undistinguished glasses and had medium-length, curly gray hair. Absurdly I felt afraid of what she might think of me—but, when she turned toward me, she gave me a friendly-looking smile. Relieved, I walked up and showed her my packages. My relief grew greater when her smile grew bigger, and more knowing too.

“Ooh, something pretty for your *girlfriend*, I see!” she said. Her soft high voice sounded sweet and almost young. Her kind-looking hazel eyes sparkled as she spoke again: “We’ve got a special on panties and bras; do you think she might like some of those too?”

I gulped and stared at her; then I quickly looked away. She knew. She *must* know. Surely boys my age didn’t really buy *panties and bras* for their girlfriends! If they bought them at all, they bought them for *themselves*.

Then this was my big chance! I could buy a pair of panties and a bra. This lady would fully understand, she would be kind to me—and I would not be embarrassed, though I would be frightfully excited.

“Uh—yes, I guess she might, now that you mention it,” I said. I could feel myself sweating and blushing. “Where are they?”

“Right down that aisle.” She pointed out the location. “Would you like me to keep those here for you while you go and look?”

“Uh, yes, thank you.” I handed her the packages and walked down the aisle.

I must calm down, I told myself; I must make sure I wouldn't spring a gusher in my pants, right here in the store. I must pretend I was really a girl on an ordinary shopping trip, performing the routine, unexciting action of buying a bra, slip, and panties. It was just as if I were a boy buying T-shirts and boxer shorts, I insisted to my incredulous self. Yes, that must be the ticket—but the ticket was ripped to shreds, I feared, as soon as I saw my bra.

“SUSIE'S JUNIOR INTIMATES” was the name; low-cut, thin-strapped, cream-colored, and deliciously lacy was the game. A shyly smiling girl as young as the one on the swimsuit package, with long curly black hair and breasts barely bigger than mine, was letting me see her wearing it on the package, and I looked on beauty bare—or almost bare. The bra was my size, and it was a front-hook model too, so I could have some hope of success in fastening it. I grabbed it and held it tight.

Next must come the panties. I looked up and down the shelves for some that might allow enough room for *hard evidence*, and I found them. “PATTI'S PUFFIES” was the brand; the package showed a buxom-looking woman with bright red hair in an old-fashioned British police helmet, wearing nothing else but some puffy hot pink panties on her great broad bottom. She was covering her breasts with her arms, looking over her shoulder, and laughing out loud. “Tired of squeezing a big-girl bottom into little-girl undies?” the label said. “PATTI'S PUFFIES are the ones for you!”

I laughed too, and picked out a pair of pink ones in my size. Now I would pay, and go, and become a lovely young lady.

“Very nice!” the saleslady said when I returned to the counter. “Would your girlfriend like a dress too, or a skirt and blouse?”

“Uh, not right now,” I said. “I can’t afford them.” Surely, I thought, this good woman knew exactly why I would want a complete outfit for my nonexistent “girlfriend”—and yet, unbelievably, she approved, she was fully on my side!

“Well, you’re welcome to come back when you can,” she said.

“Uh—thank you!” I said. Out of my wallet came almost all my life’s savings—mere money, of little value compared with the priceless goods I soon held in two Farman’s shopping bags. I paid a few cents extra for the second bag, hoping it might be useful for concealment.

“Thank you,” she said, “and please come again any time.”

“I will,” I said. I started to leave, but then I stopped. I had to know if this good woman fully, truly understood. I glanced around to see if anyone might be listening; I didn’t think anyone was.

“Have you—have you *met* my girlfriend?” I asked her, groping for words.

She stared at me; then a light seemed to dawn in her eyes. “Well,” she said slowly, “I’m not sure. What’s your girlfriend’s name?”

“Judy, Judy MacGregor.”

“I see. That’s a pretty name.” She seemed to be watching me closely. “Well, do you *think* I’ve met her?”

I watched her almost as closely. Silently I nodded “yes.” Slowly I brought my thumb up and touched it to my chest.

She nodded too. “Oh, yes, I *have* met her,” she said. “She has short brown hair, and big brown eyes; she’s shy, and pleasingly plump like me”—she smiled—“and very pretty. I’d like to get to know her better.” Surely, I fancied, the woman could hear my

heart shouting across the gap between us: “*Yes! You understand!*”

She gave me a card with the name, address, and phone number of Farman’s, together with her own name, “Susanna Brinksman.” On the back of it she wrote her e-mail address. “Well, I hope I’ll see you again,” she said, “and I hope I’ll get some e-mail from you too,” she told me quickly. She added, in a soft sweet whisper, “Judy!”

I sped home, put my bike away, re-entered my house, went to my room, and closed the door. My treasures were safely concealed—for now—in my trusty backpack. I scrutinized the entire room, trying to find the most secure hiding places. At last I decided on a couple of spots in back of some big books on my shelves, and hid my precious goods there.

I sat down at my computer and composed an e-mail message to Susanna. “Dear Susanna,” I wrote, “thank you so much for understanding that I’m my own girlfriend—I mean, that I bought girls’ clothes for *myself!* I’ve been wondering what made you able to understand me so well, when you’d only just met me. Most people can’t or won’t understand, I think. Why are you so different—and so much better? If you can tell me, I’d really love to know. Please write soon if you can! Your new friend, Judy MacGregor.”

After that, I opened a book and tried to relax. I ached below the waist from hours of unfulfilled yearning. I must stop aching by tonight, I thought, for tonight would be the magic night when I would fully turn into a girl.

At last, after long slow hours, it was time for my shower. I no longer ached, at least not much. Wearing my ordinary boys’ clothes, I easily concealed my treasures beneath my arm in my wadded-up bathrobe.

I entered the bathroom and stripped for action; I hid my boyhood and put on the bathing cap. My hammering heart was crying out, warning me of what might happen if I went ahead and

put on the bathing suit, but I paid no heed. I must put it on, without a moment's delay.

I stepped into the deep abyss between the shoulder-straps, first with my left foot and then with my right; I pulled up the straps to cover my nudity, at least in part. The straps touched my shoulders; I now looked just like a girl.

Surprisingly, even the little bra-cups of my bathing suit fit me almost perfectly. Much of my cleavage was shown, and even discreetly emphasized, above the low flowery neckline—just as Christie's had been, though her breasts were bigger. My legs, like hers, were obviously the legs of a buxom girl, and the growing warmth between them was more girlish still. The vividly colored, flowery pattern of my bathing suit made my whole body look like a garden of girlish delights. I gazed upon my lovely girl-self in the joy of dawning womanhood.

My excitement, almost unbearable now, caressed me all over, as if with gentle fingers. Hidden between my thick thighs, the lone remnant of my boyhood was quite invisible—but still it was making its fervent presence felt. I couldn't keep from squeezing my legs together, again and again, as the fuel between them kindled and burst into flame.

A sudden shock and a quaking sensation struck me. My loss of bliss, which I had been fearing, was coming upon me right now. I grabbed my shoulder-straps and thrust them downward, baring my little breasts, racing to strip off my bathing suit, to try to keep it clean and dry.

I lost the race. Softly, in hope that my parents wouldn't hear me, I groaned in dismay. Thoughts of concealing the gush-drenched swimsuit in a bag, in my backpack, and taking it to the Laundromat for cleaning, rushed through my failing mind and soon departed.

Sadly I gazed upon my bare breasts, exposed as tiny by girlish standards. I dropped the straps and raised my hands to cover my breasts demurely with crossed arms—and to rub them in linger-

ing memory of departing sweetness. Then I quickly stripped and entered the shower.

* * * * *

Next morning I checked my e-mail, and found with delight that Susanna had replied already. I opened her message at once. “Dear Judy,” she said, “I was so glad to meet you, and I hope I’ll be able to explain why I can understand. Somehow I feel sure I can trust you to keep this a secret, so I’ll tell you; please don’t let me down.”

“Never!” my heart cried out. I raced to read on.

“Several years ago,” Susanna wrote, “I caught my husband wearing one of my pretty nighties—a nice, lacy, low-cut one that I knew he liked to see *me* in. (I’m blushing as I write this—but don’t mind me!) I was absolutely horrified. I’d never had any idea that he would do such a thing. I was afraid he must have been cheating on me with men, or some such terrible thing!

“I’ll spare you all the details—but, after too much pain and heartache, at last I found out the truth, with the help of a very wise old friend of ours. My husband wasn’t cheating on me with men after all. The truth still hurt, but it didn’t hurt as much as *that* would have done.

“The truth was that—I don’t quite know how to say this in a decent way—my husband’s even older than I am, if you can believe that, and he hadn’t been finding it very easy to perform his husbandly duties, if you know what I mean. He’d started wearing my nighties because, you know, it made him get excited enough to do what he knew I still wanted him to do! (Oh, dear, I must be blushing red hot now—I’m glad you can’t see me, and he can’t either, since he’s already gone to work!)

“I felt really insulted by that at first; I felt that my husband should find me quite exciting enough by myself, and not need to wear my clothes too! At last, though, I could see that it was pretty silly for me to be insulted. It wasn’t as if I were still young and

shapely and charming, after all! It hurt for me to face reality, but I decided I had to face it: I was a fat old woman, I wasn't very attractive any more, and there really wasn't any reason why my husband should find me exciting enough on my own!

"I still loved my husband terribly much, though, and I did still want him to do those good old husbandly duties (blush)—so I decided there was only one thing I could do. One night, at bedtime, I told him I was sorry for getting so upset, and I didn't mind him wearing my nighties after all; and then I swallowed hard, and told him I'd even like to see him in them, if he wouldn't mind letting me see him.

"Oh, dear! Was he ever relieved to hear me say that—and did he ever sweep me off my feet! Before long I even started to like seeing him in my pretty things—because then I knew what was going to happen soon! (Blush, blush, blush!) Our married life has been so wonderful since then—all because I decided, at last, to accept my husband as he was!

"And so, you see, I've got a terribly soft spot in my heart for boys and men like my husband, who love to wear feminine things. I'm afraid so many of them may have given up hope of ever finding a woman to love them and understand them. If I can ever help even one of them keep from giving up hope, I'm going to help!

"Judy—sweetheart—please don't *you* ever give up hope. Somewhere, sometime, I'm sure you'll find the right girl, or the right woman for you, someone who can really understand you. Please hope for her, and wait for her, and marry her. Will you do that for me? I hope so! Please write again! Blessings, Susanna."

I had to think of Christie. It was foolish, I knew. Christie was a Christian, a fundamentalist. No doubt she would think it was an abomination for a boy to wear girls' clothes. Still, she was the only girl I knew who liked me, who had *ever* liked me—and at least I could fantasize about her liking my secret girl-self too.