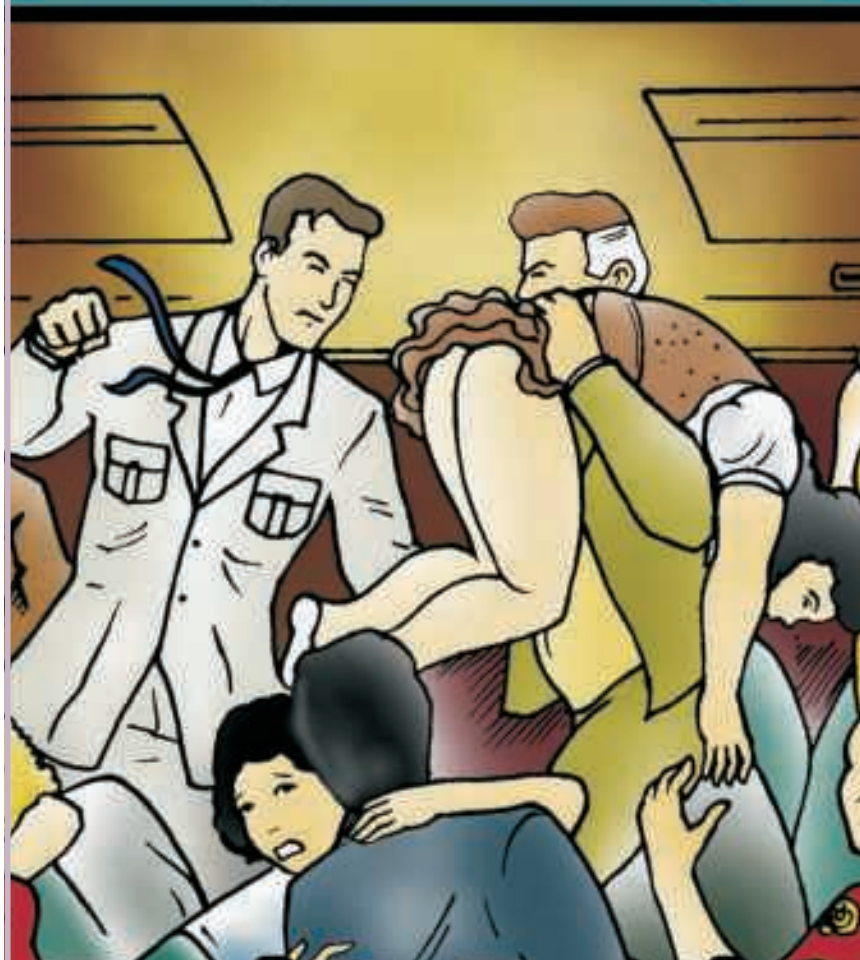


# Shirley's Final Flight



# Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



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# Shirley's Final Flight

by Dulci Daily

## Chapter 1

The lovely Shirley, no longer the boring Sammy Ballmoore, gazed upon her shining reflection in the mirror. This was how she would soon appear to men at Amateur Night in the nightclub in her hotel, well known as a gathering place for homosexuals and transvestites in Honolulu.

Shirley's skin was too pale for a true Hawaiian beauty, but her long black tresses in her high-quality wig looked quite authentic. Her chubby little breasts, covered by the top piece of a bright-colored two-piece bathing suit, were encased in strapless falsies that made them look almost indistinguishable from the good-sized, fine-looking breasts of Shirley Temple, Shirley's namesake and *belle idéale*. No doubt Shirley Temple's clitoris wasn't three inches long, but the bottom piece of Shirley Ballmoore's swimsuit more or less concealed a short, stout, very pretty three-inch erection, and was itself largely concealed by a totally authentic Hawaiian grass skirt. With a big bright flower in her wig and a big *lei*, a flower necklace,

around her neck, Shirley was ready for the most exciting action she could find.

Never before had Shirley dared to do this, although she (under the name of Sammy) had known she was a homosexual since she was 12 years old—18 years ago now. At the age of 18 Shirley had entered an unofficial marriage with a Negro gentleman she called “Bojangles,” a homosexual music teacher much older than herself, and she had been faithful to him until the poor man died of a heart attack, six years ago in 1950. In 1952, at her parents’ urging, she had entered a pretense of marriage with a friendly, willing homosexual woman, Celeste Regissier. Celeste had taken the last name Ballmoore, and had become a dear, faithful friend—but the understanding had always been that their marriage was only for the sake of appearances, and each of them would go their own way: Shirley with men, and her WINO (Wife In Name Only) Celeste with women. Many men, since then, had made fleeting love with Shirley in secret, but never before had she dared to reveal herself openly, in public, as her true effeminate self.

She had needed to fly to Hawaii to do it. Back home in Pacific Heights, Shirley was known only as a quiet, shy, short-haired, bespectacled accountant named Samuel Z. Ballmoore—except to certain men at Harbor Nights Books and Novelties, the largest and most notorious filth shop in the State of Pacificum. There Shirley flaunted her effeminacy, but never elsewhere. Now, thousands of miles across the ocean from home, she was going to flaunt it more daringly than ever before, and *not* in secret in a filth shop.

Was she really ready? Did she really dare? She took a final look at herself in the mirror. Yes, she was a fully feminine-looking beauty—short like Shirley Temple, and chubbier than she, but exuding the same inimitable charm and youthful desirability (she fancied) that Shirley Temple had exuded in *The Bach-*

*elor and the Bobbysoxer, Fort Apache, and (above all) A Kiss for Corliss.*

Shirley wondered if Shirley Temple would ever have appeared in a costume like this Hawaiian one, if she had kept making movies. She certainly had flaunted her beautiful breasts, through fully clothed, in *A Kiss for Corliss*. One would never know, it seemed; after making that movie, Shirley Temple had decided to retire from stardom at an early age. Now it was up to Shirley Ballmoore to carry the torch, to forge ever further ahead along the trail of loveliness blazed by Shirley Temple.

She would do it, right now. She turned away from the mirror, walked out of her hotel room, locked the door, and began the descent toward the nightclub.

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Irv Kleinwien sat and sipped his drink in the hotel nightclub, waiting for the Amateur Night performances to begin. Through long experience, Irv had learned to gauge the precise level of inebriation needed to loosen his inhibitions just enough to make a move on a performer who seemed willing, while leaving his erotic powers in full force to engage in a private performance following the public one.

True, too often, Irv had been forced to end the night with a *solo* performance. A short, skinny, balding gentleman of almost 40 was no prime catch in the view of many desirable females, and Irv had too much self-respect to resort to cold commerce as a means of beating away the need to beat off. There had been all too much cold commerce in Irv's life when he was a banker in New York, in his dad's bank, before his dad died and left Irv financially independent for life.

Irv used to have too much self-respect to succumb to the allure of female impersonators, too—but not any more. If an impersonator was convincing enough

and willing enough, Irv was willing too, although he was no homosexual. If he ever thought of himself as a homosexual, he knew, his self-respect would enter the toilet and be flushed right down the drain. Irv was a romantic at heart, and his dreams of attaining pure, enduring love with a beautiful lady, who loved him for himself and not his money, refused to be suppressed—even when he resorted to imitation ladies with erections bigger than his own too-small four-incher.

Irv's timing was perfect tonight: he was beginning to attain the precise level just as the first group of performers emerged onto the stage. They were hula dancers. Irv loved to watch hula dancers with their gracefully but wildly swaying hips, making their erotic movements that would probably be deemed obscene if done in the Bible Belt instead of Hawaii.

Tonight Irv's gaze was drawn to a short, chubby, pale-faced girl near the end of the line of dancers, who was surely no native Hawaiian. Her eyes were blue, her breasts were fine, her butt was remarkably big, and her plump hips swayed with the best of them. Better yet, the girl smiled sweetly at Irv as he gazed on her. This was Irv's lucky night, he thought. He was going to keep his eyes on the girl, and he was going to make a move on her.

*Oh, God, she's so lovely—she looks like such a sweetheart!* Irv thought as he gazed.

The girl actually reminded Irv of the first girl he ever imagined he was in love with, so long ago now, a little dark-haired, blue-eyed beauty named Elaine. That was a pure, true love, Irv now thought, although Elaine had always ignored him. Might not this girl, who was smiling upon him and *not* ignoring him, give him the love he had sought in vain for so long?

At the very least, Irv thought, she might give him the sex he was seeking this evening. The girl's blue eyes were fixed on him, and she was making fla-

grantly erotic movements with her hips. Irv's penis was hard inside his pants, and he could see that the girl was as excited as he was.

The girl's excitement became even more obvious when the strands of her grass skirt happened to separate enough for Irv to see through to what lay beneath—to something most girls didn't have. There beneath the bottom part of her swimsuit, short but distinct and unmistakable, was the bulge of an oversized clitoris—the imitation clitoris of a female impersonator, no doubt capable of ejaculating like a man's penis.

*Oh, God, she's an impersonator—a male in female's clothing—and a totally convincing one!* Irv thought. He stared even harder at the girl—yes, he still had to think of her as a girl, though he knew she wasn't. Her plump, pretty face looked indistinguishable from a real girl's face; her butt and her hips would be the envy of many real girls. And her breasts—surely they weren't really as big as they looked, she must be wearing falsies, but were her real breasts as girlish as the visible parts of her?

Irv had to find out—and he had to find out if the girl, incredibly, might really wish to love him. The hula was ending. Irv couldn't wait. He had to make his move right now.

“Hey, cutie!” Irv called out to the chubby beauty. “Can I buy you a drink?”

“Oh, thank you!” said the girl. “I'd like that! Um—how about a Shirley Temple?”

Irv started to laugh, but stopped himself. This girl was for *real*, he was thinking—although her voice didn't sound quite like a real girl's voice. Everyone knew a Shirley Temple contained no alcohol; this girl didn't need alcohol to loosen her inhibitions. She was totally hot, totally sexual, and yet totally innocent;



she was Irv's dream girl, and he had to have her, big clitoris and all.

"You bet!" Irv said. He escorted the girl to the bar and bought her a Shirley Temple, plus a Harvey's Bristol Cream, one of his favorite drinks, for himself. He would sip it very slowly, for he was determined not to exceed the precise level.

"Let's go back there," Irv said, pointing to a long padded bench along the back wall of the club, facing the stage from a distance. "There we can still see the show, but we can talk too." The girl readily complied.

"Well, tell me about yourself," Irv said. "I've never met a girl like you before. What's your name?" Irv sat down right next to the girl, so close that their thighs were touching. If she didn't find that objectionable, his hand would soon be on her thigh.

She didn't find it objectionable at all. She pressed her thigh tight against Irv's and turned to look at him. Her breast, or at least what appeared to be her breast, was touching his arm. He wished it was touching his hand. Soon, perhaps, it would be.

"I'm Shirley," said the girl. Irv looked and listened in total fascination. The girl, the female impersonator, had fully mastered the look, but she hadn't quite mastered the voice. Her voice wasn't all that deep, but Irv could tell she had a male voice from listening to her. Somehow, though, that only made her more exciting to Irv—just as her big clitoris made her more exciting than a regular female with a tiny clitoris.

"Hey, Shirley, I'm Irv," said Irv. "I'm so glad I've met you. Well, tell me about yourself! Who are you? Where are you from? What do you do? And, ah, how did you get to be like *this*?" Irv put his hand for a moment on her breast, the one that wasn't already touching him, to leave no doubt what he meant by "this."



The girl giggled, but she didn't protest the liberty Irv took with her breast. He figured the time was right to slip his other hand onto her bare thigh, pushing aside the grass strands. He was right. The girl put her hand on his and pressed it to her thigh. Irv wanted to touch her clitoris through her swimsuit, but he figured he'd better wait a bit.

"Well, I'm an accountant from Pacific Heights," Shirley said. "I named myself after Shirley Temple, and I've been like *this*—I mean, effeminate—since I was 12 years old. I've wanted to reveal myself like this in public for a long time, but I never dared until now."

"Hey, I'm so glad you dared to!" Irv commended her. "That must be terrifically exciting!" He had to touch her clitoris. He couldn't wait. He moved his hand over to it. It felt like it was even shorter than Irv's four-incher, but thicker, and sure enough it was really hard. The beauty gave a gasp of pleasure when he touched it. Almost at once she moved her hand over to touch Irv's erection through his pants in return.

"Wow! Shirley, you're the greatest!" Irv cried. Getting totally carried away with desire, he asked her, "Say, would you like to come up to my room and visit for a little while?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" the beauty said.

Irv wasted no time. He put his arm around Shirley and gripped her big butt. Dreaming dreams about to come true, dreams of tender and ecstatic lovemaking, Irv escorted her up to his room and opened the door.

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"Shirley, you're my dream come true," Irv told her as soon as they arrived in his room. He kept his arm around her bare waist near her grass-skirted butt,

guided her to the plush love seat in his luxurious room, and sat down with her. “You’re a vision of incredible loveliness.”

“Ooh, I’m so glad you think so!” said Shirley. “Thank you so much for inviting me here!” She put her arm around Irv and snuggled close to him.

“Any time,” said Irv, touching her cheek and gently turning her face toward him. “You don’t object to kissing a guy on your first date, do you?” “Not at all—on *this* first date,” Shirley assured him. They wasted no time. Their lips met, their tongues delved deep, and Irv’s hand was soon on Shirley’s breast, or what passed for her breast. Soon it would be on her bare breast, Shirley was sure.

“Shall I take my lei off?” she asked him.

“You bet,” he said. “Uh—and maybe take your top off while you’re at it?”

Shirley giggled. “Oh, dear!” she cried. “You’re a fast worker, aren’t you?”

“Not *too* fast, I hope,” Irv said.

“Well, all right,” Shirley said. “But I’ve got to admit I’m wearing falsies. I hope you won’t be disappointed at how small my real ones are.”

She pulled off her lei, and then bared her breasts for Irv. “Wow!” Irv cried. “They may be small, but they’re beauties!” They were beauties indeed, Shirley knew—plump and girlish, like a young girl’s buds with pointy nipples, like Shirley Temple’s little breasts when she was 12 years old—and she was intensely pleased by Irv’s delight.

Irv kissed her on the mouth again and caressed her bare breast; then he kissed each of her breasts in turn, exciting her nipples to the maximum. “Oh, yes,

*yes!*" Shirley softly moaned. She moved one hand to his pants and caressed his erect penis through them.

*It's small enough,* she thought. *I could let him put it in my first vulva.* Shirley had learned from an early age that girls had what were called "vulvas" instead of "wieners," officially known as "penises," which boys had. Later she learned that boys found it exciting to put their hard wieners into girls' vulvas, and she also learned that girls had "clitorises," which were like tiny wieners, above their vulvas. When she was 17 she started to pretend a boy was putting his penis (represented by her finger) into her vulva (represented by her rectum), while her short penis was transformed into her big clitoris. Later she learned that "vagina" was the technically correct name for the woman's entryway beyond her lower lips, but the unfamiliar word did not excite her, so she kept thinking of her own entryway below her clitoris as her vulva; it had excited her to pretend she was a girl with a vulva since she was 12 years old.

Shirley's rectum was her first vulva, but not her only one. When she had first made love with Bojangles, in the shower room at Harbor Nights, his penis was far too big to insert into her first vulva, so she admitted him from behind her into her second vulva, consisting of her thighs, her underside, and her hand. Her third vulva, which Bojangles entered the second time they made love, consisted of her tummy, a man's tummy, and her clitoris, forming a tight entryway into which a man could ejaculate while facing her in bed. As if that were not enough, Shirley's fourth vulva was her mouth, into which Bojangles and more than a few other men had ejaculated.

"Oh, babe," Irv said. "Oh, Shirley! You're the greatest!" He rubbed her clitoris through her swimsuit beneath her grass skirt; then he plunged his hand inside the swimsuit bottom and caressed her clitoris nude. Shirley reciprocated by shoving her hand into

Irv's pants and stroking his penis, a little longer but much thinner than her clitoris.

"We've got to!" Irv cried. "Let's go to bed!"

They stood up. Irv stripped off Shirley's grass skirt and her swimsuit bottom with a single move; then he stripped himself. He ripped open a package, extracted a rubber, and put it on; he lay down with Shirley on the bed and lubed her vulva with copious amounts of petroleum jelly.

"And now, my love, the climax," Irv announced. Shirley lay on her back, opened her legs, and raised her knees to receive him; he climbed on top of her and pressed forward while she guided him in.

"Oh, Shirley, baby, yes, yes, you're the greatest! I love you!" Irv cried. His thin penis entered her tight, hot, but quite experienced vulva with little difficulty, while her hard clitoris rubbed closely against his tummy. Shirley raised her legs high to let him plunge her, and himself, to climax.

"Yes, Irv, yes! Oh, I love it! You're so masterful, you're such a *man!*" Shirley cried. She meant it. Irv was masterful and manly indeed in his lovemaking, raising her to the highest height, thrusting powerfully and yet tenderly, bringing her fully up to an astounding climax, finally ejaculating into her vulva (or into the condom inside her vulva) while she quaked in bliss and her clitoris gushed all over Irv's tummy and her own.

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"Shirley, Shirley!" Irv cried, unable to contain his extreme delight as he lay still united with Shirley after orgasm. "I love you! You're my dream girl! Oh, Shirley, have you ever dreamed of pure, enduring love—love that gives meaning to your whole life, love that can never end?"

“Oh, yes,” Shirley said, smiling up at him. “I’ve done more than dream. I was unofficially married to a man for almost six years, and we had pure, enduring love—until he died.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” Irv said. “But then—you *know!* You know how it is! It’s what I’ve always dreamed of! Do you think you—you might ever love like that again?”

“I think it’s more than possible,” Shirley said, caressing Irv with her hands and still clutching him with her thighs, “if he was a fine, manly man like you. It doesn’t take me long to fall in love with the right man. I married my first husband only three days after we first made love. I would have married him on the same evening that we first made love, if he’d asked me to.”

“Shirley! This is incredible!” Irv cried. “Can you really mean—you’re in love with me already, as I’m in love with you?”

“Yes,” Shirley said. “I can see you’re a fine man, Irv. I love you.”

Irv was totally thrilled. He was so excited that he still had an erection. He might even make love with Shirley again tonight, he thought—but there was something else they needed to do first.

“Oh, Shirley, what are we waiting for?” Irv said. “Let’s get married! There’s an old ship’s captain who works for the hotel, and he’s more than willing to perform unofficial marriages!”

“I’d love to,” Shirley said. “But we’ll need to get cleaned up and dressed first!”

They separated, Irv dumped the gush-drenched rubber in the wastebasket, and they walked toward the bathroom hand in hand. “I hope you don’t mind if I take my wig off, to keep from getting it wet,” Shirley

said. Without waiting for an answer, she pulled her wig off with her free hand and tossed it onto a table.

“Uh, sure, no problem,” Irv said—but Shirley’s hair was awfully short, awfully much like the hair of a male, under the wig. Irv found her nude body as attractive and as feminine-looking as before, but it was going to be tough to keep from thinking of himself as a homosexual now that Shirley looked a lot like a male above the neck. At least, he thought and comforted himself with the thought, she looked like a male with a really cute, chubby, girlish-looking face.

They entered the luxurious shower enclosure, plenty big enough for two, and Irv turned on the water. Before they even started to lather up, they were embracing and kissing, Irv’s hands were slipping down to Shirley’s big wet butt, and Irv could feel Shirley’s clitoris pressing against him. She was as excited as he was. He knew they were going to make love again, right here in the shower, even before they were married.

“We need to get clean,” Irv said. “We need to get really, *really* clean.” He grabbed two washcloths and handed one to Shirley. They lathered them up and Irv began to wash Shirley’s clitoris and her balls—yes, of course she had balls, as any female impersonator would have, but that didn’t mean Irv had to think of her clitoris as her penis, though he knew Shirley had ejaculated during her orgasm. Meanwhile, Shirley lovingly washed Irv’s erect penis and his balls.

Irv moved around behind Shirley and finished washing her stout three-inch clitoris from behind her. Her clitoris was really hard, and her bulb was bulging. Shirley reached down between her thighs and pulled Irv’s erect four-incher forward between them, exciting him by squeezing it between her wet thighs while caressing it with her hand.

Irv was moaning with delight. He had to wash Shirley’s breasts. Reaching up from behind her, he



applied the washcloth to one and then the other, while his bare hands caressed her lovely little breasts where the washcloth wasn't. Shirley reared her short-haired head back, pressed his hands to her breasts, and began to buck her hips while tightly squeezing Irv's penis between them.

"Shirley, my love! Oh, my baby, my beauty, I'll love you forever!" Irv cried. Dumping the washcloth and keeping one hand on Shirley's breast, he lowered the other hand to her clitoris, clasped her big bulb, and caressed it like a gigantic version of a real woman's clitoris. He was thrusting hard between Shirley's wet thighs now, coming up fast toward a second orgasm.

"Now? Shirley? Are you ready?" Irv begged to know.

"Yes! Now! Please! Oh, Irv, I love you!" Shirley cried, bringing her hand back down to his penis and bucking harder.

Irv plunged her manfully between her thighs from behind and squeezed Shirley's bulb in rapid rhythm. Soon he was rewarded by feeling her gushing into his hand, and himself into hers, while cries of love emerged from both their mouths.

"Shirley, we've just got to get married!" Irv commanded, like the masterful man he was. "Let's finish getting clean and get dressed as soon as we can!"

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"I'd better change into something a bit more suitable before we go to see the captain and get married," said Shirley after she had put on her swimsuit, wig, and grass skirt again. "Let's stop at my room."

Hand in hand, Shirley and Irv traversed the hallways and the elevator to get to Shirley's room, a less luxurious one than Irv's. Once there, Shirley had to

strip and change in front of Irv, for her bathroom was too tiny to change clothes in. "I'm afraid there's not much privacy here," Shirley said as she pulled off her wig, again revealing herself as a short-haired male in a girl's swimsuit and grass skirt.

Quickly she grabbed her other wig, a short curly blonde one, and put it on. She turned away from Irv to strip off her swimsuit top and put on her regular white falsies; she stayed turned away from him while she bared her butt and put on her pink panties. Then she turned to face Irv while putting on her tight pink sweater and her knee-length skirt. Bobby socks and loafers completed the look of Shirley Temple in *The Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer*—except that the short curly wig made her look more like Shirley as a little girl, from the neck up.

"There, isn't that more like it?" Shirley asked Irv.

"Yeah, you look terrific!" Irv said. "Let me call down for the captain."

He used the phone in Shirley's room, evidently calling the hotel office. "We need Captain Fong for a wedding," he said. "Is he available?" After a short pause, he said, "Great, we'll be right down. Thanks a lot."

Irv took Shirley's hand and led her out of the room, down the hallway, down in the elevator, and into a little room on the main floor with a small sign reading "CHAPEL." In the room, a short, aging Chinese-looking gentleman in nautical attire awaited them.

"Greetings, dearly beloved, on this momentous occasion," said the gentleman. "Your names, please?"

"I'm Irv Kleinwien," said Irv, "and this is Shirley Bohaskey. Shirley, this is Captain Fong, who performs unofficial weddings here in the chapel."