

Girlization Works!



Dulci Daily

An Adult TV Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

“You’re up against Judge *Foehawke-Frick*? Goddamn it, bud! You’ve *had* it!” cried Jake Ridgeream. Jake, a tall, skinny, wiry veteran of local misdemeanor proceedings and now recently arrested for burglary, was in the Seaview County Jail. Dean Hillicombe—muscular, manly, and never before convicted of a crime—was Jake’s new cellmate, about to be sentenced for the felony offense of hate-motivated battery. Dean had been out on bond, doing his job, but the Seaview County Superior Court’s regular practice was to require felony offenders to spend at least their last day and night before sentencing in jail.

“This is total bullshit,” Dean said. “All I did was to slap that bisexual bitch in the face. It should be a misdemeanor battery at most.” A twinge of remorse stabbed him when he called his once-beloved Gina a bitch—a *bisexual* bitch—but he would get over it. He

had to get over it. He and Gina were done forever, and there was no way around it.

“Maybe it should, but it ain’t,” said Jake. “You told me you slapped that bitch for being a bisexual. That’s a felony hate crime.”

“I did not!” Dean protested. “It was for being a *cheater*, not a *bisexual* cheater. I was thinking I might ask her to—to *marry* me. I was thinking of a real marriage, with no bullshit, no cheating, nothing like that.” He gritted his teeth to make damn sure he stayed tough in Jake’s presence, building a strong stone wall against any tender feelings that might threaten to invade him at the thought of the marriage he had desperately desired to have with Gina—before the disaster.

“She seemed like she might be interested,” Dean went on, “but then she told me I needed to know she was bisexual! I admit I was pissed, I was *damn* pissed—but I wasn’t any *more* pissed than if she told me she’d cheat with *guys* if she was married! I would have slapped her for that too, just as hard! That’s no hate crime!”

“Well, that ain’t how *they* look at it,” Jake patiently explained. “How *they* look at it is, you slapped her when she told you she was bisexual, so you slapped her for *being* bisexual, period. And you’re in deep shit for that, bud—*damn* deep shit.”

After a suitably impressive pause to let Dean fear the deepness of the shit, Jake went on: “You’re gonna get sentenced by the famous ‘Girlizing Judge’ herself. I’m damn lucky I never caught any hate-crime charges with female victims—‘cause if I had, I’d be wearing a dress right now, I’d have big bazzooms, and I’d be damn lucky if they didn’t cut off my prick!”

That's how deep the shit is that you're stepping into tomorrow!"

"They'll never girlize *me*," Dean proclaimed. "I'll fight them to the death."

"You just try that, bud," Jake said. "But if you do, it sure as hell ain't gonna be *their* death."

"All rise!" the bailiff commanded in the morning. "The Seaview County Superior Court is now in session, the Honorable Electra Foehawke-Frick presiding."

Dean rose on command, along with the other handcuffed prisoners in the courtroom. After glancing at the formidable, repellent-looking female judge, he looked around the courtroom to see if his lawyer, Inticus Fitch, was there. Fitch wasn't cheap, but Dean had decided he needed a really good lawyer. He still thought Fitch was really good, even though he hadn't been able to prevent the jury from finding Dean guilty of the hate-motivated felony rather than the mere misdemeanor. Fitch was well known to be a bisexual himself, but that didn't bother Dean. He really had nothing against bisexuals as such—only against cheaters, bisexual or not.

There was Fitch toward the front of the crowd, a tall, strong-looking, readily recognizable figure with gray hair and dark-rimmed glasses. With him was a young woman Dean didn't know, but wished he did. She was a short, pleasingly plump, blue-eyed beauty with full, wide, hot-looking lips and long, wavy brown hair. Oddly, she was wearing a plain white men's polo shirt and khaki trousers.

For a moment Dean almost wondered if she was a feminine-looking male, but he was pretty sure she couldn't be. Her breasts were not very big, but she obviously had them, unless they were fake. Her form-fitting shirt was opaque and didn't show whether she was wearing a bra, but either she was wearing a padded bra or she had real breasts, because her shirt definitely had twin bulges in front like a flat-chested guy's shirt wouldn't have. If she wasn't wearing a bra—and Dean guessed she wasn't—then her little breasts must be terrific, such as few if any guys would have. Dean had been strongly attracted to Gina's twin buxom beauties, which were far from small, but he loved to see ladies with cute little ones too, like the lady (if it *was* a lady) with Inticus Fitch.

Dean sat in silence while the judge efficiently did her business. When Dean's case came up, the prosecutor—a short, short-haired female who looked much more mannish than the male-clothed beauty at Fitch's side, except that the prosecutor's breasts were much bigger—called out, “The People of the State of Pacificum versus Dean V. Hillicombe,” followed by a case number.

“Good morning, Your Honor,” said Inticus Fitch, stepping forward. “Inticus Fitch here for the defendant.”

“Your Honor,” said the prosecutor, “we're here for sentencing in this case of felony hate-motivated battery. This case, as you will recall, involved a vicious, totally senseless attack on a young lady out of total hate, purely because she revealed to the defendant that she was bisexual. The People are asking for the maximum sentence of five years executed.”

“Your Honor,” said Inticus Fitch in his well-known deep, mellifluous voice, “the defendant has always admitted his guilt of the battery. He denies that the

battery was motivated, in any way, by hatred of bisexuals. In his view, he committed the battery solely because the victim had revealed to him that she would be inclined to *cheat* if she were to marry him. It made no difference to the defendant whether the cheating was to occur with men or women. The defendant would ask for leniency in sentencing in view of this fact but, more importantly, in view of his strong mitigating factors, especially his total lack of any other criminal history.”

“Your Honor, as you know,” the prosecutor retorted, “the jury disagreed with the defendant’s view of whether his attack was motivated by hate. The victim also disagrees. The People will now present the victim to make a recommendation on sentencing in view of her shocking experience.”

The victim, Gina Gioconda, arose to address the judge. Dean had to look at her. She was damned attractive, even if she *was* a bisexual cheater. Her waves of long dark brown hair, her big bright brown eyes, her full hot lips, her deep golden-brown skin, her buxom figure, all drew male attention to her like magnets, and Dean was far from immune, even now.

Dean still remembered all too well how he had loved her, *really* loved her, and wanted to marry her. Yes, he had even wanted to make her pregnant, to become the father of her children! He was still sorry he couldn’t marry her—but he wasn’t going to marry a woman who announced up front that she would cheat, no matter what.

“Your Honor,” Gina said in a soft, sweet voice, “to call my experience *shocking* is a gross understatement. I absolutely couldn’t believe it when Dean slapped me for letting him know I was bisexual. I screamed. I could hardly keep myself from hitting him back. I’m just thankful I had enough self-control

to call the police instead. Of course you know he's lying when he said he wasn't motivated by hatred of bisexuals, and I won't waste time talking about *that*."

Gina paused, as if to make it perfectly clear that she wasn't wasting time talking about Dean's obvious hatred of bisexuals. Then she went on: "But—well, I've been thinking about this a lot, and I have to say I—I've decided I don't agree with the prosecutor's recommendation for Dean's sentence."

All eyes in the courtroom were upon Gina. Dean saw the prosecutor's eyes bulge and her jaw drop. He glanced at Inticus Fitch, who was smiling.

"Going to prison for five years," Gina explained to the judge, "wouldn't do anything to change Dean for the better. Dean needs *help*. He needs the help that your well-known conditions of probation, commonly called 'girlization,' can give him. I'd recommend that Dean gets five years of probation, on condition of five years' girlization."

"Thank you, Ms. Gioconda," said the judge. "Anything else from the People?"

"Er—well—no, Your Honor," said the prosecutor, glaring angrily at Gina. Evidently Gina's recommendation had been a big surprise to the prosecutor, resulting from a recent change of mind. Dean wondered why she had changed her mind, but of course he couldn't ask her now.

"From the defense?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Inticus said with a smile. "The defense would strongly agree with the victim's recommendation of probation rather than imprisonment, and we've already submitted a sentencing memorandum objecting to so-called girlization as a condition

of probation. But even on the assumption that you are determined to impose that condition, we have here a very special person, who wishes to make a very special offer regarding that condition of probation. I'll ask Laurence Honiglune to speak."

Dean stared. The long-haired, small-breasted, hot-lipped young woman in men's clothes was rising to speak—a young woman named *Laurence*? Dean was astounded when Laurence began to speak. Her, or his, voice, though thin and high, was plainly that of a male, not a female.

"Your Honor," said Laurence, "I am willing to offer myself as a sacrificial victim, to take the place of the defendant in undergoing girlization. I have reason to believe that this offer will be very pleasing to the defendant, who, I am told, is extremely reluctant to undergo girlization himself. If justice requires girlization, I am prepared to bear that penalty in the defendant's place."

Dean looked to the judge, not daring to hope she would accept Laurence's unexpected offer. Indeed, Dean saw, she surely would not. Her stout, severe-looking face, beneath a monumental edifice of hair reminiscent of the great horsehair wigs of British judges in olden times, glowered with mounting outrage.

"*Justice*," the judge proclaimed, "requires girlization of the *defendant*—not *you*! You cannot seriously imagine that I would allow the defendant to escape justice merely because *you* are willing to undergo girlization! The defendant could not conceivably be *rehabilitated*, be freed from his *hate* that has put him where he is today, by *you* undergoing girlization, but only by *himself* undergoing girlization! Let me hear no more of this nonsense, if

you wish to be assured of not being held in contempt of court!”

Laurence’s face showed pain. He was silent. Dean felt sorry for him, more than sorry. He decided he must give Laurence heartfelt thanks for his offer—and maybe even befriend him, if Laurence would be his friend.

But what if Laurence was gay and wanted sex with Dean? Dean was no gay and had never had sex with a male—not even a male as feminine-looking as Laurence. The thought of it disturbed Dean and dismayed him—but still, he decided, at least he had to thank Laurence for trying to help him.

“Very well, then, Your Honor,” said Inticus Fitch. “I’ll also ask Mr. Hillicombe’s supervisor at work, Mr. Frank Greenhinche, to speak.”

Dean was relieved to see Frank Greenhinche, his stout middle-aged supervisor from Metrolink Transit of Greater Pacific Heights, and more relieved when he heard Frank speak. “I just want to say,” Frank said, “that Dean Hillicombe is one of our best, most reliable bus drivers, and we stand behind him 100 percent. This battery incident was totally out of character for Dean. We strongly recommend probation for him, he’ll still have a job with us, and it will make no difference to us if he undergoes this so-called ‘girlization’ or not.”

“The policies of Metrolink Transit on employing convicted *felons* are none of my concern,” said the judge, “but he certainly *will* undergo this so-called ‘girlization,’ unless he prefers to spend five years in prison. Well, Mr. Hillicombe—soon to become *Ms.* Hillicombe—have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence?”

You'll never turn me into a girl! I'll fight you to the death! The words re-echoed in Dean's mind, but he could not say them. He had to admit to himself that he was *chickenshit*—he couldn't face five years in prison. They couldn't really turn him into a girl, but they could force him to *pretend* he was being turned into a girl.

"I'm sorry I committed the battery," Dean said, abasing himself before the judge in a cowardly manner. "I didn't intend for it to be a hate crime. And, uh, thank you for giving me a chance on probation."

"I'm glad to do it," the judge said with a sickening-looking smile. "I'm *always* glad to help offenders be rehabilitated instead of going to prison. I'll impose a sentence of five years, all suspended, with five years' probation including the special condition of girlization. You'll be provided with a wig and a women's outfit before you're released to probation. But let me tell you, if you're ever seen looking or acting like a male in public in the next five years, I will not hesitate to send you to prison for the full five years! Is that clear?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Dean abjectly confessed.

"And a no-contact order will be issued as a condition of probation, prohibiting you from having any contact, direct or indirect, with the victim. You cannot have *any* contact with the victim, whether in person, by telephone, or by any media such as e-mail, text, or social media. You cannot have any other person contact the victim on your behalf. If you violate the no-contact order, I will send you to prison for five years. Is *that* clear?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Dean again abjectly confessed. At least, he tried to think, *that* requirement would be no hardship to him. He had loved Gina deeply but

now it was over forever. He just wished it didn't pain and sicken him so much to know that it was over forever.

"Very well. Is it your desire to appeal?"

"Yes."

"Will Mr. Fitch continue to represent you on appeal?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. You'll be released to probation today."

Dean turned to Inticus and Laurence. "Thanks, Inticus," Dean said. "And thank *you*, uh, Laurence. That was a really great offer you made. Too bad the judge didn't accept it."

"It *is* too bad," Laurence said. His blue eyes were looking straight into Dean's brown ones. He looked completely like a beautiful girl, except for his clothes. Dean's heart leaped at the thought. If only Laurence really *was* a beautiful girl, Dean thought for a moment, he might even forget all about Gina.

"I hate it when a *real man* gets girlized," Laurence said, making it obvious that he thought Dean was a real man. "I wish I could have kept it from happening to you."

Dean drew close to Laurence and whispered in his ear so the judge couldn't hear. "It *won't* happen to me," Dean assured him. "They can force me to *pretend* I'm getting girlized, but they can't really girlize me inside. You'll see."

“I will?” Laurence exclaimed, seeming thrilled. “Will I—will I see you again?”

“Uh, you bet,” Dean said. He dared to add, drawing even closer: “And maybe you’ll look even more like a girl than you do now, when you do see me again! Maybe you’ll undergo, uh, *girlization*, even if the judge doesn’t say you have to!”

“I think I will,” Laurence whispered back. “I—I’m pretty sure I will! And when I do—you can call me *Laurie*, not Laurence!”

Dean’s heart leaped again, in a strange way. No male had ever given him an erection before, but he was rapidly getting one now. He glanced down at Laurie’s trousers. Laurie had one too. It wasn’t very big but it was definitely there, making Laurie’s trousers bulge in front.

“OK, then, *Laurie*,” he said. “I’ll see you soon—at Inticus’s office. Is that all right?”

“Yes!” Laurie exclaimed. “Oh, yes!”

Laurie was breathing hard, with her mouth wide open, as she rode her bicycle back to her apartment from the courthouse. This was what she had dreamed of—this was *better* than she could have dreamed of—when she answered the advertisement from the Law Office of Inticus Q. Fitch for a “young male willing to undergo girlization as substitute for defendant”!

She had imagined she was going to undergo girlization in place of a *criminal*, perhaps a rather revolting one—not a good, clean, decent man like Dean,

who was *so manly!* Could Dean possibly be the *man for her?* Could total self-giving love, not paltry, reluctant hook-ups at Club Swank Wank and lonely girlish masturbation, be Laurie's lot in life at last?

If there was any chance, Laurie wasn't going to pass it up. Swiftly she stripped off her plain men's clothes, revealing her pretty little bare breasts, her stout, erect three-inch clitoris, and her remarkably big, womanly buttocks. She decided to wear her spaghetti-strapped sundress, the one with the low, ruffly neckline and the short skirt.

Swiftly she put on her strapless décolleté bra and her pink panties; then she slipped the sundress on. Looking in the mirror, she brushed her long brown hair and imagined how Dean might feel when he saw her thus transformed. If he was the kind of manly man who got erections from seeing girls' breasts, he just might get one; the sundress was well designed to show off Laurie's cleavage and the tops of her pretty little buds. Or if he got erections from seeing girls' legs, he might get one too; Laurie's plump, shapely legs were prominently on display below her short skirt.

Her heart was beating hard, and her clitoris was throbbing, as she imagined Dean gazing upon her with admiration. She grabbed her phone and called the Law Office of Inticus Q. Fitch. When she was put through to Inticus, she practically begged him to let her come and see Dean in his office after Dean was released from jail.

"I'm sure that would be acceptable," Inticus assured her. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if Dean turned out to be, er, quite glad to see you again."