

Bonnie's Steamy Romance



Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Bonnie's Steamy Romance

By Dulci Daily

Bob Crispibbin sighed and got out of bed. He had slept well, as he usually did after a solitary orgasm. Ever since he was 13 years old, six years ago now, there had been very few nights on which he did not sleep well. Creating erotic art, arousing himself to high heat by viewing it, and masturbating to orgasm had been Bob's nightly routine since he first ejaculated at the age of 13.

Never had Bob's orgasms been other than solitary. Had he permitted himself to think of it, he might have thought he was trying to kill the bitter pain of loneliness with intense sexual excitement. Bob was an only child, his parents were divorced, and he had never had a girlfriend; he had never even seriously tried to get a girlfriend, because he was pretty sure he would fail. Girls had laughed at him because he was chubby and very short, little more than five feet tall.

He feared a girl would laugh at his penis, too, if she could see how embarrassingly small it was—no more than three inches when fully erect, though incredibly excitable!

But Bob's lack of success with girls had not turned him gay, even though he had seen certain dismaying indications that he was attractive to gays. He was no girly-boy, either; some might think his dark brown chin-length hair looked like a girl's hair, but he wore it that way because he was an aspiring artist. It was *artistic* hair, not girlish hair. And in his art he glorified only the beauty of girls and women, never boys and men.

The woman whose beauty Bob glorified most often was Liliana Pechazos, the receptionist at Teeyack Office Supply Company, where Bob worked as a clerical assistant. Liliana, known to all as "Lil," was a buxom brown-skinned bombshell, but also a faithful wife who repelled all adulterous advances. Last night Bob had given himself an orgasm by portraying Lil having intercourse with her husband—an act which, of course, Bob had never observed in reality, but which he had often imagined. In the picture, you could see Lil's husband's penis entering her vagina as he plunged her from the rear, and Lil's face plainly showed that she was undergoing orgasm.

Lil was the source of a bit of embarrassment for Bob on the job—when she wasn't there. Then Bob had to fill in for her as receptionist, and to smile patiently when guys thought it was funny to call him "Lil." Today Bob was going to have to fill in. He wished the owner, Jack Teeyack, would find a *girl* to fill in—but Jack thought Bob was plenty good enough.

Bob sighed again and got dressed for work, putting on a sky-blue polo shirt, khaki trousers, and tan semi-casual shoes. Then he descended the stairs of the old-fashioned boarding house he inhabited. On

the way down, as always, he frowned upon seeing the round-topped door of the well-known gay sex club, Club Swank Wank, almost directly across the street. Bob had never gone to Club Swank Wank, and he never would.

Bob entered the dining room and greeted Mrs. MacGallock, the white-haired widow from Canada who owned and managed the boarding house. “Good morning, Bob!” said Mrs. MacGallock. “I hope you slept well!”

“Yes, I did, thank you,” said Bob, saying nothing about why he had slept so well. Mrs. MacGallock knew he had artistic aspirations, but she did not need to know that his art had been the occasion for at least 2,000 orgasms since he was 13. Still less did she need to know that he had never yet shown any of his art to anyone else—largely because much of it was too erotic, and too intimately personal, for him to try to display it in public. Besides, trying to get attention for his art would distract him from producing still more of it to give himself still more lonely orgasms!

As usual, Bob ate a hearty breakfast of scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon, French toast, and yogurt with honey and fresh fruit. It did less than nothing to reduce Bob’s considerable chubbiness, but it was quite satisfying. A few other residents were at the table too. Two of them, Art Beelyhames and Rich Rauncier, were gay lovers and made less than no secret of it.

When Art and Rich had left the table, Mrs. MacGallock softly said to Bob, “Bob, I didn’t want to say this while *certain other people* were here—but I’m very glad you are *not one of those* who engage in *hanky-panky with men!* I know I have to put up with it, and I can’t help it that that *horrid club* is right across the street—but I certainly cannot be expected to *approve* of that sort of thing!”

“I’d never expect you to approve of it,” Bob dutifully responded.

After a bit of chit-chat on other subjects, just before Bob was going to get up to go to work, Mrs. MacGallock said, “Bob, I hope you don’t mind my saying this—but I think it’s such a shame that you were not born a girl. You’re as pretty as any girl I know. You don’t mind, do you?”

“Oh! Uh—no!” Bob said. He was embarrassed, and he could think of nothing to do but laugh it off, so he laughed and said, “But if I was a girl, I might engage in hanky-panky with a man!”

“Oh, dear, I suppose that’s right,” Mrs. MacGallock admitted, “but somehow that’s just not the same!”

“No,” Bob assured her. “It’s not the same at all!”

Chuck Pulliamsby arose and tried to shake off the shame. It didn’t work. Last night, yet again, Chuck had jacked off while he pretended he was doing it with a young gal—a *real* young gal with tiny titties, like the gals who had driven Chuck wild beginning when he was only 10 years old and just starting to jack off, almost 30 years ago now. Chuck had never really done it with a gal that young; he had only done it with shemales, never with a real gal, old or young. But he was afraid that, in a moment of sex-crazed weakness, he might call up for a young gal to get together with—and then he would do what, in his right mind, he hated the thought of.

Chuck groaned. Back in medieval times, people said, you could get hitched to a 12-year-old gal and nobody thought anything about it. Try something like that now and you’d go to prison. But 12-year-old gals nowadays sure as hell weren’t ready to get mar-

ried anyway. Maybe it was different back then, but Chuck would never know for sure.

What was a man to do nowadays, when he couldn't get it up for a grown-up woman with big titties? Chuck knew his only hope was to find a grown-up shemale, with tiny titties, that turned him on just like a young gal. There were some, but he'd never want to get hitched with any of the ones he'd met.

That young boy in the office at Teeyack, Bob Crispibbin—not long out of high school and not more than 18 or 19 years old—did turn him on. Bob seemed like a real nice guy, his hair looked like a gal's hair, and he had a real pretty face like a cute gal's face, with big brown eyes and full red lips. He had real nice little titties too, Chuck knew. Usually you couldn't see them because his shirt was too loose, but every now and then he wore a polo shirt and you could see the exact size and shape of his tiny titties, including his pointy nipples—oh, God, what beautiful titties, and what exciting nipples! Chuck literally couldn't keep his eyes off them when Bob wore a polo shirt.

If only Bob was a shemale! Chuck thought. But he wasn't—at least, not so far as Chuck knew.

Was Bob a *secret* shemale? He'd be a damn cute, damn sexy one if he was! Would Chuck dare to try to find out?

Chuck was pretty sure he *would* dare. What was the worst that could happen if he asked? Bob could say, "No, God damn it! Shut up and get lost!" Chuck could take it. He'd taken a lot worse than that.

Chuck made himself a quick breakfast and strode down to catch the trolley-bus from Rutland Ridge to work at Teeyack, right near the Oldio-Goodio Restaurant and Dance Hall north of downtown. He did have a little pickup truck, but he figured there was no

point in driving to and from work when the bus service was pretty good and cheap.

When Chuck entered the office, he was glad to see Bob subbing for Lil at the reception desk—and Bob was showing off his little titties in a polo shirt! Grinning broadly, Chuck approached the reception desk.

Bob was prepared to be called Lil again—especially by Chuck Pulliamsby, a nice guy but the biggest teaser among the truck drivers who worked for Teeyack. Sure enough, Chuck was grinning and saying, “Hey, Lil, you’re looking mighty cute today.”

“Uh, thank you, Chuck,” Bob said patiently, forcing himself to smile. “Wait until you see how cute the *real* Lil looks when she gets back,”

“Not as cute as *you*, if you were dressed up like a gal,” Chuck said.

This Bob had not been prepared for. He stared at Chuck with his mouth open. His eyes were fixed on Chuck’s, and Chuck’s on his. He could feel his heart beating hard, and his breathing was becoming heavy. *No! I’ve never worn girls’ clothes, and I never will!* The words rushed through Bob’s mind—but he did not say them.

Why not? He feared it would be unkind to Chuck. In his 19 years of life, Bob had seen more than enough unkindness, and he had resolved never to be unkind himself. He refused to slap Chuck in the face, with his words any more than with his hand, merely for suggesting that he should wear girls’ clothes.

“Uh—*me?* Dressed up like a—a *gal?*” Bob stammered. “Are you kidding?”

“No, I’m not,” Chuck assured him. “You’ve got a real cute face like a gal’s face, and a—a real nice little girlish figure. I think you’d look mighty fine in some pretty gals’ clothes.”

Bob could feel himself rapidly starting to blush at the knowledge that Chuck found not only his face but his figure attractive. Indeed—he verified by peeking at Chuck—Chuck was shamelessly, obviously ogling his little breasts right now, making him blush more hotly. Bob was embarrassed to find that not only was he blushing, but he was actually getting an erection at the thought of Chuck admiring his breasts, and admiring how he would look in girls’ clothes.

“Uh—well, I, uh, I’ve never worn girls’ clothes in my life,” said Bob. “I, um—I wasn’t sure I was that kind of person.”

“But you weren’t sure you were *not* that kind of person either—were you?” Chuck asked.

“Well, uh—no, I guess I wasn’t, now that you mention it,” Bob admitted.

Why not agree to wear them, after all? Bob astounded himself by thinking. It would please Chuck, it would be kind to Chuck, and it would be perfectly harmless to Bob. It might even be exciting; Bob’s heartbeat, his breathing, and his erection suggested that it could be *quite* exciting. And if it turned out that Chuck wanted gay sex—well, there would be time later to tell him, kindly but firmly, that Bob was no gay.

Words were forming in Bob’s mind, words very different from “I’ll never wear girls’ clothes.” Bob was surprising, almost shocking, himself by his new-found eagerness to let the words emerge from his lips—but he had to say them without the reception

desk between himself and Chuck, so he could speak softly enough that no one else could hear.

Bob got up from the reception desk and walked around to face Chuck at close range, catching a glimpse of the big bulge in Chuck's pants as he did. Bob wondered if his own pants were bulging, and if Chuck could see the small bulge if they were. Glancing down at his breasts, Bob could see that his nipples were hard too. Drawing close to Chuck, he said the words softly but unmistakably: "So, Chuck, you really think I'd look nice in—uh—gals' clothes?"

"Oh, baby, I sure do!" Chuck cried. "You'd be a real beauty!"

Bob gave Chuck a shy smile. "Well, all right," he said, "I—I guess I could stand to do that, if you'd really like to see me wearing them. But I don't *have* any gals' clothes!"

"Allow me to give them to you, my lady," Chuck said. "It's the least I can do, for you doing this great favor for me."

"Oh!" Bob said. "Uh—thank you, but how am I going to try them on?"

"I'll just need to get your measurements," Chuck said. "I can do that in the men's room after work, if that's OK with you. Then I can order the gals' clothes online. You might just want to give me your phone number so I can call you up when the clothes get here—in case you don't want me bellowing out in front of everyone in the office, "Hey, your gals' clothes are here!"

Bob laughed. "Well, all right," he said, and he gave Chuck his phone number.

"And since you're going to be my lady," Chuck added, "You'll need a lady's name. How about I call you Bonnie? That's a good gal's name, all right!"



Bob laughed—or rather, Bonnie laughed. “That’s fine with me,” Bonnie said. “All right, Chuck, I’m Bonnie, and I’ll—uh—I’ll really try hard to be a good gal, a good *lady*, for you!”

This is incredible, Chuck thought as he parked the company truck after a day of delivering office supplies. Bob had turned out to be good and ready to turn into Bonnie, and to get measured for gals’ clothes! If Chuck treated Bonnie like a real good gal—like a *lady*, not just another shemale screw product—she might even agree to get hitched with him! And if she did, then—*wow!*

Chuck figured he’d better not think about that too much right now. The bulge in his pants was going to be obvious enough when he measured Bonnie’s pretty little titties and her big, cute butt. He was going to have a hard time forcing himself not to feel her up. And he was going to have the hard time real soon, because he was already striding up to the reception desk.

“Hi, Bonnie,” Chuck said. “Have a good day?”

“Pretty good,” Bonnie said. She laughed. “It’s easier to put up with getting called Lil now that I’m Bonnie!”

“Hey, that’s great,” said Chuck. “Um—are you ready for the measurements?”

“Yes,” said Bonnie. “Just let me close up.”

Bonnie quickly closed up the reception desk, just in time for the security guard to lock the door so you could go out but not in. The guard, an aging black gentleman named Robert, asked no questions about why Chuck and Bonnie walked together toward the

restrooms. Presumably they both had to use the men's restroom for its usual purpose.

"OK, Bonnie, honey," Chuck said when they had entered a stall. "This may not seem real ladylike, but they say you've got to get your titties nude to get measured for a bra."

"Oh!" said Bonnie. "Well, of course I *do* want the measurements to be accurate." She pulled up her polo shirt to bare her little breasts. Chuck almost went wild when he saw them—and saw how hard her pointy little nipples looked!

"OK, honey, here we go," Chuck said. He knew he was breathing so hard that Bonnie must be able to hear him, and he knew she could feel his erect penis pressing against her butt through his pants. "First I measure around the biggest part of your titties; then I measure underneath them." He did so, struggling against the strong temptation to feel Bonnie's bare breasts.

"OK, that's done with," Chuck said with a sigh of relief. "You'll wear a size 36 AAA bra. You can put your top back on. Now I'll just need to measure your lengths, your waist, and your butt—and you can keep your clothes on for those measurements. I sure don't need to measure around your *clintorius* for your panties and your skirt, like I did around your titties for your bra!" Chuck laughed.

"Oh, that's good," Bonnie said. "It was embarrassing enough to let you—uh—see my bare breasts."

"It'll be worth it," Chuck assured her. "Believe me, honey, it'll be well worth it!"

Bonnie had to wonder what was happening to her, and why it was happening. Only this morning she

had never thought of wearing girls' clothes or calling herself—yes, she had to think of herself as *herself* now—by a girl's name. Now it was going to happen—and Bonnie was actually pleased that it was going to happen! More amazing still, a nice, extremely handsome man was obviously attracted to her, and she was even starting to feel pleased about *that* too!

She wondered where it would all end. Would she end up having sex with Chuck after all? She was pretty sure Chuck was going to want to. Perhaps, she thought, it might be good to start getting used to that astounding and still dismaying idea, if she could.

Bonnie smiled and made small talk at dinner with Mrs. MacGallock and the other boarders, who of course still called her Bob. Then she quickly went to her room and began to draw.

She was drawing herself as a girl, for the first time in her life. She wore a girl's white headband and a young girl's bra, over which was a blouse so sheer that it did nothing at all to conceal her breasts in her bra. Below the waist she wore a miniskirt that did conceal her short erection, but little else.

This picture, she decided, she would dare to show to Chuck—but now she began to draw another picture that she would *not* dare to show him, at least not yet. In this picture she was kissing Chuck on the mouth; he had unhooked her bra and pulled the straps off her shoulders to bare her little breasts. It was obvious that they were going to have sex, though they were not doing it yet. With startling speed, Bonnie was indeed getting used to the idea of having sex with Chuck, at least in fantasy.

There was no need to draw *that* right now. Bonnie had been delicately touching her erect nipples and her hard little “clintorius” (as Chuck amusingly called it) while drawing, and she was already quite close to orgasm. She pulled out a tissue and gently

stroked her clintorius. Soon, while she gazed upon the picture of Chuck removing her bra, her mouth was wide open, her hips were trembling, and her semen was spurting into the tissue in ecstatic anticipation of sex with Chuck. She now knew she would strongly desire it at the right time—and the right time might even be quite soon!

On arriving home, Chuck put off getting dinner and started ordering Bonnie's clothes at once. He got her two bras, pretty little lacy ones just like a cute, sexy young gal with budding titties might wear. Then he got her a couple of form-fitting tops, kind of like ladies' polo shirts but with slightly scooped necklines. He got her some pretty pink panties, a miniskirt, and a full knee-length skirt. Finally, in hope of getting hitched with Bonnie, he got a short, sheer nightie with skinny straps. The price was a bit steep by the time he got done, but he figured it was well worth it for his lovely lady, Bonnie.

After dinner he had to imagine what his future with Bonnie was going to be like. It would be tough to treat her like a young virgin until they got hitched—if they did get hitched—but Chuck was going to do it. He thought again about the medieval days when it was OK to get hitched with a 12-year-old gal. It would never do to treat a gal that young like a screw product before you got hitched; you'd want to keep her a virgin until the wedding night. That was how it was going to be for him and Bonnie too, Chuck resolved.

But he sure couldn't keep himself from imagining what the wedding night was going to be like! *Oh, God!* Bonnie, he imagined, was going to be as eager as he was. She was going to wear that sheer nightie, that would show her little titties and her hard clintorius underneath. They were going to kiss on the mouth,

and Chuck was going to strip off her nightie almost at once. Then he was going to kiss her titties, making both of them go wild with excitement!

After that he would reach down to stroke her clintorius. He was pretty sure it was no more than a few inches long; her pants had been bulging when he measured her for a bra, but the bulge wasn't nearly as big as Chuck's own. But Bonnie's clintorius, though short for a shemale, would be terrifically excitable, and she would be fully ready for a climax by the time Chuck entered her virginia.

He would enter her from behind so he could stroke her titties and her clintorius while plunging her virginia. He would *not* enter her buttole; that wasn't no proper virginia for a lady, although Chuck had plunged some shemales who were *not* ladies in their buttoles—always wearing a rubber, of course. No, Bonnie's much more ladylike virginia would be between her legs, like the virginias of the shemales Chuck had plunged who *were* ladies, and he wouldn't need no rubber for that. Bonnie would be trembling with delight, and her clintorius would be springing a gusher, when Chuck plunged her hot, tight virginia up to climax on their wedding night.

That did it. Chuck couldn't hold off. His own mighty manhood was springing a gusher right now as he stroked it with both hands, imagining his hands were Bonnie's virginia. "Oh, God!" he cried again, thrusting frantically into Bonnie's imaginary virginia. "Bonnie, I love you! I can hardly wait to get hitched!"

Next day, everything seemed back to normal—almost. Bonnie still wore men's clothes, but again wore a polo shirt in case Chuck wished to catch a glimpse

of her breasts. Chuck greeted her warmly as Bonnie, and he obviously did wish to ogle her breasts, but everyone else still called her Bob.

Bonnie had arrived before Lil, but Lil greeted her when she came up to sub for Lil during Lil's coffee break. "So, Bob," said Lil, "did everything go OK yesterday?"

"Uh, yes!" Bonnie said. "Everything went really well!"

Lil laughed. "Well, that's the kind of enthusiasm I like to see!" she said. "Let's see if you can show the same enthusiasm when I give you a bigger challenge. I'm going to start my maternity leave soon, so you'll need to sub for me for *weeks*."

"Oh!" Bonnie said. "How soon?" Bonnie had known this was coming; the big bulge beneath Lil's massive breasts left no doubt that she was going to have her baby soon. Bob hadn't wished to think about it—but now Bonnie could face it calmly.

"Probably within a couple of weeks. I hope that's not too depressing for you to hear."

"Oh, no!" Bonnie said. "That will be fine!"

Lil's eyes bulged. "Bob, what's going on?" she asked. "You used to moan and whine about having to sub for me. Now you almost seem *glad* about it. Why the big change?"

"Well," Bonnie explained, "yesterday I just realized it's not so bad to be a receptionist after all."

Lil laughed. "Well, it's about time!" she said. "No, I don't think it's a bad job at all, most of the time. I get to meet a lot of people, be friendly to most of them, and gently but firmly rebuke any buttheads who think I look like I might cheat on my husband."

“Those are all good things to do,” Bonnie said. The thought that she, too, might have a husband before too long was pressing itself, gently but firmly, into Bonnie’s mind, like a man pressing his penis into his wife’s vagina.

Lil laughed again. “Well, soon it will be your turn to rebuke guys for making passes at you!” she said.

The day passed quietly and normally, until Bonnie took a bit of personal time in the afternoon. She got off early from work and went to the Movers and Shakers Thrift Shoppe on Arthur Boulevard, a few blocks south of Teeyack. There she obtained a girl’s white headband, a large lady’s purse, and a pair of low-heeled black pumps with straps. Imagining that she might even dare to wear girls’ clothes to work when she was subbing for Lil, she then proceeded to get a long flower-print skirt, a pink high-necked blouse, and a form-fitting white top, very similar to a polo shirt but for ladies. So equipped for girlishness, she mounted her e-bike, rode back to the boarding house, and successfully evaded discovery of her girlishness by the vigilant Mrs. MacGallock—at least for now.

Why is this happening? Bonnie had to wonder again as she ascended to her room after dinner that evening. Why had she, after all her reluctance even to think about playing the girl for a man, now succumbed so readily to desire to do exactly that?

It must have something to do with her art, she thought. The beauty of the girls and women she portrayed had soaked so deeply into her soul that it transformed her into a beautiful girl at heart, without her knowing it—until her last flimsy defense against girlishness had fallen at Chuck’s manly touch. And

of course a beautiful girl would want to be attractive to a man, and to give herself to a man—especially if the man was a handsome “hunk” like Chuck!

It was going to happen, Bonnie knew. Chuck obviously wanted it, and now Bonnie was strongly desiring it too. She didn't know exactly what was going to happen, but she did know she was going to touch Chuck's big penis, and he would touch her breasts and her “clintorius.” And then, somehow, she would give herself fully to Chuck, and they would gloriously unite as man and—as man and wife! Yes, she knew that Chuck already wanted to get “hitched” with her—and now she wanted it too! Incredibly, so soon but so strongly, she was falling in love with Chuck!

Bonnie was thinking of another picture—and thinking she would dare to show it to Chuck. She would wait until she was wearing girls' clothes—but then she would show it to him, and it would show him how she felt.

Rapidly she began to draw. The picture showed Chuck as he really was—tall, lean, muscular, short-haired—wearing jeans but nothing above the waist, like the hero of a steamy romance novel. He was kissing Bonnie on the mouth and removing her bra. The bra was unhooked in back and pulled down so you could almost see Bonnie's nipples—but not quite, for Bonnie was emulating the heroine of a steamy mass-market romance novel, and such heroines did not let anyone except the hero see their nipples.

They did, however, sometimes raise their legs in a most suggestive manner in pictures on novel covers, and Bonnie was doing that too, in the picture she was drawing now. One of her legs was straight and supported her weight; the other leg was raised, pressed against Chuck, and bent at the knee, suggesting that she would soon have intercourse with Chuck. She

wore a low-heeled pump on her foot, and a miniskirt that showed her raised leg bare almost to her panties.

Again Bonnie had no need to draw the intercourse she was suggesting. Her clintorius was hard, and she was stroking it as she looked at the picture, especially the part that showed Chuck removing her bra. "Oh, Chuck!" she cried as her orgasm overcame her and her semen gushed from her clintorius. "Yes! I love you! I love you!!"

"Yes! They're here!" Chuck cried out loud after work the following day. He meant that Bonnie's gals' clothes had arrived—less than two full days after he ordered them, for he had selected the fastest possible shipping.

He grabbed the boxes off the porch of his little house in Rutland Ridge, hauled them in, and opened them as soon as possible. His mighty manhood was erect already when he saw and felt Bonnie's bras, her panties, her tops, and her miniskirt. Then he grabbed his phone and called Bonnie.

"Hi, Bonnie, this is Chuck," he said. "Your clothes are here."

"Oh, good!" said Bonnie. "When do I get to try them on?"

"Well," Chuck said, "what with tomorrow being Friday, I was thinking maybe we could go out to Oldio-Goodio to celebrate, and you could put them on there. Does that sound all right?"

"It sounds lovely!" Bonnie said. "I did happen to pick up some ladies' shoes, a purse, and a headband at Movers and Shakers, so I'll have a complete outfit. It sounds like a—a delightful evening!"