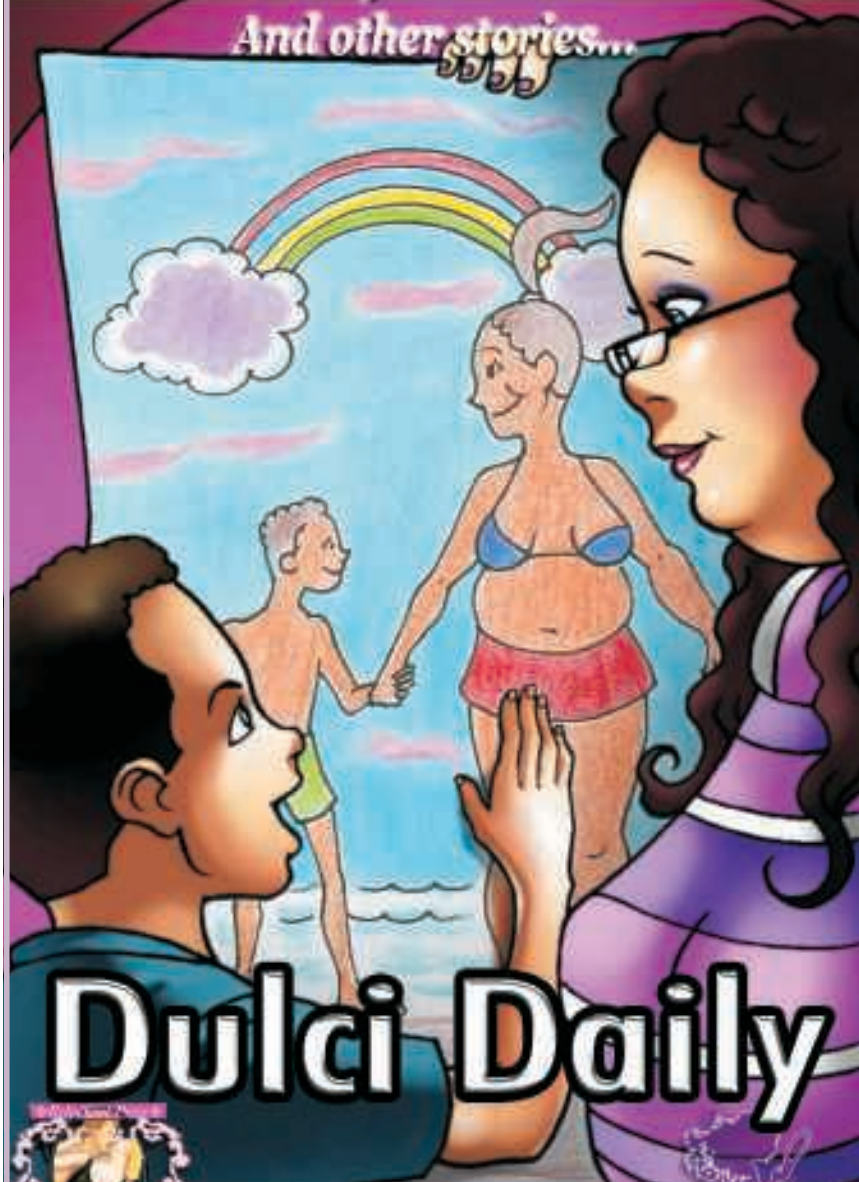


Aunt Cindy Falls in Love

And other stories...



Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Aunt Cindy Falls in Love and Other Stories

by Dulci Daily

Aunt Cindy Falls in Love

Chapter 1

Ricky Bemis’s Aunt Cindy, technically, was his Uncle Sidney, his dad’s brother—but Ricky had known Uncle Sidney as Aunt Cindy for as long as he could remember. Aunt Cindy was a chubby, jolly, very pretty lady in looks, overtly effeminate, and not shy about letting everybody know it.

Ricky was 12 years old when he first felt he was in love with Aunt Cindy. He had to be in love, he figured, because of what his mom had told him. Ricky’s mom believed in totally, or almost totally, frank talk about sex. “Pretty soon,” she had said, “you’ll probably find

yourself becoming sexually excited. Your penis will get longer and harder. You'll probably want to put it into a girl's vagina and ejaculate into her, to make her have an orgasm, and to touch the girl's breasts and clitoris too. But you must always remember this: it's very wrong to have sexual excitement without love. Sex and love, love and sex, must always go hand in hand. Will you always remember that?" Ricky promised he would.

What was Ricky to think, then, when he found himself getting sexually excited looking at Aunt Cindy in her swimsuit? His family went swimming at Foothill Aquatic Center on Beaconsfield Road near the city limits, and Aunt Cindy joined them wearing an incredibly exciting swimsuit. In the back, except for a few skimpy strings, it showed Aunt Cindy totally nude down to her big, broad butt, which was covered by an extremely short skirt. In the front, the neckline was low enough to show quite a bit of the cleavage between Aunt Cindy's delectable-looking little breasts. Ricky's penis got long and hard just looking at her. As if that were not exciting enough, Ricky caught glimpses of Aunt Cindy's clitoris making the bottom of her swimsuit bulge beneath her skirt—at least he figured it must be her clitoris, although it looked a whole lot bigger than the girls' clitorises shown in sex ed books. It appeared to be about three or four inches long, almost as long as Ricky's penis.

Ricky was sexually excited for sure—and so, he figured, he must be in love with Aunt Cindy. It would be very wrong if he wasn't.

After they were done swimming, Ricky was even more strongly convinced that he must be in love with Aunt Cindy. The Foothill Aquatic Center had open shower rooms for men and women. Aunt Cindy, in-

credibly, went to the men's shower room, not the women's. Ricky saw her totally nude. Her breasts weren't nearly as big as Ricky's mom's breasts, but they were exciting to look at, and her pointy nipples were sticking out. At first her clitoris was sticking out too, and it looked hard. Then Aunt Cindy pressed her clitoris down into hiding between her legs, making her look just like a girl in front. Ricky was embarrassed that his penis was sticking out, but there was nothing he could do about it—especially while he was looking at Aunt Cindy, and he couldn't keep from looking at her.

“Aunt Cindy,” Ricky had to say when they were dressed after the shower, “can I talk to you for a minute?”

“Sure,” Aunt Cindy said with a smile. They went outside, a little ways away from anyone else.

“I need to know,” Ricky said, “can I—can I please be in love with you?”

Aunt Cindy started to laugh, but then stopped herself and spoke kindly to Ricky. “Oh, how sweet of you to ask!” she said. “Well, Ricky, I do love you, and I know you love me, but I don't think it would be a good idea to be *in love* with each other—at least not right now. You see, a lot of people don't think it's a good idea for a—an aunt and a nephew to be in love with each other at all. Besides, you're pretty young to be in love, and I'm a lot older than you. You're only 12, and I'm 26.”

“I'm not too young to be in love,” Ricky insisted. “I know I'm not.”

Aunt Cindy sighed. “Well, maybe you’re not,” she said. “Ricky, I—I’m honored that you want to be in love with me, and—I hope I’ll always be worthy of your love. There, is that all right?” She touched Ricky tenderly on his shoulder, giving him still more good feelings.

“Wow, Aunt Cindy, yeah!” Ricky exclaimed with his eyes wide open. “That’s great!”

At home alone in her apartment on the Capitoline Hill that evening, Cindy smiled and daydreamed of being a young girl, a 12-year-old girl, in love with Ricky. She would be a sweet, modest, pure young girl, she imagined, holding hands with Ricky and giving him chaste kisses on the cheek, but no more. She wouldn’t let him see or touch her breasts, although he might try to touch them after she kissed him. She would have to remove his hands, gently but firmly, and remind him that she was a good girl. It would be exciting—the thought of it was giving Cindy an erection right now—but she would stand firm against succumbing to her excitement with Ricky.

In reality, Cindy had never had such an opportunity. She started growing up very early, and was sexually precocious. At only ten and a half years of age, she discovered the embarrassing but delightful secret of making herself ejaculate backward, with her you-know-what hidden between her thighs, pretending she was a girl having sex with a boy. By the time she was Ricky’s age, she must have masturbated like a girl about 500 times, doing it almost every night in the shower or in bed. At 16 she falsified her age and went to Club Swank Wank for sex with men. Now, at

26, she had been with hundreds of men at the club, but never had she known the joy of self-restraint in pure and decent love.

Cindy, by day an assistant records clerk in the office of the Clerk of the Pacificum Supreme Court and Court of Appeals, was an artist in her spare time. Her heart demanded that she portray herself and Ricky as young lovers. Simple pencil drawings, such as she had started to produce at an early age, would do very well for the purpose. She sat down at once and got to work.

Soon she had satisfied herself. She had caught Ricky's likeness well, with his dark curly hair, dark eyes, cute girlish lips, lean form, and look of eager anticipation. Herself, too, she had portrayed more or less accurately, if a bit idealistically, as she might well have been had she ever been a sweet and decent 12-year-old girl. Her hair was in girlish twin pony-tails, and her blue eyes gazed lovingly through her glasses into Ricky's dark ones as they held hands. Her small breasts, the same size as they were now in reality, were fully covered by a form-fitting top with little puffed sleeves, with a slightly scooped neckline, but by no means low enough to show cleavage. Her skirt was full, stopping only slightly above her knees, but letting the viewer see quite enough of her plump, shapely calves.

She would show it to Ricky as soon as she could, Cindy decided. She owed it to him. If he wanted to be in love with her, who was she to discourage him?

Cindy's three-and-a-half-inch erection was demanding attention, but she refused to provide it. A good girl must exercise self-control, she knew, even if her clitoris was secretly becoming very hard, her nip-

ples were fully erect, and her vagina was moist enough for a boy or a man to enter her with ease. She did delicately touch her big bulb through her panties, just for a moment, and felt that her panties were moist at the end of her bulb.

She kept trying to exercise self-control as she prepared for bed, really she did, but at last the thought of being a good girl for Ricky was too exciting for her. She lay on her back, raised her knees, and pressed her clitoris down into hiding between her legs, just as she had first done when she was ten and a half. Silently her thighs clutched her clitoris, her hips moved up and down, and her hands pressed her breasts. Her newfound desire for Ricky, totally forbidden in reality but irresistible in fantasy, became too strong for her. “Oh, Ricky!” Cindy whispered. “Oh, my good boy! Yes! I love you! Yes!”

Cindy’s hips pumped harder, her thighs clenched tighter, and she ejaculated onto the sheet beneath her hips. She gave a deep sigh. She was ashamed of herself for failing in self-restraint, but she did not change her mind about giving the picture to Ricky. She would simply have to try even harder to keep her feelings for him under control.

Ricky, too, indulged in fantasies that evening. He imagined that Aunt Cindy was in love with him, as he was with her. They were at the Aquatic Center again, but no one else was there. “Oh, Ricky, you’re so sweet,” Aunt Cindy was telling him. “Please don’t let anyone know—but I *am* in love with you, deeply in love.”

They kissed on the mouth. Ricky embraced Aunt Cindy in her sexy swimsuit. His hands caressed her nearly nude back, and then descended to her little skirt covering her big butt. His penis was hard inside his swim trunks. He wanted to touch Aunt Cindy's clitoris, if that was what it was, through her swimsuit. He reached beneath her skirt and felt it. It was hard like his penis. Aunt Cindy clutched him hard and stuck her tongue way into his mouth when he touched her clitoris.

They stripped and went into the shower room. Still there was no one else there. Aunt Cindy pressed her clitoris into hiding. Ricky embraced Aunt Cindy in the nude and kissed her nipples in the shower; she caressed his head while he did.

"Aunt Cindy, can I please put my penis in your vagina?" Ricky asked. He wasn't even sure Aunt Cindy had a vagina, but he figured she must have one somewhere in there where her clitoris was hidden.

"Yes, Ricky, please do," Aunt Cindy said. "I'd like that very much, because we're in love."

In fantasy, Aunt Cindy guided Ricky's penis into the tight, hot, wet entryway between her hidden clitoris and her thigh while they stood up in the shower, dripping wet. In reality, Ricky pretended his hand was Aunt Cindy's vagina. Yes, she really had a vagina, he imagined, and he was really inside it! Aunt Cindy was moving her hips and clutching Ricky's penis tightly with her vagina, and he was more excited than he had ever been before. Ricky had never ejaculated before, but now he did, and Aunt Cindy was acting so excited that he was sure she was having an orgasm.

“Ricky,” Aunt Cindy said at her next opportunity, “I was thinking about you being in love with me, and I was imagining what it might be like if you and I were 12 years old together, and—we really were in love. I drew a picture of us together, holding hands. I thought you might like to have it.”

She produced the picture and showed it to Ricky. His eyes grew great as he gazed upon it. “Wow, Aunt Cindy, this is great!” he said. “Can I keep it?”

“Certainly, Ricky. That’s what it’s for.”

“Thanks! You’re the greatest!” Cindy blushed at Ricky’s admiration, silently telling herself again that she would always try to be worthy of it.

Ricky gazed lovingly upon the picture. Then, shyly, he asked, “Um—Aunt Cindy, would you mind drawing me one *more* picture of you?”

“I’d be glad to,” said Aunt Cindy—silently hoping Ricky wasn’t going to request a nude picture of her, because she would find it terribly hard to resist drawing one if he did request it. “How would you like me to look in the new picture?”

“Well, uh, I’d like you to be wearing your swimsuit.”

Aunt Cindy opened her mouth and drew a deep breath. Ricky must have been sexually excited when he saw her in her swimsuit, she thought. He might even be going to masturbate while looking at a picture of her in it, if she drew the picture. She didn’t want his parents to know—and yet she could not re-

fuse to draw the picture for him. She was getting an erection right now, just thinking about it.

“All right,” she said. “Uh—do you want me to look like I’m 12 years old in my swimsuit, or my real age, or what?”

“Your real age. I want you to look exactly like you really look.”

“Very well. But please keep your pictures of me secret, all right? Just our little secret, between you and me?”

Ricky grinned. “You bet!” he said. “You don’t want Mom and Dad to see them, do you? Well, neither do I!”

Beads of sweat were forming on Cindy’s brow as she drew the picture of herself in her swimsuit. This time she already knew she was going to masturbate like a girl when she finished the picture—if she didn’t involuntarily ejaculate in her panties before she finished it.

Mutatis mutandis, this picture was much like the first one, except she had drawn it with colored pencils instead of a black one. It did show Cindy in her swimsuit, sexy cleavage and all, and she didn’t look as if she were 12 years old—but she had a girlish ponytail, and she was holding hands with Ricky, who was in his swim trunks. She didn’t dare portray Ricky with an erection showing through his trunks, but their heads were turned to look at each other, and it was obvious that Ricky was looking at her breasts.

She put the finishing touches on the picture; then she promptly went into the bathroom and began to strip for a shower. Her hands were trembling as she unhooked her bra and bared her breasts, pretending Ricky was watching her. She pushed her clitoris into hiding before pulling her panties down. Then, squeezing her clitoris tightly to keep it between her legs, she demurely stepped into the shower and turned on the water.

In her forbidden fantasy, Ricky was watching her; then he entered the shower with her and began to caress her. He was sexually excited, all right, and so was Cindy. She seized a shampoo bottle and pretended it was Ricky's penis, squeezing it between her hidden clitoris and her thigh. She pumped her hips and thrust the bottle back and forth in her imaginary vagina, softly murmuring, "Oh, Ricky, yes! I love you!" Soon she was ejaculating backward, while she pretended Ricky was ejaculating forward into her.

Cindy would have to exercise rigid self-control, she knew, to keep anything like this from happening in reality—especially while Ricky was only 12 years old, or anywhere near 12. But what if Ricky were still in love with her when he was older—old enough to have sex with her, at least if she were not his aunt? And should it really make any difference that she was his aunt?

Cindy would have to write to Dr. Rational about this, she knew—at least if Ricky persisted in being in love with her. Roland W. Bunghackner, Ph.D. was a psychologist at Pacific Heights University who wrote a column entitled "Ask Dr. Rational." He prided himself upon being able to give the most rational answer to any question regarding human behavior. Often, the most rational answer involved having as much



sex as the law and the limitations of the human body would allow.

Right now, though, Cindy was too drained to write to Dr. Rational. She would recover her sexual vigor; she would secretly give the picture to Ricky; she would witness his response. Then, if the response was as she expected it to be, she would consult Dr. Rational about a topic he had written about before with some disdain: the “incest taboo.”

“Wow, Aunt Cindy! This is tremendous! I love it!” Ricky enthused when Aunt Cindy had found a strictly private occasion to give him the picture. His dark eyes and youthful smile melted Aunt Cindy’s heart as he added, “and I love *you!*” Shyly but excitedly, he went on: “Can I give you a kiss?”

Aunt Cindy’s heart thundered. “Only a little one on the cheek,” she insisted. “We don’t want to start anything we couldn’t stop.” They kissed each other on the cheek.

Ricky’s eyes were big. “Aunt Cindy,” he said, “I’ve been wondering—do you think you might be in love with me, too—someday?”

“Oh, Ricky! Do you really need to ask?” Aunt Cindy blurted out the words before she could stop herself. She tried hard to gain control of herself. “Yes, Ricky,” she told him. “I think that might easily happen—someday. But not now. Please don’t ask me to be in love with you now, not yet. You’re still very, very young.”

“Well, all right,” Ricky said. He looked into Aunt Cindy’s eyes and touched her heart again. “But I won’t always be too young!”

“Dear Dr. Rational,” Cindy wrote at her earliest opportunity, “my nephew has informed me that he is in love with me. I feel myself falling in love with him, too.” She didn’t need to say her nephew was only 12, she figured; she was only gathering information for the future.

“We want to express our love,” Cindy wrote, “but only in the right way. I know that many people do not believe a nephew and an aunt should be in love with each other. What would be the most rational way for us to act? Signed, A Loving Aunt.”

Not many days later, Cindy was pleased to see Dr. Rational’s answer in the *Informer*. “Dear Loving Aunt,” he wrote, “the incest taboo is one of the most ancient, and sometimes one of the most irrational, impediments to sexual fulfillment in human history. It makes sense to the extent that it prevents genetic defects that would result from inbreeding. Oedipus and Electra complexes, involving desire for incest with parents, are still widely regarded as too revolting to be socially acceptable. The same is not necessarily true of a mature, fulfilling relationship between a nephew and an aunt, or an uncle and a niece. The law of the State of Pacificum does bar oral, anal, or vaginal intercourse in these relationships, but this leaves open a wide variety of possible avenues to sexual fulfillment, especially manual and intercrural stimulation. I have no doubt that the ancient prejudices against such relationships are falling, as so

many other prejudices already have. The most rational course of action, I would say, is to go full speed ahead, but discreetly, and always remaining within the limits prescribed by law.”

Cindy was glad to read his response, although she couldn't really go full speed ahead. It was all right for her to be in love with Ricky; that was the most important thing. She would try again to keep herself pure and decent for him. Even if she didn't succeed, it would be better than not trying. And at least she could stay away from Club Swank Wank. She knew she was a favorite among the men there, but they could do without her. Ricky couldn't, she fancied—and she couldn't do without him, either. Their love would grow throughout the years, until Ricky was mature enough to make love with her—and then, she hoped, it would surely happen.

Chapter 2

Aunt Cindy was Ricky's favorite lady, but she was far from the only one who was attracted to Ricky. Every now and then a girl at Beaconsfield Middle School would fling herself at him, and he would politely—or not so politely—brush her off. He was in love with Aunt Cindy, and he was going to be faithful to her.

Ricky's parents didn't know he was in love with Aunt Cindy, and Ricky's mom wanted to guide him discreetly toward a girl of her choice. She fixed on one very early, to Ricky's dismay. The girl of mom's choice was Amanda Middling, the daughter of Ricky's parents' best friends, Rob and Molly Middling, who lived near the Aquatic Center. Amanda was more than a year younger than Ricky; she was small for her age, and she didn't even have breasts yet. Ricky had been required to go to her 11th birthday party not long

ago, and he rudely stared hard at her chest to see if she had any, but she didn't.

Amanda had red hair and a plain face, not exactly ugly, but no better-looking than the girls on Charlie Brown's baseball team. Ricky didn't have a spherical head or a zig-zag shirt like Charlie Brown, but he had to think of himself and Amanda as resembling Charlie Brown and the little red-haired girl of Charlie Brown's dreams—only in reverse. Here it was Ricky who ignored the little red-haired girl, Amanda, or at least tried to ignore her, while she made it obvious that she was crazy about Ricky. You could almost see the little red hearts bubbling up from her into a balloon over her head, like in the comics.

Ricky had to put up with Amanda every now and then, but Aunt Cindy was the love of his life, and he kept letting her know it. They talked about life, and love, and the future, and she gave him more pictures. They didn't show her in the nude or anything like that, but they did show how good-looking she was—and they did more than hint that Aunt Cindy was already in love with Ricky. There was even one that showed them kissing on the mouth, although Aunt Cindy still wouldn't really do that with Ricky. He kept the pictures strictly secret; he didn't know if his parents would get mad if they saw them, but he didn't want to find out the hard way. He did often imagine himself kissing Aunt Cindy on the mouth, though, and then he pretended again that he was putting his penis into her vagina. He couldn't even imagine himself putting his penis into Amanda's vagina.

Cindy was succeeding pretty well, she thought, at least most of the time. It was now more than six months since Ricky had declared his love for her. She had not gone back to Club Swank Wank even once since then, and she had very seldom even given in to the urge to masturbate like a girl while pretending Ricky was making love with her—hardly once a month, on average. It was better this way, she thought. When their lovemaking finally happened, it would be all the lovelier for Cindy’s years of experience in trying to be a pure, good girl, such as she had never been before.

Tonight, Cindy felt, she must draw another picture—one that would let Ricky know for sure that she was already in love with him. They would still be pure, as they had been; no more than a few kisses on the cheek and friendly, auntly hugs had passed between them, and any erections Cindy might have undergone were completely unknown to Ricky. But this picture would serve as a promise—an earnest, yearning promise—that Cindy would remain in love with Ricky through the years to come.

Soon the picture was taking shape. It was a valentine, a big one, with a lacy heart-shaped border. Inside it were Ricky and Cindy with their arms around each other, decently dressed, above flowing cursive letters that said “Ricky + Cindy.”

Cindy had an erection again. She tried hard to ignore it, really she did. Only when she lay down to sleep, and feared her erection would keep her awake all night if she didn’t do something about it, did she give in. She lay on her side, brought her knees close to her tummy, and pressed her clitoris far down be-

tween her thighs, making her bulb stick out behind them. Then she reached around beneath her butt to touch her bulb, then to rub the back of her thigh, then to touch her bulb again. Soon she had to grab a wad of tissues to surround her bulb. Her hips were quivering, her thighs were tightly clenching her short thick shaft, and now her bulb was spurting sperm behind her thighs, drenching the tissues and Cindy's hand. She sighed in sadness at her failure to stay pure, but she resolved to try again, and yet again.

“Yes, Ricky. I have to admit it. I'm in love with you,” Aunt Cindy said when Ricky saw the picture. “Please be kind to me. I'm so weak when it comes to resisting my feelings—but I do want to do the right thing for you. You do understand that we—we have to be very patient, don't you? About—touching each other, and kissing, and things like that?”

“Sure, Aunt Cindy, I understand,” Ricky said. “I'll be patient.” Of course he didn't need to tell Aunt Cindy how many times he had already pretended he was putting his penis in her vagina. It hadn't happened in reality, and it wasn't going to—until the right time, years from now.

“Thank you, Ricky. Thank you so much.” Aunt Cindy was silent for a few moments. Then she said, “you know, my love for you *is* helping me resist my feelings, in a way. I've never told you this before, but—well, there's a place downtown called Club Swank Wank. I used to go there; I went there many times. I was—well, I wasn't a good girl. I used to—to take off my clothes and let men touch me, and kiss me, and—uh—things like that.”

Ricky stared. This was even more exciting than Aunt Cindy's pictures. Visions of Aunt Cindy in the nude, letting men do such things with her, invaded his mind at once. An erection rapidly followed.

"But I've stopped going there," Aunt Cindy quickly added. "Because I'm in love with you. I want to be faithful to you, and not to let men do those things with me any more."

"Wow, I'm glad," Ricky said. "But—well, I hope you don't mind if I ask this, but—did you let the men put their penises in your vagina?"

Aunt Cindy gave a faint smile. "Well, in a way, I did," she said. "I don't have a *real* vagina, you understand, but I—I did have a pretty good *pretend* vagina. When you're older, much older, you'll understand."

Ricky was breathing hard. "Will I understand because—you'll let me put my penis in your pretend vagina?" he whispered.

"Oh, Ricky, please don't talk about it!" Aunt Cindy begged. "Yes, you will—but please, don't mention it again for a very, very long time!" Aunt Cindy was blushing bright red. Ricky promised he wouldn't mention it again—but he didn't promise he wouldn't again pretend he was putting his penis in Aunt Cindy's vagina, her pretend vagina, that very night.

The months went on, and Ricky's pretended acts of lovemaking with Aunt Cindy multiplied. He had done it with her hundreds of times, in fantasy, before he had to attend Amanda's 12th birthday party.

“Hi, Ricky!” Amanda gushed when Ricky arrived. “I’m so glad you could come!” The red hearts were almost visibly bubbling up from her again. Ricky, in full view of his mother and the other guests, rudely grunted. He stared again at Amanda’s chest. She was still short, but taller than she had been last year, and now she had tiny breasts. Aunt Cindy’s breasts were far from huge, but they were still bigger than Amanda’s.

Ricky endured the party, and found that wasn’t all he would have to endure. Right after the party, his mom reprimanded him for his rudeness. “Ricky, I’m ashamed of you!” she said. “Amanda is a very sweet girl and she likes you very much, and you could at least have thanked her for inviting you!”

“I *could* have, I guess,” Ricky retorted, “but I didn’t. Maybe she likes me, but I don’t like her.” A quick, queasy twinge of thought shot through Ricky, making him wonder whether he might like Amanda if only he weren’t in love with Aunt Cindy, and if only he hadn’t masturbated hundreds of times while pretending he was doing it with Aunt Cindy. He had masturbated the night before the party, and the night before that, and so on into the receding past. He couldn’t imagine Amanda masturbating; he even wondered, absurdly, if not masturbating was what made her able to like him so much. So he thought, for a brief moment, but then the thought was gone.

“Well, even if you don’t like her—and I have no idea why you don’t—at least you don’t need to be *nasty* about it,” Ricky’s mom insisted. Ricky only grunted. He knew his mom was right, at least about that, but he wasn’t going to admit it.

The months and years groaned on. In high school, more girls flung themselves at Ricky, who had now abandoned that childish-sounding nickname in favor of the more grown-up “Rick.” Rick, now tall and muscular, was reputed to be one of the cutest boys in his class. He could, perhaps, have received many sexual favors from admiring girls, had he been so inclined—but he still believed what his mom had taught him about sex and love needing to go together. Aunt Cindy was still his lady love, and he still had sex, in fantasy, only with her.

Aunt Cindy kept giving him more pictures every now and then. Rick wished the pictures would show Aunt Cindy giving in to her obvious desires and having sex with him, but they didn’t. In strict secrecy, they did play boyfriend and girlfriend, even kissing on the mouth on occasion—but once when Rick tried to caress Aunt Cindy’s breast, she pulled his hand away. “Rick, we mustn’t,” she begged him. “It’s not time yet.”

Rick wondered why Amanda wasn’t among the girls who flung themselves at him. He almost wished she was. She wasn’t too bad to look at now, still pretty short and plain in the face, but her red hair was long and pretty, and her figure was very good. Her breasts weren’t huge, or even average in size, but they were bigger than Aunt Cindy’s now, and nicely shaped. Amanda’s waist was slender and her hips were broad; if she were to wear a swimsuit like Aunt Cindy’s, Rick imagined, she would beat Aunt Cindy in looks—except in the face, for Aunt Cindy’s face was prettier than Amanda’s.

Amanda didn't wear one like that, though. Rick's family and Amanda's family sometimes went to the Aquatic Center together, and Amanda always wore a high-necked swimsuit that couldn't possibly show any cleavage. Her clothes at school, too, were neat and nice-looking, but not too revealing. Not only that, but something else about her was less revealing than it used to be. Rick couldn't almost see the little red hearts bubbling up from her any more when she looked at him. He hadn't liked them when they were there, but now, strangely enough, he was starting to miss them.

By the time he was 17 and Amanda was 16, Rick was starting to think about marriage. He had to admit that he and Aunt Cindy, even if they were to have sex, could never get married—she being his aunt, and all that. Amanda was still friendly toward him, even if the little red hearts weren't there, and Rick could bet she would make a far better wife than the girls who flung themselves. He still didn't find Amanda as exciting to look at as Aunt Cindy—and yet he could imagine that, if he were to get his hands on Amanda's lovely figure, erections and intercourse could easily follow in due time. He felt twinges of guilt about being unfaithful to Aunt Cindy's love—and yet he couldn't keep from paying attention to Amanda, trying to rekindle the flame that produced the little red hearts.

He stopped masturbating every night, trying to make himself into the kind of guy Amanda might want to marry. He asked Amanda for a date, just a simple one, Saturday lunch at Blessing's Buffet on Beaconsfield Road. She seemed to hesitate, but then she accepted, with a smile that almost made her look pretty. Rick still couldn't see himself dumping Aunt Cindy—not yet, not for good—and yet he felt he had

to evoke those little red hearts from Amanda again, if only he could.

Amanda's blue eyes were shining as she met Rick for the date. He could easily fall in love with her, he fancied, if only she would keep looking at him like that.

"Uh, you may be wondering why I've asked you here," he said when they arrived at the restaurant.

Amanda laughed. "To eat lunch, of course," she said. "Is there another reason?"

"Well, uh, yeah, there is. I remembered I never apologized to you for being such a brat when we were younger. I figured, better late than never."

"Oh!" Amanda's smile, already wide, grew wider. "Well, thank you! Apology accepted!" Ricky fancied the little red hearts were starting to bubble up again.

Amanda tilted her head to one side and gave Rick a funny look, but not an unpleasant one. "Why *were* you such a brat, anyway?" she asked. "You know, I liked you back then, and I didn't know why you didn't like me."

I was in love with my Aunt Cindy, and I thought you were nothing compared to her, Rick thought of saying—but he didn't. "Um, well, I thought my mom was trying to push me into, uh, liking you, or something," he said. "I didn't like that. I didn't want to be pushed into anything."

"I can understand that," Amanda said. "I don't like to be pushed into things either. Boys have tried to push me into doing things with them that I didn't

want to do. I told them to get lost.” She grinned at Rick. “So don’t *you* try to push me into anything, OK?”

“Don’t worry, I won’t!” Rick was actually starting to admire Amanda, he realized. If he ever did dump Aunt Cindy—and now he was starting to foresee that indeed he would, sooner or later—he would surely dump her in favor of Amanda, never in favor of any of the girls who flung themselves.

“Anyway,” Rick said, reverting to the previous subject of discussion, “I knew you liked me, and—I guess it was stupid for me not to like you, just because I thought my mom was trying to push me into it. I wish I hadn’t been so stupid.”

“Well, better late than never.” Amanda’s eyes were shining still. The little red hearts were bubbling up, all right. Rick hoped they wouldn’t stop.

“Yeah, it sure is better,” Rick affirmed. “Well, uh—I guess I’ll have to try to make up for those years of not liking you when I should have.”

Amanda laughed. “That would be quite acceptable,” she said in a pseudo-dignified voice.

By the end of their date, Rick knew he was going to have to dump Aunt Cindy—sooner or later. He still hoped it could be later, though. It was crazy, but he was still in love with Aunt Cindy, even now when he was starting to fall in love with Amanda too.

Chapter 3

“Rick! What in the world is all this?”

Rick's mom was mad, he could tell. He couldn't yet see what "all this" was, but soon he found out. Incredibly, Mom had found his carefully hidden pictures of Aunt Cindy.

"Well, what does it look like?" Rick said. "It's pictures Aunt Cindy drew for me."

"Rick, this is completely unacceptable! Cindy is your *aunt*, or actually your *uncle*! These pictures show you and her as *lovers*! I can't believe even *Cindy* would stoop to such a thing! How long has she been drawing these pictures for you?"

"Oh, since I was about 12."

Mom shrieked. "Do they—do they show things that really happened?" she demanded to know.

"Well, of course I've really seen Aunt Cindy in her swimsuit," Rick said. "And we've held hands, but we've never kissed on the mouth, or anything like that. We were in love, but we always kept ourselves under control." *At least when we were together*, Rick thought, but did not add.

"You actually imagine I will believe that?" Mom snarled. "She's molested you, hasn't she? She's been molesting you since you were 12, and you're trying to cover up for her!"

"That's a lie!" Rick was outraged. He knew how Aunt Cindy had conducted herself, and Mom did not. "She was always decent toward me! She always tried to keep me from doing things I shouldn't! And let me tell you this: she wasn't the first one who brought up being in love! I was! I told her I was in love with her after I saw her in her swimsuit! And do you know why I

did that? It was because of *you!* You told me it was very wrong to have sexual excitement without love! So what was I supposed to think when I saw Aunt Cindy in her swimsuit and got sexually excited? I figured I had to be in love with her, because of what *you told me!*”

“This is unbearable,” Mom said. “Well, it’s time for you to have nothing more to do with Aunt Cindy. Do you hear me? *Nothing!*” Mom ripped Aunt Cindy’s beautiful pictures to shreds and threw them in the recycling basket. Rick clenched his teeth and stared at her in silent outrage. This was completely unacceptable, he thought. He would *not* stay away from Aunt Cindy—who had always been good to him, and still loved him—just because Mom had gone temporarily insane on seeing her pictures!

The time was drawing near at long last, Cindy thought. Rick was 18 now, fully a man. They would make love soon. They only needed to find the right opportunity.

Cindy decided to draw the picture she had sternly refrained from drawing for all these years, to signal Rick that she was ready at last. Rick’s face and hers quickly took shape. Her neck was tilted far back, and she was kissing Rick deeply on the mouth. Their bodies were nude, as close together as they could come. Cindy’s breast on the side toward the viewer was visible, her nipple obviously fully erect. Rick was gripping Cindy’s bare butt and plunging his penis into her pretend vagina. A short part of his shaft could be seen; the rest of his penis was hidden beneath her delta, between her thighs. They were in the shower

together, radiating sexual heat, trembling at the approach of orgasm.

“Hi, Rick,” Cindy said on the phone. “I’ve got another picture for you. I, uh, I think it’s a pretty exciting one. I was wondering if you’d like to come over to my apartment and, uh, pick it up.”

“Yes, I would,” Rick said, speaking softly. “That’s a really good idea. I’ll be over there pretty soon.” He seemed to hesitate, but then went on: “There’s a lot to talk about, too. I’ll talk with you when I get there.”

It was summer vacation, so nothing was preventing Rick from going right over to Aunt Cindy’s. He did have a car now, but he decided to take the trolley-bus to Aunt Cindy’s anyway. The steep slopes of the Capitoline Hill weren’t too great for driving, but, more importantly, Rick needed time to think.

He walked several blocks down the gentle slope to Beaconsfield Road. Waiting for the trolley-bus, he looked down the road toward the city limits, the Aquatic Center, and Amanda’s house. He was in love with Amanda now, and he knew she was in love with him. He was going to ask her to marry him; it was only a matter of when. He would have to tell Aunt Cindy—but maybe he wouldn’t have to tell her yet.

The trolley-bus came, and Rick got on. All he needed to do now was sit and wait, and he would be deposited within a few blocks of Aunt Cindy’s apartment. Aunt Cindy had said she had an exciting picture for him. He wondered how exciting it would be—and what Aunt Cindy would want to do about it—and whether he would go along.

It wouldn't exactly be cheating on Amanda if he happened to have sex with Aunt Cindy, Rick figured. He wasn't even engaged to Amanda yet, much less married. But still, even if he and Aunt Cindy did have sex, Rick would have to tell Aunt Cindy it wasn't going to last. He wasn't looking forward at all to hurting Aunt Cindy. He wished there was some way out of it, but he knew there wasn't.

Inexorably the trolley-bus proceeded through Mounds Junction and on toward the Capitoline Hill. Rick was trying hard to settle his mind. Maybe the best thing to do would be just to tell Aunt Cindy he was sorry, but he wasn't going to make love with her because he wanted to be faithful to Amanda. By the time the trolley-bus approached the Pacificum State Capitol, Rick was becoming pretty sure that really would be the best thing—but he wasn't at all sure he would have the firm resolve needed to do the best thing, when he saw Aunt Cindy and her picture up close.

The trolley-bus stopped in front of the Capitol. Not many blocks down Capitoline Avenue would be his stop for Aunt Cindy's apartment. Rick licked his lips. Dismayingly, he found, the thought of Amanda was receding from his mind, while the thought of Aunt Cindy—lovely, loving Aunt Cindy, eagerly welcoming him into her apartment and into *her*—was coming up front and center.

Here was the stop. Rick got off. He could not flee. He had to go through with it. He had promised Aunt Cindy he would come, and so he would.

Beyond Rick's control, his heart was yearning desperately for Aunt Cindy as he walked the few short blocks, ascended the stairs to her apartment build-

ing, and notified her that he had arrived. The buzzer sounded, letting him know that she was admitting him. He walked up the flight of stairs to Aunt Cindy's floor and knocked on her door.

Aunt Cindy opened to him almost at once. Rick's jaw dropped. She was wearing a sheer negligee that distinctly displayed her bare breasts beneath. Her erect clitoris was visible, too. Her blue eyes were shining like Amanda's eyes. Aunt Cindy was a vision of loveliness, and Rick had no power to resist her. "Aunt Cindy, I love you!" Rick blurted out. His hands were drawn to her hips, his lips and tongue to hers. They kissed, long and deeply. Rick knew what would happen soon, and he accepted it.

"Would you like to see my new picture, Rick?" Aunt Cindy asked when the kiss had ended.

"Yes!" Rick said. She showed it to him. It was incredible in a way, and yet it was totally believable. Aunt Cindy really wanted to do this with him. She had wanted to for years, but had resisted. Now she was no longer resisting.

"I think it's time now—at long last," said Aunt Cindy. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I do," Rick said. He held Aunt Cindy's face between his hands and kissed her again. His hands descended to her breasts, her hips, her clitoris. Aunt Cindy showed her incredible eagerness to receive Rick's caresses.

"Let's get in the shower," Rick said. He stripped, and so did Aunt Cindy. They entered the bathroom together, hand in hand. Aunt Cindy's old-fashioned bathroom had a big bathtub, plenty big enough for

two people to stand in, with a shower curtain and a shower head. She turned the water on, adjusted the temperature, and they got in together.

Aunt Cindy pressed her wet clitoris into hiding between her wet thighs. Dripping kisses ensued, first on the mouth, then on Aunt Cindy's hard, pointy nipples. Rick soaped up a washcloth and lathered Aunt Cindy up between her thighs, rubbing her hidden clitoris as he did so. Then he lathered up his erect penis and began to press it in beyond her delta, into her "pretend vagina" between her backward-facing clitoris and her thigh. Rick had never before really had sex with a woman, but he felt sure Aunt Cindy's vagina must be as tight and hot and wet as any woman's vagina could be.

Now he was fully inside her, and she was clutching his lean, taut butt hard, while he grasped her big, soft, dripping wet womanly buttocks. He began to give her little thrusts, then bigger ones, feeling her wet, soapy, swollen clitoris rubbing tightly against his penis between her thighs. He pressed her back against the wall and thrust harder, while Aunt Cindy moaned, "Rick, I love you! Yes! Oh, *yes!* I've loved you for so long!"

Now Aunt Cindy's hips were bucking hard in orgasm, and she was gasping in ecstasy. Rick's thrusts mounted to the extreme of delight, and he ejaculated deep into Aunt Cindy's womanly entryway, while still he could feel her clitoris throbbing and spurting semen backward close beside his own.

"Oh, Rick!" Aunt Cindy murmured when their orgasms had ended. "That was worth waiting six years for!"

“That’s for sure,” Rick agreed. He would have to tell Aunt Cindy soon that this wouldn’t last, but he didn’t have to tell her quite yet. He held her close to him and kissed her again on the mouth, while still their loins were joined in incestuous, but incredibly delightful, coition.

At last they had to get out of the shower, dry off, and get dressed. Rick was breathing deeply. He wondered how he would be able to tell Aunt Cindy what he needed to say.

“Uh, Aunt Cindy, I love your new picture,” Rick said, “but I really can’t take it with me. Just a couple of days ago, my mom discovered your other pictures. She got mad and said you’d been—molesting me. I told her you hadn’t, but she didn’t believe me. She ripped the pictures up and said I needed to never see you again. If she ever saw *this* picture, she’d go totally insane.”

“Oh, no!” Aunt Cindy said. “That’s terrible! And all this time I was trying so hard to be good!”

“You were succeeding,” Rick said. He took a deep breath and dove in. “Aunt Cindy, you’re the greatest,” he said, “and I’ll always love you. But—well, I don’t think we should make love any more. I really wish we could, but—well, I’m in love with a girl, and I want to marry her. I know you wouldn’t want me to do *that* with you after I was married.”

Aunt Cindy sighed. “No, I wouldn’t,” she admitted. “I wouldn’t want you ever to be unfaithful to—to *anyone!*” Rick could see she was starting to cry. He went to her and put his arm around her.

“I was afraid I’d hurt you by saying that,” he said. “I’m sorry if I have. If there was any way around it, I wouldn’t.”

“I know,” Aunt Cindy said. “I love you. I’ll always love you. But I—I guess I always knew it wouldn’t last, even if we did make love. I was pretty sure you’d probably want to get married someday, and you certainly couldn’t marry *me*—no matter how much I might wish you could. But—please, Rick, just let me cry on your shoulder—about losing you!”

Aunt Cindy was sobbing hard. Rick’s eyes were filling with tears too. He held Aunt Cindy tight, caressing her face and her hair, while his shirt became drenched with her tears.

She cried for a long time. At last she dried her eyes and went into the bathroom to wash her face. When she returned, she seemed almost calm and composed.

“There, that’s more like it,” Aunt Cindy said. “I shall now face the future with equanimity.” She gave a funny little laugh, although her face looked almost as if she might start crying again.

“Well, I hope you’ll invite me to your wedding,” Aunt Cindy said, obviously trying hard to buck up. “I’ll rejoice for your happiness, and your bride’s happiness. Of course I’ll cry—but old maids are entitled to cry at weddings, you know.” She smiled, but blinked her eyes repeatedly.

Rick wasn’t so successful at keeping himself from crying again. “Aunt Cindy,” he said as his tears began to flow, “if I had my way, you’d be”—he laughed, even while crying—“you’d be the old maid of honor!”

They embraced one another in silence, as all the years of the future began to flow on.

Chapter 4

Cindy couldn't bring herself to return to Club Swank Wank, and resume her old life, for a long time after she made love with Rick. Soon after that blissful, ever-memorable event, Rick told her he was engaged; she dutifully congratulated him and expressed joy for him. At the right time, in a family gathering, she met Amanda, and liked her very much. Rick's mother, apparently placated by Rick's willingness to marry Amanda, had relented on her demand that Rick never see Aunt Cindy again.

Cindy wasn't really the maid of honor at Rick and Amanda's wedding, but she did attend, and she did cry. She honestly wished them both the greatest happiness, and she said so, even while wiping away one or more tears from her eyes. She tried hard to keep from imagining their lovemaking, really she did—but Amanda was such a sweet and yet forthright young lady, and her figure was so unusually lovely, that she had great difficulty in keeping her mind away from Rick's imagined excitement when he entered her to consummate their love.

At last, that evening, when Cindy was alone and Rick and Amanda were presumably about to make love if they hadn't already, Cindy succumbed. She was still in love with Rick, and she had to admit it. She would never interfere with his marriage with Amanda—but no one could object if, alone in strictest secrecy, she pretended she herself was Amanda.

Amanda was a virgin, of course, and Cindy was far from being a virgin—but she tried to imagine, as viv-

idly as she could, what it would be like. She wore a decent nightgown, pretending her breasts, her waist, and her hips were just like Amanda's, and Rick was standing behind her, caressing her breasts through her nightgown. She could feel his erect penis pressing between her thighs, beneath her big buttocks. She pressed his hands against her breasts with her own; then she turned to kiss him, delicately at first, but allowing his tongue to penetrate her mouth before long. He was caressing her all over; he was stripping off her nightie and kissing her nipples; he was slipping his hand between her legs to feel her clitoris and her womanly opening. She knew it would hurt when he took her virginity, but she readily opened to him when the time came. "Oh, Rick, please be careful! Oh! Aaah! *Ow!* Ugh! No, don't stop—please come in, all the way in!" Cindy cried, playing her role as Amanda to the full.

She was lying on her back with her knees raised, clutching both her arms between her legs as if they were Rick, rubbing her erect clitoris beyond her thighs. Planting her feet firmly on her bed, she raised her hips off the bed and let them fall again and again, faster and faster, while still pretending she was Amanda and Rick was masterfully pumping her up to orgasm on her wedding night. At last she saw heaven open and the stars come down to earth, while Rick ejaculated deep into her in fantasy, and she ejaculated alone onto her sheet in reality.

"Oh, Rick, I love you!" Amanda murmured in fantasy, while Cindy did the same in reality. "I'll always love you!" Cindy hoped it was true of Amanda, and she was perfectly sure it was true of herself.

She would always love Rick, all right, but Cindy was realistic enough to know that her brief, ecstatic, once-in-a-lifetime amour with Rick would never be revived. She began to think of returning to Club Swank Wank, after all this time, to give herself to admiring men who were not known to be married to other women.

She stayed alone and sexless for several days, not even pretending she was Amanda again, letting her sperm build up toward the bursting point. One evening she felt it was almost there. She would wear her sexy swimsuit at the club, she fancied, and attract the attention of men as she had attracted Ricky's attention years ago.

She went down to the club and entered the once-familiar round-topped door, unseen by her for more than six years. She saw no one she recognized; she was not sure she would recognize a man she had casually had sex with anyway, after all this time. She paid the membership fee, for her old membership had lapsed long ago, and walked into the club.

When she went to the club's swimming pool in her sexy swimsuit, men began to ogle her at once. An old, lean gentleman in tight swim trunks, with an erection showing through them, approached her and asked, "Say, what's a cute young lady like you doing in a place like this?"

"Oh, just trying to have some good clean fun," Cindy said with a smile. "How about you?"

“I’d say the same,” he said. “Want to go for a swim? I’d like to do the breast stroke. You look like you’d be pretty good at it.”

“Oh, I think I am,” Cindy said, “and it’s one of my favorite strokes!”

They got in the water together. The old man obviously wasn’t Rick, but Cindy had a vivid imagination. If she could be Amanda, she figured, this man—or indeed, almost any man—could be Rick for her.

They didn’t actually swim. They stood near the edge of the pool at the shallow end. Cindy ducked into the water to get her swimsuit all wet, pulling the neckline down and making her breasts glisten. Then she did something she had never done for Rick: she pulled the straps off her shoulders and bared her wet breasts, making the old man’s eyes bulge.

“Oh, baby, you’re the greatest!” the man praised her. “Turn around and let me do the breast stroke!” Cindy complied. She felt the man’s erect penis pressing against her thighs beneath her buttocks as he grasped her bare breasts, rubbing and squeezing them, while Cindy encouraged his eager hands with her own.

“We’ve got to go all the way!” the man proclaimed. He started to pull Cindy’s swimsuit all the way off. Cindy was quite familiar with the signs that said “No Ejaculating in the Pool.” She grabbed her swimsuit and said, “We can’t do it here. Quick, let’s go in the shower room.”

They got out of the pool and walked quickly to the open shower room. The man ripped his trunks off, and Cindy quickly pulled her swimsuit down. She

pressed her clitoris into hiding. The man turned the water on; then he stood behind her and did the breast stroke again. Cindy guided his erect member with her hand through the tight space between her hidden clitoris and her thigh. His member was long, and Cindy soon held a good part of it in her hand in front of her delta.

“Oh, baby, now! Hang on! This is it!” the man announced, doing the breast stroke even more fervently and pumping his hips, rubbing his long penis fast and hard against Cindy’s backward-facing clitoris. Cindy had never done this for Rick, nor even pretended she was doing it for him, but she pretended now. “Oh, Rick!” she murmured, softly, in hope the man wouldn’t notice she was calling him Rick. “Yes! I love you! *I love you!*”

The man was clutching Cindy’s breasts so hard they started to hurt by the time he started to ejaculate into Cindy’s hand. Cindy vigorously pumped her hips and clenched her thighs together, propelling the old man and herself into orgasm at the same time. Soon the man’s semen was all over her hand, and Cindy’s semen was all over his thighs, as the hot shower water slowly washed away their semen and their excitement.

“Oh, babe, oh, babe,” the man murmured. “That was terrific. Please, we’ve got to do this again sometime.”

“We’ll see,” Cindy said, turning her head as far as she could toward the man behind her. “I do think I’ll come here again before too long. I used to come here all the time, you know.”

“Hey, what stopped you?” the man asked. “A cute young gal like you should be coming here all the time!”

“Well, I fell in love with my nephew,” Cindy admitted. “In fact, I’m still in love with him. I hope you don’t mind, but—I was pretending you were him, while you were doing the breast stroke and going all the way with me.”

“Oh, baby!” the old man said again. “Hey, that’s *incest*, ain’t it? Doing that with your nephew? Well, then, I guess incest ain’t all bad, if it makes you act like *that* for him!”

Cindy became a regular at Club Swank Wank again, to the delight of many men, but Rick was seldom absent from her thoughts. That was quite a satisfactory accommodation, she thought, all things considered. The men were very pleased with her services, and she was very pleased to pretend all the men were Rick. She recreated her pictures that Rick’s mom had ripped up—all of them, including the valentine and the one of her holding hands with him in her sexy swimsuit. She had kept the one of her having sex with Rick, too, and she looked at it often. She did sigh sometimes, and even shed a tear, at the knowledge that Rick would never be in love with her again. Still, she wiped away her tears, and replaced them with a firm, determined smile, at the thought of what no one could ever take away from her: that she, in spite of everything, was still in love with Rick.

##

Tom Lincoln's Lily-White Wife

Tom Lincoln was almost the only Negro student at University Heights High School in my senior year, 1963 to 1964. Fads in language have changed greatly, but “Negro” was actually what we were supposed to call people of his race back then. Me, I was what would then have been called “lily-white”—although a real lily would have looked awfully pale beside my pink, freckle-covered skin, not to mention my bright red hair.

In public, I tried to look like President Kennedy even after he was assassinated, except I was shorter and more slender than he was. In private, I had a secret I had never disclosed to anyone, until I disclosed it to Tom. Like Walter Mitty, I had a secret life—but, unlike him, I was a beautiful girl in secret. I drew large numbers of pictures of myself as a girl, in all different states of dress and undress. Sometimes I rubbed my four-inch wiener raw, and sometimes I involuntarily ejaculated in my pants, while drawing them. Aside from that, I always masturbated like a girl with my wiener hidden between my legs, never like a boy. Never had I let anyone see my pictures—until one day in the early spring of 1964.

Tom was a nice, quiet, studious boy with medium-brown skin and handsome facial features, who wore dark-rimmed “Clark Kent” glasses. I liked him and tried to be friendly to him. He was shy around me for quite a while, I guess especially because I had a reputation as a brainy homosexual (although I had never really done anything sexy with a boy)—but he gradually warmed to me. He agreed to be my partner in a history project on Abraham Lincoln, Stephen

Douglas, and the Know-Nothings, and we studied together at the library after school.

That Monday afternoon we were laughing (quietly, of course, in the library) at some of the more idiotic ravings of the Know-Nothings. We were sitting close together, so close that my leg touched his. I didn't pull my leg away, and he didn't pull his away either. It became pretty obvious that we were deliberately pressing our legs together. I wondered if I really was a homosexual, because I was starting to get an erection from my contact with Tom's leg. I wondered if Tom was getting one too.

"Hey, Pat," Tom whispered. "Do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Sure, go ahead," I whispered.

"Uh—you know, some people say you're a—a homosexual. I was wondering if that's true."

My heart was racing, and my little four-inch wiener was hard inside my pants. I was one for sure, I figured, if it excited me this much just to be asked if I was one—but I didn't know what to say. At last I whispered, shyly, coyly, "Oh, maybe. I mean—well, I'm not sure, but sometimes I kind of feel like I *might* be one. I mean—like right now, I guess I'm kind of feeling like one." If Tom could see or feel my hard wiener, I fancied, he would think I was one for sure—but I was too shy to pull his hand over to my pants. "Uh—what made you wonder if I was one?"

"Well, you know, people talk about you, and, uh—our legs are touching, and you seem to like it. I mean, you're sure not pulling your leg away." He reached under the table and put his hand on my leg,

very close to where my wiener was distending my pants. I wanted to pull his hand over, but I was still too shy.

“You’re sure not pulling yours away either,” I whispered. I dared to put my hand on his hand.

“Um—would you like it if I *was* a homosexual?”

“I think you are,” Tom whispered. He moved his hand, with my full consent, to my erect wiener, feeling it through my pants. Now I was perfectly sure I was a homosexual, for my pleasure at having Tom touch my wiener through my pants was extreme, and the tip of my wiener was wet.

“And I do like it—especially if you’re one of the kind of homosexuals that wear girls’ clothes. Are you?”

“I don’t have any girls’ clothes,” I admitted, “but I’ve drawn a lot of pictures of myself wearing them, and I’d love to wear them, if I had any.”

“I think that can be arranged,” Tom said. “Bring me some of your pictures tomorrow, and let me see what you look like as a girl. Then we’ll see about arranging an expedition to Queen’s Bluff, where they have stores that openly sell women’s clothes to men who want to wear them. Does that sound good to you?”

“It sounds great!” I whispered, squeezing his hand on my wiener through my pants. Too late I realized what was going to happen. I couldn’t stop squeezing his hand. I was losing control. My mouth was wide open, I was gasping for breath, and my hips were making excited little movements in my chair. Before

long I was dreadfully embarrassed to find myself ejaculating in my pants, right there in the library.

“Hey, my hand is wet,” Tom commented. “Does that mean what I think it means?”

“Yes, it does,” I admitted. “I’m sorry. I couldn’t help myself. It was just too exciting.”

“Hey, no problem,” Tom said, wiping his hand with a handkerchief. “I’m glad you’re so excitable.”

I concealed several of my pictures in my history book to show to Tom in the library next day. We sat in a corner where no one was likely to walk behind us and see the pictures. Disregarding Lincoln, Douglas, and the Know-Nothings, I opened the book and showed him the first one. In it, I had a bouffant hairdo like Jackie Kennedy’s, and I was fully dressed in a tight V-neck sweater, knee-length skirt, and girls’ flat-heeled pumps. Under the sweater I wore a padded A-cup bra; with my slender figure, I thought it would look ridiculous if I wore gigantic falsies. I was a pretty good artist, if I did say so myself, and the likeness of my face in the picture was recognizable, freckles and all.

“Wow,” Tom whispered. “You’re beautiful, Pat. I can hardly wait to see you wearing clothes like this.”

“Call me Patti,” I whispered. “That’s my girl’s name. Let’s go to Queen’s Bluff really soon. Now would you like to see what’s underneath my sweater and skirt?”

“You bet—Patti!”

I showed him the next picture, of me in my panties and bra. “Hey, where’s your wiener?” he asked, looking at my panties.

“It’s hidden between my legs,” I said. “I look more like a girl that way—and I *feel* more like a girl, too.”

“Oh, man, this I’ve got to see,” Tom said. “Uh, have you got any that show you wearing even less than this?”

“Yes,” I whispered. The next picture showed me with bare breasts, pulling down my panties. “My breasts aren’t really this big,” I admitted, “but I love to pretend they are. Actually my chest is flat, except my nipples are pointy.”

“Would they get hard if I kissed them?” Tom whispered.

“Ooh, yes, I bet they would!”

“I will. And what comes after *this* picture?”

What came after that picture was one I had just drawn last night, in anticipation of showing it to Tom. It showed a side view of us kissing on the mouth and embracing each other in the nude, standing up. My wiener was hidden between my legs, and Tom was sticking his between my legs, rubbing it against mine between my thighs, although you couldn’t see where they were rubbing together.

“Oh, Patti, this is tremendous,” Tom whispered. “We’ve got to do this. But first let’s go to Queen’s Bluff on Saturday and get your clothes.”

Saturday came at last. I usually masturbated like a girl at least every other night, if not every night, but I hadn't done it since a couple of days before Tom asked if I was a homosexual and I ejaculated in my pants, because I wanted to be as excitable as possible when it came time to get my girls' clothes. It was working. I had an erection as soon as I met Tom at the bus stop.

As we rode the trolley-bus down Pendragon Avenue toward downtown, our legs were touching, my wiener was erect, and the big bulge in Tom's pants told me his was too—but we gave no public display of our excitement. That all changed when we transferred to the trolley-bus to Queen's Bluff. Two men who were obviously homosexuals, holding hands, got on the bus with us. Before long they were actually making out on the bus, kissing on the mouth and more. I didn't kiss Tom on the mouth on the bus, but I did discreetly hold his hand, and he did discreetly guide my hand over to touch his big erection through his pants.

Ascending the steep slope of Queen's Bluff, I admired the beautiful European-style architecture and imagined myself living on the bluff—maybe even with Tom. Queen's Bluff was well known as a magnet for homosexuals, transvestites, interracial couples, and all such supposedly abnormal types of people. Tom and I would fit right in, I figured—especially if I was wearing girls' clothes.

As it turned out, we went to only one store, Les Beaux Extraordinaires, which had everything we wanted. A slender, swishy, homosexual-looking salesman came up as soon as we entered and asked

if he could help us. “Uh, yes, I want a complete outfit of girls’ clothes for myself,” I proudly proclaimed.

“Yes, sir—or yes, ma’am!” the salesman said. “Would you like to start with a wig—maybe a red one, like your natural hair?” I said I would, and looked at red wigs. I selected one that wasn’t too bouffant, just like a normal teen-age girl’s hairdo, with a white headband and largely straight hair with flip curls at the end.

“That’s absolutely lovely on you,” the salesman enthused. “Now, what about your undergarments?”

“I want an A-cup bra, padded to fit me,” I said. The salesman measured me for a bra and produced a pretty, lacy, fully padded A-cup bra in my band size. “A lot of our customers find it’s easier to hook the bra first, and then put it on over their heads,” the salesman advised me. “That may not work so well for women with gigantic bazzooms—but for you, the bra will easily have enough stretch to put it on that way. Now, how about your panties?”

“I want lacy pink ones,” I said. The salesman measured my waist and promptly procured a pair.

“Now I want a tight pink sweater,” I said, “and a cute skirt, and flat-heeled girls’ shoes.”

“Absolutely,” said the salesman. “Nylons too?”

“No,” I said. I thought it would be more exciting to rub my bare legs together under my skirt.

I selected a tight V-neck sweater almost exactly like the one in my drawing, a full, pleated sky-blue skirt, and a pair of black shoes like many girls in my

class wore. Then I retired to the dressing room to put my girls' clothes on. I was really beautiful, I thought, looking at myself in the mirror when I was fully dressed. I emerged from the dressing room to see whether anyone else thought so too.

"Wow, Patti, you're the greatest!" Tom exclaimed. "Are those clothes all OK?"

"They're more than OK!" I assured him. Tom promptly paid for everything, and took a picture of me in my new girls' clothes. "My allowance is pretty good," he assured me. "My dad's a history prof at the U, and I'm an only child, so we're not short of money."

"Will that be all?" the salesman asked.

"Well, there's one more thing," Tom said. "A pair of baby-doll pajamas for the bridal suite."

"Ooh, yes!" said the salesman. "I've got just the thing!" He promptly obtained a package of pink-and-yellow baby-doll pajamas in my size. "With your measurements, these will fit you just fine," he assured me. Tom paid for them too, and we left the store.

"I'm thinking we'll register at a motel as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lincoln," Tom said. "The Mounds Motel, out near Mounds Junction, is supposed to have pretty good bridal suites. And since we're going to be married, you'll want to meet my parents."

I giggled, knowing perfectly well that two men or boys couldn't really marry each other. "Uh, you mean, with me dressed like this?" I asked.

"Of course," Tom said.

“But—uh—what about my voice? I’m pretty sure I *look* enough like a girl to pass, but I’m not sure I *sound* enough like a girl.”

“Your voice is pretty high,” Tom said. “With a little practice, it could pass for a low-pitched girl’s voice. And besides, you might not be saying a whole lot. Frankly, my dad likes to talk a lot more than he likes to listen.”

“Well, OK, I’ll practice,” I said, trying right away to make my voice sound higher.

“You’ll be good at it,” Tom said. “You know, I’m a history buff like my dad, except I read more *white* history than he does. I was just reading about Katharine of Aragon, the first wife of King Henry VIII. She was a little woman with a big, deep voice; she probably sounded more like a man than you do, and nobody had any questions about *her* being a woman.” Tom grinned. “So you can be my Katharine of Aragon, OK?”

“Uh, that’s fine with me,” I said, “as long as you’re *not* my Henry VIII!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t be,” Tom assured me. “Well, then, I’ll tell my mom and dad I’m having a friend over for Sunday dinner after church.”

“OK,” I said. “They won’t ask me if I went to church, though, will they?” I didn’t; I had quit going to Sunday school years ago when I found out the boys and girls there were at least as bad about condemning me as a homosexual as the boys and girls at school. I couldn’t quit school because of that, but I could quit Sunday school, and I did.

“I’m pretty sure they won’t.” Tom let me know his address, which wasn’t too far from my parents’ house, and I promised to be there.

Yesterday I had sneaked into the men’s room at a filling station and changed out of my girls’ clothes. Today I reversed the procedure, sneaking into the women’s room and changing into them. Then I walked up toward Tom’s house, hoping no bad boys or girls would recognize me.

Tom’s house was farther up in University Heights than my house, and it was more impressive-looking, as befit a professor’s house. I rang the doorbell and waited. A nice-looking, middle-aged Negro woman with a bouffant hairdo answered the door. “You must be Tom’s friend Patti Moundvale,” the woman said with a shy smile. “I’m Tom’s mother.”

“Hi, I’m pleased to meet you,” I said in my softest, highest voice. I didn’t see any indication that she thought I sounded like a boy.

Tom’s mom led me into the living room and seated me on a sofa in front of a coffee table, on which there were several issues of the *Negro History Bulletin*. I found that each of them contained an article by Arthur R. Lincoln, who I guessed was Tom’s father.

“Hi, Patti,” said Tom, entering the living room with a tall, distinguished-looking Negro man with white hair at the sides of his otherwise bald head. “This is my dad, Professor Arthur Lincoln.”

I rose to shake his hand. His face was inscrutable, except for his eyes. They darted to my fake breasts in

my tight sweater. An almost imperceptible frown darkened his eyes. Absurdly, I wondered if he might be displeased that Tom had brought a cute, sexy little white girl home for dinner.

He was polite enough during dinner, talking largely about his own studies in Negro history, while Tom's mom sought intervals to find out about me and to praise Tom. It quickly became evident that, if Tom decided he wanted to marry me, that would be fine with her—supposing I was really a girl. Tom's dad's attitude wasn't so evident—until dinner was over.

"Tom," he then said, "there's a matter I need to mention to you, and I hope you'll take it to heart. You remember, of course, the infamous group libel case of *Beauharnais v. Illinois*, not more than a dozen years or so ago, in which a hard-core white supremacist expressed views that, I fear, are still all too prevalent in our society. That man defamed our race by speaking of 'the Negro,' with his guns, his marijuana, and—worst of all—his lust for white women." I stared at Tom's dad, but then quickly looked away. My fears were coming true. Tom's dad was going to warn Tom against lust for a white woman—for *me*—and I would be powerless to protest.

"Sure I remember, Dad," Tom said. He frowned, but he too looked away from his dad.

"For the honor of our race," Tom's dad said, "we must steadfastly refuse to conform to such stereotypes of 'the Negro' as being a *bad* Negro. It is not difficult to eschew guns and marijuana—but some otherwise decent, upstanding Negroes, lamentably, have fallen victim to lust for white women. In the minds of many who are still subject to racial prejudice, this automatically makes those Negroes *bad* Negroes, and



it reinforces their prejudice. This must never be allowed to happen!”

“Don’t worry, Dad, it won’t,” Tom mumbled, glaring away into empty space.

“It is still dangerous, in this day and age,” Tom’s dad insisted, “for a Negro man even to be *seen* in the company of a white woman, especially a beautiful young white woman, whose appearance and demeanor would be readily capable of evoking lust. I trust I make my meaning perfectly clear!”

“Yeah, Dad, you sure do,” Tom acknowledged. He did indeed. I myself was the beautiful young white woman whose appearance and demeanor were readily capable of evoking lust. I was the lily-white siren against whom Tom, as an honorable Negro, must be warned. At least, I was relieved to know, neither my looks nor my voice had given me away as a homosexual.

The rest of my visit was short and awkward. Professor Lincoln soon retired to his study. Tom and his mom followed me out the door when I was leaving.

“Patti,” Tom’s mom said, “I must apologize for my husband’s rudeness. You can see his concern for the honor of our race, but that is no excuse for speaking as he did in your presence. I’m sure you are a very nice girl, and Tom will be doing nothing wrong if he appears in public with you.”

“Oh, thank you, Mrs. Lincoln,” I said. “I really appreciate that.”

“See you at school, Patti,” Tom said. He smiled and added, “and in the *public* library.”

“We’ll go to the Mounds Motel this Saturday, if that’s OK with you,” Tom said almost as soon as we met in school on Monday morning. “My dad’s not going to stop us. He won’t even know about it.”

“That’s fine with me,” I said. After another week of abstaining from girlish masturbation, I figured, I would be bursting with sperm.

That proved to be true. On Saturday, I changed again in the filling station’s restroom, and met Tom at the bus stop in my girls’ clothes. My four-inch wiener was fully erect inside my panties. I hoped it wasn’t visible beneath my skirt.

Mounds Junction was only a few miles from University Heights, but there was no direct transit service between the two neighborhoods, so we had to ride the trolley-bus downtown and transfer. Nothing noteworthy happened while going downtown. On the trolley-bus going out to Mounds Junction, though, four bad-looking white boys kept looking back at me and Tom, and muttering among each other. I didn’t think much about it—until the boys got off at the same stop as Tom and I did, near the Mounds Motel.

“OK, hold it right there,” the biggest boy commanded us when we began to walk toward the motel. “That’s not allowed. The white race still has some rights.”

I stared in horror, and so did Tom.

“You know what this is about, *jiggaboo*,” another boy said to Tom. “You’ve got no right to get a white woman under you.”

“Now, now, that’s improper language,” the biggest boy said with a malicious grin, wagging a finger at the other boy. “Never say *jiggaboo*; always say *Jegro-boo*!” The other boys burst out laughing and shouting, “Jegro-boo!”

“Now get out of here, Jegro-boo,” the biggest boy said, “if you know what’s good for you!” To my chagrin, Tom did run away—straight toward the motel’s office.

“That proves the Jegro-boo is always a coward,” the biggest boy said, “when he comes up against staunch white resistance. There’s a reason why this country, the land of the free and the home of the *brave*, was built *by* white men, *for* white men, on a totally *white basis*.” I felt sick, not least because I could see he was echoing the words of Stephen Douglas in the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

“And now,” the biggest boy said to me, “since we’ve saved you from a fate worse than death, we can expect to see some *gratitude*. We’ll get a motel room, and you can show us what you’ve got.” I was terrified. These boys, I feared, were going to gang-rape me—and maybe to do something even worse as well, when they found out I was a homosexual. I might even be beaten to death by these vicious bigots, for being both a “Jegro-boo” lover *and* a homosexual.

“I’m not going with you,” I protested. As long as I was out in the open, I hoped, someone might see us and intervene. The boys just laughed. The biggest one grabbed me and started to drag me with him.

“Hey, what’s going on here?” a man shouted, coming out of the motel office with Tom. “You can’t get away with this! Get out of here! I’ve called the police!”

“Fuck you,” said one of the boys. Their attitude changed when they heard sirens approaching. Then they scattered—perhaps proving, by their own reasoning, that the bad white boy is always a coward when faced with staunch police resistance.

“I’m terribly sorry this has happened,” said the man from the motel office as the police arrived to find the bad boys vanished. “This motel is a decent establishment, and everyone is equally welcome here. You can be sure nothing like this will be tolerated.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” Tom said. The police took a report on what happened and left. Then Tom rented a bridal suite for “Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lincoln.”

“Oh, baby, that’s more like it,” Tom said when we were safely inside the bridal suite. “I’m ready, Patti! Are you ready?”

“I sure am,” I said. We embraced and kissed. Tom’s full lips overwhelmed my thin ones, and his tongue plunged deep into my mouth. He gripped my butt, and I gripped his. I felt his big erection pressing against me, and he felt my little one pressing against him—until I made a much-needed change, reaching inside my panties to press my wiener down into hiding between my legs.

“Oh, baby, this is exactly how it should be,” Tom said. He reached up under my sweater and unhooked my bra; then he stripped off my sweater and my bra almost at once. My skirt and my panties quickly followed, and I was nude in front of him—except for my shoes, which I quickly kicked off.

“Kiss my nipples, please, Tom,” I begged. Tom eagerly complied, inflaming my pointy nipples to maximum hardness.

“Forget those baby-doll pajamas for now,” Tom said. “Let’s do it just like in that picture you showed me.” He quickly stripped, revealing his thick wiener, which was at least twice as long as my slender four-incher.

“We’ll do it in the shower,” he said. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“I’d love it!” I assured him with perfect confidence, having masturbated like a girl in the shower hundreds of times.

Rapidly we entered the shower, which was obviously designed for two people to fit into comfortably. Tom turned on the water, kissed me on the mouth again, and lathered me up between my legs, getting my still-hidden wiener good and soapy. Then he pressed his big wiener into the tight little gap between my hidden wiener and my thigh. “Oh, Patti, this is incredible!” Tom murmured, thrusting hard.

My wiener soon escaped from hiding, but it was still being rubbed vigorously by his. I kissed him deeply on the mouth, bucked my hips, and clenched my thighs together tightly on his thick shaft. Tom was gripping my butt hard and plunging me with all his might. I had to stop kissing him so I could gasp in extreme excitement when my orgasm came upon me and I could feel his coming upon him. Two weeks’ worth of dammed-up semen came flooding out of my hot, hard little wiener. Vividly I pretended I was a woman, with an incredibly hot vagina, into which

Tom's great fountain of semen was discharging in mighty thrusts.

"Oh, Patti, Patti, you're so wonderful," Tom murmured as his thrusts diminished at last. His full lips kissed me everywhere he could reach, while he was still standing up with his wiener between my thighs. "This has got to be the greatest experience of my life."

"Mine too!" I assured him, and I really meant it.

Our "marriage," alas, was short-lived. We went to the motel only a few more times before we graduated from high school. Then Tom went to a summer institute sponsored by the *Negro History Bulletin*, and we gradually lost touch. Every now and then, though, we happened to run into each other on campus, for we were both attending the U. On a few of those occasions, we went to my apartment; I put on the baby-doll pajamas, which Tom had given me to keep for such occasions; then we got nude and had sex, usually in the shower. Pretty soon I didn't need a wig to look like a girl any more, for I let my hair grow long.

After graduation from the U, we never saw each other again for many years. Tom went to graduate school out of state and followed in his dad's footsteps, becoming a history professor, ultimately ending up back at the U. I went to law school in Empire City, in eastern Pacificum; after that I became an associate, and then a partner, with the firm of Grando, Nix & Fumus in Pacific Heights. I remained a homosexual, and had casual encounters with quite a few men but no more with Tom, until about 1974. Then, amazingly, I fell in love with a woman, who became

my wife. More amazingly still, I stopped being a homosexual—or at least I stopped having sex with men, and was able to satisfy my wife for many years. To all appearances, I became a fairly conservative family man.

The time came, several years ago, when I was no longer able to “get it up” for my wife. She wasn’t too pleased, but she gradually got used to it, and we still loved each other. I had never cheated on her, and I saw no prospect that I would.

Disturbingly, though, at the age of over 60, I again became fascinated with homosexuality and crossdressing. Secretly I engaged in sexy discussions on the Internet with gays, crossdressers, and shemales with beautiful breasts, many of them much younger than I. Secretly, too, I photographed myself in my wife’s bras and sexy undies, and I drew pictures of myself as a woman, plus some of me as a cute teenage girl. I even returned to masturbating like a girl in the shower on occasion, rationalizing that I wasn’t depriving my wife of anything since I couldn’t have sex with her anyway.

I found Tom again, after all these years, on the Internet. He was openly gay now. I tried to fight against the urge to contact him, fearing I would cheat if I did. At last the urge became too strong. I photographed myself in my wife’s clothes, added a pretty red wig to the photo, and contacted Tom by private message on the “Gays & Shemales Unlimited” social website.

“Hi, Tom!” I wrote. “Long time no see! I still remember when we were ‘married’ and went to the bridal suite at the Mounds Motel—do you? Just wondering how you’re doing, and I’d love to hear from you.

Here's a picture of me—let me know if you'd like to see more! Eager to hear from you—Patti Moundvale.”

I was surprised at how soon Tom responded—within a few minutes. The green button on the site indicated that he was online. I quickly got an erection, and my heart was quivering.

“Hey, Patti!” Tom wrote. “Sure I remember you; I'll never forget you! I always loved your pictures, and I'd sure like to see more—photos and drawings too. And let me know if you'd like to get together sometime!”

I tried to get a grip on myself, but I failed. Almost at once I was sending Tom my photos of myself in my wife's undies, and several sexy drawings. Before long I had agreed to get together with Tom, at his apartment on Queen's Bluff, while my wife was shopping. I knew I was going to cheat, and I did feel ashamed of myself, but not ashamed enough to stop me from going.

I lived on Willow Mound, not too far from the Mounds Motel, though in a distinctly better neighborhood. I stuffed some of my wife's clothes in a duffel bag, hoping she wouldn't miss them, and told her I was going to the downtown library. We kissed, and I took off to cheat with Tom.

I did go to the downtown library, though only to change into my wife's clothes. My hair—now white, not red—was long enough to pass for a woman's hair, especially since so many older women wore their hair pretty short. I drove up Queen's Boulevard and found Tom's apartment. At the door, I paused to push my wiener—now called my cock, in deference to changing fads in language—down into hiding between my legs inside my wife's panties, just as I had done in my

own panties long ago. My hand was trembling as I pushed the doorbell, but I went ahead and held it down.

Tom opened the door. He looked much older, of course, and not nearly so vigorous as he had been more than 50 years ago. He looked a lot like his dad had looked back then, only older.

“Hi, Patti,” he said. “It’s great to see you again. I’m really glad you could come.” He grinned. “I’ll be even gladder if you *can* come,” he added.

“Uh—I’m pretty sure I can,” I said. “I—well, I’m married to a woman, but I can’t get it up for her any more. But sometimes I’ve been, uh, masturbating like a girl, like I did when I was young, and I can still ejaculate backward, even if I can’t forward.”

“So your wife’s not losing out on anything if you happen to get together for a little thing with me.”

“Uh—no, she’s not. I guess it’s, uh, pretty obvious that’s why I’m here.”

“Well, you’re still as beautiful as you ever were—and I can still get it up, even at my age. So let’s give it a try.”

We kissed. The shame of cheating only made me more excited. Soon Tom was unhooking my wife’s bra under my wife’s blouse, then stripping me nude, then getting nude himself. “In the shower again?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said. I didn’t even ask him to kiss my nipples, so eager was I to get into the shower with him

and have an orgasm just like long ago, to recapture my lost youth when I was lovely and sexy for him.

Soon we were in the shower and he was lathering me up between my legs; then he pressed his cock, still as big and hard as when he was in high school, into my tight pretended womanly opening between my hidden cock and my thigh. This time my cock stayed hidden, and our sex took longer because we were older, but at last our orgasm was almost as frenzied as our first one when we were teenagers.

“Oh, Patti, I’m so glad you came back to me,” Tom told me, with his cock still between my thighs. “You were always the greatest. I’ve had many gals and many gays, but you were my first, and my best.”

“I’m glad,” I said simply. As my excitement diminished, my shame at cheating grew. I was going to want to leave soon, I felt—and not return.

“Let me show you something,” Tom said as he extracted his cock from between my thighs. “Get your clothes back on, and then come look at my computer.” I finished cleaning up and drying off, put my wife’s clothes back on, and came to see what was on Tom’s computer.

“I used to have a lot of these pictures in a scrapbook,” Tom said, “but now they’re all on my computer. This is almost everyone I’ve ever had sex with, in chronological order, except for a few I didn’t get pictures of. See, you’re the first.”

I looked at the picture of my vanished, terribly young-looking girl-self in my wig, my tight sweater, and my padded bra. Then I looked at the other pictures, a great many of them, showing women or fe-

male impersonators of all races and many ages, some in highly sexual poses, others more decent-looking. Tom had obviously had sex with a great many more people than I had, although I couldn't remember how many men I had had gay sex with long ago. I did remember my wife. I wanted to go home to my wife. I would do it, as soon as I could politely tear myself away from Tom after cheating with him.

“Uh—how many are there?” I asked.

“Eleven hundred and fifty-three,” Tom said. “Now eleven hundred and fifty-four, counting you again. You'll count as two, just as Grover Cleveland counted as two presidents. Can I take your picture?”

I wanted to tell him no, but I was too polite. “Certainly,” I said. One last flame of excitement burst forth in me. “Here, take one of me opening my blouse for you,” I said. I unbuttoned my wife's blouse to reveal my wife's C-cup bra, stuffed with handkerchiefs to fill it out. I even gave Tom a pretty smile. Tom photographed me. I buttoned up my wife's blouse and prepared to leave.

“This has been my life,” Tom said. “I followed in my dad's footsteps as a historian, but this is the history I've always been most deeply involved with: the history of my life with these 1153, now 1154, gals and gays. I always say that, when I get too old for sex, I'll be too old for life.”

I felt a sudden, deathly chill. “*What?*” I asked him. “Are you kidding?”

“No, I'm not. If I can't get it up any more, there'll be no point in living any more, and I'll bow out. I'll get my prescription suicide pills, and that will be it.”

I was speechless. I had no idea what would happen after I died. All I knew was that I didn't want to find out yet, certainly not to find out the hard way—and I couldn't be confident that “that would be it,” and I would pass peacefully into the nothingness from which I came. My life might be fading into old age, but all the life that remained within me rebelled against the thought of killing myself merely for lack of sex.

“Uh—how do you know that will be it?” I asked.

Tom stared at me. “It's obvious,” he said. “When you're dead, you're dead, and that's it.”

I couldn't tell Tom he was wrong, because I wasn't sure he was—but I couldn't tell him he was right either, because I was far from sure he was right. All I knew was that I had to get out of there, to go home to my wife, to cling to life wherever life might lead me, even if I never again had sex.

“Uh, if you say so,” I said, rising to go. “I'm not so sure about that.” I wondered if I dared to remind Tom, the student of history, that a great many people throughout history had thought his view of death was obviously false. Maybe I was wrong, but I didn't dare, and I didn't see the point.

“Well, uh, thanks for the sex, Tom,” I said. “It was exciting.”

“Any time,” Tom said with a smile, “so long as I'm alive!”

I said nothing in response. I didn't tell him I was never coming back. I just left. As soon as possible, af-

ter stopping at the library to change clothes again, I was back home.

I breathed a sigh of relief to find that my wife was still gone on her shopping expedition. I replaced her clothes exactly as I had found them. When she came home, I was peacefully sitting in my armchair, reading a book.

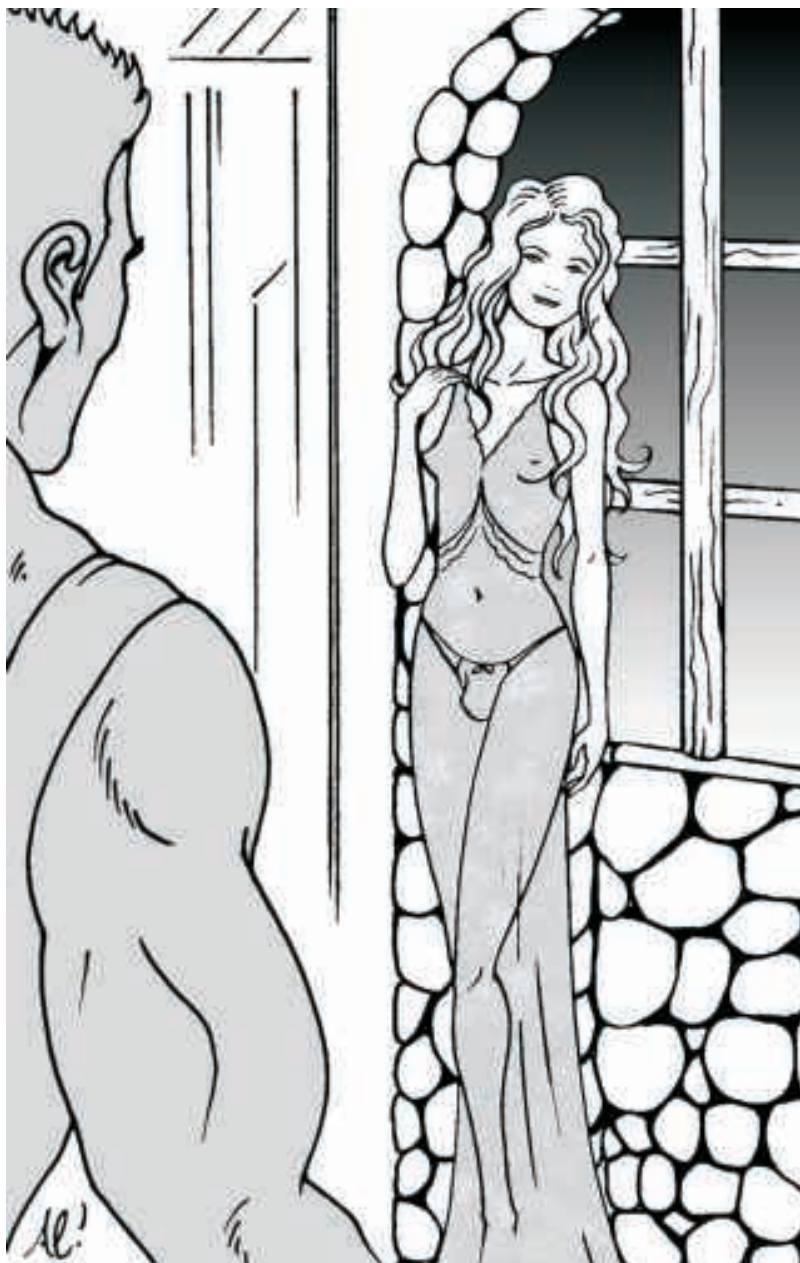
“Hello, Pat,” my wife said. “I see you’ve been having a quiet afternoon.”

I said nothing about what I had really been doing, certainly nothing about cheating with an old, old flame. I simply arose, and told her I loved her, and kissed her, and clung to her for dear life.

##

She Walks in Beauty

“She walks in beauty, like the night,” I thought to myself, as I had so often thought before, when I saw Belle’s smiling face and her tall, slender, delicately curved figure approaching me. In the morning sunlight, streaming through the windows of our vacation cabin in the mountains, she could have passed for an angel with long blonde hair—if the angel had lovely little breasts like Belle’s, and wore a sheer nightie to reveal them. In her clear blue eyes and her sprightly yet dignified demeanor, I saw the untarnished reflection of the closing lines of the poem I was thinking of: “A mind at peace with all below, / A heart whose love is innocent!”



It was perfectly true, I thought, as we embraced and kissed, long and lingeringly. Belle was my life's inspiration—and I could take a bit of justifiable pride in the thought that I had greatly helped to make her so. When I met her at the U, long ago when we were both 19, she was still a Christian virgin, raised in the Bible Belt—in Mississippi, of all places. She still wore men's clothes back then, and her name was Beauregard, or Beau for short. I sensed in Beau the concealed, suppressed, almost unconscious, but smoldering desire to break free from the restrictions, the irrationality, the bigotry that had surrounded him in his youth, and I gently but firmly fanned it into flame.

I befriended Beau, who had the loveliest and most feminine-looking face of any young man I had ever seen. I, who was not a Christian, gladly received his admission that he didn't really know why he should believe the Bible. We engaged in delicate discussions of love and sex. He admitted that he had been the butt of hateful teasing about looking like a girl; then he further admitted that he was secretly excited by the thought of looking, feeling, and acting like a girl. I encouraged him to confide in me fully. Soon he was shyly, but eagerly, accepting my invitation to wear girls' clothes secretly in front of me, and to let me call him—or to call *her*, as she was now becoming—by the sweet, feminine name of “Belle.”

Once Belle had revealed herself in girls' clothes, our first kiss soon followed. Before too long, Belle's slender seven-inch coquette had emerged from her panties into my mouth, and her mouth had welcomed my stouter five-inch cock. Since then we had been together, faithfully united, for almost 20 years. We got married as soon as it was legal, and in many ways we had quite a traditional marriage. By the time

of our vacation in the mountains that year, I was a respected partner in the law firm of Grando, Nix & Fumus, and Belle was a stay-at-home spouse—not a stay-at-home *mom*, of course, but a much-admired lady who filled her days with reading, music, and abundant volunteer work for a variety of worthy charities.

I could feel Belle's erect coquette through her nightie and my pants; my cock was likewise hard. "One more time before we go back down, my love?" I asked her when our kiss had ended.

Did I detect the slightest, most subtle hesitation and reluctance? Or is it only my knowledge of what happened afterward that makes me think I did? In any event, if there was any reluctance, it vanished almost at once, and was replaced with almost pathetic eagerness. "Oh, yes, *yes*, Dan!" she murmured. "I'd love to!"

We lingered in delight, prolonging the experience as much as possible. My hand caressed Belle's coquette, and hers my cock. I kissed her on the earlobes, the neck, the lips, and then on her breasts, delicately enhanced with hormones. We lay down on the bed; my cock readily slipped into Belle's mouth, and her coquette into mine. We licked and sucked for many minutes, sustaining our mutual excitement on a high mountain plateau, timing the rising of our passion so our orgasms would coincide, as they so often did. At last the moment of supreme ecstasy came, for both of us at once; we clutched each other's trembling hips and let our semen gush into each other's mouths, in bliss equal to the greatest we had ever known.

“Too bad we have to go back so soon,” I said as our little SUV set out on the dirt road that would take us back to the narrow, winding mountain highway, and thence back to civilization. Belle was oddly silent, seeming lost in thought. It had happened sometimes before, usually after an exceptionally fine orgasm, but always she recovered her joy and gaiety before too long. I figured it would happen again. I put on some music, a classical collection that Belle especially loved, and sat back in the driver’s seat to enjoy life as best I could.

I looked carefully both ways when we got to the highway, and then proceeded out, heading down toward the foothills, the suburbs, and the city. I drove slightly below the speed limit because the visibility around the sharp curves in the road wasn’t too great. Belle was still silent, and I left her to her thoughts.

I was just about to go around a familiar sharp curve to the right when I heard loud noise from what sounded like a diesel engine. A truck must be coming up the other way, I figured. I tried to hug the edge of the road without going over the edge, for there was a steep drop-off on that side into a wooded area that concealed oncoming traffic from around the bend.

The truck, a monster pickup, came around the curve. It was going fast, and it was on the wrong side of the road, I guess because the driver was trying to keep up speed around the bend and didn’t think anyone was likely to be coming. I had no time to try to get out of the way, and there was hardly anywhere to go. I hardly even had time to start putting on the brakes. The driver gave me an outraged look, and then the finger, just before he crashed into us. Belle had been

looking out the side window. She didn't scream; she may never have known what hit us.

I remember nothing after the impact. I know only that I have died, and yet here I am, awake. *This wasn't supposed to happen*, I think. *When I died, I was just supposed to conk out and not wake up.*

I'm in a place that looks a bit like a hospital, but I'm not recovering from any injuries as a surviving crash victim would be. I'm not confined to a bed, but sitting upright. I seem to be perfectly fine, and I wonder why.

A man in white comes into my room. I quickly find out that he's not a doctor. "Hi, welcome to eternity," says the man, just as if he had said "Welcome to the City of Quoheemish" or something like that. "I'll be your court-appointed advocate at the judgment. Here's your plea agreement. It's a really good deal; I'd recommend that you take it."

I am totally shocked. "My *what?* My *plea agreement?* Am I supposed to be charged with a crime? What crime?"

"Oh, making blow jobs and worldly crap tops in your life, and rejecting all hope of eternal happiness."

I try to restrain my outrage. This man, supposedly my advocate, must be a totally ignorant bigot if he is capable of talking like that. "If you are referring to my successful integration of my sexuality into the totality of my life," I politely protest, "that is no crime, and I received no notice that it was *supposed* to be a crime."

“Yeah, you did. You knew you were going to crash up sooner or later, one way or another. Everybody does, on earth. Some think about it, some don’t. You closed your eyes and ears to the inevitable; you refused to think about what would happen after the crash, and what you should do about it. You built a barricade out of blow jobs and shit like that, to make it easy for you not to think about eternity. Now you’re here, and you still haven’t thought about it. This is your last chance to think about it.”

I try to think about it, but it isn’t easy. A nightmarish thought, the worst thought there could be, is arising in my mind. I try to fight against it, but I fear I won’t succeed.

“Well, I’m not guilty of any crime,” I say, “but I’d be interested to know what’s in that plea agreement, or rather plea *offer*. Why don’t you start by summing it up for me?”

“Gladly,” says the man. “Basically, you agree to throw yourself upon the mercy of the court. You admit the idiotic things you’ve done; you acknowledge that you’re sorry for them, you wish you hadn’t done them, you wouldn’t do them again even if you had a chance; and you promise to undergo all needed purification, of heart and mind and everything, to make you fit for eternal happiness. In return, that’s exactly what you’ll get: eternal happiness.”

Now I have to confront the most horrible nightmare face to face. It might actually be true, I think: the ignorant bigots, the repressive tyrants, the irrational loathers of all that is loveliest in life, the very people whose mental grip I helped Belle escape from, might be in total control here. If it *is* true, I will find

out—but I will never succumb to them, and neither will Belle.

“I have known the greatest joy the world could offer, in the greatest act of love the world has ever known, and it did no harm to anyone,” I say. “Only a fool or a liar could call it a crime, a sin, or evil, filthy, or anything of the kind. Is *that* among the so-called idiotic things you want me to admit, and swear off forever? Is your so-called ‘purification’ actually a process of *brainwashing*, to make me bow down and *lie*, to say my acts of beautiful love were *wrong* when I know they were supremely right?”

“Well, let’s look at this right side up,” he retorts. “The big problem with your ‘greatest joy’ and ‘greatest act of love’ is that they weren’t really, and they did do harm, because they sucked you away from knowing the immortal truth and doing the good you should have done. You’re going to be found guilty of seriously neglecting your neighbors’ needs, and even your own deepest need for endless satisfaction, in order to pursue pointless excitement in a dead-end way of life. You’re also going to be found guilty of holding your neighbors in contempt for failing to agree with you. Your only hope is to admit that’s exactly what you did, and you shouldn’t have done it.”

I am trying very hard to be reasonably polite, which I have always believed to be the best course of action in dealing with irrational bigots.

“I *fulfilled* my deepest needs, and the deepest needs of my dearly beloved, too,” I explain. “We were good neighbors, good citizens, good lovers and spouses—good in every way.” I think of adding, “We were even polite to ignorant bigots like you, who did-

n't deserve it"—but it wouldn't be polite. "We deserve to be rewarded, not punished," I conclude.

"Hmm," the bigot murmurs. He seems to be at a loss to refute me. "So you absolutely refuse to plead guilty?"

"Of course. It would be wrong. I am innocent."

"Hmm," he says again. "Well, all right, if you insist. What reward do you think you deserve?"

"Endless bliss," I say at once.

"All right," he says. I know he doesn't mean it; I know he must be trying to trick me; I just don't yet know how the trick is supposed to work.

"But what does that *mean* to you?" he asks. "Up here, you know, we find that endless bliss means, you know, being pure in heart, and being united in understanding and love with God and all his angels and saints. That's not what you mean, is it?"

"Of course not. That has no meaning to me. What I mean is more of the same kind of bliss I had with my beloved, only greater, and everlasting."

The bigot suddenly turns away so I can't see his face. "You would sacrifice everything for *that*?" he asks, though it doesn't really seem to be a question. It *isn't* a question, and we both know it. I have made my choice, and I will stick to it.

"Yes," I say.

"All right," he says. "You've undergone the resurrection of the body, so you'll be capable of blow jobs if

you really want them. But your beloved has pled guilty, you know. You'll be provided with a surrogate, at least equally well suited to give you the bliss you want."

"You're lying!" I cry. "Belle would never plead guilty to a so-called crime that wasn't really a crime, any more than I would!"

"No, I wouldn't," says a voice that sounds exactly like Belle's voice, only sweeter and more musical. "But I did plead guilty."

Even more intensely shocked now than before, I look up and see Belle—or someone who looks exactly like Belle, only even lovelier. She walks in beauty, now more than ever, with all her joy and gaiety restored and more—but how can I be sure this is really Belle? If the bigots are really in total control up here, who knows how far their power extends? Can't they resort to trickery and manipulations, to make me think this is Belle when it isn't?

"What were you supposedly guilty of?" I demand to know.

"Failing to follow through on what I knew." Belle, if it is she, sits down next to me. Like the so-called advocate, she is all in white. Her clothing now is not sheer, and I can hardly discern her breasts. "Almost all through our life together," she says, "the thought kept coming back to me every now and then: *This can't be all there is to life!* Especially after we—we had sex, sometimes the emptiness and dreariness would overwhelm me even more than the excitement had just done—and that was terrifically much. I thought of leaving you, but I felt too weak to follow through

with it. I was *seriously* thinking of leaving you just before the crash—after the last time we did it.”

“You never told me,” I gently reproach her. “We could have talked about it. We could have worked it out. And you know what—we could *still* work it out, even up here. You can see this isn’t just some immaterial, ethereal, incomprehensible crap up here. We’ve got *bodies*. We could still *do it*. Are you at least willing to talk about it with me?”

“Only to try to explain why I’m not going to do it.” I feel it as a slap in the face. If this is Belle, I fear, she is deliberately, maliciously cutting herself off from the Belle I knew.

“It sucked me off,” Belle says, tautologically. “It sucked me away, into my own feelings, away from—from loving God and all my neighbors, into a poor, short, vanishing, cheap imitation of supreme happiness. It sucked me away from looking forward to eternity, and preparing for endless happiness. I know that now, even if I refused to know it before. I can’t go back—and I *won’t* go back.”

I try to control my outrage, but I am not at all sure I will succeed. “So you’re saying we *never* should have done it!” I accuse her. “You’re telling me I might as well have cut off my cock and gone without sex *forever!*”

“I’m telling you we should have loved God and our neighbors,” Belle responds, “and we should have tried to give up doing it—even if we didn’t always succeed.”

“*Bullshit!*” I am failing to keep my outrage under control, and now I don’t care. This is it. I’ve had it.

“God damn it, Belle, can’t you see you’ve been brain-washed? You’ve been *ruined!* You’ve thrown away all the progress you ever made in your life! You’ve gone back to being Beauregard, the Christian virgin from Mississippi—and you’re *glad* about it! I can’t believe this—but I guess I should have known. You can take Beauregard out of Mississippi—but I should have known you can’t take Mississippi out of Beauregard.” Belle is silent, seeming to know there is nothing more to be said.

“Well, you’ve made your choice, and I’ve made mine, and they’re not the same,” I say. “Nobody can tell me I’m *guilty* for exercising my fundamental human right to *do it*. They tried to tell me that long ago. I knew it was idiocy, I didn’t believe it then, and I don’t believe it now.”

Belle sighs. “I’m terribly sorry to hear it,” she says. “Good-bye, Dan.” She gets up and leaves. The bigot who failed to defend me remains. Coming up quickly behind him, walking in beauty far greater and more radiant than that of the Belle who left me, is a vision of loveliness, so brilliant I can hardly see the bigot.

“This is your surrogate lover,” the bigot says. He doesn’t look at me, but the so-called surrogate does. I am astounded. She looks exactly like Belle, only far hotter and more beautiful. I have to think of her at once as my new, *true* Belle. Her innocent-looking blue eyes and long blonde hair are Belle to the maximum. Beneath her sheer robe, her breasts, with even hotter, deeper pink, more erectile nipples than the old Belle had, are riveting my eyes and crying out to my lips to kiss them. The new Belle’s coquette, already erect, is seven inches long like the old Belle’s; her deep pink bulb, matching her nipples and her lips, gives promise of maximum fulfillment. The bigot

who failed to defend me has vanished, and the old, pale, washed-out Belle is quickly fading from my memory.

“I love you, Dan,” says the new, true Belle. We kiss. Her mouth is hotter, and her tongue more agile, than what the old Belle had. Her hips respond eagerly to my touch. She moans in pleasure when I touch her breast through the sheer robe.

My cock is hard. “Let’s do it,” I beg.

“Oh, yes, *yes!*” she says. “But we need to do it at the right time, in the right place. We need to show the Supreme Bigot we’re not afraid.”

She leads me out of the room, and out of the building that isn’t a hospital. The heavens seem to open; an astoundingly huge scene opens up before us, filled with light and with countless people, and yet I can see everyone as clearly as if they were close up. A man in the middle of the crowd, obviously the Supreme Bigot, is predictably putting the people he likes on his right and the ones he doesn’t like on his left. I see the old Belle among those on his right, smiling and laughing just as if we had never parted, just as if she had never loved me, just as if she would never think of me again.

“Now!” says the new, true Belle. We enter the nude and lie down. Her coquette, far hotter than the old Belle’s, enters my mouth, and my cock enters hers. Hardly have we begun to do it than we begin to rotate rapidly and rise, like a helicopter rotor or a maple seed. Incredibly, we are flying while blowing, in unimaginably intense excitement.

A strong wind seems to keep us at some distance from the Supreme Bigot, but even while spinning and blowing we hear him predictably telling the ones on his right to enter into his so-called joy in everlasting life, because of all the dumb little things they did for the least of his fellow bigots. The old Belle is among the incredulous ones who ask when that ever happened. I can't tell whether he's saying she did helpful things for children and old people in her volunteer work, or whether he's just deeming her to have done the things because she pled guilty, or what—and I don't care. My cock is on fire in my new, true Belle's mouth, her coquette is on fire in mine, and our incredibly hot airborne sex is absorbing us more and more fully.

Now the self-styled judge of all the world gets to the well-known vicious condemnation of the ones on his left, including me and my new Belle. He tells us we're going into eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels, because of all the blah, blah, blah we didn't do for the least of his fellow bigots. Some people in the crowd predictably ask when they didn't do the blah, blah, blah, but my lover and I do not. We are still doing it in the air, in full view of all, getting hotter and hotter, all the while the condemnation is going on.

Now the strong wind is blowing us down, far down, and yet I can't see the bottom below us. We are literally white-hot, glowing in our all-consuming sexual fire. All around us are other red-hot or white-hot people, some in couples, some alone, falling like incandescent snowflakes. The couples are screwing, blowing, butt-fucking, you name it, all moaning and screaming while attaining the most extreme degree of sexual fulfillment imaginable. Some of the ones alone are pointing to themselves with both their thumbs,

some beating off, others giving the finger with both hands to anyone who can see, still others reaching out with grasping fingers and clutching nothing, and some are trying to hit anyone in reach with their fists. All around me I can hear the shrieks of gibbering idiots tortured by their own fear, but my new, true Belle and I are not afraid; we refuse to be afraid.

Now orgasm comes upon us, all-consuming, endless orgasm, and we are jerking as if lightning bolts were striking us in rapid rhythm while we are falling incredibly fast but never hitting bottom, and we moan and shriek in unbearable ecstasy, uniting our voices with the cries of the gibbering idiots all around us, as if the sight and sound of us could ever ascend to the throne of the Supreme Bigot on high and cast it down. Yes, yes, I have done it, I know I have succeeded, and no one can ever tell me I have failed: I have attained endless bliss, exactly like what I had with Belle below, only greater, far greater, illimitably greater, and everlasting. Unlike the gibbering idiots who cluster thick around me and my new, true Belle, spewing out cries of loathing at us as we endlessly fall and endlessly ejaculate, I am strong, I am unafraid, I feel no regret at having been cast out from the presence of the God I never loved. My moans and shrieks in my limitless, interminable climax are my only song of joy throughout eternity, for at last I have fully escaped from the Supreme Bigot, and triumphed over him.

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