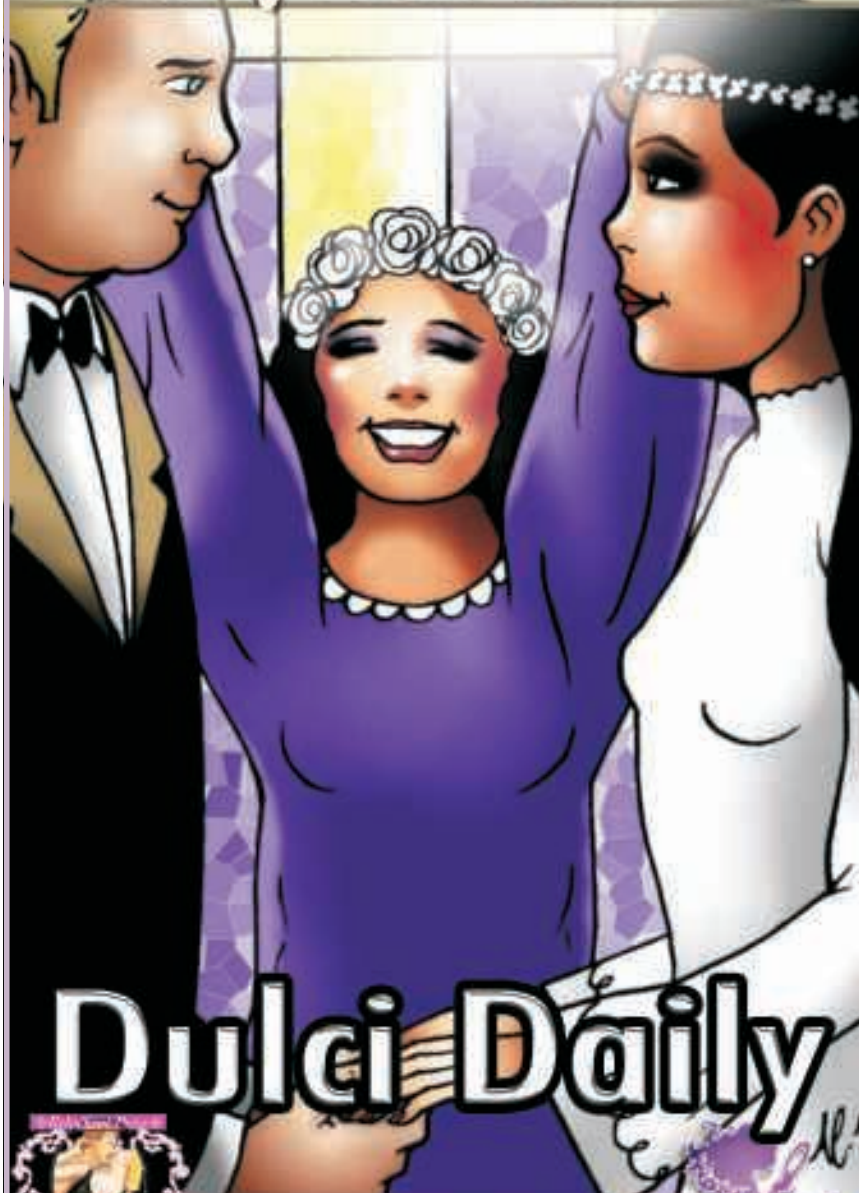


Dearly Beloved Sub



Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
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Dearly Beloved Sub

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

“OK, brains, that’s it for this year,” said Mr. Blungeon, the faculty advisor for the Rutland Ridge High School Honor Society. “And for the graduating seniors, that’s it forever! Your great experiences here in the Honor Society will soon be only a memory!”

It couldn't be too soon for me, Jack Boomschmidt thought. Graduating from Rutland Ridge, with good enough grades to get into the U, had been one of his life’s great aims ever since he came here.

He looked around at his fellow honor students who would soon be only memories. He wouldn’t miss most of them, he thought. He sure wouldn’t miss Rudy Wong and David Ballmoore, two chubby little well-known gays who were going off together to Stimson-Beamish College in Yonilingamanandapuram, the capital and largest

city of the neighboring state of Orgasmia. No doubt, he thought, they would engage in lots of gay sex there, since that was reputed to be one of the favored activities at Stimson-Beamish. Jack didn't want to think about it. He was no gay, and he was strongly repelled by gays.

The only person here he might miss, Jack thought, was Sarah Liebloss—if he didn't see her any more. He didn't know whether he would or not. She was the only girl who tolerated Jack enough to go on dates with him, and he feared that was only because she was deemed too unattractive for anyone else.

Sarah was tall and dignified, and Jack actually found her attractive, but she was certainly unusual-looking. When he had seen a picture of the former Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev in history class, Jack had been struck by Sarah's resemblance to him. Her face was thinner, but her features were similar, especially her great, black, bushy eyebrows. Her long coils of black hair were slightly suggestive of the mythical Medusa, although Jack had looked at Sarah a great many times without being turned to stone. Sarah had the smallest breasts of any girl in the whole school, too, so far as Jack could tell—and he had a mighty sharp eye for breasts. Even Rudy and David, who both had mild cases of gynecomastia, had breasts at least as big as Sarah's. Maybe Sarah was a good match for Jack, he thought with bitter irony: she had the smallest breasts of any girl, and Jack, with a *severe* case of gynecomastia, had the biggest breasts of any boy in the whole school!

Sarah might like him more, Jack thought, if he could bear to become a Christian. Sarah was one, and Jack listened to her talk about it, but still he found it unimaginable. As far as he could tell, if you

failed to leap to the conclusion that you should believe the Bible without having good enough reasons to believe it, you would be a flop as a Christian, and Jack was a flop for sure.

Still, Jack had to admit, Sarah was a good, honest, kind-hearted girl, and she seemed to be the only girl who liked him at all. She was waiting for Jack at the door of the meeting room; she would walk with him. That was good. Maybe he could talk with her about getting together after graduation. Sarah, too, was going to go to the U, and Jack was pretty sure a lot of Christian young people stopped being Christians at the U. Maybe Sarah would even be one of them, although it didn't seem too likely.

Jack and Sarah walked out of the room together, but they didn't hold hands or anything. Jack frowned to see that, yet again, someone had altered the "Rutland Ridge Honor Society" sign for the meeting. It now read "Fuckland Fridge Queer Society." Worse yet, some students, who were not honor students to say the least, were loitering in the hallway, looking for idle amusement at best. Some of Jack's fellow honor students would politely refer to students of that kind as "dishonor students." Jack preferred to think of them as "scumbuckets."

"Hey, tits," one of them said. "Hey, *massive bazzooms*," another elaborated. They sure weren't talking about Sarah. Then one of them began to sing a too-well-known jingle from a TV commercial, and others quickly took it up: "Call the Moob Doc, Moob Doc, Moob Doc; call the Moob Doc now!"

Jack clenched his fists and gritted his teeth in silence. He wished he *could* call the Moob Doc, a prominent local surgeon who specialized in male breast reduction surgery—but he couldn't. His parents were

cheapskates, and they probably couldn't afford to pay the Moob Doc even if they weren't cheapskates. Fortunately, Jack hadn't been subjected to extremes of degradation such as the one shown in the commercials, which displayed a young man with "moobs" (short for "man-boobs") being butt-raped, or at least getting something done to him that looked a lot like being butt-raped. Many times, though, guys had subjected him to lesser indignities: pinching his breasts, asking him for dates, telling him he needed a bra, and much more.

Jack and Sarah escaped from the scumbuckets; Jack was glad they had only taken a little passing amusement at his expense. Now he could talk to Sarah.

"Hey, Sarah," he said, "I was wondering if you'd like to go out to lunch with me this Saturday, and, uh, maybe talk about getting together after graduation."

Sarah seemed to hesitate and think about it, but then she frowned and looked away. "Well, Jack," she said, "I'm not sure that would be a good idea. I've really been hoping you might decide to become a Christian, but you've been making it awfully clear that you won't. What's worse, I've noticed that you've even started to ridicule Christians. I've really been wishing this would work, I mean, you and me—but you've forced me to see that it won't. I'm really sorry about this, but—this is it. We'll just have to go our separate ways." Sarah didn't look happy about it, in fact she looked terrifically unhappy, but she did seem determined.

She sighed and gave Jack one last chance: "Are you really sure you're not going to become a Christian?" It flashed through Jack's mind that she was

desperately begging him, *Please, please become a Christian, and love me for life!*—but the flash vanished. What remained was the thought that Sarah was right: it wouldn't work, and there was no point in trying to make it work. It sucked, it was sickening, but there it was, and it wasn't going to change.

Jack clenched his fists, but then unclenched them. “Yes, I'm sure,” he said. “I'm not going to.”

He felt sick and angry that this was happening. He had started to pay attention to Sarah because he thought a girl who looked like her would surely be glad to have a guy pay attention to her, and also because (unlike many girls) she didn't seem to be bothered by Jack's “moobs.” He actually liked her, and he might even like her a *lot* if only she didn't insist on him becoming a Christian.

Jack almost ejaculated out loud, “Jesus Christ! Who the hell do you think is going to go out with you if I don't?”—but he would not stoop to using the enemy's name in vain.

“All right, then. See you later.” Abruptly, Jack turned and walked away, clenching his teeth, trying in vain to kill his heartache.

Jack said almost nothing for the rest of the day. At home he did homework, endured dinner with his family, and did some more homework. He didn't slack off, as even some of his fellow honor students were doing so close to graduation, although admittedly he had slacked off every now and then before. Then he closed his bedroom door, stripped, lay down on his bed, and began to indulge in fantasies of tender love with his dream girl.

Jack was still strongly attracted to Sarah, despite her rejection of him, and his dream girl looked a lot like Sarah—except that her breasts were as big as Jack’s own. His dream girl was not a Christian, and would never demand that Jack should be one. Her devotion was for Jack, and he amply repaid it. He fancied himself holding her face in his hands, kissing her lips, caressing her breasts—oh, yes, her lovely breasts! Maybe it was a good thing he did have “moobs,” Jack thought; it was so exciting to pretend they were his dream girl’s breasts!

The dream girl warmed up rapidly, and was soon ready for Jack to enter her. He lay face down, clasped his stout eight-inch penis between his hands, and began to thrust. The dream girl responded with devoted, endless love, shown in her words, her caresses, and her total responsiveness to Jack’s mighty thrusts. “Oh, Jack, I love you so much!” the dream girl murmured, and Jack responded, “I love you!”—but almost silently, so no one outside the room could hear. Jack’s ardor and tenderness rose to the maximum as he lost control of his rapid thrusts and ejaculated deep into his dream girl’s womanly entryway. In reality, Jack’s sticky, gooey semen was getting all over his hands, his abdomen, and his sheet.

Ashamed of his own shyness, David Ballmoore—secretly known, to himself alone, as a girl named “Desiree”—vividly imagined what might be happening right now if he, or *she*, were not too shy to befriend Jack Boomschmidt. Jack was such a nice, smart, fascinating boy—and he had the biggest breasts of any boy in school, much bigger than Desiree’s tiny, though girlish, buds. Desiree had to

wonder whether Jack, too, had a secret girl-self. But, if he did, how could Desiree ever find out?

There was no time now, before graduation. Desiree's only hope was to see Jack again, when they were both at the U. Before that, she would have to break through her shyness and speak to him—at graduation, for that was almost the only time left.

At graduation she would still look like David—but very soon afterward her looks would greatly change. Her girl-self would no longer be secret, but openly shown to all the universe. After that, if she were ever to meet Jack, he would know what had been *her* secret—and, if he had such a secret himself, Desiree's new looks would give him the perfect opening to say so.

Right now, Desiree was nude under the covers in bed, with her three-and-a-half-inch clitoris hidden between her legs. She embraced herself, pressing her little breasts together, and thought of Jack. She didn't really know whether he had a secret girl-self, or whether he was a totally manly young man despite his breasts. She also didn't know if Jack had a girlfriend. Sarah Lie Bloss was reputed to be his girlfriend, but they never engaged in any public display of affection.

Desiree sighed. If Jack did have a girlfriend, Desiree wouldn't try to interfere. Her destiny, Desiree believed, was to be a substitute woman for a man, or men, who had no real woman. She had read a lot about the Quoheemish people of old, who inhabited all the land for miles around what was now the city of Pacific Heights before the white people came, and she had been inspired by the old Quoheemish ideal of the *kabavoomish*, the "male woman" who gave love and companionship to men who had no real woman.

Never would a righteous *kabavoomish* induce a man to avoid union with a real woman, which was sacred for the transmission of life. Even if she were deeply in love with a man, a good *kabavoomish* would gracefully bow out at once if the man sought a real woman. The life of a *kabavoomish* could be one of self-sacrifice and suffering at times, but the Great Spirit would smile on the *kabavoomish* who complied with the demands of a righteous life.

Desiree brightened up. Maybe Jack didn't have a girlfriend after all, she thought. Reputation, she was all too well aware, could be totally false. Desiree knew she and Rudy were reputed to be gay lovers, but it wasn't true. They were just good friends, and maybe they wouldn't even be such good friends after Rudy went away to Stimson-Beamish. Maybe Jack and Sarah would never even see each other any more after graduation—and maybe Jack would be lonely—and maybe he would accept companionship, and even love, from Desiree.

At that thought, warm feelings drew Desiree's hands to her breasts, and made her press her legs together tightly around her hidden clitoris. Desiree wished she would outgrow girlish masturbation soon and move on to the life of a fully adult *kabavoomish*, but she knew she hadn't outgrown it quite yet. The best she could do was to imagine herself giving tender, beautiful, totally faithful love to a man—to Jack.

"Oh, Jack, I love you," Desiree whispered, clasping her breasts and rubbing her legs back and forth with her clitoris clasped between them. She imagined Jack was kissing her tiny breasts, and he was letting her kiss his big ones too, making both of them too excited for words. She just had to open her legs for him. She lay on her back, spread her legs, and pressed her clitoris downward with both hands, pretending her

forearms were Jack lying between her legs. Now Jack was thrusting, not into her buttock (for that was too nasty), but on top of her, on her tummy, and she was pumping her hips up and down, raising them off the bed and letting them fall, faster and faster. She could not hold back her climax for long, and neither could Jack. Their loins were joined in bliss as much like married bliss as a lonely man and a *kabavoomish* could undergo, and Jack's semen was spurting out all over Desiree's tummy, while her own was making the bedsheets wet and sticky beyond her fast-pumping buttocks.

Desiree gave a deep sigh of relief. This act of love might happen one day in reality, she fancied—but it could only happen if she conquered her shyness and befriended Jack.

Graduation came at last. Jack looked with satisfaction upon the crowd in caps and gowns, especially on those toward the front who were graduating *cum laude* or higher. Rutland Ridge High School bestowed the ancient Latin, university-style honors on students with good grades.

Rudy Wong was graduating *summa cum laude*; Sarah Lie Bloss and David Ballmoore were among the *magna cum laude* graduates; and Jack himself was among the small herd of mere *cum laude* graduates, though he might have risen higher if he had consistently worked harder. It mattered not that the scumbuckets parodied these titles by substituting "cum load" for *cum laude*—it being a commonly expressed view among the scumbuckets that honor students attained their high position not by superior intelligence, hard work, or the like, but by engaging

in gay sex with faculty members. Jack and his fellow honor students were escaping from the scumbuckets this very day, and Jack rejoiced at the thought.

After the ceremony, Sarah briefly, politely congratulated Jack and promptly walked away, but Jack was surprised to see David Ballmoore walking straight up to him. “Congratulations, Jack,” David said, shaking Jack’s hand.

“Uh, same to you,” Jack said. He guessed he could be polite, even to a known gay.

“You’re going to the U, aren’t you?” David asked, looking up at Jack. David and Rudy were both short, less than five and a half feet tall, while Jack was six feet even.

“Yeah, I am,” Jack said curtly. He could be polite, all right, but he would still omit needless words when talking to a known gay.

“Well, maybe I’ll see you there,” David said with a smile.

This piqued Jack’s curiosity. He raised his eyebrows and stared. “Hey, I thought you were going to Stimson-Beamish,” he said. “With Rudy.”

“Oh, no,” David said. “Rudy’s going, all right, but I didn’t get in.”

“What? You mean a mere *magna cum laude* from Rutland Ridge wasn’t good enough for them?”

“Oh, my grades were good enough. I got an interview with the director of admissions, but—I don’t think he liked some of the things I said. I could see his face getting a more and more appalled look as I

talked about some things that were, uh, pretty close to my heart.”

“What things?” Jack bluntly asked. “I mean,” he said, “if you want to talk about them.”

David seemed to be struggling to find words. “Well, um, I was talking about some things I admired in the old Quoheemish culture,” he said vaguely.

“What was his problem with that?” Jack asked. “I mean, I can see how you might kill your chances at Stimson-Beamish by saying you admired dead white males and Western civilization, or something like that—but what was supposed to be the problem with the old Quoheemish culture?”

“Well, he thought some things I was saying were anti-gay and anti-transgender,” David said.

“*What? Anti-gay? You?*” Jack rudely blurted out. David blushed and rolled his eyes. “Uh, wait, maybe I shouldn’t have said that,” Jack admitted. “But what did he think was anti-gay and anti-transgender?”

Jack could see beads of sweat forming on David’s brow. “Well,” David said, “I was talking about how I admired the Quoheemish ideal of a—a *kabavoomish*, which is a male who played the role of a woman, and—uh—gave companionship, and love, including, uh, s—*sexual* love, to men who didn’t have real women. The Quoheemish believed the Great Spirit actually created the *kabavoomish* for that purpose, and smiled on the good *kabavoomish*, and helped her fulfill her destiny.”

Jack was strongly repelled, but his urge to understand was stronger still. “What the hell!” he ex-

claimed. “You were saying you admired the *kaba*—what?”

“*Kabavoomish.*”

“The *kabavoomish*, who was *both* gay and transgendered, and this butthead thought you were anti-gay and anti-transgender?” He remembered that David didn’t like profanity, and he quickly tried to make amends: “I mean, excuse my language, but that doesn’t make any sense.”

“Well, I didn’t think it did either,” David said, “but he strongly criticized me and said I wouldn’t fit in at all at Stimson-Beamish. He said it was totally wrong to draw a distinction between a transgender male and a real woman; the correct view was that a transgender male is identical to a real woman except for a few things that can easily be corrected, and no one must ever suggest that a transgender male is just an inferior substitute for a real woman. If the Quoheemish did think that, it was just a primitive superstition, like their superstition about the Great Spirit, and no intelligent person could agree with them. Those weren’t his exact words, but that was the gist of it.”

Jack stared. “So you said you thought a transgender male *was* just an inferior substitute for a real woman?” he demanded to know.

“Well, I didn’t say ‘inferior,’ but I did say a substitute,” David acknowledged. “He was the one who said ‘inferior.’”

“What about anti-gay?” Jack asked. “You’re telling me a *kabavoomish* was basically nothing but a Quoheemish gay in women’s clothes, and this butt—I

mean, this director of admissions didn't approve of you admiring that kind of thing?"

"Well, it wasn't a gay in women's clothes *as such* that I wasn't supposed to admire," David explained. "It was the idea that a *kabavoomish* was a *substitute*, a supposedly inferior substitute, for a real woman. I could tell he especially hated it when I talked about how a *kabavoomish* was supposed to be self-sacrificing and bow out gracefully if her man wanted to leave her in favor of a real woman, because the Great Spirit created the union of a man with a real woman as sacred for the transmission of life. He got really angry and said that view was totally opposed to gay equality in every way."

Jack narrowed his eyes, but then he opened them wide and looked at David. David was blushing hotly, and sweat was dripping down his chubby, hairless, girlish-looking face. Jack still found it terrifically hard to sympathize with a known gay, but he tried to force himself to make the effort.

"Well, congratulations," Jack said, "not only on graduating, but also on *not* getting into Stimson-Beamish." He actually grinned at David. "I had no idea you were totally opposed to gay equality in every way."

"Neither did I," said David, "until—uh—*that butthead* supposedly set me straight."

Jack laughed out loud. David had actually used profanity. This was a first, in Jack's experience. "Well," Jack said, "I guess maybe I'll see you at the U sometime, then."

"Oh, I hope so!" David said, with what seemed to Jack to be pathetic eagerness. David extended his

hand to Jack. Jack hesitated, but then he shook David's hand. It was the least he could do, he figured, for a gay who was supposedly opposed to gay equality in every way. If the gay ever offered to serve as a *sub*, a substitute for a real woman, Jack could politely, but firmly, explain that he would accept no substitutes.

Desiree embraced herself in the nude in bed again. She was trembling with excitement, but this time she wasn't masturbating. She was begging the Great Spirit to help her be a good, faithful *kabavoomish*—for Jack, if he would have her.

Desiree had actually dared to reveal her heart to Jack, to speak of her admiration of the *kabavoomish*—and Jack had listened! Would she really see Jack at the U? If so, would they become friends, and maybe even lovers?

Desiree tried hard to calm her racing heart, with no success. Maybe Jack wouldn't want a modern-day *kabavoomish*, a substitute for a real woman, for a lover—so Desiree tried to tell herself. The words went down the drain at once in the whirlpool of Desiree's feelings, and were supplanted at once by their total opposites: *Maybe he would! Maybe he will! Maybe Jack and I will be in love someday!*

Chapter 2

Jack looked with glum displeasure on the prospect of yet another lonely afternoon of studying the rudiments of electrical engineering. It was spring, little less than a year since he had graduated from Rutland Ridge, and he was no closer than ever to finding

the love of his life. He had seen Sarah every now and then and talked with her, but she had not reconsidered her rejection of him—and she wasn't going to, for Jack still was not a Christian, and Sarah still was.

Jack didn't get ridiculed for his "moobs" too much here at the U, but much good it did him. Almost all girls ignored him here as much as they had done at Rutland Ridge. In desperation for human contact, Jack had gone out with a hot girl named Serena Oriflamme. She had let him feel her bare breasts and finger her vagina, and she had jacked him off—but he quickly tired of it and fled from her.

The scumbuckets were right about one thing, Jack bitterly thought: the name "Fuckland Fridge" was totally apt, and it didn't apply only to Rutland Ridge. Fuckland Fridge, where sex was hot and hearts were cold, extended to the entire campus of Pacific Heights University, and probably beyond.

Jack decided to take a walk down to Varsity Village Park, the scenic park surrounded by the married students' housing units at the edge of campus. Here, at least, he would see some warm hearts at a distance, the hearts of parents and children, though none of them were his, or would ever be his.

His heart wasn't warmed by one of the first things he saw when he came to the park: gays. Two obvious gays were walking through the park hand in hand. Jack frowned at the thought that gays had crowded out deserving married couples, *real* married couples, with children of their own.

He pressed on past the gays, and was rewarded with the sight of children playing while parents looked on and talked. One little boy, in particular, caught his eye. This little fellow, who appeared to be

about one year old or so, was obviously just starting to walk on his own. He looked uncertain about whether it was really a good idea, but he put one foot in front of the other, somehow managed to keep his balance, and ultimately strode over to a girl sitting on a park bench, who reached out her arms and caught him as he started to fall. The boy gave her a big smile, laughed or shrieked, and clapped his hands together. "Very good!" the girl commended him, in a rich contralto voice. "Now go back to mommy!"

The boy repeated the procedure in the opposite direction, walking toward his mother who awaited him with open arms, and the girl returned to the book she was reading. She was a pretty girl, Jack thought; she looked like a girl who would make a good wife someday, and maybe not long from now. Her voice and her slightly chubby face seemed vaguely familiar, but Jack couldn't remember from where. Her fluffy, almost shoulder-length brown hair was neatly brushed and held back by a pink headband. Her white top, covering but not exactly concealing her small, well-formed breasts, seemed to embody the perfect combination of modesty and attractiveness. Her bright flower-print skirt, covering her knees and a little more, gave her a look of sweetness and innocence that Jack found fascinating. Her bare legs, what Jack could see of them, and her feet in white sandals completed the look of a girl Jack would like very much to meet.

He was thinking hard about how he might strike up a conversation with her without looking like an idiot or a lecher, when the girl looked up at him. Her face brightened at once, and her blue eyes sparkled; she gave him a big smile and said, "Oh, hi, Jack! I'm so glad to see you again!"



Jack was struck dumb. Who was this beautiful, friendly girl? Where had he seen her before? How did she know his name?

He stared at the girl. He was just about to ask her those questions when the earth seemed to shift under him, and everything came into focus. He knew where he had seen this girl before; he knew who she was, and how she knew his name—but still he was dumbfounded.

“*David Ballmoore?*” Jack asked, incredulous. “Is that you?”

“That’s me,” the girl said with a big smile, “but now you can call me Desiree.”

Jack felt as if he were choking, caught in the iron grip of conflicting feelings far too strong for him, locked in a fight to the death against one another. *Run! He’s gay! He’ll suck you in!* one side of him was shouting. The other responded, softly but insistently, *Here is a sweet, pretty girl who wants to be your friend. Don’t be a fool and flee from her. Don’t let her down.*

Jack looked David, or Desiree, over from head to toe in silence. She was still several inches shorter than Jack, and still a bit chubby, but she had lost some weight since last year. She was really beautiful now, he thought. He had looked upon slutty-looking shemales with total revulsion, but Desiree was nothing like them. Her heart was calling to him through her bright blue eyes, speaking to him of the love he had always dreamed of, and his own heart could hardly resist the call.

There must be no gay sex, Jack’s mind insisted. She must keep her skirt on at all times, when she’s with me. His heart agreed, but he had to see which

way it was leading him: Desiree would surely become friends with Jack, and might even love him dearly, so long as she did keep her skirt on. Even more disturbingly, he might come to love *her* dearly. His feelings were still in revolt against the very idea of loving a gay—but he wouldn't have to keep thinking of her as gay, only as a beautiful girl who always kept her skirt on for him.

Jack sighed. He clenched his fists, but then unclenched them. He was going to do it. He needed love too much to resist. If he could find love with a *sub*, a substitute for a real woman—which David, or Desiree, had pretty much come out and said he, or she, wanted to be—then he would flee from Fuckland Fridge at once and find love.

“OK, Desiree,” Jack said, sitting down next to her. “Wow, you're a lot different now. I never would have imagined.” He thought for a moment, and then corrected himself: “Well, hardly ever. I guess I should have known something was up when you told me about that *kabavoomish* stuff at graduation.”

“Oh, I was so embarrassed!” Desiree said, showing a faint echo of the bright blush that had covered her face back then. “But it was so close to my heart, and I just had to tell somebody—well, I had to tell *you*. And it was so outrageous to be rejected from Stimson-Beamish for those stupid reasons; I was hoping you wouldn't mind if I told you.”

“No, I didn't mind at all,” Jack assured her. “Well, it's all for the best.” He overcame the choking feeling and plunged ahead: “I'm glad you're here, not at Stimson-Beamish, and I—I'm really glad to see you again. Uh—especially now that you look like this.”

Desiree's shy, but shining, smile melted Jack's heart. He had to know all. "So, uh, are you really a *kabavoomish* yourself?" he asked her. "I mean, do you actually serve as a *sub* for a real woman, for men who don't have one?"

"Actually, I never have—not yet," Desiree admitted. "But I'd love to—for the right man." Jack could see her chubby little breasts rising and falling with deep emotion.

"Well, uh, you know, I'm not gay, and I don't want gay sex," Jack said. "But as long as that's understood—well, I guess I'd be pretty glad if I turned out to be the right man. I mean—well, there's a lot more to love than sex, and a lot of people love each other in a lot of ways without having sex." He looked again at the one-year-old boy, now resting contentedly in his mother's arms.

"That's certainly true." Desiree gently touched Jack's arm, and his heart thrilled at her touch, even while the thrill clashed with revulsion at being touched by a gay. He really was starting, though barely and reluctantly starting, to forget that Desiree had something under her skirt he didn't want to think about.

"I'd be really glad if you did turn out to be the right man," Desiree softly said, almost to Jack's disbelief. "And a good *kabavoomish* would never try to lead the right man into gay sex, if he didn't want it. The life of a *kabavoomish* is to be helpful to her man, not to demand sex from him." She paused, and then went on: "That's what the Great Spirit created the *kabavoomish* for: to help a man who doesn't have a real woman. The Great Spirit helps everyone who turns to him for help, and sometimes he helps a man without a woman by sending a *kabavoomish*."

Jack's heart was hers. He would love Desiree, if not forever, at least for as long as he had no real woman. He would kiss her and caress her when the time came, just as if she *were* a real woman. Only when it came to what was under her skirt would he stop short.

Jack laughed and took Desiree's hand in his own. "Are you sure that's not just a primitive superstition, and totally opposed to gay equality in every way?" he asked.

Desiree laughed too, more softly, and squeezed Jack's hand. "I'm pretty sure it's not really," she said, "but actually, I have to admit I don't know and I don't care!"

Desiree almost skipped into her apartment-style dorm suite, her heart brimming with delight.

"What's the good news?" her roommate, Tish Sweetwash, asked her.

"Oh, I just got reacquainted with a very nice young man I knew in high school," Desiree said, "and we hit it off very well!"

"Good for you," Tish said, "but only if he's far superior to your average shemale-fancier or sissy-lover!" Like Desiree, Tish was transgendered, but she had so far been unlucky in love. Desiree secretly wondered if it was because Tish was too slutty. Generous portions of her hormone-enhanced breasts were almost always on view, and her appearance as a whole was suggestive of a neon sign flashing, "I WANT SEX!"

“Actually, I think he is,” Desiree said. “I guess it’s too early to tell for sure, but it looks pretty promising to me.”

“Well, you’re a sweetheart,” Tish kindly said. “I hope he deserves you.”

“I hope so,” Desiree said, “and I hope I deserve *him*, too!”

Desiree quietly studied and ate dinner; then, after studying some more, she retired to her bedroom. She would try her best, she hoped, to be a kind and faithful sweetheart for Jack, if he really wanted her—but she wondered what she was going to do about her frightfully strong sexual feelings if she didn’t have sex with Jack. She had always been small for her age, and she hadn’t started ejaculating until she was almost 14, but after that she had made up for lost time. Now, at 19, she must have masturbated like a girl well over a thousand times—never like a boy, for she had been girlish in feelings and fancies from an early age, before she ever ejaculated.

She tried to open herself to the Great Spirit, to receive the solution to her problem from on high. Soon, she felt, she had it. She would try not to be as crazed about sexual experience as she had often been before, when she had desperately craved the overwhelming excitement and release of orgasm, and had masturbated like a girl almost every night. She would simply go about her life. If her sexual feelings happened to overwhelm her from time to time, she would accept it as simply a part of life, and quickly move on.

She was afraid her sexual feelings would overwhelm her this very evening, for she was bursting with desire for Jack now that she had met him again. He actually liked her, and he had asked her for a

date. They would attend a concert of the Pacific Heights University Student Orchestra this Saturday evening. After that, Desiree was sure she would let Jack kiss her, if he wished. Her heart would beat hard for him, and her clitoris would probably arise beneath her skirt. What would happen then, in fact, would be a great deal like what was happening now.

Deeply Desiree sighed. She would need a shower, she decided. She would get very, very clean—and if she happened to be overwhelmed in the course of getting clean, that would be simply a part of life.

She pulled off her top and opened her front-hook bra, baring her little breasts. Her pointy little nipples were already fully erect. As so often happened, her nipples were even more eager to get erections than her clitoris. She could hardly keep from touching them, but she forced herself not to. It would happen in due time, when she was in the shower.

She pulled off her sandals, and stripped off her skirt and her panties in a single move. Her short, stout clitoris had already attained its full length of three and a half inches, and its big bulb was already swollen with excitement. She tried to stay as nearly cool and calm as possible while she wrapped a big bath towel around herself, covering everything from her breasts down to her thighs. Then she emerged from her bedroom, walked to the bathroom, opened the towel, entered the shower, and turned on the warm water.

Her clitoris had to be hidden between her legs, of course. She bent over at the waist and pressed it down, overcoming the resistance from its hardness. Then she stood up as nearly straight as possible and began to shampoo her hair.

Soon she was washing under her arms, and then getting her wet breasts very clean. Her hands were caressing and clutching them, until she quickly moved on and downward. She slipped a soapy washcloth between her thighs; soon it was her clitoris that was getting exceptionally clean. Lingeringly she stroked her short shaft and her big bulb between her legs, first with the washcloth, then with her bare hand. Yes, she knew what was going to happen now, and she would accept it as simply a part of life, bestowed upon her by the goodness of the Great Spirit.

She grasped her breasts with both hands and clutched her clitoris with her thighs, rubbing her legs back and forth against each other with her clitoris between them, claspng her clitoris tightly while pumping her hips, but trying to be as nearly dignified about it as possible. In due time, while not remaining superbly dignified, she found release, feeling her semen spurting forth from her bulb beneath her girlish buttocks, behind her thighs. She gave a deep sigh of relief, and gave silent thanks to the Great Spirit. Then she quickly concluded her shower and moved on.

Jack's thoughts were filled to the brim with Desiree as he entered his apartment alone. She was such an incredibly lovely girl, or a lovely little woman—and yet she was not a woman at all beneath her skirt! He had an erection at the very thought of her, and yet he must never have sex with her, for it would be gay sex if he did! What was Jack ever to do?

He was determined not to jack off. He felt, somehow, as if it would be a betrayal of Desiree, it would be cheating on her, if he jacked off. He had rapidly

fallen in love with her already, and he would be faithful to his love—but how?

Jack almost wished he were a Christian, so he could pray to God for help in being faithful to Desiree. He wasn't a Christian, but he remembered what Desiree had said about the Great Spirit, whom the old-time Quoheemish believed in as their God. Obviously you didn't have to be a Christian to believe in the Great Spirit. Desiree had said the Great Spirit helped everyone who turned to him for help. Jack wondered if the Great Spirit might even help *him*, if he begged for help.

He felt more than a bit silly, but he really needed to do it, so he did it. "O Great Spirit," he murmured, "you created Desiree as a *kabavoomish*, to help me and love me faithfully—I hope! Help me to love her faithfully too, and keep me from cheating and wasting myself by jacking off."

Strangely, Jack felt inspired to strip and lie face up on his bed, offering up his nudity, his big bare breasts, and his erection to the Great Spirit. This he quickly did. "O Great Spirit," he begged again, with his big nipples erect and his eight-inch penis sticking straight up, "help me be a good man for Desiree! Help me never cave in to the urge to jack off! Help me give her all the love she deserves!"

Jack's erection stayed up for a long time, while he tried to be calm and not dismayed by it. At last it began to go down. A great sigh of relief arose from Jack's heart when his penis lay limp, and he silently gave thanks to the Great Spirit.

On Saturday evening, after the concert, Jack and Desiree walked across campus in the brisk spring air, hand in hand. The orchestra had played beautiful classical music, lively but not excessively noisy, with no atonal trash or other monstrosities. Beneath the only evening gown she owned, a high-necked royal blue one, Desiree's plump little breasts rose and fell in anticipation. Jack was walking her home; they were approaching Desiree's dorm. The time was drawing near for Jack to kiss her—if he did want to kiss her.

She looked up with delight at Jack's big, stout, honest face and his boyish brown eyes as he said, "Hey, Desiree, this was great. Uh, would you like to go out again sometime soon?"

"I'd love to," Desiree forthrightly told him. "Just say when."

"Well, how about dinner and dancing?" Jack said. "I noticed the Student Ballroom Dancing Society is holding their spring ball next weekend."

"Oh, how lovely!" Desiree said. "That's perfect!"

Jack, too, was breathing deeply. "I'm really glad you want to go with me," he said. "And, uh, thanks for all your help. You're a—a great *kabavoomish*."

"Oh, I'm so glad you think so!" Desiree's heart leaped high. Could Jack really be falling in love with her? She dared not imagine it, not yet—and yet, she could not help thinking, it might be more than merely imaginable someday!

“You know,” Jack said, “I never used to believe in God or anything like that, but I actually think I’m starting to believe in the Great Spirit, like the old-time Quoheemish did—and like *you* do. I’ve even—well, I don’t know if you’d call it *praying* exactly, but I’ve asked the Great Spirit to help me, and it seemed to me like he did.”

“Oh, really? Uh—that’s wonderful!” Desiree wondered, and she had to ask: “What did the Great Spirit help you with—if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Well, uh—” Desiree could see Jack swallowing hard. “It was something pretty personal, but—uh, if you really want to know—“

Desiree drew closer to him and looked into his eyes. “Only if you really want to tell me,” she said.

Incredibly, Jack put both his big hands on Desiree’s bare shoulders and drew her even closer to him. “Yes, I do,” he said. “You see—well, this may seem awfully sudden, but I’ve been falling in love with you.”

Desiree’s heart was his. She put her arms around him and held him close above the waist, though she discreetly held back her nether regions, and she could see that he was doing the same. “It may be sudden for *you*,” she said, “but it’s not sudden for *me*.”

Jack let go her shoulders and clasped her face in his hands. “You mean,” he said, “you were hoping this would happen?”

“Yes, I was.” Desiree drew her face up closer to his. It must be quite obvious, she thought, that she would gladly accept a kiss from him.

Jack gazed down into her eyes, now very close. He gave a little laugh. “Uh—are you suggesting,” he said, “that you’re the kind of girl who would kiss a guy on their first date?”

“Only if the guy was *you*.” She smiled and stood on tiptoe to kiss him. Their lips met and stayed together for a good long while, though their tongues only delicately touched each other. Jack’s strong arms held Desiree tight, pressing her little breasts against him beneath his hidden big ones.

“Desiree, you’re the greatest,” Jack said when the kiss had ended at last. “Uh—I guess it’s OK if I tell you I love you.”

“Yes, it is,” Desiree assured him. “And I love *you*, Jack.”

Long they continued to embrace in silence. At last Desiree asked him, “Is *that* what the Great Spirit has been helping you with? Loving me—and saying so?”

“Well, yeah,” Jack said. “That, and trying to be as good as I can be for you.”

“You’re succeeding, as far as I can tell.” Desiree stood on tiptoe again and kissed Jack on the cheek.

“I sure hope so,” Jack said. “Uh, what I mean is, I used to masturbate a lot in my time—but when I realized I was falling in love with you, I started to think it would be, like, cheating on you to masturbate.” Desiree felt a hot blush suffusing her face. She hoped the evening light was not good enough for Jack to notice.

“So,” Jack said, “I asked the Great Spirit to help me, and it seemed like he did. I haven’t masturbated

for at least a week, since before I met you at the park. I know that might not seem like much—but, for me, it is.”

Desiree wished she could say the same, but she couldn’t—although it was true that she hadn’t indulged *again* in girlish masturbation, her only form of masturbation, since the evening of the day she met Jack in the park. “I’m really glad for you,” she said. “Uh—I have to admit I’ve had a problem with that kind of thing, too—but you’re right, it really is too much like cheating. Let’s ask the Great Spirit to help us *both* not cheat.”

“It’s a deal,” Jack said, shaking Desiree’s hand and kissing her on the cheek. “See you soon—my love.”

Chapter 3

Desiree searched diligently through the Movers and Shakers Thrift Shoppe, just off Pendragon Avenue near the edge of campus, to find a dress suitable for ballroom dancing. She knew from experience that you had to look through a lot of unsuitable items in a thrift shop to find a few good ones, but this time she wasn’t finding *any* good ones. At last, though, hidden behind some hideous-looking long dresses, she found one that might do—if only it were not quite so daring!

Desiree took the dress out and looked at it critically. It appeared to be her size, and it had a very pretty long, full skirt—but the shortage of material on top was striking. The dress was cream-colored, with spaghetti straps and a very low neckline. She would have to get a strapless bra with deep décolletage to go with it, Desiree could see—if she did get it. She wasn’t

at all sure she should get it, but she decided to try it on, just to see.

In the fitting room Desiree looked quite silly in the gown, since her regular bra with shoulder straps wasn't made to go with it at all. Still, imagining how she might look with a bra that didn't show, she thought she might look rather pretty. The dress did fit her fairly well, and it was the only one she could find that did—short of getting one new, which she could ill afford. Dresses like this were in style for ballroom dancing, after all. It wouldn't be as if Desiree, like Tish, were doing the equivalent of displaying a neon sign flashing “I WANT SEX”—not really. Desiree hoped Jack wouldn't see it as a neon sign and imagine she was trying to seduce him into gay sex.

She got the dress, and proceeded down the avenue to Les Beaux Extraordinaires, the well-known clothing shop that openly catered to crossdressers. “I need a strapless, padded A-cup bra to wear under this dress,” she told the salesman who promptly appeared to assist her. “Uh—my breasts are very small, not more than size AAA.”

“I think we've got just the thing,” the salesman said. He quickly produced a very low-cut, strapless push-up bra. “It's got secret compartments in the cups,” he said, “so you can put in any amount of padding you need—or actually, take out any amount you *don't* need. It comes with enough padding to make you look like you fill it out, even if you're actually totally flat.”

Desiree tried it on, removing a small amount of padding since she was not totally flat. The bra, while cut to leave open a generous amount of décolletage, was nevertheless a very effective push-up indeed, enhancing Desiree's delicate little cleavage to the maxi-

mum. She put the dress on over it and emerged from the fitting room.

“I think that will do the job,” the salesman said. “I can’t see a thing under your gown.”

“All right, I’ll take it,” Desiree said. She was already thinking of how to try to explain and rationalize her new, sexy appearance to Jack.

Wow! Jack thought when the time for ballroom dancing arrived and Desiree removed her coat. He had believed her when she promised she wasn’t going to try to lead him into gay sex if he didn’t want it—but, the way Desiree looked now, Jack suspected she might be trying to get him to want it. He wasn’t going to want it—at least, he was still pretty sure he wasn’t—but it was going to be harder not to want it, with Desiree dressed like *this* in his arms all evening.

“Uh, wow, Desiree, you look, uh, really lovely,” Jack stammered.

“Oh, thank you, Jack; I’m so glad you think so!” Desiree said. She was blushing, and her face still looked quite innocent, even if her breasts didn’t.

I thought you weren’t going to try to get me to have sex with you, Jack thought of saying, but he didn’t. It would embarrass Desiree, and he wanted to be as kind to his new beloved as he could.

The dancing soon began, and Desiree was in Jack’s arms, dancing close to him. She was a good dancer, although Jack wasn’t, and there were fairly few disasters. They danced the evening away, and

were among the last couples to leave. Jack had still succeeded in not wanting gay sex, so far.

Desiree took Jack's arm and they walked beneath the stars, a rare sight in cloudy Pacific Heights. They talked of this and that, as young lovers do, and then Desiree surprised Jack with a question.

"Jack," she said, "do you mind if I ask your honest opinion about something?"

"Uh, go ahead," said Jack. He suspected that girls sometimes asked for guys' honest opinions when they didn't really want them, but he hoped Desiree wasn't that kind of girl.

"Do you think this dress is too revealing?" Desiree asked.

"Uh—*well!*" Jack sputtered. He wasn't going to lie, but he would try to say something as nearly inoffensive as possible. "Well, uh, maybe a *little* too revealing," he acknowledged. "But I don't mind," he quickly added. "I mean, like I said, you look lovely in it."

"I'm glad you think so. I was—uh—I was a bit afraid you might think I was trying to attract you into having—having sex, and I'm really not. It's just that dresses like this are in style for ballroom dancing, and, uh, this was the only one I could find that fit me, and that I could afford."

"Be not ashamed, my dear; I know thou art no harlot," Jack said with a smile in archaic English.

Desiree laughed and responded in kind. "Didst thou think me a harlot, my love," she said, "I should indeed be sick with shame!"



“My shame, not thine, if I did think thee so false as thou couldst never be,” Jack assured her. “And now, let thy chaste kisses seal our love.”

Jack drew Desiree close to him and kissed her lips. This time their tongues lingered longer together than before. Jack was vividly aware of Desiree’s bare breast-tops and her cleavage, peeking out above her neckline. True, she was no harlot—but she was a very sexy girl now, and Jack was too susceptible to her charms. He was getting an erection. Worse yet, he was starting to imagine that gay sex with Desiree might not be so bad after all.

He had to pull his hips away right now, or Desiree would feel his erection through his trousers and her skirt. He had to—but he did not. His desire was growing too strong, and his will to resist too weak. His erection was touching Desiree, and he did not draw back, nor did she. More disturbing yet, he could feel her gently but distinctly pressing her hips closer to his.

Both he and she breathed deeply in silence. Jack’s will to resist was tottering. He lowered his hands to Desiree’s hips, becoming vividly aware of how well-formed and womanly they were—and his will to resist came crashing to the ground.

“Uh, Desiree,” Jack said when their long kiss had ended at last, “do you mind if I ask your honest opinion about something?”

Desiree laughed. “That would be only fair,” she said.

“Well, uh—I was thinking—if I did ever happen to, uh, want sex with you—uh, how do you think you would want to do it? I mean, if you *did* want to do it.”

Jack was sweating. “I mean, well, there are some kinds of gay sex that would be too revolting for me to consider—but I was thinking, maybe there are some kinds that wouldn’t.”

Desiree looked up at him and gently lowered her hands to his hips. “Well, I think there probably are,” she said, “I mean, if you *did* ever happen to want to do anything like that. Um, you might lie on top of me, with your you-know-what on my tummy. Or you might kneel behind me, and I could rub your you-know-what with one hand while I was on my other hand and my knees; that’s a lot like how the Quoheemish men usually did it with their women, entering them from behind. You could put your you-know-what between my legs from the front, standing up, when my you-know-what was hidden between my legs. Or, if you’d like to know something that would *really* fascinate me,” Desiree went on, “we could play male lesbians.”

“Uh, wow, it sounds like you’ve thought about this a lot,” Jack said.

“I have, I admit,” Desiree said. “But please, don’t let me draw you into anything you don’t really want.”

“I won’t, don’t worry,” Jack said. “But, uh—what’s this about male lesbians?”

“Well,” Desiree said, “you remember how we had to get nude in front of everyone in the shower room in high school.”

“I remember all too sickeningly well,” Jack said. “But what does that have to do with male lesbians? I didn’t see any of those in the shower room.”

“No,” Desiree said, “but, well, you know, everybody saw everything in there. Um, would you be embarrassed if I told you I thought you had really beautiful breasts? And I used to wonder if you ever pretended you were a girl, as I did?”

Jack stared. He was embarrassed indeed—but he wasn’t sure it would be a good idea to admit it. “Well,” he said, “I did sometimes pretend my, uh, my breasts were a girl’s breasts. And—well, if you really think they’re beautiful, I guess I don’t mind. But how do you play male lesbians?”

“Well, I’ve never really done it,” Desiree admitted, “but the idea is that we both hide our you-know-whats between our legs, and kiss each other’s breasts; then we intertwine our legs like lesbians making love, and that gives us orgasms when our you-know-whats are rubbing against each other’s legs.”

Jack was *really* embarrassed at the strength of his fascination with this outlandishly gay idea. He wasn’t ready for this at all. “Uh, that’s very interesting, I guess,” he said, “but I’m really, uh, not ready for any kind of gay sex—at least not yet.” He was sweating again at the implications of his words, which he was sure Desiree could see as well as he could: there would come a time when he *was* ready, fully ready, for gay sex with Desiree.

That time did not come soon. Desiree did not again arouse Jack by revealing any part of her bare breasts in public. Usually, she looked a lot like some of the prettiest, most nicely dressed moms in Varsity Village Park. Jack sure wasn’t going to have sex with the

moms, and he figured he could keep himself equally free from having sex with Desiree. Still, every now and then, Jack had to recall that every one of those moms—no matter how clean, decent, and even almost sexless they might look—had had sex. He couldn't shut out the thought that Desiree wanted to be like them in that way too.

Desperately Jack clung to his remaining aversion to gay sex, though he could feel the aversion draining away as his love for Desiree grew stronger. He was very fond of his chaste kisses and embraces with Desiree, and he wanted to prolong the time of innocent love as much as possible. He and Desiree together often begged the Great Spirit to help them be as kind and good and helpful as they could be in every way, and Jack begged for his innocent love of Desiree to endure. He remembered that he would have been perfectly (or almost perfectly) willing to restrain himself with Sarah, too, as long as he had even the faintest hope that she might marry him. Desiree, whom Jack was not going to marry at any time, never tried to push or pull Jack into gay sex—but Jack knew she wanted it. He had known for sure, ever since she pressed her hips closer to his erection on the night of the concert.

At last, in secret, Jack allowed his curiosity about playing male lesbians to get the better of him. He was nude in bed. His eight-inch “you-know-what” was rapidly approaching full length as he thought of Desiree, but it was still not hard enough to make it difficult to press it down between his legs. He lay on his side with his “you-know-what” and his balls sticking out behind his thighs, beneath his broad, plump butt. He rubbed and squeezed his big breasts, pretending Desiree was kissing them. He clenched his thighs tightly around his “you-know-what.” He was getting too excited, really fast. He had to stop, or

else he would cheat on Desiree by masturbating like a girl or a male lesbian—but he couldn't stop.

He slipped his hand and then his forearm between his thighs, pretending it was Desiree's leg intertwined between his own. His thighs gripped his forearm hard. His great bulb, as big as a plum if not a nectarine, was throbbing and spurting little warning shots in his hand. Soon, far too soon, the spurts were no longer little warning shots but great globs of semen, and Jack's hips were rumbling out of control.

Jack sighed in sadness. He had failed to keep from cheating. He had to face the thought, which he had been resisting for months, that there was only one reliable way to keep from cheating on Desiree by masturbating—and that Desiree herself would be very glad to see him take that one way out. His last drop of resistance to sex with Desiree had drained out of him with his last drop of semen. He loved Desiree, he loved her deeply, and soon he would make love with her.

One rainy autumn afternoon, when the wet many-colored leaves were falling from the trees while the cold, silent evergreens stood at unchanging attention, Jack invited Desiree to his apartment, ostensibly to share a pizza. They did share the pizza, a frozen cheese-only one enhanced with extra cheese, tomatoes, fresh mushrooms, black olives, green peppers, and so much pepperoni you could hardly see underneath. Then they sat on Jack's sofa with their arms around each other, begging the Great Spirit together to help them grow in goodness in every way.

Soon they were kissing. Jack's tongue explored more deeply into Desiree's mouth than it had done before, and Desiree's tongue eagerly responded with rapid thrusts. Then Jack signaled that he was ready to go farther, perhaps much farther, than he had gone before: he stroked Desiree's breast with his hand. True, most of what was in her A-cup bra was padding, but she pressed Jack's hand to her breast as fervently as if it had been as big as Jack's own breasts.

Slowly Desiree moved her hand toward Jack's breast, as if she were ready to back off at any time if he so desired. He did not so desire. When her hand reached his breast, he pressed it firmly to himself, and his lips and tongue signaled his growing excitement.

When their kiss ended at last, their hands remained on each other's breasts.

Jack had thought he might ask Desiree to play male lesbians—but, now that it came to the point, he didn't want to. Jack was a fully manly man, despite his big breasts, and he wanted to make love like a man with his dearly beloved *sub*, his beautiful substitute woman. “Uh—Desiree, you want to make love, don't you?” he awkwardly asked.

“Yes! Oh, yes!” Desiree assured him. “I—I've wanted to for so long, if *you* wanted to—but I didn't want to if you weren't ready!”

“I'm ready,” Jack said. “Let's go to bed.”

They entered Jack's bedroom, embraced, and kissed again, still fully clothed. While they were kissing, Jack reached up under Desiree's top and tried to unhook her bra—but he found himself frustrated, for

there were no hooks in back. Desiree herself quickly unhooked her bra in front and stripped it off with her top, leaving herself nude above the waist. Jack caressed her little breasts, making her breathe hard with excitement.

Desiree pulled her skirt and panties down, and pressed her short “you-know-what” into hiding between her legs, just as if she were going to play male lesbians. Jack rapidly stripped, but did not press his eight-incher into hiding. It stood out straight ahead of him. Desiree caressed it with admiration. “Ooh, it’s so big!” she gushed. “And so beautiful!”

“Let me lie down on top of you,” Jack begged. Desiree eagerly complied, lying on her back on the bed and opening her legs for Jack. He lay on top of his lovely little woman-substitute and pressed his big “you-know-what” tightly against her tummy, while her much smaller “you-know-what” was sticking up right beside his big one. He brought his hands together beneath him, just as he had used to do while masturbating and pretending he was making love with his dream girl, but now his hands were holding Desiree’s little “you-know-what” right next to his massive one.

“Oh, Desiree, I love you so much!” Jack said as he was thrusting against her tummy and rubbing her “you-know-what,” gently at first, but soon more vigorously.

“Jack, I love you! *I love you!*” Desiree murmured and moaned in response.

Desiree’s womanly hips were soon bucking hard in orgasm, and Jack felt her semen spurting onto him. He increased the power of his thrusts to the maximum, and soon his own semen was gushing out all

over her tummy and his. He kissed Desiree's face all over, assuring her again and again of his love. He had done it; he had engaged to the full in the once dreaded and detested deed of gay sex—and he had loved it more than any other experience in his life, because he loved Desiree.

Chapter 4

Jack and Desiree sat close together on their favorite bench in Varsity Village Park. Now juniors at the U, they were studying, to be sure, for classes in their respective majors: Jack in electrical engineering, Desiree in history. While studying, though, they often looked up at the moms, dads, and kids. They were still lovers; fully a year and a half had passed since they first made love. By now they had tried every position Desiree had suggested and more, including playing male lesbians and doing it the old Quoheemish way, but they always returned to the way they had done it the very first time, with their “you-know-whats” rubbing tightly together between their tummies.

Every now and then—including now, when the parents and children were giving visible evidence of the Great Spirit's work in the transmission of life—Jack wondered about his future life. He wondered whether he would ever be a dad himself, married to a real woman—or whether he and Desiree, his dearly beloved “sub,” would simply remain lovers for life. His heart belonged to Desiree, and yet she had promised to bow out if Jack decided to unite with a real woman. Would it really be as easy, and as nearly painless, as Desiree had made it seem—if it ever happened?

A call came in on Jack's cell phone. "Hello?" he said.

"Hi, Jack," said the voice on the other end. "This is Sarah Liebloss."

"Oh!" Jack exclaimed. He wasn't sure if Desiree could hear, and he wasn't at all sure he wanted her to hear. "Uh, hi! Hey, um, long time no see! What's going on?"

"Well, I was wondering if you might like to get together and talk sometime. I've been doing a lot of thinking, and—well, I've changed my mind about a lot of things."

Jack's mind raced wildly to grasp the implications. Had Sarah stopped being a Christian? If so, might they pick up where they had left off? Might they even get married someday? But then—what about Desiree?

"Uh, like what things?" Jack asked.

"Well, I'd prefer to talk about them in person, if you don't mind," Sarah said. "I was thinking we might get together for lunch sometime."

"Uh, well, OK," Jack said. He was going to have to talk about a time when he would meet Sarah, and then he was going to have to tell Desiree about it. He didn't want to, but he had to.

"How about tomorrow?" Jack suggested.

"Yes, that would be good," Sarah said. "Do you like The Decencies?"

“Sure,” Jack said, remembering the pleasant meals he and Desiree had occasionally shared at that unpretentious little restaurant with checkered tablecloths and a vase of flowers on each table. They efficiently agreed to meet there at noon tomorrow.

Jack ended the call. He and Desiree sat in silence. He knew her eyes were on him, and he would have to speak.

“Uh, that was Sarah Lieblöss,” Jack said. “Remember her, from high school?”

“Yes, I certainly do,” Desiree said. Her face looked apprehensive—or was it only Jack’s too-vivid imagination that made it seem so?

“Well, she asked me to get together with her and talk, and I said I would.”

“Oh.” Desiree was silent. She looked away. “Well—uh—have a good conversation with her, then.”

“Thanks.” Jack wanted to assure Desiree that his conversation wouldn’t be about anything that might lead to Desiree bowing out in favor of Sarah—but he couldn’t, because he didn’t know it wouldn’t.

Earnestly, desperately, Desiree tried to keep her heart right with the Great Spirit. Maybe Jack and Sarah would just renew an old acquaintance and no more—but maybe there would be more. If so—if there was *much* more—then Desiree would have to bow out. It had seemed so easy to talk about it, when she

wasn't deeply in love with Jack. Now that she was, it was almost unbearable to think about.

Desiree's heart kept wanting to go wrong, terribly wrong. She wanted to keep Jack for herself alone, for all her life. She wanted to compete with Sarah for Jack's affections, if need be, and to win the competition. She wanted to give Jack her whole self, her life, everything a substitute woman could ever give a man—everything except for the one thing that only a real woman could give, the sacred union in which the Great Spirit came down to earth to create new life.

Desiree tried to force herself not to cry, but she failed. She would do it, she determined, if she really had to: she would set Jack free to enter the sacred union with a real woman. But if she did *not* have to—then she would never, never, *never* let Jack go!

“Hello, Jack,” Sarah said when Jack arrived at The Decencies. She was waiting for him on the little bench near the entrance. She arose, standing almost as tall as Jack, and shook his hand. “It's good to see you again.”

“Um, it's good to see you, too,” said Jack. It really was, he thought. Sarah still wasn't exactly pretty, but she was nicer-looking than she used to be. She had paid some attention to her eyebrows; they were still black and prominent, but they weren't as Brezhnev-like as before. Her long, wavy black hair was neatly held back in a ponytail. Her full, even sensual-looking lips had seemed incongruous when she was a Christian, but they didn't seem so now. Her form-fitting pink top suggested that it would be OK with her if Jack saw the exact size and shape of her

fascinating little breasts, no matter how tiny they might be; in high school she had often worn loose-fitting shirts that made her seem to have no breasts at all, which Jack found repellent. Her hips and legs, Jack saw distinctly in a quick glance down, were still very fine; she would have been a beauty queen if the rest of her had looked as good as they did. Her flower-printed skirt looked a lot like the one Desiree had worn when Jack first saw her dressed as a girl, but it didn't come down so far; it stopped just above Sarah's knees, letting Jack see her strong-looking but shapely calves.

Jack quickly ripped his eyes away from Sarah's legs, up past her hips and her breasts to her face. They walked together to a little round table, with a checkered tablecloth and flowers of course, and ordered from the menu.

"Well," Jack said as they waited for their meal, "you wanted to talk, so let's talk. You said you've changed your mind about a lot of things. Like what?"

"Oh," Sarah said, "like being a Christian, for example. I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I had to realize I didn't really know *why* I should believe the Bible. At last I had to admit I didn't really believe everything in it."

"Oh!" Jack exclaimed. That wasn't too long for such a total turn-around, he thought: Sarah had gone from a staunch Bible-believing Christian, who would actually reject a guy for not being a Christian, to a non-believer in less than three years—actually less than *two* years, since she had still been a Christian at the end of her freshman year. Jack sure wasn't going to object, though.

“Well,” he said, “I seem to recall, *that* was the big thing that was keeping us apart. Are you suggesting that maybe—it shouldn’t keep us apart any more, since it’s not *there* to keep us apart?”

Sarah gave him a shy, winning smile. “No, *you’re* suggesting it,” she said. “Aren’t you?”

Jack opened his eyes wide. Was this the beginning of his new life? A life with a real woman, and someday with children? And—Jack had to think—a life without Desiree?

Jack hesitated, but then grinned. If this was his big chance, he had to take it—and take it *boldly*, too—but he wouldn’t tell Desiree about it, not yet.

“Well, now that you mention it,” Jack said, looking straight at Sarah’s deep, receptive gray eyes, “yes, I am!”

In the matter of dating, Jack followed in his own footsteps: he took Sarah to hear the Student Orchestra, just as he had done with Desiree two years before. Sarah wore a little black sleeveless dress, cut low enough on top to show that, despite the smallness of her breasts, she did have a bit of delectable-looking cleavage. The dress stopped short of her knees, too, so that Jack was repeatedly distracted from the music by glances at Sarah’s legs during the concert. *She’s trying to be attractive to me*, Jack thought, *and she’s succeeding!*

After the concert, Jack and Sarah walked in the spring air just as Jack and Desiree had done, but now the air was unseasonably warm—or did it just

seem so to Jack because of his awakening feelings for Sarah? Jack didn't know, but he did know that his feelings were wide awake soon after Sarah began to speak.

"Thank you very much, Jack," Sarah said. "The music was beautiful. Thank you so much for inviting me—and thank you for being *available* to invite me."

"Uh, you're welcome," Jack said. "Any time."

"I guess I'm very surprised," Sarah went on, "that you haven't already been snapped up by some lovely young lady."

Well, actually, I was snapped up a couple of years ago by a lovely young lady with something special under her skirt! Of course Jack could not say such a thing to Sarah—but what *could* he say? "Uh," he said, "well, I guess maybe the Great Spirit was saving me for you—and you for me."

Sarah's gray eyes grew great, looking at Jack with unfeigned interest. "The Great Spirit?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah." Now Jack would have to explain—and he couldn't do it without mentioning Desiree. "It's what the old-time Quoheemish people used to believe in as their God. I, uh, have a friend who's really interested in the old Quoheemish ways, and we ask the Great Spirit to help us live a good life." There, that was good. Nothing was said about the old Quoheemish ways of the *kabavoomish*, the incredibly desirable substitute woman who made love with a man who had no real woman.

"Oh, that's fascinating!" Sarah said, and she obviously meant it. "I still have to think there's a God,

even if he didn't really write the Bible. Do you think I could meet your friend sometime?"

"Uh, sure, maybe sometime." He didn't say, or mean, sometime very soon.

"Well," Sarah ventured to say, "maybe the Great Spirit did—uh—mean us to find each other again." She stood still, facing Jack. "I never told you about this, Jack, and I hope it's not a bad idea to tell you now—but I loved you when we were in high school, although I was afraid to show it. It was very painful for me to tell you I wasn't going to see you any more because you weren't a Christian. You were sweet and kind to me like no one else. I hope it's—not unimaginable that you might be again."

"It's not unimaginable at all," Jack said, his heart swelling with feeling for Sarah. He touched her face with one hand, then the other, and held her face while he gazed into her eyes. Then his lips met hers, and lingered.

He would have to tell Desiree something about this, Jack thought. He couldn't go on not telling her about it forever—but maybe he could put it off just a little longer.

A little longer turned out to be only a *very* little longer. Sarah was extremely interested in meeting Jack's friend who was interested in the old Quoheemish ways, and Jack must not suggest that there was any reason why he didn't want Sarah to meet his friend. So it was that, very soon, Sarah met Desiree in Jack's apartment.

“Sarah, this is my friend Desiree,” Jack said. “Desiree, this is my friend Sarah.” He said it with a perfectly straight face, just as if Desiree had never met Sarah before.

The pretense that they had never met lasted all of a few seconds. “Hello, Desiree, I’m very glad to meet you,” Sarah said, shaking Desiree’s hand. Looking closely at Desiree, she asked, “Haven’t I seen you somewhere before?”

No, I don’t think so! That would have been the best answer as far as Jack was concerned, but of course he couldn’t have instructed Desiree to say it; she was far too honest. No matter what, she would have said exactly what she did say: “Yes, at Rutland Ridge High School. We were both in the Honor Society.”

Sarah seemed taken aback. “Are you sure?” she asked. “I don’t remember you.” She looked even more closely, and her eyes opened wider. Almost at once they were extremely wide. “*Oh!*” Sarah cried. “You—you look like David Ballmoore!”

“There’s a good reason for that,” Desiree said with a smile. “Hello again, Sarah.”

Sarah stared. “Uh—your new look doesn’t have anything to do with the old Quoheemish ways, does it?” she asked. “Jack told me you were, uh, very interested in the old Quoheemish ways.”

Again Jack wished Desiree would tell a falsehood, but he knew she wouldn’t.

“Actually, it has a lot to do with them,” Desiree said. “The old Quoheemish believed the Great Spirit made some people to be what they called *kabavoomish*, which means a ‘male woman’—a man

who plays the part of a woman. You might say I'm a modern-day *kabavoomish*." At least Desiree didn't say what a *kabavoomish* did for a man who had no woman, Jack thought. He would have breathed a tremendous sigh of relief, if it wouldn't have given him away.

"Uh—I see," Sarah said. If she wondered about the secret life of a *kabavoomish*, she was too polite to ask—Jack hoped. Instead she said, "Well, Jack said you worship the Great Spirit, as the old Quoheemish did. Could you tell me about it?"

"Sure," Desiree said. "The old Quoheemish didn't know anything about the Bible or anything like that, of course, but they did believe in the creator of the universe, the Great Spirit. They believed all life was sacred because the Great Spirit created it, but there were different degrees of sacredness. Human life was the most sacred, because human beings were the most like the Great Spirit of any creatures. The Great Spirit smiled on people who were good and kind, and frowned on those who weren't. Even if that wasn't always obvious in this life, they believed, it would be perfectly obvious in the next."

"Well, that's not *entirely* different from what I've been told before," Sarah said.

"I didn't think it would be," Desiree said. "And, because human beings were the most like the Great Spirit, the union of a man and a woman, for the transmission of human life, was one of the most sacred things there were." Jack could see it was costing Desiree some effort to say that to Sarah, but she said it anyway.

"That's beautiful," Sarah said. "But—how did the *kabavoomish* fit into the old Quoheemish way of life?"

Jack was on edge. He didn't know how Desiree could answer that question without starting to give away something that must never be given away.

"Well," Desiree said, honest as always, "the *kabavoomish*, they believed, was created by the Great Spirit to give comfort, and affection—and love—to men who had no real woman."

Sarah was silent. A chill, a shadow, a hint of something dreadful, seemed to come upon her face and remain. "I see," she said at last. Jack felt sick. In Sarah's next question, he saw the onrush of disaster. "Does Jack have a real woman? I mean, not including me, of course?"

"No," Desiree said. "I don't believe he does."

More than a hint of something dreadful was now to be clearly seen in Sarah's face. "I really think I have to ask this," she said. "Have *you* given comfort, and affection—and *love*—to Jack?"

This was total disaster. All would come out, right now. Fervently Jack wished he could simply put a stop to it, right now, before Desiree revealed the truth—but he couldn't. *Shut up! That's none of your business! Desiree, don't answer that!* he felt like shouting—but he knew it would do no good.

"Yes, I have," Desiree said.

"And did that comfort, affection, and love include *homosexual activity*?" Sarah's black brows looked like thunderclouds about to shoot forth lightning.

"Yes, it did."

Dead silence ensued, not thunder and lightning. Sarah's face seemed to turn almost as gray as her eyes. She breathed silently, pursing her lips and blinking her eyes.

"Well," Sarah said at last, rising with even more than her usual dignity, "I think that's all that needs to be said right now. Perhaps we will—discuss this further on another occasion." She quietly turned around and strode out of the apartment.

Desiree looked at Jack with evident apprehension. Now it was she who was blinking her eyes. Jack thought she was starting to cry.

"Jack, I'm sorry!" Desiree said. "I wish I hadn't had to say those things, but—I had to tell the truth!"

Jack closed his eyes. He might actually cry too, he feared. The irony was too bitter for him to bear: he had lost his great chance for a real woman's love, all because of the truth!

"Please forgive me, Jack," Desiree begged in a still, small voice.

Jack opened his eyes. "There's nothing to forgive," he assured her. "You did what you had to do. I was the one who wanted lies instead of the truth."

"I wasn't *trying* to drive her away."

"No, I didn't think you were."

Desiree moved closer to Jack, as if she wanted to try to comfort him, but was afraid. Jack had to assure her that he still loved her. "Well," he said, "it looks like I'm still in need of the assistance of a *kabavoomish*—and I couldn't imagine a better one

than you!” He put his arm around her, and then his other arm. They did not kiss, but they embraced in silence for a long, long time.

In her dorm suite that evening, Desiree tried hard to juggle three big, heavy balls at once: studying; lending as sympathetic an ear as possible to Tish’s predictable complaints about the dearth of decent men, with the usual asides on how lucky Desiree was to have landed Jack; and looking deep into her own heart, with the Great Spirit’s help. Fortunately, Tish’s complaints did not long endure, at least not this time, and Desiree could temporarily lessen her attention to her studies to meet the pressing demands of her heart.

She really could not have refused to answer Sarah’s questions, she thought—or could she? Had she really answered them in hope of repelling Sarah and keeping Jack for herself alone? A good *kabavoomish* would never do such a thing—but Desiree had to admit she was not really such a good *kabavoomish* as she wished she were.

Too well Desiree remembered the old Quoheemish teaching that resounded in her heart: the worst shame for a *kabavoomish* was to lead a man away from the sacred union with a real woman. To keep children from being born, though not as bad as killing them, was not far better. Like killing, it was taking away the Great Spirit’s greatest gift, human life.

I did nothing but tell the truth! Desiree tried to defend herself against the frightful inward accusation of defying the Great Spirit—but she feared the defense was weak, and would not succeed. What if tell-

ing the truth would lead a man away from the sacred union? Which was the greater shame: to conceal the truth when it didn't need to be told, or to condemn new life to nothingness? The question seemed to answer itself. Concealing the truth was not lying, which would kill the truth within you; it could simply be *not intruding* needless, useless, harmful truths where they didn't belong.

That was what Desiree had done: intruded truths in the wrong place, at the wrong, wrong time. She knew it now, even if she hadn't known it at the time. By doing it, she had driven Jack and Sarah apart. It would be painful to try to bring them back together—perhaps unbearably painful, she feared—and she didn't even know if it was possible. Still, if she could ever see the way, she must try. In silence, in the depths of her aching heart, Desiree begged the Great Spirit to help her see the way.

Chapter 5

In the days that followed, Jack and Desiree seemed almost to return to the days of innocent affection before they had made love. Jack's heart still yearned for Sarah, and he didn't feel like making love with Desiree, but he did strongly desire the comfort of her chaste embraces and tender kisses. Surely they would make love again at the right time, Jack thought—but the right time didn't seem to arrive for weeks.

Before it arrived, Jack was surprised to get a text message from Sarah. "Jack, I think the time has come to discuss things further," she wrote. "May I come to your apartment this evening?"

Jack didn't know what to think. Was Sarah going to chew him out for engaging in homosexual activity with Desiree? It didn't seem likely; Sarah would probably think that was beneath her dignity. But, if not that, what could she possibly have in mind? An apology, a reconciliation? Jack's heart beat hard in hope at the thought, but also in fear that it might not happen.

There was only one way to find out for sure, Jack thought. "Sure," he wrote. "About seven?"

Sarah soon confirmed that this would be acceptable, and Jack was left to wonder what would happen.

Promptly at seven, Sarah appeared at Jack's door. Jack's eyes opened wide at the sight of her. Her long, wavy black hair, neatly brushed, hung down upon her shoulders. Her pink top was the same one she had worn at The Decencies, but Jack's eyes bulged at what was underneath it—or rather what *wasn't* underneath it. Incredibly, Sarah wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts were as small as ever, but her nipples were surprisingly big, and they were sticking out. Equally incredible was her extra-short skirt, showing generous portions of her stunning-looking legs. Jack could hardly have been more astounded if Sarah had worn a neon sign screaming, "I WANT SEX!"

"Hello, Jack," Sarah said. "May I come in?" Her voice was as dignified as ever, but it sounded tense, as if she were trying with all her might to keep conflicting feelings strictly under control.

"Uh, sure," Jack said. "Be my guest." Sarah entered the apartment and sat down on the sofa. Jack sat next to her. She clasped her hands tight above her largely bare legs.

“What would you like to discuss?” Jack asked, after Sarah hadn’t said anything for several seconds.

“Well,” Sarah said, “I’ve been thinking about what was said during my last visit, when Desiree was here. I was—I was shocked to learn that you had been engaging in homosexual activity with Desiree. But when I thought about it, I wasn’t sure I should have been shocked. I should have understood that you—you had strong s—sexual needs that needed to be fulfilled. And if you didn’t find that you could fulfill them with a real woman, you might easily be tempted to fulfill them with a—a substitute, a *kabavoomish*—and you might succumb to the temptation.”

“Yeah, I sure might, and I did,” Jack admitted. There was no harm in saying so now, after everything had come out.

Sarah swallowed hard. “Well, it hasn’t been easy for me to admit this,” she said, “but you’re certainly not the only one with such—uh—strong sexual needs. I—I have them too, and now I’m prepared to satisfy yours. I’ve taken the necessary precautions. I—we—we could m—make love tonight, if you want to.”

Jack’s astonishment grew greater than he could have imagined. Sarah was flinging herself at him with all her might, practically begging him to have sex with her right now. She had decided to offer herself as a substitute for a *kabavoomish*—a sub for a sub!

“Uh—are you—you’re still a virgin, aren’t you?” Jack stammered.

“Yes,” Sarah said. “But I don’t need to stay one. I’m ready. I love you, Jack—and I want to save you from homosexuality.”

Now it was Jack’s turn to try to keep wildly conflicting feelings under control, and he wasn’t succeeding well. Here was his unbelievable chance to have sex with Sarah right now, and she was strongly attracting him! He was getting a big erection already, and she was obviously hot for him too! What was to keep him from going ahead and doing it with her right now? What, other than a vague, crazy feeling that he would be cheating on Desiree—and maybe on the Great Spirit, too, and incredibly, even on Sarah herself—by degrading a real woman to the level of a *sub*, a *kabavoomish*, or even below?

Jack groped for words. “Uh, Sarah,” he said, “I love you too, and—I was kind of hoping we might get married someday.” He was sweating. He hoped he wasn’t going to say the wrong thing, but he had to say what he meant. “But you really can’t save me from homosexuality,” he ventured to say, “by turning yourself into a—a *functional equivalent* of a homosexual, or a cheap substitute for one!”

It was the wrong thing to say, or at least Sarah obviously thought it was. Her jaw dropped, and her wide-open eyes showed her rapidly mounting outrage. “I came here,” she said, “prepared to give myself to you *fully*, as a woman *should* give herself fully to a man she deeply loves—and you slap me in the face by calling me a *functional equivalent of a homosexual*, or a *cheap substitute* for one?”

Jack had never seen Sarah anywhere near this angry. He had to keep calm himself, or she would explode and he would never see her again—but he couldn’t go back on his words, for he was convinced

they were true. “I didn’t mean it as a slap in the face,” he said, as calmly and kindly as possible. “But you’ve got to see that you’re proposing to serve as a mere substitute for a *kabavoomish*—and an *inferior* substitute, too. For sex without babies, you can’t beat a *kabavoomish*, and the *kabavoomish* doesn’t even have to take poison to keep the babies from coming. Being a male as well as a female, the *kabavoomish* has a far better understanding of men’s sexual needs. It’s only when it comes to having babies that a real woman has something a *kabavoomish* can never have. If you take that away, you’ve got to see, you’re basically the same as a *kabavoomish*—at best!”

Sarah did not actually explode, but Jack was pretty sure he would never see her again anyway. “Well, if that’s the way you look at it,” she said, rising with the utmost dignity, “I think you had just better stay with your dearly beloved little *kabavoomish* for the rest of your life!” She strode out of Jack’s apartment. She did not slam the door, but she closed it audibly and decisively, as if to signify that a solid, impenetrable door between their two lives was closing forever.

Jack stared at the door. He was starting to cry. That would never do. He had to take Sarah up on her invitation, to take comfort from Desiree, as soon as possible. “Well, if that’s the way you look at it,” he muttered, “I *will* stay with my dearly beloved little *kabavoomish* for the rest of my life!”

He called Desiree at once. “Desiree,” he said, “I need you. Can you come over, please? As soon as possible?”

“Oh, yes, Jack! If you need me, I’ll come right away!” Desiree said. “I’ll be right over!”

“Ah, your lover boy is in need of your sweet caresses, your kisses and embraces, and all that?” said Tish. “I’m green with envy—but you deserve him, sweetheart, so he’s all yours!”

“He’s in need of *something*,” Desiree said. “I’m going to go find out what.”

“Well, I want a full report when you’ve found out!” Tish said with a laugh.

Desiree was wearing a red-and-white gingham blouse and a plain knee-length denim skirt, but her feet were bare in the carpeted dorm suite. She put on some white crew socks and running shoes, said “See you later” to Tish, and went out into the fresh, slightly chilly spring air. After striding rapidly across campus and out onto Pendragon Avenue, she arrived at Jack’s apartment.

“Oh, Desiree, thank you!” Jack greeted her as soon as he opened the door. “I love you!” He embraced Desiree and kissed her deeply on the mouth, more deeply than he had done for weeks. “I need you, Desiree,” he repeated when the kiss had ended. “It’s been far too long since we made love. I’m bursting. Can you please help me? You’ll help me, won’t you?”

“Oh, yes, I’d love to!” Desiree said. Truth to tell, she was bursting too. With the Great Spirit’s help, she had successfully kept herself from cheating since she and Jack had last made love—before Sarah had called Jack, weeks ago now. She wondered what had

happened to cause this great and sudden change in Jack's attitude—but she figured she would do better to wait to find out until after they made love.

“Let's do it the old Quoheemish way,” Jack said as soon as they entered the bedroom.

“Oh, yes!” Desiree said. They kissed again, and she trembled with desire when Jack put his hands on her womanly hips. Almost as soon as his hands were on her hips, he pulled her skirt and panties down while her blouse and her bra were still on. Quickly Desiree reached down and pressed her erect clitoris into hiding between her legs.

“Get down. Quick. Please!” Jack begged, pulling his pants down at top speed. Still wearing her blouse, her bra, and her socks and shoes, Desiree knelt down and leaned forward on her hands. Jack reached between her legs and stroked her clitoris, pulling it backward and down. Then he mounted her from behind and pressed his erect penis forward between her legs. Desiree, knowing well what to do, reached down with one hand and began to rub his penis while pumping her hips, pretending her hand, her forearm, and her tummy were her vagina, which Jack was entering from behind as the old Quoheemish men had entered their women.

Jack reached forward under Desiree's blouse, unhooked her front-hook bra, and caressed her little breasts without removing her blouse and bra. When his excitement mounted toward its climax, he reached back and down to rub Desiree's clitoris. Desiree united fully with him as his mighty thrusts shot semen deep into what passed for her vagina, while her clitoris in his hand made her squeal with delight as she ejaculated too.

They stripped fully and showered together after making love; then they sat on Jack's sofa, drinking hot lemonade with honey. "Desiree, thanks so much for coming," Jack said. "I really need you—and I'll always need you."

Desiree opened her eyes wide. She wondered if Jack had given up all hope of marrying Sarah. She wondered, too, if Sarah had had anything to do with Jack's sudden change of attitude about making love.

"I'm so glad to hear that, if it's true," Desiree said. "Uh—does this mean you're, you know, done with Sarah forever?"

"Yeah, I think so," Jack said. "She blew up at me this evening and left, and I don't think she'll be back."

"Oh." So Jack needed Desiree to comfort him after Sarah blew up, she thought. Well, that was what a *kabavoomish* was for—if Jack wasn't going to have a real woman.

"Why did she blow up at you?" Desiree asked. "I mean, if you want to talk about it."

"Well, she came over wearing a really short skirt and no bra," Jack said, "and she offered to have sex with me. She said she'd taken the necessary precautions, and we could do it right now."

Desiree's eyes opened wide in disbelief. "That's astounding!" she said. "I—I gather you didn't do it with her."

"No, I didn't. She said she wanted to save me from homosexuality, and I told her she couldn't save me from homosexuality by turning herself into a functional equivalent of a homosexual, a mere substitute

for a *kabavoomish*. She blew up and told me I'd better stay with my dearly beloved little *kabavoomish* for the rest of my life, and she left. I guess—well, I decided she was right. So here we are—my dearly beloved little *kabavoomish*.”

“Uh, yes, here we are.” It wasn't a very intelligent thing to say—but was it any less intelligent than Jack and Sarah's decision to have nothing more to do with each other? Sarah had shown that she was desperate for Jack's love, so desperate that she would fling herself at him with all her might—and would Jack really be happy without her for life?

Desiree tried hard to know the right thing to do. Now that her orgasm was over, she hoped, she might be able to think clearly about it. She knew her feelings for Jack exceeded those that a good *kabavoomish* would have, so far as they made her want to keep Jack for herself alone for life. A good *kabavoomish* would seek to bring a man and a woman together in the sacred union, no matter how much she loved the man. This was her destiny as a *kabavoomish*, Desiree firmly believed—and she would try to fulfill it, even if it was painful for her.

She started to wonder if she might be able to talk with Sarah, to know her heart, to help her see how to love Jack truly, with no idiocy. She was afraid Sarah would want to have nothing to do with her, the dreaded homosexual who had won Jack's heart—but what if Sarah would at least listen to her? How could she ever know, if she didn't try?

“A hundred dollars for your thoughts,” Jack said. “You must have accumulated at least \$100 worth of them by now.”

“Oh, I was just thinking,” Desiree said, “Sarah must have been really desperate for your love, to do something like that.”

Jack stared. “Yeah, I guess she was,” he said. “But it didn’t keep her from blowing up.”

“I was wondering if maybe I could talk with her,” Desiree said. “You know I love you very much, Jack—but I’m trying to be a good *kabavoomish*. I’ll bow out if it turns out that Sarah is still in love with you after all, and you’re still in love with *her*.” Jack said nothing. He looked into Desiree’s eyes, but then looked away.

“And you still are, aren’t you?” Desiree asked, very softly.

Jack groaned. “Yeah, there’s no point in lying about it,” he said. “I still am. I won’t be surprised if she doesn’t want anything to do with you—but if you’re really willing, I guess it’s worth a try. It couldn’t make things any worse than they are now.”

Desiree got Sarah’s cell phone number from Jack right away, but she didn’t call Sarah right away. She had to make sure her heart was right with the Great Spirit first—and she also had to figure out what to say. She might have only a very few seconds to persuade Sarah not to hang up on her, and she mustn’t waste even one of them.

It was the following afternoon before Desiree was confident that the Great Spirit was smiling on her, and that she would do what a good *kabavoomish* would do. A good *kabavoomish* would sacrifice herself

for a man and a woman she cared about, to help them enter the sacred union. Desiree would do it if ever she could, and she would even do it *joyfully* despite the pain, for her joy would be a sign of the Great Spirit's smile.

She figured out what to say. It was time to see if it would work. She pulled out her cell phone and entered Sarah's number.

"Hello?" Sarah said.

"Hi, Sarah, this is Desiree," Desiree said. "I'd like to help you get back together with Jack, if it's not too late."

"You'd like to do *what?*" Sarah sounded hostile and unbelieving, as Desiree had thought she probably would.

"Help you get back together with Jack. It isn't too late, is it? Can you meet me at Varsity Village Park, and we can talk?"

Sarah was silent. Desiree silently begged the Great Spirit to help her make the right decision.

"Well," Sarah said at last, "is Jack prepared to apologize for what he said to me?"

"I—I don't know yet. But please, let's talk about it. Is that all right?"

"I don't know what could be accomplished by talking about it," Sarah said. "But I suppose I can hear what you have to say. All right, I'll meet you at Varsity Village Park in half an hour."

“Oh, thank you!” Desiree said. “I think you’ll be glad you did!”

Promptly half an hour later, Desiree saw Sarah walking toward her as she sat on the same bench where she had greeted Jack, more than two years ago now. Sarah wore a loose, plain shirt and a long skirt; her hair was in a ponytail. Her face looked sad and even a bit angry, but at least she greeted Desiree and sat down next to her.

“I’m so glad you could come,” Desiree said. She was determined now to go all out to be a good *kabavoomish*, and to help Sarah as much as she could.

“Why do you want to help me get back together with Jack?” Sarah asked point-blank at once. “If I didn’t get back together with him, you could have him for yourself.”

“Yes, I could,” Desiree acknowledged, with painful yearning in her heart. “But the way of a *kabavoomish* is to help men who have no real women—and that includes helping them to *have* real women. A good *kabavoomish* will always step aside if her man wants to enter the sacred union with a real woman. And J—Jack does want to—with *you*.”

“That certainly wasn’t how it sounded when he was insulting me last night,” Sarah said.

“Maybe he didn’t really mean to insult you,” Desiree suggested. “Uh—he did happen to tell me he saw you last night, and you were wearing a—a very short skirt and no bra, and you suggested that you and he should make love.”

“Yes, I did,” Sarah said. “I’m realistic enough to see that this is how marriage comes about nowadays—if it ever does. A man and a woman make love, with the proper precautions, and they see if it works out. If it does, then they may get married in some future year—or not, as the case may be.”

“And Jack didn’t want that,” Desiree said.

“I could have understood, I think,” Sarah said, “if he had simply said he didn’t want it. It wasn’t so long ago that I didn’t want it either. I used to have—day-dreams about being a virgin when I got married. That was before I realized I was going to have to—to compete with a homosexual who looked like a—a beautiful woman!”

“You don’t really have to compete with me,” Desiree assured her.

“I’m not so sure about that,” Sarah said. “But Jack didn’t just say he didn’t want it. He *insulted* me by saying I was turning myself into the *functional equivalent of a homosexual*, or a *cheap substitute* for one!” Sarah glared at Desiree, but then looked away. “I know *you* may not think that was an insult,” she said, “but I’m sure you’ll understand that I did!”

“Yes, I understand,” Desiree assured her. “And it—it *was* an insult. You’re a real woman. You have something that a *kabavoomish* like me can never have, something far greater, that brings you closer to the Great Spirit—if you accept it. I wonder if—well, maybe Jack didn’t say it in the right way, but I wonder if he was just trying to keep you from throwing that great gift away.”

“If he was, he said it in a *horrible, dead wrong way*,” Sarah said.

“Maybe so,” Desiree said. “But what he was *trying* to say wasn’t wrong. It was—that he loves you as a real woman, and he doesn’t want to see you acting like—uh—anything *other* than a real woman.”

“Like a *kabavoomish*—a homosexual in women’s clothes,” Sarah said.

“Well, yes,” Desiree said, “but it’s not an insult to tell you he doesn’t want you to act like one when you’re *not* one.”

Sarah was silent. Desiree could see a hot blush of shame spreading all over her face. “No, I’m not,” she said at long last, “and I really don’t want to act like one.”

Desiree softly touched Sarah’s shoulder, and even more softly laughed. “I wouldn’t want to act like one either, if I were you,” she said. “I only act like one because I’m *me*. Jack will be glad to hear you don’t want to act like one. You’ll tell him, won’t you?”

“I guess I really should,” Sarah said. “And I’ll tell him I’m sorry I got so angry with him, too.”

“He’ll be very glad about that, I’m sure,” Desiree said.

“Well, uh—Desiree, thank you so much for understanding,” Sarah said. “And for reaching out to

help me.”

“Any time,” Desiree said. “That’s what a *kabavoomish* is for: to understand men and women, by being a man *and* a woman, and to help both of them understand and love each other.”

“That’s beautiful,” Sarah said. “Uh—Desiree, could I ask you a great favor?”

“Sure, what is it?”

“Would you mind—uh—not doing any more homosexual things with Jack? I mean—I know it’s a lot to ask, but if Jack and I are ever going to get married, and if *I’m* going to be a virgin until I get married after all—well, you know?”

“I know,” Desiree said. “I’ll be a pretend virgin, and you’ll be a real one.”

“Oh, thank you so much!” Sarah so far overcame her repugnance toward homosexuals in women’s clothes that she actually hugged Desiree. “And please come to our wedding—I mean, if there *is* a wedding!”

“I wouldn’t miss it,” Desiree assured her, “if it ever happens!”

Soon Sarah arose and left, and Desiree was alone. She gave a sigh of satisfaction, knowing that the Great Spirit was smiling upon her—but her eyes were already starting to fill with tears at the knowledge that she was losing Jack forever. Feebly she tried to restrain them, but she knew she would not succeed. She had done her duty, she had sacrificed herself, and now the deep pain of her sacrifice was entering her to the full. She gave a quick glance to make sure Sarah was too far away to hear her sobbing. Then the floodgates were down, and Desiree was shaking with sorrow as her tears watered the earth like a strong spring rain.

Chapter 6

“Jack, I want to apologize for how I acted last night,” Sarah wasted no time in saying. “It was idiotic. Thank you so much for—not accepting my invitation.” They had met at Acacia Fountain in the middle of campus, a prime location for pickups for casual sex, but nothing of the kind was happening between Jack and Sarah.

“Uh, well, you’re welcome,” Jack said. “And I’m sorry if I said anything that you, uh, found offensive. I didn’t mean to.”

“I’m sure you didn’t. I—well, I talked with Desiree, and she helped me to understand what you were trying to do. She was very kind, and—uh—she recommended that we should get back together.”

Jack knew it hadn’t been easy for Desiree to make the recommendation. He gave thanks to the Great Spirit for giving her strength to do it. “That sounds like a great recommendation to me,” he said. “Um—I don’t want to say anything premature, but—I was kind of wondering if we should get back together and *stay* together. I mean, if you’ll forgive me for making you blow up at me.”

Sarah’s face shone with pure delight. Jack might actually think her beautiful, he fancied, if she kept looking like this. “Oh, no, don’t say anything premature!” she said with a lovely laugh. “But we might talk about some things we’d need to know if it wasn’t premature any more. Like, do you really think we could afford it?”

“I’m pretty sure,” Jack said. “It would be tough for a while, but we could pull through. I’ve got a summer job at Magnum Supreme again, and the guy who

hired me said the prospects looked really good for me to get a permanent position after I graduate. After that—the sky’s the limit!”

“And I’m pretty sure I could get a job too,” Sarah said, “if I needed one, and if—uh—there wasn’t anything to prevent me.”

“We could make do,” Jack assured her. “And, well, I guess this isn’t all *that* premature. I mean, you know, I think we’ve loved each other for years, with some interruptions.” There was no need, of course, to mention that one of the interruptions had been his love affair with Desiree. “If we just cut out the interruptions, I bet we could do pretty well.”

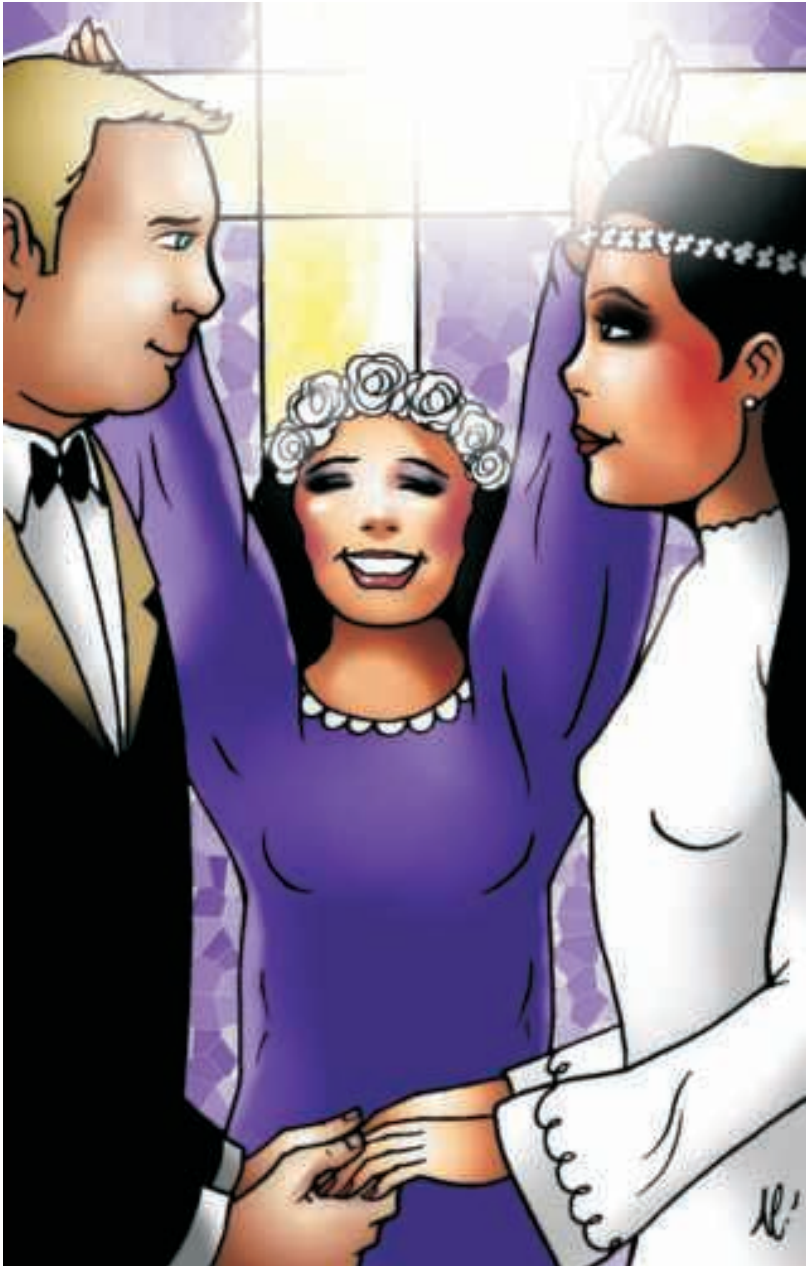
Sarah’s great gray eyes gazed upon Jack with ardent anticipation. She spoke softly, but most distinctly: “Do you think we *should* cut out the interruptions? I mean—you don’t think it would be premature?”

Jack laughed. “No, I don’t,” he said. “We’ve waited too long already. Sarah, will you marry me?”

Her face spoke the answer without a word. “I’m pretty sure you already know I will,” she said. They embraced; they kissed; they held each other tightly for dear life, and dearer love.

“Where shall we get married?” Sarah asked when the kiss had ended at last. “I don’t think a church would do.”

“No, it will have to be the Temple of the Great Spirit,” Jack said. “In the open air—at Varsity Village Park—and Desiree will be the high priestess. Does that sound all right?”



“It sounds perfect!” Sarah agreed at once.

Desiree accepted her election as high priestess with good grace, and the wedding date was set for the weekend after the spring classes ended. Desiree found a high-necked, long-skirted, long-sleeved white gown at Movers and Shakers, which she thought would do very nicely for a high priestess’s gown. The preparations for the wedding were quite simple, and Desiree wrote the short form of words for the ceremony herself, with Jack and Sarah’s approval. By the time of the wedding, Desiree and Sarah had had several confidential talks together, and had become dear friends.

Sadly, neither Sarah nor Jack had many friends, so the gathering for the wedding was small. More sadly still, Sarah’s parents refused to attend, because Sarah was getting married in a non-Christian ceremony. Jack’s parents, whom Desiree had never met before, did attend, and so did Jack’s younger brother and sister. Aside from them, and a few moms with young children in the park who looked on out of curiosity, only two people were in attendance. One was John Rarkstrack, one of Desiree’s history professors, who was interested to see what appeared to be the first Quoheemish-inspired wedding ceremony, among people not of Quoheemish descent, in modern times. The other was Tish, who just couldn’t miss the chance to see Desiree as a high priestess. At Desiree’s request, Tish had considerately toned down her attire, and only very small portions of her bare breasts were on display.

Wearing her high priestess gown and a crown of white roses, Desiree raised her arms before Sarah,

wearing a traditional, high-necked white wedding gown, and Jack, wearing a tux. “Dearly beloved,” she said from memory, “we are gathered in the presence of the Great Spirit, creator of all life, who is now bringing this man and this woman to enter the sacred union that is the fountain of human life. Let no one speak ill of what the Great Spirit has smiled upon. Let us give thanks to the Great Spirit for this great gift, and all his gifts. And now I ask you: Jack, do you accept this woman, Sarah, as the Great Spirit’s gift to you; do you promise to love, honor, and cherish her, with all kindness and devotion, throughout this life and the next?”

“Yes, I do,” said Jack.

“Sarah, do you accept this man, Jack, as the Great Spirit’s gift to you; do you promise to love, honor, and cherish him, with all kindness and devotion, throughout this life and the next?”

“Yes, I do,” said Sarah.

“It is good,” said Desiree. “You are joined in the sacred union of marriage, and may it endure forever. And now go forth to begin your new life together.”

Jack and Sarah did not go forth at once, for they were kissing. Desiree stood as tall as she could, though she was several inches shorter than they, and kept her arms raised high over them in blessing. She was strong now, stronger than before, but still not strong enough to keep the tears from flowing down her face.

Jack and Sarah walked in triumph, in their wedding garments, from the park to their new little apartment among the married students' housing units. They kissed again, deeply, lingeringly, and then they swiftly entered the nude.

"You know about the old Quoheemish way of making love?" Jack whispered in Sarah's ear as they embraced standing up, face to face, in the nude.

"Yes," Sarah said. "Desiree told me about it."

"Is that what you want?"

"Yes. Just please be careful. I'm still a virgin."

"I'll be as careful as I can."

Jack caressed Sarah all over, especially on her lovely hips, and on her small but beautiful breasts. Her nipples, as Jack had already noticed on the evening of the disaster, were surprisingly big, prominent, and highly erectile, none of which had been evident when she wore a bra. Jack's lips descended to Sarah's nipples, and Sarah held his head tightly to herself while giving many little murmurs of delight.

"May I?" she then asked Jack, caressing his big, unmanly breasts.

"Anything for you, my love," Jack said. Sarah's full lips engulfed Jack's nipples, and he held her head as tightly as she had done to his.

Their mouths reunited, and Jack slipped his hand between Sarah's strong legs, feeling for her womanly

opening. His fingers grew warm and moist from the contact as soon as he touched it. Sarah pressed his hand with her own, and he discerned her small, hard clitoris. She gasped with pleasure as he rubbed it with her devoted assistance.

“Now?” Jack soon asked. His erection felt genuinely gigantic. He hoped he wouldn’t hurt Sarah too much when he entered her.

“Yes,” Sarah murmured. “I’m ready. I know you’ll be gentle.”

After the night of the disaster, Sarah had always been dignified again, and she was still dignified now, even when getting down on her hands and knees for Jack to enter her from behind. For a few moments he knelt beside her, reaching under her with his left hand to caress her breast, and reaching between her legs in back to caress her clitoris and her lower lips, now dripping with the hot, slippery liquid that would facilitate the consummation of the sacred union. Then he mounted her from behind and began to press his massive erection between her quivering lower lips, hoping his excitement wouldn’t become too extreme too fast.

He met her virgin barrier and pressed harder, trying to break through without hurting her more than absolutely necessary. Her hips were quivering, quicker and quicker, signaling him that she felt it was more needful to break through than to keep from hurting her. He complied with her desire and thrust hard through the barrier. She gave a brief shriek, but now her deep, tight, hot, slippery womanly cave was fully open to him, and he was riding her, first gently, then harder and faster, in the most extreme, most sustained excitement he had ever known. He leaned forward and reached beneath her to clasp her little

breasts with both hands, while his big ones pressed hard against her back. Her long hair was in his face, her head and neck were thrust far up and back, her strong legs and hips were bucking him up and down, and he could hear her moaning and gasping in orgasm, as he raced toward his goal and reached it. Thunder and lightning came down upon Jack and Sarah from the Great Spirit, with abundant rain to water the earth, as Jack's seed rushed forth from him into the depths of Sarah's being, pressing forward and inward toward her womb.

“Desiree, honey, that was just splendid,” Tish said that evening. They were still sharing the same dorm suite, for they were both staying on for the summer session of classes. “If I ever get married, can I have you be the high priestess at my wedding?”

“Uh—why don't you ask me about that when you get engaged?” Desiree suggested.

“If I get engaged,” Tish said. “But let me tell you, if I ever landed a hunk like Jack, I'd do everything I could to keep him! I still don't know why you gave him up to that tall, skinny gal without a fight.”

Desiree smiled. “Well, *I* know,” she said. “I guess that's why I'm the high priestess and you're not.” Tish laughed and stuck her tongue out at Desiree.

“Seriously, Tish,” Desiree said, “I mean, frankly, did you ever think maybe the Great Spirit isn't smiling on you, and decent men aren't either, because you're too slutty? I mean, I think Jack was attracted to me because I looked and acted like a good girl, and I was kind and patient with him, and I was—I was

willing to give him up if he decided to unite with a real woman. It hurt, but I did it, because that's how the Great Spirit wants it to be. You've been playing the slut for quite a while now, and what has it got you? I know what it's got you, because you've been telling me all along. Some blows, some fucks, and a whole lot of dumps."

"Ugh, I never heard you say 'fuck' before," Tish said. "It doesn't seem like *you*, somehow."

"I never found the right opportunity before," Desiree said, "and I hope I won't again. If you want a decent man, try being a decent *kabavoomish*."

Tish sighed. "Do you really think it would work?" she asked.

"It would be *sure* to work at least as well as what you've been doing, which is not at all," Desiree said with another smile. "And it *might* work a whole lot better. Give it a try. You're a pretty girl, you've got a good figure, and you could be really attractive to a good man, if you would just hold your head high and let the Great Spirit smile on you for a change."

Tish gazed at Desiree with unusually thoughtful eyes. "Then maybe I could get a good man and lose him to a real woman, just like you did," she said. "Well, what's that they say—better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

"Yes, it is," Desiree assured her. She could feel the tears starting to come again. "It will hurt—you'll cry—but it will be better anyway!" Tish rose up at once in sympathy, came over to Desiree, and put her arm around her. Desiree allowed the deep remnants of her sorrow at losing Jack to well up out of her heart, emerge from her, and rise up as a sacrificial of-

fering to the Great Spirit, while her tears flowed down and watered Tish's breast.

Epilogue

Summer passed; autumn, winter, and spring came again, while Desiree's life was filled with study, growing devotion to the Great Spirit, and friendship with Sarah, Jack, and Tish. Tish did take Desiree's words to heart, and began to imitate Desiree's decent style of dress and life. Astoundingly, she attracted a nice, smart gay man named Rich Weenright; by spring they were engaged, and Desiree had indeed agreed to serve as high priestess at their wedding. Meanwhile, Jack and Sarah were happily married, and Sarah grew great with child.

One calm spring day, cloudy but not too chilly, Sarah and Desiree were sitting together in Varsity Village Park, on the same bench where Jack had first seen Desiree's new womanly look. Sarah's new baby, a girl named after Desiree, had been born, and Desiree was holding her in her arms. A young man came up, a thin man with glasses, not too much taller than Desiree. She recognized him as Jason McAulick, one of the smartest and most polite students in her senior seminar on medieval intellectual history.

"Uh—hi there," said Jason. "You're Desiree, right?"

"Yes," she said with a big, sweet smile. "And you're Jason."

"That's correct," he said. "Um—is that your baby?"

“Oh, no! It’s hers,” Desiree said, pointing to Sarah. “I don’t have any of my own.”

“You don’t have a wedding or engagement ring, either,” Jason noted.

“You’re very observant,” Desiree said. “Um—are you glad I don’t?” Jason was making it quite obvious that he was attracted to her, and she was pleased. She had no idea whether he would have any interest in a *kabavoomish* who was also a high priestess of the Great Spirit—but, if it turned out that he would, she rather thought she would be available.

“Well, yeah, I guess maybe I am,” Jason said. “Uh, do you mind if I sit down here?”

“That would be fine with me.”

Jason sat down. “So, uh, did you grasp the connection between the Latin Averroists and William of Ockham?” he asked.

Desiree almost laughed out loud. This was a most remarkable way of expressing his attraction to her, if that was what he was doing—and she had to believe it was. “Well, I think so,” she said. “They were both opposed, in their different ways, to realism and universal truth.”

“Exactly,” Jason said. “And that’s really important.” He proceeded to expound on why it was really important, while his eyes repeatedly met Desiree’s, and she also repeatedly glimpsed them darting to the parts of her below her neck.

The baby began to cry. “Oh-oh, I think she’s hungry,” Sarah said. Desiree handed her back to Sarah, who discreetly hid the baby and her breast beneath a

blanket. Then Desiree turned back to Jason, and gave him another big smile.

“Uh, I was wondering if you might like to go out to lunch sometime,” Jason said. “Do you like The De-cencies?”

“Oh, yes!” said Desiree. “I’d like that!” Jason’s eyes grew big at how easy it had been to induce this lovely young lady to accept a date with him. She sensed that few, if any, real women had showed nearly so much appreciation of him. They quickly arranged to meet for lunch tomorrow, and then Jason moved on.

Desiree turned to Sarah, whose gray eyes seemed to grasp the situation at a glance. “The next Jack?” she asked with a smile.

Desiree laughed. “I don’t know,” she said. “But, if he is—and if he later falls in love with a real woman anywhere near as good as you—I’ll be sure to move aside for her, even if it makes me cry.” She caught herself starting to cry yet again, after all this time, but blinked her eyes repeatedly to try to stop. “Even if it makes me cry *again*,” she said.

Sarah turned toward Desiree, looking at her with warm affection. “It might make *her* cry, too,” Sarah said, “if you did as much for her as you’ve done for me.” Sarah’s eyes were moist, and she too was blinking. “Thank you so much, Desiree,” she went on, “for everything.” Desiree accepted her thanks in silence, and in turn silently gave thanks to the Great Spirit for everything—especially for giving her the heart of a good, faithful *kabavoomish*.

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