

A Girl So Young



Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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A Girl So Young

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

It all started, Wendy guessed, when she was seven, and her dad took off for California. Before that, there was a lot of shouting and screaming. Afterward, there was dead silence most of the time—except when Mom talked about how bad Dad was, and when she moaned and howled alone in the bedroom at night.

Back then, Mom didn't let Wendy know what she was doing in the bedroom. She didn't think Wendy was ready yet, as she later explained. She still called Wendy "Wendell" back then too, and dutifully but distantly regarded her—regarded him, as he still was then—as a mere boy.

The first hint of a big change in Mom's attitude came soon after Wendy's 10th birthday. Before that, Wendy—or Wendell—looked fully like a boy, with short hair and boys' clothes. One day when Wendell was 10, Mom sat down and had a talk with him.

"Wendell," Mom said, "you know that, as long as you live in my home, you must follow my rules."

“I know that, Mom,” Wendell said, having already heard it many times.

“Now,” Mom said, “I am making a new rule—a rule that you must let your hair grow longer. You have beautiful blond hair, and I would like to see it longer.”

Wendell inwardly rebelled at once. “Mom, I don’t want to grow my hair long!” he protested. “Boys will say I look like a girl! They’ll pull my pants and underpants down to see if I’m really a girl! They did that to a boy who had long hair!”

“Wendell, I have spoken,” Mom said. “You will do as I say. If bad boys commit delinquent acts, you will report them to the authorities, and they will be sent to Juvenile Hell.”

“What if I run away from home?” Wendell dared to ask.

“If you run away,” Mom declared, “you will certainly be hurt very badly by vicious men, and you will have nowhere to go—except, of course for Juvenile Hell. It is a very terrible place, full of the worst boys, and they would do much worse things than pull your pants down. If you will simply obey the rules, you will be happy at home. If not, you will be miserable.”

Wendell grimaced. “What if I cut off my hair?”

“Wendell,” Mom said, “I am your parent, and I have a right to discipline you. Cutting off your hair would be a very serious act of disobedience. You would be punished with a severe enough punishment to modify your behavior, and that is all I will say.” She drew closer. “But you won’t, Wendell,” she went on. “I know you won’t. You are too good and too sweet ever to violate my rules like that.”

Wendell wasn’t at all sure about that, but he knew he didn’t dare disobey Mom when she got like this. Her will was stronger than his; she could punish him, and he could not retaliate. His hair would grow, and that was all there was to it.

The really big change started on Wendell's 11th birthday. Unlike other kids, Wendell didn't have a birthday party with friends. He was a short, shy, chubby bookworm, and he didn't really have any friends. There were only Wendell and Mom—and Mom gave him some very unusual birthday presents.

"Wendell," Mom said, "you're going to be growing up soon, and you need to make a very important decision. You already know how terrible your father was." Wendell nodded "yes" in silence. He could hardly help knowing, from everything Mom had said.

"What you may not yet know," Mom went on, coming very close to Wendell and speaking most earnestly, "is why he was so terrible. I've learned that it wasn't just him; it was men. If you want to have any hope of being a good and decent human being, you must not grow up to be a man like other men. At your age, what you need to know is simply this: girls are good; boys are bad."

"But I'm a boy, and I'm good!" Wendell thought it, but didn't say it. It would do no good to say it, he thought, and it would only make Mom mad. Instead he said only, "Um, Mom, do you wish I was a girl instead of a boy?"

"I think it's time for you to start becoming a girl," Mom said. "I think it's time for you to stop being Wendell, and start being Wendy."

Wendell's heart leaped high, in fear and yet in wonder. His hair was down to his shoulders now, and he knew he looked too much like a girl. Bad boys had already called him "Wendy" at school, and said he was a girl in boys' clothes, though he had been fortunate enough to escape having his pants pulled down. It was nasty of the boys to say it, and yet Wendell had to feel fascinated by the thought: What if I really was a girl in boys' clothes—or what if I became a boy in girls' clothes?

"So, Wendy," said Mom, "your first step will be to wear girls' clothes here at home, where no one can see but you

and me. I've bought you some for your birthday, and I think you'd like to try them on." She handed Wendell a big package. His hands were trembling, but he pulled and twisted until she got the package open. It contained a complete outfit of girls' clothes: pink panties, a pretty little thin-strapped white cami, an old-fashioned white blouse with a lace collar and little puffed sleeves, a plaid knee-length skirt, antique-looking white anklets, and black Mary Jane shoes. "I think you'd like to put these on," said Mom. "I'll just turn around while you do."

She turned her back to Wendell. He stared at Mom's back, wondering if he really had to put the girls' clothes on—and how he would feel if he did. But, if he didn't, what could she do? Run away on the spot? Or tell Mom, "No, Mom, I don't want to"—and feel the heat of Mom's wrath closing in on her, suffocating her, as she had done before? It was impossible, Wendell already knew—and he was not perfectly sure he would really want to, even if it were possible.

Trembling all over, Wendell took off his boys' clothes, put on the girls' clothes, and became for Mom—as Mom had said—no longer Wendell, but Wendy. Now Wendy knew how she would feel: more excited than she had ever felt before. Her breasts were still pretty flat, but her nipples were just starting to become pointy, and now they were hot and hard. Her clitoris, too—as she would soon learn to call it—was equally hot and hard. "Uh—I've got the girls' clothes on, Mom," said Wendy. Mom turned around. Her dark eyes, even darker than Wendy's, burned through the flimsy veil of girls' clothes and saw Wendy's heat and fear. "You look lovely, Wendy," Mom said. "I'm so glad you want to do this." Wendy still wasn't sure she did want to—but her nipples and her clitoris were crying out that she did, and her lips could not disagree.

Mom got Wendy more girls' clothes too, very pretty and feminine. By the time of her 12th birthday, Wendy was well aware that she looked like a very pretty girl indeed. She was so accustomed to wearing girls' clothes at home now

that it seemed quite normal, although she still had never worn them outside the house.

On her 12th birthday, after yet another lecture on the vileness of boys and men, Mom gave her still more girls' clothes, a little different from the ones she already had. "Wendy, your breasts are growing," Mom said. "It's time for you to start wearing a bra." Wendy had been pretty sure she was going to get a bra for her birthday, since Mom had measured her for it. She already knew her breasts were growing, too. They looked like a girl's budding breasts now—very small for a girl's breasts, but round and shapely, with protruding nipples that grew hot and hard at the least provocation. Wendy had started to rub and squeeze them in secret at night, and her clitoris got very hard when she did. She had measured her clitoris when it was hard, too, wondering how big it could get. It was three inches long. She had heard that normal boys' "cocks" were bigger than that, but she didn't care.

That was how long it was now, a full three inches, as Wendy opened the package containing a pretty, skimpy cream-colored AAA-cup bra, stripped to the waist, put it on, and let Mom see her in her skirt and bra. "You're so lovely, Wendy," Mom said. "You look like a beautiful girl, not like a bad boy at all. Come look at yourself in the mirror." She led Wendy into the master bedroom, where Mom slept alone, and went up to the full-length mirror.

Wendy felt a shiver of delight, now only slightly tinged with fear, as she gazed upon her own loveliness. Her long, wavy blond hair looked as pretty as any girl's hair. Her big brown eyes, so unusual for a blonde, were moist, tender, and fully girlish-looking. Her full, deep pink lips, too, could compete with any girl's lips for beauty. Her plump freckled face looked just like a pretty girl's face, and her breasts—oh, dear! She could hardly even look at her breasts in her bra, they were so exciting!

"And now, Wendy," said Mom, sitting down on the bed, "I'm going to show you something you'll need to know about very soon. You may have started to have sexual feelings already. You'll need to know what to

do about them. You're certainly not going to do anything about them with sickening boys, and you're certainly not going to jack off like a disgusting boy either. What you do need, I've learned, is known as womanly sexual self-sufficiency."

Wendy's eyes almost leaped out of her head at what Mom did next. She opened her blouse, took off her bra, and revealed her bare breasts. They were not very big for a woman's breasts, but they were fascinatingly formed, and Mom's nipples were much bigger and pointier than Wendy's.

"The first step," Mom said, "is to rub and squeeze your breasts, like this." She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, tilted her head back, and manipulated her breasts. Soon she was breathing hard. Wendy gaped with open mouth and grimacing face. She really did not want to see this, but she was afraid Mom would catch her not looking if she turned away.

"Next," Mom said, "you rub your clitoris, making sure to press it downward between your legs. You must never, ever hold it out straight in front of you, as filthy boys do when they do the disgusting maneuver known as jacking off." Mom pulled off her pants and panties; then she rubbed her middle finger between her legs. Her breathing was harder and faster now. Wendy felt repelled and even sickened by the sight, and yet she could not keep from imagining what it might be like to do something much like this herself.

"Keep one hand on one of your breasts," Mom gasped, "and the other on your clitoris. That will be all you need to bring you to orgasm—like this!" Gripping her right breast with her left hand, she rubbed her clitoris frantically with her right, while squeezing her hand hard between her thighs and bucking her hips. Before too long she was moaning and howling in ecstasy, just as she did when alone in the bedroom at night.

Wendy's mouth was open, and she was afraid—but she could not take her eyes off Mom. Would Wendy, too, soon be doing this to herself? Would she moan and howl as Mom did—and would Mom be listening? She did not want to do it, and she

really did not want Mom to hear her doing it—but she could not be sure she would not want to, all too soon.

The dream—Wendy always thought of it as the dream, even years afterward—happened very soon after that, when Wendy was still barely 12. Wendy was nude in the shower. She was rubbing her breasts as Mom had done, and feeling extremely good; her clitoris was fully hard, and she was about to press it down between her legs and rub it.

Suddenly a boy appeared in the bathroom, as if out of nowhere. He was a very handsome, strong-looking boy with reddish-brown hair and a big smile, which grew even bigger when he looked at Wendy in the shower. Wendy wanted to smile back at him, and yet she was afraid. He was, after all, a boy—and boys were bad, while girls were good. Wasn't that true? Or did Mom just say it because she hated Dad and all men?

The boy was nude too, and he was entering the shower. He certainly looked like a good, kind, friendly boy. Wendy shyly smiled at him, but tried to cover her breasts with one hand and her hard clitoris with the other. Gently, but firmly, the boy was pulling her hands away, with strength much greater than Wendy's own. Wendy was afraid, and yet she could not bear to resist him, though he was a boy. The boy's cock was hard, and at least twice as long as Wendy's clitoris. He was trying to put it into Wendy while standing up—no, not just trying, he was succeeding! Vividly Wendy felt that she had a vagina like a real girl, tight and hot and wet, and the boy's cock was exciting her to the maximum as he entered her.

Wendy no longer had any will to resist. The boy was thrusting hard, and she was bucking wildly in response. With all her might she clutched the boy's cock with her vagina and made him ejaculate deep into her, while an orgasm as strong as Mom's gripped her and overwhelmed her fully. She moaned and shrieked as Mom had done—and then she awoke.

She was alone in bed, not in the shower. There was no boy. It was she who had ejaculated, for the first time in her life. She did not know whether she had moaned and shrieked only in her dream, or in real life.

Next evening Wendy absolutely had to re-enact the dream in real life, so far as possible. She was wearing her bra underneath a tight white top that showed the exact size and shape of her tiny breasts, which Mom especially loved to see her wearing. Her feet were already bare when she entered the bathroom. Below the waist she wore nothing but a hot pink miniskirt, another of Mom's favorites, and a pair of pale pink panties.

She imagined the boy—her secret boyfriend, her dearly beloved, whom Mom would loathe if she could see him—was with her already as she stripped off her top and let him see her in her bra. He was coming up close to her, and going around behind her; he was unhooking her bra and removing it; she could feel his hard cock pressing against her plump, girlish butt as he clasped her bare breasts from behind. Now he was stripping her miniskirt and her panties off at once. She got into the shower, turned the water on, and began to rub her breasts while the boy stripped, watching her all the time. He was coming close to her, pulling her hands away from her breasts as she pretended to struggle to keep them covered, while knowing all the while that she would lose the sham struggle. Soon he would slip his cock into her vagina, as he had done in the dream—but how?

Wendy's eyes alighted upon a cock-sized shampoo bottle. Yes, that would do the job—and, since she didn't really have a vagina, she would just have to squeeze the bottle tight between her thighs. This was hardly sooner thought than done.

Yes, yes, that was it! The tight, hot space between her thighs would serve delightfully well for her vagina, especially when she lathered it up with hot soapy water. Soon the boy was thrusting into Wendy as hard as he had done

in the dream, and her hips were quaking even more wildly than they had done then. She could feel him ejaculating into her as he had done in the dream, she fancied—while really it was her own three-inch clitoris, pressed down tight against the bottle, that was ejaculating.

Only one thing, really, was different from the dream. Wendy didn't want Mom to hear her moaning in orgasm. Her mouth was open wide as she came to climax, she was breathing hard and gasping in delight, her heart was crying out "I love you! Yes! I love you!"—but she forced her mouth to remain silent, even while all the rest of her was beyond her control.

"Wendy, I don't mean to be too nosy," Mom said a couple of weeks later, "but—well, have you done it yet?"

Wendy didn't have to guess what Mom meant when she asked that; she meant, had Wendy engaged in "sexual self-sufficiency." Wendy felt Mom was being far too nosy, but she answered truthfully, "Yes, Mom. I've done it." She didn't think she needed to say she had done it every night, either in the shower or in bed, and always while pretending a boy who loved her was putting his cock in her "vagina" between her thighs.

"And—like a girl, not like a boy?" Mom begged to know.

"Yes, Mom. Like a girl." Like a girl who's totally fascinated by boys, and needs to be loved by a good boy, she thought but did not say.

"Oh, Wendy, I'm so proud of you!" Mom exclaimed. "That's my good girl!" Mom clasped Wendy tight in a big hug. Wendy could feel Mom's breasts through her clothes, and couldn't help grimacing when she thought of Mom's demonstration of "sexual self-sufficiency."

"Wendy, I just knew you would!" Mom said when the hug was over. "I just knew you were really a good

girl at heart, not a bad boy! You've got such a wonderful future ahead of you!" Wendy hoped it was true—but she feared she could never be sure that a future of “sexual self-sufficiency” would be as wonderful as Mom claimed.

Chapter 2

Years went by, and Wendy grew bigger—though not much bigger. By her 16th birthday, her clitoris was still only three and a half inches long, her breasts were a little larger but still looked like a younger girl's small budding ones, and she was still really short—barely five feet tall, not much taller than she had been at 12. Most girls at Mounds Junction High School, and almost all boys, were taller than she was. Her voice was still high, too—like Truman Capote's voice, she thought. She had recently skimmed through a biography of Truman Capote, and remembered that his voice was still high and girlish when he was a sex-crazed teenager giving boys blow jobs.

Mom gave her more girls' clothes for her birthday, but they were quite different from the ones she got on previous birthdays. “Wendy,” Mom said, “it's time for you to start wearing girls' clothes to school. Those bad boys have got to know for sure that you're a good girl who won't do any of the filthy things they want girls to do with them. I've bought some very ladylike clothes for you, which will force those boys to know you're a virgin and you're going to stay a virgin.”

Wendy looked at the clothes and tried them on. They were very pretty: some long many-colored skirts, some loose blouses that hardly showed her breasts at all, and some old-fashioned dresses that did show her figure and her legs below the knees, but had high necklines so no boys could ever glimpse her bare breasts. Her clitoris was going to be hard when she wore them in front of boys at school, she knew—but Mom was still in control, and Wendy couldn't refuse to wear the clothes. She just hoped it wouldn't be so exciting to wear them in front of boys that she would uncontrollably ejaculate in her panties.

"I'll bet those boys said nasty things when they saw you wearing those clothes, didn't they?" Mom asked when Wendy got home, on the first day she wore them to school.

"Um, some of them did," Wendy said. "I just tried to ignore them." She didn't tell Mom how good it felt to know boys were attracted to her as a girl, even if some of them did say nasty things. At least she had not ejaculated in her panties, she remembered with relief—but now her clitoris was hard again from the memory of the boys.

"Oh, yes!" said Mom. "And you let them know you were ignoring them, too, didn't you? You snubbed those bad boys right in front of everyone, didn't you?"

"Um, I guess so," Wendy said. It was true, in part. Her eyes and her silent lips had snubbed the boys—but her nipples and her clitoris had not. What if the boys had seen me nude, and known how excited I was? Wendy thought—and the very thought was making her just as excited now as she had been then.

"They were getting so excited to see you—but you let them know they meant nothing to you, didn't you?" Mom's dark eyes were burning with excitement—and suddenly Wendy was shocked to realize it was sexual excitement. Mom was actually getting hot from the thought of Wendy being attractive to boys and snubbing them—and Wendy was dismayed to feel herself getting hotter from Mom's heat!

"Uh—well, at least I didn't let them know they did mean anything to me," Wendy said. She was afraid even this subtle hint of attraction to boys would make Mom mad, but she had already said it and couldn't take it back.

"You got excited when you knew the boys were attracted to you!" Mom accused her. Wendy was silent. It was true, but she dared not admit it to Mom—or did she?

“Oh, Wendy, I know how it is,” Mom said. “It’s so terrible to have such feelings for those bad boys and men—but sometimes they just get so strong that the only thing you can do is to seek release by yourself at once! I’m getting them myself right now, just thinking of how excited those bad boys must have been to see you! Are you getting them too, Wendy? Do you need release too—right here, right now?”

Now Wendy was even more shocked. Mom actually wanted to watch her having an orgasm—and maybe even to masturbate while watching her. This couldn’t be happening—and yet, years ago, Mom herself had let Wendy watch her having an orgasm. Was it now time to return the favor? Wendy felt revulsion at the thought—but she was still under Mom’s control, Mom’s will was stronger than her own, and Wendy was excited enough to throw away her mind and do the deed.

“Yes, Mom,” said Wendy, lowering her eyes and unbuttoning her blouse. “Yes, I need release.” She felt as if she were a puppet being jerked around on the strings of Mom’s desire—and yet it was her own desire too, and she succumbed to it. Soon her bra was off and she was letting Mom see her rubbing and squeezing her bare breasts. As she had feared, Mom had stripped to the waist and was doing the same to her own breasts. Wendy tried not to look at her. Then Wendy’s long skirt and her panties were down, and she was pressing her clitoris down against her thighs—then pressing it even farther, until it was totally hidden between her thighs. Her big butt was bucking and she lost all control, even moaning and screaming as Mom had done so often when her climax came upon her, while she could hear Mom moaning and screaming too. She kept her eyes closed tight, knowing that Mom’s burning eyes were fully open and fixed upon her, as her backward-facing clitoris, clutched tight between her thighs, spurted sperm beneath her quick-pumping girlish rump, while Mom separately ascended to her own isolated orgasm.

By the time her 18th birthday drew near, Wendy had succumbed many times to Mom's desire to see her girlish orgasms, though at least Mom had refrained from masturbating in front of her after the first time. Soon, Wendy vowed, it would happen no more. She had made plans for her wonderful future, and they were very far from the same plans Mom would have wished her to make. She had a part-time job at Arthur's discount grocery store in Mounds Junction, not too far from Mom's house on Oak Mound. On her 18th birthday—and not a day later—she would drop out of school and go full-time at Arthur's, which paid its workers surprisingly well and also gave them special deals on food. She had already made the arrangements with the manager, Belinda, a grandmotherly lady who liked Wendy very much. Then she would move into the small basement apartment in Belinda's house not far from Arthur's, and she would be free to enact the dream in reality, with real men—free at last from Mom's control.

Wendy had never yet “done it” with a boy or a man in reality, though she had done it hundreds of times in fantasy. So long as she was in Mom's grip, she would not risk whatever tortures might ensue if Mom found out she had “done it” with a loathsome boy or man. When she was free, though, she fancied she would reveal her secret to Mom, and laugh in Mom's face, and leave—and never again would she let Mom see her having an orgasm!

“You did what?” Mom cried out in disbelief on Wendy's 18th birthday, when Wendy told her she had worked all day at Arthur's instead of going to school. “Wendy, that's foolish! You've got a great future ahead of you! Don't throw it all away and waste your life working at a grocery store!”

“Arthur's is a good company, Mom,” Wendy instructed her. “The pay and benefits are good, and there are opportunities for advancement.” She didn't

mention that one of the opportunities was for advancement into sex with men, free from Mom's grip. Mom must know full well, though, that her fascinating views of Wendy's girlish climaxes were coming to an end—and she was most seriously displeased.

“I can't believe this!” Mom cried. “What about Magnum Supreme? You're not going to tell me Arthur's is a better company to work for than Magnum Supreme!” Mom was a high-paid accountant at Magnum Supreme, and her plan for Wendy's future was that Wendy should go to the U and then follow in her footsteps—while continuing to live at home and to display her orgasms to Mom, of course.

Yes, Arthur's is better, Mom—Wendy thought, but did not say—because you don't work there! What she said instead, simply but politely, was simply this: “Mom, I'm sure Magnum Supreme is a good company too—but I'm grown up now, and I'm going to make my own decisions.”

“Wendy,” Mom said, “I haven't told you this before, but I have my own little company too, which specializes in things I know we're both very interested in. If you'll just stay here at home, I'm sure you'd love to work for my company, and I know you'd be very good at it.”

Wendy wondered what Mom was talking about, but she didn't wonder nearly enough to agree to stay at home. “Thanks, Mom,” she said, “but it's time for me to move out.”

Mom frowned and glared in outrage, but said only this: “Well, at least I'm glad it's your own decision to be a good girl, not a bad boy.”

“Yes, it is, Mom,” Wendy said complaisantly, trying hard not to give undue offense to Mom. “I love being a girl, and I'm not going to stop.”

“I think you'd better wait here,” Wendy told Belinda on the day she moved out of Mom's house. “My mom's not

too thrilled about me moving out, and she might say some nasty things I'd rather you didn't hear."

"Oh, dear!" said Belinda. "Well, all right, I'll wait." She did wait in her clunky old car, in which she had kindly offered to transport Wendy and her few belongings, other than her bike which was already at Belinda's house. Wendy entered Mom's house.

"Hi, Mom," she said. Mom was sitting with her eyes fixed on her computer. "Hello, Wendy," Mom said without looking up.

Wendy took loads of her things, mostly clothes and books, down to Belinda's car in silence. When she was done, she felt like taking off without saying good-bye, but she figured she really shouldn't. "OK, I'll go say good-bye to Mom, and then we can go," she said.

"All right," said Belinda. "Are you sure you don't want me to meet your mom?"

Wendy took a deep breath and sighed. "Yes, I'm sure," she said. "I'll explain it all sometime—or at least I'll explain some of it."

She re-entered the house. "OK, Mom, I'm going now," she said.

Now Mom looked up. "I'm very sorry to see you leave," she said coldly. "When I think you could have stayed here and gone to the U, and worked for my little company, and made something out of yourself—"

And stayed in your grip, and let you keep seeing my orgasms, for years to come? NO! Wendy thought.

"Well, Mom, it's my decision, and I'm going," Wendy said.

Mom glared at her. "You know," she said, "I'm afraid your real reason for doing this is you want to do things you don't want me to find out about—things I'd hate to think of you doing."

Well, you can think that if you insist, Wendy thought of saying—and now good-bye! Why didn't she just say it and go? What was it, deep within her, that made her say instead, "What, are you afraid I'm going to 'do it' with men at Club Swank Wank, or something like that?"

Mom's eyes bulged in horror. "You're not, are you?" she demanded to know.

"Oh, yes, I am," Wendy said—quite truthfully, for that was exactly what she planned to do that very night. "And let me tell you something else. Ever since I was 12, and I first 'did it' with myself in the shower, I've been pretending I was 'doing it' with a boy! Every time, even when you were right there watching me, an imaginary boy was right there with me too! I've been boy-crazy ever since I was 12, and I don't loathe boys or men, and I never will—and now you can't stop me from 'doing it' with them!"

Mom shrieked. "I thought you were my good girl!" she wailed. "I thought you knew how revolting, how filthy and sickening, boys are! And now I find out, all the time, you've been secretly betraying me with boys! Go away! I can't stand this!" Mom was crying. Wendy had hardly ever seen her cry. There was nothing she could do to comfort Mom now. "Good-bye, Mom," she said, and left the house.

Wendy gave a long sigh when she and Belinda were safely rolling down the slope of Oak Mound, moving steadily toward Wendy's new home near Mounds Junction. "Thanks for everything, Belinda," she said. "And thanks for not coming in. It was pretty nasty. You wouldn't have wanted to hear it."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," said Belinda. "It sounds like your mom was kind of too eager to control your life."

"Um, yeah, she sure was."

"Well, that's all over with now. Fred and I will be glad to have you up for Sunday dinners, but the rest of the time you'll be perfectly free to live your own life."

“Hey, thanks a lot. That’s exactly how I want it.”

Is this really how I want it? Wendy wondered that very night, hesitating at the round-topped door of Club Swank Wank. Her nipples and her clitoris were clamoring that this was exactly what she wanted to do: to enter the club and “do it” with a man, or men, at long last. She had refrained from engaging in “sexual self-sufficiency” for almost two weeks, to insure that she would be bursting with desire when this big night came—and so she was. She was primed to the full for an overwhelming orgasm, and she had only to enter the club, meet a man, and “do it.” What was there to hesitate about? Wendy did not know—and yet she felt incomprehensible dismay at not knowing.

Shyly she pulled open the heavy door and entered the club. Straight before her was the front desk, at which a handsome, bearded young man was gazing at her with his eyes wide open. She approached the desk, told the young man she wanted to join the club, produced the membership fee, and showed him her picture ID on demand. He scrutinized the ID with care, looking repeatedly from it to her and back again. “Well, all right,” he said at last. He gave her the combination to her locker, reassuring her that she could get it from him again if she forgot it, and provided her with a bath towel and a map of the club.

She found the locker room and looked at herself in a full-length mirror. She was sure men would find her attractive even before she stripped, what with her tight low-cut top and her miniskirt that showed the little bulge of her clitoris in front. Sure enough, she had no opportunity to strip before a man—a tall, thin, red-bearded man with sparkling eyes, wearing nothing but a towel around his loins, who looked to be between 30 and 40—approached her and made it clear that he was attracted to her.

Wendy smiled at him and pulled down her miniskirt and her panties at once, letting him see her erect three-and-a-half-inch clitoris. The man’s eyes bulged with extreme fascination, darting back and

forth between Wendy's eyes, her breasts, and her clitoris. His words, though, were not at all what she might have expected. "Oh, babe, you lied about your age to get in here!" the man exclaimed with a big smile.

Wendy opened her eyes wide in surprise and gave a little laugh. "No, I didn't," she said, knowing her voice still sounded girlish like Truman Capote's voice. "I'm 18."

"Hell, and I'm 13!" the man said with a much bigger laugh. "No, you're 13—or maybe 12. I know a young girl when I see one—or a young girlie-boy! Ever heard that old song, 'Young girl, get out of my mind; my love for you is way out of line'? The guy was supposedly begging the young girl to go away, but everybody knew that was bullshit and he was going to do it with her, no matter how young she was. Know what I mean?"

Wendy stared at him for a moment, and then decided to play along. "Well, all right, then," she said, "don't tell anybody, but I'm really 12. I've got a fake ID that says I'm 18. Is that more like it?"

"Wow, yeah!" the man exclaimed. "I knew it! Babe, you're hot! Am I going to be your first?"

"Well, yes, you are, actually," Wendy said. "I've never done it with a man or a boy before. I've only pretended I was doing it in the shower."

"Did you come in the shower?" the man asked, putting one hand on Wendy's plump bare butt.

"Oh, yes!" Wendy said. "My first time I came in the shower was when I was barely 12." This, at least, was true. "Now I'm almost 13, and I've been coming in the shower almost every night—but I've never really done it before."

"Well, you're in for a big treat," said the man. "Let's not waste any time." Putting his other hand on her butt, he drew her close to him and kissed her on the mouth, thrusting his tongue deep in. His cock was big and hard, and Wendy could feel it pressing



against her. “Let’s take a shower,” he commanded. “Quick!”

Wendy found her locker, opened it, and pulled off her top in full view of the man. He gave her another kiss on the mouth while he unhooked her bra and removed it.

“Let’s go!” he said, not giving her time to put her towel around her waist. His hand on her bare butt, he steered her into a private shower stall. “How do you want it?” he asked as soon as the water was running.

“Uh—between my legs,” Wendy said.

“You’ve got it, babe,” said the man. “But first just let me kiss those delectable little 12-year-old tits.” His mouth descended to Wendy’s breasts, first one, then the other, and he licked her pointy nipples to their utmost hardness while she clutched him hard. Then he lathered up her loins, gripped her butt, and thrust his big cock between her thighs, pressing her clitoris against his abdomen.

“OK, babe, here goes,” said the man, thrusting hard between her thighs. “Oh, man, there’s nothing like doing it with a 12-year-old virgin!” Vividly Wendy imagined the tight, hot space between her thighs was her vagina, clutching the man’s cock in rapid spasms, just as she had so often done in fantasy. She could feel him trying to slow down and prolong the experience, but she couldn’t wait. Her hands, her lips, her hard-pumping girlish butt all begged him to ejaculate deep into her as soon as possible. “Oh, baby, baby!” the man cried out, succumbing to her intense desire. “You’re the hottest! You’re the greatest! Thank you, thank you, thank you!” Wendy could not speak in return—surely she could not cry out, “I love you! Yes! I love you!”—but she moaned and gasped in ecstasy as her clitoris spurted upward and her orgasm mingled with his.

“Oh, babe, I couldn’t have believed this!” the man groaned when his sperm was drained, still clutching Wendy’s big butt hard. “You’re the greatest little

12-year-old girlie-boy in the universe—and you're all mine!"

Wendy did not reply to this directly. Instead, squeezing his still-erect cock between her thighs, she asked him softly, "Why is it so much more exciting to do it with me when I'm 12 than it would be if I was 18?"

Keeping one hand on Wendy's butt while raising the other to her breast, the man moaned "Oh, baby!" once more before replying. Then he said, "Baby, you're just so fresh and innocent, you know what I mean? You take me back to the time when I was fresh and innocent too, when one little glimpse of a cute girl's tiny titties or a boy's hard young cock would send me skyrocketing! And you were a virgin; not many 18-year-olds are virgins, especially if they're girlie-boys. There's just nothing like doing it with a virgin. And then, you know, it's the forbidden fruit, and that's always more exciting. You're totally hot, you're totally ready, you've got needs just as much as if you weren't only 12, but they say, 'Hell, no! Stay away! Don't you dare, or you're going straight to prison!' Well, what kind of a man would take that shit lying down? I've got needs, too! What if I was the kind of guy who can only get it up for young girls and boys that are still at that magic age when it's totally new and astounding to be able to get sexy and have orgasms? Should I be doomed to sit at home and jack off alone, when so many kids are so eager and willing? Baby, I ask you, is that right? Is that justice?"

Wendy didn't know how to answer. She groped for words. At last she could say only, "Well, I'm glad you didn't sit at home and jack off alone. That was so exciting!"

"Let's do it again," the man said at once. "I'll meet you here again whenever you like. I come here almost every night around this time. But remember—outside of this club, you don't know me, and I don't know you. What happens here, stays here. Nobody talks; everybody walks."

Chapter 3

Not many days later, Wendy got to know Judy. She had seen Judy shopping at Arthur's every now and then, but she hadn't known Judy's name. All she knew was that Judy was an obvious cross-dresser who often carried a gun and wore a police badge on her belt while shopping.

Judy approached Wendy, pushing a shopping cart, while Wendy was refilling the store shelves with mustard, pickles, olives, steak sauce, and things like that. Judy had her gun in her holster and her badge on her belt. Wendy looked up at her as she came closer; she wasn't all that tall, but she was noticeably taller than Wendy's five feet, zero inches. Her face was indistinguishable from a beautiful woman's face, with great dark eyes like Wendy's own, and full red lips like Wendy's too. Judy actually looked quite a bit like Wendy, she thought, except Judy had wavy shoulder-length brown hair and no freckles—quite unlike Wendy, with her wavy blonde hair and ruddy, freckle-spattered face. Judy's breasts were quite small compared to most women's breasts, but their pleasing round shape was plainly visible beneath Judy's tight white top. Judy's hips were big, at least as big as Wendy's in proportion, and her bare legs were shapely between the hem of her blue knee-length skirt and her crew socks. She was smiling at Wendy. Wendy had to wonder if Judy was attracted to her. She still didn't know Judy's name.

"Hi there," Judy said in a low voice, coming very close to Wendy. "I don't think we've been introduced. I'm Judy MacGregor, detective with the Pacific Heights Police." Judy made no effort to disguise her male voice, totally incongruous with her looks.

"Uh, hi," Wendy said. "I'm Wendy Batemiller." Obviously she didn't need to say she worked at Arthur's. Her tight, low-cut top had Arthur's red A insignias on both shoulders. Arthur's let the employees wear just about any clothing that was legal, as long as it had the red A's on it. Wendy's top would have been legal even if she had really been a female, since it didn't show her nipples, but it did show a good deal of her pretty little cleavage since the neckline wasn't far

above them. Wendy's pink miniskirt didn't have red A's on it, but it was attention-getting too, showing off generous portions of her plump, pretty thighs.

"Hi, Wendy," said Judy, shaking her hand. With no further preliminaries, Judy asked, "Would you mind telling me how old you are?"

"Uh, well, I'm 18," Wendy said. "Why do you ask?"

"Did anyone ever tell you you look like you're only about 12 or 13?"

"Well, now that you mention it"—Wendy's heart was racing. Judy was gazing hard at her. Surely Judy wouldn't try to have sex with her right here at Arthur's—but was Judy trying to pick her up for sex, like the man at Club Swank Wank? And would Wendy be pleased if she did?

"Uh—yes," Wendy stammered. "A—a man did tell me that not long ago." Wendy could feel herself blushing fiercely. She felt as if Judy could see right through her clothes, see her nude, see her erect nipples and her hardening clitoris, see exactly what Wendy had done with the man at the club—and what she might well want to do with Judy too, if Judy would have her!

"Did the man—well, stop me if I'm getting too nosy, but did the man actually believe you were that young?"

Wendy was breathing hard through her mouth now. "Yes, I'm pretty sure he did," she said. "I told him I was 12, and he sure acted like he believed it."

Judy's mouth was open too. "And—well, I'm afraid maybe this is going to be way too nosy, but—uh—did he do anything with you that a grown man shouldn't be doing with a 12-year-old?"

Wendy nodded yes. "We were at Club Swank Wank," she admitted, "and—we were having sex." Her nipples and her clitoris were throbbing so hard she was sure Judy could feel the vibrations.

“He believed you were 12, and he had sex with you anyway?”

“Yes.”

Judy took a deep breath, let it out, and spoke very softly. “I’m wondering,” she said, “if you might like to assist the police in a very important way, as what we call an MDS—a Molester Detection Specialist.”

Wendy stared. “Uh—I don’t know,” she said. “How do you mean?”

“Well, an MDS is a civilian informant for the police, who attracts subjects that are predisposed to commit child molesting, and induces them to commit attempted child molesting. You see, since you’re really 18, nobody could really commit child molesting with you—but if they think you’re 12 or 13, they can commit attempted child molesting. It’s no defense that it would be impossible to commit the real offense because you’re not young enough, as long as they believe you’re young enough. I mean, um, if you’re going to be wanting sex with—uh—random men anyway, why not do it with guys who think they’re molesting you, so we can get them off the streets before they molest real kids?”

Wendy was silent. Would she really want to send men like the one who had sex with her at the club to prison? Wasn’t it just harmless excitement to pretend she was 12 for men who were driven wild by the thought of sex with a girl so young, or a girlie-boy so young? Would it be unkind, even hateful, to punish men simply for wanting to return to that magic age when sex was new, fresh, and even innocent? Or were they really no more fresh and innocent than Wendy’s mom had been when she turned Wendy into a sexy young girlie-boy and masturbated in front of her, and later watched her orgasms?

“Well—I don’t know,” Wendy said again. “Let me think about it.”

“Sure,” Judy said. “Here’s my card. Just let me know if you decide to do the job. But I hope you will; I think you’d be great at it.” Judy handed Wendy a

business card. Then Judy pushed her shopping cart away, and Wendy returned to her mustard, pickles, olives, steak sauce, and to her whirlwind of thoughts.

Wendy felt she needed to decide about Judy's proposal before she went back to the club—and yet she found it terribly hard to decide. It was so incredibly exciting to have sex with a man who thought she was only 12—and wasn't it just thoroughly harmless excitement? Did a man really deserve to go to prison for it? Wasn't it true that many 12-year-olds, too, had sexual feelings and needs, and should be able to satisfy them—even with older men or women, if they wished? Wendy had certainly had extremely strong sexual urges when she was 12, which she had satisfied in many orgasms—and would it really have been wrong to satisfy them with a real boyfriend, or man friend, instead of an imaginary one? Shouldn't she just tell Judy “No” and go back to the club?

Wendy honestly didn't know—but there were a few things, at least, she did know. She knew she wanted to cry out that she loved her boy or man during sex—but she couldn't when she did it with the red-bearded man at the club, because she didn't even know him. What was more, she would never know him in real life, outside the club, because he wouldn't let her. All he wanted was a sort of mutual “sexual self-sufficiency” with her, just like Mom. Wendy shivered in horror at the thought of herself doing such things together with Mom—but was it really any different to do them with the man than with Mom? And, more foully still, was it really any different to do them with Mom than to submit to what Mom had really done to Wendy?

Wendy couldn't escape from the sickening thought that Mom had been guilty of molesting her when she was 11 and 12. Mom hadn't molested her by touching her, but it seemed she sure had by exciting her with girls' clothes, and demonstrating “sexual self-sufficiency,” and prying into whether Wendy had yet “done it” like a girl, not like a loathsome boy. True, if so, Wendy had been almost totally ready and

willing to be molested, with only a thin, readily ripped veil of reluctance—but did that really matter?

Wendy's thoughts were running away from her, carrying her where she felt afraid to go. Wasn't it foolish and even unjust, as the red-bearded man had said, to draw arbitrary lines between young people of different ages who had the same sexual feelings and needs? Maybe so, Wendy thought—but then did everyone, of every age, have to bow down to their sexual feelings and needs, and maybe be crushed by people who didn't love them and only wanted to take advantage of them? Hadn't Mom exploited the extreme excitability of Wendy's nipples and clitoris, and her overwhelming desire to be a sexy girl, to try to turn her into a man-hating puppet putting on orgasm shows for Mom's own satisfaction? Wouldn't Mom deserve to go to prison for that, if there was any justice in the world—and was the red-bearded man really any better than Mom?

Wendy pulled out Judy's card and stared at it. It would be satisfying, she thought. She couldn't put Mom in prison, but she could do the next best thing. She could punish the red-bearded man, and maybe many more like him, for turning her into a man-loving puppet putting on orgasm shows for their own satisfaction—a man-loving puppet who could never cry out that she loved her man. She pulled out her cell phone and called Judy's number.

"I think you'll really be glad you did this," Judy softly said to Wendy just before they entered Club Swank Wank. "You did very well in the MDS training, and you've sure got what it takes to nab those molesters."

"I hope so," Wendy said. I only wish I could nab my mom too, she thought, but didn't say. She had told Judy a few things about her mom during the training, and she wasn't sure she wanted to tell her any more.

They entered the club, and again Wendy had to have her ID scrutinized. Of course Judy didn't have

her gun or badge, so she couldn't speak up as a police officer and officially verify that Wendy was 18. The plan was to pretend they were going to have sex in the same private shower stall where Wendy had done it with the red-bearded man, while really they were going in to bug the stall with a tiny audio-video camera and transmitter. It was OK, Judy had explained, because they were only going to record events that Wendy consented to have recorded, and the molesting suspect didn't also need to consent.

They went to the locker room, stripped, and put on towels. Wendy caught glimpses of Judy's breasts and her clitoris. Her breasts were pretty, with fine pointy nipples, and even bigger than Wendy's little ones, but her clitoris wasn't erect. Wendy's was, but she tried not to let Judy see. She was embarrassed at how eager she would be for sex with the lovely Judy if Judy wanted her, but she was pretty sure the visit to the club was strictly business for Judy. Still, in her excited state, she wasn't perfectly sure.

They entered the shower stall, with Judy concealing the camera in a second towel. Judy expertly installed it while Wendy looked on. "Well, that should do the job," Judy said when she was done. "Just give the signal when you've got a suspect on the hook." The signal was to be given by a tiny wireless device in the pocket of Wendy's skirt, which would activate the camera when Wendy sent the signal.

Wendy felt a burning blush suffusing her face, her breasts, and her loins, but she felt she couldn't let this moment pass by without finding out for sure. "Uh—I don't have a suspect on the hook right now, do I?" she asked, and giggled. "I mean—um—well, have you ever come here for anything like what most people come here for?"

Judy stared, but then laughed. "No, I'm afraid not," she said. "There was a time long ago when I used to get sexy with guys, when I was only 14 or 15—but then I fell in love with a girl when I was 15 or 16. Well, actually, I fell in love with her when I was 12, but then I did again a few years later, and I never looked back. We got married when we were 18 even though some people thought we should wait. I'm not sorry

we did. She's the greatest." Judy smiled. "After you've nabbed your first suspect, maybe you'd like to come to my house and celebrate, and you can meet my wife and kids."

"Uh—well, sure," Wendy said. "Does your wife, um, know you wear women's clothes?"

"You bet." Judy grinned. "I even wore them to school with her once. I got suspended for three days for violating the dress code, but it didn't scare her away."

"Well, uh—that's good," Wendy said. Her heart was beating hard. She had to meet this woman who loved Judy, women's clothes and all. Strange, unimaginable thoughts were starting to whisper to her that her life was about to be changed forever—and that she would not be sorry, to say the least. But before she could meet Judy's wife, she would have to nab her first suspect—this very night, she hoped.

"Oh, babe, you're back! I love you!" the red-bearded man cried out on seeing Wendy at the club again, that very night. Wendy could not bring herself to say she loved the man, but she did say, "I'm so glad to see you again!"

Hardly had she said it when the man embraced her, clasped her butt through her miniskirt with both hands, and kissed her deeply on the mouth. She responded as eagerly as possible. "Let's do it in the shower again," she said when her mouth was free. "That was so lovely!"

"Your wish is my command, my love," said the man. "Let's go!"

This time Wendy did not pull down her miniskirt and panties; the man did it for her at once. She unzipped his pants and put her hand on his massive cock. "Easy, babe," said the man. "Let's take it easy this time, good and slow."

“Oh, I’ll try,” said Wendy, “but I can hardly wait to get in the shower!”

They stripped and entered the shower almost at once, but not before Wendy had discreetly picked up her miniskirt, reached into the pocket, and given the signal to turn on the recording device. As soon as they entered the shower stall, Wendy started to elicit admissions from him that he believed she was only 12, as she had been trained to do.

“Ooh, I’m so glad you’ll make love with me even though I’m only 12!” she gushed. “Wouldn’t a lot of men be afraid to do that?”

“I’m not a lot of men,” the red-bearded man assured her, “and I’m not afraid. Just as long as nobody finds out, it’s totally OK. I love you, you love me, and that’s all that counts—not some birth certificate somewhere.” He turned on the shower, gripped Wendy’s bare butt, and kissed her on the mouth.

“Will you still love me when I’ve turned 13?” Wendy asked him with a giggle, raising her voice to be heard above the noise of the shower.

“Babe, I’ll love you more than ever,” the man assured her. “13-year-olds are the sexiest creatures in the universe—and you’ll be the sexiest among them! But before you turn 13, just let me squeeze those pert little 12-year-old titties from behind.”

The man moved around to stand behind her. He slipped his cock between her thighs and squeezed her breasts. She clasped his hands on her breasts with her own, clutched his cock tightly with her thighs, and began to pump her hips. She was glad to see that they were facing toward the camera, so the man’s face would be plainly visible as he had sex with her.

“Easy does it, babe,” said the man. “Take it nice and slow this time.” Wendy tried to comply, but didn’t entirely succeed. Soon her left hand had descended to the big bulb of the man’s cock, sticking out in front of her thighs. She squeezed his bulb with her hand and his shaft with her thighs, and pumped

her hips, and soon she could feel the man thrusting hard.

“Oh, babe, oh, babe! You’re so great! I love you!” the man cried out as Wendy felt his semen spurting into her hand, soon mingling with her own. Wendy was silent until the orgasm had ended.

“Oh, that was so exciting!” she then said, discreetly turning off the water as soon as they had washed away the semen, so their voices could be better heard. “I hope no one ever catches us—I mean, until I’m old enough that it’s legal.”

The man gripped her breasts so hard it hurt. “No one will catch us, babe,” he assured her. “I won’t talk; you won’t talk; no one will find out.”

“Oh, I hope not!” Wendy said. “But—what if someone did find out? What if they found out my ID is fake?”

“No one will ever find out,” the man insisted, “unless you or I tell them. I sure won’t, and if you ever did—well, you’d wish you didn’t.”

Wendy’s sharp ears, trained to listen closely for any sign of the crime of intimidation, perked up at once. “Oh, I won’t!” she assured the man. “But—well, what do you mean by saying I’d wish I didn’t?”

The man made a sound that sounded halfway between a groan and a snarl. “Babe, I didn’t think I’d have to explain that to you,” he said, “but look. This is serious business. A man could go to prison for years—and get his butt raped for years by vicious criminals—for doing it with a 12-year-old. I’m not about to let that happen. I’ll do whatever it takes to make sure it doesn’t happen. Do you understand? Whatever it fucking takes.” He was clutching her breasts so hard that Wendy feared they would bleed, or at least be seriously bruised.

“Oh, no!” Wendy cried, putting up with the pain for the sake of nabbing this suspect, who was now making his vile character dreadfully clear. “You mean—well, like I say, I’m sure not going to tell, but if

there was some other 12-year-old who did tell, you mean—”

“I mean,” the man said slowly and distinctly, “that 12-year-old wouldn’t live to testify at the trial. There’d be an accident—a fatal one. I’ve got a special kind of insurance to make that happen. It’s not sold legally, and the premiums are pretty hefty, but it’s worth it, and they guarantee the job will get done.”

“Oh!” said Wendy. “Well—I’m sure glad I won’t be in that 12-year-old’s place!”

“No, babe,” the man assured her. “You sure won’t. You’re far too good for that. You’re the greatest.”

Wendy and the man left the shower and got dressed in silence. Wendy glimpsed Judy watching them. Judy was wearing a long, fluffy sweater, presumably to conceal her gun and her badge. Judy appeared to be sending a text message on her cell phone.

“Well, babe,” the man said as they were about to leave the club, “I hope I’ll see you here again pretty soon. I waited too long to see you here this time.”

“Oh, yes, I’ll see you again soon!” Wendy said, but she didn’t say where or how.

The man gripped her butt and kissed her on the mouth one last time. Then they left the club. Two big police officers in uniform, one black, one white, were awaiting them on the street.

“All right, sir, you’re under arrest,” said the black one. Wendy discreetly stepped away.

“Under arrest?” the man shouted. “God damn it! You’re lying! I haven’t done anything!”

“Attempted child molesting,” the white officer corrected him, grasping his arm. “We’ll need to put these handcuffs on you.” Wendy saw Judy coming out of the club with her gun drawn.

“The fucking hell you will!” the man screamed. He turned toward Wendy. “You fucking cunt!” he shouted at her. “You two-timing, lying, cheating, stinking cunt! You set me up for this! You were in on it from the start! Well, I’ll see you in hell, bitch!” With tremendous strength he ripped himself away from the officer’s grasp and rushed toward Wendy. Frantically Wendy looked for somewhere to hide. She could see nowhere but behind Judy.

“Freeze!” Judy commanded the man, pointing her gun straight at him. “Put your hands up right now or I’ll shoot!”

“Shut up, bitch,” the man said, looking right and left for a way to get around Judy and attack Wendy. “I might as well get killed as go where I’m going if I live.” Wendy was afraid Judy would shoot him dead right in front of her—but suddenly the man started jerking and twitching uncontrollably. Wendy saw that the black officer was holding something that looked kind of like a gun, but had cord-like things stretching from it to the man’s back.

“You might as well go where you’re going as get killed, then,” said the black officer with a grin. “No need for a gun if a taser will do the job. Now let’s get those handcuffs on.” Judy and the white officer restrained the man while he was handcuffed. When the man could speak again, he started screaming additional obscenities at Wendy, but not for long. The officers escorted him to a waiting police car and drove away.

“Good work, Wendy,” Judy said. “How about a celebration at my house on Sunday afternoon?”

“Uh, sure,” Wendy said, “at least if I don’t get killed by that guy’s illegal insurance company.” She laughed nervously. “He was telling me how he pays hefty premiums to an illegal insurance company that kills witnesses.”

“Most likely you won’t,” Judy assured her. “He was probably bluffing to scare you. Even if he wasn’t, enterprises like that aren’t too reliable about fulfilling their promises once their customers are behind bars

and no longer paying the premiums. But still, if you have anything to do with law enforcement, you need to keep in mind that there's going to be some danger, and you have to think hard about what you're going to do about it." Wendy was becoming all too well aware of the danger, but not yet of what she was going to do about it.

"Anyway, you'll probably survive at least until Sunday afternoon, and so will I," Judy said with a grin. "Here's my home address." She wrote an address, not too far from where Wendy lived at Belinda's house, on one of her business cards and gave it to Wendy. "See you there about one in the afternoon for Sunday dinner?"

"Uh, sure," Wendy said. "Thanks a lot. I'm looking forward to it." She didn't add that what she was looking forward to most was meeting Judy's wife.

Chapter 4

Wendy rode her bike west along Moundvale Avenue from Belinda's house near Mounds Junction, within walking distance of Arthur's. The avenue sloped downward between Oak Mound on the right and Maple Mound on the left. Those were both nice neighborhoods, but the houses in between were getting shabbier as she got farther down the slope and away from the Junction. She stopped and looked at Judy's card. Good, she thought, the address was only a few more blocks farther on—and that was really good. By the time she got there, the slope was becoming steeper and she could see straight down into the heart of the largest, most notorious slum in Pacific Heights, known simply as "the District." The spring weather was chilly, but that wasn't the only reason why Wendy shivered.

Judy's house was a small, sky-blue one in need of a paint job, with a round-topped front door, at the corner of Moundvale and Robursson. Wendy locked her bike to the signpost at the corner. She took a quick look down at her clothes, hoping they were decent enough: a light pink high-necked top that dis-

played no nudity but did show the shape of her breasts, and a hot pink skirt that came down almost, but not quite, to her knees. Judy had told her she would fit in better if she didn't show off too much skin, and these clothes were about the best she had for not showing skin while still being able to ride her bike in comfort. She tried to keep calm as she walked up to the door and knocked.

The door opened. Wendy saw a pregnant woman with frizzy brown hair, a big nose, great brown eyes, and a wide smile. "Hi! Are you Wendy?" the woman said.

"Uh, yes," Wendy said, looking at the woman with eyes open wide. She wore a light flower-print maternity blouse and a dark blue knee-length skirt, concealing much of the loveliness that Judy must have seen in the nude. She loves Judy! Wendy's mind cried out in silence, and the echo resounded at once! Judy's had sex with her!

"I'm Christie MacGregor," the woman said. "I'm so glad you're helping my husband catch child molesters!"

"Wow, so am I!" Wendy exclaimed. It was true—not least because, by helping Judy catch child molesters, Wendy had been enabled to meet this lovely, homely woman, Christie.

"Come on in," Christie said, opening the door wide. Wendy came in.

"You know my husband Jim," said Christie, "also known as Judy." Judy got up from an old-looking armchair in the little living room. Wendy hadn't known Judy's real name was Jim. Now she would find it easy to remember, for Judy, or Jim, was wearing a loose-fitting men's plaid shirt and men's khaki trousers. Still, she had to keep thinking of Judy as Judy.

"Hi, Wendy," Judy said, shaking Wendy's hand. "We're glad you could come."

"Uh, so am I," Wendy said. The men's clothes somehow made it even harder to keep from thinking

of Judy having sex with Christie. Wendy hoped the sex thoughts weren't oozing out of her eyes to be seen by all, but she felt irrational fear that they were. More irrationally still, her heart began to feel a painful yearning to be like Judy and to have a wife like Christie—a yearning that, of course, was never to be fulfilled.

“Our children will be joining us soon for dinner,” Christie said, raising her voice. “Rebecca! Raymond! Time for dinner! Please come out and meet our guest, Wendy!”

A boy who looked to be about seven years old, wearing a cowboy hat, a star-shaped badge, and a toy gunbelt, raced into the living room with his toy six-shooter drawn. “Put your hands up right now or I'll shoot!” he ordered Wendy. Wendy laughed and raised her hands.

“Raymond, you brat, shut up,” a girl demanded, following the boy into the living room. Wendy could not see the girl well at first, for she picked the boy up from behind and ordered him to drop the gun.

“Stop it! That's against the law!” Raymond cried out, flailing his legs in vain. “Resisting law enforcement! You'll go to jail for this!” Wendy laughed again.

“Drop it! Now!” the girl commanded. Raymond refused and kicked some more. Judy, deftly avoiding his kicks, extracted the gun from his hand. “Raymond,” Judy said, “we only use guns on bad guys, if we have to. Wendy's not a bad guy. Wendy helped me catch a bad guy. That's why I invited her here. Now, you can be polite to Wendy and eat dinner, or not be polite and not eat dinner. Which will it be?”

Raymond frowned, but obviously knew he had lost the struggle. “Dinner,” he snarled.

The girl put him down and introduced herself to Wendy. “Good afternoon,” she said politely. “I'm Rebecca MacGregor, and I'd like to apologize for my bratty brother's bad behavior.”

Wendy laughed yet again. “Not your fault,” she said. She gazed upon Rebecca’s pleasing looks for at least as long as she thought polite. The girl looked to be about 11 or 12 at most, and she was a little shorter than Wendy. Her brown hair was wavy like Judy’s, but fluffier; her face looked more like Christie’s, with a big nose and wide mouth, but she was prettier than Christie. Her little breasts were no bigger than Wendy’s; Wendy tried not to stare at them, but they seemed well worth staring at, as a glimpse at the girl’s plain form-fitting white top sufficed to disclose. Her white socks, running shoes, and dark blue knee-length skirt, almost an exact duplicate of Christie’s, completed the look of a girl who was simple, clean, good-hearted, and feminine, with no nonsense about her, just as her mother seemed to be.

“Uh, I’m Wendy Batemiller,” Wendy said, realizing she should say her name and not just look at Rebecca.

“I’m pleased to meet you, Wendy,” Rebecca said, extending her hand. Her bright brown eyes and her innocent smile made the words seem like much more than a mere formality. Incredibly, Wendy began to think, this lovely young creature really was pleased to meet her.

“Wow—I mean, uh, I’m very pleased to meet you too, Rebecca,” Wendy said, shaking Rebecca’s hand. They shook hands long and vigorously, until Rebecca giggled and let go.

“Um—your bratty brother’s got a good vocabulary,” Wendy said with a smile. “I bet not too many kids his age would be talking about resisting law enforcement.”

“Oh, yeah, he sure knows how to say that all right,” Rebecca said, rolling her eyes. “My dad told him it was resisting law enforcement if you fight a police officer, so now he wears his toy badge and gun as much as he can, and he says it’s resisting law enforcement whenever anyone tries to stop him from doing whatever he wants!” Wendy laughed heartily, and so did Rebecca.

“Speaking of law enforcement,” Rebecca quickly semi-changed the subject, “how did you help my dad catch a bad guy?”

“Well, uh—” Wendy was speechless. She sure wasn’t going to tell Rebecca about having sex with the guy who thought she was 12 at Club Swank Wank. This little sweetheart, if indeed she was one as she seemed, didn’t need to know about any of that.

“Was it like how my dad sometimes catches them?” Rebecca prompted him. “You know, my dad wears girls’ clothes to work, because sometimes bad guys will try to do nasty things with him when they see he looks like a girl, and then he can catch them. Is that what happened?”

“Um, yeah, that’s a lot like what happened,” Wendy said with relief. “There was a bad guy who thought I was only 12, and he wanted to do nasty things with me.” Wendy saw no need to mention that the bad guy had succeeded in doing the nasty things, with her own eager co-operation. “So your dad and a couple of police officers in uniform caught him and took him to jail.”

“Wow, that’s good!” Rebecca said. “The bad guy thought you were only 12? How old are you really?”

“I’m 18.” Rebecca grinned and her eyes grew wider, as if 18 were a far better age than her own. “How old are you really?” Wendy had to ask.

“I’m 13. Actually, 13 and a half.” Wendy raised her eyebrows slightly, but said nothing. The girl seemed pretty small for 13 and a half, but surely she wasn’t lying. Rebecca laughed and went on: “And I’ve never made anyone think I was 18!”

“Don’t try.” Wendy rushed to say. “It’s not worth it. There’ll be plenty of time to make people think you’re 18 when you really are 18.” Visions of the future Rebecca at age 18—not more than four and a half years from now—flooded Wendy’s imagination, making her heart beat hard.

“Speaking of making people think you are what you really are,” Rebecca semi-changed the subject again, speaking more more softly and drawing closer to Wendy, “would you mind telling me—are you really a girl, or are you a boy?”

Wendy laughed in surprise, but quickly stopped herself. “I’m a boy,” she said, “now that you mention it.” Rebecca’s eyes grew wider still. “Did I have you fooled?”

“No,” Rebecca said frankly. “I was pretty sure you were a boy. My dad looks pretty much like a girl in his work clothes, but he doesn’t act as much like a girl as my mom does. I could still tell he was a boy and my mom was a girl, even if my mom wasn’t going to have a baby!”

“Rebecca? Wendy?” Christie called out from the dining room. “Dinner’s ready; come and eat!”

“OK, Mom,” Rebecca said. Quickly turning to Wendy, she said in a soft, eager voice, “I’m glad you’re a boy!” Then she turned and walked into the dining room before she could see Wendy’s wide-open eyes or hear her thundering heart, much less discern the words Wendy was forcing herself not to cry out: “I’m incredibly glad you’re a girl!”

“Wow, thanks a lot for inviting me,” Wendy said to Judy after dinner, as she was getting ready to ride her bike back to Belinda’s. “That was great.” She didn’t add that the greatest part was meeting Rebecca, talking with Rebecca, feeling her heart melt in the sunshine of Rebecca’s smiling, laughing young face. She did add, “Maybe you and your family would like to have Sunday dinner at my place sometime.” She hoped that would be all right with Belinda and her husband; she was pretty sure it would.

“Great idea,” Judy said. “But we’ll need to celebrate catching another molester, and I’ve got one in mind. Are you up for it?”

“Uh, sure,” Wendy said. She hoped she wasn’t getting the heart of a molester herself. Rebecca was so lovely, so desirable, so friendly to Wendy—and yet so young! Wendy could readily see and feel how a potential molester could be tempted, and succumb to strong temptation, with a girl like Rebecca—and yet Wendy herself must never do anything to betray Rebecca’s trust. Wendy would be no better than her own revolting mother, she knew, if Rebecca could not trust her to be kind, and good, and—Wendy struggled for a word—and decent with her always!

“OK, how about I treat you to lunch at Blessing’s tomorrow,” Judy said, “and I’ll tell you what I’ve got in mind?”

“Fine with me,” Wendy said. Blessing’s Buffet, very close to Arthur’s on Mounds Boulevard, was a nice, clean, inexpensive restaurant where Wendy occasionally ate when she wanted an especially filling meal. “See you there.” She mounted her bike, turned away from the view of the District, and began to ascend the slope.

“These restaurants always bring back memories,” Judy said when they had filled their plates at Blessing’s. “Christie and I ate at the one in Seaview Grove after I helped the police there catch my first bad guy, when I was only 15. He was a really bad guy, too—aspiring young hard-core porn producer, molester, criminal ringleader, and murderer. He’s doing 100 years in prison now.”

“Wow,” Wendy said. “Um, the guy you want me to help you with isn’t a murderer, is he?”

“I don’t think so. He’s such a sweet guy, his victims love him, even after he gently dumps them when they get too old for him, like when they’re about 14 or 15 at the oldest. He pretends his so-called ‘everlasting love’ for them is simply ascending to a new, more spiritual level, when what’s really happening is that he just can’t get it up for anyone above that age. We’ve caught him admitting that he’s only ‘sexually

oriented' toward young people of both sexes, from puberty up to a couple or three years afterward. But since they still love him after he's done with them, they won't tell on him, because he makes it perfectly clear that no one who loved him would ever tell on him. Since there's no corpus delicti, we can't use his admissions against him. That's where you come in."

"Uh—I'm supposed to be the corpus delicti?" It sounded pretty gruesome, like a dead body, even though Judy said she didn't think this guy was a murderer.

"You're supposed to establish the corpus delicti." Judy smiled. "Corpus delicti means any kind of evidence that a crime was committed, apart from what the suspect said. You need it to keep people from being convicted on false confessions to crimes that never happened. Believe it or not, some people do make false confessions for their own bizarre reasons. So, you'll need to get in touch with this guy and lead him to believe you're a lonely, horny 12-year-old who's deeply in need of the 'everlasting love' that only he can give. When he takes the bait, then we can nab him and use his admissions against him—as well as video evidence of him attempting to molest you."

"Um, this isn't going to happen at Club Swank Wank again, is it?"

"No, that would be entirely unsuitable for this. He likes to lure the victims to his lair—but I bet he'd be daring enough to go to the victim's lair too, if he thought he could get away with it. It would add some extra excitement if he thought he was molesting a boy or girl right under their parents' noses. Would your place be suitable for that, do you think?"

"Uh, I guess so. I've got a basement apartment underneath an old couple's house. I could tip them off so they wouldn't be too surprised at what was happening."

"Great. I bet he'll fall for it just fine. Well, are you up for it?"

Wendy was silent for a minute. She felt a pang of queasiness at the thought of sending a ‘sweet guy’ to prison for giving ‘everlasting love’ to young people—but the pang soon passed. Wendy imagined, with loathing, how the ‘sweet guy’ might sweet-talk a good-hearted young girl like Rebecca—yes, a whole lot like Rebecca—into lying down with him and letting him screw her, and then dump her in the trash under the pretense of ascending to a new, spiritual level of love. Wendy felt she would want to strangle anyone who did that to Rebecca, or anyone like Rebecca. She couldn’t really strangle this “sweet guy,” but she could help send him to prison, so he couldn’t betray the innocent hearts and bodies of any more young boys and girls—and, if she could, she would.

“Yes, I’m up for it,” Wendy told Judy. “Let’s get him.”

“My mom doesn’t love me, and my dad doesn’t live with us,” Wendy was soon telling the “sweet guy” in a video chat. “I really need love. You know what I mean?” She was dressed for the part of the lonely, horny 12-year-old in a sheer, skimpy spaghetti-strap negligee that plainly let the man see her bare breasts with erect nipples beneath it. The only other thing she wore was a discreet, inconspicuous little necklace that contained a tiny audio-video recorder and transmitter, which Judy had provided to her.

“Oh, Wendy, my dear, I know exactly what you mean,” said the man, who used the name Ronald McLoving. He was a plump, balding man with kind-looking eyes and a sweet smile, fully dressed. “I’ll give you everlasting love. With me, you’ll be safe, you’ll be cherished and adored, you’ll have all the love you ever dreamed of and more.”

“Oh, yes!” Wendy cried. “Yes, please! Can you come over to my house? My bedroom’s in the basement, and I can let you in so my mom won’t know.”

“I can come,” Ronald McLoving assured her. “My dear, I love you. I’ll do anything for you.”

“I’m only 12,” Wendy said. “I’m not too young for you to love, am I?”

“My dear, you’re exactly right! Please don’t be afraid! I’ll come right now! Just give me your address!” Wendy gave him the address, adding that he needed to come around to the basement door on the side and she would let him in. He assured her that he would find her. Then the screen of her tablet went blank.

“Well, that looks pretty promising,” Judy said. “We’ll hide in the closets here. I’ve tested the video transmission, and it works fine. He should be in our hands before too long.” Judy hid in one closet, and the detective who was with her, a tall, thin man named Bob Feasby, hid in another.

Before too long, indeed, Ronald McLoving arrived and knocked on Wendy’s basement door. He was already breathing hard when Wendy let him in. “Oh, Wendy, my love,” he said as they descended the stairs, “I’m so glad you asked me to come! For love of you, I drove straight through the District from Queen’s Bluff! It’s a pretty creepy place after dark, but fortunately I didn’t have any trouble. You won’t scold me for putting myself in danger for love of you, will you?”

“Oh, no!” Wendy assured him. “I’m just so glad you’re here!” At the bottom of the stairs she turned to face him at once, embraced him, and kissed him on the mouth. She pretended she was too young and innocent to know what to do with her tongue, but he slipped his tongue deep into her mouth. His hands clasped her waist at first, but soon descended to her big girlish butt. His cock was hard and really big, as she could feel through his pants.

“Oh, Wendy,” he murmured, pulling up her short negligee to grip her bare butt. “Wendy, my beauty, my love—my only love forever.” Farther and farther up he pulled the negligee, until he was stripping it off. Putting his mouth back on hers, he rubbed and

squeezed her breast while making little moans of delight. Then he lowered his hand to her loins and caressed her erect clitoris, showing no sign of surprise that it was three and a half inches long. “Oh, my dearest,” he said, “I’m so thrilled that you love me—as I love you!”

Rapidly he stripped. His nude cock was immense. His bulb looked as big as an apple. “Please touch me, Wendy,” he begged, obviously meaning that she should touch his cock. She did, delicately but eagerly. He shivered with delight.

“Wendy, will you kiss me?” he asked her tenderly. The meaning of this was obvious too. “Oh, I’ve never kissed a man’s you-know-what before!” Wendy said, quite truthfully. “Are you sure it’s all right?”

“Perfectly sure,” he said. “Here, kneel before me and kiss me, just as if you were kneeling to pray in church. Do you go to church, Wendy?”

“Uh, no. My—my mom won’t let me.”

“Oh, dear! Well, the experience of worship is one of the most profoundly satisfying in human life, but there are many different forms of worship. This will be one. Worship and cherish my manhood, Wendy, and you will find bliss beyond belief.”

Wendy obediently knelt before Ronald McLoving and kissed his bulb, then licked it underneath with her lips on the end. It was too big to fit in her mouth, but she kissed it all over, and he seemed to find the experience eminently satisfactory. Some pre-ejaculation fluid oozed out, but Wendy avoided getting much of it in her mouth.

“And now let me kiss your lovely little-girl clitoris, Wendy,” the man said at last. “A girl your age will just be awakening to the blissful feelings her clitoris can give her. Will I be the first to kiss it?”

“Yes, you will,” Wendy told him truthfully. He knelt before her and took her entire three-and-a-half-inch clitoris into his mouth. Wendy felt a shock of extreme

delight. Her own pre-ejaculation fluid was emerging. She could hardly hold back her orgasm.

“Please get up,” Wendy begged him. “Make love with me with your you-know-what between my legs. That’s how I’ve been dreaming of it.”

“Oh, Wendy, your dreams will be fulfilled!” Ronald McLoving assured her, getting up at once. “You’re a virgin, aren’t you? A lovely, now dearly beloved, very young virgin?”

“Yes! Yes!” Wendy cried. “But not a virgin for long!”

They embraced. He plunged his cock between her thighs and grasped her butt. Their mouths met and they kissed deeply. Wendy no longer pretended that she didn’t know what to do with her tongue. It was darting in and out of his mouth at top speed. At top speed, too, Ronald McLoving thrust his cock between her thighs as she pressed her upward-facing clitoris against his abdomen. Their butts together underwent an astounding earthquake and they ejaculated together, Wendy against his abdomen, he beneath her lovely young-girlish buttocks, which he was gripping with all his might.

“Oh, Wendy!” the man moaned as he pumped hard to eject the last drop of his semen. “Oh, Wendy, my love, you’ll never be sorry for this! This is the true beginning of our everlasting love!”

“It’s the true end of it, too,” Judy said, emerging from the closet with her gun drawn. “You’re under arrest for attempted child molesting.”

Ronald McLoving gasped, but kept gripping Wendy’s butt and quickly stepped around so she would be a shield between himself and Judy. “This must be some kind of joke,” he said. “This isn’t really happening.” Wendy looked up at his eyes. They showed that he knew it was really happening. They were darting all around to find a way of escape.

While keeping his grip on Wendy’s butt, he maneuvered to pick up his pants, which presumably con-



tained his car keys and driver's license. "Drop those," Judy commanded. The man did not comply.

"I know you won't shoot Wendy," he said. "You will allow me to exit this place with Wendy between me and you, and to drive away. You will not be allowed to arrest me for no crime, but simply for loving a young girl with all my heart. I will have to take Wendy with me, to make sure we will both be allowed to leave this place in peace."

"Go right ahead," said Judy, "if you want to be arrested for kidnapping too."

"That won't be necessary," said Bob Feasby, who had silently emerged from the other closet and was now standing behind Ronald McLoving. "There's not going to be any kidnapping. Let go of Wendy and get these handcuffs on." He grabbed McLoving and started to handcuff him. McLoving looked as if he was thinking of putting up a struggle, but Wendy could see him quickly realizing that he would lose.

"This is supreme evil!" he said, in a cold, outraged voice as the handcuffs were locked in place. "How dare you try to punish me for simply trying to awaken a lovely young girl to the ultimate bliss of everlasting love? And when the lovely young girl turns out to be a betrayer, a tool, a puppet in your murderous hands—well, I know entrapment when I see it, and I know how to sue bad cops for every cent they have!"

Wendy smiled. She knew, because Judy had told her, that this wasn't really entrapment, since Ronald McLoving was obviously predisposed to commit the offense.

"Fair enough," Judy said with a grin. "If we were bad cops, I guess we might deserve to lose every cent we have." She and Bob Feasby escorted the handcuffed McLoving up the stairs and to the police car that awaited him, leaving Wendy alone and still nude in the basement.

“Well, this dinner’s going to be pretty simple, but I hope you’ll like it,” Belinda said when Judy and her family had arrived on Sunday.

“It’ll be fine, don’t worry about it,” said Belinda’s husband Fred.

“Our dinners at home are almost always pretty simple,” Christie said with a smile. “We’ve come down in the world since we grew up in Seaview Grove. Police officers don’t get paid nearly as well as they deserve—but that’s what my husband wants to do, and he’s good at it, so that’s that.”

“Well, I’m glad,” said Belinda. “We certainly need good police officers—and I’m glad to know Wendy’s been helping the police catch molesters. They’re so sickening, and there seem to be so many of them now.”

“What do you expect?” Fred said, seeming pretty grumpy. “It’s their God-damn orientation. First the homoes said, ‘This is my orientation, I was born this way, so I’ve got to do any homo sin I God-damn well feel like.’ Of course the molesters chime in and say, ‘Well, this is my orientation, so I’ve got to subject kids to any filth I God-damn well please.’”

“Fred, don’t use that language in front of the children,” Belinda reprimanded him. “You’re not going to tell me it’s your orientation to use such language, so you’ve got to subject the children to it!”

Fred didn’t exactly laugh, but he might have if he hadn’t been so grumpy. “All right,” he said, “gol-darn, gosh-dang, doggone, fricking, frocking, flunking—pick one, as long as it’s not the real word.” The others did laugh, but not loudly.

“Did you help my dad catch any more bad guys yet?” Rebecca asked, her eyes shining with admiration.

“Yes, I did,” Wendy was pleased to be able to tell her. “We got one more.”

“Who was he?” she asked.

“Well,” Wendy said, “he was a man who pretended to give young boys and girls ‘everlasting love,’ to get them to do nasty things with him.”

Rebecca looked outraged. “That’s really mean!” she cried. “What a sick trick! I hope he goes to jail for a long time!”

“Yeah, so do I,” Wendy agreed. Did she dare add, “That’s sure not what everlasting love is about”? If she did, would she expose herself as plagued by a crazy, impossible dream of everlasting love with Rebecca—a sweet, lovely, very young girl she had only recently met? Would she shock everyone present by the unsuspected depth of her yearning for something that could never be—or could it? If there was even one chance in a billion that Rebecca might someday return her love—and that Wendy might someday become worthy of Rebecca’s love—how could she crush her own heart by not speaking out?

She lost her chance to speak—but soon she was glad she had lost it. “I’m glad my mom and dad have real everlasting love,” Rebecca said, “and I’m sure glad you helped my dad put that man in jail!” She looked at Wendy with even greater admiration than before, almost as if she had said, “My hero!” She was blushing, Wendy could plainly see. Her heart could hardly bear the shock of joy, though it was crazy joy evoked by crazy thoughts: Does Rebecca want me to know she, too, has hopes for everlasting love? Is she blushing because she’s revealed her heart to me? She’s far too young—but she won’t always be too young! Do I dare to hope for unbelievable bliss, with Rebecca, in some future year?

“Wow, I’m really glad too,” Wendy said, daring to rejoice in Rebecca’s admiration, and even to gaze into her lovely, wide-open brown eyes. “I’m really, really glad!”

Chapter 5

“Our next molester,” Judy said when Wendy next met with her, “will be a rich guy who calls himself ‘Mother’s Masterful Helper.’ We know he’s rich, at least rich enough to take repeated trips to certain foreign countries where tourists can get away with a whole lot of child molesting if they want to. In this country, he’s on the prowl for young boys to ‘girlize,’ under the pretense that their moms want him to.”

Wendy stared at Judy with her mouth open. “I wonder if he ever met my mom,” she said. “For my mom, that was no pretense—but she didn’t need any help from him. She girlized me herself.” Wendy said nothing about how eager she had been to be girlized.

“She must have been a whole lot different from my mom,” Judy said. “I never let my mom know I wore girls’ clothes—although she found out anyway when I got suspended for wearing them to school. She wasn’t too pleased, to say the least.”

“Yeah, my mom was a whole lot different,” Wendy said. “She started dressing me in girls’ clothes when I was 11. When I was 12, she—well, she got nude and demonstrated so-called ‘sexual self-sufficiency’ to me. I mean, she actually masturbated and had an orgasm right in front of me. She wanted me to masturbate like a girl, too, and I did. Then later on she started watching me when I masturbated like a girl. The first time she watched me, she masturbated too.”

Judy stared at Wendy, speechless. “I wonder if ‘Mother’s Masterful Helper’ ever did meet your mom,” she said when she could speak. “Our investigators have found him engaging in so-called ‘ageplay’ over the Internet, where he does those exact things. Of course he keeps saying it’s just play and doesn’t mean he really wants to do those things with young boys—but we strongly suspect he’s lying. He’s not going to those foreign countries just for so-called ‘ageplay.’”

“So you want me to find out if he’ll really do it with me,” Wendy said.

“Exactly,” Judy said. “You’ll need to present yourself to him as a shy, fascinated, excitable young boy with barely suppressed girlish tendencies, who can be led to submit to his masterful girlization—but you’ll need to make sure to let him do the leading when it comes to having you do the real things. He’s actually beaten an attempted molesting charge before on the basis of entrapment. We don’t want it to happen again.”

“OK, I think I can do that,” Wendy said. After a moment she added, “It’s too bad you can’t arrest my mom for doing the same things.”

Judy frowned. “Your mom never actually molested you, physically I mean?”

“No. Only mentally. But I moved out as soon as I legally could. She was mad when I did.”

“When was the last time she masturbated in front of you?”

“Um—when I’d just turned 16.”

“I’m afraid we can’t do anything about that now,” Judy said with a sigh. “There’s an extended statute of limitations for child molesting, but not for engaging in an obscene performance in the presence of a minor. That’s a misdemeanor, and the statute of limitations is only two years. Besides, the prosecutor’s reluctant to charge crimes like that if there’s no video evidence. Juries nowadays tend to believe video a lot more than testimony.”

“OK, then, I guess we’ll have to let my mom go,” Wendy said with no little reluctance. “But at least I can try to get some video evidence against ‘Mother’s Masterful Helper!’”

“MOTHER’S MASTERFUL HELPER,” read the masterful-looking letters on that gentleman’s website. It showed a picture of a balding man, tall and thin, attired like an English

butler, holding a large covered dish. The man raised the lid to reveal an effeminate-looking youth in boys' clothes, who then removed those clothes to reveal delicately, but unmistakably, suggestive girls' clothes. The man then lowered the lid. This happened over and over, with several different girlish youths appearing in rotation.

Below that large animated image, bold text proclaimed that "YOUR MOTHER WANTS YOU to live up to your full girlish potential!" Below that appeared a huge button with the legend "CLICK HERE to send a totally private message to Mother's Masterful Helper about your desire to submit to your mother's commands!"

Wendy clicked the button, and a text box appeared below the legend "Tell Mother's Masterful Helper exactly how your mother wants you to be giralized and sissified!"

Wendy had little difficulty in writing her message:

"I'm a 12-year-old boy named Wendell. My mother wants me to wear pretty girls' clothes, including see-through nighties, short skirts, tight pink panties, a little bra, and things like that. I want to obey my mother, but I'm afraid. My mother thinks I need a strong, masterful man to train me in obedience. Can you help me stop being so afraid?"

Wendy sent the message from her computer at home, after she got off work at Arthur's, and went to make her dinner. Before she was done eating, the website lighted up with a signal that she had a new private message. She opened it at once and read: "Yes, Wendell. I can certainly help. First, please appear before me wearing boys' clothes in a video chat. You must show your face, for you must be totally honest with me to get the help you need. Make sure your webcam and microphone are operational, and then click [this link](#) to appear before me."

Fortunately Wendy did have some boys' clothes. She rapidly stripped off her girls' clothes, which she still had on from working at Arthur's, and put the boys' clothes on. Then she clicked the link and a video chat window opened up. Soon she was face to

face with Mother's Masterful Helper himself, and video-recording their encounter for posterity.

"Good afternoon," said the man in a strong, deep voice with a pronounced British accent. "You are Wendell, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I am most pleased to make your acquaintance, Wendell. Your first duty will be to enter the nude and let me see you measuring yourself for your new girls' clothes. Please remove all your boys' clothing now."

"Oh!" Wendy cried. "You—you want to see me naked? Are you sure that's all right?"

"Yes, Wendell. It is perfectly all right. Your mother requires it."

"Does she? Well, then—all right, I guess." Wendy unbuttoned her shirt, pulled it off, and stripped off her undershirt, revealing her bare breasts. "Nasty boys tease me and say I have 'tits' like a girl," Wendy told the man. "I'm embarrassed to let you see them."

"Please don't be embarrassed, Wendell. You are lovely. Your girlish potential is obviously very great. Your mother will be extremely pleased to view your transformation. Now remove your trousers, please."

Wendy complied, making sure the man could see her erect clitoris. "Sometimes I do this in secret," she confided, "to pretend I'm a girl." She pressed her clitoris down into hiding between her thighs.

"I am most pleased to learn of this," said the man. "Your girlish tendencies are already well advanced. Now please let me see you measuring yourself, and report your measurements to me." Wendy complied.

"Your girls' clothes will be ready for you tomorrow," the man said. "I will arrange our meeting then, by a private message here. You will inform your mother that you are going to the library. That will be the code

word by which she will recognize that you are being trained in girlishness by me. Please be ready.”

“I will! Oh, yes, I will!” Wendy assured him.

Wendy again wore her little recorder-transmitter necklace as she saw the man approaching in his big RV the next day. She actually had gone to the library; at least, she was waiting for him right in front of the Mounds Junction Branch of the Pacific Heights Public Library. He beckoned her to enter. She was still wearing her boys' clothes, but not for long.

“Wendell, I’m so pleased that you’re here,” the man said. “You are about to begin the most exciting transformation of your life—your transformation from Wendell into Wendy.”

“Oh, it is exciting,” Wendy said, “but I’m afraid! You won’t—you won’t try to do anything nasty with me, will you?”

“Absolutely not,” the man said. “Please don’t be afraid. I have your girls’ clothes here. They are very pretty. I know you’ll love them.”

The man produced a shopping bag. “Here are your panties and bra,” he said, extracting those items. “Your little breasts are very fine indeed. This AA-cup bra for young girls will fit them perfectly.”

Wendy stripped, put the bra on, and found that it did, just as her own AA-cup bras did. It was lacy and low-cut, a lot like her own bras. Her erect clitoris was still nude. Quickly she pressed it into hiding between her legs and covered it up with the panties.

“Here, look at yourself in this full-length mirror,” said the man. “Now, aren’t you the prettiest little 12-year-old girl you ever saw?”

“Ooh!” Wendy cried on looking in the mirror. “I am pretty, aren’t I? Thank you so much!”

“You are most welcome. Would you be embarrassed to have me photograph you in your undies?”

“Oh, yes, I would—but I’m so excited, I’ll let you do it anyway! Am I blushing?”

“You are,” said the man, “and it only increases your loveliness.” The man photographed Wendy with a cell phone. “Now one with you pulling your panties down, if you please.” Wendy pulled her panties down until her little delta was showing, making sure to keep her clitoris hidden between her legs. The man photographed her some more.

“Pull them back up,” the man said, “and put on your skirt and blouse.” He handed her those items and she put them on. The blouse was white, and so thin that Wendy’s bra could plainly be seen beneath it. The plaid skirt was extremely short, even shorter than Wendy’s own miniskirts. Some old-fashioned lacy white anklets and black Mary Janes completed her outfit. The man photographed her in the complete outfit.

“And now,” the man said, “I will need to spank you, for you have done something to me that a good little girl should never do to a man. You have made me have feelings of a very special kind for you. Do you know what I mean?”

“Oh, I’m sorry!” Wendy cried. “Are they—are they excited feelings? I didn’t mean to!”

“I’m sure you did not mean to,” the man said, “but you must learn never, never to do it again. Now, lie across my lap and take your spanking like a good girl.”

Wendy complied, hoping he wouldn’t notice her discreetly adjusting her necklace so the camera was at the back of her neck. She could feel the man’s big erect cock through his trousers. The man lifted her short skirt and pulled her panties all the way down, revealing her big girlish butt with her little clitoris sticking out beneath it. He began to spank her hard. She gave little squeals of mingled pleasure and pain, pumping her hips so the man could see she was excited.

“And now,” the man said when he had spanked her many times, “have you learned your lesson?”

“Oh, yes!” Wendy assured him. “I’ll never do it again!”

“That’s my good little girl,” the man said. “Now let me kiss you and make you all better.”

The man bent over and kissed Wendy’s butt; then he bent farther over and licked her clitoris beneath it, making her tremble with excitement. “Oh, my good little girl!” the man said again. “You’re so sweet—and so irresistible!” He raised his head, pushed up her blouse, and unhooked her bra; then he reached under her and squeezed her breast. “Please don’t let your mother know about this,” he begged her. “She wouldn’t understand. Please get up for just a minute—and take off your blouse and your bra.” Wendy complied. The man opened his trousers and pulled them down, revealing his big cock that looked at least eight inches long. “Now lie back down on my lap,” the man said. Again Wendy complied.

“You’re making me do something a man should never do with a little girl,” the man said, “but you’re so lovely, I can’t help myself! Lie very still while I come all the way into you, my little love.”

The man stroked Wendy’s backward-facing clitoris for a moment; then he reached between her legs, gripped his cock, and brought it up between her legs so it was rubbing against her clitoris. “This is what is known as making love,” the man said, beginning to pump his hips. “This is how men and women undergo the greatest excitement in life. But it’s very naughty and shameful for a little girl to make a man so excited that he can’t help doing this with her—so I’m going to have to spank you again, my dearest Wendy!”

The man spanked her with one hand while gripping her breast with the other. “Oh, you’re hurting me,” Wendy cried, “but please don’t stop!” She bucked her hips hard, frantically rubbing her clitoris against the man’s cock, which she was squeezing hard between her thighs. The man pumped mightily, moving Wendy’s hips rapidly up and down. “Oh! Oh!

Ohhhh!" Wendy moaned as her orgasm came upon her. The man stopped spanking her, clasped her clitoris in his hand, and received her spurting sperm behind her close-clenched thighs, as his own sperm spurted upward above her young-womanly butt. "Wendy! My love! My beauty!" the man cried out. "My good, good little girl!"

Mother's Masterful Helper, unlike Wendy's first two suspects, didn't try to fight or flee when he found out he was being arrested for attempted child molesting. Right outside the RV near the library, Judy and three other officers were waiting for him when he emerged to see Wendy off. When Judy told him he was under arrest, he simply stared and clenched his teeth in cold, stark horror.

"This is wrong," he said when he could speak, after he had been handcuffed. "I've been entrapped. I've beaten one of these trumped-up charges before because I was entrapped, and I can do it again. I should have known—it was too easy, too lovely, too perfect to be true."

He looked at Wendy, now wearing boys' clothes again, with a look of icy loathing. "So you're working for the police," he said. "You've lied to me, you've deceived me, and I suppose you're proud of it, because you've entrapped me for them. How old are you really?"

"I'm 18," Wendy said.

"I find that hard to believe," the man said, "but evidently the police believe it."

"Yes, we believe it all right," Judy said. "Let's go."

"Wait," said the man. "I can't go to prison for this. If it comes to that, I'll need a deal—and I can offer you a really good deal." He had lost his British accent, and now sounded like a desperate American.

"I thought you didn't need a deal," Judy said, "because you're sure you'll beat this charge by claiming you were entrapped. Remember?"

“I’ll discuss it with my attorney. If he thinks I’m not assured of beating the charge, I’ll accept a deal. I’ll testify against my boss, who’s in charge of the whole enterprise of girlizing and eroticizing young boys that I’m only a part of. In exchange, I’ll need to receive a totally suspended sentence.”

“Who’s your boss?”

“We call her Big Mama.”

Judy raised her eyebrows high. Wendy didn’t know who “Big Mama” was, but it seemed Judy did.

“All right,” Judy said, “you discuss it with your attorney, and after that your attorney can discuss it with the prosecutor. Now let’s go.” Two officers escorted Mother’s Masterful Helper to a police car and drove away.

“Who’s Big Mama?” Wendy then asked.

“We don’t know,” Judy said. “I mean, we don’t know her identity, although we keep hearing about her. She does appear to be on top of an organization that specializes in girlizing and eroticizing young boys. As Mother’s Masterful Helper didn’t mention, it also specializes in using the boys for child porn and prostitution. I’m pretty sure that’s where his wealth comes from. I’m sure he would have dragged you into that, if we hadn’t stopped him.”

Wendy frowned and clenched her teeth. Big Mama, it seemed, was a vicious female even worse than Wendy’s own mother—and Wendy had barely escaped her grip, just as she had barely escaped her mother’s grip, and only after years of subjection. Big Mama must be stopped, Wendy thought—especially if good girls like Rebecca might ever be in danger from her.

“Does she do those things with girls too, or only boys?” Wendy asked.

“Only boys, so far as we can tell. We don’t know her motive for that.”

If only my mother were Big Mama, Wendy thought, I'd know her motive all right: hatred of boys and men! She did not say the words. Her mother was pretty foul, but surely—surely, Wendy had to believe—she was not that foul. Wendy said only this: "Well, I sure hope you can catch Big Mama—and please let me know if I can help!"

Chapter 6

For most of that spring and summer, Wendy's life fell into a mostly pleasant routine of working at Arthur's, nabbing suspects, reading, listening to music, and visiting with Judy and her family. So far she hadn't had to testify at any trials; the great video evidence had already persuaded some suspects to plead guilty, including Ronald McLoving and the red-bearded man from Club Swank Wank (whose name turned out to be Billy Chuttocks). She changed her style of dress at work, now wearing knee-length skirts and high-necked tops, so Rebecca would be pleased and not dismayed if she ever happened to see Wendy at Arthur's. Rebecca liked Wendy very much indeed and looked up to her, Wendy was still incredulous but delighted to see. She promised herself she would always do her best to be worthy of Rebecca's trust and admiration, no matter what.

Judy and Christie's new baby, named Rose, was born that June, and Rebecca was soon permitted to hold the baby. One rare midsummer day, on a picnic with the family at Junction Green, Rebecca cuddled baby Rose and responded with delight to her smile, while Wendy sat so close to them she was almost touching them. Wendy's heart rose up toward the sky in daydreams, crazy daydreams, of Rebecca herself becoming the mother of such a baby in some future year—after marrying Wendy. Of course Wendy could not speak of such things, but at least she could make sure to do nothing to crush the dreams.

Near the end of the picnic, Judy took Wendy aside to talk. Wendy still always thought of Judy as Judy, not Jim, although she had now often seen Judy wearing men's clothes, like now.

“We thought we were making some pretty good progress on the case of Mother’s Masterful Helper, whose real name is Baines J. Stifford,” Judy said. “His attorney convinced him he wasn’t going to win this one on entrapment, and there have been some discussions with the prosecutor—but now he’s clammed up. Somebody must have gotten to him and made him think Big Mama was going to have him bumped off for snitching on her, if he didn’t shut up quick.”

Wendy glared. “Did he give you any information about her?” she asked. “Can you investigate her without him?”

“We still don’t have a lot of verifiable information,” Judy said, “but at least he gave us her identity. That won’t do too much for us, though, because she’s totally above suspicion, and there’s not much more we can do about investigating her without somebody co-operating. If she’s making some dirty money, she’s really good about concealing it—and she’s got a whole lot of experience with money.”

“Who is she?”

“She’s a senior accountant at Magnum Supreme.” Wendy rapidly began to feel sick, but she had to ask: “What’s her name?”

“Her name is Barbra Brackruck.” Wendy tried hard to keep from vomiting.

“Uh—I can’t believe this,” Wendy said weakly. Even as she said it, she knew it was false. She could believe it all too easily. With the bitter taste of barely suppressed vomit in her mouth, she said, “That’s my mom. Her name was Barbra Batemiller when she was married to my dad. After they got divorced, she changed her last name back to Brackruck.”

Judy stared in silence. Wendy could see the pain in Judy’s eyes. “I’m really sorry for you,” Judy said at last.

“Yeah, so am I,” Wendy said, hardly thinking about what she was saying. She was thinking about what

she might be able to do—which no one else could do—to investigate her mom. The thought was appalling, sickening, revolting—but the thing must be done, to bring Wendy’s mom to justice for all her crimes.

“I wonder,” Wendy said, “if I might be able to investigate my mom like no one else could. If I—if I moved back home and got her to trust me, she might let me know some things that no one else could find out, if they weren’t in her organization.”

Judy’s eyes were wide and her eyebrows high. “Do you really want to do that?” she asked.

“No,” Wendy said. “I really don’t want to do that. But—I will anyway, if it will help put my mom where she belongs!”

“Mom?” Wendy said on the phone that very night. “This is Wendy.”

“Well, hello, Wendy!” said Mom. “I haven’t heard from you for quite a while!”

“Yeah, I know. I’ve been thinking about a lot of things—and I’ve decided I was wrong about some things.”

“Oh, really? What things?”

“Well, like ‘doing it’ with men. I gave it a try, and it wasn’t nearly as great as I thought it would be. Um, you were right about that, and I was wrong.”

“Well, I’m very glad to hear you’ve realized that at last!”

“And, uh, I think I was wrong about deciding to move away from home, too. Our home is actually a good place to live, and, um, I was wondering if you might let me move back in.”

“Oh, Wendy, of course I would! You’re always welcome here! And have you decided to go to the U and study accounting after all, too?”

“Um, well, no—at least, not yet. Arthur’s is actually a good place to work, Mom—and you know, if I stayed with the company, they’d actually pay for me to get a degree in accounting, if I decided to do that.” Wendy didn’t add that there was zero chance that she, whose interests were in things like music, history, and literature, would ever decide to get a degree in accounting.

“Well, it’s your life, Wendy,” Mom said, oblivious to Wendy’s silent observation that Mom didn’t mean it. “But you’re more than welcome to come home! When would you like to come?”

“Well, I think within the next day or two, if that’s OK.”

“Oh, certainly!” said Mom. “The sooner the better!”

Wendy told Belinda she was moving back home for a little while. “Oh!” said Belinda. “Well—are you sure that’s a good idea? I remember you said your mother was, well, a bit too domineering.”

“Yeah, I did,” Wendy admitted. “But I’m sure it’s a good idea anyway. I can’t explain everything right now, but I will—after I’ve moved out again.”

“Oh!” Belinda repeated. “That sounds very mysterious! Well, I’m certainly looking forward to your explanation, when you can give it to me!”

Wendy promised her she would give it as soon as she could. Then she made the arrangements to move as efficiently as she could. She took few belongings with her. By the end of the day after she called Mom, she was back home—wearing her sexiest low-cut top and her shortest miniskirt.

“Oh, Wendy, I’m so glad to see you again!” Mom said. “And you’re still such a beautiful girl!” Mom gave Wendy a long, tight hug that let Wendy feel Mom’s breasts pressing against her. More dismayingly still, Mom gripped Wendy’s girlish butt during the hug, which she had never done before. At least Mom didn’t express any suspicion about Wendy’s inconspicuous necklace.

“Uh, thanks, Mom,” Wendy said. “I’m sure glad you think so.”

“Oh, we’re back to old times, Wendy—aren’t we?” said Mom. “You’re coming back because you—you want to let me see you again. Isn’t that right?”

Wendy knew exactly what Mom meant: to let her see Wendy having an orgasm again. Wendy had been pretty sure this would happen. She hadn’t masturbated for months, having orgasms only in connection with nabbing suspects—except for the occasional wet dream, and she hadn’t had one of those for weeks. Now she was almost bursting with sperm, which she hoped would help her overcome her repugnance at the thought of masturbating like a girl in front of Mom yet again.

“Yes, Mom,” Wendy said. “You know me. I just love to let you see me. It’s been way too long.”

“Wendy, would you do it for me on video?” Mom asked. “That would be so lovely, if you would!”

“Uh—sure, Mom. I’d love to,” Wendy said. Mom quickly produced a video recorder and set it up on a tripod. “All right, please start,” she said.

Wendy complied. She tried to give Mom, and the unseen video viewers of the future, the best eyeful she could. The better she performed now, she figured, the more Mom would trust her, and the more things Wendy could find out.

Wendy cupped her clothed breasts in her hands, caressing and squeezing them, accentuating her cleavage above her low neckline. “Smile, Wendy!” Mom commanded. Wendy smiled at the video re-

corder and pulled her neckline even lower to show more of her bare breasts. Then she pulled her top down off her shoulders, showing her bra; she pulled it farther down, over her hips, and dropped it to the floor. Still smiling, she saw Mom unbuttoning her shirt to reveal her own bra.

Wendy turned away from the camera and pressed her clitoris down into hiding inside her panties. Lifting her miniskirt above her big butt with one hand, she reached inside her panties beneath her butt with the other and pulled her clitoris back so it could be distinctly seen peeking out in back of her thighs, though still inside her panties. Slipping her hand out of her panties but moving it back beneath her butt, she caressed her backward-facing clitoris until she could feel her panties starting to get wet from pre-ejaculation fluid. All the while, nothing could be seen of her above the waist except for her hair, her bare back, and her bra band and straps.

Now she unhooked her bra, took it off, and turned back to face Mom and the camera, putting her hands under her bare breasts and pushing them up to make them look bigger. Mom was imitating her. Mom's nipples were really big and hard; Wendy's nipples were very hard and hot too, though much smaller than Mom's. Wendy's hands soon ascended to rub and squeeze her breasts, making her open her mouth wide and breathe heavily; Mom imitated her closely. Wendy pulled her panties down and pumped her hips, clutching her backward-facing clitoris tightly between her thighs, while her hands remained on her breasts; Mom did the same, but also made rapid scissor-like motions with her legs. When Wendy felt her climax coming upon her, she quickly turned away from the camera again, so her lovely bare butt and her clitoris beneath it could be seen as her sperm spurted out behind her thighs. She heard Mom moaning in orgasm, exactly when her own orgasm was overcoming her.

"Oh, Wendy, that was magnificent!" Mom gushed. "That was wonderful! I'm so delighted to have you back! Now let's get our nighties on and talk! I've got great hopes for you—I couldn't tell you about them before because you were too young, but now that

you're 18, you're an adult, and I can tell you everything!"

"Hey, that's great, Mom," Wendy said. "Tell me everything! I'd love to hear it!"

Soon Mom and Wendy were sitting together, both wearing extremely sheer nighties that plainly showed their breasts beneath. Mom's nipples were still hard. She seemed to be just as excited about telling Wendy everything as she had been about watching Wendy strip and masturbate like a girl.

"Wendy, you remember how I started giving you girls' clothes when you were 11, and I showed you how to engage in sexual self-sufficiency when you were 12," Mom said.

"I sure do, Mom," Wendy said. "I'll never forget it."

"Well, I couldn't tell you this when you were younger," Mom said, "but you weren't the only boy I've done that for. I've discreetly girlized many boys, and I've devoted almost all my spare time to an organization I've founded for the purpose of girlizing boys. I now have several Master Girlizers working under me in the organization, and I need another one. One of my Master Girlizers had a most unfortunate weakness for molesting the boys he girlized, and the police caught him. I had to take stern measures to ensure that he wouldn't endanger the organization. He needs to be replaced—and I'm hoping you'd like to replace him."

"Wow!" Wendy exclaimed. "You really mean that? I could get to girlize boys, like you girlized me?"

"Yes, Wendy. Are you interested?"

"Wow, am I ever! Tell me all about it!"

"I envision you," Mom said, "having your own website, entitled 'Please Be a Girl Like Me.' It would show beautiful pictures of you, while discreetly mentioning that you are a girlized boy and you would love to help other boys be girlized too. Boys would contact you for help, and you would help them by providing

them with pretty girls' clothes. If they were ready for sexual self-sufficiency, you would help them with that too. You would need to exercise great discretion, since boys are often ready for sexual self-sufficiency at very early ages. You were ready at 12; other boys may be ready at 11 or even 10. The earlier they begin to practice girlish sexual self-sufficiency, so long as they are ready, the better."

"Wow! Are some boys really ready to be girlized when they're 10?"

"Yes, Wendy. I have girlized 10-year-old boys myself, and so have my Master Girlizers."

"Um—would the girlized boys appear in videos, like the one you just made of me?"

"Yes, if they were ready. You see, Wendy, these videos are part of a great and noble plan."

"Um—what plan?"

"Well, to girlize boys and teach them sexual self-sufficiency is good in itself; but it's even better and more beneficial to use girlized boys to educate men—and, by educating men, to free women from men's grip. You see, men are fundamentally slaves of their penises—and the fascination of a young person who is obviously a beautiful girl, and yet whose clitoris is also a penis like their own, is irresistible to many men. When men are educated to go wild about beautiful young girlized boys, and to neglect or abandon their wives or girlfriends in favor of them, then the wives or girlfriends are helped to become free from the men's grip. Do you see?"

"Uh—yes, I see." Wendy swallowed hard, hoping she wasn't going to vomit.

"That was what happened to your father," Mom said confidentially. "He went wild about a beautiful young girlish boy, and ran off to California with the boy. I loathed him for it at the time, but now I see it was all for the best. I decided to devote my life to helping other women become free from men, and to helping boys avoid becoming men."

“Uh—wow, well you sure helped me,” Wendy said, “and I hope I can help other boys like me!”

“I’m sure you can, Wendy. You’ll be wonderful at it.”

“Uh—Mom, does this organization ever have the girlized boys, uh, you know, do things with the men?”

“Some of the girlized boys,” Mom said with evident reluctance, “do perform personal favors for the men, for a suitable fee. I find it one of the most distasteful features of the organization, but it is necessary. Some penis-slaves cannot be educated merely by viewing lovely girlized boys displaying sexual self-sufficiency, as you have just done. They require a cruder, viler, filthier form of education, in the form of girlized boys sucking their penises, and things of that kind.” A grimace of extreme disgust was gripping Mom’s face. “But you, Wendy,” Mom quickly went on, “will never be subjected to anything of that kind. Your displays of sexual self-sufficiency, such as you have just shown me, will be enough to educate many men to turn away from grabbing and abusing women, and toward their own form of sexual self-sufficiency. You will educate other young boys only to do the same. The cruder, viler activities are carried on only in an entirely separate division of the organization.”

“Uh—wow, that’s a relief,” Wendy said. “Well, that sounds great! When can I start?”

“Very soon,” Mom said. “But you must always remember, Wendy, that everything must be carried on as discreetly as possible. A great many people would wish to destroy our organization if they could. Many women have not yet realized what a tremendous blessing it is to become free from men. Many so-called sex educators, in the grip of huge money-making corporations, want to steer young people away from sexual self-sufficiency and toward subjecting young women to men’s penis-slavery, because that is where the big money is to be made. Many ugly, hateful fanatics loathe the very thought of girlization of boys, and of introducing young people to sexual self-sufficiency as soon as they are ready.

Even many providers of sexual services and erotic video, who conform to arbitrary age limits on sexual expression, wish to crush us for not conforming, for using beautiful young people to take away their business. And the police, of course, are always ready to pounce on anyone who dares to treat fully sexual young people with the respect for their sexuality they deserve. The Master Girlizer I mentioned has found that out the hard way.”

“Ugh, that’s horrible,” Wendy said. “I’ll be as discreet as I can, to make sure I don’t get in trouble with the police!”

“My mom spilled a lot of beans,” Wendy told Judy, handing her the recorder-transmitter necklace. “She told me pretty much everything about the organization. She took a video of me, too, and she said she’s going to get me a website called ‘Please Be a Girl Like Me.’ Then I’m supposed to start recruiting boys to be girlized. She wants me to be one of her ‘Master Girlizers.’”

“That’s really good progress,” Judy said. “Can we get a copy of the video of you? Is it going to be available on the website? And is it, uh, pretty hot?”

“Yeah, it’s hot, and I think it will be available,” Wendy said. “I guess it’s supposed to inspire other boys to want to be girlized and appear in videos too—or else to give men blow jobs and things. She admitted some of her girlized boys do that for money.”

“We’ll get her now,” Judy said. “When the website gets going, let me know so I can get a copy of your video. Then try to recruit an underage boy who wants to be girlized and make a video too. Don’t actually make the video yourself, of course, but bring the boy to your mom and have your necklace running while she makes it. At that point, we’ll have her, and we’ll move in.”

“Will do!” Wendy said. “It’s about time!”

Soon the "Please Be a Girl Like Me" website was up and running, with a preview clip of the first part of Wendy's video, and a link to order the whole thing for a modest fee. It had animations like on Mother's Masterful Helper's website, but they all showed Wendy in various moderately sexy poses. Gigantic text instructed the viewer to "CLICK HERE to let me help you be a girl like me!"

Nobody clicked the link, it seemed, for a few days. Then one day when she got home from working at Arthur's, Wendy saw a private message for her. Her heart beat hard as she opened the message and read: "Dear Wendy, I love your website. I've secretly been pretending I was a girl since I was 9 years old. I'm 13 now. I still keep it secret from everybody, but I'm about to burst if I don't let somebody know. Please help me! Love and kisses, Gina (boy name Gene)."

Wendy responded at once. "Dear Gina, I'm so glad to get your message! You can let me know all about it, and you'll be so glad to be a girl! You're ahead of me; I didn't start pretending I was a girl until I was 11. Just make sure your webcam and mic are working, and then click this link for a video chat with me! Love and kisses, Wendy (boy name Wendell)."

Wendy sent the message. Gina must have been waiting to get it. Within a few minutes, Wendy got the signal for the video chat. Wearing the same low-cut top she had pulled down in the video, Wendy entered the chat. She saw a thin boy with long, stringy dark hair and glasses, wearing a tight sweater with bulges for breasts. They were obviously fake, but they showed how excited Gina was about being a girl.

"Hi, are you Gina?" Wendy said. "I'm Wendy. I'm so glad to meet you!"

"Wow, I'm really glad to meet you too, Wendy," Gina said. "You were so cute and sexy in that video! Can you help me be like you?"

“I’m pretty sure I can,” Wendy said. “You’ll need some girls’ clothes. I see you’ve already got a bra.”

“Well, actually,” Gina admitted, “this isn’t a bra, it’s just wadded-up hankies under my sweater. They’re all I’ve got. It would be so great to get a real bra with nice big cups, and enough padding to make them fit.”

“I can arrange that,” Wendy said, “and I can get you a complete girls’ outfit to go with it. Do you want a sweater like that one, only more girlish, with a low neckline?”

“Well, not too low,” Gina said. “I don’t have great little breasts like yours. Mine are totally flat.”

“Well, nobody will know that from looking at you when you get your girls’ clothes. How about a skirt? Short, medium, long?”

“Uh, probably long. My legs aren’t as great as yours, either.”

“It’ll be long, then. Have you got your measurements? I mean, with no wadded-up hankies?”

“Yes, I’ve already got them.” Gina provided them, and Wendy wrote them down.

“OK, Gina,” Wendy said, “and, uh, after you get your girls’ clothes, are you thinking of making any videos yourself?”

“Oh, wow! Uh, I don’t know—I’m pretty sure I couldn’t make one anywhere near as great as yours.”

“I bet you could make a pretty good one, if you’re really excited about being a girl, and it looks like you are.”

“Oh, well, yeah, I sure am!”

“Well, then, I’m sure you could do a good job. I mean—well, if you’ve been pretending you were a girl since you were 9, I’m thinking maybe you’ve mastur-

bated like a girl, if you don't mind me asking about it."

"Wow, I don't mind at all! It's so great to be able to tell somebody about it! Yeah, I've masturbated like a girl since I was 11, you know, hiding that thing between my legs to look like a girl, and then feeling like a girl too, and going all the way, except my thing was squirting something girls don't have, back between my legs. I thought I was the only one, until I saw your video, and then I said, 'Wow! Yes! Here's somebody else who does the same thing! I've got to meet her!'"

"Oh, Gina, you will!" Wendy cried. "And soon!"

"Meet me at our studio," Wendy instructed Gina the next day, after obtaining girls' clothes for her. "My mom would like to meet you too—and maybe even shoot some video." She gave Gina the address of Mom's little artistic studio on Mounds Boulevard near Junction Green, and arranged the time. Silently she texted Judy to let her know the time and place too, so the police could be ready to move in and arrest Mom.

Soon Wendy saw Gina approaching the studio. Mom was already inside. "Hi, Gina!" Wendy cried. "I've got your clothes!"

Gina ran to meet her, wearing boys' clothes, but with her long hair in twin ponytails like a girl. "Wow, I can hardly wait!" Gina said. "Thanks so much!"

They entered the studio. Wendy introduced her mom. After the quick introduction, Gina said, "OK, where's the dressing room?"

"Uh, well, there isn't one," Wendy said. "Mom wants the video to show you stripping off your boys' clothes and putting on the girls' clothes."

Gina took a deep breath. "Well, OK," she said. "Just say when to start."

“Any time,” said Mom after setting up the recorder on the tripod.

Gina stripped. Her breasts were totally flat, as she had said. Her clitoris was thin, fully erect, and at least six inches long. She demurely slipped it down and back between her legs almost as soon as it appeared.

“Here’s your bra,” Wendy said, handing Gina a C-cup padded bra. Gina’s blue eyes were wide with delight as she put it on, until she tried to hook it in back. Quickly Wendy moved to help her hook it.

“Your panties,” Wendy said, giving Gina a pair of lacy pink panties, which she put on at once.

“Your sweater.” This was a thin, sky-blue short-sleeved sweater that fit tightly over Gina’s bra. Gina looked down and pressed her false breasts in admiration when she had put it on.

“Your skirt.” A long skirt with swirls of many colors made its way from Wendy’s hands to Gina’s, over Gina’s head, and down over her false breasts and her thin hips.

“Look at yourself in the mirror,” Wendy directed Gina. “Aren’t you lovely?”

“Wow!” Gina said. “I really look like a girl now, don’t I?”

“You sure do,” Wendy said, “and now let’s see how you act like a girl.”

“Well, uh—what I do is, I, uh, pretend I’m a lesbian with another girl,” said Gina. “You know what I mean?”

“Uh, sure I know what you mean,” said Wendy, although she herself had never pretended to be a lesbian.

“Well, uh”—Gina was blushing and sweating—“is there any chance you might, uh, help me with that?”

Wendy stared. “Wendy, play lesbian for her,” Mom commanded.

“Uh, well, OK,” Wendy said. “But I’ve never done this before.”

“Go ahead, it will be easy,” Mom said. Wendy wondered if Mom herself had engaged in lesbian sex, but she didn’t ask.

Wendy approached Gina and played along. She didn’t want to do anything that would amount to molesting Gina. She tried to ascertain the right moment to give the signal to Judy and the other waiting officers.

“OK, Gina, I guess we start by kissing,” Wendy said. She kissed Gina on the mouth. Gina stuck her tongue deep into Wendy’s mouth. The two girls caressed each other’s butts while still kissing. Then Wendy reached up under Gina’s sweater to unhook her bra, and Gina reciprocated. Soon the two girls were embracing with their breasts bare, Gina’s flat, Wendy’s rounded and pointy.

“Gina, turn your back to the camera,” Mom directed her. Gina complied. The girls embraced and clutched each other’s butts again. Then Wendy pulled Gina’s skirt and panties down at once, and Gina did the same to Wendy.

“Wendy, stroke Gina’s clitoris,” Mom directed. Wendy knew Gina’s six-incher must be plainly visible on video behind her legs. She started to reach beneath Gina’s small butt to touch her big clitoris, but stopped herself. That would be molesting Gina for sure, she figured. It would be terrifically exciting to both herself and Gina, but it would be going too far. The time for the signal had come—right now.

“Oh, Mom, that’s too exciting for me,” Wendy said. That was the signal. The police would hear it over the transmitter and arrive in a matter of seconds.

“Wendy, this is no time to stop,” Mom told her in an exasperated voice. “You have to do this. Please. Just stroke Gina’s clitoris.”



“Mom, I just can’t,” Wendy said, trying to fill the time until the police arrived. “Uh—I’ve never done this before. I’m not good at it. I guess I’m a failure as a lesbian.”

“Wendy! I can’t believe this!” Mom shouted. “This is an essential part of your work as a Master Girlizer! This video must and will be made! Now get your hand on Gina’s clitoris! Now!”

Wendy heard a knock at the door. “Don’t answer that!” Mom commanded. Wendy disobeyed. Totally nude, she ran to the door and flung it open for the police to enter.

“Barbra Brackruck,” Judy said with her gun drawn, “you’re under arrest for production of child pornography and racketeering. Put your hands up and don’t move.” Four uniformed officers crowded into the studio after Judy. Mom seemed to turn to ice, unable to speak.

Chapter 7

Wendy heard little about Mom’s case before the trial of Mother’s Masterful Helper, Baines J. Stifford. She knew only that Mom was represented by an attorney named Dick Wolfram, who Judy said was a greedy, aggressive lawyer who would do pretty much anything for money. Wendy had never been a witness at a trial before, and she almost forgot about Mom during the preparations for Stifford’s trial. She saw the courthouse, met the prosecutor, and discussed the facts she would testify to, along with the traps the defense attorney might lay for her.

The day of the trial soon arrived. On Judy’s advice, Wendy wore men’s clothes and brought a big book to read while waiting to testify. It contained five detective novels by Agatha Christie. Wendy was reading one featuring Miss Marple when she was called to testify.

She swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and sat in the witness stand.

The prosecutor, Mindy Boomschmidt, a red-haired woman no taller than Wendy, asked her a few preliminary questions; then she said, “Wendy, do you remember an occasion when you came across a website entitled ‘Mother’s Masterful Helper?’” Wendy said she did.

“Had someone told you about that website?”

“Yes, Detective Ju—uh, Jim MacGregor.” She figured she should call Judy Jim, since he was wearing a men’s suit and tie in the courtroom.

“Why did Detective MacGregor tell you about it?”

“Well, I work part time as a Molester Detection Specialist for the Pacific Heights Police, and that site was considered to be of interest to the police.” As she had been advised, Wendy said nothing about Mother’s Masterful Helper being a suspected molester, although it was pretty obvious that he was.

“Did you make contact with the person who ran that website?”

“Yes, I did.”

“How did you do that?”

“I sent him a private message telling him I was 12 years old, my mother wanted me to wear girls’ clothes, I was afraid, and I needed a strong, masterful man to train me in obedience.”

“Were you really 12 years old?”

“No, I was 18.”

“Why did you say you were 12?”

“It was part of the investigation, to determine whether he was interested in molesting 12-year-olds, creating child pornography, or anything like that.”

“Did he respond to your message?”

“Yes, he told me to appear before him in a video chat. I did, and he told me to take off all my clothes and measure myself for girls’ clothes.”

“Did you do anything to lead him to tell you to take your clothes off?”

“No.”

“Did you do what he said?”

“Yes.”

“Did you later have an occasion to meet him in person?”

“Yes, the next day, he asked me to meet him in an RV near the Mounds Junction library, where he would give me my girls’ clothes.”

“Did you meet him there?”

“Yes.”

“Do you see him in the courtroom today?”

“Yes, he’s the tall, balding man at the defense table, wearing a gray suit.”

“Your Honor, let the record reflect that the witness has identified the defendant.” The judge said it would.

“Did you meet him inside the RV the next day?”

“Yes.”

“And the RV was located here in the City of Pacific Heights, County of Seaview, State of Pacificum, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“Now, Wendy, what kind of girls’ clothes did the defendant give you?”

“He gave me a bra, panties, a see-through blouse, a really short skirt, white anklets, and Mary Jane shoes.”

“Had you asked him to give you a see-through blouse or a really short skirt?”

“No.”

“Did you put those clothes on inside the RV?”

“Yes.”

“What happened after that?”

“Well, after I put the panties and bra on, he photographed me in them; then he asked to photograph me pulling my panties down, and he did that too.”

“What happened after that?”

“He told me he would have to spank me, because I had made him have feelings that a man should never have for a little girl.”

“Other than what you’ve told us already, had you done anything to make him have those feelings?”

“No.”

“Had you touched him?”

“No.”

“Did he spank you?”

“Yes. Um, he lifted my skirt and pulled my panties down, and spanked me on the bare butt. Then he kissed my butt and, uh, licked my penis, which was sticking out backwards underneath my butt.” It seemed very strange to call her clitoris her “penis,” but Wendy did as she had been instructed.

“What happened after that?”

“Well, he told me I was sweet and irresistible; um, he unhooked my bra, and said to please not tell my mother about this because she wouldn’t understand. He asked me to take off my blouse and bra, and he opened his pants to reveal his penis. Then he said to lie back down on his lap, and he told me I was making him do something a man should never do with a little girl, but I was so lovely he couldn’t help himself. He stuck his penis between my legs while I was lying across his lap, and he told me this was called making love, it was how men and women undergo the greatest excitement in life, but it was very naughty and shameful for a little girl to make a man so excited that he couldn’t help doing this with her, so he would have to spank me again. Then he did spank me again, while he rubbed his penis between my legs until he ejaculated, and he made me ejaculate too. He called me ‘my love, my beauty, my good, good little girl.’”

“Wendy, were you able to obtain a recording of these events?”

“Yes.”

“How did you do that?”

“I was wearing a concealed audio-video recording and transmitting device.” Wendy didn’t say anything about where the device was or how she was wearing it.

“Have you watched a DVD copy of the recording you made that day?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll show you what’s been marked for identification as State’s Exhibit 1. Do you recognize that?”

“Yes, that’s the DVD copy of the recording I made. I wrote those words on it with an indelible marker.”

“Does it truly and accurately represent the events that happened inside the RV that day?”

“Yes, it does.”

“Your Honor, the People will move to publish State’s Exhibit 1 to the jury.” The recording was then played, not showing everything, but showing enough to confirm Wendy’s testimony. Then it was time for Baines J. Stifford’s attorney, Renfrew O. Rumforks, to cross-examine Wendy.

“So, Wendy, you were working for the police?” he said.

“Yes.”

“The police were using you to entice Mr. Stifford to attempt to molest you?”

“No, I was investigating whether he would want to do that or not.”

“You initiated the contact with Mr. Stifford?”

“Yes.”

“You lied and said you were 12 when really you were 18?”

“Yes.”

“You lied and said your mother wanted you to wear girls’ clothes?”

“Well, my mother did want me to wear girls clothes when I was really 12. I’m pretty sure she still does.”

“You told him, without provocation, that nasty boys thought your breasts looked like a girl’s breasts?”

“Um—well, I did tell him that.”

“You told him and showed him, without provocation, that you sometimes hid your penis between your legs to make yourself look like a girl?”

“Uh, I did tell him and show him that.”

“You did not protest his proposals to spank you?”

“No, I didn’t.”

“You encouraged him to kiss your butt, to lick your penis, to stick his penis between your legs and ejaculate while spanking you again?”

“Uh—I don’t think I encouraged him, he just did it.”

“You eagerly co-operated while he was doing it?”

“Well, uh, I did co-operate.”

“Thank you. No further questions.” Wendy was released from the witness stand, and returned to reading Agatha Christie until the presentation of evidence was finished. She did get to re-enter the courtroom for the closing arguments. Holly Boomschmidt argued that the evidence was overwhelming and the defendant was not entrapped because he was predisposed to commit the offense. Renfrew Rumforks argued that Wendy, a police agent, entrapped Mr. Stifford by means of lies, enticements, and extreme eagerness for sex. He repeatedly referred to the testimony of a Dr. Augspringer, which Wendy had not heard.

Judy, being the lead detective, had been allowed to remain in the courtroom and hear all the evidence, while the other witnesses had to wait their turns. When the jury was out, Wendy asked Judy about Dr. Augspringer.

“He’s a quack psychologist.” Judy laughed. “He testified that a man who has no predisposition to commit child molesting may be induced to do it anyway, if presented with strong and insistent inducements. Mr. Stifford showed no predisposition toward molesting, according to tests Dr. Augspringer administered and interpreted himself.”

“But—I thought, uh, Mr. Stifford’s attorney convinced him he wasn’t going to win on entrapment.”

“Yeah, but when the plea negotiations broke down and they had to go to trial, that was all they had, so they had to give it their best shot.”

Before Wendy had reached the point where Miss Marple solved the mystery, it turned out that their best shot was not good enough. The jury returned, and the foreman announced, "We, the jury, find the Defendant, Baines J. Stifford, guilty of attempted child molesting, a Class 4 felony!"

Soon after the trial, Wendy saw some news about Mom's case at last—and it was astounding. "Conspiracy claimed in kid porn-racketeering case," read the headline on the Pacific Heights Informer's website. "Magnum Supreme accountant Barbra Brackruck, charged with production of child pornography and racketeering," the article read, "is the victim of a conspiracy in high places, according to her attorney, Richard Z. Wolfram. In a news conference today, Wolfram stated that the defense in Brackruck's case is demanding a special judge, a special prosecutor, and an extensive investigation of alleged malfeasance. Brackruck has been framed, Wolfram alleged, in retaliation for her efforts to expose a massive 'Child Exploitation Organization' ('CEO') that allegedly has gained control over the judge and prosecutor in her case, the lead detective, and numerous other public servants, as well as leading educators, entertainers, and business figures. Wolfram alleges that evidence tampering, bribery, and other crimes have been committed by high-placed child exploiters who will stop at nothing to protect their interests. He plans to move for a continuance of the trial date to allow ample time for the investigation. Mindy Boomschmidt, the deputy prosecutor assigned to Brackruck's case, says the People will oppose a continuance because Wolfram's allegations are 'nothing but smoke-blowing, hot air, and outrageous lies.'"

Wendy called Judy and asked, "Hey, did you see the article in the Informer about my mom's case?" "Yeah, I saw it," Judy said, "and I talked to Mindy about it. She thinks the judge is too weak-kneed to keep from caving in and granting the special-judge motion, but she's going to fight the special-prosecutor motion as hard as she can. Wolfram will probably gain a fair amount of time for his so-called investigation, but all he'll accomplish is to

waste time and grab as much of your mom's money as possible."

"I can't believe this," Wendy said. "Well . . . no, wait, I guess I can believe it. Mom's career and her little organization for girlizing boys are about all she's got in life. If those go down the drain, she's had it, as far as she's concerned. I'm pretty sure she'd pay a lot of money, and put out a lot of lies, to try to keep that from happening."

"Ugh," said Judy. "It looks like that's exactly what she's doing."

Pretty soon Wendy almost forgot about Mom again for a while, as she had done at the time of Mr. Stifford's trial, but not for the same reason. One Sunday after dinner at her family's house, Rebecca invited Wendy to her 14th birthday party.

"Uh, wow, sure, I'd love to come," Wendy said. "Um—what would you suggest I wear?"

"Oh, just a pretty party dress," Rebecca smiled. "Something like the other girls will be wearing. They'll just be a few of my friends from church and our home-school social group, all very nice, decent girls. And my mom will be there, of course. Dad will take Raymond to the police museum or something."

"Only girls will be there?"

"Oh, yes! The boys our age are way too immature!"

Wendy stared at Rebecca. "Well, I'm glad you don't think I'm too immature," she said, "but do you really think I could pass for a girl? I mean, you saw through me pretty fast."

Rebecca laughed. "Oh, but these girls' dads don't wear women's clothes!" she said. "They don't have the experience I do. You'll pass for a—a really cute girl."

Rebecca was blushing. Wendy tried to pretend she didn't see.

"Well, OK, I'll give it a try," Wendy said. "But—um—I don't have any pretty party dresses, and I'm not sure where's a good place to get one." Wendy said nothing about the sources from which she had previously obtained girls' clothes.

Rebecca looked Wendy over. "You can have one of mine," she said. "I've got an extra one. You and I are almost the same size, so I'm pretty sure it will fit. Is that OK?"

"Uh—wow!" Wendy said, almost dazzled by the thought that she herself might look like Rebecca, at least in dress. "Sure, that will be great!"

Rebecca's birthday arrived, and so did six girls. Wendy, wearing Rebecca's very pretty high-necked, knee-length pink party dress, was introduced to them as Rebecca's friend who worked with her dad for the police. From this it was obvious that Wendy wasn't just another girl of 14 or so, but the other girls didn't seem to mind. Wendy didn't remember all their names from hearing them once, but she noted the great variety in their appearance, from one who looked like a big full-grown woman to another who was very slender and even shorter than Wendy or Rebecca. Wendy tried not to make it too obvious that she had eyes only for Rebecca.

The usual events of a birthday party for nice teen-age girls transpired: eating snacks, talking about many topics including immature boys, playing a few games, singing "Happy Birthday," blowing out candles, and eating cake. Then Rebecca announced that it was time for dancing. Some of the girls expressed disappointment that no boys, however immature, could be imported for that sole purpose, but they quickly resigned themselves.

"May I have this dance?" Rebecca asked Wendy with a little laugh, as Rebecca's mom put on some se-

date old-fashioned music in the crowded family room.

“Uh—sure, I guess so!” Wendy said. “But, uh, I’m not too good at dancing.” This was an understatement, for Wendy had never done a ballroom dance in her life.

“Don’t worry about it,” Rebecca said. “This is a two-step. It’s the easiest possible dance. You just do like this, and then back like this.” She demonstrated. “And now you put your arm around me, like this.” She demonstrated that too. Wendy readily complied.

Wendy’s silly heart was beating hard, and ascending toward the sky, as she held Rebecca close to her, danced with her, saw her bright eyes and her happy smile, and heard little words of encouragement from her. Wonderment flowed through her in ever-increasing waves. Was this, Wendy wondered, the beginning of her true fulfillment in life—fulfillment she had sought, but sought in vain, in youthful fantasies of being a girl having sex with boys? Might she, imaginably, hold Rebecca even closer to her in some future year, unite with her, give her babies, and love her all their lives? Was the unknown power that had drawn her to unite with imaginary boys and real men—and repelled her from the very thought of Mom’s isolated “sexual self-sufficiency”—now drawing her onward, closer to the living source of her fantasies of a boy uniting with a girl, a man with a woman?

Wendy carefully held her girlish butt aloof, so her erect clitoris—which might even turn out to be a penis after all—would not touch Rebecca through their clothes. Through the great unknown power, whatever it might be, her heart and mind were in control now, not her nipples and her clitoris. She now felt she never wanted sex with men again. By the end of the dance, Wendy had made her decision—a decision that might determine the course of her whole future life.

"I've been thinking," Wendy soon told Judy, "I really don't want sex with men any more. I wonder if my short career as an MDS is coming to an end already."

"Well, it doesn't have to, you know," Judy said. "I mean, guys sometimes want sex with me when they find out I'm 'one of those'—I mean, a crossdresser—but they don't get it. I'm sure not going to cheat on Christie with random men just to do my job and arrest sex fiends. Some of our MDS's don't actually do it with the suspects either. It's strictly optional. You could be one who doesn't."

"Uh—well, I'll think about it," Wendy said.

"You're not going to look like you're 12 or 13 forever, I'm pretty sure," Judy said. "As long as you do, you can be a big help to us." Judy looked at Wendy closely, but not unkindly. "You can help get molesters out of the world Rebecca lives in," Judy added.

Wendy felt a fierce, hot blush suffusing her face at once, as if Judy had come right out and said, "I know you're in love with my 14-year-old daughter." Did Judy really know? If so, how could Wendy dare to stand here and speak to her? Wendy did not know—and yet she stood and spoke.

"Yeah, I want to do that, all right," Wendy said, trying in vain to pretend everything was perfectly normal and her face was totally inscrutable. "I—well, you know, Rebecca's a great girl, and—uh, I think she really looks up to me. I can hardly believe it, but I think she does."

"Yeah, I think she does," Judy confirmed.

"And so—well, I want to be, or try to be, the kind of person who deserves to have her look up to me. I mean—well, not the kind of person who has sex with random guys!" As if the blush were not bad enough, Wendy could feel herself starting to cry.

“Yeah, I think I know what you mean,” Judy said. “The kind of person I wanted to be for Christie, back before we got married—and I still do.” Wendy’s eyes were filled with tears and she could not speak, but she nodded “Yes!”

“Well, OK, then,” Judy said. Now it was Judy’s turn to pretend everything was normal. “Just let me know when you decide about being an MDS. Whatever you decide, you’ll still be a friend of our family.” Wendy nodded “yes” again.

For a moment there was silence, except for the sound of Wendy breathing while she cried. “We’ll have you over for dinner again soon,” Judy then said. More softly, coming closer to Wendy, she added, “I know Rebecca would be really disappointed if she didn’t get to see you, uh, pretty often.”

Does Judy know? Does she care? Does she, unbelievably, even approve? Wendy wondered—but she could not ask. All she could do was to cry some more, and try to turn into tears of joy her tears of bitter anguish at the dreadful thought of ever losing Rebecca’s friendship—and of failing to win, at the right future time, her everlasting love. “So would !!” Wendy cried, abandoning all pretense of normality, of self-restraint, of rational detachment from Rebecca. “So would !!”

Chapter 8

Two full years elapsed before the special judge’s patience with Dick Wolfram’s continuances fully ran out and Mom’s case was set for trial. One by one, Wolfram’s outrageous allegations had been exposed as total falsehoods. He had begged, cajoled, and even issued veiled threats to try to get yet another continuance, but it had been denied.

The case was big news by now. More witnesses had come forward to confirm Mom’s video-recorded admissions to Wendy. Mom had been charged with more crimes in addition to the original racketeering and production of child porn: promotion of child

prostitution, additional counts of production of child porn, intimidation, and obstruction of justice. Incredibly, Baines J. Stifford—Mother’s Masterful Helper—had come up with the courage, or whatever it took, to reveal that Mom had issued a death threat to try to keep him from testifying against her.

Now the day of trial had come at last. Wendy was fully prepared to testify against Mom, and had brought two volumes of Sir Winston Churchill’s History of the English Speaking Peoples to read while waiting. She entered the courtroom, almost jam-packed with people, and found a seat with difficulty. At the prosecution table she saw Mindy Boomschmidt and Judy, now wearing a men’s suit and tie; at the defense table she saw a gigantic fat man with a shock of gray hair and a massive mustache, who must be Dick Wolfram. The seat next to him, for the defendant, was empty.

“All rise!” the bailiff said. “The Seaview County Superior Court is in session, the Honorable Daniel J. Robursson, Special Judge, presiding!”

All rose. The special judge, with a leonine mane of shoulder-length white hair, entered the courtroom and said, “Thank you, you may be seated.”

“We’re here for the trial of the case of People of the State of Pacificum v. Barbra V. Brackruck, case number 14-SU-FE-1725,” said Judge Robursson. “Are the People ready to proceed?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” Mindy said.

“Is the defendant ready to proceed?”

“Your Honor,” said Dick Wolfram, “as you know, my client has been released on bond pending trial. I’m expecting her here momentarily.”

“You did inform her of the date and time of trial, I trust,” said the judge.

“Yes, Your Honor. I know of no reason to believe she will not be here momentarily.”

“Your Honor,” Mindy piped up, “if the defendant should fail to appear for trial, the People are prepared to try her in absentia.”

“Your Honor, I object!” said Dick Wolfram.

“I’m not going to have her tried in absentia,” said the judge, “until I know why she isn’t here. If it turns out she’s absconded, we’ll try her in absentia. If not, we won’t. Mr. Wolfram, I trust you will immediately try to contact your client by every means feasible. We’ll be in recess to allow a reasonable time to find out why she hasn’t appeared. Mr. Wolfram, Ms. Boomschmidt, you may accompany me to my chambers.” The bailiff said “All rise!” again and the judge left the courtroom, which immediately started to buzz loudly with conversation.

Wendy thought of trying to call Mom herself on her cell phone, but she couldn’t. Her phone was in a witness locker downstairs outside the security gates, since members of the public weren’t allowed to bring their cell phones into the secure area of the courthouse. If she went to get it, she might well lose her seat. Besides, she figured, it really wasn’t her job to get Mom here. She opened Churchill’s volume 2 to where she had bookmarked it, and began to read about King Henry VIII.

She didn’t have long to read. Mindy Boomschmidt and Dick Wolfram re-entered the courtroom together. Mindy said something to Judy, which Wendy couldn’t hear. Judy nodded “yes” and went back among the spectators.

“Wendy!” Judy called out. “Please come here!” Reluctantly Wendy closed her book, abandoned her seat, and went out to the aisle. Judy escorted her out of the courtroom.

“They can’t get a hold of your mom,” Judy said. “We need to see if she’s still at your house. There could be some kind of emergency. Do you still have a key to your mom’s house?”

“Uh, yeah,” Wendy said, “if she hasn’t changed the locks.”

“We’ll need to find out. We need you to come with us.”

“Well, OK.” They re-entered the courtroom. “Let’s go,” Judy said. Dick Wolfram came along with Judy and Wendy. Judy made a call on her police radio, in which Wendy discerned the words “emergency run from the courthouse.”

Near the courthouse entrance, a police car with flashing lights on top was waiting. Judy got into the front seat with the uniformed driver and gave him Mom’s address. Wendy had to sit next to Wolfram in back. The car’s siren began to howl, and the car took off at high speed.

After a fast run around the Capitoline Hill, out Mounds Boulevard, and uphill on Oak Mound, the car arrived at Mom’s house. Wendy got out, ran to the door, and found that Mom hadn’t changed the locks. She opened the door. Judy and Wolfram followed close behind.

The house didn’t smell good. Wendy felt sick. Soon she felt sicker. She entered Mom’s bedroom, the same bedroom where Mom had so often moaned and howled alone while engaging in “sexual self-sufficiency.” Mom’s nude body was lying face up on the bed. Beside it, on a nightstand, was an open bottle of pills bearing the brand name “E-Z-Out-o-Here,” a well-known brand of prescription suicide pills manufactured in Pacificum. Next to the bottle was a note in Mom’s handwriting.

“My life is over,” the note began. “This is for those who have killed me, by their greed, their craze for power, their fear of freedom, their hatred of human self-sufficiency, and their endless lies. Young people have every right to sexual self-sufficiency! Women have every right to freedom from men! I have committed no crime but to stand up for these truths, against those who depend on sexual slavery for their supremacy, their wealth, their emotional satisfaction, and their self-esteem! For this I have been persecuted, reviled, and hounded to my death! For seeking to expose child molesters, I have been called a child molester! For seeking to educate miserable young

boys in desperate need of becoming joyful, sexually self-sufficient girls, I have been called a producer of child pornography! For seeking to educate men about their slavery to their own penises, and to free women from their grip, I have been called a promoter of child prostitution! I have done everything—everything—to try to save my career and my educational enterprise. Now my own attorney—my greedy, high-paid, lying, cheating, two-faced attorney—has abandoned me to face the wolves, telling me I have no choice but to plead guilty or be convicted at trial. He knows nothing of choice! He has no concept of the highest and most liberating choice in human existence! That is my choice—to end my life with dignity, to escape from the grip of all my persecutors, to be free at last from all lies, all loathing, all misery. My last act, before taking my legally prescribed, legally obtained E-Z-Out-o-Here pills, will be to engage in one final, supreme act of sexual self-sufficiency, one totally liberating orgasm. Then I will lie down, take my medication, and be free. I pity all those who lack the courage to do the same. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Good-bye.”

The stench was vile enough by itself, but together with the note it was overwhelming. Desperately Wendy looked around for a wastebasket to vomit in. She found one just in time. She was still retching when she heard Judy talking on the police radio about an “apparent suicide, the victim was the defendant in a trial that was scheduled to start today.” She looked up, but still felt awfully sick, when Dick Wolfram called the judge on his cell phone and said, “The police have just found my client dead in her home, apparently from suicide.” Wendy herself said nothing, for there was nothing she could say. She clenched her teeth and gripped the wastebasket hard.

Wendy was in Mom’s house again, in Mom’s bedroom where she had killed herself, but the stench of death had vanished. A fragrance of flowers had replaced it. No one was home but Wendy—and Rebecca. Rebecca was lovingly embracing Wendy, just as when they had danced



together, only now they were even closer and Rebecca's eyes were even brighter with love-light.

They kissed, on the mouth, deeply. Unbelievably, Rebecca wanted it as much as Wendy did. Wendy caressed Rebecca all over, even on her breasts, and she did not protest. Rebecca's breasts now were bigger than Wendy's, though far from huge, and she obviously loved to have Wendy caress them.

Rebecca opened her blouse for Wendy. Astoundingly, she wasn't wearing a bra, although she had always worn one around Wendy before. Her bare breasts were lovely, with big, dark, erect nipples. Wendy kissed and sucked Rebecca's nipples at once; Rebecca clutched Wendy hard in great delight.

Can this really be happening? Is she old enough? Are we married? Such thoughts flitted through Wendy's mind, but did not stay. She had to see if Rebecca would allow her to slip her hand inside her skirt, inside her panties, down to her warm, wet womanly opening. Rebecca did. Almost at once they were both nude. "Please, Wendy! Now!" Rebecca begged, lying down on Mom's bed, spreading her legs, and raising her knees to admit Wendy.

Wendy could think of nothing other than her intense need to enter Rebecca and unite with her. Wendy's clitoris was now a penis after all, and she pressed it hard against Rebecca's virgin barrier. "Please, Wendy! Push harder! Come all the way into me!" Rebecca pleaded, clutching Wendy with all her might. Wendy struggled mightily to comply. Suddenly, after intense effort, she succeeded! She was fully within Rebecca's tight, hot womanly cave, and Rebecca was no longer a virgin! Wendy's excitement was so extreme that she ejaculated into Rebecca almost at once, flooding her with sperm, draining Wendy's whole being fully into her.

Wendy awoke. She was nude, for she usually slept in the nude, but she was alone. Rebecca was not there. Wendy's semen had flooded only the sheet beneath her. The dream had been as vivid as life, but still it was only a dream.

Wendy took a deep breath and sighed with relief. This was how it should be, she thought. She was trying to save herself for Rebecca, no matter how many years it might take, and she was mostly succeeding. Sometimes in the past she had masturbated, pretending she was making love with Rebecca after they were married, but she tried hard not to. She knew Rebecca wouldn't like it if she knew about it, and she didn't want to do what Rebecca wouldn't like, even if she didn't know.

She was too exhausted, from her dream of deflowering Rebecca, to change the sheets. She simply put the top sheet on top of the bottom one, lay down on the top sheet away from the wet area, and quickly descended into dreamless sleep.

"Wendy?" Judy said on the phone a few days after Mom died. "Are you holding up OK?"

"Uh—yeah, I think so," Wendy said. "I guess maybe I'll never really get over it, but I've got to go on living—and trying to live a better life than Mom did."

"Yeah, well, you're sure doing that, all right."

"I sure hope so."

"Well, are you up for Sunday dinner this week? I mean, if you're not, we can just wait until some other time."

"Uh—no, this week's OK. I guess—it might help me get over the shock."

"I hope so. OK, we'll see you this Sunday."

Christie opened the door again, as she had done the first time Wendy ever visited her family—so long ago now, two and a half years. "Oh, Wendy, I'm so sorry about your

mom!” Christie cried. Then she did something she had never done before: she took Wendy by her shoulders, drew her to herself, and hugged her.

“What happened?” asked Raymond, now going on 10. “Did your mom get killed or something?”

“Uh, yeah. She killed herself.”

Raymond made an ugly face. “Ugh! Blah! What good is that? You should kill bad guys, not yourself!”

Wendy forced herself not to laugh. “Well, uh, actually, my mom was pretty bad—but I still wish she hadn’t killed herself.”

Wendy turned around, and found herself face to face with Rebecca. “That must have been terrible,” Rebecca said. “Are you all right?”

“Uh—yeah, I think so.” She wished Rebecca would hug her as Christie had done. Rebecca seemed to hesitate, but then she went ahead and did it, clasping Wendy close to her heart. It didn’t seem to bother her that her breasts were pressing against Wendy. Rebecca, though still short, was a bit taller than Wendy now, and her breasts, though not huge, were definitely bigger than Wendy’s. They were a lot like they had been in the dream, Wendy thought, trying not to think too much about Rebecca’s nipples.

“Well, Wendy, please come in for dinner,” Christie said, “and we’ll try to talk about nice, pleasant things. I guess you don’t really want to talk about your mother, do you?”

“Uh, no,” Wendy said, remembering the stench and the note again, but getting a grip on herself. “I sure don’t.”

“Wendy, would you like to come out in the back yard and talk?” Rebecca asked after dinner. “Just you and me?”

“Uh—well, sure,” Wendy said. She had no idea what Rebecca wanted to talk about, but she wasn’t going to pass up any chance to talk with her—and look at her, and feel the warmth of her heart, even without touching her. They went out the back door into the small back yard, into which a lonely autumn leaf was descending now and then, and sat on the lone, dilapidated bench facing away from the house.

“What was your mom really like?” Rebecca asked.

“Uh—I’m not sure you really want to know that,” Wendy said.

“Yes, I do,” Rebecca insisted. “If I didn’t, I wouldn’t have asked.” She looked straight into Wendy’s eyes. “You see,” she said, “I want to know about you, and how you got to be who you are—and your mom’s all part of that, isn’t she?”

“Well,” Wendy said, trying to evade the question, “then I should be talking about you, and your family, because you’ve helped me become who I am.”

Rebecca gave Wendy her sweetest look, with a dawning, uneven smile. “OK, we’ll get to that,” she said, “but let’s start with your mom—and your dad. I didn’t think you wanted to talk about them before, but—well, now I think we need to. What happened to your dad?”

Wendy swallowed hard and looked away. “He eloped to California when I was seven,” Wendy said, “with a teenage boy.”

Rebecca’s face showed pain. “That must have been really hard on you,” she said, “and on your mom.”

“Yeah, it was. I guess it was even harder on her than on me. She, um, started to hate men, and boys. After a while she decided she wanted me to be a girl, not a boy. She made me wear my hair long, and later she gave me girls’ clothes.”

“She didn’t do—um—bad things with you, did she?”

Wendy clenched her teeth. “Not with me, exactly,” she said, “but in front of me. I mean, uh—with her clothes off.”

“Ugh!” Rebecca cried. “That’s disgusting!”

“Yeah, it sure was—but I couldn’t get away from her.”

“But you did get away, at last.”

“Not until I was 18. Before that—”

Wendy was silent. Did she dare tell Rebecca more? If she did, would all Rebecca’s admiration for her go down the drain at once? But, if she did not—what then?

“What happened before that?” Rebecca asked, speaking softly, as if she knew she wasn’t going to like the answer.

Wendy couldn’t let Rebecca down, or tell her it was none of her business, or anything like that. “Well,” Wendy said, “she wanted me to do some disgusting things in front of her, too—with my clothes off—and I did them.” Wendy looked away from Rebecca and hung her head. “I didn’t want to tell you,” she said, “because—well, I didn’t want you to think I was disgusting.”

Rebecca looked away too, but didn’t hang her head. “Well, uh, even if maybe you did use to be disgusting,” she said, “you’re not any more—are you?”

“Uh—I sure hope not,” Wendy said. “I’d hate to be disgusting to you!”

Rebecca didn't assure Wendy that she wasn't, but she did say, "You haven't done those things since you left your mom's home, have you?"

"No! I mean—not exactly." Wendy was going to have to say more; there was no way out now. "Well," she said after a long, deep breath, "I guess I'd better tell you everything. If this doesn't make you think I'm disgusting, then—uh—you're really, really good at not being disgusted by me."

"As long as you've stopped doing disgusting things," Rebecca said, "that's the most important thing."

"Oh, yeah, I stopped doing them a couple of years ago!" Wendy assured her. "See, when I was helping your dad catch guys who thought I was 12 and did nasty things with me—well, I did some nasty things with them, too. But then I went to your 14th birthday party and danced with you—and something made me feel like I never wanted to do those things any more. And I never have, since then."

Rebecca laughed. "What, just one dance with me did that for you? I didn't think I was that good a dancer!"

Wendy laughed too. "Yeah, well, it wasn't just the one dance, it was—you."

Rebecca stared at Wendy in disbelief. "You really mean that?" she asked at last.

"Sure I mean it," Wendy assured her. "If I didn't, I wouldn't have said it."

Rebecca gave a strange, short, soft, shy laugh. "I thought," she said, "I was just a silly girl with a foolish crush on a—a really cute older guy who wasn't afraid to wear girls' clothes, like my dad isn't afraid. I had daydreams about, you know, you someday turning out to be like my dad, and me turning out to be like my mom, and—um—us getting married. I never imagined you might be having any kind of thoughts like that about me!"

"Funny, I never imagined you might be having any kind of thoughts like that about me! I figured I was far too old for you, and you'd run away if I ever let you know about—um—my daydreams about you. And your parents probably wouldn't like it either."

"Well," Rebecca said, "I'm not all that young any more. I'm 16. I was just reading about a queen in the Middle Ages, a really good queen, who got married when she was 14 and had her first baby when she was 15." She grinned at Wendy, and the light from her heart shone through her eyes. "So you see," she said, "I'm actually behind schedule!"

Wendy laughed. "I wonder," she said, "if someday I might help you not be all that far behind schedule." Yes, Wendy actually dared to say it now—to suggest that Wendy and Rebecca might someday get married! "But I guess we really should wait a while," Wendy added. "I mean, this isn't the Middle Ages, after all."

"No, people grew up faster back then," Rebecca said. "And we'd need to talk, uh, seriously about some things, to try to make sure everything would work out OK."

"Yeah," Wendy said. "But everything will work out OK—if I have anything to say about it!" The look of pure delight on Rebecca's face was Wendy's ample reward. "Oh, yes, I hope so!" Rebecca said.

Wendy wanted to kiss her, but not without her full consent. "Uh—I wonder if I maybe should give you a kiss," Wendy said.

"Oh, maybe!" Rebecca laughed. "But only a little one—like this." She gave Wendy a quick kiss on the cheek. "You can give me a big one later, if we're pretty sure everything will work out OK."

"Fair enough." Wendy touched her shoulder tenderly and gave her a kiss on the cheek, not quite as short as the one Wendy had received from her.

After a moment of silence, Wendy asked, "Uh—was that all you wanted to know about my mom?"

“Oh, your mom!” Rebecca exclaimed. “I did want to know about her, didn’t I? Um—I guess I forgot!” She laughed again, and the look on her face sank deeply into Wendy’s heart. “Well, um, yes, I think that’s all, at least for now.” She glanced back toward her home. “I’m sure glad I have a good mom, anyway.”

“So am I.” Wendy felt a strong need to add, “I bet you’ll be a good mom yourself someday, too.”

Rebecca sighed. “I hope so—someday in the far distant future. I mean, this isn’t the Middle Ages, after all.” She looked up toward the sky. More bright-colored leaves were falling toward the earth. “But maybe the time will pass pretty quickly. It doesn’t seem like all that long since we first met, but it’s been two and a half years.”

“Yeah, I bet it won’t seem like too long then—when ever then is.”

They put their arms around each other. Rebecca breathed a sigh of deep contentment. After some minutes of silent bliss, she said, “Well, I guess if we’re done talking, we might as well go back inside. Isn’t it getting a little chilly out here?”

“No,” Wendy said. “Or, if it is, I didn’t notice.” They looked at each other; they smiled; they joined hands and turned toward home.

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