



Reluctant Press presents:

Hippie Girl

Dulcinea Daily



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Hippie Girl

by Dulcinea Daily

Chapter 1

“Hey, hippie - hey, hippie *girl!* Let’s see you swivel those hips and rub those tits!”

The guys in the shower room at Grant High School were laughing at me, at my little girlish breasts, and at my big girlish “swivel-hips” for the last time ever. There would be no more gym classes before graduation. Soon I would escape from the screwed-up, disgusting Class of '69 at Grant and begin a whole new life at “the U,” Pacific Heights University.

I looked around. The naked guys were a blur, because of the steam in the shower room, and because I didn’t have my glasses on. I decided I didn’t care what they thought of me now. Besides, most of them already thought I was a long-haired hippie queer.

I was starting to get an erection. I pressed it downward and back between my thick thighs, so the guys could see me looking like a naked girl with my big “clitoris” hidden between my legs. They started to laugh, hoot, and wolf-whistle. When I brought my arms down to cup my plump, pointy, most unacceptably girlish-looking breasts, the guys were roaring.

I heard Mr. Oliver, the gym teacher, shouting, “Hey, what’s going on here?” The guys held the line and didn’t let him get through to stop me. Fortunately Mr. Oliver was pretty short and so was I, so I don’t think he could see what was going on. I was pretty sure I wouldn’t get in trouble anyway. Any youthful indiscretions at this time of year would be put down to “senioritis,” “blowing off steam,” and whatnot. Some senior guys last year had done a lot worse than this, and they had still graduated.

Quickly I started to go about my usual shower business almost normally. My hair didn't need shampoo right now, but I drenched it until it fell almost straight and stuck to my back and shoulders. Still facing the guys, I lathered my face, my arms, my breasts, my loins, and especially my hidden clitoris.

"God damn it, I can't stand this any more! I need some *pussy!*" a guy proclaimed. I knew the voice at once. It was Stan Mountbeaton. Of all the guys in my gym class, he was the most persistent and most offensive teaser. "Hey, cutie-pie!" he would say. "Hey, gorgeous! You need a bra! You need some pretty pink panties on those swivel-hips! And how about a cute little miniskirt, and a see-through blouse? If a girl comes into the guys' shower room, she should take off some *girls'* clothes, not guys' clothes!" It went on and on like that. Now Stan was approaching me. I was afraid he might try to plunge my butt by force.

I turned to face him. Looking up, I glanced at his short black hair, his indistinct face, his body much taller than my own; then I glanced down at his loins. Even in the steamy blur, I could see that he had a hard on—a huge one. "Hold still," he demanded, facing me and gripping my buttocks. I complied, too afraid—and too excited—to do anything else.

"What's going on here?" Mr. Oliver again demanded to know.

"Fucking, that's what!" a guy I couldn't see cried out. "There's going to be some fucking!"

"*What?*" Mr. Oliver yelled. "That's got to stop!" Stan ignored him and started to press his long thin cock between my thighs. I shivered with delight when I felt it touch the base of my big hidden clitoris.

"You heard him, Mount-*bation*," said Chris Stubbs, a huge football player who didn't like Stan. He grabbed Stan's shoulders and started to pull him away from me. "No fucking in the shower room. Let that hippie girl go." He started laughing, as if he thought it supremely funny to call me a hippie girl.

"Come on, I need some *pussy*," said Stan, not letting me go. "If I see a cute naked girl in the guys' shower room, I'm going to do what I *need* to do."

"Bullshit," said Chris. "Let go of her." He didn't say, "*or I'll pound your face to a bloody pulp*"—but the words were almost audible anyway.

Stan seemed to consider his options, and to decide at once that fighting Chris wasn't a good one. "Have it your way," he said. "I can wait." After letting Chris pull him away from me, he evoked a lot of laughter and a lot of groans by saying, "Hey, hippie girl, how about a date after we get out of this fucked-up place?"

I couldn't speak. Of course I couldn't accept his offer, right in front of all the guys. That would be far worse than what I had just been doing, which the guys might accept as merely a funny, sexy joke. To accept would be disaster—and yet I was so excited, I wanted so much to accept, that I could not bring myself to refuse. In the end I got more laughs by simply telling the truth, with a frightened, astonished expression on my face: "I'm speechless!"

“That's more like it,” Chris said to Stan, grinning and sneering at once. “Wait until you're out of here, *queer!*”

Stan turned toward Chris and clenched his fists, as if willing to fight him after all. “Take that back,” he demanded. “Nobody calls me a queer and gets away with it.”

Lots of guys burst out laughing at this absurdity. I even started to laugh myself. Stan wasn't joking. He seriously insisted that no one should call him a queer, despite what he had been about to do!

Chris was laughing loudest of all. “Okay, have it your way,” he said when he could speak. “Wait until you're out of here—*straight man!*” The whole room roared at this. Other guys started shouting, “Straight man!” I could see that Stan was pissed, but he could do nothing. I almost felt sorry for him.

Mr. Oliver was finally allowed to get through and size up the situation. I discreetly allowed my wiener to escape from confinement, while turning away from Mr. Oliver and trying to hide it from him. It was starting to go down, and I hoped it would go down quickly. This was certainly not the time for orgasm. I must just grin and bear the pain of unfulfilled longing. Later—at home, after school or at bedtime—I would seek and find lonely, effeminate satisfaction, as I had done so often before.

* * * * *

“See you at graduation—at long last!” I said after school to Priscilla McLean, the only girl in the whole school who had ever been friendly to me. Even Priscilla would not go out with me, because I wasn't a Christian and her strict parents wouldn't approve of me. All other girls, it seemed, feared and loathed me because of my reputation as a queer—a reputation I didn't fully deserve, since I'd never had sex with a guy, or with anyone.

“Uh, yes,” said Priscilla. She didn't seem very happy.

“Hey, aren't you glad we're getting out of here?”

“Oh, I guess so, but—well, I'm not so glad I won't be seeing *you* so often.”

“What?” I literally couldn't believe my ears. My heart almost leaped out of its hiding place between my little breasts. I even started to get an erection again, as I sometimes did around Priscilla. I might be the only guy in school who found her attractive, but I found her *really* attractive. “Uh—hey, I'll miss seeing *you*, too, but—well, I figured, you didn't want to go on a date with me or anything.”

“It's not that I didn't *want to*,” she assured me. “My parents wouldn't let me. There's a big difference.” She wasn't looking at me. She sounded almost as if she was crying.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, almost gasping. “Uh—well, yeah, there sure is. A—a *really* big difference?”

“Yes,” she said. “A really big difference.” Now I was sure she was crying. Her face was turned straight away from me; I could see only her long, frizzy brown hair. I wanted to comfort her, but I was afraid.

“Well,” I said, “after you leave home, maybe we could get in touch. Are you going to the U after all?”

“Yes. My parents still want me to go to Stimson, but I'm not going there.” Priscilla had told me before about “Stimson”—the Bob Stimson Institute for Biblical Studies, a wretched-sounding fundamentalist institution.

“I told them I was an adult now,” Priscilla said, “and I was going to decide for myself where to go to college. They were horrified. They told me they weren't going to pay a cent for me to go to the U—but Mrs. Penniston helped me get some extra scholarship money to make up for it.” Good old Mrs. Penniston, I thought—the greatest of high-school counselors, always ready to help any students who needed to break free from their parents' restrictive grip.

“Well, cheer up, then,” I said, looking up at Priscilla—distinctly *up*, for she was six feet tall, nearly half a foot taller than I. “Maybe we can get together at the U.”

“If we can find each other among the nameless, faceless masses.” She gave a short, faint little laugh, but she still didn't look at me.

“We'll find each other. I promise,” I said to her. She glanced at me. I could see her tears.

“I hope so, Dan,” she said, though she didn't sound hopeful. “We'll see.”

“Well, see you at graduation, anyway,” I assured her. She was already walking away.

* * * * *

After school I rode my bike uphill to Queen's Arms, the big, aging, elegantly restored apartment building I called home. I rode the elevator up to the sixth floor and let myself into our apartment. No one else was home; my mom and dad were at work, and I was an only child. Already Priscilla had almost vanished from my mind.

Now I could fully relax, with no pressure yet to do homework, and no prying eyes to see what I was doing. When I was cool and dry after the bike ride, I selected some of Mom's excellent clothes and wore them in full freedom—no longer as the lonely, boring Dan Robursson, but as the cute, sweet, feminine *Danielle Rayborn*.

Tops on my feminine agenda was a pretty bra. Mom had some really good, lacy, low-cut bras, and I was incredibly lucky that they fit me—except I needed to stuff a couple of handkerchiefs in each cup, of course. Her panties didn't fit me so well; my hips were pretty broad for a boy's, but hers were even broader, and the panties slipped pretty far down—but at least they stayed on. A short, elegant, thin-strapped slip completed my picture of feminine sexiness. I didn't put on a blouse

or skirt, much less a pair of Mom's stylish pants; those could only decrease my loveliness, not increase it further.

I brushed my hair until it shone; then I gazed upon my beauty in the mirror. I was pretty sure I wouldn't get sucked into the mirror, like Narcissus getting sucked down into his own reflection in the pond—but sometimes I wasn't *entirely* sure. I literally loved to look at myself that much.

My wavy light-brown hair was my crowning glory. I was extremely lucky, I thought, that my liberal-minded parents didn't care how long it was—plenty long enough to be a beautiful girl's hair. I loved to feel it lightly caressing my shoulders as I turned to view myself in different ways.

My bright blue eyes, complete with long girlish lashes, were glorious too, I thought—pure and simple, clear and moist, shining with the joy of peace and love despite my loneliness. They were the eyes of a true hippie girl, I fancied—not a drug-crazed, promiscuous slut, as hippie girls were wrongly thought to be, but a girl of cosmic wisdom and unfathomable bliss, free from every artificial restriction. When I went to the U, I wondered, would I dare to dress as the hippie girl I was, to reveal my innermost being and consciousness?

My eyes dropped down from viewing themselves to viewing my lips—small but full and deep hot pink, almost as if I had been born with lipstick on—and then to viewing my body beautiful. It was the body of quite a chubby girl, but of a most feminine boy. Authentic hippie girls didn't wear bras, of course, but surely they would have worn them if bras had been nearly as exciting to them as they were to me! My twin pairs of thin straps, my delicate low-cut lace, my bare well-molded cleavage undefiled by any manly hair, my gently bulging bosom-cups beneath my thin silky slip, making me look exactly like a real girl wearing a small-sized bra—all made my hidden “clitoris” big and hard.

So entranced was I with my girlish looks, I didn't even hear my mom coming into the apartment, and then into the bedroom. The first thing I knew, she was gasping—and trying to keep from letting me hear her gasp.

I didn't want to turn around. Mom was fairly liberal-minded, all right—but I was afraid she wasn't liberal-minded enough for *this*. Besides, she wasn't supposed to be here this early. Maybe, I vainly imagined, she would just turn around and go away if I didn't move.

For a long, painful moment there was silence. At last Mom ended it. “Dan?” she said. I could hear her voice trembling. I shuddered, unable to kill my idiotic shame and fear.

“Yeah?” I asked, not turning around.

“Uh—I got off early from work,” she said, as if that were not obvious. “Jack decided he was caught up enough to go play golf, and he told me to go—enjoy myself.” Jack Melton was the president of the local TV station Mom worked for; she was his executive secretary. Everyone at the station was supposed to call him Jack, even the janitor.

“Um—so, why did you come home instead?” I asked, hoping I wasn't sounding too snotty but fearing I was.

Bad move—Mom seemed to think I was. “Well, since you asked,” she said, “I was thinking I'd come home and *change my clothes*.”

Silence. There was nothing I could say. I still didn't turn around.

“So, do you mind if I change them?” she asked. “And, while we're on the subject of *changing clothes*—”

She stopped. I took a slow, deep breath. Her voice sounded ripe with the stench of sarcasm. I hoped she was going to calm down before saying more.

What happened next surprised me even more than her coming home too soon. She still didn't look at me or face me—but, from behind me, she waved some \$20 bills in my face.

“It really doesn't bother me if you want to, uh, dress like this,” she said, sounding too shaken to be believed. “You're an adult now, and you can do what you want. I can—well—but I want—I mean, I really think you should get your *own* clothes. I know you don't have a lot of money yet, and we're willing to help out with that—I mean, *I'm* willing, I really don't think you need to let your father know about this—but I think you should get your own, if you want them. I know Suite Elite is very tolerant of that sort of thing, and Movers and Shakers has some excellent deals, and they really don't care who buys what items. So please take this and go get yourself some clothes.” She was talking too fast. I could tell she had lied when she said it didn't bother her.

I counted the money—*two hundred dollars*. I knew my parents had money, but I hadn't expected Mom to throw it around like this.

“Uh—thanks, Mom,” I said. “Thanks a lot! I really appreciate this.”

“It's no problem at all,” Mom assured me, sounding too decisive. “You know I like to pay cash for things. I can just stop off at the bank and get some more. But—please wear your *own* clothes from now on. That's all I ask. Now, I'll just get out of here for a few minutes, and you can put those in the hamper, and then you can put your other clothes on and go get some of your own.” She walked away and shut the door too softly, as if to make it overly clear that she wasn't slamming it. I still hadn't even looked at her, and she hadn't seen my bright-red blushing face.

* * * * *

I didn't even make it to Suite Elite, a high-priced women's store, that afternoon. I went looking for deals at the excellent Movers and Shakers Thrift Shop, run by the Movers and Shakers of Greater Pacific Heights, a business and professional women's club that Mom belonged to. The biggest Movers and Shakers store in the city was right here on Queen's Bluff, and it had good deals galore.

Mom was right: nobody seemed to care whether I was getting women's clothes or not. I even saw another long-haired guy examining the women's clothes too. I

was pretty embarrassed anyway, in spite of everything—but not too embarrassed to fill two big shopping baskets with women's clothes I was pretty sure would fit me. From wearing Mom's clothes, and from taking my measurements carefully starting when I was only 12, I knew my sizes really well, and there were plenty of things in my sizes.

I stayed in the store for hours—at least two hours, anyway. By the time I left, I was pretty fully equipped: I had some really pretty, moderately well-fitting slips and bras, plus halter tops, low-cut tank tops, see-through blouses, opaque blouses, cutoffs and short-shorts, pink slacks, miniskirts, long skirts, knee-length skirts, hippie beads and headbands, sexy negligees, soft sweaters, and even a really nice, hardly used pair of hippie-style sandals. I eschewed all unfeminine, unisex crap such as bell-bottoms, fringy jackets, tie-dyed T-shirts, and so on. I knew authentic hippie girls wore that stuff, but I didn't care. Panties were about the only thing I wanted that I didn't have. I figured it would be better to get them new.

I jammed as much clothing as I could in my big backpack, and put the rest in two more or less balanced shopping bags, one on each handlebar. It wasn't easy to ride, but I made it home. Mom's eyes bulged when she saw how much I had. She said to put it away quick before Dad came home.

I had plenty of time, as it turned out. Dad often worked late at his law firm, and often came home pissed. Tonight, when he came home at last, he was pissed at some lawyers on the other side of a case; he said they were wasting his time so they could cheat their clients out of a lot of money for a lawsuit they knew was no good. Last night it had been a client who wanted *him* to waste other lawyers' time, so their clients would lose maximum money on lawsuits and have to settle their cases or go out of business.

I looked back and forth between Dad and Mom, as Dad talked about the lawyers he was pissed at and Mom supposedly listened. Dad looked like a modern version of a handsome Viking captain, with stylish hair but a big fierce-looking mustache and piercing blue eyes, looking intent on a chase. Mom looked like a nice, plump, moderately pretty, old-fashioned Irish housewife striving desperately to prove herself modern and sophisticated. I could see that Mom's eyes were glazed, but Dad didn't seem to care.

“I'll say one thing for the fucked-up '50s,” Dad was saying. Mom winced. She wasn't quite liberal-minded enough to like it when Dad used words like *fuck*. She winced pretty often, as if she was never quite going to get used to it.

“More of the lawyers back then were gentlemen, at least,” Dad said, “and some of them were actually *honest*. Now everything is money, money, money; cheat, cheat, cheat. I'm getting pretty damn sick of it.” Believe it or not, in spite of all his griping, Dad actually wanted me to follow in his footsteps and be a lawyer too. I didn't have any idea what I wanted to do for a living, but I already knew I didn't want to be a lawyer.

I excused myself from dinner as soon as I could. For a little while I skimmed some magazines; then I got ready for bed. Now, if I wished, I could put on something sexy, and experience the most delightful consequences.

I closed the door of my room and rummaged through my “new” used clothes. There were so many things, I could hardly find what I was looking for. At last I found it: a short red silky negligee, with thin straps and lots of lace all around the edges.

I had an erection, a hard, thick rock-cock with a great bulbous plum on the end, fully six and a half inches long. That final half-inch was important, because six inches was supposed to be the dividing line between a small penis and a big penis. Mine was a big penis—or a big clitoris.

Quickly I hid my erection between my legs, slipped on the negligee (which was slightly bigger than it needed to be), and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. The neckline was so low it barely covered my pointy little nipples. They were hard, and silently begging me to rub them. Eagerly I complied. Soon I stripped off the straps and pulled down the top of the negligee so I could rub them better. My hips were pumping on their own now; my thighs were rhythmically clutching my hidden, super-big, superheated clitoris; my nipples were throbbing with delight in my hands.

I lay face down on my bed. This was the best way. This was the way I had done it the very first time, when I was only 12, when I was afraid I was doing something abnormal and harmful, but I was too excited to stop. I pulled up my negligee to reveal my balls and my backward-pointing rock-cock, sticking way out beneath my big bare buttocks, soon to spring a gusher all over the backs of my thighs. I clasped my breasts again, curving my back so the bed wouldn't flatten them. Then I did the deed, trembling all over, thrusting my hips up and down, squeezing my great spurting clit between my legs as hard as I could, as if I was on top of Stan and he was fucking me from below. “Oh, Stan! Stan! Yes!” I whispered. “I want you! I need you! I love you!”

By the time I stopped pumping and squeezing and whispering, my thighs were covered with the sticky, oozing gush they knew so well. I was even rubbing them together to make them gushier. Stan had conquered me. Priscilla had vanished from my mind, at least for tonight.

* * * * *

“See you at the U, Priscilla!” I said, holding my diploma and wearing my blue cap and gown.

“Uh, yes, I hope so,” said Priscilla. She even *smiled* at me. I was delighted. From her, any little crumb of personal recognition was a treasure. This was more—a much bigger crumb, I hoped, of actual affection and liking. My heart was leaping again.

I looked up at her face, almost ignoring the big blue-and-white banner on the wall beyond: "CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '69." In her white cap and gown, with her hair emerging in billows from beneath the cap, Priscilla looked truly pretty—to me, at least. Few or no other guys would have agreed, but I didn't care. Her features were fine and regular: a big but feminine-looking oval face, strong dark gray eyes, a well-formed nose, and small but full lips that looked quite kissable.

The guys who thought her ugly would have focused on her notable excess of hair. She had the bushy eyebrows of a grizzled old Scotsman, and the hair was even worse farther down. Many dark hairs, short but unmistakably unfeminine, sprouted from her cheeks, her upper lip, and her chin. Her arms and legs, now pleasingly covered by her gown, were much too hairy for a girl, and Priscilla made no concession to fashion by shaving them.

Her figure was pretty odd, too. Below the waist it was fine—excellent, in fact—with broad hips, big firm buttocks, stout strong thighs, and thick but beautifully tapered calves. Above the waist, it was entirely different. Her torso was like a slender man's, almost the same diameter all the way down, and her breasts were barely bigger than my own. Her bra appeared to have very small cups, and yet they were caved in and wrinkly because they were too big for her tiny breasts. Refusing again to concede to fashion, she never wore padded bras.

None of this mattered to me. I had been attracted to her at first because she seemed to be as lonely as I was—and she really had been, before I came along. I had tried to befriend her because she was the most honest and straightforward girl I had ever met, and she did seem to appreciate my efforts, even though I wasn't a Christian. I only wished that *she* weren't one, or at least that she didn't demand that I be one before I could go out with her.

Her little smile grew slightly bigger as she saw that I couldn't, or wouldn't, take my eyes off her. "This cap and gown must really improve my looks," she said. Always before, she would have looked away after a second or two at most. Now her gray eyes were fixed on me, as if she were willing to let me know at last how hungry she was for a compliment on her looks—and for more than a mere compliment.

"Uh, you do look really nice in them," I said, "but—well, I think you always look really nice."

She must have been *starving* for such a compliment. Her eyes darted around, as if to see whether anyone was looking or listening. Fortunately, her parents weren't; they were over in the refreshment area. Then she gave me a *big* smile, one that showed her good white teeth, and her eyes were sparkling. "Why, thank you, Dan!" she said. "You're so sweet!" She had me blushing, and my heart was pounding.

I saw my opportunity. I had to seize it. "Hey," I asked, "as soon as we get to the U, would you mind if I asked you for a date again?"

Her eyes darted around again; then she spoke more softly. "I wouldn't mind at all," she said. "I'm looking forward to it!"

Chapter 2

These are the nameless, faceless masses, all right, I thought as I trudged toward the high-rise dormitory I would now live in. All around me were hundreds of students I didn't know, who weren't looking at me and didn't care about me. I hoped I could find Priscilla somehow, but first I needed to haul my big suitcases up to my room.

It would take me two long, slow trips from the huge student parking lot, a couple of blocks from the dorm. At least I hadn't had to make two trips from Queen's Bluff on the trolley bus. I didn't like cars much, but now I had one anyway, thanks to my summer job as a typist and file clerk in Dad's law firm—which made me surer than ever that I didn't want to be a lawyer. My car was an aging, light blue VW bug, perfect for a hippie girl—even a hippie girl in dull male attire, as I was now.

Why am I doing all this? I wondered as I set the heavy suitcases down and wiped my forehead—but I didn't wonder for long. I could have stayed with Mom and Dad and commuted to school, but I refused. *Kids* lived at home; I wasn't a kid any more. Besides, Mom was okay most of the time, but I honestly didn't like Dad that much at all, and I liked him less now than ever before. At the law firm, everyone seemed to know that one of his “lunchtime fitness routines” was screwing secretaries (not that he was the only lawyer who did that). Plus, he was getting pissed more often at Mom, not just at lawyers and clients. I was afraid a big blow-up was coming between Mom and Dad, and I didn't want to be around to see it.

I picked up the suitcases, walked into the dorm, and got my room key and number from the front desk. Soon I would meet my roommate, some arbitrarily selected guy I'd never met before and might not like any more than I liked Dad—but I had made my decision, and I wasn't turning back.

I opened the door. Two beds, two little study desks, two chairs, four walls, and very little else met my gaze. I was alone, but I knew my roommate had been here. The walls above one bed and one desk were covered with pictures of nude or semi-nude women.

When I had glanced at such pictures before in magazines, I hadn't been very interested. The women seemed to be made of plastic, too slick and glossy to be real flesh and blood. Some of these were like that, too, but some were not. Some looked like nice, sweet, friendly girls, who just happened to have too little clothing on.

My gaze was fixed on one of these—a red-haired, freckled, brown-eyed cutie with big bare breasts, who couldn't have been much older than I was—when I sensed that I was not alone. I turned around to see.

“Hey, what's going on?” my new roommate said with a grin. He looked like a nice enough guy; he could have been the red-haired cutie's brother. He was red-haired and freckled too, skinny and not a lot taller than me, with big, beautiful brown eyes that would have looked great on a girl. He wasn't a long-haired hippie, though; his hair was pretty short, even for a guy.

“I'm Chuck Lilleman,” he said, putting down a brown paper bag and shaking my hand. “I guess you're my new roommate.”

“I guess so,” I said. “Uh—Dan Robursson.” Of course I didn't dare call myself *Danielle*.

“Hey, I saw you checking out my ladies,” said Chuck. “You like these pictures?”

“Uh, yeah, some of them.”

“Well, I bet you'll love this!” He pulled a copy of *Pumphouse* magazine out of the bag. “The Girls of Pacific Heights U” was the title of the cover article. On the cover was a girl with sweet, kind-looking dark brown eyes, long fluffy brown hair like Priscilla's, small breasts (though not as small as Priscilla's), and fair hairless skin like mine. She was holding pompoms and wore a short cheerleader skirt, but she was bare above the waist.

I got an erection almost at once. “Wow!” I said. “It looks really good!”

“I just got it,” he said. “I haven't even looked inside yet, but I'm going to look right now! All the beauties in this cover article are right here at the U, or at least they were last year! You want to check it out?”

“Yeah!” I said most sincerely.

We checked it out. I was astounded. Very few of these women were made of plastic. From the pages of *Pumphouse*, sweet-faced, neighborly beauties of all races and many styles invited men to gaze on them and masturbate. One of them, above all others, gripped my eyes: a lovely, slender hippie-like girl with great blue eyes, delicate freckles, and wavy golden-red hair, wearing a flowered headband, beaded necklaces, a see-through blouse that clearly displayed her tiny breasts and pointy pink nipples, and a long purple tie-dyed skirt that she was pulling down to reveal her bare mound of Venus. Chuck liked it too, but in the end he dwelt upon the centerfold. This showed the same brown-eyed beauty who appeared on the cover; she was on her hands and knees, turning her smiling face toward the viewer. She was totally nude except for her cheerleader skirt, which was pushed up to reveal her fair bare buttocks. *Pumphouse* was not the kind of magazine that let you actually see the women's vulvas, but you could *almost* see hers.

“Man, I can't stand it any more,” said Chuck, his gaze fixed upon her. “I've got to beat off. You don't mind, do you?”

“Uh—no! Sure, I don't mind at all!” I assured him.

“Hey, that's great.” With no shame at all, he pulled a couple of handkerchiefs out of his pocket and dropped his pants and underwear. He had an erection, all right, but his was much shorter than mine—barely four inches long, if that—and much thinner, too. “A few of us guys in Millville, where I'm from, used to have a

little beat-off club. We'd get these magazines and use them for what they were made for. Sometimes we even used to help each other out—you know what I mean?" He grinned and winked at me.

"Uh—help each other out with the beating off?"

"You bet. You stroke mine, I stroke yours. Ever do anything like that?"

"Uh, well, no, but . . ." My eyes cried out to him: *I'd love to!*

"Want to give it a try? Are you up for it?"

"Wow! Um, well, I think I'd like to give it a try—I mean, I'd like to help *you* out, but I think you'd better not help *me* beat off right now. I mean, there's this girl . . ." I hoped I wouldn't need to say any more. I couldn't imagine that Priscilla would actually let me *do it* with her, but I wanted to stay fully sexed up in case I saw her soon, and in case anything happened. She had defied her parents to come her, after all; maybe she was breaking free from their grip in some other ways as well. Anyway, in hope that something might happen with Priscilla, I had abstained from beating off for more than a week now—longer than any other time in history, so far as I could recall. I didn't want to spoil it now.

"Hey, cool! Are you really going to *do it* with a girl?" Chuck looked at me with admiration. "I hope I'll get to do it here, too. I admit I never got to do it in Millville. All the girls there were either prudes or sluts; either they wouldn't do it with *me*, or I wouldn't do it with *them*."

"Hey, that's good that you don't like sluts," I said. "Neither do I."

"Now, a first-class babe like *this*"—Chuck displayed the centerfold—"that's a whole different story!"

"It sure is," I said. I glanced down at his erect penis. "Well, um, may I help you?"

"Wow! You bet!" He stepped toward me so I could grip him and beat him off.

I reached out with my left hand and shyly touched his erection; then I gripped it more firmly. Chuck began to pump his hips; I hardly had to move my hand at all. "Hey, better put on the handkerchief!" he said. I complied.

"Oh, baby," Chuck moaned. He held up the magazine between his face and mine. "Oh, baby, yes! That's what I need!" He was fucking my hand hard now. I was almost bursting with excitement. I wanted to play girlfriend for him and squeeze his hot wiener between my thighs, not just in my hand. Despite all my wishes to save myself for Priscilla, I almost told Chuck, "*Wait! Let me be your girlfriend! I'll pretend I'm a girl for you!*"

It was too late. Chuck was mounting up to climax. "Wow, baby, yes, *yes!*" he cried out, burying his face in the magazine, gripping the tops of the pages hard with both hands and pressing them to him as if the magazine itself were his long-lost lover. "Baby!" he cried. "Oh, God! I want you! I need you! I *love* you!"

He was thrusting so hard I had to grip his little cock with both hands to hold on. The hanky was wet and slippery with his gush. I had to force myself not to let him thrust between my thighs, pants on and all.

“Oh, man! Oh, baby! Oh, God!” Chuck moaned. “That was *terrific!*” He looked at me and melted my heart more than a bit with his big brown girl-eyes.

“I’m glad I could help,” I said demurely.

“Hey, if there’s ever anything I can help *you* with, be sure to let me know.”

“I will,” I assured him. “Um—in fact, if you wouldn’t mind helping me haul the rest of my luggage . . .”

“Hey, no problem. Just let me clean up a bit and put my pants back on.” He put the magazine down and did so. Soon we were in the parking lot, clearing out my car.

“Man, what have you got in these things?” he asked me as we hauled luggage back to the dorm. “They’re not that heavy, but they sure are big!”

“Uh—mostly just clothes and stuff.”

“Wow, you must have a lot of clothes. Pretty fancy dresser, huh?”

I laughed a bit. Chuck had trusted me to beat him off; I wondered if I could trust him to keep my secret. I feared I couldn’t, though. Beating off was *normal*; my secret wasn’t. “Oh, I don’t know how *fancy* they are,” I said. “I’ve just got a lot of them.”

“Why so many? Are they all just, you know, regular clothes?”

“Well, uh—” I had to tell him, and I *wanted* to tell him. Besides, he seemed pretty nosy; I was sure he’d find out sooner or later anyway. Still, I didn’t dare tell him—at least not quite yet.

“Yeah, just regular clothes,” I said. I wasn’t *lying*, I figured; they were all either regular guys’ or regular girls’ clothes.

“You’re *blushing*,” he said. “Come on, you can tell good old Chuck.”

I laughed. “You seem like a pretty nosy guy, good old Chuck,” I said. “I bet you’ll peek at my clothes as soon as my back is turned.”

Chuck laughed too. “You bet!” he said.

“Guess I’d better tell you, then.” I felt myself blushing more hotly. I stopped, looked at him, and asked him softly, “You can keep a secret, can’t you?”

“I sure can! You can bet I kept the old beat-off club in Millville a secret!” His eyes were fixed on me, and he was getting very close.

“Well, then—I’ve got some regular guys’ clothes, and some regular *girls’* clothes too.”

Chuck’s eyes bulged. “Wow!” he said. “Are you kidding? I mean, are you *bisexual*, or what?”

“Well, yeah, I think maybe I am.”

“Oh, God!” he burst out laughing, but then caught himself and looked around as if to see if he was being overheard. “Oh, man!” he said much more softly. “That’s too far out! Hey, Dan, I think you’re going to be a pretty fun roommate!”

I leaned close to him and whispered in his ear: “Call me Danielle!”

“Danielle!” he exclaimed with delight. “Oh, *yeah!* Hey, Danielle,” he whispered in *my* ear, “don’t get too tired out with that girlfriend of yours, okay?”

My heart was pounding insanely. I was so excited that, for a moment at least, I was afraid I might ejaculate in my pants. “I won’t!” I assured him. I hoped it was true.

* * * * *

As it turned out, I didn’t need to look Priscilla up. In my very first class at the U, a huge English 101 lecture with hundreds of students, she waved and called my name from high up in the big amphitheater. I recognized her hair, her height, and her overall shape, but her clothes were completely different.

“Hi, Priscilla!” I said as I approached her. I guessed I could believe my eyes, but it was really hard. In high school she had always worn high-necked blouses or tops, and at least knee-length skirts or, on occasion, long loose pants. Now she was wearing some pretty short blue shorts, a low-cut white tank top displaying her small but enticing cleavage, and no bra. Her breasts were tiny indeed, barely bigger than mine, but her nipples were noticeably bigger and more prominent than mine—as I could clearly see through her thin tank top.

“Hey, you look *great!*” I commended her. She smiled, shyly at first, but soon she was almost grinning.

“Thank you!” she said. “I thought I should get some new clothes that would fit in better with my new surroundings.”

I looked around. Actually most of the women students were wearing bras, so far as I could tell, but I didn’t point that out to Priscilla. “They fit in pretty well,” I said, “a lot better than your old ones would have!”

“You’re looking really nice too,” she said. “I used to think I’d like your hair better if it was shorter, but I like it just the way it is. I like your—uh—shirt, too.”

I didn’t tell her that my cream-colored “shirt” was really a see-through blouse. My years of silence and concealment had ended—forever, I hoped—on the last day of gym class. Now I was looking as girlish as I dared.

“Thanks,” I said. “Hey, you’re not still going to refuse to go out with me, are you?” I didn’t want to embarrass her by adding, “because I’m not a Christian.”

“Oh, I really don’t think so,” she said. “I’ve been, uh, thinking a lot of things over, and I’ve decided I’m going to do things a lot differently now.” She was silent for a moment; then she smiled again. “If you want to be sure, though,” she said, “I guess you’ll need to ask me out, and see if I refuse or not.”

I laughed. “How about this evening?” I asked her. “Where would you like to go?”

“Well,” she said, “I like Blessing’s Buffet. Maybe we could go to the one over on Queen’s Bluff. After that—well, I guess we might go for a drive somewhere, if you like. Do you have a car?”

“Yeah, but it’s only an old VW bug.”

“Oh, how cozy! I’d love to go!”

I could hardly believe my good fortune. Priscilla was not only going on a date with me, but she had practically begged me to drive her someplace where we could make out—if I understood her meaning correctly. She might even be thinking of Farquhar Park above Queen’s Bluff, one of the best-known parks for “parking” in Pacific Heights.

Something, surely, must have made Priscilla decide to become a whole lot different than she used to be. I wondered what it was. I hardly dared think the thought, but I even wondered if she might be in love with me, if she might have wanted to make herself as attractive to me as she could. If so, she had succeeded. To me, at least, Priscilla was now a vision of sexy loveliness.

I was really glad now that I’d stayed fully sexed up, and not discharged my built-up excitement with Chuck. I sure hadn’t pledged my *heart* to Chuck, either. My heart was fully available to Priscilla—and she could have it, if she wanted it, tonight.

* * * * *

“I was wondering about a lot of things for quite a while in high school, actually,” Priscilla told me as we ate from our well-laden plates at the clean, simple, wholesome-looking Blessing’s Buffet. “And I was wishing I dared to go out with you when you asked me, but I didn’t. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, that’s okay,” I said. “Better late than never, especially if late is *now*. Um—what kind of things were you wondering about?”

“Well, I was wondering if everything I’d been taught was really true. I mean, about the Bible and everything. I was getting so I wasn’t sure it was. I was taught that the Bible was like the owner’s manual to the universe; you just have to read it and follow the directions. I guess I started to think that wasn’t really true. There were too many things left out, and people couldn’t agree about what the real directions were, and some of the directions even sounded pretty bad when you thought about them. I just figured there must be a better way to decide how to live your life, although I wasn’t sure what it was.”

She looked at me and gave me a little smile full of promise. “And I have to admit,” she said, “I started thinking about it a lot more seriously when a non-Christian guy wanted to go out with me, and no Christian guys did!”

She leaned forward and moved her clasped hands toward me, as if she were praying to me to deliver her from her too-strict upbringing. I leaned forward too and looked into her guileless eyes, despite her breasts' strong claim on my attention. She was wearing a see-through blouse a lot like mine now, still with no bra. The dark twin peaks of her protruding nipples had gained a strong hold on my gaze, but still I sought to resist their relentless force.

I clasped my hands around hers. I felt her pull back a bit, as if strong habit held her in its grip, demanding that she flee from the touch of a man, but I felt her resisting the habit too. "Hey, I didn't know it meant that much to you," I said. "You were always so shy around me, I didn't even know if you liked me."

She withdrew one of her hands, put it around one of mine, and held me tight. "I'm sorry," she said. "I liked you a whole lot. You were the only guy who was really nice and friendly to me. I was so thrilled when you asked me for a date, I really almost dared to defy my parents and accept. They would have been horrified. To them, you would have been not only a non-Christian, but also a *long-haired hippie*. They would have thought you must have been involved in drugs and orgies and things like that."

Her eyes searched mine, as if begging me to tell her I hadn't really been involved in those things. "Well, I wasn't," I told her truthfully. "I've seen kids' brains turned to mush from using drugs, plus they're illegal. And, uh, even if anyone had ever invited me to an orgy, which they didn't, I don't think I would have gone."

"I didn't think so." She gave me a smile that made me think she'd surely fallen in love with me. "I thought you were way too nice, and too smart, to go for things like that."

I laughed a bit in embarrassment. I knew she really meant it. "Hey, I like that," I admitted. "I'll try not to let you down."

She gazed at me in honest admiration, as if she was sure I wouldn't. My heart was in her loving hands. Already, in secret, it was crying out to her: "Priscilla, I love you! You're so good to me! I'm yours forever! I'll *never* let you down, no matter what!"

* * * * *

The little air-cooled engine whined loudly as I tried, but failed, to make my old VW bug go fast up Queen's Boulevard toward Farquhar Park. My good fortune was holding so far. I had suggested Farquhar—because of its great views of the city lights downtown and on University Hill, of course, *not* because of its notoriety—and Priscilla had said it sounded lovely.

In due time, with all deliberate speed, we rounded the ascending curves and came to a stop in a quiet spot near the very top of the hill. The lights fulfilled their promise; Priscilla said she had never seen them so bright and beautiful before. I put my arm around her shoulder and we looked at them together. I felt her stiffen, but she put her arm around me and leaned closer to me as if to make up for it.

“I’m afraid I’m still pretty shy, Dan,” she told me. “I feel really awkward. I’ve never even let a guy touch me before—I mean, not that any other guys have even *tried* to touch me.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” I said. “I don’t have a lot of experience, uh, touching girls either. In fact, if you really want to know, I don’t have *any*.”

She laughed a little and leaned her head on my shoulder—not an easy feat, with her so tall and me so short. “Then we’re even!” she said. “That makes me feel better.” It made me feel better too. I reached over with my left hand and softly stroked her hair. She sighed, in what sounded quite like contentment.

I stroked her cheek too. She looked up at me. “I like that,” she said. “You’re so gentle.” After a pause, she asked, “Whatever got you interested in *me*?”

I gave a short laugh. “Is that surprising?” I asked her. “I thought you were nice, and smart, and pretty too.” It was true. I didn’t care about a bit of excess hair, and I didn’t demand that a girl have gigantic “bazzooms.”

“Funny, I thought I was ugly,” she said. “That seemed to be the consensus, anyway.”

“I don’t care about the consensus. I couldn’t take my eyes off you. I thought you were beautiful, and I still do.”

She raised her head and looked me full in the face. There wasn’t much light in the car. I couldn’t even see any excess hairs. At least in this light, she really *was* beautiful. I wondered if I should try to kiss her, but I didn’t want to stop looking at her.

“I thought you were really *honest*, too,” I added. “I would have liked you even if you *had* been ugly, because I knew I could count on you to be honest with me.”

“I wasn’t very honest about how much I liked you, and how thrilled I was that you seemed to like me too. I wish I had been.”

“Better late than never,” I said again, “especially if late is *now*.” I stroked her cheek again. Her lips were opening. The time was right. I kissed her. I heard her gasp and felt her almost shudder, but she held me tight and pressed her lips firmly to mine. Delicately I explored her lips with my tongue. She drew a sharp breath through her nose, but her tongue met mine in response. My tongue passed between her lips in triumph, and she did not draw back.

“Oh, Dan!” she murmured when our lips had parted at last. “Please—just don’t try to go all the way with me. I’m not ready for that, and I don’t think I’ll be ready for quite a while.”

“I won’t,” I promised her. “Besides, I don’t think it would be possible in this car.”

She gave a big sigh of relief. “Thank you,” she said. “My parents always warned me that, if I ever went out with a non-Christian guy, he’d try to make me lose my virginity—I mean, without waiting to marry me. I didn’t really think *you* would, but—well, I wanted to make sure we understood each other.”

“I hope we always will,” I said.

She sighed again and relaxed almost completely in my arms. I loved her; my heart was all hers. I actually felt like I wanted to marry her someday. I also wanted to touch her little breasts, tonight, without undue delay.

I stroked her hair again; then my left hand descended to caress her back. She breathed in calm contentment.

My hand began to make its advance, with only the silky film of her blouse between my skin and hers. First to the side of her waist it went; then, slowly and steadily, like my car going up into Farquhar Park but silently, it rose to meet her breast. I felt her tensing up, but she did not repel me.

She jerked and gasped again when my fingers touched the bottom of her breast, a distinct but diminutive hill arising from the flat expanse around it. Quickly now I moved my fingers up, and then my palm, to gain the summit of her distended nipple. Almost at once she gripped my hand with hers.

“Oh, Dan!” she whispered. “That feels so good—but please don’t do it for very long! I’m afraid I’ll get carried away!”

“No longer than you want me to,” I assured her. Gently I rubbed her nipple and squeezed her breast. We kissed again. She did not pull my hand away.

“I’m afraid I *am* getting carried away, Dan,” she murmured when our kiss had ended at last. “Please be kind to me; please don’t take advantage of me.” Even while she said the words, she was unbuttoning her blouse. “Please kiss me down here,” she said, indicating her breasts.

I eagerly complied. Both of her nipples in sequence welcomed my wet lips and tongue. As firm as my red-hot erector, they now seemed huge, almost dwarfing the cool white mounds from which they sprang. She clutched my head with both arms and pressed it tightly to her chest.

“Oh, *Dan!*” she cried. She was moaning now. “Please be gentle—be tender—be kind!” My left hand was on her waist, just above the elastic waistband of her pants. She reached down with her right hand and pushed it downward between the elastic and her skin, into her panties, down toward her womanly opening.

My hand didn’t know its way around down there at all. I groped around the hot wet flesh-folds of her virgin vulva, insanely pleased with my good fortune in getting so far, but clueless as to whether I might be touching her clitoris. At last she helped me find the spot, so tiny I could hardly believe that was it. It was, though; her clenched thighs, her quick-trembling hips, her clutching fingers, and her frantic moaning soon told me so. I knew then that, in secret defiance of her parents’ strictures, Priscilla’s own strong hand had explored this virgin wilderness before me, and had found the hidden treasure. I kissed her neck as she thrust herself into mighty orgasm with the help of my feeble hand.

Long afterward, it seemed, her quaking ceased at last and I withdrew my hand from her love-drenched panties. She held me tight and did not look at me. My gigantic plum was almost bursting with urgent need to gain belated release.

“Priscilla, please,” I begged her, “will you help me?” I pulled out a handkerchief, unzipped my pants, and let her see my desperate condition.

“Oh, my!” she exclaimed. She still did not look at my face. “That would be only fair, wouldn’t it?” I almost laughed at how extremely rational she sounded.

“Yes, please.” I took her hand and placed it on the handkerchief.

“You understand I’ve never done this before. I’m not sure I’ll be very good at it.”

“You’ll do fine.” I capped my plum with her hand; then I kissed her again on the mouth. She was pretty awkward about stroking me, but she attended most faithfully to her duty. Soon my own hips were quaking in orgasm, though not so wildly as hers had done. Even when her hand was drenched with gush along with the hanky, she did not let me go.

Priscilla loved me. There was no doubt about it. She was no fun-seeking slut, ready to cap a guy’s dick with her hand on call. Only for me would she ever have done such a thing, and she was doing it still; her hand was still clasping my sticky, gooey, diminishing wiener in love. I need only love her and wait for her. Sooner or later her womanly cave of bliss would replace her hand, and she would be all mine forever—if only I would be all *hers* forever.

Chapter 3

Almost at once, almost before I knew it, I was living a double life at the U. With Priscilla I was all man, or as nearly all man as a longhaired, pacifist, effeminate-looking “hippie” could be. She knew nothing, I was pretty sure, about my secret girlish pretensions. I was fairly honest with her, but not *that* honest. Every now and then we went on dates and made out to the maximum, but more often we were just calm, peaceful, loving friends together. We talked, we studied together, we held hands, we were an obvious campus couple, if anybody cared.

On Sundays we went to the quiet meetings of the Universal Peace Fellowship near the campus. It was a little like going to church, and Priscilla actually liked it for that. (She always wore a bra when we went there, I noticed, just as she surely would have done at church.) It wasn’t a *lot* like going to church, though, so I liked it too. People sat together in silence, and every now and then somebody got up and spoke about peace, or enlightenment, or something like that. After the meeting they had a social hour where we met some really nice people. It was a good break from school—and I hoped it would give me points as a conscientious objector, too, in case I ever lost my student deferment from the draft.

Priscilla was in love with me and wanted to marry me. She made it perfectly obvious; she was too honest to try to conceal it at all. Except that we didn’t go all the way, she was almost like a faithful, devoted wife to me by mid-November, when less than three months had elapsed since we came to the U. I cherished her

loving heart, and I would never have wanted to hurt her. When I was with her, I even sincerely wanted to marry her.

When I wasn't with Priscilla, though, my life was very different—shockingly different. I was Chuck's secret girlfriend too. I was dividing my sexy energies between Chuck and Priscilla. Now, less than three months after I had first beaten him off, Chuck was getting far more than his share. We hadn't done any buttfucking—Chuck didn't want it, and I really didn't either—and we hadn't even done any blowjobs. My hands and my thighs, though, had welcomed his hot little wiener many times.

We might have gone on like that all year, if Chuck hadn't asked me, one dreary mid-November evening, “Hey, how'd you like to go to a party dressed as a girl?”

“Uh—I don't know,” I said. I gave a nervous little laugh. “Not right *now*.” We were in Chuck's bed, and we had both just finished gushing between my thighs. I was still trying to squeeze Chuck's diminishing wiener with my legs, next to my likewise diminishing, hidden big clit.

Chuck laughed too, not nervously at all. “No, this weekend. A guy I know invited me, and asked me to bring a girl. Naturally I thought of *you*. The party's at his frat house.”

“Uh—let me think about it, okay? But this isn't really such a good time for me to think about it.”

Chuck laughed again. “Take your time.”

* * * * *

I took my time. I thought about it. I was pretty shy about going. Never before had I worn girls' clothes in public. In the end, though, Chuck convinced me that it would be a lot of good fun, if not good *clean* fun. “They're celebrating New Year's Eve early,” he told me. “A lot of the guys aren't going to be here on the real New Year's Eve. They want to be the first to welcome the '70s, and to make them even wilder and crazier than the '60s.”

Now I was going to find out what that meant. Chuck and I were walking up Frat Ave, officially known as Byron Avenue, from the campus. The weather wasn't bad at all for a November evening in Pacific Heights: there was no rain, and the temperature wasn't very near freezing. I needed only a soft purple cashmere sweater from Movers and Shakers, left over from the '40s or '50s, to keep me warm.

We passed several houses with Greek letters over the door. From yet another one, up at the end of the block, I could hear loud rock music. As we drew nearer, I could see it distinctly: the biggest, most brightly lighted house on the block, with great shining golden-looking letters that looked like an X, a P, and a triangle above the door.

The outer door was slightly open. It led into a foyer, beyond which was a closed door into the interior of the frat house. In the foyer were many coats and sweaters, and two very different-looking people. One was the Grim Reaper, complete with hooded robe, scythe, and long white beard. The other was a short, buxom, brown-eyed babe with curly chestnut-colored hair, wearing nothing at all but a white bikini bottom and a long wide ribbon that said, "HAPPY NEW YEAR 1970."

"Ho-ho-ho, happy New Year," said the Grim Reaper, loudly enough to be heard over the music. His voice gave him away as a young college guy, and so did his laughing blue eyes. "Welcome to Chi Rho Delta. Your invitation, please." Chuck showed him an invitation. He looked at it and nodded.

"Happy New Year!" said the buxom babe in a sweet, girlish, but loud voice, smiling upon both of us at once. "Welcome to the future—the wild and crazy '70s!"

"Happy New Year," said Chuck. He gazed upon her in admiration. I did too, especially upon her big, bare light brown nipples.

"Uh—Merry Christmas," I said, making a dumb joke. The babe laughed politely, but the Grim Reaper didn't. His eyes opened wide for a moment. I had tried to sound like a girl, but I don't think I did it well.

"Hey, Christmas is over," he said—almost shouted, for the music had grown even louder. "In fact, it didn't happen. You know why there's no Christmas at the U?"

"Uh—no, why?" Trying to make myself heard, I abandoned all pretense of sounding like a girl.

"Because nobody can find three wise men and a virgin! Ho-ho-ho!" He pounded the handle of his scythe on the floor. Chuck laughed; the babe groaned. I just stared. It wasn't true. I didn't know whether there were any wise men at the U—if there were, my professors weren't among them—but I knew Priscilla was a virgin. I wondered what she would think if she could see me now. For a wild and crazy moment I thought of fleeing from the frat house to Priscilla's dorm, buzzing her to come down to the lobby, and revealing myself to her in all my feminine glory. I quickly crushed the thought as absurd.

Chuck and I took off our sweaters and hung them up. I could see the Grim Reaper giving me an admiring look. I wore a flowered hippie headband; my wire-rimmed glasses that could easily pass for girls' glasses; my favorite cream-colored see-through blouse; a long many-colored paisley skirt, loose enough (I hoped) to keep my fast-growing erection inconspicuous, at least when confined in non-hippie-like panties as it was now; and my nicest sandals, with purple socks to keep out the chill. The only obvious non-hippie touch was my lacy low-cut pink bra, plainly visible through the blouse. I wished I could have come with bare breasts beneath my blouse, but I had to admit my breasts weren't big enough to be convincing. Even Priscilla's breasts, the smallest breasts I had ever seen on a full-grown woman, were bigger than mine.

"The future awaits you," shouted the babe, opening the inner door. "Enter and enjoy!"

We entered—but my ears, at least, did not enjoy. I hoped I wouldn't go deaf before the party ended. Straight ahead, at the far end of a big room filled with people dancing, talking, or eating, I glimpsed an expensive-looking stereo system with mammoth speakers. It was playing a song with screaming guitars, by Jimi Hendrix or somebody. I looked around the room and saw no one I knew—except for Stan Mountbeaton, standing near the side of the room next to a tall guy with very short hair and a very unhappy face.

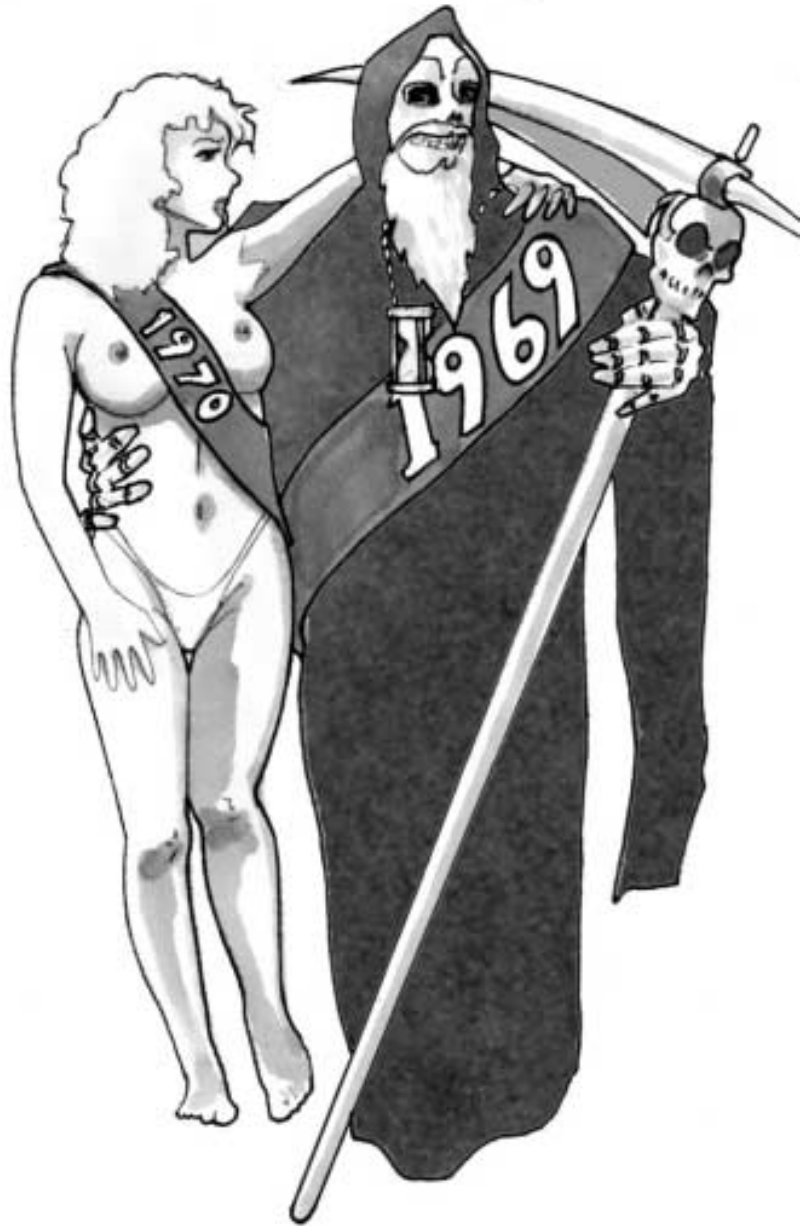
I stared at him. It was surely Stan, all right. I had never before seen him in an ugly, chaotic psychedelic-style shirt, and his hair was a couple of inches longer now, but everything else was the same. Almost at once he was staring back at me. A little smile began to curl the corners of his big mouth, and quickly grew bigger. He strode toward me.

“Hey, hippie girl!” he shouted at me. “Long time no see!”

The song faded out at the end; my ears were blessed with soothing relief. “Hey, I was hoping I'd see you here,” Stan said in a softer voice. “I'm glad you took my advice about clothes! You look terrific!” My panties were bulging, and my heart was throbbing. I could see already that Stan wanted sex with me.

“Thanks,” I said, trying to speak as softly as possible. Turning to Chuck, I said, “Chuck, this is Stan. I know him from high school. Stan, this is Chuck. He's my roommate.”

Stan raised his eyebrows. “Dorm roommate, shack-up roommate, or what?” he asked.



“Dorm roommate,” Chuck said with a smile. “Good to meet you, Stan.”

“Good to meet you, Chuck. Do you mind if I horn in on your roommate? We've got some catching up to do.”

“No problem,” Chuck said lightly. “I think I'll get something to eat and look around. See you in a while, Danielle.” He waved and set off toward the food table.

“Danielle!” said Stan. “Hey, that's a damn cute name—for a damn cute girl! I always thought you'd turn out like this—and I was sure hoping I'd be around when you did.” I gave him a big, warm, shameless smile.

The music started to abuse my ears again. This time it was a song from the Beatles' big white album: “Why Don't We Do It in the Road?” Stan shouted at me: “Hey, shall we dance?” I vigorously nodded “yes.” We stepped toward the middle of the room, faced each other, and started to do a hot dance with pumping and gyrating hips. Again and again the Beatles inquired why we didn't just go ahead and *do it* in the road, where (they falsely said) no one would be watching us.

After that came a slow, wistful tune I didn't know by name, with 12-string guitars and barbershop-like harmony, by Crosby Stills & Nash or some group like that. Stan and I danced very close together. He had a hard on, so did I, and we both knew it.

“Hey, how'd you like a little tour of the frat house?” Stan asked when the song was over. I knew he was asking if I wanted to find a room where we could have sex. I did. I felt a sudden twinge of something like remorse at the thought that I might be “cheating” on Chuck—but I needn't have worried. Chuck was not only ignoring me completely; he was already making a move on a cute, chubby, naïve-looking girl with long straight brown hair and glasses, who seemed to have eyes only for him. I didn't even think of Priscilla now.

“Sure!” I said. I even slipped my hand into his.

“I know this house pretty well, for a guy who doesn't live here,” Stan said as we ascended a wide, open, curving stairway to the second floor. “I was seriously thinking of pledging with this frat, but I finally had to admit I didn't really want to *live* in a place like this; I just wanted to visit it every now and then. So I looked around, and I was lucky enough to grab a pretty decent apartment above a store on the Drag.”

“That sounds good,” I said, “but isn't it pretty noisy?” The Drag, officially called Pendragon Avenue, was the main shopping avenue of University Hill, very close to the campus.

“It's not too bad. I usually have the stereo on, so I can't hear much of the street noise.”

Stan quickly showed me some forgettable features of the frat house on the second and third floors; then we ascended to the fourth and highest floor. “Up here is one of the most interesting rooms in the house,” Stan said. “This is as close as the guys here come to doing it in the road.”

We arrived at a pair of closed double doors, with the word “CHAPEL” spelled out in large letters above. “The guys who founded Chi Rho Delta,” he said, “wanted it to be a frat full of staunch Christian young men, devoted to God and country, so they made sure to include a chapel in the frat house.” I groaned.

“It didn't work out that way,” Stan said. “Back then it was just called Chi Rho. Those are Greek initials for Jesus Christ. Times changed, and the guys in charge changed. They started to be more interested in getting it on with cute little 'Deltas' than in being devoted servants of 'Chi Rho,' so they changed the name. The chapel is still called the chapel, but it's used for a different kind of 'worship services' now.”

He grinned and opened the door. The light was dim inside. The only slightly bright spot was on the far wall, where a glowing blue light illuminated a plain, isolated wooden cross. At first I couldn't see anyone, but I heard sexy moans.

Stan closed the door. My eyes began to focus and to adjust to the dim light. On a slightly elevated level below the cross, I now saw a guy and a girl fucking on the floor. The girl was on her hands and knees, like the girl I had seen in the center-fold on my first day at the U. The guy was plunging her from behind like a dog, bending way over her, and gripping her breasts. He was fucking her harder and harder, and she was starting to gasp and shriek. As I watched, they reached an insanely wild orgasm together.

“We're next,” Stan whispered to me, guiding me toward the blue light and the cross as the dog-like copulators' orgasms began to subside. I looked around. We were walking up an aisle with pews on both sides. At the end of one pew a guy was sitting with his legs apart, and a girlp0 out; the girl's blouse and bra were off, and the guy had his hand up her skirt.

Stan and I sat down in one of the front pews. At once he started kissing me on the mouth, thrusting his tongue deep into mine. As soon as his tongue was going strong, he reached up my back inside my blouse and awkwardly unhooked my bra. Then he slipped his hand up to my left breast and started squeezing it. Not more than a minute after he started kissing me, he was pulling my panties down.

“Hide it,” he whispered, “like you did in the shower at school.” He meant my big clitoris, of course. I complied, raising my knees and pressing my throbbler down between my thighs.

“Come on,” he said. The dog-like couple were getting up already. Stan and I took their place at once. It was awkward to walk with my erection hidden, but I did it.

“Now kneel down,” Stan said, “and worship my cock with your mouth.”

I was far too excited to care whether I was worshipping anyone or not. I knelt, first trying to keep my giant clitty wholly between my thighs, but it wouldn't fit well when my buttocks descended to my heels. Discreetly, beneath my long skirt, I let my plum peek out in front, while keeping my shaft clenched firmly between my thighs. Stan's pants were down. I moved my lips toward their target and made

moist impact. I started to pump my hips and squeeze my clitty, knowing that I must bring myself to orgasm, for Stan was not going to do it for me.

“Oh, baby,” Stan moaned when I licked his plum. “You really know how to do it!” He started to pump. I moved my head back and forth and made my lips quiver, trying to make my mouth as much like a woman's hot, tight, dripping vagina as I could, with no personal knowledge beyond my hymen-bounded makeout sessions with Priscilla. My clitty, my penis, my pillar of fire, was clasped as tightly between my thighs as any woman could have clasped it in her cave of Venus, except that my plum was sticking out. My hips were bucking, trying to keep pace with Stan, trying to make both our orgasms come out even.

“Oh, baby! Oh, yeah! Hold on! This is it! This is *it!*” Stan was moaning, thrusting hard and fast now. I had to try hard to keep from choking on his cock, which was far too long to fit in my mouth. At last I grabbed his thick shaft with both hands and tried to control it. It didn't work well. He was already filling my mouth with a flood of semen. Only a bit belatedly, my own orgasm overcame me, drenching the front of my rippling skirt with gush.

Stan withdrew from my mouth almost as soon as he had stopped ejaculating. I pulled out a handkerchief—luckily my skirt had pockets—and spit out his gush in the hanky. I was willing enough to let a man spurt sperm into my mouth—but *swallowing* the foul-smelling ooze, I thought, would be going too far.

“Oh, baby—Danielle—you're the greatest!” Stan told me in high praise. “I'd love to go steady with you!”

* * * * *

In the part of my double life that was hidden from Priscilla, Stan and I did go steady. Chuck soon did the same with Annette, the cute chubby girl he met at the frat party. Dating had supposedly gone out of style, but Chuck and Stan didn't notice; they liked to go on double dates with Annette and me. Annette giggled a lot when she first found out I was a guy in girls' clothes, but she was cool about it. I don't think Chuck told her what he'd been doing with me before he met her.

Chuck and Annette hung around with Stan and me pretty much for a while, but gradually less and less. There were two big things in life that we didn't share with them. One was “*el sexo*,” as Stan was fond of calling it. Stan thought group sex would be “far out,” but Chuck didn't want any of it. I didn't know if he was fucking Annette, or even making out with her. I never saw them do any more than hold hands and give little kisses.

The other big thing we didn't share, because Chuck didn't want it either, was “*the shit*”—marijuana. I still didn't want to use any drugs, except for “*the shit*”—but I tried it because Stan liked it, and soon I was sold on the stuff.

I still remember the very first time *the shit* entered my life—the first time of many to come. It wasn't long after the frat party, I think about a week later. I was visiting Stan at his apartment on Friday afternoon after class, the weekend before

Thanksgiving break. Short-haired “straight man” though Stan was in his public life, his apartment had many trappings of a hippie pad: Oriental rugs, incense, psychedelic posters, and more. Sitting close to me on a beat-up old sofa, listening to music with sitars and Indian drums, Stan pulled out a pipe and a baggie of *the shit*. “Got some good shit here,” he informed me. “Want to give it a try?”

“Uh—I don't know,” I said. “I knew some kids who used it in high school, and it kind of seemed to turn their brains to mush.”

“Their brains were mush to begin with,” Stan said with stout assurance, though he didn't know them. “If you've got a *real* brain, this stuff actually makes you more creative and enlightened.” As if he planned to demonstrate the truth of his words, he filled the pipe, struck a match, lit it, inhaled a big toke, and held it in; then he blew it out in my face. “Plus it makes you even sexier too,” he added, “especially if you drink some real strong tea with it. Caffeine and cannabis together really hit the spot!” He got up, obtained a big teapot from an electric warmer in the kitchen area, poured two big mugs of tea, and gave one to me. “Here, drink the tea first,” he said, “and then see if you want a few tokes.”

I drank the tea—the best tea I'd ever tasted, sweet and light and smoky all at once. Stan took a few more tokes. *The shit* did smell good; the smoke wasn't harsh or acrid like cigarette smoke. “Olau,” I said, “I'll try a few tokes.”

Stan handed the pipe to me. I inhaled a very small toke and held it in. It wasn't bad at all, I thought; *the shit* actually went down well, and I didn't feel my brain starting to turn to mush even after I had exhaled. I took another toke, a bigger one.

“Good shit, huh?” said Stan when I had exhaled that one.

“Yeah!” I said. “This isn't bad at all!” I took yet another toke.

Soon I was totally in the grip of *the shit*. I felt relaxed and free, floating on air, while my big miniskirted butt remained firmly on the couch next to Stan. “Are you high?” he asked me.

I giggled. “Yeah! I'm *really* high!” I affirmed.

“Good,” said Stan. “Now see how you like *this*.”

He kissed me on the mouth and squeezed my bare breast through my see-through blouse. My blissful feelings, seeming stronger than ever before, shimmered through my whole being in waves of delight. I pressed his hand and made him squeeze me harder.

“I love it!” I gasped when my mouth was free for speech.

“I thought you would,” he said. He seemed to consider for a moment. “I tell you what,” he then said. “Let's finish up what we started in the shower at Grant, when we were so rudely interrupted.”

We arose and walked barefoot into the bathroom. The sitars and drums seemed to make my consciousness billow into clouds of light as we walked. As we entered the bathroom, a wide full-length mirror showed me myself, a glowing vision of feminine beauty.

I gazed upon Stan as I stripped him and he stripped me. He now seemed a perfect embodiment of all that was manly, with strong blue eyes, jutting chin, broad shoulders, and a massive body. I wanted to show myself equally perfect in femininity. Glancing down at my breasts, I fancied them bigger than they had been before. When Stan pulled my panties down, I quickly hid my big clitoris so it wouldn't offend his eyes.

He entered the shower—actually an old-fashioned bathtub with a showerhead and shower curtain—and adjusted the water temperature. He took me by the hand and I got in. For a moment he gazed on my loveliness in the warm water, as I played the bashful nude girl with thighs pressed tight together and hands behind my back. Then he took soap and began to lather me between my legs.

My enhanced “creativity” and “enlightenment” were going full blast, all right—at least as far as sexiness was concerned. Stan was “finger-fucking” me between my thigh and my hidden big clit. Vividly I fancied I was a real girl, with a real cave of Venus, receiving his finger in promise of bigger things. I turned around, faced him, and begged him to come into me.

He complied. I moaned loudly as soon as his plum touched the lips of my fanciful vulva, far beneath my real hot-knobbed breasts. As he pressed on, far back into my quivering cave, rubbing my clit into flame with his long strong shaft before he had even started to pump, I gasped in disbelief that my feelings could grip me so hard.

“Stan! Yes! You're so good! I can't believe this!” I cried out to him, clutching his cock with all my might throughout the length of my slippery thigh-walled cave. My hips started bucking so



hard he could barely hold on. He pressed my back against the wall and gripped my untamable buttocks, trying to keep control, but he failed. I was already exploding into orgasm, knowing I was a woman, uniting illimitably with my beloved man, feeling my man ejaculating deep into me, though it was really I who was gushing backward beneath my flailing rump, while Stan worked fast and manfully, trying to keep up.

I held him to me long in the flowing water; long after great orgasm's grip had been released. I wished I could really be a woman and even be in love with him forever, though I didn't want to lose my big clitoris in a sex change. Had *the shit* not been secretly turning my brain to mush already, I would have thought it nonsense to be in love with Stan forever—but, as it was, I pressed him as close to my heart as I could get him. At last he pulled away.

* * * * *

My double life continued until spring, though it was showing serious signs of wear. Priscilla was as honest and faithful and straightforward as ever, she loved me at least as much as ever, and we kept going to the Universal Peace Fellowship meetings every week—but we didn't study together so often, because I didn't study so much. *The shit* was having its pleasant, lying way with me. I was goofing off, I did not grow wise, I could hardly even think of anything to say to Priscilla any more, and yet I indulged in glorious fantasies of creativity and enlightenment. I called *the shit* “the beneficent herb of peace” or “joy” or “light,” and I even developed a *philosophy of the shit*. “Make love, not war” was my unoriginal guiding principle. If only men would abandon their viciousness and violence in favor of erotic bliss and the beneficent herb, I fancied, what a good and pleasant world this would be!

Men did not do so. This was the spring of 1970. The war in Vietnam was raging, and I wasn't going to go there. I would even go to prison instead, if need be, but I was frightfully eager to find a way to avoid going *there* too. I had my student deferment, so far, but the thought that I might flunk out of school and lose the deferment had been forcing itself upon me lately. Finals were coming soon, and I knew I was unprepared.

I kept going to the UPF meetings in hope of getting enough conscientious-objector points to satisfy the draft board, but I feared the hope was slim. The UPF had good draft counselors who knew every angle, and the counselor I went to said he was afraid the board wouldn't think I was sincere. I asked him if homosexuality would be a better bet for avoiding the draft, and if bisexuality would be good enough. “Yes, if you've got good evidence,” he said without blinking an eye. The Army did *not* want homosexuals ruining the morale of manly fighting men; bisexuality counted as homosexuality; and he could refer me to a good shrink who was very skilled at diagnosing the “mental illness” of homosexuality.

I got my big inspiration at a UPF meeting just before finals week. The procedure at UPF meetings was that everybody sat around in silence until the “Univer-

sal Light” inspired people to say things, and then they got up and said them. At this meeting, two guys got up at once, holding hands. You weren't supposed to rehearse what you said, but these guys obviously had, because they spoke in unison.

“The Universal Light,” they said, “has placed a message in our hearts.” This was the standard opening, except it was “my heart” when only one person was speaking.

“We are here to say,” the two guys said, “we must come out as gay. Our love must break all bounds of silence and secrecy. We are here to affirm our mutual love for life. We promise to love, to cherish, to honor one another, today, tomorrow, and all the days to come. Our love must flow and flourish, merging and uniting with the greater flow of universal life and universal peace. Here we stand, for we can stand nowhere else. Here we flow; here we must move on and grow forever.” Then they kissed each other on the mouth.

After the meeting, they got a lot of congratulations on their courage and honesty—and a lot of homo draft-avoidance points, if that was their intention. I figured it might work the same for me.

Next week, I figured it *had* to work the same for me. My finals were disasters. I was pretty sure I'd flunked. I feared I was going to be out of the U on my butt, with no job and nowhere to live—but, wherever I went, it wasn't going to be the Army.

I wore a pink headband, pink women's pants, no bra, and a cream-colored see-through blouse. Priscilla, waiting and watching for me in the pagoda-like UPF building, wasn't surprised; she knew this was how I liked to dress, and she didn't mind. It was just the kind of thing that was in style these days, like women not wearing bras. Good old Priscilla would surely understand my new revelation, too.

We discreetly held hands in the meeting. When I thought the time was ripe, I let go of her hand, stood up, and gave the new revelation. “The Universal Light has placed a message in my heart,” I said. Everyone looked at me. I feared they might think I was a mere copycat, but it was too late now.

“I must come out as bisexual,” I said. I could hear Priscilla gasp, but I pressed on. “I've been one for years, but I've kept it secret. Now I know I mustn't keep it secret any more.”

Unlike the two gay guys, I hadn't rehearsed. What I had said sounded dreadfully incomplete. While everyone waited, I quickly fudged up a conclusion: “Um—may the Universal Light bless all our loves, and all our hopes, forever.”

I sat back down. I glanced at Priscilla and tried to take her hand again. She kept her hands clasped tightly on her lap. She refused to look at me. I had been wrong, dead wrong. Good old Priscilla did *not* understand at all.

At the end of the meeting I looked at her again. She had been crying. She was still crying, and she hadn't even wiped the tears off her face.

We started to walk in silence toward the social room. She was sobbing. I was afraid she might make a scene in the social room. I didn't want that to happen. If we were going to have it out, I wanted to do it here in the hallway, right near the front door.

"Priscilla, what's wrong?" I asked her, trying to speak as softly as I could.

She stopped and stared at me. Her tear-filled eyes, wide open between blinks, blazed with outrage. "You know what's wrong!" she shouted. People turned and tried to seem as if they weren't staring at her. No one ever shouted in the UPF.

"I thought I could *trust* you!" she shouted between her sobs. "I thought you were"—she gasped for breath—"oh, never mind! It doesn't matter now! Why don't you go have *sex with some guys*, if that's what you really want?"

She wheeled round and fled out the door. I stared after her. She did not look back.

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Many good, gentle people offered me condolences in the hallway and the social room. The best of all were David and Goldberry Weinmann, who had befriended Priscilla and me soon after we started coming to the UPF. Brown-eyed, black-haired, bearded David was a first-year grad student in philosophy, and one of the nicest guys you could ever hope to meet. Golden-haired Goldberry looked a lot like the blue-eyed hippie beauty I had seen in *Pumphouse*, except she wasn't quite as slender, she had more freckles, and I hadn't seen her removing any clothes. She was David's genuine wife, not just his shack-up companion, and she helped him with expenses by typing papers for students. Goldberry wasn't her real name, but she called herself that after Tom Bombadil's lovely wife in *The Lord of the Rings*.

"I'm afraid some people take a long time to understand that kind of thing," Goldberry said to me. "David and I aren't into that, but we know some people who are, and some other people just refuse to understand it *at all*. I hope—well, I hope someday Priscilla will understand."

I nodded, but said nothing. I knew Priscilla better than she did. I had no such hope. I was pretty sure I would never see Priscilla again, if *she* had anything to say about it.

"Anyway, I'm glad you felt comfortable about coming out here," David said. "It took a lot of courage to say that. It always takes a lot of courage to say something like that. I'm glad this is a place where people can say things like that without being attacked."

"So am I," I said. "This is where I belong."

After the social hour, I went back to the dorm alone and finished packing up my stuff. At least I had a summer job—in Dad's law firm again, which I wasn't looking forward to—and Stan was going to let me share his apartment for the

summer. After that, I didn't know what would happen. I guessed it would depend on whether I flunked out or not.

Whatever it turned out to be, it wouldn't involve Priscilla. She just didn't understand at all, and I was *not* going to cry or make myself miserable about it, no matter how cold and hollow I felt without her, no matter how hard it was to keep from crying. I was going to live my life *my* way, as a bisexual, no matter what other people thought of me—except for the old men on the draft board, who had damn well better think I was a homo now that I had lost my girlfriend for coming out in public!

I needed *the shit*. It would help me feel a lot better. I hurried up and packed, hoping to get some as soon as I got to Stan's.

By the time I was ready to go, I began to feel almost relieved that Priscilla had fled. She was getting too boring, anyway. She now wore bras, modest blouses, and sensible skirts to class; she seemed to be almost always studying, and it had been months since we went to Farquhar and made out. I didn't need her—but I did need *the shit*, as soon as possible, to calm my mind and soothe my idiotic, love-lorn, aching heart.

Chapter 4

I got *the shit* at Stan's, all right—more than I bargained for. Almost as soon as I moved in, Stan and I went in on ounce of *the shit* with Matt Dumfrey, the long-haired, unhappy-faced guy Stan had been standing around with at the frat party. Like Stan, Matt had already decided to major in psychology. Unlike Stan, Matt vocally disapproved of homosexuals and bisexuals, especially if they were men who wore women's clothes. He thought they needed treatment to cure them of their “mental illness” and make them normal.

Early one Saturday evening, less than a week after I moved in, I was sitting around listening to music, drinking strong tea, and smoking *the shit* with Stan and Matt. Between tokes, Matt was reading one of the pornographic novels he favored at the moment, which portrayed Southern slaveholders “possessing” incredibly hot “Negresses” in sheds and things.

“Hot damn, listen to this,” said Matt. He paused to take a toke and passed the pipe to me. “In the humid darkness of the shed, the lovely Negress stripped away the thin veil of sham reluctance she had displayed for the sake of some semblance of public propriety in the master's presence. 'Mr. Whiplash,' she murmured in a deep, throaty voice, oozing with urgent desire, 'your wish is my command.' Whiplash gripped her hard, ripped away her flimsy tatters, and dragged her full black lips up to meet his own. They offered no resistance to his fierce, penetrating tongue. He knew he must possess her now, without delay. Extracting his tongue,

he turned the lovely Negress over and pressed her down upon her hands and knees. She knew exactly what he wanted. Skillfully she reached back between her thighs and guided his fiery white manhood up and forward, into her deep, humid, pulsating black cave. She must have done it like this many times before with the field hands, Whiplash knew. His furious urge to possess her grew even hotter with the knowledge. Like a wild hound dog he mated with her from behind, thrusting insanely, gripping her distended paps with all his might, while the black bitch in heat kept frantic pace with his every move. At last the explosion came. He felt the lovely Negress clutching his manhood with her womanhood, as strong as a man's right hand, begging him irresistibly to eject his unbearable burden into her. He acceded, possessing her fully, thrusting a torrent of fertile seed into her innermost depths, while she shrieked in the grip of life's profoundest joy."

"Pretty damn hot," said Stan. "Want another toke?"

"No more for me, thanks," said Matt. "God damn it, I need some *pussy*." Tossing a contemptuous glance at me, in my low-cut pink tank top, matching hot pants, and delicate little bra, he added, "Some *real* pussy."

Stan passed the pipe to me. I took yet another toke. "Yeah, you know what," he said, "maybe it *is* time for some homo behavior avoidance therapy. A *girl* in girls' clothes beats a *guy* in girls' clothes, any day of the week!"

I said nothing. I should have known Stan would think like that. He wasn't in *love* with me, after all, and I wasn't in love with him either. Still, irrationally, I felt hurt and offended—almost as Priscilla must have felt when she heard my new revelation, I thought for a fleeting moment before crushing the foolish thought.

"Can the jargon," said Matt, "and let's go *get* some." Turning to me, he added, "Why don't you change into some men's clothes and come too? It'll do you good! It might even make a *man* out of you!"

"It's a recognized form of therapy for homosexual behavior disorders," Stan confirmed. "Come on, Dan. It's time to move on."

I didn't know what to think. I just wanted to go with the flow, and now the flow was toward going and getting some "pussy." I was supposed to be a bisexual, after all, and yet I'd never done it with a woman. In short, *the shit* told me to get up and go. "Okay," I said. "I'll come." I got up, changed into male attire, and went.

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The "therapy" to make a man out of me was to take place at Jambo's Dance Hell, a well-known degraded nightspot near the butt end of the Drag. Pedants might have called it a dance *hall*, but students at the U knew better. Many fucked-up males flocked there, all seeking the same thing. A girl's chances of getting picked up and fucked at Jambo's—right there, in one of the private rooms reserved for the purpose—were almost 100 percent, no matter how ugly she was.

I must have been pretty lucky, so to speak. Before too long I was dancing to deafening music with a fat, unhappy-looking, but obviously sex-crazed girl. I had-

n't said a word to her, but she was already making fuck movements in the dance. In the next dance, a slow one, she was actually rubbing my big clit—I mean, my manly rock-cock—through my jeans. “Let's go to a room,” she begged me when the second dance was over. I could smell beer and *the shit* on her breath.

We went to a room. She stripped at once. “Oh, God, I really need this,” she murmured. “I've been horny all day.”

I stripped too. I could feel my erection starting to go down. I was afraid I was going to be impotent with her.

“Oh, come on, baby, don't let me down now,” she begged. She gripped my wiener and rubbed it hard. It made some response, but I feared it was not enough.

“Finger me,” she said. I did. Her cunt was really wet and hot, but it felt flabby. I started to think I really didn't want to screw her.

“Okay, let's go,” she said. She flopped down on the mattress that lay on the bare floor, spread her legs, and raised her knees. “Come on, baby, fuck me,” she said. “Fuck me *hard*.”

I tried to comply. I hoped my cock was still erect enough. I tried to stick it into her, to find the hidden passageway through her folds of flabby flesh, but I failed.

“Hey, come *on*,” the fat girl implored me. “Put it *in* me!” I tried again. I failed. I didn't even seem to know *how* to put it into a girl. I had thought the concept was so simple that the action must be simple too, but I had been wrong. My erection was vanishing fast.

“God damn it, let's go! Let's do it!” the girl demanded, almost shouting now. “What the fuck are you waiting for? Don't you even know how to do it?”

That did it. I didn't have to put up with this. “I know how to jack off in your ugly face!” I shouted at her. “Would you like that? Fuck you!” I didn't really want to jack off in her face, but I was totally pissed at her—and at myself.

“God damn you!” the girl screamed. She looked like she was about to get up and try to knock me down. I grabbed my clothes, ran out of the room nude, slammed the door, and quickly got dressed outside, while the girl kept shouting, “You bastard! You asshole! You *queer!*”

* * * * *

“No pussy again,” said Matt. “God damn it.”

“Damn slim pickings,” said Stan, “and lots of horny bastards horning in again.”

I said nothing. “How about *you*, girlie-boy?” Matt demanded to know. “Get any pussy? Are you a man yet?” Stan laughed. I didn't.

“I didn't get any either,” I said.

We arrived back at Stan's apartment. Matt picked up his book. “Hey, you want this?” he asked Stan. “I'm done with it.”

“Sure, I’ll take it,” said Stan. He took it and started looking at it. Matt said good night and took off.

Soon I could tell that Stan was still hot. He started looking at me with sex in his eyes. All thoughts of “homo-avoidance behavior therapy” had vanished from his mind. I wanted to satisfy him, and I needed satisfaction too, after the frustration of failed fucking with a female. I excused myself and changed into something much more comfortable than my dull male clothing: the silky, skimpy red negligee I had worn when I pretended Stan was fucking me at home, after the sexy incident in the shower room.

“Oh, baby,” Stan said. “That really hits the spot.” At once he arose and stripped. His erection seemed even bigger than it had ever been before. “Man, I’m hot,” he proclaimed, gripping my buttocks hard.

“Your wish is my command,” I murmured, trying to produce a deep, throaty voice oozing with urgent desire. I didn’t call Stan “Mr. Whiplash,” but he got the point. He literally ripped my negligee off and threw the shreds on the floor. I was shocked, but too excited to complain.

Stan dragged my small but full pink lips up to meet his own. They offered no resistance to his fierce, penetrating tongue. He knew he must possess me now, without delay. Extracting his tongue, he turned me over and pressed me down upon my hands and knees, right on the living-room floor.

I knew approximately what he wanted. Eagerly, if not skillfully, I reached back between my thighs and guided his fiery red manhood up and forward with my hot, trembling white hand—not into my butt hole, which probably would have suffered a fatal injury if Stan had shoved his huge member into it, but into the magical zone between my hard, dangling big clitoris and my thigh. I had never done this before with any field hands, or with anyone else, but Stan didn’t care; his furious urge to possess me grew even hotter anyway. Like a wild hound dog he mated with me from behind, thrusting insanely, while I, the hippie bitch in heat, kept frantic pace with his every move. My clitoris was pumping hard but hanging free, untouched by human hand, but ready to burst into orgasm anyway when Stan burst into his.

At last the explosion came. Stan felt the lovely Negress—I mean, the lovely hippie girl—clutching his manhood with her strong left hand, begging him irresistibly to eject his unbearable burden into her, or as nearly into her as feasible. He acceded, possessing her as fully as circumstances permitted, thrusting a torrent of fertile seed into the innermost depths of her hand, which could not restrain every drop from descending upon his best Oriental rug. The pale-faced hippie Negress shrieked in the grip of life’s supposedly profoundest joy, her clitoris a gushing penis again, thrusting quick copious spurts of fertile seed into the empty air, from whence they quickly descended to join Stan’s seed in staining the rug.

* * * * *

Stan soon went crazy about those idiotic porno books with slaveholders and Negresses. Matt loaned him several more, and he read them all. Soon the pale-faced hippie “Negress” was making a quick trip to Movers and Shakers to buy a bunch of cheap feminine “tatters” for Mr. Stan Whiplash to rip in his big, well-appointed shed on the Drag. Soon, too, the lovely fake Negress was actually finding it *tedious* to keep up with Mr. Whiplash's insatiable appetite for blowjobs, hand jobs, and thigh jobs from the lovely fake Negress, and for ripping her clothes.

I decided this had to stop. If Stan and I were going to keep “getting it on,” I thought, we needed to do it as equals—not with him as the superior “slave-holder” and me as the degraded “Negress.” I didn't know whether Stan would like that or not, but I decided to confront him.

I waited until one evening when Matt wasn't around. Stan was re-reading the first Negress-and-slaveholder novel Matt had loaned him. I now knew its fitting title: *Whiplash Red and Raw*.

I had drunk strong tea and smoked *the shit* to prepare for the big event. So had Stan, though he thought the big event would be more of the same. I had an erection; I was sure Stan had one too.

I appeared before Stan in a bright red halter-top and really short cutoffs, so short in back that they showed part of my buttocks, plus all of my backward balls and my big red plum. I pivoted slowly, letting him see my nudity from behind. His eyes opened wide. I could see that he wanted to rip the halter off me.

“Stan,” I said as he arose and approached, “please give me a blow job.”

He stopped stone cold. “*What?*” he said. I could see anger growing in his eyes already.

“I need a blow job. I've given you a lot of them, but you've never given me one. Please give me one now. I need it.”

Stan snorted. “You're getting pretty damn uppity, Negress!” he told me, feebly trying to make a joke out of it. Stan wasn't really a racist, at least not a serious one, but he did get a laugh every now and then from offensive racial “humor.”

“Come on, Stan. We're equals. You know that.”

He clenched his teeth. I was astounded. Stan wasn't merely getting pissed. “Pissed” was far too weak a word. He was outraged, maddened, *incensed*.

“I tell you what,” he said when he could speak. “I won't give you any God-damn blow job, now or ever, but I'll forgive you for asking me to give you one—if you get the fuck out of this apartment by tomorrow night!”

I stared at him. I could tell when he was joking, or pretending to be joking, and he wasn't doing either. He was dead serious. By tomorrow night, I would be out on the street.

“Hey, Stan, take it easy,” I begged him. “I’ll take it back. You don’t need to get pissed about it.”

“I do too need to get pissed about it,” he insisted, “and it’s too late to take it back. I’ve *had it* with this queer shit! Isn’t it bad enough that I can’t get any *real* pussy, and I have to settle for *fake* pussy from a *queer*? No, you have to *rub it in!* You have to say, ‘Stan, would you please give me a *blow job*, so you can be a *queer like me?*’” He said these last words in a dreadful squeaky voice.

“Well, I’ve had it!” he announced. “Fuck that shit! I don’t have to put up with that shit! So get the fuck out of here by tomorrow night, or I’ll *throw* you the fuck out of here!” He strode to his bedroom doorway. “I mean it!” he said, turning to face me for only a moment before he closed the door.

I turned away too. Staring at Stan’s closed door would do no good. I didn’t know if I was going to vomit, or stop breathing, or pass out, or what. For a simple request for a blow job, such as Stan had received from me many times but had never given once, was my life to go down the drain?

I couldn’t think about what to do, or where to go, after I left Stan’s. I would worry about that tomorrow. Tonight I would simply lie down and try to go to sleep—after I had ejected one unbearable burden.

I entered the bathroom, closed the door, and locked it. I ripped away my flimsy cutoffs and halter-top. Fully nude, I allowed my big clitoris to escape from captivity and become what it had hardly ever had a chance to be before: a man’s big penis, sticking out straight and strong.

My big bulbous plum attracted my fingers by the force of its glowing heat. I had hardly ever beaten off “up front” like a normal boy, mechanically performing the well-known two-stroke cycle with my hemi-cylindrical hand on my piston’s shaft, upping the RPM until the engine caught fire and I gushed to put it out. I didn’t enjoy it much, and I didn’t do it now. I caressed my plum gently, especially the most excitable and sensitive part, the cleft on the underside. I knew I was going to gush in my hand, but I wanted to prolong the bliss. I closed my eyes.

These and more would have been my feelings, I fancied, had Stan agreed to blow me. My penis would have entered his mouth like a woman’s cave of Venus Yes, the cave of a real woman . . . a woman like Priscilla . . . a woman whose cave I had visited, though I had stopped short at its guarded gate . . . a woman whose heart had welcomed me, before I made her flee.

Why was I thinking of Priscilla, who had left my life for good? I didn’t know. *The shit* sure didn’t tell me. I guessed it didn’t matter whom I fantasized about when I was beating off, except it sure wasn’t going to be Stan.

Priscilla it was, then, I decided with little thought. She was standing up facing me, I fancied, and welcoming me now to come upward into her womanly entrance. My plum paused when her warm lower lips were kissing its bulging tip; I soaked up the pure delight of being on the very verge of entering her. Then I pressed further, up into the narrow cave that would kiss my whole great manhood at once. Now there was no difficulty, as there had been with the unhappy fat girl; I had

magically popped Priscilla's hard little cherry with ease. Now, in my fantasy, I knew full well how to do it.

Priscilla gasped in delight and clutched my shoulders with all her fingertips. I pressed up into her as far as I could, but she was so tall I could not go in all the way. She understood; she started to move her hips down and back up in rhythm, bending her knees and straightening them, taking me into her secret parts as far as I could go.

“Oh, Priscilla! I *love* you!” I whispered. *The shit* sometimes made me let down my guard against goofy, sappy feelings, and it was doing it now. My heart was as full and turgid as a second big plum, larger and hotter than the first, and it too was seeking fully ecstatic release. I decided to let my heart-plum race my penis-plum, and see which one ejaculated more profoundly.

“Priscilla! My love!” I whispered. “I'm all yours! I'm no bisexual any more! Please, *please*, never leave me again!” My heart was rushing ahead, but my rock-cock was striving manfully to keep up. Now I was rubbing my upstanding plum with my wrist and forearm and belly as well as my palm, stroking up and down faster and faster, gripping and rubbing my shaft with my downward-pointing hand, letting my fingers plunge down to touch my balls and then withdrawing them up, again and again. With my free right hand I grabbed a massive wad of toilet paper for my ejaculation, making the whole roll spin.

“Priscilla! Yes! Please! Now? *Now?*” I begged her for release.

“Yes! Yes!” she responded. “Give me all your love! Give me everything you've got! *Now!*” Her knees were trembling violently now, I fancied, as she frantically slid up and down on my love-greased pole. I gave her many mighty thrusts, catapulting her into the most astounding orgasm a woman had ever known, ejecting copious spurts of my fertile seed . . . my seed . . . my sperm, my semen, my sickening-smelling slime . . . into the toilet paper with which my strong right hand capped my dick.

The deed was done. The phantom Priscilla had served her purpose and promptly fled. My heart had been a strong contender in the race, but it had grown weak and pulled back in the final, winning rally of my wiener.

I wiped my sex tool clean and dry, or as nearly so as possible. It had served me well. I would soon be able to sleep, I hoped, and forget about the future for tonight. No worries of where I might sleep tomorrow would haunt me; no terror of death in far-off jungles would grip me; no evil omens of blasted hopes would drag me down toward death. I would sleep simply and soundly, with never a fear that my life might be swirling down the drain like the gush-soaked wad I had dropped into the toilet before I flushed it.

Chapter 5

“The Universal Light has placed a message in my heart,” I said at the UPF meeting next day. “I need a home. My way of life and my honesty have cost me a place to live. May the Universal Light bless all our hopes, and all our homes, forever.”

David and Goldberry greeted me as soon as the meeting ended. “Guess what!” Goldberry said. “The Universal Light is watching over you! There's a guy moving out of our apartment building by the end of next week. If you need a place to stay until then, we can put you up on our couch.”

“Wow!” I said, in awe of the beneficence of the Universal Light. “Far out! Thanks a lot!”

I did need a place to stay until then. I went home with David and Goldberry. Like Stan, they lived in an apartment above a store on the Drag, but farther uphill. Unlike Stan's apartment, theirs had no garish hippie trappings in it. It was very simply furnished, with some pictures of scenes from *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* on the wall. David and Goldberry had to explain them to me, because I hadn't read the books.

“I kind of thought they might be just a fad,” I explained. In reading, at least, I was no follower of fads.

“I really don't think so,” David said. “These books are about things that don't go out of style—like the struggle of good against evil. I'm pretty sure people will still be reading these books in the 21st century, and even beyond.”

I didn't even know if there was going to be a 21st century, the way things were going in 1970. David was a pretty smart guy, though; if he thought the books were worth reading, I figured they probably were. I didn't want to miss out on any valuable wisdom about the struggle of good against evil, either. On that quiet Sunday afternoon, when David and Goldberry were sitting together and reading, I read too: “In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. . . . It was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.”

* * * * *

By the end of the week I had my own little hobbit-hole—except it was up in the air, not underground, on the third floor of the aging building where David and Goldberry lived. It was simple, small, and plain, but it was furnished with the essentials. It was my private place, but I still spent a lot of time at David and Goldberry's.

David was kind of like Priscilla in some ways, I thought: brainy, honest and straightforward, totally reliable, great guy, but not what you'd call a *fun-loving* person, and he didn't say a whole lot most of the time. Goldberry was more congenial, sometimes even vivacious, and *much* more talkative. She took her name from the "river-daughter" in *The Lord of the Rings*, she said, and rivers of speech flowed from her mouth when she got going. I could seldom see far ahead on the rivers—around the next bend I might find her speaking of war and peace, the Universal Light, love and marriage, cooking and gardening, books and music, or any number of people she had met—but I almost always followed, and the river almost always sparkled in the sunlight.

Goldberry seemed to be, incarnate in real life, the hippie girl I had fancied myself becoming: no drug-crazed slut (I was pretty sure she and David didn't even use *the shit*), but a woman of natural freedom and cosmic wisdom. Though she was only a few years older than I, Goldberry even seemed almost like a mother to me—a better one than my real mom, too. When the time was right, she would cook for me, sew for me, advise me, and even gently chide me.

"I sure wish I didn't have to go back to school this semester," I said one bright summer day near the end of vacation time, when David had gone off to the library and Goldberry was knitting. "I really don't want to, and I don't know what I want to major in, and I just all-around hate it, and I'll probably flunk out anyway, but—"

"Maybe you should take some time off from school," Goldberry said.

"You mean *drop out*?"

"If you want to call it that. People can give nasty names to anything they want, but the things with the nasty names might not really be nasty. You could still go back later, if you get a better idea of what you want to do."

"I don't know. I guess it might be better to drop out than flunk out. My heart really isn't in it. I'm afraid I'd just be putting off the inevitable, and not for very long, if I went back, but—"

"I know what you mean. I was wondering whether I ought to go on to grad school, but I just knew I'd flub it. I'd had enough of the academic grind, for a while at least. I never had the *wholehearted devotion* to schoolwork that David has!" She grinned. I thought David was a really lucky guy to have her for a wife. I tried to suppress a quick, sharp pang of loneliness.

"Well," I said, "if I don't go back to school, though, I don't quite know what I'm going to do. My summer job at my dad's law firm is just that. They're not planning to keep me on past summer."

"You do typing, right?"

"Yeah, and filing, and grunt work like that."

"Are you a pretty good typist?"

"I guess so. Nobody complains about how bad I am, anyway."

“Hey, there'll probably be plenty of work when the school year gets going. At the busy times, I get a lot more work than I can handle. I could refer some jobs to you, and you could put up some ads on bulletin boards and things.”

I laughed. “Can people really make a living that way?”

“I know some who do, and I come pretty close myself. David's stipends don't come close to paying for both of us.”

“Well—I don't know. It sounds better than going back to school, anyway, but—”

“But what?”

“Well—you know. The draft.”

“You haven't given up on getting recognized as a CO, have you?” Somehow, Goldberry figured, the Universal Light was surely going to open a way for me to be recognized as a conscientious objector, because I was so obviously sincere.

“Well, no, but—I'm still not sure it's going to work.”

“Well, don't give up hope. And you've still got your other possibility, too, don't you? The, um, bisexual one?” For a brief moment Goldberry reminded me of my mom, staunchly trying too hard to be open-minded. It was obvious that Goldberry didn't like the “other possibility” nearly as much as the CO one.

“Uh, yeah, I do.”

“If it comes to that, Dr. Beamer could examine you. He's been very helpful to some other guys with the same—um, I don't want to say *problem*, but—well, you know what I mean.”

“Yeah.”

“Say, have you talked to Priscilla since that time when you—when she got mad and left? I haven't seen her at the UPF since then.” I was startled at how abruptly, even for *her*, Goldberry seemed to be changing the subject—until I caught the connection, which must have been quite obvious to her. Priscilla got mad and left because I came out as bisexual; Goldberry hoped we would get back together again.

“No, I haven't.”

“That's so sad. I really liked her a lot. She kind of reminded me of David.” Goldberry laughed. “Real solid and sensible, a bit shy and reserved, but nice and warm-hearted when you got to know her—and *totally* honest about what she thought.”

I bit my lip. I was *not* going to cry about losing Priscilla, even if Goldberry wished I would. A look of sudden embarrassment came over Goldberry's face. “Oh!” she said. “I mean—well, I don't mean she should have *shouted* at you like that, but—well, you know what I mean—I hope!”

I wasn't at all sure I did. Priscilla had been totally honest about what she thought, all right: she thought I would cheat on her with guys if she married me, and she wasn't having any of it. I had to admit to myself that the outlook was pretty poor. Even when she had only been my girlfriend, I had cheated on her

many times with guys—if you could call it cheating, and I knew that was what *she* would call it.

For a moment I almost wanted to try to give up sex with guys forever, and try to get Priscilla to take me back. After all, I had done without sex with guys for at least six years, since I sprang my first gusher at age 12 until I was 18; I could do without it again. One fearsome, loathsome obstacle alone stood in my way: the draft. If being a homo would save me from going to prison for refusing to be drafted, then I was going to be a totally genuine, totally honest homo, and not even Priscilla was going to stand in my way.

“I guess I know what you mean,” I said, not sounding very convincing even to myself. “I wish she hadn't decided to leave—but I couldn't keep concealing who I *am*.”

“No, I guess not,” Goldberry said. She didn't sound any more convincing than I did. “Well, I hope she'll come back. Sooner or later, the Universal Light will bring her back. Watch out for her and notice when that happens, okay?”

“Uh—okay.” Again Goldberry reminded me of my mom, who surely would have liked Priscilla if she had met her, and would have been unmistakably glad if I had been going to marry her. My heart was hurting, because I was *not* going to marry Priscilla. I was going to drop out of school, I was going to make a living as a freelance typist like Goldberry, I was going to escape the draft as a homosexual if not as a CO—and Priscilla would never approve.

* * * * *

Fall semester was far along, and I had earned many dollars by typing many pages, before I got the dreaded letter telling me my student deferment had expired, and ordering me to report for induction or explain why I shouldn't. I had planned ahead, getting as many references as I could for my CO claim. Now, for my homosexual claim, I scheduled a visit with Dr. Orson Frank Beamer, the psychiatrist I was referred to by the draft counselor (and by Goldberry). He was actually a member of the UPF; I'd met him several times, and he seemed to be a great guy, totally opposed to the war and the draft, and willing to do anything he could to help a needy young homo stay away from Vietnam.

As you would expect in a psychiatrist's office, he had a couch. A nurse showed me into the examining room and had me lie down on it. After some delay Dr. Beamer, a big white-haired man with a moderately jovial air, arrived and greeted me. Almost at once, he got down to business.

“So, you're having some trouble with homosexuality?” he asked me.

“Uh, yes,” I said, remembering that homosexuality was supposed to be a mental illness.

“How long has this been going on? What was the first thing you remember about it?”

“Um, well,” I said, “when I was 12 years old, the first time I ever, uh, ejaculated, I pretended I was a girl having sex with a boy. I’ve hardly ever pretended I was, uh, having sex with a girl—and, when I did, I didn’t like it all that much.” I had liked it a lot when I pretended I was doing it with Priscilla, right after Stan refused to blow me, but I didn’t tell him that.

“Mm-hmm. Did you wear girls’ clothes?”

“Yes, all the time—well, not *all* the time, but pretty often.” He nodded. I was pretty sure this was good for some homo points.

“Ever actually have sex with a boy when you were in junior or senior high school?”

“No, but I almost did—I mean, I was going to, but we were interrupted.”

“What about after that?”

“Yes, I’ve had sex with two guys.”

“Mm-hmm.” He nodded again. My homo-point score was mounting. “About how many times?”

I tried to think. “Um—at least a couple hundred, I think.”

“When was the first time?”

“Not very long after I arrived at the U. I mean, the very first day I arrived, my roommate in the dorm asked me to, uh, engage in mutual masturbation with him, and I did. After that, we had sex maybe, uh, 40 times at least. Then, in November of last year, I started having sex with another guy, and I did it at least 150 times with him, maybe closer to 200.”

“When was the last time?”

“Um, it was shortly after the end of spring semester. After that, I asked the guy I was having sex with to, um, perform oral sex on me, which he’d never done, and he got mad at me, so we didn’t do anything after that.”

“Anything since then?”

“No, not with any more guys, but I’ve indulged in fantasies of having sex with guys pretty often.” *Especially when I’ve been in my apartment alone, using ‘the shit,’ away from David and Goldberry—I did not add.*

“Mm-hmm. Ever had sex with a girl?”

“No,” I answered truthfully. At first I didn’t tell him how close I had come, but then I thought it might help. “I tried once,” I said, “but—I couldn’t do it.”

“Impotent with a girl?” His eyes opened wider. I knew I had scored still more homo points. Maybe, I guessed, everything had its purpose in life.

“Well, yes.”

“Not impotent with the guys?”

“N—no! Not at all!”

“Still wear girls’ clothes, or women’s clothes?”

“Yes, almost every day.” I didn't wear them around David and Goldberry, but in my apartment alone I wore them often.

“If you were in the Army, do you think you would try to have sex with other Army men?”

“Uh—I guess I probably would, if I thought I could get away with it.” I was sure this must be the answer that would get me the homo points, although I didn't know for sure if it was true.

“Mm-hmm.” He asked me some more questions, too, mainly about my parents. When he was done asking the questions, he said, “Well, this sounds as if it may be a genuine case, and even a fairly serious one. If so, of course, you'll have to decide for yourself whether you want anything in the way of therapy for your condition. We'll need another appointment to be sure we've got all the facts. Before your next appointment, I'd like you to get some verifiable written statements, if you can, from people who have knowledge about your problem. Will you do that for me?”

“Uh—yes, sure I will.”

He smiled and shook my hand. “Good,” he said. “We'll get you through this all right.”

* * * * *

I was pretty embarrassed about getting some of the homo statements, but not too embarrassed to do it—because my main options seemed to be Vietnam, prison, and getting the homo statements. At least it was no problem to get one from Chuck. He was the same totally honest guy he'd been since I met him.

When I called him and explained what I needed, he said he'd be glad to give me a statement, and he hoped it would help. Only a couple of days later he called back, told me the statement was done, and asked me to meet him in the library.

I showed up in the area he asked me to come to, filled with study carrels. I didn't know why this was the place he wanted until I saw who was studying next to him. It was Annette, who had been his girlfriend for close to a year now. He wanted me to be glad she was still his girlfriend, I guessed. Okay, I figured, I would. She was a real sweetheart, and one of the cutest almost-fat girls I had ever seen. She was totally in love with Chuck, too; I could see it in her eyes at once.

“Hi, Dan,” Chuck greeted me, whispering so as not to annoy anyone else in the library. “Good to see you again. You remember Annette, don't you?”

“Sure I do. Hi, Annette.”

“Hi!” She gave me a big smile.

“Here's the statement you wanted,” said Chuck, handing me a sealed envelope. “I hope it helps.”

“I'm sure it will.”

“Hey, is everything going okay? I mean, are you making a living okay and everything? I was pretty surprised when you told me you dropped out.”

“Yeah, everything's okay —except for the draft.”

“Well, yeah, there's that. I sure hope they don't get you.”

“So do I.” I wished I could think of something more to say, but I couldn't. Besides, surely Chuck would rather pay attention to Annette than to me.

“Well, let me know what happens, okay?”

“I sure will. Thanks a lot, Chuck.” I shook his hand, smiled again at Annette, and left.

* * * * *

Mom was going to be by far the most embarrassing person to get a statement from, but I couldn't just write her a letter asking for it, or even just call her up. I decided I had to ask her for it in person, at a time when Dad was pretty sure not to be around.

“It's so good to see you again, Dan,” Mom said when I arrived. “I haven't seen or—heard much of you lately.” It was true. I had hardly kept in touch with Mom and Dad at all.

“Uh, I've been busy,” I said.

“Oh, what have you been busy with?” Mom seemed really tense, and even unhappier than I had seen her before. “We noticed we didn't get a tuition bill for this semester, so we figured you must have decided to, uh, take some time off from school without *discussing* it with us.”

I took a deep breath. Mom was pissed, I could tell. “Well, yeah, I did,” I said. “I've been making a living typing papers.”

“Oh, *have* you? I *see*.” Mom had always said she wasn't going to tell me what career to pursue, but she meant whether I should be a doctor, lawyer, professor, business executive, or something like that. *This* was going too far. After a painful silence, Mom brought up the subject I was trying to think how to bring up: “And what about your student deferment?”

“Well, uh, that's what—that's one of the things I was hoping to talk about.” Horror stared me in the face. Mom was surely going to blow up at me. I had to tell her anyway.

“It expired, so I'm trying to come up with another way to get out of the draft, and, uh, I hope you'll help me.” *Keep talking*, I told myself, *so she won't say anything*. “I need—I mean, I've been talking with this psychiatrist about some problems I've been having, and he said it would be good if I could get a written statement from you about things like, uh, how I used to wear your clothes, and how kids used to call me a queer at school, and things like that.”

I was wrong. Mom didn't blow up. She was too shocked and horrified to blow up. I could almost see her liberal-mindedness going down the drain, as fast as my gushy wad of toilet paper had done at Stan's.

"You're trying to get out of the draft as a—a *homosexual?*" She couldn't even bring herself to look at me.

"Well, yeah."

She closed her eyes and took several deep breaths. "I should have known," she said at last. "I should have known it would come to this."

I could see her trying to pull herself together. She still didn't look at me. "All right," she said. "You want a letter?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll just sit down and do it right now. What should I do with the letter when I've written it?"

"You could give it to me in a sealed envelope, and I'll get it to the doctor. Uh—it needs to have your name, address, and phone number on it."

"All right. You can wait here. Uh—write down the doctor's name and address for me, please." I did. Mom got up fast and went into the little home office area, around the corner. For a minute or two there was silence. Then I heard her start to type—furiously.

Mom was a really fast typist, a lot faster than I was. Only a few minutes later, she came back with a sealed envelope in her hand. "Here," she said. "You don't need to tell your father about this." I hadn't been planning to, anyway. "I'll discuss this with him myself."

"Uh, okay." I wondered if she was going to blow up at Dad. When I was in high school, she used to blame my faults on him sometimes, and he used to blame them on her. I sure didn't want to be around when they blamed each other for turning me into a homo.

"I'll—I'll see you again sometime—I hope," Mom stammered. I could see that she wanted me to leave, to make sure I wouldn't be here when Dad got home.

"Uh, okay, Mom," I said. "Thanks a lot." She shut the door and locked it behind me without saying another word. I wanted to leave fast, so I wouldn't hear her crying, as I knew she was going to do. I didn't succeed. For the first time I could remember, she didn't even seem to care if the neighbors could hear her crying, sobbing, mourning her anguished heart out.

* * * * *

One more letter was needed—from the guy who knew more about my "problems" with homosexuality than anyone else. I wasn't looking forward to this at all, but I had to do it. I called Stan up on the phone.

“Hi, Stan,” I said when he answered. “This is Dan—Danielle. Hey, I’m sorry to bother you, but would you mind doing me a favor?” That didn’t sound very good, but I had already said it.

“It better not be giving you a blow job,” he said.

“It isn’t, don’t worry. But—well, I’ve been talking with a shrink about some things that might help me get out of the draft, and I need to get some letters from people who know about my, uh, problems. I was wondering if you’d mind writing one for me.”

“What, haven’t you still got a student deferment?”

“No. I dropped out.”

“God damn it. That wasn’t very smart.”

“Well, anyway, I did it. So, would you mind writing a letter for me?”

“What kind of a letter?”

“Well, one about how I’m a homosexual.”

“Shit! You’re trying to get out of the draft as a *homo*? You should have no problem with *that*! You don’t need any help from me with that.”

“Well, actually, I think I do. I mean, the doctor thought it would help if I could get letters from anybody I, you know, used to do that stuff with.”

I could almost hear Stan fuming. “So,” he said, “you want me to *identify myself* as somebody you did that shit with.”

“Well, yeah, if you wouldn’t mind too much. I mean, it would only go to the shrink, for him to consider in making his diagnosis.”

“I’m damn tempted to tell you to go stuff it, buddy.” He fumed some more in silence. “I guess you don’t quite deserve to get blown up in Vietnam, or butt-raped in prison, though—not *quite*. Let me tell you, this is one hell of a big favor, but I guess I’ll do it.”

“Hey, thanks a lot. That’s really great.”

“Tell me the shrink’s name and address, and I’ll send him a letter.” I did. Then we quickly said good-bye.

* * * * *

“These letters seem pretty convincing to me,” Dr. Beamer said when I went to his office again. “Would you mind reading them, and telling me whether they’re accurate as far as you can recall?”

“Uh, sure.” David and Goldberry had sent him a short one about how I came out as bisexual at the UPF; I told him it was accurate. Chuck’s was accurate too; he told the doctor frankly about what we did before he got a girlfriend and I got another boyfriend. Then I got to Mom’s letter.

“I am writing about my son, Daniel Robursson,” Mom had written. “He has asked me to write about his problem with homosexuality. I have been afraid for years that he might have such a problem, but I did not want to believe it. I knew that he had a reputation at school as a homosexual, but I did not want to believe it. A very malicious woman once asked me at a parent-teacher meeting whether it was true that my son was a homosexual. I angrily denied it. Little did I know!

“Daniel has worn his hair very long, like a girl's hair, for years. I thought it was just a style. His father has always been very liberal-minded about such things, and I tried to be liberal-minded too. Then, one afternoon just before Daniel graduated from high school, I came home early from work and found Daniel wearing some of my clothes—my underwear. I was shocked. I tried to pretend I was not shocked. I tried to stay calm. I asked him not to wear my clothes any more. He then bought women's clothes of his own and wore them—I am sure he wore them, although I did not see him wearing them, but I did see some of the clothes. After that summer, he left to attend Pacific Heights University. I have hardly seen him since then, but I am terribly afraid that his problem has continued and has even become worse.”

“Your mother is obviously very worried about you,” Dr. Beamer said, “but she doesn't seem to know a great deal about your problem. The most strongly convincing of these letters, to me at least, is this one from Stanley Mountbeaton.”

Stan had come through and written a letter, all right. It looked a lot longer than Mom's letter. I had hardly any idea what it would say. I grabbed it and read it at once.

“My name is Stanley Mountbeaton,” Stan had written. “I am a sophomore at Pacific Heights University, majoring in psychology. I have been asked to write about my knowledge of the psychological problems of Daniel Robursson, an effeminate homosexual who calls himself 'Danielle.'

“Daniel Robursson and I were both in the graduating class of 1969 at Grant High School in Pacific Heights. I knew that his reputation among the students was that of a homosexual, but I had no personal knowledge of this until shortly before graduation. At that time, Daniel Robursson engaged in effeminate self-stimulation in the shower room at school, in front of many male students. To be specific, he concealed his erect penis between his legs and rubbed his breasts (which were somewhat enlarged, evincing a moderate case of gynecomastia). I myself had never had any tendencies toward homosexuality before that time. However, Daniel Robursson gave such a convincing imitation of a beautiful, long-haired, sexually attractive girl that I found myself becoming sexually aroused.

“I did not see him again until November 1969, when we were both freshmen at Pacific Heights University. At that time, I met him at a party at a fraternity house, and he asked me to call him Danielle. He was wearing a woman's see-through blouse, a distinctly visible bra, a long skirt, and what looked like women's sandals. Again, his feminine appearance was so convincing that I became sexually aroused. I danced with him, just as I would have danced with a girl. I could tell

that he was sexually aroused as well. That same evening, in a room at the fraternity house, he performed fellatio upon me.

“I then succumbed to a strong craving for additional homosexual activity with 'Danielle,' who was as beautiful and sexually attractive as many real women. I did draw the line, however, at performing fellatio or rectal copulation upon him. When he asked me to fellate him in June 1970, I refused. I then entirely discontinued all homosexual practices. I have not seen him since that time, and I have spoken with him by telephone only once. Before that time, however, I did engage in manual and intercrural stimulation to orgasm with him, as well as tongue kissing, breast-rubbing, and related activities, and he fellated me on numerous occasions. I would estimate that my total number of orgasms with 'Danielle' in this period exceeded 160 orgasms.

“I believe Daniel Robursson to be not only a confirmed homosexual, but an extremely dangerous female impersonator, who would do great harm to the morale of our fighting men if he were allowed to enter the armed forces. Even I, a confirmed heterosexual, fell victim to the effeminate charms of 'Danielle.' There is every reason to believe, I fear, that other red-blooded heterosexual American men would fall victim too.”

“Wow,” I said. “It's accurate, all right, as far as I know. That's some letter.”

“Yes, it is,” Dr. Beamer agreed. “I've talked with Stanley Mountbeaton on the telephone, and he certainly seems to be sincere. I'll write up a diagnosis of confirmed homosexuality and send it to the draft board for your file. They may want another doctor to look at you and see if he can poke any holes in my diagnosis. We'll just have to wait and see.”

“Okay,” I said. “Hey, thanks a whole lot.” I shook his hand.

“Glad I could help,” said Dr. Beamer. He said no more about therapy for my “problem.”

I walked out of the doctor's office on air, or so I felt. Surely the draft board would recognize now that I was a confirmed homosexual, who must not be “allowed” to enter the armed forces lest I destroy the men's morale with my effeminate charms! Now I needed only to wait—and wait—and wait.

Chapter 6

My life went on for many months, in its now-accustomed course, while I heard nothing from the draft board. I still visited David and Goldberry fairly often, though not so often as I had done at first. I still went faithfully to the Universal Peace Fellowship every Sunday, and sometimes I rode my bike around when the weather permitted. Most of the time, though, I was alone in my hobbit-hole. I read, I typed, I cooked and ate, I dressed as effeminately as I wished, I used *the*

shit whenever I felt like it and didn't have anything to do. I didn't do any sex acts with any more guys, except in fantasies, but I drew a lot of pretty sexy pictures of myself, sometimes getting sexy with guys, sometimes posing like one of the girls in *Pumphouse*. I never saw Priscilla any more. I didn't even think of her all that often.

In the early fall of 1971, money was pretty scarce for me. I had saved some from the busy seasons, but it was almost gone—more quickly than it would have been, had I not obtained and used up hundreds of dollars' worth of *the shit*. I hoped some students would start bringing papers soon; I was really glad when a tall, thin, curly-haired, really nice-looking grad student named Eugene brought me a fairly long one. I was even gladder when I saw what it was about: homosexuals and transvestites. I was absolutely fascinated when I actually read the thing. No paper with so many hard-to-type statistics in it had ever fascinated me before.

Eugene had analyzed studies of men who were homosexuals (including bisexuals) but not transvestites, those who were transvestites but not homosexuals, and those who were both. I wasn't surprised that most homosexuals weren't transvestites, but I was surprised that most transvestites weren't homosexuals either. Most transvestites, according to Eugene's statistics, were actually married men who seldom or never had sex with anyone but their wives, and didn't want sex changes either. I could easily believe the part about not wanting sex changes, but I found the other part really hard to believe, until Eugene cited study after study to back it up. Even most of the bisexual transvestites were predominantly heterosexual.

The ones I found most fascinating, though, were those who were homosexuals *and* transvestites. I had to admit that I was one of these—especially when I noticed how I felt about wearing girls' clothes for Eugene when he returned to pick up the finished paper. When he dropped it off, I had been wearing drab male clothes, with my hair in a ponytail. For his return, I wore my long many-colored paisley skirt, the same one I had worn to the frat party, with a low-cut, puffy-sleeved peasant blouse, a delicate little bra, and a hippie headband to crown my flowing hair. A few minutes before he was to arrive, I used a small amount of *the shit* and drank a bit of strong tea.

I heard the door-buzzer. It must be Eugene. Easy does it, I told myself as I arose; easy, graceful, feminine. My hips swayed gently, my skirt swished softly, my bulging big clit stayed hidden beneath my panties and my full, flowing skirt.

I opened the door. It was Eugene indeed. “Hi, Eugene,” I said. “Come on in—and call me Danielle.” His brown eyes were bulging.

“Hey, you look great—Danielle,” he said when the door was closed. “I wasn't expecting this.”

“You should have been,” I said, “when you gave me that fascinating paper to type. I just couldn't resist!”

“I guess you especially liked the part about transvestites,” he said. “Did it turn you into one, or were you one before?” He laughed, and so did I.

"I was one before," I said. "I've been one since I was 12."

"Hey, that's great." He seemed to hesitate, as if he wanted to say something but he wasn't sure he should. "Um, so did you figure out what category you fit into?" he asked me. His eyes were fixed on me, as if he thought me a vision of loveliness.

"Well, yes, I did." I lowered my eyes for a moment, as if in shyness and modesty, but really to try to see if Eugene had an erection. He did. His pants were bulging. "I'm in the small, select group of bisexual, predominantly homosexual transvestites."

"Wow!" His eyes opened wide and he grinned. "What a coincidence! I'm in the larger, but still select, group of bisexual, predominantly homosexual *non-transvestites*."

"Then there's a pair of us! Don't tell!" I quoted Emily Dickinson. For me, *the shit* loosened any inhibitions as much as alcohol did for other people. I could see already that I was going to have no shame about flinging myself at Eugene and having sex with him, if he wanted me. It had been well over a year since I had sex with a guy, I remembered—far too long.

"Would you like to sit down and have some tea?" I asked him.

"Sure, that would be great," he said.

I served him some tea and myself some more. He sat down on the couch. I sat down next to him.

"Have you always been so, uh, open and honest about being a transvestite?" he asked me.

"No," I admitted. "I never wore girls' clothes in public until about November 1969, when I wore them to a frat party I was invited to."

"Wow, a *frat party*?" He laughed, more nervously now. "Uh—so, did anything happen?"

He wanted me to tell him something sexy. I could see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice. "Well, yes," I said. "I, uh, gave a guy a blow job."

"Wow." His breathing was getting heavier. "Was this a guy you'd just met at the party?"

"Well, I knew him from high school, but we'd never had sex there, and I hadn't seen him for months."

"Wow. And so you just—hey, that's great. I really admire that, when people are totally open and honest about their needs." He swallowed hard. I could see that he was trying to get up the courage to be totally open and honest about how much he wanted sex with me right now, but he wasn't finding it easy.

I decided to make it easier for him. "You want me to be totally open and honest about my needs right *now*, don't you?" I asked him. I put my hand on his thigh.

"Wow!" He gasped. "Danielle! I—yes, I really do!"

He turned toward me. I looked up into his eyes and raised my lips to his. We kissed. Our tongues met, and it was long before they parted. By the end of the kiss, we were embracing each other tightly.

“Wow, I'm so glad I've met you, Danielle!” Eugene said most sincerely. “Do you like 69?”

“I'm from the *Class of 69*.” I grinned. I didn't tell him I'd never done “69” before. Of course I knew what it was, though. You couldn't go through high school in the Class of '69 and not know what “69” was.

“I'll bet you're really good at it,” he told me.

“Well, let's see,” I said.

We stood up and started stripping each other. “Wow, your breasts are really nice,” he said when he had taken off my blouse and bra.

“Rub them. Please. I love it,” I begged him. He complied. I feared I was too close to gushing already.

He began to pull my skirt down. “Wait,” I said. “This needs to be authentic.”

I turned away from him for a minute, reached down inside my skirt, and tried to push my clitoris down between my legs, but my panties wouldn't allow it. Undaunted, I lifted my skirt on the side he couldn't see, stripped off my panties, and pressed my big clit into hiding. Then I turned to face him again. “There,” I said. “That's more like it.”

He pulled my skirt down, and gasped in amazement, before I could even unzip his pants. “Wow,” he said yet again. “Hey, that *is* authentic! How long have you been doing that?”

“Since I was 12,” I said, opening his pants and pulling them down.

When he was fully nude, he gingerly probed with his hand between my thighs. “Oh, wow, is that your clitoris?” he asked when his hand had reached it.

“Yes,” I told him. “Oh, that feels so good!”

“I don't really have a lot of experience with girls' clitorises,” he admitted. “Yours is a lot bigger than I would have expected.” I couldn't help laughing out loud.

“What about 69?” I murmured. “I've never done *that* before—but I'm sure I'll love it!”

“Oh, wow!” he said. “A 69 virgin? You're really in for a treat! You've been blown before, haven't you?”

“No. This will be my first time.”

“I'm amazed,” said Eugene. “I'm in awe. Well—here goes. Shall we do it on your bed?”

“Yes.” We went into my tiny bedroom and lay down, facing opposite ways. Eugene's penis was thin but long, eight inches or so. I licked his little plum; then I started to suck him. Meanwhile, he was pressing his head between my legs in search of hidden treasure. When he found it, my big plum entered his gentle, ea-

ger mouth at once. Almost at once I feared I was going to gush long before he did. His lips and his tongue were driving me insane with excitement and desire for more.

I had to make him catch up with me. I started to thrust quickly with my head, slipping my lips rapidly to and fro along his shaft. He made wordless moaning noises, growing louder and faster. I knew I was hitting the spot. My hips started pumping hard. He was thrusting with his head now too. I couldn't stand it any longer. I had given many blowjobs, but never had I imagined it could be so overwhelming to receive one.

I gained ecstatic release. So did Eugene, at nearly the same time. I could not speak—and not only because my mouth was full of his gush.

Again, as with Stan, I discreetly spit it out. I don't know what Eugene did with mine. What I do know, what I will always remember (along with his memorable blowing), was what he said when our mouths were clean and almost dry again.

“Danielle, you're the greatest,” he told me. “I couldn't believe how excited I was getting—and your head is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen.” He meant my plum. “I mean, you're beautiful all *over!* You know—I don't know if you've ever considered anything like this—but I've been making some extra cash by doing some jobs for a really high-class sexual service organization, and I'm sure you'd be welcome to join if you're interested.”

I didn't know what to say. I did need extra cash, and this would certainly be a way to get it. It would be an effective use of one of my few known talents—but did I really want to engage in *prostitution*? The very word conjured up foul, hellish images of filth, disease, despair, and even of women beaten and left for dead.

“Uh—I don't know,” I said. “I'm pretty exhausted right now. Why don't we talk about it sometime soon—but not tonight?”

“Good idea,” said Eugene. He gave me a gentle kiss.

* * * * *

We did talk about it sometime soon. Eugene and I went to the Blessing's Buffet located on University Hill, a popular restaurant for professors and students with families, and also for gays, lesbians, and transvestites. The restaurant was almost packed, but at least we were able to find a very small booth with some paltry semblance of semi-privacy.

“Well, about that opportunity I was talking to you about,” said Eugene, “I think it's really quite good. The clientele is superb, and very well-paying. The organization is smoothly run, and there are actually certain medical benefits available in case the practitioners need them, but they hardly ever do. And, of course, it's a very *exciting* line of work!” He grinned.

“Uh”—I tried to think how to put this in professional-sounding language—“do you find the constant *turnover* of the clientele unpleasant at all?”

“Personally, I don't,” he said, “but also, there are many opportunities for repeat performances. If clients are highly satisfied, they'll return. I've had my position since I was a freshman, and I've gotten to know several of the clients pretty well. One of them even introduced me to his wife!” I winced at the thought that men were going to be cheating on their wives with me, but I tried not to let Eugene see.

“Uh, where is the establishment located?” I inquired.

“In the Club of the Heights, at the top of the Magnum Supreme Building.” I knew a little about the Club of the Heights, a highly exclusive men's club. My dad belonged to it, and so did some of his clients. It had never seemed all that interesting to me before, but now it did.

“Are there, uh, private locations where the practitioners can prepare for the, uh, sessions with the clients? I'm—well, I find a bit of *cannabis sativa* to be very helpful in preparing me for such events, and I would want some privacy for my preparation.” I said “*cannabis sativa*” because I figured it wouldn't do to talk openly about “marijuana,” “weed,” “dope,” or “*the shit*.”

Eugene grinned. “Yes, a number of the practitioners are quite fond of *cannabis sativa*,” he said, “and it's well understood that they need some privacy for preparation. The private dressing rooms are well suited for that purpose.”

I took a deep breath. “Well,” I said, “I'm interested. How do I, uh, apply for the position?”

“I can arrange an interview for you tonight, if you like,” said Eugene.

* * * * *

“Sir Arnold,” said Eugene, “this is Danielle Rayborn. Danielle, this is Sir Arnold Buttatrack-Rumford.”

“I am most pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Rayborn,” said the short, impeccably attired, wholly bald-headed gentleman facing me in his elegantly appointed office. “I trust I may call you Danielle?”

“Uh, yes, certainly.” I extended my hand; he shook it graciously. His small blue eyes were wide open, in what seemed to be genuine admiration of my looks. On Eugene's advice, I was wearing the same outfit I had worn before our “69” experience: peasant blouse, paisley skirt, and so on.

“Have you any knowledge of the history of our organization, Danielle?” Sir Arnold asked me.

“Uh—not to speak of.”

“Its history is long and distinguished,” he said. “It was founded in the Victorian era, when the city of Pacific Heights was little more than a frontier town, or rather a small, swashbuckling seaport. Our eminent founders clearly foresaw the great future of this city. They discerned the need for a fully discreet, smoothly-run organization that would rise far above the revolting filth, crime, disorder, and disgusting *sluthood*—if I may speak so frankly—that were then, and regrettably are

still, far too prevalent in the provision of intimate services to men in need. An organization of the *élite*, for the *élite*, and run entirely by the *élite*—this was their grand vision. They succeeded most admirably in bringing the vision to reality. No other such organization in this city comes close to matching it in excellence. Indeed, I dare say, outside the most famous cities of your country such as New York and San Francisco, this is one of the most eminent organizations of its kind in the United States.”

“Uh—I'm extremely glad to hear it,” I said. “I had no idea that such an organization even existed. It must be very discreet indeed.”

“Oh, yes, indeed!” Sir Arnold said. “Discretion is the very *soul* of our enterprise!” He beamed upon me.

“Now, Danielle,” he said, “Eugene tells me that he has given you information regarding the benefits, working conditions, emoluments, and general rules of our organization,” said Sir Arnold. “You find them satisfactory, I trust?”

“Oh, yes, eminently satisfactory.” Already I found myself starting to talk like Sir Arnold. His upper-class British accent was extremely well done. Only a slight overemphasis upon the distinctively British features of his speech made me suspect that he was an American faking it, with a self-conferred fake knighthood too.

“Very good,” he said. “Now, have you any knowledge of the medieval custom of the *jus primae noctis*?”

“Uh—a little.” At least I knew the expression meant “first-night right.” I had typed a paper that mentioned the custom.

“You know, then, that the feudal lord was deemed to have the right of first entrance into the virgins of his realm on their wedding nights, and that they were then passed on to their husbands for the usual course of life. There was no official endorsement from the tiresome medieval churchmen, of course—thou shalt not commit adultery and all that, not even with thy liege lord—but they were easily induced to wink and look the other way.” Sir Arnold beamed again.

“Yes, I know that.” I knew why he was asking, too. Eugene had already told me about the Masked Man.

“In our organization,” Sir Arnold said, “we practice an up-to-date version of this custom—with no churchmen to slow us down, of course. The practitioners know our thoroughly modern liege lord, the head of our organization, simply as the Masked Man. He wears a mask to conceal his identity—for, in his daytime life, he holds an extremely prominent position in this city. You will *not* be called upon, of course, to indulge in any conjectures about his identity. You understand this perfectly well, do you not?”

“Uh—certainly, Sir Arnold.”

“Very well. The Masked Man, as I was about to say, exercises the *jus primae noctis*, the venerable first-night right, with each of our new practitioners. He then evaluates them and, if all goes well, he passes them on to be matched up with appropriate clients. If you receive a favorable evaluation from the Masked Man, then

you will be invited back here, to be photographed and written up for inclusion in our catalogue of practitioners. We need not discuss what might happen if you did not receive a favorable evaluation. Eugene has assured me, from personal experience, that this will not occur.”

“It certainly won't!” said Eugene. “Danielle is superb!”

“I trust that the Masked Man will find her to be so,” said Sir Arnold. “Danielle, have you any need for preparation before you meet the Masked Man?”

“Uh—yes, briefly,” I said. “A restroom—and I believe there are private dressing rooms?”

“There are indeed. Eugene will show you the way.”

“Some strong tea would be nice, too, if you have any.”

“We certainly do. It will be provided for you in your private meeting room, where you will meet the Masked Man. When you are prepared, I shall escort you there and give you your final instructions.”

* * * * *

High on *the shit*, I sat alone in a plush armchair, drinking strong tea in the private meeting room. Straight ahead was a big picture window, dimly reflecting the soft light of the room, showing me nothing outside but the dark of night. As Sir Arnold had instructed me, I sat with my back toward the door. At last, from behind me, I heard a stage whisper: “Good evening!”

As instructed, I arose, turned, curtsied, and whispered, “Good evening, sir!” I must act as if everything were thoroughly normal, Sir Arnold had said. Never must I suggest that there was anything odd about conversing in whispers with a big, burly, hairy man with a huge erection, fully nude except for his masked head and neck. These were almost entirely covered by a black mask like a ski mask, from which protruded only a pair of dark goggles and a pair of bare lips. At the bottom of the mask, around the Masked Man's thick neck, there was a thin red line; below that, only nudity.

“You are Danielle,” the Masked Man whispered.

“I am,” I affirmed. Despite Sir Arnold's warning, I couldn't help wondering who the Masked Man was. Some extremely prominent person in the city—but he certainly wasn't the mayor, Brad Fishman, who was a brainy little guy no taller than me and a lot skinnier. My best guess was that he was Roald Osmundsen, the president of Pacific Heights University. He certainly had the build for it. Osmundsen had been a varsity football player, and later a professor of business administration, before he became president of the U. I had never met him, but I had seen pictures and read descriptions of him. One of the descriptions misspelled his name as “Ronald”—a fatal blunder. It had to be “Roald,” after the famous polar explorer Roald Amundsen.

“Kneel, Danielle,” the Masked Man commanded. I knelt and opened my mouth. His plum, or rather his giant nectarine, entered in. It was so big it could hardly fit in my mouth. It tasted extremely clean.

I licked his cleft. “Yes, yes, Danielle,” he whispered. “That’s good. That’s very good.”

Soon he was ready to move on. “Arise, Danielle,” he whispered. I arose.

“Have you any specialties, Danielle?” he asked me.

“Uh—my breasts are rather special, I think,” I said, “and, um, something I keep hidden between my legs.”

“Excellent! Delightful! Your breasts, please.”

Without waiting for me to respond, he reached beneath my blouse in back and unhooked my bra with a single motion. Then he stripped off my blouse and my bra. “Oh, yes, Danielle,” he whispered. “Your breasts are lovely.” He knelt and sucked my little breasts, putting them whole in his mouth, as he had put his nectarine whole in mine.

“Now that which modesty conceals,” he whispered, “as Don Quixote put it, when speaking of the unquestionably exquisite nether regions of his lady love.” This made me suspect even more strongly that he was Osmundsen, who was known for his love of literary allusions—as if he wished to prove to all the academic world that he was no mere athlete and businessman.

“Strip fully nude, Danielle,” he whispered. I complied. Fortunately, I had already hidden my big clit between my legs.



“Oh, yes,” he whispered. “Modesty conceals it indeed. The fresh-faced, innocent virgin nude on a misty September morn—Danielle, I'm entranced. I'm enthralled.”

Modesty didn't conceal it from the Masked Man's hand. He reached around beneath my buttocks and cupped my plum. “Oh, yes, what beauty lies concealed,” he whispered. “What virgin loveliness. I must. I truly must. Do not eject when I do this, please.”

He went around in back of me, got down on his hands and knees, and started to lick my plum. Then he took the whole thing into his mouth and sucked it, giving me one of the most thrilling sensations of my life. I tried hard to comply with his instructions not to “eject.” I succeeded, but only barely.

“I must,” he whispered. “This will be something new for me. Danielle, you've opened up a grand new vista of bliss. Please do not make me eject just yet.”

He hid his massive cock between his legs and turned around. I licked his cleft again. He shivered with delight. “Do *not* make me eject, please!” he whispered. “Insert it only for a moment. You're thrilling me far beyond belief.”

I complied, kissing his great nectarine with my whole mouth. Almost at once he withdrew it.

“Danielle, you're the finest,” he whispered. “I can't allow you to culminate me this way. We must ascend together to mutual bliss. Male lesbians, please. Male lesbians. Arise.”

I arose and faced him. He kissed me on the mouth. His tongue, like his cock, was almost too big for my mouth. Then, with his cock still back between his legs, he lay down on the great slipcovered couch near my armchair and pulled me up on top of him. He slipped one of his legs between mine, rubbing my big clit; one of my legs was between his, rubbing his cock.

“Now,” he whispered. “Take me. I'm yours. I'm all yours. I'm almost ready right now.”

“So am I,” I whispered in response. I began to pump my hips. He began to buck with his. At last his voice rose to more than a whisper. First soft, then louder, sounding crazed with desire.

“Oh, Danielle! Yes! My love, I'm all yours! You're the finest, my one and only! Please! Yes, yes, now! Give me all your love! Be all mine forever! I love you! Now! Now! *Culminate me!*”

His hips were bucking like a bronco. I could hardly ride him. I couldn't hold back any longer; I was already starting to “eject” upon his thigh. I did what I could to “culminate” him. Soon his moans, his shrieks, his even more frantic bucking let me know I had succeeded.

The Masked Man held me long and tightly, even after the bucking had fully subsided. “Oh, Danielle,” he whispered in my ear. “You're the finest, the loveliest, the most astoundingly exciting. You'll do well here, my beauty. You'll do very well indeed.”

Chapter 7

I might as well use the shit, I thought. The last student had picked up the last paper before graduation. Night was coming. I was alone. *The shit* would give me valuable help in not feeling horribly lonely—if it didn't backfire and make me feel more so than ever.

I pulled out *the shit*, the pipe, and some matches from their hiding place, as I had done countless times in the last few years. I sank down in my old, comfortable armchair, adjusted a nearby ashtray, lit a match, inhaled a potent hit, and held it in. Almost as soon as I exhaled it, I took another one.

I lay back in the armchair and felt the waves of calm exhilaration starting to roll in already, just as they had done so many times before in this same chair. Back in the summer of 1970, I had moved into my little hobbit-hole, sat down in this chair, and promptly used *the shit*. Almost three years had vanished with hardly a trace, and I had not moved, except to get up and return.

Had I not dropped out of the U—had I not used *the shit*, goofed off, and almost flunked out—I would be graduating soon, in the Class of '73. I wasn't sorry. I didn't know what I would have wanted to do after college anyway. I was more nearly satisfied with my life than I would have been if I'd gone on and studied my brains out, rather than smoked them out with *the shit*. I inhaled another hit. It seemed even finer and more potent than the first two.

Yes, I thought with deep satisfaction, the course of my life was settled, and I was pleased. It would have been really bad if I'd had to go to prison for refusing to be drafted, but that hadn't happened. I still remembered my joy and disbelief, more than a year ago now, when I opened the letter the draft board had sent me at last. I didn't get classified as a conscientious objector, or as a homosexual either, and yet I got out of the draft. My case had been under consideration for more than a year, the letter said—and a year was all the time the board was allowed to consider it. I was being dropped into a holding classification, in which I wouldn't get drafted unless all other eligible registrants were drafted first.

I laughed again at the happy memory, though not nearly as loudly as I had laughed when I first read the letter. Back then, David and Goldberry had held a little party for me, in celebration of my freedom from the draft. They had been such good friends to me then—and yet lately I had hardly seen them. David, now working on his Ph.D. dissertation, seemed to be almost always studying—just like Priscilla, I thought with a little grimace. Goldberry had been doing more typing than ever, and taking care of their new baby too. They still didn't use *the shit*. This vital, central part of my life—this slow-moving but powerful drama of eternal recurrence, in which I was even now inhaling yet another hit—was closed to them.

I sank down more deeply in the armchair. Glorious fancies were filling my brain; all else was fleeing or had fled by now. Still alone, I was no longer lonely.

Through the magical blessing of *the shit*, my heart was both warm and numb at once.

I heard the phone obnoxiously ringing far away, almost out of arm's reach. I wondered if I should answer it or let it ring. I guessed I would probably answer it. While I kept a firm grip on the pipe with my left hand, my right hand slithered along the little table next to the chair, bumping into the ashtray before it reached the phone. With an effort, I picked up the receiver and made the ringing stop.

“Hello?” I said.

“Danielle!” said the voice on the other end. It was Sir Arnold Buttatrack-Rumford. He sounded highly pleased. “I've got a client for you—a big one! Please hurry!”

“Oh, really?” I wasn't sure I wanted a client right now. I'd had enough of them to last me for quite a while. The novelty, and much of the excitement, of playing girlfriend for wealthy clients had worn off. It was just a job now, like typing, though it paid much more per hour.

“Um, did the client ask for me in particular?” I asked.

“Yes! He looked at many of the practitioners' pictures, and he said he wanted *you!* He's in the bar now, having a drink while he waits. His offer was *most* generous! I shall be looking for you shortly!” I guessed I would go. I didn't have anything better to do, and it *was* a good way to make a lot of money for fairly little work. I would gulp down some strong tea quickly, to give me some energy for the job.

“Well, uh,” I said, “I'm not dressed up. I'm just wearing some casual clothes like I usually wear to hang around the apartment, '50s-type stuff—thin pink cashmere, ordinary little bra, big knee-length skirt, regulation girls' panties, anklets and loafers. Should I take some time to get dressed up?”

“No. Just hurry. He says he's really looking forward to this.”

“Okay, I'll get there as soon as I can.”

I hung up, arose, and stood still to try to let my head clear. Across the room, on the electric warmer, was a big pot of tea with leaves still in it. It had been sitting there for hours; it must be as strong by now as it could get. I set out and sailed toward the teapot. In due high time I arrived, poured a cup, drank it down, poured another, and drank it down too. Then I poured yet another. I might have a little trouble sleeping tonight, but I needed to make sure to be good and energetic.

I wondered how I would get downtown to the Club of the Heights. Sometimes I drove the bug, which still worked after all these years, but then I didn't get stoned until I arrived at the club. More often I took the trolley bus, which was often more convenient than a car: it ran fairly often on the Drag, and went right past the Magnum Supreme Building when it got downtown.

I looked at my watch, and then at my bulletin board to see the trolley-bus schedule. One would be going by on the Drag in just a few minutes. I swilled down the third cup of tea, retrieved the prim little purse I usually carried with the

'50s clothes I now favored, walked out of the apartment, locked the door, and descended to the Drag.

* * * * *

The soft whir of the trolley-bus motor died down as the bus came to a stop and let me out downtown, on the steep slope of Prime Hill. I waited for the bus to go farther downhill; then I crossed wide Arthur Avenue heading for the Magnum Supreme, the building that dominated the skyline of Pacific Heights more than any other. I wondered what the client would be like—not that I cared a whole lot. They all seemed more and more alike as time went on, as if they were all the Masked Man with different fake faces hiding the same old genuine mask. Still, this client had picked me out from many other practitioners. I liked that, no matter how little it might mean.

“Danielle! I'm so glad you're here!” Sir Arnold told me. “The client seemed to be getting a bit impatient, but I assured him you'd be here very soon. You don't need the dressing room?”

“No, just the restroom.” The three cups of strong tea were having their full effect. I was pretty wide-awake and alert, even though I had smoked *the shit*.

After I used the restroom, Sir Arnold escorted me into one of the club's most elegant private rooms, one with a splendid view of the city's lights and the darkened sea beyond. “Mr. Teeman, I should like you to meet Danielle Rayborn,” said Sir Arnold. “Danielle, I should like you to meet Mr. Vincent Teeman.” Before I could say a word, Sir Arnold closed the door.

I stared in shock and sickening horror. I had met this client before. His real name was not Teeman. It was Robursson. This client was my dad.

“Well, it's you, all right,” said Dad. He was glaring at me, and yet his eyes looked wary, almost afraid.

“Yeah, it's me.” Nothing but total defiance, I thought, could help me get through this without fleeing or collapsing. Whatever I did, I was *not* going to blow Dad, or do any other sexy things with Dad.

Dad pulled out a cigarette and lit it. He knew I loathed cigarettes. I think he only smoked them when he wanted to offend people who didn't smoke them.

I decided I had to take the offensive. “So what brings *you* here?” I asked. “Need a little break from screwing the secretaries in the supply room?”

Dad, predictably, was pissed. “None of your God-damn business,” he said. He took a big puff on the cigarette, stepped forward, and blew the smoke straight at me.

I stared at him in silence. I wasn't going to cry, no matter how much smoke he blew at me. After a moment, he averted his eyes.

“If you really want to know,” he said, “I've been using the services here every now and then for a long time. If you want to get pissed because I've been cheating

on your mom all these years, you just go right ahead. You're in a really fine position to complain about that." He smiled, not pleasantly at all. I said nothing. I already knew he'd been cheating on Mom for years, and he knew I knew it.

"I've never used a transvestite before, though," he said. "I just thought I'd give it a try. So, I looked at the pictures and descriptions of the transvestites here, and I saw one named Danielle, age 22, who looked a whole lot like—my son Dan." He took another puff, but this time he didn't blow the smoke at me.

I tried to keep on staring at him, not averting my eyes. It was hard. "I had to find out if it was really you," he said. "Not because I wanted any *services* from you; I may be fucked up, but I'm not *that* fucked up."

"That's good to know." I breathed a slow sigh of relief, trying to keep it silent.

"Well, I found out all right," he said. "I hope you'll move on to another *career* sometime."

"I think I will," I said. "Sometime really soon." I was going to start tonight, in fact. He was right. This sucked, and I was really tired of it. I didn't realize how totally sick of it I was until I saw my own dad appearing as a client. I didn't want sex with guys any more at all, in fact, whether I got paid for it or not.

He opened his eyes, which had been almost slits, and really looked at me. "That's good," he said. "This is bullshit. You don't need this. Even if you don't want to be a lawyer, there are plenty of other good careers available. You've got brains. You shouldn't be wasting your life on shit like this."

Neither should you! I almost gasped. Did I dare plunge through the door that had opened before me? I felt sure that I did *not* dare, and yet I said the words: "Neither should you!"

His eyes closed to slits again. He took another puff. "Are you waiting for me to say *touché* or something?" he asked. "Well, I'm not going to. It's my life, and I'll live it the way I want to."

Asshole! I thought. I was grown up now. I could call my own dad an asshole if I wanted. Why didn't I just do it? Assholes were full of shit. My dad was full of shit. He was as full of shit as I was myself—but I was going to quit tonight, and he wasn't!

I didn't actually call him an asshole—but, almost before I could think, I said something even more offensive. If I hadn't been on *the shit*, I'm pretty sure I never would have said it: "Why don't you just go home and do it with *Mom*, like a real man?"

"A *real man!*" Dad exploded. "Who the hell do you think *you* are to talk about what a *real man* would do? Hey, *fuck you!* I don't care if you are my son! You're grown up now, we're supposedly *equals*, and I say *fuck you!*" He even gave me the finger for a moment. Even before he retracted his finger, he stuffed the end of the cigarette in his mouth.

Before he spoke again, he took several furious puffs in quick succession. “If you really want to know,” he said at last, “your mom and I have *had it*, as far as *that* goes.”

He sank into one of the two armchairs in the room and lit another cigarette from the end of the first one. I sat down in the other armchair and waited for him to explain. I was pretty sure I wasn't going to like the explanation, whatever it was.

“I think it really started when you asked her to write you a letter about the homo shit for the draft,” he said. “She tried to keep it from me, but I could tell she was really upset about something. At last she exploded and said you were a homosexual who wore women's clothes, and it was all my fault for being so liberal, and she wasn't going to go along with liberalism any more now that she could see where it led.”

I opened my eyes almost as wide as possible, but I said nothing. “She meant it, too,” said Dad. “She actually went back to the Catholic Church, just like when she was a little girl—*whole hog*. And you know what *that* means.” My eyes and my mouth remained as they had been.

“No fucking *birth control*,” Dad said. “That's what it means! Well, when I found *that* out, I said *fuck that shit!*”

I had to think a moment to realize that Mom was still young enough for birth control to affect her. “Hey, I thought they were supposedly going to change all that—shit,” I said, almost exhausting my paltry knowledge of things Catholic.

“Bullshit. Didn't happen, isn't going to happen. She showed me this shit called *Humanae Vitae* from the Pope. I actually read it, believe it or not. I was appalled that anyone could go for idiocy like that in this day and age—but the Pope does, and your mom does too. So, we've had it. I know better than to go through a God-damn *divorce* proceeding, but we go our separate ways. I'm going to get my gettin' where the gettin's good”—he took another puff and blew more smoke into the air—“but not from any transvestites. I've decided I know a bad thing when I see it.”

“So do I,” I said, looking straight at Dad.

He stared at me. “Well, so do I,” he said, pissed again. “Look, why don't you just cut out this transvestite shit and be a *real man?*” He laughed maliciously. “I really don't care if you're a *homo* or not. Six of one, half a dozen of the other. A mouth is a mouth is a mouth. But this transvestite shit is just too fucking weird!”

“I'll make my own decision about that,” I told him primly. “But look, you were cheating on Mom for years *before* she went back to the Catholic Church. She was using birth control back then, right? Why did you have to screw around *then?* Why didn't you just do it with your *wife*—God damn it?” I knew I was skating on really thin ice, and I hardly knew why I was saying this. I only knew I was really pissed at Dad; I thought he was disgusting, and I wasn't going to pass up this great opportunity to let him know.

“My *wife*,” he said, his eyes brim-full of piss and poison, “was just *too God-damn BORING*—if you really want to know the truth!”

He got up abruptly. “I’m afraid you’re starting to follow in her boring footsteps,” he said, crushing his second cigarette. “I don’t need this shit. I’ve said what I have to say. You go ahead and live your own life. Good-bye.” He walked out and shut the door.

I stayed in the armchair, breathing deeply and staring into the empty night, until Sir Arnold came in. “A rather short encounter,” he commented. “I trust that everything went satisfactorily?”

“Not everything,” I said, trying to sound as nearly calm and routine as possible. “The client was, um, quite disturbed about some emotional matters, and decided not to consummate the agreement.”

“Most dismaying,” Sir Arnold said. “The fee he mentioned was quite remarkable.”

I kept staring into the night. I wondered if Sir Arnold knew the client was my dad. I bet he did, and it didn’t make any difference to him. A remarkable fee for blowing my dad was still a remarkable fee.

I got up. I was never coming back. “Well,” said Sir Arnold, “Danielle, I sincerely regret that you have been called here on such short notice, only to go home with no reward. You may be assured that I shall try to make up for this unfortunate event by bringing you to the attention of other clients in future.”

I took a deep breath before I spoke. “Thank you, Sir Arnold,” I said, imitating his manner of speaking perhaps too closely, “but I believe I shall be taking a respite from the practice. You may await my call before bringing me to the attention of any more clients.” I didn’t tell him the call would never come.

“I am sad to hear it,” he said, “but, in that event, I look forward most eagerly to your call. I may say that you have become one of our most admired practitioners.” I shook his hand, but said no more.

* * * * *

The returning trolley bus let me off at the traffic light on the other side of the Drag. I crossed the street, went up the stairs, and re-entered my apartment. I feared I wouldn’t be able to sleep at all tonight.

At least, while I wasn’t asleep, I could get rid of *the shit*. I’d trashed it a few times before, but my freedom from *the shit* had lasted only a week or so each time. I knew it was fucking me up. I needed to break free from it and *stay* free from it. If I didn’t, sooner or later I would call Sir Arnold and tell him my respite from being a high-paid whore was over—and that must never happen.

I pulled out *the shit* and the pipe from their hiding place. I strode to the kitchen trash bin, opened the baggie, spread *the shit* all over some rotting food, and shoved the pipe down into it. Then I pulled the big half-full bag out of the bin,

tied it shut, hauled it down the back stairs, and threw it into the dumpster behind the building.

I came back upstairs, washed my hands thoroughly, and sat down in my arm-chair. I still had my girls' clothes on. I wondered if I should get rid of them too.

I figured *the shit* must have been starting to wear off, because my mind was racing. I quickly decided I didn't want to get rid of my pretty clothes, and I didn't need to. I loved them, and I could wear them without using *the shit* and being fucked up. Besides—my sickening dad thought they were too weird for me to wear, and I wasn't too old to get a bit of satisfaction from defying his will. I kept them on.

I sank down into the chair. I now had nothing to do, except to sit here in my pretty clothes and vegetate—or find a whole new life. The busy typing season was over, and so was the season of sluthood—for life, I hoped. I stared into space, and into the darkness of my unknown future. I knew almost nothing now, except that my heart was aching with loneliness and crying out in pain. As long as I had been busy doing things, I had been able to ignore it, more or less. Now I couldn't.

It had done the same thing before, far too often. I had shoved *the shit* and “*el sexo*” down its throat to shut it up—but sooner or later, like a hungry baby, it had always cried out again, louder than before. Now it was crying so loudly that it would keep me up all night, if I didn't do something to soothe it. I knew what I needed to do, although I would never dare do it: I needed to love and be loved.

I stared at the blank white wall. It made me think of a sheer sheet of ice, a cliff on a frozen mountain that I would never dare to climb. I knew what I needed to happen, but it wasn't going to happen, any more than I was going to climb Mount Everest alone.

Only one person had ever really, devotedly loved me, I knew. It wasn't my mom or dad; it wasn't Chuck or Stan; it certainly wasn't Eugene, or the Masked Man, or any of the vanishing clients for whom I had put on the finest performance I could. It was Priscilla, faithful Priscilla, whom I had driven away in horror at the thought that I would cheat on her with guys.

For three full years—or three empty years—I had not seen her or heard from her. She had vanished into the darkness, as fully as any client for whom I had brightened a fleeting night. For all I knew, she might be dead. Even if she were alive, she would surely have moved on in life, toward some new happiness, away from me. It was impossible that she would still remember me with love, and even more impossible that she would love me still—especially if she could see me now, looking like a pretty girl.

Yes, I thought, it was impossible—and yet I might as well *kill myself and go to hell* if it was impossible! Was I so fucked up on *the shit* that I couldn't even lift a finger to call her up, shock her, rise from the dead and show her I was alive? So what if she wasn't interested in me any more? At least—I groped for the frightful thought—at least I could tell her I was *sorry* for everything! Didn't she deserve at least that much, no matter what?

I had to admit I knew the answer. Even to hear her voice again for a few seconds, before she hung up in outrage, would be better than sitting here doing nothing. I almost leaped out of the chair; I grabbed my copy of the university phone directory. If she wasn't home, I would try again. If she hung up, at least I would have tried.

I dialed her number. I had to try three times before I got it right. I heard the ring. She wouldn't be home. I would have to try again and again, but I would do it.

I was wrong. "Hello?" Priscilla said. I hadn't planned what I would say. Frantically I tried to think of the right thing.

"Hello, Priscilla?" I said. "This is Dan Robursson."

"What?" She was outraged, I knew. She was going to hang up. Again I was wrong.

"Uh—this is hard to believe!" she said. "I haven't heard from you in, uh, quite a while."

"Yeah, I know. I've been—well, I've been doing a lot of things I'm sorry for now. I wanted to tell you I'm sorry about, uh, how I made you decide to take off. I don't blame you at all, now that I've thought about it."

"Oh!" she said. For a moment she was speechless. I didn't know what that meant.

"Uh, well, it's really good to hear from you again," Priscilla said when she could speak. "I've been, uh, thinking about you." I could hardly believe my ears, but I was sure she couldn't be lying.

"Hey, I've been thinking about you too," I said, "but not nearly as much as I should have been. Would you—I mean, are you pretty busy right now? Would you like to get together and talk sometime, and, uh—" I didn't know what more to say.

"I'm not too busy for *that*," Priscilla assured me. "I—I'd really like to see you again." I could hear her voice shaking. She wasn't still in love with me, I told myself sternly. That was far too good to be possible, much less true.

"Okay, let's get together and talk," I said. I could hear and feel my own voice shaking too. I wondered if it was possible that *I* was still in love with *her*, even after everything that had happened. "I'm glad it's not too late," I told Priscilla.

"Better late than never," she responded, "as you once told *me*—especially if late is *now*."

* * * * *

Through the darkness, in the distance, I saw the fountain of light—Acacia Fountain, at the heart of the university campus, where Priscilla and I were to meet. I was still in girls' clothes. I had thought of quickly changing out of them, but I decided not to do it. I was going to reveal *everything* to Priscilla, if she would let me. I was going to rip every vestige of my double life to shreds.

I approached the sparkling fountain, in the midst of the familiar circular pond surrounded by globes of light on poles. All around the pond was a wide, continuous concrete bench on which students often sat. Now there were only a few of them. One, a tall woman facing away from me, showed promise of being Priscilla, though her hair was not even shoulder-length.

The woman was slowly looking from side to side. She was Priscilla, all right. Her clothes were plain, and too mannish for my taste: a white blouse that looked like a man's shirt, dark slacks that looked like men's slacks, and highly sensible shoes that could have been men's shoes. She looked straight at me and looked away again. I was obviously a woman, not the man she was looking for—or so she must have thought.

“Priscilla!” I said softly, hoping not to startle her.

I didn't succeed. She almost jumped. “*What?*” she cried out. She turned and stared at me.

“I'm here,” I said. “I'm really glad to see you again, after all this time.”

“Oh, you startled me!” she said. “Uh—my goodness! I wasn't expecting to see you dressed like *this!*”

Did I dare leap into the gap she had opened for me? I did—I must. “Well, I wasn't expecting to see *you* dressed like *this*, either!” I retorted. “You didn't use to dress like a man.”

Her mouth opened wide. My heart sank. I feared she felt insulted. She started to blink. I feared I had made her cry. I was wrong. She actually started to laugh.

“*Touché!*” she said. “All right, then; fair's fair. I'm—I'm certainly not going to ask you to *go away* because of your clothes! But—would you mind explaining? I mean, it just seems a lot more—*unusual* for you to dress like that, than for me to dress like this.”

“Unusual and distinctive?” I asked. “What's wrong with that?”

“Oh, nothing! Nothing!” Priscilla assured me. “But—well, I just wondered why you were doing it.”

“I guess I just wanted to make sure you knew everything about me,” I said. “I mean, if you *want* to.”

She sighed, long and deeply. “All right,” she said. “Yes, I think I do. Uh—how long have you been dressing like this?”

“Since I was 12.”

“Does it have anything to do with—well, you remember how I got mad and left the UPF, after you said you had to 'come out as bisexual.' Does it have anything to do with that?”

“*No!* I mean—well, I used to think it did, but now I don't. I'm sick of all that stuff—I mean, the bisexual stuff.”

“The way you might get sick of food for a while, if you overate?”

Priscilla was at least as sharp as ever, and wary too. She still wanted to know if I was going to cheat on her with guys; she wanted to know if I was going to *stop* being sick of it. At least—I groped for the thought—at least the thought of marrying me hadn't utterly vanished from her mind, if she was still worried about whether I might cheat on her.

“I hope it's not just that,” I said, “and I don't think it is. I mean—after the novelty wore off, it just started to seem like there wasn't all that much *to* it. It wasn't the kind of thing you could—build your life on, or anything.”

“I didn't think it would be.”

“You knew better than I did.” I glanced at her. She was looking at me. I could see that she didn't want me to look away.

“Anyway,” I said, “at least I know it doesn't have anything to do with how I dress. Did you know that most transvestites are not homo- or bisexual at all? Most of them are actually, uh, married men who don't even cheat on their wives.” (Or at least they don't cheat very much—Eugene's studies had shown, but I didn't add.)

Priscilla's eyes opened wide. “I *didn't* know that,” she said. “How did you find that out?”

“I read about some studies that all said it was true. I'm pretty sure they weren't just selected or biased studies, either. I mean—well, the guy who wrote the paper I read about the studies in was bisexual, and I'm pretty sure he wouldn't have minded if more of the studies had shown that a lot of transvestites were homo- or bisexual too.” I was glad it was dark enough that Priscilla couldn't see me blushing. “But they didn't.”

“I see,” Priscilla said. For a moment she was silent. “So—is that the kind of transvestite *you're* hoping to be? The married kind, who doesn't cheat on his wife?”

I could hardly force myself not to gasp out loud. I should have known better. If Priscilla wanted an honest answer, she would ask an honest question. If Cupid wanted to shoot me in the heart, he would just walk right up and shoot me in the heart.

“Uh—well, yes, it is,” I blurted out, “If you really want to know.”

Again she sighed. “I do,” she said. “I really do.”

I looked up at her. She was blinking. In the light from one of the globes, a tear sparkled on her cheek. I tried to think of something to say, but I couldn't.

We were both silent for what seemed an awfully long time. At last Priscilla spoke again. At first I thought she was changing the subject entirely.

“Have you ever read any of Jane Austen's novels?” she asked me.

“Uh—no, I haven't.” I had successfully avoided them in all the English classes I had taken, although I was pretty sure they couldn't be worse than *The Red Badge*

of *Courage*, *The Old Man and the Sea*, *Of Human Bondage*, *Great Expectations*, *Wuthering Heights*, and other supposedly great books I hadn't avoided.

"I've read them all," Priscilla said. "I think she's my very favorite author. She knows so much about—the human heart, and especially women's hearts."

I stayed silent. I could almost hear Priscilla's heart beating hard, along with my own. I didn't dare miss a word she was going to say. It had dawned on me that she wasn't changing the subject after all. I should have known better. Priscilla was no rapid-fire subject-changer. Once she boarded a train of thought, she would stay on it to the final destination.

"I remember especially," she said, "a part near the end of *Persuasion*. I think that was the last book she wrote before she died. I've read it—maybe too many times in the past few years."

She sighed again. Her voice had started to tremble. I started to wish I had read the book, so I would already know what she was talking about.

"There's this dialogue," Priscilla said, "between Anne Elliott and Captain Harville. Anne is in love with Captain Wentworth, who overhears the conversation. She's been in love with him for years, but she's long since abandoned any hope of marrying him."

As if it wasn't enough for Cupid to shoot me in the heart, now he was shooting me in the *eyes*. I couldn't keep from crying. This was no change of subject. This was Priscilla revealing her heart to me. I just hoped I wouldn't sob out loud—at least not before she did.

"Anne and Captain Harville are talking," she said, "about constancy and fickleness, and about whether men or women are more likely to forget about—people they've loved. Anne agrees with him that men can be just as faithful, so long as they know they have someone to be faithful *to*. But—Anne says—'All the privilege I claim for my own sex—it is not a very enviable one; you need not covet it—is that of *loving longest*, when existence—or when hope—is gone!'"

I had won, for what it was worth. Priscilla was sobbing first. She needed me to comfort her, and I would dare to do it. I put my arm around her. She put her head on my shoulder. I put my other arm around her and held her tight. She was shivering in my arms.

"Priscilla!" I told her. "Hope *isn't* gone!" I didn't even know if she could hear me.

After a long time she pulled out a handkerchief and tried to dry her eyes, but not to escape from my arms. I didn't want to make her cry again, but I had to speak: "She was right about that, wasn't she?"

Priscilla sighed and drew even closer to me. "Yes," she said. "She certainly was. 'I've—you—well, you could see I was really angry when you said that about being bisexual, and I shouted at you and left you—but it was all because I *loved* you, and I couldn't stand the thought that you'd ever—be unfaithful to me. I kept wishing you'd come back to me, even when I couldn't—hope or imagine that you ever would, and I didn't dare ask if you were going to.'"

Again we were silent together, for what seemed a very long time. “They get married in the end, don't they?” I asked Priscilla at last. “I mean, Anne and Captain—was it Captain Harville?”

“Captain *Wentworth*,” Priscilla said, gently chiding me for not listening to her very carefully. “Not Captain Harville. Captain Wentworth is the one she's in love with.”

“Okay, Captain Wentworth, then?”

“Yes, they do. Anne finds out that, while she's been talking to Captain *Harville* about who loves longest, Captain *Wentworth* has been writing a letter to *her*, saying things like 'Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone forever.' He means Anne's feelings for *him*. Well, he isn't too late, and they aren't gone forever. She desperately tries to let him know. At last she succeeds—and they get married.”

“That sounds like a really good book,” I said. “I'd like to read it sometime.”

“I've got an extra copy I picked up at a thrift shop,” Priscilla said.

“Movers and Shakers?”

“Yes. They have some of the best values I've ever seen at a thrift shop, on some really good items.”

“They sure do.” I was thinking of clothes, not books, but it didn't matter now.

“Well, would you like the book?”

“Sure. How much do you want for it?”

“Nothing. It's yours.”

I smiled and looked into her eyes. *So am I*, they were telling me. *I'm all yours—if only you'll be faithful to me forever!*



“Oh, come on,” I said. “Let me give you *something* in return. Uh—how about my heart?”

She was going to start crying again. So was I. This time it was for joy.

“Oh, all right,” she said—acting coy for the first time in her life, now that she was sure she didn't need to. “If you insist!”

I laughed. “I do,” I said. “Just tell me not that I am too late.”

She hugged me at least as tightly as she had ever done before, even in our very hottest make-out sessions. “Don't worry, I won't!” she assured me.

Chapter 8

At graduation, of course, I congratulated Priscilla most heartily. I shook Chuck's hand too; his other hand contained an invitation to his wedding to Annette, who was right by his side in cap and gown. I even sought out Stan, congratulated him, introduced him to Priscilla (whom he didn't remember from high school, although there were very few six-foot-tall girls in the Class of '69), and thanked him for helping me in my time of need.

“Hey, no problem,” he said, though he had thought it a big problem at the time. “Any time. Any time.” He was staring at me with that wretched old Negress-and-slaveholder-porno look in his eyes, even though I was holding hands with Priscilla and wearing boring men's clothes. I tried to laugh it off, but Stan wasn't quite done with me. He knew my number, and he called it the Sunday morning after graduation.

“Hey, Danielle,” he said. “How's it going?”

“Uh, it's going pretty good,” I said. “What's going on?”

“I just needed to tell you something. Would you mind coming over to my place and we can talk for a little while?”

This didn't sound very good to me. “Uh, can't you tell me on the phone?” I asked. “I don't have a lot of time right now.” This was true. I was going to the Universal Peace Fellowship, and Priscilla was going with me for the first time in more than three years.

“If you insist,” he said. “Look, I wanted to let you know I was wrong about a lot of shit, back when we were together before.”

“Uh—no problem,” I assured him. “Like what?”

“Well, you know how I kept insisting I was no queer, and I refused to give you a blow job and told you to get out.”

“Uh—yeah, I remember that.”

“Well, I was wrong. I was dead wrong. I tried as hard as I could to deny that I was gay, but it didn't work. I learned that I needed to affirm myself, not deny myself. That's one of the most basic things you can learn in psychology, but it took

me far too long to apply it to myself. I'm really sorry I took so much of my anger at myself out on you."

"Hey, really, it's no problem."

"So, I was kind of wondering," Stan said, "if it might not be too late to pick up where we left off. I mean, if you'd still like that blow job, I'd be glad to give it to you—and I hope you'd like to give one to me, too."

"Oh." How much I had changed, in less than three short years. "Well, uh—I'm afraid it *is* too late, though. I'm not into that stuff any more."

"Huh? What are you talking about? You think you're not *gay* any more? I'm talking about your *identity*, not what kind of 'stuff' you're 'into.' That's one of the most important things I've had to learn. A lot of people still think of being gay as just some kind of chickenshit *preference*, like whether you like pizza or lasagna better. That's bullshit. Gay is what you *are*. If you try to deny it, you're on the road to disaster. I learned that the hard way. I hope you won't have to learn it the hard way too."

"Yeah, I hope I won't," I said, "but I'm sure not going to learn it the easy way. I'm *tired* of having sex with guys, okay? I've had enough. It doesn't satisfy me any more, if it ever did. It's not my identity, any more than being a slaveholder screwing Negresses in sheds is your identity. okay? You get what I'm saying?"

He didn't. "You'll be sorry," he said. "You need to understand this just as much as I do. Gays have committed *suicide* because they were afraid to affirm who they really were. I hope you'll listen, before it's too late."

"It's already too late," I told him again. "I *am* affirming who I really am. I'm a heterosexual transvestite, just like a lot of other guys who like to wear women's clothes, and I'm hoping to get married before too long—to a woman, not a man. I didn't have a *gay identity* just because I had sex with guys, any more than you had a Mr. Whiplash identity or I had a lovely Negress identity."

"That's bullshit, buddy," said Stan. "You're lying to yourself, because you're afraid to affirm who you really are. Gays have screwed women, they've gotten married and had kids, they've seemed like perfectly straight males—but all the time, that gay identity has been building up the pressure, waiting to break through. You'll find out. I was hoping you wouldn't have to find out the hard way."

For a moment I was speechless. I was pretty sure I wasn't going to convince Stan, no matter what I said—and yet I had to say something. At last I knew what it had to be.

"Hetero transvestites," I said, "have blown men. They've worked as homo hookers. They've seemed like perfectly gay males. I've done all that myself—and I was afraid to affirm who I really was—but all the time, that hetero identity was building up the pressure, waiting to break through. Now it's breaking through. I'm going to get married. I'm going to go see the woman I love. See you later."

"God damn it!" Stan shouted. "What about *me*? I need a *blow job*!"

When Stan said that, I admit, I started to get too pissed at him. Desperately I tried to cool off, to keep from telling him what I was thinking. My final answer to Stan before I hung up, if not superbly polite, was at least not as foul as some others I'd been considering.

“Yeah, God *damn* it, Stan,” I said. “You *are* Mr. Whiplash after all, but I'm not your lovely slave girl any more. I've had enough. I've had more than enough. Good-bye.”

* * * * *

Priscilla and I got married, all right. It took a while—more than a year. Priscilla wanted to make good and sure that I was done with the double life. Actually, so did I.

When the big day arrived at last, we came to the Universal Peace Fellowship. It was going to be a small, simple ceremony. Only a few of our friends—and Clyde Beamer, Dr. Beamer's father, who was the president of the UPF—would see that it wasn't quite the same as your average wedding.

Once Priscilla had grasped the point that a feminine-looking transvestite could be a faithful husband, she grasped it *hard*. She wanted me to grasp it hard, too. I was thinking maybe we could have a nice, inconspicuous, ordinary-looking wedding, and we could both change into pretty nighties later on. Priscilla had a very different idea—and I decided she was entitled to the wedding she wanted.

“I'd like us both to wear white wedding gowns,” she said. “You'll look lovely. Then, whenever we show anyone our wedding pictures, we can explain all about it—that it doesn't mean you're gay or bisexual, or anything like that.”

“Uh—yeah, we could do that, I guess,” I said, “but, uh, white is supposed to be for *virginity*. I mean, *you* could wear a white one, but—”

“But, so could you.”

“Well, um—I mean, you know about how I used to live, and everything . . .”

She raised her head and looked down her nose at me. I knew it wasn't a sign of contempt, as it might have been if she hadn't loved me so much—but it was a sign that she was going to say something so superbly rational that I couldn't refute it. “A *virgin*,” she said, “is a person who has not engaged in *sexual intercourse* with a person of the *opposite sex*—and you haven't. You told me that. It was true, wasn't it?”

“Well, yeah, it was—barely.”

“Well, then. Let's see how we want our gowns to look.”

So it was that, on our wedding day, a casual observer might have thought there were two virgin brides and no groom. Our gowns were simple and modest—Priscilla's brief days of shameless self-display were long gone, and mine were now gone too—but they were both almost blindingly white. Our friends already

knew what was going on, but Clyde wanted to make things perfectly clear before he performed the short and simple ceremony.

We were sitting around in silence in the circular meeting room, according to the custom of the UPF. When he thought the time was right, Clyde got up and everyone looked at him. He was a tall, skinny, white-haired guy about 80 or 90 years old, with a goofy-sounding, country-style voice, but what he said was usually worth hearing.

“We are gathered here today, in the presence of the Universal Light,” Clyde said, “for a very unusual occasion. It might seem that we are here for a wedding with two brides and no groom! I want to assure everyone that this is *not* the case.” Clyde tried hard to keep an open mind to new ideas, but he was pretty old-fashioned in many ways. I don't think he would have wanted to be at a wedding that really had two brides and no groom, if such a wedding had been held in 1974.

“One of the brides, or what look like brides,” Clyde said, “is really the groom. I'll leave it up to you to figure out which one that is, if you don't already know. The one who is really the groom is what's known as a *transvestite*. He's a man who just likes to wear women's clothes. Now, that doesn't mean the groom is one of these 'gays' we hear about these days, who were called by different names when I was younger, and the names were not nearly so nice. The real bride wants to make sure everybody knows that, and so does the real groom, who just *looks* like a bride. So, uh, without further ado, they're going to get married.”

Priscilla and I stood up together and came up to the center of the room. There was nothing fancy like organ music or flower girls, and her dad didn't give her away. Her mom and dad had actually refused to attend the wedding because it was held at the UPF, not in a Christian church, and I wasn't a Christian. It was just as well, I guessed. That way, they would be sure not to have any heart attacks when they saw my long hair and my lovely wedding gown.

David and Goldberry were merely called our “witnesses,” not the best man and the matron of honor, but that was what they were. Goldberry was holding their little boy Sam by the hand, and she was glowing. By now, she and Priscilla were the best of friends, and she was rejoicing on her best friend's great day.

I now knew where the two gay guys who came out here back in 1970 had found the words they said, and why they said them together. That was how people got married in the UPF. Now Priscilla and I were going to say much the same words together, omitting the part about coming out as gay.

“The Universal Light,” we said, “has placed a message in our hearts. We are here to affirm our mutual love for life. We promise to love, to cherish, to honor one another, today, tomorrow, and all the days to come. Our love must flow and flourish, merging and uniting with the greater flow of universal life and universal peace. Here we stand, for we can stand nowhere else. Here we flow; here we must move on and grow forever.” Then, just like the two gay guys, we kissed each other on the mouth.

After the ceremony, our friends congratulated us in the social room. First came Chuck and Annette, who greeted us just as if we looked like any other newlyweds. They were fast workers; they had hardly been married a year, and Annette was already holding their newborn baby girl. To me the baby didn't look any different from any other wrinkly, unhappy-looking newborn, but Priscilla said she was beautiful and paid her far too much attention.

I knew Priscilla wanted a baby too. Actually, in spite of everything, so did I. The money was going to be pretty tight, but probably no tighter than it was for David and Goldberry. Some people thought the world was too bad and too crowded to bring any children into, but I had decided I didn't agree. Besides, I hoped things might be getting better; it even looked as if the war in Vietnam might be ending, at long last. At this rate, there might be a 21st century after all.

David and Goldberry each hugged us both; so did Sam, or at least we both hugged him. Then David produced a couple of bottles of champagne and popped the cork. We drank a toast, and refilled our glasses, and got more congratulations from a few of our other friends from the UPF and a couple of Priscilla's friends from grad school.

Last of all came my mom and dad. Unlike Priscilla's parents, they actually came to our wedding. They didn't say much to each other, or look at each other much, and they sure didn't act as if they loved each other—but at least they came and left together, and they stood side by side as they congratulated us. Mom looked more or less resigned to the fact that I looked like a bride, not a groom, although I could see that she wasn't happy about it. Dad was actually smiling, a little, kind of. I figured he must be in a much better mood than usual.

Soon Mom was talking it up with Priscilla and Goldberry. She obviously liked them both, even though they weren't Catholic. Knowing Priscilla, I figured she was going to tell Mom soon (if she hadn't already) that we weren't starting out our marriage using birth control. That would get her a lot of points with Mom, and it would even get me some by association. I had given Priscilla the impression that my parents were just as alienated from me as hers were from her, but now I could see that they weren't going to keep on like that—at least Mom wasn't.

As for Dad . . . well, I was surprised. For him, he was in a superbly good mood. I hadn't seen him since our confrontation in the Club of the Heights, but now he actually seemed to want to re-establish some contact with me.

“Hey, you know, I'm sorry about some of that stuff I said in the club,” he told me in a low voice. “I was pretty pissed. I guess I was *too* pissed.”

“Uh, no problem,” I said. “So was I.”

“You, uh, ended up quitting that job, didn't you?”

“Yeah. I quit that same night.”

“Hey, that's good. That's really good. You can do a lot better than that.” He took a sip of champagne. “You know, the firm has an entry-level opening for a paralegal. Steady income, probably pays a lot better than that free-lance stuff you

were doing before you took the job at the club. You know anything about paralegals?”

“Uh, not much.”

“Fairly new specialty, but it's catching on fast. Kind of a rung on the ladder between a legal secretary and a lawyer. Good experience, and I'm sure you could handle it—especially if you were going to get some more education on the side. The firm wouldn't care about the hair length, but the clothes would have to be, uh, a lot closer to the standard. Think you might be interested?”

“Uh—well, yeah, I might. I've been thinking about some things. I probably should try to make some more money, if I can get a good job. Who knows, I might even decide to be a lawyer someday after all—if I think I've got a chance to be the right kind of lawyer.” *Not your kind of lawyer*, I couldn't help thinking—but at least I didn't say that to Dad.

Dad actually *smiled* at me. “Hey, you can do it,” he said. “I always thought you had the brains for it. If you'll just buckle down and *work* for a change, you can really go places.”

“Maybe so,” I said.

“Well, give it a shot,” Dad said. “I'll get you an application for the paralegal job. They liked your work before, on the summer jobs. I'll bet you can get on.”

“Hey, thanks, Dad. Yeah, I'll give it a shot.”

“That's the spirit.” He took another sip. “Hey, and, you know, I hope your marriage works out a lot better than ours. I really mean that.”

That won't be hard at all, I thought—but again I didn't speak my offensive thought. “Yeah, well, I'll give that a shot too,” I said. Dad raised his glass; I raised mine too and clinked it.

* * * * *

If you ever meet my wife, please don't tell her I let you know about this. After all these years, she still wants our wedding night to be our little secret. After all these years, though, I've just *got* to tell somebody about it.

My bride and I entered our hobbit-hole, hand in hand. She declined to be carried over the threshold, which wouldn't have been possible anyway. We could never have afforded an expensive honeymoon in hotels and things, and we didn't want one. I was taking a week off from work, and Priscilla from her studies; that was all. Then we would live our ordinary lives. The little apartment was going to be pretty crowded with two people in it, but Priscilla said she didn't mind.

“Welcome home, my love,” I said. “Be it ever so humble, and all that.”

“It's where *you* are,” she said. “That's all I need.”

I looked up into her deep gray eyes, and into her deeper heart—all mine, as I was all hers. I wondered if I should try to say something suitable in response, or if I should just kiss her. I settled on the kiss.

It was a long one. She was no longer shy and restrained, as she had been in even our hottest make-out sessions long ago. Her tongue and mine met, lingered, and caressed one another as equals. I could feel already that she was as eager as I was, if not more so.

“Uh—maybe we should change into something more appropriate for the occasion?” she suggested with a little laugh. “Something much prettier and more feminine?” I agreed. Before we left the UPF we had changed out of our gowns, into more or less matching mannish clothes like the ones Priscilla had worn at Acacia Fountain.

She went into the bathroom; I remained in the living room and put on a negligee, a lot like the red one Stan had ripped, only this one was white. I pulled down the blinds and turned off the light. Then I entered the bedroom, pulled down more blinds, turned off another light, and turned on the little night light. I slipped my erection into hiding and sat on our double bed—a bit tight for two, but we would make do.

When Priscilla emerged from the bathroom, she wore a negligee that almost matched mine, complete with a low lacy neckline. Hers was even sheerer than mine; in the dim golden light that remained in the room, I could see her dark nipples bulging in hope of wedded bliss.

“Priscilla, you're lovely,” I told her, and I meant it.

She looked at me with grace and blessing in her eyes. “You wouldn't lie to me about that, would you?” she whispered.

“I sure wouldn't.”

“Thank you so much. I needed that.” She sat down on the bed and put her head on my shoulder. I embraced her. Then, as softly as possible, I touched her nipple through her negligee.

“Oh, yes,” she said. “Please do.” She pressed my hand with her own to her breast. She raised her lips to mine and kissed me again.

Soon she was taking special delight in following my lead, in doing to me what I was doing to her. I rubbed and squeezed her little breasts; she rubbed and squeezed my tiny ones. I kissed her nipples, and she kissed mine. I stroked her thigh, her tiny love-button, her hot moist virgin zone, and she responded in kind. I stripped off her flimsy negligee, and she stripped off mine.

Had we been two loving lesbians, all would have been well—but I was struck with fear. The time to break through the barrier, to change my love from willing maiden to willing wife, was drawing too near, too fast. I had read sex manuals, which said a man gets ready quick and must patiently wait for his ladylove to warm up. Maybe that was true of *normal* couples, I thought—but not of us.

Priscilla was nude, ready, and eager, trembling in expectation. I was trembling too, but in fear. The thought of my sickening failure with the fat girl at Jambo's, more than three years ago now, was gripping me fiercely and shaking me. I couldn't succeed with the fat girl, even though she was surely no virgin. To succeed with a virgin, with Priscilla, would be like climbing a wall of ice, like ascending Mount Everest alone. I even started to lose my big erection.

Priscilla sensed that something was wrong, and asked me if something was. "I guess I'm afraid," I admitted, after a deep, sad sigh.

She couldn't help laughing, though she quickly stopped herself. "You're afraid?" she said. "What about *me*? This is going to hurt me a lot more than it will hurt you!"

At least I could still laugh too. "That's the first time I've ever heard anyone say that when it was *true*," I said. "But I mean—well, I'm afraid I won't be able to *do it*. I keep thinking of that really sickening time when I was on dope and acting idiotic, and I went to Jambo's Dance Hell and picked up that dumb fat girl and tried to do it with her, and I couldn't. And she wasn't even a virgin."

Priscilla already knew about the incident with the dumb fat girl. "Don't worry about it," she said. "Pretty soon you won't care what happened back then."

I failed to believe her. My erection was vanishing fast. "I keep thinking a *normal* guy could have done it with her," I admitted, "but I couldn't because I wasn't normal."

Priscilla was being admirably patient with me, but this was testing her patience. "You stop that!" she admonished me. "You *are* normal. You're the one who convinced *me* of that. You're just more *versatile* than a lot of guys. They only wear men's clothes; you wear men's and women's clothes. So what? Don't back out on me *now*—please!"

I wished I wasn't going to, but I was. The future of our marriage was bleak already. I had no erection left at all.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I guess I'm really not ready yet."

Priscilla gave out a long, strictly controlled sigh, and then another one. "Well," she said. "I guess I shouldn't be too disappointed. This has been a pretty busy day. Maybe we'll be more refreshed tomorrow."

And tomorrow, and tomorrow, I thought. Would I ever be ready for Priscilla, before the last syllable of recorded time?

"Maybe so," I said, with little or no hope.

"But look," she said, "wouldn't you like to, um, at least make out a little more? I mean, I didn't want to go all the way when we weren't married, but nothing says you *have* to go all the way all the time when you *are* married. Isn't that right?"

"Uh—yeah, sure, I guess so."

“Well, then.” She gave me a kiss on the cheek. “Why don't we just pick up where we left off—at least for a little while? You *were* getting pretty excited for a while, and, um, so was I.”

I loved her. I wanted to please her. I wished I could satisfy her fully. I feared I couldn't, but at least I would do what I could.

I relaxed in her arms. We kissed on the mouth again. Her lips and tongue were full of love and yearning. She pulled my hand down between her thighs to meet the steaming entrance to her womanly cave. She had been getting *really* excited. I was sure that, if only it was possible, she would be ready for me to come into her right now.

I did start to get an erection again. Priscilla helped me with her long fingers, gently but firmly rubbing my manhood back to life. I loved her so much, and she was so kind and patient with me; maybe someday I could really fulfill her desire.

Yes, yes, I had an erection! My hand was smeared with hot honey from her deep pot, and I was rubbing my finger against her virgin barrier—seeking to know, and someday to vanquish, this sole remaining enemy of our wedded bliss. There must be a way—so many other couples had found a way—and I might even conquer it *tonight* after all, if only we could find the winning strategy.

“Oh, that's better,” Priscilla murmured. “Yes, that's much better. Oh, my love—may I kiss it? I mean, with my lower lips? Just give it a little kiss?”

I had a big erection. I was afraid I was going to ejaculate right then and there if she “kissed” it like that—but then I thought, so what if I did? We were only making out. We'd done it before, though she had never let me get *that* far. Besides, it would be progress, anyway.

“Yes. Please,” I said, almost gasped.

“Here, lie down,” she advised me. “Relax.” I complied. My erection was sticking straight up. My plum was now so big I feared it couldn't fit inside her, even if we did find the way.

Priscilla knelt above me, straddling my waist. “Give me your hands,” she said. I raised my hands to hold hers and steady her. Gently she lowered herself until her lower lips were kissing my plum indeed—most tenderly and most ardently.

I struggled to keep from gushing. If there was any way—if she were just to keep lowering herself, not only to press me against her hymen as she was doing now, but to force it to burst—I wanted to wait. I *had* to wait. I couldn't bear to disappoint her now.

Suddenly Priscilla screamed. She had raised herself slightly, and then forced herself down upon me with all her weight and might. She was crying out in pain, and I in fear—but I was inside her dark, hot cave of Venus. We were united at last.

“Priscilla! Are you all right?” I begged to know. “Should we stop? Do you hurt too much?”

“No!” she moaned. “No! Please! Don't leave me!”

I don't think I could have left her then, even if I had wanted to—which I didn't. I lowered her to press her breasts to mine and kiss her again on the mouth. “Can we turn over?” she asked me after that. “Can you get on top of me?”

“I don't know,” I said. The bed wasn't wide enough to turn over without great awkwardness, so long as we stayed together—and I was going to stay together with Priscilla, no matter what.

At last, somehow, we managed it, and we hadn't separated. “Oh, my *love!*” Priscilla whispered. “Please. Now. Go ahead. I'm ready. Give me everything you've got!”

Now that she was kissing my manhood all over with her tight, lithe, hot buttery womanhood, I almost wanted to delay and feel her longer—but I wanted more to please her. I started thrusting, trying to be gentle, hoping not to hurt her. I needn't have worried. Already Priscilla seemed to have forgotten the pain. Soon she was clasp my shoulders hard, bucking her hips, wildly shedding the last ripped shreds of her virginity, as she gasped out the words: “*Oh, my love! Please! Yes, yes, yes! I'm all yours! Thank you so much! Oh, I love you, I love you, I LOVE YOU!*”

Only after she had stopped bucking at last did I notice that I had gushed. I loved her so much; I had ceased to notice myself.

“Oh, my love,” she whispered to me, “I've waited so long for this day, and it's all been worth it. You're everything I've ever wanted in a husband—and *more!*”

“Uh—you're no slouch as a wife, either,” I said. She laughed. I hoped she wouldn't laugh hard enough to squeeze me out of her.

“I mean, you're the greatest,” I told her, and I meant it, though it sounded far too weak. “I'm really glad you waited so long for me. I know I didn't deserve it.”

“Nobody said you did,” she told me pertly, with another laugh. “But I'm pretty sure I didn't deserve to have you come back to me after all that time, and change so much for the better—so we're even.” I pressed my diminishing wiener into her as far as I could, hoping to stay inside her as long as possible, no matter how often she laughed.

“If you really want to show your gratitude to me,” said my beloved wife, “I'll just ask you for one thing.” She tilted her head back and looked down her nose at me, with mirth in her eyes.

“Uh, what's that?”

“Don't ever start wearing boring men's pajamas, all right? I like the pretty nighties a lot better. They're much more exciting. You convinced me that it was okay for you to wear them—so don't go backing out on me, all right?”

I suppressed a laugh, to keep from ejecting myself from her. “I won't,” I assured her. “You can count on me—at long last!”

She breathed a long sigh of supreme satisfaction. Though almost fully wilted now, I was still inside her, and she didn't want me to leave. “Better late than

never," she told me again, as on the night when we met at Acacia Fountain—"especially if late is *now!*"

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