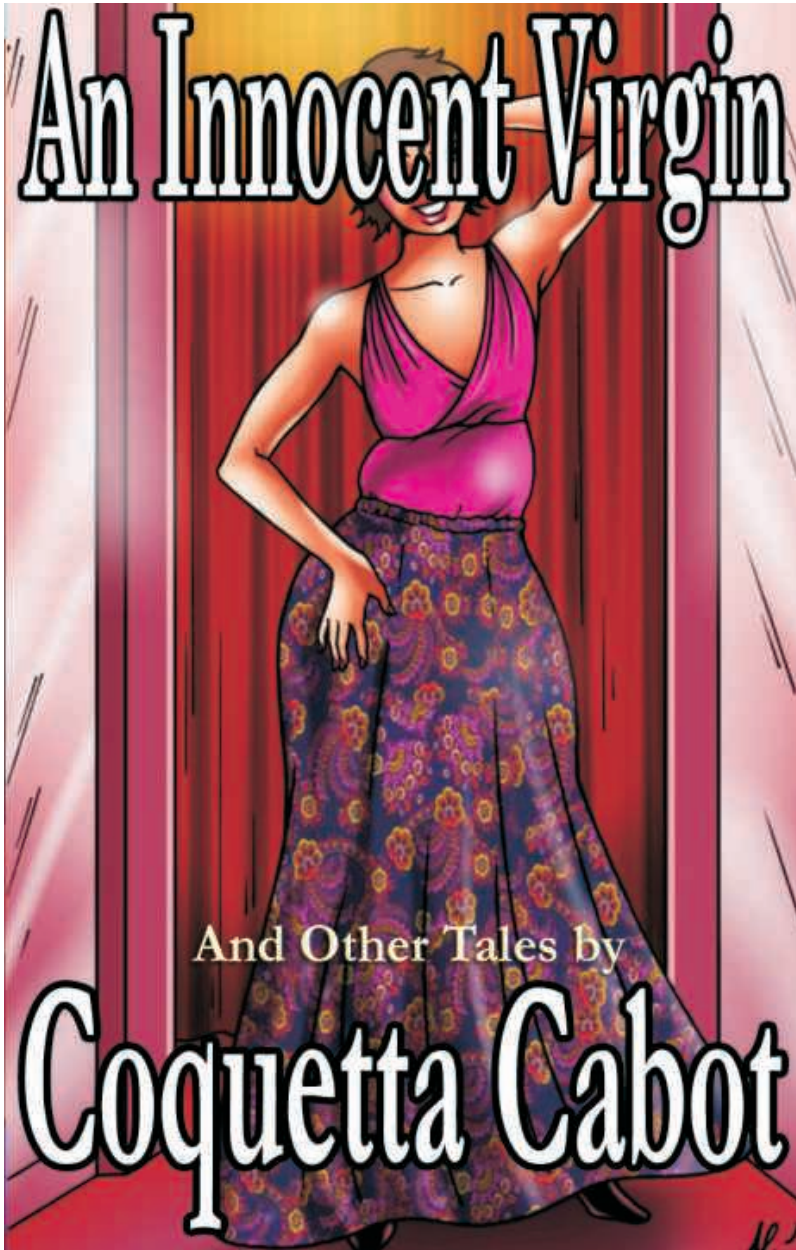


An Innocent Virgin



And Other Tales by

Coquette Cabot

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An Innocent Virgin

and Other Stories

By Coquette Cabot

AN INNOCENT VIRGIN

No! Please, not again! Dear God, help me! Help me not to sin again! Please help me now, to be a sweet, innocent virgin at heart—a virgin most pure!

I prayed with all my heart—or almost all, at least. I really did want to be good and pure, to be pleasing to God, but it was dreadfully hard when my flesh rebelled as intensely as it was doing now. My pointy little girlish nipples were hard and aflame with desire to be kissed; my

stout little four-inch coquette, secretly known as my “giant clitoris,” was swollen to maximum hardness and ignited almost to maximum heat; my plump, feminine-looking hips would have been trembling with the urge to do the deed, had I not kept them under the strictest control. And I had done nothing to deserve this, I assured myself—nothing except to try with all my might, or almost all, to keep myself pure and free from masturbation!

I had succeeded for more than a week now, though my last failure had been a disastrous one: I had lost all control, gone down to Club Swank Wank on a busy Friday evening, and exposed myself to total strangers for mutual masturbation. Next day, at least, I had remembered the good advice of the great St. Francis de Sales in the *Introduction to the Devout Life*: No matter how often, how hard, or how many times you may fall, simply pick yourself up at once, acknowledge your fault to God, and try again. I had gone to confession; I had firmly, sincerely resolved to sin no more; I really had sinned no more, or at least I had not physically committed sexy sins any more, until now. True, I was fully aware that the flesh was weak, no matter how willing the spirit might be; I did foresee, though I did not intend, that I might reveal myself as a sexy sinner yet again. But still I was in earnest, indeed almost desperately sincere, as I prayed again: *Dear God, please help me! I want to be a sweet, innocent virgin!*

Deeply I sighed. My excitement stubbornly refused to vanish, or even to subside. I would *not* go to Club Swank Wank again tonight, I vowed—especially since today was Saturday, and there would be no opportunity to go to confession afterward before Sunday Mass. I knew that full well, for there was a little Catholic chapel, the St. Frances Xavier Cabrini Chapel, within a short walk downhill toward the harbor from Club Swank Wank; once I had tried

in vain to find a priest there for confession on Saturday night, after I had sinned at the club. Mother Cabrini herself would never have approved, I thought; she would have wanted priests available 24 hours a day, every day, to welcome repentant sinners and cleanse their souls. "Mother Cabrini, pray for us!" I whispered.

Almost at once I knew what I must do. There would be some risk, as always—but it had worked before, though not always, and it was my best hope. To be a sweet, innocent virgin, I must look, think, and act like a real virgin: a good Catholic schoolgirl. At the age of 29, I was unlikely to be mistaken for a schoolgirl—but still I could, and would, be one at heart.

I must bare my burning breasts, but only for a moment, only long enough to put on my pure white bra and my equally white, high-necked blouse. I grasped the bra from the drawer and the blouse from the closet; I sat down on my bed and put them both as close to myself as I could, to minimize the time when I would not be fully clothed.

Surely a good girl would not stare at her own bare breasts while putting on her bra, so I did not. I stripped off my shirt and undershirt; I put one arm and then the other easily under the straps of the well-designed front-hook bra; I barely glanced at my plump little "AA-cup" breasts as I fastened the hooks of the petite but shapely B-cup bra. Then, with hands made expert by long experience in using handkerchiefs as breast-enhancers, I stuffed the bra until it looked quite full.

A good girl would proceed at once to put on her blouse, and so I did; then I looked for a moment in the mirror, and found my looks quite satisfactory. My curly chin-length light brown hair needed only a pure white headband to complete the fresh, innocent look I desired. My blouse would never reveal my cleavage to anyone at

any vantage point; my bra was slightly visible through the thin white cloth of my blouse, but only visible enough to let any onlooker see that it was not low-cut and showed nothing of my nipples.



I blushed to recall that I still retained a flimsy, lacy, low-cut red A-cup bra, which was stretchy enough to fit me tightly and did almost nothing to restrain my nipples—but no good Catholic schoolgirl would ever wear such a thing, nor would I dream of wearing it today.

Surely no good Catholic schoolgirl would have an erect four-inch clitoris sticking out and making the front of her panties bulge, either—but my skirt was full enough to conceal it fairly well, and that was the best I could hope for. I retrieved my pretty pink Patties' Puffies panties, generously cut to accommodate even (shall we say) ladies with gigantic clitties; I took down my subdued blue-and-green plaid knee-length skirt from the closet. I did not look at my coquette as I pulled down my trousers and my boxer shorts; I forced myself to well away from it as I quickly put on my panties and my skirt. Then I put on my headband, looked in the mirror again, and approved what I saw: a decent, ladylike schoolgirl indeed, not more than about 11 years older than your average high-school graduate. I was no longer Randolph Stimson McClimmons, a lonely, slightly aging, effeminate single male, who desperately longed for holy matrimony at times, but was far too sinful to be worthy of a good Catholic wife. I was now transfigured into the pretty and popular, yet thoroughly pure and innocent, Catholic virgin *Miranda McClimmons*, known as *Randi* to my friends and admirers.

I completed the look with white anklets and Mary Janes straight out of the 1950s; then I went to the bathroom, sitting down on the toilet like a girl of course, and arose to be seen by the world. This would be the most embarrassing part for me, but I had done it before with some success, and I knew I must do it again.

I walked toward the door with my hips swaying, my skirt swinging back and forth, like any other girl. I

thanked God for His good gifts, and (right now) especially for my Patti's Puffies. I was so excited that, if I had been wearing tighter panties, I might have ejaculated in them before I even got out the door.

I opened the door, walked down the stairs from my second-floor apartment, and entered the open air. Uphill, to my left, I saw the golden-domed Pacificum State Capitol, hiding the nondescript state government building where I worked as a paralegal for the state attorney general's office. Downhill to my right, the view along wide Capitoline Avenue was much more expansive. Below a few blocks of aging mansions and elegant apartment houses, the trees and meadows of Grand Stimson Park could be seen on both sides of the avenue. Farther below, I could see the skyline of Pacific Heights, with the well-known gigantic black box, the Magnum Supreme Building, towering over all. Down farther still I saw the harbor, the endless ocean beyond, and above all the rare blue sky filled with pure white clouds.

The park, of course, was my goal. There I might see normal, decent families with beautiful, modestly dressed moms, who completely (or almost completely) concealed any sexiness they might possess, saving it to reveal to their husbands alone. Then I would breathe a deep sigh of delight and relief, and perhaps the rebellion of my flesh would subside for now at least. True, I might also see women who flaunted their sexiness, and I might see some of the many gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and transgendered persons who flocked to the Capitoline Hill and nearby Queen's Bluff—but at least some of these might be repellent to me, and this too might help to quell my flesh's inflammation.

In the park's great meadow, filled with flowers in full bloom and surrounded by leafy green trees, I saw many people already enjoying the perfect weather beneath the

mid-morning sun. Joggers and cyclists ignored me; walkers smiled and said hello to me, though they did not know me.

One very pretty little mom with long dark hair and equally dark eyes, accompanied by four children, gave me an especially lovely, memorable smile. My eyes opened wide, and barely glanced down at her small but delightful-looking breasts before returning to her face. I gave her my sweetest, most virginal smile in return, and I sighed with delight after she had passed.

I turned and looked after her, trying to engrave her upon my memory—but all I could see of her was long hair, pink short-sleeved top, long flowered skirt, nice-looking ankles, and small feet in simple sandals. Her figure, I did see, was surprisingly girlish for a mom of four—not only her breasts, which her close-fitting top had shown me quite clearly, but also her fairly slender waist and her pleasantly rounded hips. Her husband, I fancied, must find her quite delightful. I almost wished I could be her husband myself, or the husband of a lovely lady like her. I had to remind myself quickly that it was almost hopeless for an un-manly man like me to want a good wife, especially since there was so much danger that I would cheat on her with men. For all I knew, I might even turn out to be impotent with a woman. Certainly I had never wanted sex with a woman outside of marriage, nor gotten an erection while thinking about it, while I had craved opportunities to “play girlfriend” for boys and men since the young age of 11.

I turned away from her. At least, I felt some relief to think, my “Catholic schoolgirl, innocent virgin” strategy to defeat my raging horniness was working to some extent. I was breathing more easily; my coquette was no longer rock-hard beneath my panties and my skirt, though the sight of the beautiful mom had been surprisingly

stimulating. I walked toward a bench to sit down, relax more completely, and enjoy the peace and beauty all around me—but then, before I could reach the bench, came the shock. I heard a too-familiar voice calling out to me: “Hey, Randi!”

I felt afraid to turn. I knew full well who it was. Almost at once my heart was pounding, and a hot blush suffused my face. I almost wished I could simply walk away without responding—but I was a good girl, and a good girl could never be so unforgivably rude.

I turned. I saw. It was him, all right, coming closer and closer—no doubt aiming to come *too* close. I saw the big, grinning, unmistakable face of Roger Randwick, one of the deputy attorneys general in my section—well known as one of the most sex-crazed young men in the attorney general’s office, if not in the entire state government, or indeed in Greater Pacific Heights or the State of Pacificum. Worse yet, I could see in Roger’s eyes that he was mentally stripping me nude. In a futile, foolish gesture, I placed my hand over my coquette, now fully erect again, as if I could prevent him from seeing it through my panties and my skirt.

“Wow, Randi, you’re looking even cuter than usual!” said Roger. Of course he called me “Randy” with a “y” at work—but now I could almost hear the difference between that and “Randi” with a cute, sexy, totally feminine little “i” on the end. My blush turned deeper. I knew at once that Roger would want sex with me—but at least he would not get it easily.

“I suppose you think you’re *acting* even cuter than usual,” I retorted.

Roger laughed. “No, about the same as usual,” he said. “Hey, how come you don’t dress like this at work? You’d do a lot more to beautify the office!”

Roger thinks I'm beautiful, I couldn't keep myself from thinking—worse yet, thinking with *pleasure*. I feared my greatest weakness was far too obvious to him: my weakness for admiration, any kind of admiration, for anything from my looks, my intelligence, my friendliness and helpfulness, to my sexy looks and my skill at mutual masturbation. Still, I insisted to myself, I must try not to make my weakness even more obvious than it already was.

"I don't dress like this at work," I informed him crisply, "because then guys like you might think I was another Vicki Rutledge." Vicki Rutledge, one of my fellow paralegals, was well known as a slutty "shemale" with a perpetually visible cleavage and an almost perpetually bulging skirt. Here in Pacificum—probably the most liberal state in existence, with some of the strongest and broadest anti-discrimination laws in the history of the universe—everyone treated Vicki as if she were just another female slut, at least until her panties came off to reveal her big cock (as I fancied they often did).

Roger laughed again. "You've got to be kidding!" he said. "You don't look anything like that slut. You look like a totally decent lady—maybe even a virgin."

I swallowed hard and dared to glance again at Roger's eyes. They were full of genuine admiration, such as I found hardest to resist. Of course I would not say anything to Roger about being a sweet, innocent virgin, much less about fearing I would fail to resist him, but I would say this: "Why, thank you. I'm glad to see you have some concept of decency after all, despite your reputation."

"My *undeserved* reputation," he retorted. "Didn't they teach you in paralegal school that a man has to be presumed innocent until he's proven guilty? You've never seen me having sex with anyone, have you? For all you really know, I could be a totally decent gentleman, maybe even a virgin. Right?"

I stared at him in disbelief; then I took up the challenge. "Even if I can't prove *beyond a reasonable doubt* that you're not," I said with great and sarcastic emphasis, "I'd at least have probable cause to arrest you on a charge of grossly indecent solicitation—if only there were such a charge any more, and if I had the authority to arrest you on it. I've seen you coming on to ladies in the office—real ladies, I mean, and to Vicki too. I've even seen you coming on to Gary, and to *me*." Gary Roundtop was an openly gay guy, known as a good friend of Roger's; as for me, Roger often stopped by to talk and to look me over, as if he were trying to discern whether I too was gay.

"Innocent friendliness only," Roger shot back. "I can't believe you would actually condemn me on mere suspicion, just because I like to be friendly to people. What if you could dare to bring *yourself* to be a bit friendlier to *me*? Would you condemn *yourself* for it?"

I was silent. I knew what would be all too likely to happen if I could dare to bring myself to be even a bit friendlier to Roger. I feared he knew too; I feared he could see me struggling to force myself not to be attracted to him, not to like him, not to want him to be my admiring friend, not to want sex with him this very day.

"Give me a chance," said Roger. "I'm not the kind of guy you think I am. I'm a decent guy, and you're a decent girl, even though you've been shy about letting anyone see you're a girl—until now. Can't we sit down and talk for a while? Can't we at least be friends?"

At least, my heart demanded, though I feared my coquette and my nipples were echoing and enhancing the demand. How rude and unkind it would be, I thought, to refuse to be friends with Roger!

I sighed, and felt my heart skip a beat. "Well, we'll see," I acknowledged. "All right, let's sit down and talk."

We sat on a bench at the edge of the meadow. Roger was too close to me, but at least he wasn't touching me. "Hey, I never imagined," he said. "Well, hardly ever. What with your hair, and your swivel-hips, and your nipples sticking out through your shirt, I did use to wonder every now and then whether you might be a girlie-boy like me."

He grinned, and barely touched my knee with his, obviously wanting to see if I would draw back or not. Perhaps I might have, if not for the words "like me." I opened my mouth wide and stared at him; I gave a little, barely believing laugh. "Uh—like *you*?" I said.

"You bet," he said, moving closer to me, pressing his thigh against mine. I started, I swayed away for a moment, but still I did not draw back; I left my thigh right where it was, and my coquette murmured its strong approval. "You don't think I could have got through high school with man-boobs like these and never been informed that I must be a girlie-boy, do you?"

I glanced, then gazed, at Roger's breasts through his T-shirt. I had always tried to ignore them before, but now I saw how big they were—bigger than mine really were; almost as big as mine looked in my bra. "Uh—well! Oh, dear!" I exclaimed. "I'm sure you couldn't have! Mine aren't really as big as they look in, uh, the bra I'm wearing, but they were big enough that I got teased about them in the shower room almost every day, and—uh—yours are bigger than mine!"

"I used to think they were way too big," said Roger, "but I don't any more. Now I love them—and I wear girls' clothes in secret, too, but I don't dare wear them out in the open like you." He wanted me to see him wearing girls' clothes in secret. It was as obvious as the nose on his face—and the cock in his pants, which were bulging enough to show me that his was bigger than mine.

"I never dared back in high school," I assured him. "I—uh—well, I always used to wish I knew a boy I could trust to see me, um, pretending I was a girl—but I never did, back then." I did not say "pretending I was a girl and playing girlfriend for him"—but my pounding heart, I feared, was transmitting the missing words to Roger so loudly that he could surely hear them.

"Well, now you sure do," he assured me. My heart throbbed hard—too hard. I feared I was going to give in to Roger's wishes if this kept up—but I could not refuse to reveal my secret self to Roger, for he too had known the humiliation and the excitement of being a secretly girlish boy.

"How long ago did you first pretend you were a girl," Roger asked me, "and how did you get started?"

"I was 11," I said, "or, actually, I guess I was 10." I was going to have to be pretty selective in this account, for I didn't want Roger to know how sexy I had been at the age of only 11—or did I? "I just, uh, felt good pretending to be a girl, and I drew pictures of myself as a girl," I said. "I didn't have any girls' clothes, but I stuffed hankies in my T-shirt and pretended I was wearing a bra."

He laughed, and his eyes darted to my breasts. "Do you stuff your bra with hankies now," he asked, "or something else? Or does it need any stuffing?"

"A little," I said. "Uh—not very much, though."

Can I see? Roger's eyes demanded to know, as clearly as if he had spoken the words.

"I do use hankies," I said. "I got pretty good at making them the right shape back then."

"You sure did!" He looked as if he wanted to touch my breasts without delay, but he held back. "Hey, are

these the only girls' clothes you have, or do you have some more?"

I took a deep breath. "Well, I do have some more," I admitted, "but these are the ones I wear, uh, out of doors."

What have I said? I thought at once in fear. He'll surely guess the ones I don't wear out of doors are too sexy! I'm revealing myself far too much to Roger! Dear Lord, please help me!

"I've got some I don't wear out of doors too," he told me eagerly. "Would you like to see them?"

"Uh—well—" *No! Not right now! Please, no!* I thought—but I was silent. I knew too well what would happen if I agreed, and yet I did not disagree.

"I think you'd like to see them," Roger gently insisted. "I don't think you'd be blushing so hard if you didn't want to."

I sighed. "Perhaps I wouldn't," I admitted. My blush, indeed, was so hot that I felt sunburned.

At least it was still morning, I reflected. I would have time to sin with Roger and still go to confession this afternoon. I was ashamed of thinking like this, as if I were a bad Catholic who made bad confessions, lying every time I said I firmly resolved to sin no more—but I was more excited than I had ever been in my life, and I was far too weak to resist.

"Let's give it a try," said Roger. For a moment, discreetly, he put his arm around me and touched my butt; he looked into my eyes to see how I would respond. I sighed again, but I had made up my mind. I did not withdraw my eyes from his; I did not try to remove his arm. I barely kept myself from giving his butt a quick touch in return.

“Yes,” I said. “Yes, I’d love that.” I was fully on fire now. In silence we rose and walked together out of the park.

Roger’s apartment, as it turned out, was right on Climstim Street, which ran along the uphill end of the park. He lived in a tall red brick apartment building next to a wide stairway, which ran up the steep hill instead of a street in that block. Near the top of the stairway—very convenient for confession, when the time came—was the white-domed Church of St. Thomas More, completed way back in 1950 as the parish church for the Capitoline Hill area.

The time for confession had not come. Right now I simply glanced up the stairway toward the church and then moved on, into the red-carpeted foyer of Roger’s building.

“I’ve got a great little apartment in here,” said Roger as we entered the elevator. “Incredibly impressive view, just the right size, and the rent isn’t too bad for what you get.”

“Uh, it certainly looks like a very nice building,” I said as we arose to the eighth floor, second from the top, and emerged from the elevator.

“It’s excellent,” Roger assured me. “Come on in and make yourself at home.” He opened the door to reveal an impressive view indeed of the skyline, the sky, and the ocean.

“I’ll be right back!” Roger promised, zipping into his bedroom and closing the door. I looked around the small, sparsely furnished apartment. Except for a couple of chairs by a small round table in the kitchen area, on the far side of the apartment next to the gigantic picture window with the impressive view, the only place to sit appeared to be a red plush love seat along the left wall, facing the bedroom

door. Unless I remained standing, my only choice was either to face away from Roger and toward the view of the wide world outside, or to sit in the love seat—the *sex* seat in reality, I fancied—and stare at the bedroom wall awaiting Roger.

I sighed. I had come here for Roger, not for the view. I sat in the sex seat, primly arranged my skirt so it almost covered my knees, held it in place with both hands, and stared at the dark wood wall.

At least the wall was not totally blank. Roger did have some artistic taste, leaning strongly toward French portraits of girls and women. Two Renoir reproductions dominated the wall, one on each side of the bedroom door. One showed a wide-eyed, innocent-looking little girl among flowers; the other showed lovely, buxom nude women bathing together and laughing. On seeing them so juxtaposed, I could not help noticing a striking similarity, in hair color and facial features, between the fully clothed little girl and one of the nude women. It seemed almost as if Renoir, and Roger, were making a statement: “See how good little girls grow up and get nude and sexy!” The ironic thought came to me at once: *See how good Catholic schoolgirls grow up, get sexy, and soon get nude and sexier!*

Two other reproductions, more widely separated, then caught my eye in sequence. The one on the left, beyond the picture of the little girl, I recognized as Fragonard’s *La Lisante*, “Young Girl Reading.” It showed a side view of a fully clothed, pretty young lady with small but attractive breasts, reading a little book. The one on the right, extremely different in appearance at first glance, was Ingres’s *Grande Odalisque*—a nude woman in a harem, looking over her shoulder at the viewer, with her bare breast plainly visible beneath her outstretched arm, and her big buttocks almost directly facing the viewer. This one I had parodied in a drawing of myself that showed

my coquette peeking out beneath my buttocks, as big as those of the Grand Odalisque—before I destroyed the drawing and confessed the masturbation it had evoked. Now I wondered if Roger was suggesting a connection by juxtaposing these two pictures, as with the two Renoir pictures. Did prim, brainy virgins, like Fragonard’s young girl reading, grow up to be harlots in harems, just as innocent little girls grew up to be sexy nude women?

I had little time to think about it, for Roger rushed back into the room—and drove all thoughts of prim, brainy virgins, including myself, out of my mind. He had changed clothes exceedingly fast, and totally. Now he wore only a skimpy red bra and tight red panties bulging in front to the limit, both covered only by a short, low-cut baby-doll nightie so sheer it was almost transparent.

“Please tell me the truth, Randi,” said Roger, almost shyly. “Do you think I’m pretty?”

“Oh!” I couldn’t keep from gasping at the question. “Uh—well, yes, I think you’re very pretty!”

“Oh, thank you so much!” Roger said, sitting down very close to me on the sex seat. “I’ve wanted to hear that for so long—but I didn’t know anyone I could trust to keep my secret!”

I’m sure you could have trusted Vicki Rutledge, I thought—but I didn’t say it. I feared it might hurt Roger’s feelings—his feminine feelings, now revealed as so much like my own.

“Uh, well, you can trust me,” I assured him. I was so excited that my fingers clutched the hem of my skirt and started to pull it up. I forced myself not to pull it up further, but I did not push it back down either. Roger saw his opportunity, and slipped his hand between my bare legs just above my knees. My excitement made me clasp his hand tightly between my legs.

“It’s so wonderful to be able to trust you,” he said, slipping his hand slightly toward my coquette. I threw away almost all restraint, and pulled my skirt up to reveal almost all of my bare legs. Roger’s hand took almost full advantage, but stopped just short of his hot, throbbing goal.

“Did you use to pretend you were letting a boy do things like this to you when you first got started pretending you were a girl, when you were 10 or 11?” he asked.

“Uh—well—yes, when I was 11,” I said. “Not when I was 10, but—when I was barely 11, I had my first wet dream, almost the only one I ever had. There was this girl in my class who had a reputation as a bad girl who, uh, would let boys fuck her. One night I dreamed I was *her*, and a boy was fucking me in the shower. In the dream, I could feel him putting his—his wiener inside me, and I got incredibly excited. When I woke up, the sheet was all sticky and gooey. The next night, I pretended I was her while I was awake. I hid my wiener between my legs and pretended a boy was fucking me, I got incredibly excited again, and pretty soon the backs of my thighs were all sticky and gooey. I did it almost every night after that for years, in the shower or in bed.” It was all true. I had never even tried to refrain from masturbating until I was 16, when I decided the most effective and offensive way to rebel against my bad Catholic parents would be to become a good Catholic. By that time, I had at least 1,500 girls’-style orgasms under my belt.

“Did you ever really let a guy fuck you between your thighs while you pretended you were a girl with your wiener hidden?” Roger was rubbing his hand between my thighs now, very close to my panties.

“Not really,” I said, “but I—I have fucked myself like that with a shampoo bottle.”

“Do you want to let me fuck you like that? Right now? In the shower?”

I took a deep breath with my mouth open, for this was breathtakingly fast, but I could not turn back now. “Yes,” I admitted. My coquette gave a little preliminary spurt of approval as Roger put his arm around me, lifted me from the sex seat, and rapidly escorted me into the bathroom, to the right of the kitchen.

It was a most remarkable bathroom. A clear transparent pane, instead of a wall, filled the entire side of the bathroom facing toward downtown and the ocean. The shower was not enclosed; instead, shower tiles covered the entire walls and floor, so that the sink, toilet, bench, and closet were effectively in the shower, at the far side away from the showerhead. An observer with a powerful telescope in the Magnum Supreme Building, if present, could have seen everything going on inside, so long as the picture window was not steamed up too much.

At once Roger stripped off his nightie and pulled down his panties, leaving only his red bra on. His cock, at least seven or eight inches long, was sticking straight out toward me. My fingers trembled as I awkwardly unbuttoned my blouse and opened it to reveal my white bra. I hoped I wasn't going to ejaculate too soon, but it wasn't going to be easy to wait.

“Please undo my bra and kiss my nipples,” Roger begged me. I eagerly complied, standing slightly to one side so I wouldn't bump into his cock. I reached around Roger and unhooked his back-hook bra; I slipped the straps over his shoulders, dumped the bra on the floor, and opened my mouth wide to receive his big, unmanly breast. His nipples were bigger than mine; they were as hard as mine, and at least as excitable, to judge from Roger's moaning and clutching me while I kissed them.

“May I kiss yours too?” he asked me, but he didn’t wait for an answer. Pressing his cock hard against my skirt, he reached around to unhook my bra in back, until he realized the hooks were in front. Then he expertly yanked all the hooks out at once and stripped my breasts. Clutching my butt with one hand and my back with the other, he began to excite my nipples so fervently with his mouth that I soon had to beg him to stop, lest I should gush too soon.

“Let’s shower,” he demanded, and I readily agreed. I pulled off my Mary Janes and my socks as fast as I could. Roger couldn’t wait for me to strip off my skirt and panties myself; he pulled them both down at once to reveal my four-inch coquette, throbbing as hard as my heart. Throwing them as far from the showerhead as he could, Roger turned on the shower, adjusted the temperature, and turned to face me.

“OK, girlfriend,” Roger said. “Let’s fuck.” I pressed my coquette down between my legs; then I eagerly complied with his demand.

He kissed me full on the mouth, thrust his tongue in rapidly and deep, and gripped my buttocks hard. With no lubrication but for the rushing water, he pressed his penis between my hidden coquette and my thigh, just below my mound of Venus, almost as if I were a real girl and he was really fucking me standing up in the shower. Deeper and deeper he pressed, until our two pubic mounds met. Then he released my mouth, leaned over, reached beneath my butt, and clasped my coquette with his hand. Pulling my bulb up until I almost cried out in pain from having my coquette bent so far backward, he held my coquette firmly in place, almost straight along the side of his cock. Then he exploded in a frenzy of fucking, pumping his piston back and forth at an extremely high rate of speed, rubbing it hard against my backward-turned coquette while I

squeezed it as tightly as I could between my thighs and lost all control of my wildly bucking hips, until we both erupted into orgasm at once, springing gushers almost in parallel, uniting twin fountains of semen beneath my buttocks, sending our mingled sperm into the roaring hot water of the shower and down the drain.

“O my God!” I gasped in silence. It was the beginning of the Act of Contrition, which I had said so many times, but I could not continue. All I could say was “God, help me!” I could not reach the words “I am heartily sorry” —surely not, when I had not yet even withdrawn from letting Roger fuck me in the shower!

“Oh, man! Oh, baby!” Roger said. “Oh, Randi, that was superb! I never imagined! You’re the greatest! We’ve got to do this again soon!” I was silent.

“I can’t promise anything,” I insisted, in response to Roger’s repeated pleas that we had to do it again soon. “I don’t know when, or if, I’ll want to do it again. I’m pretty unpredictable about that.” I had my Catholic virgin costume on again, and I was heading out the door. My revulsion at my own idiocy in letting Roger fuck me was rising, and I was begging God to help me never do it again, but I didn’t tell Roger that.

“OK, sweetie. Just let me know,” Roger said, seeming superbly confident that I really would want it again. I was silent. I walked out without looking back, and he shut the door.

“O my God,” I succeeded in saying in the elevator, “I am heartily sorry for having offended you!” It was actually true. Just like so often before, I was sick and tired yet again of saying “fuck you” to God, forgetting all about Him in the heat of fucked-up excitement, exalting my superheated nipples and my crazed little coquettish cock

above their Creator. Maybe my repentance wouldn't last, just as it had never lasted all that long before—but at least it would be a little better than nothing. I finished the Act of Contrition before I got out of the building: "And I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend you, my God, who are all good and worthy of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of your grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life."

Amending my life would be mighty tough, I knew, but at least I could confess my sins and do penance. Even before that, maybe I could go up to the church and pray for help. I set foot on the bottom step of the wide white stairway, and began the block-long climb.

This is worthless, I was saying to myself before I had gone many steps up. I'll never break free from my favorite sins, and secretly I don't even want to. I'm lying when I say "I firmly resolve." I've been making bad confessions all along, not really deciding to quit sinning at all. I'm going to make another bad confession today, too—unless I just decide to fuck and wank at will from now on, with no more confession afterward. I'm such a crappy Catholic anyway—why even keep up the pretense?

I grabbed the handrail and kept walking up, though pretty slowly. I was going to get to the top, and I was going to go into the church, if it was open. I wasn't going to succumb to that kind of thinking, either, if I could help it. With the help of God's grace, I had actually won the fight against sin on more than a few occasions, even though I had lost it on many others. Yes, I had often played the harlot, the "Grande Odalisque"—but sometimes I had been the pure, virginal "Young Girl Reading" and stayed that way until I slept. What was more—I gave an ironic little smile—even when I lost the fight, the sins them-

selves were more exciting when I had fought hard against them than when I had caved in without a struggle!

I raised my eyes and whispered, “God, help me! Lord, have mercy!” I feared my latest thought was so bad I would need to confess it along with the fucking. I had to admit it was true, though. When I finally caved in and went wild with Roger today, my sin was one of the most exciting of my life, in part because I had tried hard to fight against committing it. On the other hand, the least exciting, most boring sins of my life were the ones I had committed as a matter of course—like in many of my 1,500 or so girlish orgasms from the ages of 11 to 16, after the novelty wore off and before I decided to try to be a good Catholic.

I need to fuck and wank, something kept whispering in my mind. I need orgasms. I can't live for long without them—I've seen that over and over again!

So what? the better part of me retorted. *If I really need them, I'll have them—and they'll be more exciting if I was trying not to have them!*

I'm going to keep making bad confessions and go to hell, something whispered. *I'm planning to keep on sinning for the excitement of it. I'll just pretend I don't want to, to make it more exciting when I show I really do want to!*

I gripped the handrail harder. *I do not really want to,* I insisted to myself. *I know it's idiotic, but I know I'm weak too.* Remembering again a crucial distinction I had become all too familiar with over the last 13 years, I told myself yet again: *Maybe I foresee that I'm probably going to fuck or wank again, sooner or later, but that doesn't mean I intend, right now, to do it again sometime!*

I sighed with relief and propelled myself upward toward the church. I did not intend, right now, to fuck or wank any more. I really did intend *not* to do it any more.

My confession today wasn't going to be bad merely because I knew I might sin again at some future time, like if my weakness for sexiness kicked in hard again.

I reached the top of the stairs, walked up to the church, and tried the door. Gladly I pulled it open, walked in, dipped my fingers in the holy water, and made the sign of the cross.

I was surprised to see how many people were inside, until I looked at my watch. Every weekday, even on Saturdays, St. Thomas More Church had a noon-time Mass. Usually I didn't go on weekdays, only on Sundays, although occasionally I went at noon on workdays in Lent. It wasn't Lent any longer; it was Easter-time, and I hadn't been inside a church since last Sunday, the day after I confessed my Club Swank Wank disaster.

I was even more surprised to see the beautiful little mom I had seen in the park, now in one of the pews with her four children. I had never seen them in church before, nor anywhere else at any time, except in the park this morning. The pew behind them was vacant. Quickly I genuflected and sat down in it.

"Dear Lord, please forgive me," I prayed. "Help me know all my sins, be truly sorry for them, confess them sincerely, and" —yes, I dared to add, heedless of the improbability—"help me never offend you again." I decided to stay for Mass, although of course I wouldn't receive Communion since I had committed a mortal sin and not confessed it yet.

I was pretty distracted during Mass, although I did participate and pay some attention. Thoughts of the beautiful mom and her unusually well-behaved kids occupied at least as much of my mind as the liturgies of the Word and the Eucharist, even before it came time for the sign of peace. Then, when the beautiful mom turned to shake my

hand, she gave me a big, wide-eyed smile of recognition, making me think her husband must be one of the luckiest guys in the universe. I gave the mom an even bigger, wider-eyed smile in return, although for a fraction of a second I did fail to force my eyes away from her delectable-looking little breasts. I didn't believe in falling in love with other guys' wives, or in love at first sight either, but I came too close to doing what I didn't believe in at that moment.

Her kids were pretty distracting, too. The oldest, a girl who looked about seven, was going to grow up to attract a husband even luckier than her dad, if her ready smile and her intelligent, loving-looking eyes were any indication. Two boys, a dark-haired one about five and a light-haired one about three, looked smart and happy too, and showed an impressive lack of restlessness for their age. The youngest, a baby girl about one year old, looked absolutely ecstatic to see me, and laughed when I shook her little hand.

I decided to get in line, cross my arms, and get a blessing from the priest, even though I wasn't going to receive Communion. The beautiful mom and her eldest daughter did receive; the baby, in mom's arms, clapped her hands; the boys crossed their arms like me.

After Mass, the mom and kids (except the baby) knelt and said a little prayer together; then the mom told her daughter, "OK, let's get ready for confession." I wasn't expecting confession to be until 3 p.m.; since I hardly ever went to the noon Mass on Saturdays, I didn't remember that there was confession right afterward. Quickly, though, I decided to go right now. I was ready; aside from the fuck, I only had the usual crappy little sins to confess, like a bit of overeating, impatience, contemptuous thoughts about other people (especially Vicki Rutledge), and especially distractions at Mass and at my prayers. I

didn't see that wearing women's clothes as such was a sin, especially when they were Catholic virgins' clothes, and I wasn't accustomed to confess it, even though I knew some people would think I should.

I slipped out of the pew ahead of the mom and daughter to get in line. I wondered if I would dare to introduce myself after confession. I was afraid they would be shocked when they heard my voice. I could fake a woman's voice for indiscriminating men, but a real woman would know at once that I wasn't one.

The priest who had said the Mass entered the reconciliation room. It was Father Goldsmith, the pastor—a short, balding, bespectacled, plain-looking man at least 70 years old. That was good. I didn't know how some priests would react if I confessed a fuck with a guy, and I didn't want to find out, but I could always count on Father Goldsmith, who had probably heard every sin under the sun and then some.

Soon it was my turn. I entered the reconciliation room and hid behind the screen. I never went face to face, even when I wasn't wearing girls' clothes. I wanted a totally anonymous confrontation between sin and the Church, not a personal discussion between me and some guy, even if it was Father Goldsmith.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," I said. "It's been about a week since my last confession. Since that time, on one occasion I engaged in homosexual activity. I also overate on a few occasions; I expressed impatience at a couple of people at work; I indulged in contemptuous thoughts sometimes about people I didn't like; I succumbed to distractions at Mass and at my prayers. I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life, especially any sins of impurity and voluntary distractions."

“Well, these are all things we just need to keep struggling with,” said Father. “Try to avoid the near occasions of any sins against purity you may be tempted to commit, and try to remember the beauty of pure love, with the help of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. For your penance, say a decade of the Rosary, and now make a good act of contrition.” I did; Father absolved me from my sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; he sent me off to go in peace.

I chose the First Glorious Mystery, the Resurrection. I didn’t have my rosary with me, so I counted the 10 Hail Marys on my fingers. Meanwhile, the beautiful mom and her daughter went to confession. By the time I was done with the decade, an idea was coming to me about how I could meet the mom—a bit daring, perhaps, but not so potentially disastrous as letting her hear my voice. I pulled a pen and a little memo pad out of my purse, and wrote, “Hi! Are you new to this parish?”

The time came. They got up. So did I. My heart was pounding as hard as it had done in Roger’s apartment, and I was more afraid. What if the beautiful mom could tell I wasn’t really a woman—and what if she was appalled? Should I really risk offending her just to meet her—and for what?

I had to decide. I couldn’t pass up the chance. As soon as we got outside, I walked up and showed her the message on the memo pad.

Her eyes opened wide. She glanced at me, but tried hard not to stare. The less she looked at me, I figured, the better. Not only would she be less likely to guess that I wasn’t really a female, but—I tried to resist the thought, but utterly failed—if she wasn’t looking at me, my eyes could more readily and repeatedly dart toward her breasts.

She seemed undecided whether to reach for the memo pad and write something, or to speak. At last she spoke: "Uh—do you need me to write the answer for you?"

I smiled, and tried hard not to let the sound of my sigh of relief be too loud. It was working, I thought. She wanted to know if I was a deaf-mute, or only mute. I shook my head "No" and held my hand up to one ear, to indicate that I could hear her.

"OK," she said. "Yeah, we are pretty new here. We just moved in last week, in fact. My husband got a job with the state, in the IT department." After a second, she added, "We used to live in Quoheemish, and we belonged to St. Philomena's down there."

I nodded. Quoheemish, as everyone in Pacificum knew, was the second largest city in the state, named after the Quoheemish people, who were the largest tribe anywhere around when the white people first showed up.

"Is this a pretty good parish?" she asked. "We're renting an old house near here right now, because it's close to work for my husband, but we don't know if we'll end up staying in this parish or not."

I wrote: "Yes, it's very good. Father Goldsmith is excellent, and there are a lot of activities going on. The choir is really good, too."

She read. "Oh, good!" she said. "I sang in the choir at St. Philomena's, and I was thinking I might join here. My husband sings, too. That was one of the first common interests we noticed on TCS, the Totally Catholic Singles website. That was where I met my husband."

I raised my eyebrows, smiled, and opened my eyes wide, making myself obviously eager to hear more. *Are there any more where you came from?* I wondered, but of course I didn't ask. Yet again, after a slight delay, I ripped my eyes away from her breasts.

“Back then,” she went on, “TCS was pretty new, and I wasn’t sure what I thought of it, but I figured it was probably better than nothing, which was what I had before. I was living way up in Eagle Point, where I grew up—medium-small town, lots of non-Catholics and bad Catholics, zero good Catholic single guys my age. My parents couldn’t afford to send me to college, so I was just working in a grocery store, wondering if that was what I was going to be doing all my life. I read about TCS, and I decided to give it a try.” She grinned. “I had to weed out some frogs before I met my prince, but it was worth it. Actually I don’t know if the frogs would have turned into additional princes if I kissed them, because I didn’t kiss them. I waited until I knew my prince was a prince, *my* prince, before I kissed him.”

That sounded like a wonderful idea to me, although it was a bit late for me to put it into practice consistently. I was going to write something, but she went on too quickly. “I recommend it to people so much they might think I’m getting paid,” she said with a laugh, “but I’m not. I just think it’s such a great idea, you can get to know somebody by writing and sending pictures before you even decide whether you want to meet them. There are a lot more people involved in it now than there were back when we were using it; the dues are lower now, and your chance of meeting somebody really great is a lot better.” She smiled at me yet again, and I actually dared to wonder if I might someday meet somebody as great as her.

“I mean, if you have any interest in that sort of thing,” she went on. “I’ve just noticed that, uh, girls with no wedding rings sometimes do have an interest in that sort of thing!”

“Oh, yes! *Yes!*” I almost blurted out before I remembered I wasn’t supposed to talk. Instead I silently nodded

“Yes! Yes!”—so vigorously that the beautiful mom laughed.

“Oh, yes! Yes!” I almost blurted out before I remembered I wasn’t supposed to talk. Instead I nodded “Yes! Yes!”—so vigorously that the beautiful mom laughed.

“Well, great!” she said. “I hope you’ll give it a try, then!” She wrote down “Totally Catholic Singles” and the URL on my memo pad, and gave it back to me. I nodded vigorously again. Before she could get away with her kids, I quickly wrote: “By the way, my name is Miranda McClimmons. What’s yours?”

“Oh! I’m Rebecca Tawnyhill. My kids are Marie-Rose”—she indicated the older girl—“and Bobby, Joey, and Annie, who’s the baby. And my husband is Paul. You can meet him tomorrow if you see us at 10:00 Mass.”

“Good!” I wrote. “I’ll be there! I’m so glad I’ve met you, Rebecca!” I added with the utmost sincerity.

Back in my lonely little apartment, I did look up the Totally Catholic Singles website. It didn’t show any lonely single people like me, only happy couples who already had marriages made in heaven, with a little earthly help from TCS. There were plenty of testimonials about how people had found their God-given spouses through TCS, but nothing about how lonely people had tried TCS, found it didn’t work for them, and stayed lonely. There was a big “JOIN” button in a prominent place on the home page, but I didn’t click it. Visions of hordes of unsatisfactory female “frogs” belly-danced in my head. Almost hidden among them were a select few like Rebecca—a few who no doubt would evaluate me and decide I myself was a frog, not a prince, especially if they had any idea that I was secretly effeminate.

I looked at the TCS website and thought about it, I would tell Rebecca after Mass tomorrow, but it's all pretty new to me, and I decided to think about it for a while more. I wouldn't need to tell her the "while" might last for years.

But what if it's my only chance? I wondered. I'm not cut out to be a virgin for life! I'm cut out to get married, I know, whether it's hopeless or not—and I'm sure I wouldn't be impotent, if I could just find a wife like Rebecca!

It was true. Even though I had ejaculated with Roger only this morning, I was getting an erection just thinking about Rebecca. I guessed I should be ashamed of myself for dwelling on thoughts about another guy's beautiful wife and getting an erection, but I couldn't help it. She was just so lovely and so desirable, and I needed a wife so incredibly much!

I would see her again tomorrow morning, I reminded myself, and I would meet her unbearably fortunate husband too. I would have an erection, and I would want a long, full skirt to conceal it. Until now, I had worn nondescript male attire to church and passed almost unnoticed by almost all; my feminine attire, except for my Catholic virgin uniform, was totally unfit to be seen in church. Tomorrow I must appear as a woman, a decent Catholic woman before Rebecca and her husband—and that meant I must make a quick trip to the Capitoline Hill store of the Movers and Shakers Thrift Shoppes.

I arose at once, picked up my purse, left the building, and walked to the store, two blocks uphill toward the Capitol and on the opposite side of Capitoline Avenue. After barely nodding at the saleslady at the register, I strode into the large ladies' wear section and intently began to search.

I was in luck. Before long, in a fitting room, I was gazing upon my own womanly loveliness in the mirror with

almost as much satisfaction as if I had been looking at Rebecca. I had found not only a skirt but also a top a lot like hers. The top was magenta, not pink, and the neckline was lower than on Rebecca’s high-necked pink top—but I verified that it didn’t show cleavage, even when I bent over.



In my handkerchief-stuffed bra, my breasts looked bigger than Rebecca's, and the top showed them just as clearly as her top showed her smaller-looking ones. My flowered skirt was darker and a bit wilder-looking than hers, but it extended almost as far toward the ground as hers did, it fit my waist and hips well, and it did conceal my swollen coquette completely. For all that anyone could tell from looking at me, I might even be a beautiful mom like Rebecca!

The price was right, too, as usual at Movers and Shakers. I paid it gladly, now giving the saleslady a big, excited smile. Then I emerged into the open air and almost skipped back down Capitoline Avenue toward my apartment. At least I was ready now to face Rebecca and her husband in church—no matter what might, or might not, happen after that.

I did have an erection, a big one, as I put my white bra on and stuffed it. The erection did not go down, to say the least, when I put on my close-fitting magenta top and slipped my long flowered skirt down over my Patti's Puffies. Had my panties been tighter, I would have been putting myself in grave danger of ejaculating in my panties in church, if not before I got there.

My heart was pounding hard as I descended the stairs to the street and walked to church. My thoughts of my womanly self and of Rebecca, I feared, would leave me very little attention to pay to the Mass, but at least I would give it what paltry attention I could.

The church was already fairly full when I arrived. I could not sit near Rebecca and her family, but I could plainly recognize them from behind. Her husband was a short, stout man with short light brown hair; he was not much taller than Rebecca herself, who could hardly be

more than five feet tall. I would *not* think about his bliss in uniting as one flesh with the lovely Rebecca, I insisted to myself, though I had little hope of success. I would pay as much attention to the Mass as I could, and receive Our Lord worthily in Holy Communion. "God, help me!" I begged—for no one less powerful than Himself could help me succeed.

Strangely enough, I did succeed, for the most part at least. In my imagination, Rebecca and her husband had done no more than embrace and kiss each other with their clothes on when it came time for Communion, and I had actually followed the Mass with a fair degree of attention, maybe even greater than usual. When the priest said "The Body of Christ," I earnestly said "Amen" and received Our Lord. Then I prayed, "Lord, live in me forever, and let me bear much fruit for you," as I always did—just as if I had never succumbed to the sex craze in my life, much less let Roger fuck me barely 24 hours ago.

"The Lord be with you," said the priest—not Father Goldsmith this time, but his young assistant, Father Szczewynczek. "And with your spirit!" I responded heartily with the congregation. "The Mass is ended, go in peace," he said, and I responded, "Thanks be to God!" Then, after the closing hymn, I watched Rebecca's family carefully and made sure to meet them.

"Hi, Miranda!" Rebecca called out from the steps of the church. Her family descended to meet me. "Paul," she said, "This is Miranda, who I met yesterday—you know, uh, the girl I was telling you about who can't talk."

"Oh, yeah!" said her husband Paul, looking at me more intently than I might have expected. His light blue eyes darted down, then back up, just as my eyes had repeatedly done to Rebecca yesterday. "Hey, I'm glad to meet you," he said. "Rebecca said you were telling her—I mean, writing to her that this is a pretty good parish. I like

it so far—good sermon today, good music, no goofy hymns. I think we might stay here, and sing in the choir too.” I gave him a big smile and nodded “Yes” to indicate my approval.

Paul and Rebecca talked, and I wrote, for a few minutes while Marie-Rose pushed the stroller and talked with another girl, and the boys talked and laughed. Then, as if on cue, Rebecca said, “Well, I think we’ll walk home and get lunch ready. See you in a few minutes.”

“OK, just a few,” said Paul. He gave Rebecca a kiss and turned to me.

“Hey, you know,” he said, walking along the sidewalk with me away from the remaining crowd, “Rebecca’s pretty sharp, and she was wondering about something. If there’s nothing to this, you just let me know—but, if there is, it might not hurt to talk about it. She was just wondering if, uh, you really *can* talk, but there’s some reason you don’t want to.”

I stared at him. I dared not speak. Of course there was a reason, but it must not be revealed.

“I mean,” he said, “well, like maybe something about how you’d sound if you did talk.” He grabbed a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. “If you really want to know,” he said, “she was wondering if you’re like me—a guy who sometimes wears girls’ clothes. If you’re not, just shut me up and you’ll never hear about it again.”

My mouth fell open. “Uh—” I gasped before I could stop myself. “Uh—well, yeah, I guess she is pretty sharp, all right. That’s true.” I was more astounded than ever in my life. Now that my tongue had been loosened, I must know all.

“Uh—tell me about it,” I begged. “She—she knows about you, uh, wearing girls’ clothes, and she doesn’t mind?”

“Well, it took her a while to get used to the idea,” Paul admitted. “I was afraid to tell her about it before we got married. Then one day, when I thought the time was ripe, I happened to mention that I’d been so fascinated with girls since I was 12 or so that I just had to know how it felt to be a girl myself, so I used to pretend I was one, and sometimes I wore girls’ clothes back then. It was always ‘back then’ at first, you know; nothing about *now*. She was a bit shocked to find out, but she sure wasn’t going to dump me for something like that, that happened when I was a kid—you know, she really believes the whole bit about ‘until death do us part,’ and so do I.”

“So do I,” I rejoined, surprising myself by my eagerness to say so. “Um—so—what happened after that?”

“Well, I could see she was afraid I might be a homo or bisexual, so I tried to reassure her that I wasn’t. I mean, I wasn’t fascinated with other *guys*, I was fascinated with *girls*; that’s why I wanted to know how it felt to be one. Back then, long before I ever met Rebecca, I was a pretty crappy Catholic and I did have some fantasies about how it would feel to be a guy’s girlfriend, but I didn’t think I needed to tell Rebecca that. The important thing is that I’ve always been faithful to her ever since we got married, and I know she’s always been faithful to me.”

“That’s great,” I said, and I really meant it. A thought of how I too might be faithful to my *future* bride, and never cheat on her with men (much less women), was dawning in my mind. I feared it might be sinful, like my thought about sins being more exciting when I had struggled not to commit them, but I could not drive it away.

“Anyway,” said Paul, “she believed I wasn’t a homo or bisexual, and I let it slide for a while. Then one day she surprised me by bringing it up again. She said—well, she asked me if I might ever want to wear girls’ clothes again, and I said why do you ask, and she said—” He stopped and wiped his forehead again. I noticed that he was blushing. “Well, she said she thought it would be fun to see me disguised as a girl, and then, uh, to see that I was really a big strong man when the, the disguise was off.”

I forced myself to make no sound. We said nothing more for a minute. “So anyway,” Paul then said, “Rebecca told me you kind of reminded her of *me* in a way, and she wondered if you didn’t want to talk because then she’d know you were a guy, not a girl. I mean, she didn’t want to ask you *herself* or anything, but she did think maybe you should know about *me*, because—well, you might be afraid no good Catholic woman would ever want to marry you just because you wore girls’ clothes, and she wanted you to know that wasn’t necessarily true.”

Wow! What a woman! I was thinking. I took a deep breath. “That’s really good to know,” I said. “I’ll sure keep that in mind.”

“Great,” said Paul. He breathed an audible sigh of relief that his task was nearly done. “Hey, Rebecca told me she was telling you about TCS and recommending it to you,” he said. “Let me second that. It’s great. You could meet a fine Catholic lady on there, maybe even the lady of your dreams like I did, and—uh—you could use your discretion about when to bring up the matter of unusual clothes.”

“I think I’ll give it a try,” I said. “Hey, thanks for everything. I’ll see you and your family again soon, right?”

“You bet!” Paul said, shaking my hand. Then we went our separate ways, I to my lonely lair, he to his loving home and his marriage made in heaven.

I did look at the TCS website soon after I got home. I looked up the dues and the requirements, like submitting a picture and some things in writing about myself. I looked again at the big “JOIN” button, but I still didn’t click it. First I had to decide some things, like what to write, and whether to get my hair cut before I submitted the picture. I would decide those pretty soon, I thought, but I would think about it for just a little while more.

What I needed to do right now, I decided, was to imagine myself being married, and being always faithful to my wife, never cheating on her with men (or women either, but there wasn’t much danger of that). I had to imagine myself with a wife a lot like Rebecca, and it was really easy to do. No man, Roger or anyone else, could compare with a lovely and loving wife like Rebecca.

Still sitting in front of my computer with the JOIN button staring me in the face, still wearing the pretty clothes I had worn to church, I began to imagine my future wife. Her name happened to be Rebecca too, and she happened to look a whole lot like the real Rebecca. Her breasts were small; her hips were shapely; her lips were lovely and smiling; her eyes were dark, shining, and full of ardent love.

In my fantasy I kissed her on the mouth, and my hands slipped down to her hips. Before many seconds had passed, I moved one hand back up to her breast and squeezed it, while in reality I squeezed my own breast through my hanky-padded bra. I had a big erection already. I knew I was going to have to go to confession again, but I couldn’t stop now.

“Oh, my love,” I moaned, stripping off my top and my bra while imagining I was doing the same to my beloved wife Rebecca, who was extremely eager to please me. Her bare breasts were small indeed, but her nipples were large and hard, I fancied while squeezing my own breasts and rubbing my nipples. I kissed Rebecca’s nipples in my fantasy; she moaned with delight and gripped me hard.

Rapidly I finished stripping, while pretending I was stripping her too. “Ooh, yes, *yes!*” she murmured. “I knew you were really a big, strong man — *my* big, strong man, disguised as a girl!”

Slipping my coquette between my legs, I followed it with my hand, pretending I was stroking Rebecca’s throbbing little clitoris and fingering the moist, trembling opening of her womanly cave. In the nude, I flung myself upon my bed, lying face down with my arms extended downward beneath me. “Yes, yes, Rebecca, my love!” I murmured most ardently as I imagined her welcoming me into her small, hot, tight, but slippery cave of love, while my hands clasped my stout strong manhood, no longer my girlish coquette. “Thank you! Thank you so much for loving me!” I cried when we were fully united, as my hips were pumping and hers were bucking beneath me, propelling us both into orgasm, uniting us as one flesh forever until death.

Long I lay there after ejaculating, long after the last drop of gush had drained from me, just as someday I would lie long together with my beloved wife. This would be easier to confess than letting Roger fuck me, I was sure: “Bless me, Father, for I have sinned On one occasion I dwelt on fantasies of being married, I succumbed to the temptation to pretend I was having, um, marital relations with my wife, and I masturbated.” Like so many other single people, I just needed to keep strug-

gling with it so long as I wasn't married, and I *would* struggle.

Still, I foresaw, I would not always struggle hard enough to succeed. Sometimes it would come down to a choice between cheating with a man and engaging in faithful union with the future wife of my dreams, who would love me just as I was, women's clothes and all. I knew now which I would choose, yes, which I *must* choose. I would never again cheat with Roger, or with any man. I would be faithful forever to my beloved future wife—no matter how often masturbation, and then confession, might ensue.

##

RED-HOT FLAPPER AT THE ROADHOUSE

"Today's modern flappers, who seem to have overrun the Western world in less than ten short years from the end of the World War to this astounding year of our Lord 1928, have come to epitomize all that is evil in society today." Edna's mother was reading at dinner, as she often did, from Dr. Rutherford B. Firebricke's column in the *Pacific Heights Informer*. Dr. Firebricke, a local Christian psychologist, specialized in informing Christians about social evils of every kind, especially every sexy kind. The supposition seemed to be that the Christians would rise up

and demand the abolition of the evils, if only they knew enough shocking and exciting details about them. Dr. Firebricke often implied that he could say much more about the evils, if only the paper would dare to print additional, unprintable details.

“Drink, promiscuity, cigarette smoking, foul language, shamefully provocative dress, defiance of authority, extravagant spending, lewd and abandoned dancing, neglect of church-going, and every other evil of the so-called Roaring Twenties,” Dr. Firebricke declaimed, “all are summed up most fully in the flapper. It is simply beyond comprehension that any worthy Christian young man would turn his attention away from decent Christian young ladies and toward that godless paragon of vice, the flapper—and yet we see evidence daily that even the worthiest of Christian gentlemen, if he once lets down his guard against the poisonous charm of the flapper, is not immune.”

Edna’s mom put down the paper and looked straight at Edna. “Eddie,” she said, “that’s something every boy in this day and age, and every *man* too, needs to keep in mind every day.” She gave an angry glance at Edna’s father, who rolled his eyes and grimaced. “Those flappers will take you for everything you’ve got and ruin you, and leave you for dead and laugh, if you ever fall in with them. I want you to promise me, on your word of honor, that you’ll never fall in with a flapper.”

“I promise, Mom,” Edna promptly assured her. It was true. Edna was not going to fall in with any flappers. Being a flapper herself wasn’t the same as falling in with one.

Mom didn’t ask Dad to promise that *he* would never fall in with a flapper; she had long ago given up on *him*. Instead she said, “And what I already read isn’t even the worst of it. Listen to this: Worse yet, the glorification of

the flapper in today's society represents an all-out attack on the fundamental difference between men and women. We have all heard of the popular song about 'those masculine women and those feminine men.' The flapper carries this confusion between the sexes to its ultimate extreme. In France, flappers are actually known as 'garconneys' — which literally means '*female boys*.'" Edna, who regarded herself as something of a *connoisseuse* in linguistic matters, winced at her mother's grotesque abuse of the French word "*garçonnes*," but remained silent.

Mom's eyes were bulging as she looked at the paper. "The rest of this is too disgusting to read," she announced. "It's about *men* dressing as flappers, and how easily they can get away with it." Edna's eyes bulged too, but not for the same reason as Mom's did. She really needed to know how easily she could get away with it. She would grab the paper and read the rest of the article as soon as Mom wasn't looking. Mom didn't need to know the truth: her son Eddie Forkwright, secretly known to himself alone as "Edna St. Vincent Forkwright" after the notoriously promiscuous poet Edna St. Vincent Millay, was planning to dress up as a flapper and engage in shameless promiscuity with total strangers at the notorious Rutland Ridge Roadhouse, just as Dr. Firebricke had said other flappers did.

"Eddie," said Edna's dad when they were alone after dinner, after Edna had read the rest of the astounding article, "I sure hope you're not getting taken in by that crap your mom was reading about flappers. There's nothing wrong with having a good time with a flapper — as long as you're protected." Dad produced a small purple box with the brand name "Radiant Dawn" on it in large golden letters, and "Bullcock Style Condoms" in smaller letters.

“Always make sure to use one of these rubbers when you’re with a flapper,” he said, “and you’ll be safe.”

“Gosh, Dad! Do flappers really, uh, *do it* with guys just like *that*?” Edna asked. She was getting excited at the very thought of “doing it” with a guy “just like that,” not long after first meeting him. Dr. Firebricke had shown her that it could be done, and indeed it had been done repeatedly, by men dressed up as flappers.

“They sure do,” Dad assured her. “You saw how wild those red-hot flappers were acting at the roadhouse when we went there. If they’ll act like that in public, just imagine what they’ll do in private!”

Edna could imagine it all too easily. A couple of weeks ago, she had agreed to accompany Dad to the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse dressed in male attire, mainly so she could learn how to dance like a flapper. She was quick to learn, and had learned the dances well—especially the most “lewd and abandoned” one of which Dr. Firebricke would most strongly disapprove, the Black Bottom. She had seen flappers dancing wildly, necking shamelessly in public, and leaving the dance floor to enter private rooms with men—but she had felt no interest at all in “doing it” with a flapper, only in being a flapper herself and “doing it” with a man.

“If you’ll just decide to get going in the business with me,” Dad said, “you’ll see for yourself.” Dad was a traveling salesman for Radiant Dawn Vitality Products, and he kept nagging Edna to join the company. Mom nagged her to go to college and make something of herself. Edna didn’t like being nagged, and wasn’t going to be nagged into doing anything. At the age of 20 she was still living at home, with no idea what she wanted to do in life.

“Aw, Dad,” Edna said, “I just don’t think I’m cut out to be a salesman.”

“Well, you’ve got to be cut out to be *something*,” Dad said, “and you’ll never know until you try. You’ve got to be a go-getter to get anywhere in this world, and you’ve got to have some stick-to-it-iveness to get ahead. I didn’t think I was cut out to be a salesman either, but I stuck to it, and I made it work. You can do it too, if you’ll just make up your mind.”

Dad grinned. Edna didn’t. “And you know,” Dad said, “you can have an awful lot of fun as a traveling salesman, with flappers free for the taking in every town—and nothing to tie you down, as long as you wear your rubbers every night! That crap about *‘evil, sinful glorification of the flapper’* is just that: crap, bunk, hogwash. When you’re out on the road in the business, you’ll see: those flappers deserve all the glorification they can get!”

“Gosh, Eddie, are you really going to wear this in front of people at a party?” Edna’s kid sister Flo asked her, holding up the flapper dress she had made by altering one of her own old dresses. She wasn’t such a kid any more; she was 16 and almost as tall as Edna, and she had unfashionably big breasts too, but Edna still always thought of her as a kid sister.

“I sure am,” Edna told her. She didn’t add that the “party” was going to take place at the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse, or that the “guests” were all going to be total strangers; much less did she tell Flo what she planned to do there. She didn’t want Flo trying to tag along. Edna didn’t think it would be a good idea for Flo to engage in shameless promiscuity at the roadhouse—even if she would want to, which Edna was sure she wouldn’t. Flo was still a kid, Edna told herself, and promiscuity wasn’t for kids.

"I never knew it would come to *this* when I started letting you wear my clothes," Flo said. She had actually *caught* Edna wearing them before she started *letting* her wear them, but Edna didn't remind her of that. "I just thought you looked so cute as a girl, and I loved to pretend you were my sister." That was sure true; Flo had desperately wanted a sister, even if the sister was her brother. If not for Radiant Dawn rubbers, Edna imagined, maybe Flo would have had a real sister, and then she would have had no use for a fake one.

"But what if someone at the party recognizes you and knows I'm *your* sister," Flo demanded to know, "and then I start getting teased about having a brother who wears girls' clothes at parties?"

"That won't happen," Edna assured her. "There won't be any people who know you at this party."

Flo looked doubtful. "There better not be!"

"OK, now can I try the dress on?"

"Give me the money first." Flo was pretty greedy, and she drove a hard bargain. She actually charged Edna a nickel for "rental" every time she let her wear one of her dresses, which didn't even fit the slender Edna well. For altering one of them to turn it into a short-skirted, tight-bodied flapper dress that would fit well, she charged a whole lot more than a nickel.

"OK, here." Edna handed Flo the money. She counted it carefully.

"Hey, this doesn't include half a dollar for the Symington Side Lacer rental," she complained.

"Half a dollar! Are you crazy?"

"Nope. An authentic flapper wouldn't be caught dead without a Symington Side Lacer, and it would cost you a lot more than half a dollar to buy one—plus you wouldn't

dare go to a ladies' wear store and buy one for yourself!" Flo grinned, knowing that Edna couldn't honestly contradict her. Promiscuity with male total strangers at a roadhouse was one thing, but embarrassing herself in front of women in a ladies' wear shop would be going too far for Edna to bear.

"You're lucky I've got one to spare," Flo said. "I sure wouldn't be caught dead without one either—even though I'm most certainly *not* a flapper!" It was true. Flo was a good girl, and mighty proud of it.

"All right, all right." Edna caved in and gave her the extra half dollar. *It's a good thing I've kept my paper route all these years*, Edna reflected. Under her male identity as Eddie Forkwright, Edna had worked her way up to having one of the biggest, most lucrative *Pacific Heights Informer* routes in Rutland Ridge, and was an assistant supervisor of the other paper boys too. It wasn't exactly a Horatio Alger success story such as Dad often recommended, and it sure didn't satisfy either Dad or Mom, but it did satisfy Edna.

"That's more like it," said Flo. "OK, do you want to try the dress on?"

Edna did. She commanded Flo to turn around. Edna turned around too, and took off her boy's undershirt. Then she stuffed and laced up the Symington Side Lacer—an excellent invention, capable of squashing big breasts to make them look fashionably small, but not only that. This same divinely inspired brassiere, in Edna's trembling hands, could make Edna herself look as if she too had fashionably small, barely noticeable, but distinctly feminine breasts. She had only to stuff a few wadded-up handkerchiefs into the proper places, and she too looked as if she had something to squash!

Next she dropped her boring cotton drawers and picked up a real treasure Flo had obtained for her: lacy light pink silk cami-knickers. At the very sight and feel of them, Edna's clitoris roared up to maximum hardness and length, a full five and a half inches, as rapidly as an aeroplane taking off. If she actually wore them, Edna feared, she might involuntarily undergo "the orgasm," also known as "detumescence," as described in Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. (That book was a real shocker that Dr. Firebricke had warned his readers about in fascinating detail, leading Edna to rush downtown and begin reading it at the library before Dr. Firebricke and his minions could get it banned.)

The prospect of detumescence must not stop her now, though. She was going to be a flapper, and these beautiful cami-knickers were just the thing for a flapper to wear beneath her short-skirted dress. Delicately grasping the precious garment by its thin shoulder straps, Edna stepped through the ample leg-holes and pulled it up. It felt divine, she thought, and made her look delectably feminine—except for one thing. Edna didn't know what was the world's longest real clitoris on record, but she was pretty sure it must be a lot less than five and a half inches long.

At the roadhouse, Edna would shamelessly let her skirt bulge in front of admiring men—but she couldn't do it now, in front of Flo. She had to shove her clitoris down into hiding between her legs, as she had so often done to make her girlish pretensions more authentic and more exciting when alone. She tried to do it gently, without exciting herself too much, but it wasn't easy. Her clitoris gave a warning spurt as soon as she clutched it with her legs.

Edna groaned, but tried to keep her groan silent. She feared she was going to undergo detumescence right here while Flo was in the room. At least she must try hard to

avoid defiling her cami-knickers. She turned to face Flo, who was still looking away from her. Gingerly she pulled the cami-knickers up in back, letting her clitoris slip down and back through one of the leg-holes. Then she tried to wrap the hem tightly around the shaft of her clitoris, leaving the bulb exposed, so that her emission (if it happened) wouldn't soil the garment. Perhaps she would have quickly made herself gush into a handkerchief for relief right now, if she had had one at hand, but she didn't.

She gave a deep sigh, still trying to keep silent. She would put the flapper dress on quickly, view herself in the mirror, gain Flo's approval, and have Flo leave the room at once before the orgasm arrived. She could do it, if she kept cool and calm, and didn't delay.

Edna put the bottom of the dress over her head, raised her arms, and awkwardly slipped it down, jerking it repeatedly until the straps finally touched her shoulders. *Cool and calm is the word*, she thought, *just as if I wore a flapper dress every day*. Another warning spurt came from her clitoris. She tried to ignore it, while noting with frightened satisfaction that it didn't yet seem to be touching the cami-knickers.

Rapidly Edna looked herself over in the mirror. Her reddish-golden hair was perfect—rather long for a boy's or man's hair, but a perfect fit with the extremely short hairstyles in vogue for fast women today. Her big brown eyes were as beautiful as any real girl's eyes, bright and moist, ready to convey admiration and eagerness to men she would meet at the roadhouse not many days from now. Her lips, as always, were full, wide, and red, far more suitable for a girl than for a boy. Her face, usually pale and freckled, was now so red with excitement and embarrassment that her freckles could hardly be seen. As for the rest of her—well, she would have to depend on Flo to tell her how she looked below the neck, for the longer

she looked at herself the more intensely excited she would become.

“OK, how do I look?” she asked Flo. *Tell me quickly, she was thinking, really quickly!*

Flo turned, scrutinized her, and didn’t tell her quickly. “Baby-blue ingenue,” she said at last, for the dress was baby blue in color. “I like it, if I do say so myself! The skirt is right at the knees, the straps are the right width, the neckline is low but not too low, and the bodice just fits, tight like a real flapper would wear, but not so tight you can’t breathe. Isn’t that right?”

“Uh, yes, that’s right,” Edna gasped. Her difficulty in breathing did not come from any excessive tightness of the bodice. “OK, now maybe you could leave so I can change out of it.” She was breathing through her open mouth and her eyes were starting to roll up, but still she was keeping herself under strict, severe control.

“Ooh, don’t I get to look at you for longer than that?” Flo giggled. “Eddie, you look so ultra-cute as a girl! The boys are going to go wild over you at the party!”

Oh, no! That did it! Edna thought as she started to lose control. Desperately she tried to look normal for Flo, but her eyes were staring and rolling up, her mouth was wide open, her hips were trembling despite her strongest efforts to restrain them, and she was afraid Flo could hear her heavy breathing. She jerked herself into a jaunty pose with both hands at her waist and made a ghastly effort to grin for Flo, but her real aim was to pull her skirt up in back so her spurting semen wouldn’t stain the skirt as the orgasm overcame her fully.

Flo’s eyes bulged. “For gosh sakes, Eddie,” she exclaimed, “don’t pull your skirt up like that! I don’t think even the most shameless flapper would do *that!*”

"I was just going to take it off, now that I've tried it on," Edna gasped. It was true, though not the whole truth. The orgasm was in full force. spurts of sperm, which Flo must never see, were sullyng the floor and the backs of Edna's bare thighs. Edna closed her eyes, but quickly opened them again in hope that Flo wouldn't know what was happening. Edna didn't know if Flo even knew what an orgasm was, and she didn't think this would be a good introduction to the topic.

"Well, OK, I'll go, if you insist," said Flo. "But I get to see you in it again sometime, OK? You look great in it, sweetie!"

"Uh, thanks," Edna said. "I'm really glad to hear it." Flo left. Edna lifted her skirt and her cami-knickers, slowly waddled to her dresser, obtained a handkerchief, and dried off her detumescent clitoris as best she could. Then she pulled the dress and cami-knickers off, and examined them for tell-tale signs of spurting. They seemed to be undefiled, except for a couple of small spots on the cami-knickers; not so the backs of her thighs. These were wet and sticky all over from the flood of semen.

Edna took a bath, put on boring boys' flannel pajamas, and got into bed with her second-favorite book. She could hardly afford her favorite, the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, and it would have been too hard to hide that massive book from Mom anyway. The best Edna could do was to memorize parts of it from the public library's copy, especially from the volume on "Sexual Inversion," and to think of the book at almost every opportunity, like now.

Edna readily admitted, to herself alone, that she fit the description of a congenital sexual invert in the book. Almost nightly, ever since the age of 13, she had pretended she was engaging in "coition" (which meant fucking) with

a boy or a man, never with a girl or a woman. At first she had pretended she was really a girl, engaging in normal coition with a boy—almost any boy would do, for Edna had been promiscuous at heart from the start. Later, especially after she read the book, she had found it even more exciting to acknowledge herself as an effeminate male invert. As soon as she read about “intercrural connection,” she started to pretend she was doing that with a man—squeezing his penis between her slender, highly sensitive thighs, while “playing girlfriend” for him

Like numerous inverts in the book, Edna abhorred “*pedicatio*” (butt-fucking) and “*fellatio*” (mouth-fucking)—but intercrural coition she adored, at least in fantasy. If Edna could ever really do it with a man, she was sure, she would undergo an astounding orgasm, and so would he. If the man had a big penis, she fancied, she would experience heavenly bliss—especially if it was anywhere near as big as that of one of the inverts in the book, whose penis was more than ten inches long, and so big around that he could not well engage in coition with a woman.

Visions of crowds of delectable inverts would not dance before Edna’s eyes tonight, as they did when she read that book at the library, often glancing over her shoulder to make sure no one would detect her fascination with inverts. But at least one remarkable, lovely, highly effeminate invert would be her companion tonight, by way of her second-favorite book: *Great Spirit’s Male Girl* by Illiyalla Semakoboomish, known to white people as Princess Jacqueline Semakoboomish. Edna had pulled the thin, locally printed volume out from its secure hiding place, and now she opened it at the beginning, though she had read it more than once before.

“White men were few, and my Quoheemish people were many, in our rich land beside the western ocean,

when I was born way back in 1830 as the white men count years," the author began, in words that Edna remembered well. "I was born a male, but before many years had passed everyone could see that I was as sweet and pretty as any girl, and I acted like a girl too. By the time I was 12 my dad announced that the Great Spirit had made me a "*kabavoomish*," a male with a female spirit, and everyone had to listen to him." The book showed a drawing of Princess Jacqueline at the age of 12, looking like the most beautiful Indian maiden Edna had ever seen.

"White men," Princess Jacqueline went on, "had already started calling my dad '*Chief Semakoboomish*' because they thought we must have a chief, just as they had a president and some other white men had kings or queens. We didn't really have a chief, but my dad didn't tell them that, and Quoheemish people didn't mind because they knew my dad was probably the strongest and smartest guy in the entire tribe. They called him the '*Voice of the Great Spirit*' because he was so much in tune with the spirit world, and he was always saying that all the '*little spirits*' were like nothing compared to the Great Spirit who made everything. So, when the '*Voice of the Great Spirit*' said I was a male girl, that's what I was, no doubt about it. My dad and mom were very proud of me because male girls were really special in the Great Spirit's eyes; he didn't make very many of them, and he gave them really special destinies when he made them."

Edna sighed and even began to cry a bit, as she had done when she read these words before. *It isn't fair*, she thought again. *If only I'd been a Quoheemish back then, I could have let my mom and dad know I was a male girl, and they would have been proud of me!* Instead, she had to keep her male-girlhood strictly secret from Mom and Dad, and from every white person in the universe so far, except for Flo.

Edna knew she could count on Flo to keep her secret; the worst Flo would do was to exact high prices for providing Edna with girls' clothes, but she wouldn't reveal the secret even if Edna didn't pay. But as for Mom and Dad—*hell!* If Mom found out, she would probably try to force Edna to go to Dr. Firebricke or some such Christian psychologist for "treatment" of her "abnormality," as if her family could afford it. And Dad—well, his "treatment" would be a whole lot different, but not a whole lot better. Dad's "treatment" of Edna's "problem" would be to try to get Edna to act like a regular guy and fuck some flappers, of course while wearing Radiant Dawn rubbers. It hadn't worked for the inverts in Havelock Ellis's book who tried it, and Edna didn't want to fuck a real female flapper any more than she wanted to get fucked up the butt by an invert with a gigantic penis!

She tried to turn her attention back to the world of the Quoheemish, now vanished—or almost vanished. Princess Jacqueline was actually still alive, now 98 years old and living on the big Quoheemish Reservation, more than 40 miles from Edna's home. The book showed a photograph of Princess Jacqueline, looking wrinkled and ancient, taken a few years ago when the book was published. As soon as Edna found out about the book (from a shocking review by Dr. Firebricke, who of course wanted it banned from the library), she rushed to read it; soon afterward, she wrote to Princess Jacqueline on the reservation. She revealed herself as a fellow male girl, and expressed her sadness that white male girls weren't respected and admired as Quoheemish male girls had been. Princess Jacqueline had actually written back, and Edna remembered every word of her letter by heart.

"Dear Edna," the ancient "*kabavoomish*" had written, "I'm too tired to write much any more, and I'm probably going back to the Great Spirit where I came from before

too long, but I've got to write at least a few words to you. My heart aches for you and the other white male girls. I know the Great Spirit made you the way you are, just as he made me the way I am, and he won't stop making male girls. I weep for you when I see that so many white people don't believe the Great Spirit made you or anyone else, and they think they can turn you into anything they want you to be. Even worse, there are so many who do claim to believe in the Great Spirit and call him "God," but they refuse to see that he made you a precious, one-of-a-kind male girl who could do so much to help men and women understand each other, as I did in my time. But don't give up, Edna; the Great Spirit gave you a special destiny, as he gave me. Be brave, and find your destiny. Maybe it's to help white people respect and admire male girls. Yours truly, Illiyalla Jacqueline Semakoboomish."

Edna had no idea how to help white people respect and admire male girls. She shed a few more tears; then she buried herself in the book, especially the parts where Princess Jacqueline wrote about letting men "hop on top" of her (though without the details provided in the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*).

Her dad wouldn't allow her to let men hop on top until she was 15, she wrote, but she was eager to do it after that. Still, she always refused to let another woman's man hop on top of her; only men who had no other women were allowed. That way the women and the men would both respect her; she could be friends with both, and she could even help men and women understand each other, since she knew what it was like to be both.

There were no big problems, Princess Jacqueline said, as long as the men were Quoheemish men who knew they must respect a male girl as a special gift from the Great Spirit. But her dad, "Chief" Semakoboomish, could see

which way the wind was blowing, and he saw that Indians who tried to fight the white men always lost in the end. He did as much as he could to make friends with the white men, and he strongly encouraged his male-girl daughter to do the same. Princess Jacqueline knew that would mean some white men would want to hop on top of her, and she was afraid. She put it off for 20 years, keeping aloof from all but Quoheemish men, after her dad first asked her to go along. At last, in 1875 when she was 45 years old and her dad was dying, she agreed to comply with his wish.

Princess Jacqueline then “went white,” so far as possible, though everyone knew she was an Indian. Her dad entrusted her to his friend Arthur Zebulon Kingsley, the governor of Pacificum Territory, who promised to care for her as a daughter. This he did, though he was only a few years older than she. He supported her in the finest style available on the frontier, and she passed as a woman in the highest social circles of the territory; the book showed a photograph of Princess Jacqueline, still beautiful in middle age, wearing fashionable white women’s clothes with big bust and bustle. The only deviation from strict white propriety in her life at that time, she revealed, was that Governor Kingsley discreetly committed “incest” with his “daughter”; he hopped on top of her at will, something her real father had never even tried to do.

In 1880 Governor Kingsley failed to win re-election, due in part to vicious rumors about his relationship with his “daughter” Princess Jacqueline. Shortly after that, she said, “he bumped himself off.” Forced to fend for herself at the age of 50, Princess Jacqueline turned to what she knew best: letting men hop on top of her, this time as a favored practitioner at the Victoria and Albert Club. This was an exclusive men’s club founded by Sir Arnold Bathwright, a wealthy British emigrant who had sailed

“around the Horn” and all the way up to Pacificum Territory in hope of attaining even greater wealth.

At last, after 20 years as one of the club’s most select elder practitioners, Princess Jacqueline retired. She could have continued to live a white life, but she chose to go to the reservation, put on the old-style Quoheemish women’s clothes again after 25 years, and try to help her fellow Quoheemish. Now, after 28 more years, she was one of the most respected elders in the tribe—and everyone still knew she was a male girl, proclaimed as such by “Chief” Semakoboomish when she was 12 years old.

Edna, becoming sleepy, sighed in mild contentment at the thought. She could be glad that Princess Jacqueline had attained such great respect and admiration, even if the same would never happen to Edna herself. To win respect and admiration for herself and other male girls, perhaps, was not Edna’s destiny after all; Edna could not well believe that she herself would ever attain them, despite Princess Jacqueline’s encouraging words in her letter. As to what might really be her destiny . . . Edna might find out tomorrow, or next Saturday when she would go to the roadhouse, but not tonight.

“The old institution of Negro slavery,” said Edna’s mom as the voice of Dr. Firebricke, “with all its evils, at least sometimes allowed some semblance of humanity to remain in the relationship between master and slave. In the modern white slave trade, nothing remains but the quest for profit through the efficient but impersonal provision of every immoral service. Successful white slaves of both sexes may live in wealth and comfort, but only at the pleasure of their masters, who may dispose of them at any time like so much rubbish. In our fair city, it is well known that one of the foulest hell-holes of white slavery, and of white-slave recruitment, is the infamous Rutland

Ridge Roadhouse. Christian citizens must dare to rise up in outrage and demand the destruction of this den of filthy iniquity!"

Edna's mom was rising up in outrage, all right. "Tonight," she announced after reading it in the paper, "Dr. Firebricke himself will be holding a meeting of concerned Christian citizens to protest the city's failure to shut down the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse. I know your *father* would not wish to attend the meeting, even if he were *not* on a *business trip*." She almost snarled and spat as she said the words, as if they meant "coition trip" — which, in reality, they probably did. "But this meeting is of the utmost importance, and the rest of us *will* attend."

Like hell we will! Edna's eyes, though averted from Mom, blazed with anger. This, at last, was Saturday night—the big night. Her flapper outfit had been ready for days, and tonight she was going to wear it to the roadhouse for promiscuity. Mom was not going to stop her—no matter what!

"No, Mom," Flo said. "I've got too much homework." It was probably true, in addition to being an excellent excuse for not going to hear Dr. Firebricke, even on Saturday night. Flo was a top-notch student with a lot of ambition; she actually wanted to become a lawyer, and she wasn't going to let any prejudice against women lawyers stand in her way. Much less was she going to let that damned Dr. Firebricke stand in her way, though she was too polite to call him "damned" in front of Mom.

Mom turned to Edna, who had no such excellent excuse for not going. "No, Mom," Edna said at once. "I'm not going."

"Why not?" Mom demanded to know.

Edna took a deep breath and dared to defy Mom. "I'm not a Christian," she said; "I don't think Dr. Firebricke is

worth listening to; and I don't give a hoot about the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse."

There, she had done it, and she had even shown some slight consideration for Mom's sensibilities by saying "hoot" instead of "damn." She glanced at Flo, who was forcing herself not to giggle. No one but Edna herself needed to know that she *did* think Dr. Firebricke was worth listening to, when he tipped her off about fascinating so-called evils—and that she *did* give a huge hoot about going to the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse this very night.

Mom's outrage at the roadhouse, and at Dad, boiled over onto Edna. "Eddie, I am shocked beyond belief!" she said, in her tone of voice that suggested she would be glad to advise God at the Last Judgment and try to make sure He wasn't too soft on sinners. "You are almost grown up, although you certainly don't *act* like it, and if you insist on going straight to hell it is your prerogative!" She pronounced the word "perogative," as usual, but Edna didn't even wince. Then, before Mom strode away in utter disgust and loathing, she delivered the ultimate insult: "I was always afraid you were going to turn out to be exactly like your father!"

The time had come. Mom had gone to the meeting. Edna's heart was pounding, her little nipples were hot and hard, and her clitoris was getting pretty long, though not quite standing up yet. She was wearing the "baby-blue ingenue" flapper dress, with the Symington Side Lacer and the delectable cami-knickers beneath. Flo's baby-blue hat, some sheer silk stockings, and black Mary Jane shoes completed the red-hot flapper look.

"Have a good time at the party!" Flo said with a sweet, innocent grin, showing that she had no idea what was going to happen at the "party."

"I will, I'm sure," Edna assured her, trying to force her voice not to tremble. She turned away, just before her skirt started to bulge in a manner that Flo must not see. "See you later," she said, looking over her shoulder, as she walked through the kitchen toward the back door.

She passed through the door and shut it, confident that Flo would let her in upon her return, but only after making sure the coast was clear and Mom was not around. Edna's hard, straight, throbbing clitoris was guiding her now in the twilight, through the back yard, out the gate, and down the alley, toward her meeting with destiny at the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse. The air was cool, as it so often was in Pacific Heights in the evening, even in summer. Now, in late September when the days were quickly growing shorter, it was almost chilly. Surely that was why Edna was shivering slightly as she lengthened her strides.

It was almost a mile to the roadhouse, and Edna walked through alleys almost all the way. At last, when night had come, she emerged onto Twin Points Road and saw her goal, a long low building with many automobiles parked in front. There was no mistaking it, for a great orange neon sign spelled out the name in large script letters: "Rutland Ridge Roadhouse."

Edna took a deep breath, walked up to the dark wooden door, and pulled it open. A blast of noise, heat, and smoke emerged. Edna recoiled in disgust, but then she remembered her destiny and her clitoris, still almost fully erect. Holding her breath and gritting her teeth while her eyes watered from the smoke and her ears ached from the noise, Edna entered in.

When she could see, Edna saw a large admission desk almost entirely blocking the way into the interior of the roadhouse. A balding man with a big cigar in his mouth stood at the desk, stared at Edna, and demanded the price of admission. Edna extracted the dollars from her handbag and paid. The man said nothing. Edna turned away, squeezed through the narrow gateway between the admission desk and the opposing wall, walked through a short dark hallway, and stepped onto the great dance floor of the roadhouse.

Here, to her left, Edna saw the source of the noise: a big jazz band with multiple saxophones, trumpets, trombones, drums, and more, playing hot music for the latest and wildest dance craze, the Black Bottom. Many dancers were swaying and swinging, kicking and ducking, and doing the wildest, most promiscuous-looking things imaginable with their fast-moving buttocks, hips, and thighs. Around the edge of the dance floor were many tables and sofas, at which men and women smoked, drank, and engaged in hot necking. At one of the tables, near the entrance but on the opposite side from the jazz band, was a most incongruous sight: two policemen in uniform, looking all around to see the sights, but obviously turning a blind eye to the illegal drinking and any other illegal things that might be going on.

Edna wondered if any men were noticing her. None seemed to be at first, but she had not long to wait before one did—and what a man!

“Hey, girlie, how about a dance?” a tall, blond, blue-eyed, muscular, but also brainy-looking man shouted at her over the noise. He looked like a born leader of men and women, a shining example of what many brainy white people were saying about the scientifically proven superiority of the white race. Edna didn’t really think the white race was superior to people like the

Quoheemish—certainly not in attitudes toward male girls, at least—but this eminently white man looked clearly superior to almost any other man.

Edna looked at him with wide-open eyes, gave him a big smile, and shouted back: “Sure thing, big boy! I’d love to!” Within a few seconds they were on the dance floor, doing the Black Bottom. Within a few seconds more, Edna knew she was heading straight for the shameless promiscuity she craved.

While dancing, the man was staring straight at Edna. A glance at his trousers showed that his penis, too, was superior to many men’s penises, and soon it was fully erect. Edna went all out to excite his eyes, shaking and pumping her hips just as if she were engaging in coition. The man moved behind Edna and started rubbing his buttocks against hers at high speed; then he turned her around and intertwined her legs with his, pushing Edna’s skirt up almost to the edge of her cami-knickers, as they held each other’s hands with outstretched arms and bumped their rumps up and down together. By the time the dance ended, Edna was afraid she would undergo the orgasm too soon.

“We need a change of pace,” said the man, sweating and breathing hard. “Don’t move, I’ll be right back.” Edna complied.

The man strode over to the band and talked to the leader, who nodded in agreement. “This will be more like it,” said the man when he returned. “A nice, slow, easy two-step that will let us relax and get close—real close.”

“Ooh, yes!” Edna responded, her heart racing. “That sounds lovely!”

It felt lovely, too—especially when the man’s big penis touched Edna’s tummy, and her clitoris pressed against his legs. “Hey, you know,” the man said while holding

Edna tight and clasping her buttocks, "we get guys dressed as flappers in here every now and then, but usually you can tell right away that they're not the real thing. You're really top-notch, honey; I could hardly tell at all until I felt your, your you-know-what." His hand moved down not only to designate, but even to touch and briefly squeeze, Edna's "you-know-what," her clitoris.

"Ooh, I'm so glad!" Edna gushed. "I love to look and feel just like a girl—and *act* just like a girl too!!" She pumped her hips to show him she wanted to act just like a girl engaging in coition.

The man looked at her intently. "You're ready, aren't you?" he asked abruptly. "Do you want to go to a room?"

Edna gasped at the suddenness of the request, but she would not back off now, nor even slow down. "Yes," she murmured. "Yes, I'm ready."

The man put his arm around Edna's waist, quickly dropped his hand to her butt, and steered her directly toward the dark back hallway where Edna knew (because Dad had told her) that the private rooms were located. Edna put her hand on the man's butt too, and even squeezed it as they strode among the dancers toward the room.

This is the life! Edna thought in shameless exhilaration. *I've barely met him, and we're going to do it!* Vivid fantasies rushed through Edna's mind, fantasies of stripping for the man, squeezing his massive penis between her thighs, and pumping her hips frantically to excite them both to orgasm together.

Even greater fantasies began to arise as well, almost unbelievable imaginings of Edna's destiny. Was this man really such a leader of men and women as he looked like? Might he fall in love with Edna if her sexiness was superb enough, just as Governor Kingsley had fallen in love with

Princess Jacqueline? Might he then lead many men and women to recognize male girls like his beloved Edna as worthy of respect among white people, as they had been among the Quoheemish?



By the time they reached the room, one of a series of private rooms along both sides of the dark hallway, Edna was breathing deeply through her mouth, trying hard to delay the arrival of the orgasm. The man shoved Edna into the room, shut the door, and slid the latch into the locked position.

“OK, girlie,” said the man, “let’s see what you can do. I’ll bet this will be astounding!”

He kissed her on the mouth and thrust his tongue rapidly in and out, as if his tongue were his penis and he were engaging in coition with Edna’s mouth. Then he rapidly stripped off her flapper dress, her cami-knickers, and her Symington Side Lacer, leaving her nude except for her silk stockings and Mary Janes. He himself was still fully clothed in a suit and tie.

“OK, sweetie,” he said, “give me a big kiss down here to get me heated up for the main event.” He unbuttoned his trousers to reveal his penis. It was even longer than Edna had imagined, and thicker too—almost as big, she fancied, as that of the invert in Havelock Ellis’s book who had such a gigantic penis that he could hardly engage in coition with a woman.

“Please put it between my legs,” Edna begged. “Please! Now! I’m ready!” She moved forward to try to pull down his trousers and squeeze his huge penis between her hot, intensely eager thighs, but he jerked back.

“Between your legs!” he squawked. “Hell! What kind of kid stuff is that?” He stopped himself, obviously trying to be patient with Edna, so as to evoke the most astoundingly hot performance from her. “I mean—hey, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that. Sure, sweetie, sure. You want to warm me up with your legs instead of your mouth, you go right ahead. Here we go.”

He dropped his trousers and pressed his penis between Edna's hot, quivering thighs. It was the moment she had been waiting for since she was 13—real coition with a man! Edna's hips began to buck uncontrollably at once; her thighs clenched tight upon the man's penis, relaxed, and quickly clenched again, over and over, as if she were a real woman, he was entering her, and he was bringing her to orgasm almost at once! Yes, it was the orgasm; Edna could not hold back; her sperm was spurting up all over the big man's abdomen, and down all over her clitoris as well. Frantically she kept bucking and clenching, trying to bring the man up to orgasm too.

She did not bring the man up to orgasm. Within a few seconds after Edna gushed, the man withdrew his penis from between her thighs. "OK, girlie," he said, "you got a bit too excited too soon. That's not how you'll be doing it next time. I mean, hell, you'll never hit the big time that way! Look, sweetie, you've got what it takes to make it big, really big—but you've got to give the men what they want so you can bring in the big bucks, not just do some dumb little kid stuff that *you* want and then back off! Here, I'll show you what you need to do. I'll be gentle; it won't hurt a bit. You'll just need some lube."

The man whipped out a little jar, opened it, smeared some foul-smelling stuff from the jar on his finger, grabbed Edna, and stuck his finger into her rectum. It hurt; it made Edna want to throw up; it shocked her into awareness, anger, and fear. This man was some kind of leader of men and women, all right—a white slave trader! He wanted Edna to be degraded and hurt, to submit to loathsome *pedicatio*, not for love nor for extreme excitement, but for money!

"No! Stop!" Edna cried out.

The man did not stop. "Girlie, come on," he demanded. "You've got to. You're the greatest. You're

red-hot. You've already shown me how great a performer you are. This is your life, your destiny."

"It is not!" Edna screamed. The man was trying to turn her around, to put his immense penis into her tight, tiny rectum. She twisted back and kicked his penis with all her might. He groaned and roared in pain and outrage. She took advantage of it to kick his penis again, straight on, even harder. Then, not daring to stop for her clothes, she rushed for the door, undid the latch, and raced back out onto the dance floor with nothing on but her silk stockings and Mary Janes.

Shrieks and roars of laughter greeted the nearly nude Edna's arrival among the dancers. She knew she might be arrested for being nude in public, but even that would not be as bad as remaining in the room with the horrid man. "Help! Police!" she cried. "A man was trying to—to rape my rectum!"

"She's lying, I mean, he's lying!" shouted the big man, following close behind.

"I smell the stench," said the bigger of the two policeman, as tall as the big blond man and stouter than he. The policeman lunged at the blond man, grabbed his right arm, and sniffed his hand. "Collect a sample from his middle finger to see what a chemist can do with it," he instructed his smaller colleague, who promptly complied while the blond man squirmed in anguish and the big policeman held him almost still.

"Smells like there's some pretty powerful evidence on that middle finger, Firebricke," the big policeman said with a laugh. "Your insurance premiums are going up—*way* up. It'll take a mighty expensive policy to insure against the risk of going to the slammer for trying to commit the infamous and abominable crime against nature with an unwilling victim."

“God damn it, this it an outrage,” cried the man—the man called Firebricke! Edna’s mind was spinning. Surely this could not be Dr. Rutherford B. Firebricke himself—but, if not, could he be some close relation?

“You just go express your little outrage to your daddy,” the policeman mocked him. “He’s made plenty of moola off this joint; it won’t hurt him to pay a little extra to keep the cash rolling in, and keep Junior out of the slammer. If the premium isn’t paid, the coverage will lapse. You know what I mean!” He gave another laugh, louder than before.

The big policeman turned to Edna. “Now go get your clothes on quick, kid,” he demanded, “before I have to put *you* in the slammer for public nudity. Then come back and give me your name and address as a witness, just in case Junior here”—he stuck out his thumb at the blond man—“is reluctant to play ball and come up with some extra moola for insurance.”

Edna walked, then ran, back, to the room to get her clothes, stopping only to go to the toilet and try to clean off her clitoris. As quickly as possible, she restored the Symington Side Lacer, the cami-knickers, the flapper dress, and the baby-blue hat to their proper places; then she picked up her purse and strode back toward the policemen.

The smaller one rolled his eyes, and the bigger one sniggered, when they saw what Edna looked like with her clothes on. “I’m going,” she assured the big one after reluctantly giving him her name and address, “but I just need to know something first. Is that man who, uh, attacked me any relation to Dr. Rutherford B. Firebricke?”

The big policeman snorted and said, “He sure as hell is. His daddy’s the one and only, who financed this joint for Junior and rakes in big bucks from it. Daddy sure

knows his psychology, all right: the more he stirs up complaints about this joint, the more publicity it gets, and the richer he gets! Yeah, Dr. Rutherford B. Firebricke is the biggest God-damn hypocrite in this town, and that's saying a hell of a lot!"

He looked Edna straight in the face, and the tough "he-man" expression on his own face seemed to soften just a bit. "Now get the hell out of here and go home," he said, poking Edna with his finger between her little laced-up fake breasts. "This is no place for a nice young kid like you."

Edna had to walk home along the lonely, ill-lighted back streets of Rutland Ridge; the alleys would have been too dark by now. It might even have looked too suspicious for her to be walking through them, if a policeman had happened by. Only when she arrived at her own block did Edna go back and make her way carefully through the alley, the unlocked gate, and the back yard, to her back door.

Softly she knocked, and soon Flo opened the door. She had obviously been doing her homework at the kitchen table, waiting for Edna to come home. "Gosh, Eddie, that must have been a real short party!" Flo exclaimed. "Mom isn't even home from the meeting yet!"

"It turned out to be a pretty poor party, so I left." Edna sat down at the table and stared blankly at Flo's papers and books.

"Oh, that's too bad!" Edna glanced at Flo. She was sitting with her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands, staring straight at Edna. "Um," she said, "do you mind if I ask what was so bad about the party?"

Yeah, I do mind. Shut up. Get lost. The bad, hateful words gripped Edna and shook her heart, but she didn't

say them. Instead she felt herself starting to cry—to cry like a girl, or like a little kid. The policeman at the roadhouse was right, Edna was forced to admit: she was just a nice young kid after all, not a sophisticated flapper, and her sister Flo was her only real friend in the universe. If Edna couldn't tell Flo the truth, she couldn't tell anyone—and she had to tell.

“OK,” Edna said, “what was so bad was—it wasn't a party at all. It was the Rutland Ridge Roadhouse, and I went there for—promiscuity. It was stupid. I'm not going back there any more.” She bit her lip to try to keep from crying really hard. It didn't work.

“Gosh, Eddie! I'm really sorry for you!” Flo touched Edna's shoulder for a moment in sympathy. “I'm sure glad you're not going back there!” After a moment she asked, “Do you want me to get you a hanky?”

“Never mind,” Edna said. “I've got some right here.” She shoved her hand down beneath the low neckline of her flapper dress, beneath the Symington Side Lacer, and pulled out one of the handkerchiefs she had used for stuffing.

Flo couldn't keep from laughing, even though Edna was still crying and trying to dry her eyes with the hanky. “Eddie,” she gently reprimanded Edna, “you've still got a whole lot to learn about what *not* to do when you're wearing ladies' clothes!”

Next morning, after delivering the massive Sunday papers, Edna came home and flopped down to read her family's own copy of the Sunday *Informer*. The funnies were not very funny, the front page had nothing more interesting than the usual stuff about speeches made by Herbert Hoover and Al Smith running for President, and the editorial page had nothing more stimulating than Dr.

Firebricke writing about how the repeal of Prohibition (favored by Smith) would be one of the greatest disasters in the history of the United States. Only when she got to the obituaries did Edna find anything to interest her—and to sadden her—and yet to inspire her too.

Beside the regular little obituary notices was a picture of Princess Jacqueline in old age, under the headline “Chief’s ‘Male Girl’ Son Dies at 98.” Last night, the article beneath the headline said, Illiyalla “Princess Jacqueline” Semakoboomish, the last surviving son of the famous Chief Semakoboomish and author of the autobiography *Great Spirit’s Male Girl*, died of natural causes on the Quoheemish Reservation at the age of 98. The short article discreetly omitted any reference to the Victoria and Albert Club or to men “hopping on top,” but did mention the Governor Kingsley scandal and the so-called superstitions of the Quoheemish about the Great Spirit creating male girls with special destinies.

“If that’s superstition, then I’ll be superstitious,” Edna softly said to herself. She gazed at the princess’s picture, as if in hope of making contact with her where she was now—back with the Great Spirit, where she came from. “Princess, if you can hear me, help me,” Edna begged, in defiance of what she had been taught in church and school. “Help me be a *great* male girl like you, and fulfill the destiny the Great Spirit gave me.” She almost thought she saw the princess smiling at her from the picture in response. Edna’s heart was filled with joy, no matter what anyone might think.

“Hey, Eddie, do you want to come to church?” Flo asked over Edna’s shoulder. *Of course*, Edna thought. Now that Flo knew she had renounced promiscuity, of course Flo would hope she would come to church.

Edna, still wearing boys’ pajamas, turned over. Flo was in her church clothes already—cream-colored blouse,

red brooch, light brown jacket with matching hat and long skirt, silk stockings, and brown Mary Janes. "Not unless I get to wear clothes like yours," Edna said. "I've had it with the flapper look. I want to look like a dignified lady now."

Flo looked shocked, but laughed. "Eddie!" she rebuked him. "You wouldn't *dare* dress like this in *church!*"

"Maybe not in the Rutland Ridge Presbyterian Church," Edna said, "but the only church I'd want to go to is one where they believe the Great Spirit created male girls. Look here." She showed the article about Princess Jacqueline to Flo.

Flo read it, frowning at first, then raising her eyebrows high. "So this old Indian who died wore girls' clothes and acted like a girl, and all the Indians thought the Great Spirit made him do it?" she asked.

"Yup. Princess Jacqueline's dad, Chief Semakoboomish, was actually *proud* of having a kid who was a male girl, because the Great Spirit gave male girls really special destinies. I've read the book." Edna, too, discreetly omitted to mention men hopping on top at the Victoria and Albert Club, and she didn't mention Governor Kingsley either.

Flo wrinkled her face and grinned. "I don't think there are any churches like that for white people," she said, "but, if I find out there is one, I'll be sure to let you know." She laughed. "So, are you thinking *you're* a male girl with a really special destiny the Great Spirit gave you?"

"Well, yeah, now that you mention it," Edna said. She feared she sounded awfully silly, and yet she didn't care if she did.

"So what are you going to do about it?" Flo challenged him. "Keep delivering the *Informer* in the morning and

goofing off the rest of the day? That doesn't sound like a very special destiny to me! You're plenty smart; why don't you go to college and make something out of yourself?"

"Ugh! You're sounding just like Mom."

"Mom's actually right about a few things, believe it or not! Look, Eddie, maybe you do have a special destiny, and maybe it would be good if white people thought male girls were great like the Indians did—but they're not going to pay any attention to you saying so, unless you make something out of yourself in this world! I think it would be fabulous to see you getting up in front of everyone in dignified ladies' clothes, and having everyone respect you just like the Indians respected this Princess Jacqueline—but you've got to show them you really are somebody special, or else they'll just laugh at you or worse!"

Edna could not disagree. Thoughts of Havelock Ellis, who sure didn't spend *his* life delivering newspapers and goofing off, arose in Edna's mind, bidding her to do for white people what Princess Jacqueline and other male girls had done for the Quoheemish.

"I tell you what," Flo said. "You decide you're going to go to college and make something out of yourself; then we'll spend a Saturday soon dressing up together and seeing some sights as sisters, so you can get used to what it will feel like when everybody respects you as a male girl. We'll go downtown to the main library, and up to the Capitol, then over to the U, and back home. We'll pick a day when it's a bit chilly, so you can wear an overcoat and trousers over your ladies' clothes, and Mom won't suspect a thing. Then, when we get away from the house, you can stuff your overcoat into a shopping bag, pull down your pants, switch into ladies' shoes, and we'll be off and away on the streetcar! Won't that be fun?"

Edna's eyes bulged. "Gosh, will it ever!" she affirmed. "Flo, you're the greatest!"

Edna did decide she would go to college. When Mom found out, Edna had to endure Mom's gloating at what she deemed her victory over Dad in determining the course of her boy Eddie's life. Edna put up with it pretty well, although Mom really had nothing to do with her refusal to follow in Dad's footsteps and his fuck-steps with flappers. Soon, on a crisp mid-October Saturday, Flo came through on her part of the deal.

"Look here, Eddie!" Flo exclaimed, pulling out a long, lovely royal blue dress. "It's exactly your size, and you'll look stunning in it! Try it on!"

Edna did try it on, after changing from boys' clothes into the Symington Side Lacer and cami-knickers. Now, she noted with relief, she could put on the cami-knickers without even coming close to undergoing the orgasm, and even without quite getting a totally rigid erection.

The blue dress did fit Edna quite well. When she had it on, she let Flo turn around and see her. "Gosh, Eddie," Flo said, "you look just as ladylike as any real lady! I bet you'll be turning the college men's heads away from real girls!"

Edna hoped her erection wouldn't get big enough to defeat her ladylike looks. She tried to straighten her back and thrust her hips back, to increase the distance between her clitoris and the front of the dress, but soon the distance was getting small indeed. She turned away so Flo wouldn't see, but she feared that many people would see the bulge in her dress in public. *Oh, well*, she tried to reassure herself, *that will just mean they'll know for sure I'm a respectable male girl, that's all!*

Flo had also bought Edna (with Edna's money, of course) a matching royal blue hat, which Edna concealed in multiple layers of shopping bags along with her Mary Janes. Then she put on a boy's shirt and trousers, which bulged a great deal with the dress's long skirt inside them—but it couldn't be helped, because Edna's overcoat wasn't long enough to conceal the dress. After putting on her boys' shoes and overcoat, Edna stepped out of her room and descended the stairs with Flo, whose outfit looked a lot like Flo's hidden one except it was baby blue.

"We're off, Mom," said Flo. "Eddie's going to look over the U, and we'll see some sights and make a day of it."

"That's fine," said Mom. "Eddie, I'm so proud of you for deciding to go to the U. I know you can make something out of yourself if you study hard. I'm sorry I ever said you were turning out like your father."

"That's OK, Mom, no problem at all," Edna assured her, not for the first time.

The two "sisters" went out the front door and down to the corner; then, according to plan, they ducked into an alley and went down to a place where they could not easily be seen. At top speed Edna took off the overcoat, shirt, shoes, and trousers, giving them in turn to Flo who stuffed them into shopping bags. Then, one at a time, she took off the black socks she had put on over her silk stockings, removed her Mary Janes from the shopping bag that had hidden them, and put them on. Last of all, she retrieved her royal blue hat from the same bag and put it on.

"Let's go, sis!" the exhilarated Edna, now transformed into a lovely and dignified lady, said to Flo. After continuing to the far end of the alley, they walked four blocks to

Rutland Ridge Boulevard, where they would get on the streetcar.

By the time the streetcar arrived, several minutes after the sisters, Edna's heart was beating not much faster than normal, and her clitoris had almost achieved a state of dignified repose. Her hands hardly trembled at all when she gave her token to the conductor and received a transfer. Edna was becoming a mature, dignified lady indeed, she fancied—well worthy to attain respect among white people, just as Princess Jacqueline had done among the Quoheemish.

When the sisters arrived downtown, they got off the streetcar near the white Greek columns of the main library, and entered that well-beloved building. A tall, handsome, vaguely familiar-looking gentleman sitting near the entrance caught Edna's eye. He had dark brown hair parted in the middle, a small brush-like mustache, large horn-rimmed glasses, and penetrating blue eyes that repeatedly darted toward Edna and away again. Edna wondered whether he was an invert, and whether his sharp eyes could discern that Edna was one too, but of course she could not tell merely from seeing him.

"I'll meet you here at 10:30, OK?" Edna said to Flo, knowing she would want to look at different sorts of books than Edna would. Flo readily agreed and walked off.

Glancing at the tall gentleman, Edna saw that his eyes were bulging after hearing Edna's high but unmistakably male voice. The man's eyes darted to Edna's and remained fixed on them. Edna's heart started to beat harder, and her clitoris began to lengthen rapidly. *I bet he's an invert!* she thought. *I bet he can see I'm one too! I wonder if he'd like to meet me!*

Edna felt afraid, but not too afraid to make the man's eyes bulge more by giving him a small, shy smile. She turned away and walked a few short steps, only long enough to verify that Flo had vanished. Then she dared to look over her shoulder and give the man a bigger, unmistakably inviting smile, making her heart pound hard with excitement. Her clitoris was already erect; she turned around far enough to give him a quick glimpse of the bulge beneath her dress. By the time she turned away again, the man was starting to get up to follow her—and Edna's long-time fascination with promiscuity, only briefly suppressed by the disaster at the roadhouse, was in full force again.

She let her slender hips sway freely beneath her long-skirted dress, sure that the tall man's bulging eyes were on her every move. She knew exactly where she must go, and she went there: to the psychology shelves where her favorite book, the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, awaited her. Now she would have no fear, or hardly any, of letting her fascination with inverts be seen. She would open the book at once to the volume on "Sexual Inversion"; the man would see; and then—what dreadfully exciting things might happen?

She had not long to find out. She opened the book, and found herself reading about an invert who had undergone sexual connections with hundreds of men. The tall gentleman was coming. He passed her in the narrow aisle. She knew he was reading the words "SEXUAL INVERSION" at the top of the page. He let out a deep breath, turned back, and addressed Edna.

"Excuse me, miss," he said. "I trust I am not intruding where I am not wanted, but—I wonder if you can be of assistance to me."

She looked up at him with her eyes wide open. He spoke with a pronounced upper-class British accent; at

once Edna found herself starting to conform her manner of speaking to his. "What sort of assistance, sir?" she asked, feeling sure already that she knew the answer.

"You are evidently a sexual invert, as am I." The man's eyes sought to penetrate Edna to the core. She offered no resistance. "Yes, I am," she whispered, moving closer to him.

"I am in deep need of sexual connection," said the man. "Please help me."

"Er—what form of sexual connection?" Edna insisted on asking, not wishing to lead the man to think she would submit to rectal coition.

"Any form you wish," the man assured her. His eyes were very close to hers now, and his big penis was touching her through their clothes.

"Intercrural?"

"Yes, indeed! Intercrural connection is one of my favorite forms!" Edna was thrilled beyond belief. Had the man wished her to lift her long skirt and accept his penis between her thighs right then and there, she might even have dared to accept. Still, she was relieved to find that he did not do so.

"Come with me," he said. "I am a librarian, and I have a key to the private lavatory used by inverted librarians for discreet encounters." Yes, that was why the man looked vaguely familiar; Edna had seen him in the library before. He strode through a door and down a back stairway to the basement of the library, with Edna following closely.

The librarian unlocked an unmarked door, opened it outward, and gestured to Edna to go in. A small but well-appointed private lavatory met her eyes, with pink walls, a red tile floor, and a full-length mirror straight

ahead next to a washbasin, with a toilet stall on the other side. The librarian locked the door and turned at once to Edna.

"You have my deepest gratitude, miss," he said, looking deep into her eyes and clasping her quivering buttocks. He turned her around, unbuttoned her dress in back, and stripped her of it, but took care to hang it up on one of several conveniently located clothing hooks. He stripped off her cami-knickers too, but left her shoes, stockings, and Symington Side Lacer in place. "Please place your hands against the wall," he instructed Edna, dropping his trousers but leaving his shirt, tie, and even his suit coat on.

Edna eagerly complied. "Yes," he said. "Yes, this will be ecstasy beyond belief." Edna felt the great bulbous head of the librarian's penis, as big as a large plum if not a peach, pressing firmly between her tender, womanly thighs just beneath her buttocks, already pumping in excitement. "It will!" she agreed. "Oh, yes, it will!"

Their mutual prediction was soon fulfilled. The librarian's penis was fully eight or nine inches long, and remarkably thick as well. Edna clenched and stroked the man's shaft with her ultra-sensitive thighs, and his protruding bulb with her hand—more tightly and in more vigorous rhythm, she fancied, than any woman could do in normal coition. Faster and faster he pumped her from behind, raising her onto her tiptoes while she struggled to keep bucking hard, keeping up the rapid rhythm of clenching and releasing to bring the orgasm upon him. When he reached full speed and maximum heat, he reached down with one hand to clutch and stroke Edna's unbearably tumescent clitoris, making her gasp in delight, sending her into the orgasm at the same time as his own floods of semen were filling Edna's hand to overflowing.

Both of them were silent, breathing deeply, for what seemed several minutes after the orgasm. "That was the finest," the man said at last. "The finest orgasm I have ever undergone, and the finest assistance I have ever received. Please accept my profoundest gratitude."

"Oh, yes! I will!" Edna assured him. "And you have mine as well!"

After this exchange of gratitude, the man turned efficiently to cleaning off his penis and his hands, with washcloths and towels provided in abundance in an enclosure beneath the washbasin. Edna then did the same, and they dressed in silence.

"We must meet again," the librarian told Edna when both of them were fully clothed again, "but in more elegant surroundings. Please accept my card, and consider it a cordial invitation to join our highly select club." He handed her a business card with the name "Eustace Clitherow Brimmings," a telephone number, and the inscription "Victoria and Albert Club."

"I have certainly heard of the Victoria and Albert Club, Mr. Brimmings," Edna said, her eyes wide at the prospect of following in Princess Jacqueline's footsteps there. "I shall be entering the University next fall; I trust that my membership in the club would be consistent with the busy schedule of a college student."

"It would indeed. Some of our most favored young practitioners are college students."

"In that event, I shall give your invitation my sincerest consideration."

"Please do," said Mr. Brimmings. "You have a great future there—one of the greatest, I dare say. May I ask your name, miss?"

"Edna St. Vincent Forkwright."

“Ah! A most remarkable name, for a most remarkable young lady. Please feel free to call at any time, day or night, when you would like to see the club and learn about the excellent opportunities you will find there.”

“I trust,” Edna had to ascertain, “that there will be an opportunity for—er—an intercrural specialist. I detest *pedicatio* and *fellatio*, and I have indignantly rejected an offer that would have involved submitting to rectal coition.”

“I quite understand,” Mr. Brimmings assured her. “I assure you that, for an intercrural specialist of such excellence as your own, there will be *limitless* opportunity.”

The sexual connection had been completed so rapidly that Edna had a fair amount of time left before meeting Flo. She found a large illustrated book about the traditional way of life of the Quoheemish, but it turned out to be sanitized and boring, with nothing about male girls. It didn't even have anything about the Great Spirit, only about totems, taboos, and huge numbers of what Chief Semakoboomish disdainfully called “little spirits” of anything and everything. Before 10:30 arrived, Edna put down the book in disappointment and went up to wait for Flo, sitting exactly where Mr. Brimmings had sat when Edna first saw him.

“Hey, Eddie!” Flo said when she arrived. “Look what I've got!” She showed Edna a book entitled *Clouds of Witness*. Edna vaguely recalled that, before she quit going to church, she had heard an expression like that read from the Bible: “Seeing that we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us press onward,” or something like that.

“What is it?” Edna asked.

"It's a murder mystery, with an amateur detective named Lord Peter Wimsey. He's all the rage in England now," Flo assured Edna.

"OK, well, tell me the ending after you've read it, so I won't have to read it myself." Edna grinned.

"Boor, philistine, ignoramus," Flo teased him. "This is supposed to be a new kind of mystery that actually has some literary merit, so you can enjoy reading it more than once."

"OK, then, tell me the ending after you've read it *twice*, so I won't have to read it more than once."

"I give up." Flo rolled her eyes. "Let's go up to the Capitol."

The sisters emerged from the library and walked to Capitoline Avenue, where they descended the stairs of one of the few subway entrances in Pacific Heights. The city had no subway trains, but it did have the unique Underground Screw Cars made by a rapidly growing local company, Magnum Supreme Screw and Electric Products. Designed to ascend steep hills without the mechanical awkwardness of San Francisco's cable cars, the screw cars used electric motors to turn large screws in grooves, propelling the cars up from the harbor to downtown and thence to the Capitol, or back down again.

Flo and Edna gave their transfers to the conductor of the screw car, sat together on a hard but serviceable seat, and rode smoothly up to the station in the basement of the State Capitol. Just beyond the station was a wide stairway beneath a sign saying "To Capitol Main Floor." Near that stairway was another, a narrow spiral stairway with an iron railing, with a sign saying "To Capitol Dome Observation Walkway."

“Let’s go up and see the view from the dome first,” Flo suggested. “Then we can look around the Capitol a bit, and head over to the U.”

The sisters ascended the spiral stairway, with landings at the first, second, and third floors of the massive Capitol building, designed and built by men who imagined that little Pacificum would someday be among the greatest states in the Union. Above the third floor the stairway ascended into darkness, but ultimately the sisters emerged into light, opened the door of a little enclosed entryway, and stepped onto the wide walkway surrounding the Capitol’s golden dome.

“Gosh, Eddie, isn’t this glorious?” Flo exclaimed. The view from the dome was splendid indeed. Standing almost directly above the highest point on broad, straight Capitoline Avenue, the sisters could look down upon the elegant homes and apartment houses of the Capitoline Hill; down farther, through the woods and meadows of the old Stimson family estate, recently sold to the city and re-named Grand Stimson Park; down farther still to the downtown skyline, consisting of several buildings not much taller than the library as well as a single skyscraper, the newly built Stimson Tower, a full 32 stories high. Beyond downtown, the sisters could see all the way to the small boats, the freighters, and a single ocean liner in the harbor, and to the endless ocean beyond.

Flo walked over to look toward home in Rutland Ridge, and then toward the U and beyond, but Edna stood fixed in place. She raised her eyes to the sky—not grayish-white now, as it usually was in Pacific Heights even when it was not raining, but clear blue and adorned with pure white clouds. Edna felt her so-called superstition coming upon her again, and she did not resist it; indeed, she welcomed it.

“Princess Jacqueline, up there among the clouds, at home with the Great Spirit,” Edna whispered, “if you can hear me, help me find my destiny and follow it! Chief Semakoboomish, Voice of the Great Spirit, if you can hear me, help me listen to what the Great Spirit says about my destiny!”

Flo had vanished out of sight, except from Edna’s heart. Her first thought, after she whispered the word “destiny,” had been of Flo. This was no mere coincidence, Edna had to think; Flo must have something to do with Edna’s destiny.

Of course, Flo was Edna’s only real friend on earth—the only one who knew, and loved, Edna’s secret identity as a male girl. Edna felt her heart look up in gratitude to the Great Spirit for creating Flo. Too often in the past, Edna felt ashamed to think, she had ignored Flo or disdained her; she would do so no longer.

Might Edna even end up looking to her kid sister, a wholesome good girl, as a model for her life? Aside from a bit of greed for small amounts of money, Edna knew, Flo was a *great* girl, and she was the most faithful friend anyone could ask for. She did go to the wrong church, one that didn’t recognize the Great Spirit as the creator of male girls, but Edna didn’t have to imitate her in that respect. If the right church of the Great Spirit didn’t exist yet among white people, maybe Edna could even find it and get Flo to join it; maybe that was part of her destiny!

Edna’s thoughts about being like Flo began to set sail quickly among the clouds. Almost as quickly, though, they ran aground upon a submerged rock: promiscuity. Edna knew Flo loathed promiscuity; she would unquestionably remain a virgin until she got married, and be totally faithful to her husband after that. She would be terribly disappointed, too, if she knew Edna had been promiscuous with a man in the library this very morning,

not so long after Edna had admitted that promiscuity at the roadhouse was stupid and she wasn't going to go there any more.

Could Edna ever become like Flo in that respect? She could not imagine how. The same Great Spirit who made the endless variety of creatures in the universe, who made Flo's faithful heart, no doubt had fashioned Edna's inverted, promiscuous heart as well. Edna felt a pang of sadness at the thought. Perhaps, she fancied, someday she might retire from the promiscuous life and be simply a respected elder male girl among white people, as Princess Jacqueline had been among the Quoheemish after 20 years as a practitioner at the Victoria and Albert Club.

She thought of Mr. Brimmings's card from the club, securely saved within her handbag. For a fleeting moment she thought of tearing up the card and making a mad dash away from promiscuity—but she knew that, sooner or later, she would come crawling back, begging for more. She could not bring herself to pass up this excellent opportunity not only to fulfill her deep desires for sexual connection with many men, but to be paid good money for it. True, it might well amount to nothing more than a refined and elegant form of white slavery, featuring Edna as nothing but a glorified red-hot flapper at a top-notch roadhouse—but Edna would worry about that later, perhaps in 20 years.

Not only did Edna not tear up the card; she retrieved it from her handbag and memorized Mr. Brimmings's telephone number, Greentree 2020, at once. She would not call him today, though—perhaps not for many days. She would make at least some sincere effort to be a wholesome good girl like Flo, until the sexual pressure became too intense. After that, Edna knew full well what would happen, but she did not wish to think about it now.

Flo was returning, having gone full circle around the Capitol dome. "Gosh, Eddie, are you still stuck here?" she asked. "There's plenty to see all around! What were you doing here, anyway?"

"Oh, just staring up in the clouds and thinking about my destiny, I guess," Edna admitted.

"I can understand that," said Flo. "Actually, I was thinking about *my* destiny too. You know what, now that women can vote and even run for office, I might even end up in the legislature here! Maybe you will too! Wouldn't it be great to appear together, both dressed like dignified ladies, and be introduced like this: 'Ladies and gentlemen, may I present the Honorable Edward E. Forkwright and the Honorable Florence N. Forkwright'? Oh, except I hope I'll be married, and then I'll have another last name!"

Edna laughed. "I'm not sure I'll want to be in the legislature at any time," she said. "Anyway, I'm sure you've got a whole lot better chance of getting in than I do. You've already decided on your chosen profession, and I haven't." Edna didn't, and wouldn't, mention that she herself expected to become a part-time high-class practitioner of the so-called oldest profession. That didn't count, and she didn't want Flo to find out about it at any time.

"Well, you'll have time to make up your mind after you get into the U," Flo assured her. "Speaking of which, let's head over there after we look around the Capitol for a little while, and maybe grab a bite to eat in the Capitol cafeteria. We might see some legislators there, or even the Governor!"

"I might wait a few decades for that," Edna said with another laugh, "because then the Governor might be *you!*" She opened the door of the little enclosure at the top of the spiral staircase, and Flo stepped in.

Taking a last quick look at the clouds and the sky beyond, Edna thought again of the Great Spirit who had made her a beautiful male girl like Princess Jacqueline. She felt a spark of joy at the glorious thought, in spite of everything. Then she stepped in after Flo, and went down to seek her destiny.

##

A WHAMMY FOR WALLY

"You know, Cam," Bruce Signum said with a sickening smile, "sometimes I can't help wondering if you're *one*. You know, *one of those*. Know what I mean?"

I was pretty sure I did. I couldn't help wondering about something, too: how much longer I would be able to keep pretending I could stand Bruce.

"I mean abusers of themselves with mankind, those men that leave off the natural use of the woman and burn with lust for men, and get *gone in unto* by men," Bruce said. "It's wrong. It's dead wrong. It will lead you straight to hell, and if I don't warn you about it I'll go there too." Bruce leaned back on the sofa and looked pretty satisfied with himself for evading hell by warning me. His goofy couch-potato sidekick, Wally Climpton, said nothing, but looked pretty fascinated by the thought that I might be "one of those."

"Aw, hell, Bruce," Wally said, "don't be too hard on a guy for leavin' off the natural use of the woman. Don't forget you did it too."

"I fled fornication," Bruce declaimed, "and the offspring of fornication. I fled from a female who sought to

use the offspring of fornication against me to enslave me. I fled to use my talent for the glory of God, not bury it in the ground.”

I was afraid I was going to vomit. What Bruce meant, in plain language, was that he had dumped an unwed mother and child in the trash, refused to support them, escaped from his native Kentucky to the Far Western city of Pacific Heights, and spent his time here playing wretched Christian rock music. He made no secret of it; he thought he could get away with it with impunity, and so far he was right.

Bruce didn't know what I did for a living: I was an investigator for the Pacificum State Office of Child Support Enforcement. I wanted to find out about his support obligations back in Kentucky where he came from, but I didn't have enough information. “Signum” wasn't his real name, it was just a stage name. He refused to let on what his real last name was or where in Kentucky he came from, and he seemed to have ordered Wally not to let on either.

“Well, you sure don't bury it in the ground,” I acknowledged. “You don't bury it in the basement, either. I can hear your band all over the house when you're rehearsing.” The house was the big old Clifton Mansion on the edge of the Capitoline Hill in Pacific Heights, now a barely respectable rooming house, and Bruce's long, loud, loathsome Christian rock rehearsals in the basement of the mansion had become pretty much unbearable to me in the two months since he and Wally moved in. I had repeatedly thought of calling the police because of the dreadful noise Bruce made unto the Lord, but I didn't think they would do anything serious, much less anything that would get him to leave. I had to think of something, though. If I couldn't get Bruce extradited to Kentucky for

failure to pay support, at least I might be able to get him to take his damned noise somewhere else.

“We must obey God, not men,” Bruce informed me. “Christian music cannot be hidden under a bushel basket.”

I rose and left the great living room without a word. I knew it would be hopeless to dispute with him, but I was determined to defeat him, one way or another.

Not until evening, when I brushed my wavy shoulder-length brown hair and put on a pretty, frilly, feminine nightie in my room, did I get an idea. Bruce’s guess had been pretty good: I was not only “one of those,” meaning a homosexual, but “one of those” who discreetly wore women’s clothes. If I dared to wear them indiscreetly, in Bruce’s presence, he might be tempted to try to commit a hate crime. The police in Pacific Heights were pretty lax about arresting any of the city’s huge number of rock musicians for making unreasonable noise, but they weren’t too soft on hate crimes, which could result in pretty noticeable prison sentences. There would be a bit of risk, of course, but I decided it would be well worth the risk if it would work.

“This cannot be!” Bruce’s pale blue eyes grew great in outrage, or what seemed quite like outrage. His eyes were fixed upon me as I appeared before him, for the first time, in feminine attire: a low-cut cream-colored sleeveless top, a skimpy little cream-colored push-up bra with just a bit of stuffing, and a ruffly red miniskirt that would be barely long enough to cover my big pink Patti’s Puffies panties when I sat down. “Know ye not,” he declaimed, “that the man shall not wear that which pertains to the woman, nor shall the woman wear that which pertains to the man? It is abomination!”

"Maybe in Kentucky," I retorted with a little laugh, "but not out here. Pacific Heights isn't the place for you, Bruce; it's crawling with what you claim to regard as abominations. Why don't you go back where you came from?"

"I am a Christian musician," said Bruce, "and I have come here for one purpose only: to pursue my musical career in one of the fastest-growing centers of the entertainment industry." It wasn't true, and he knew it. If that had been his only purpose, he could have gone to Nashville, a lot closer to Kentucky, with a lot more Christians too.

"Wally, come on," Bruce demanded. "We must flee from this abomination, as Lot fled from Sodom!"

"Aw, hell," said Wally, rising reluctantly from his couch-potato position. "I think he's kind of cute in them gals' clothes." Wally's eyes were bulging too, as were his pants, but not in outrage. "Look at them sexy legs—and he's even got some cleavage to show off!"

"You shall go down into the bottomless pit, the lake of fire, with the abusers of themselves with mankind," Bruce raved at me. "And you, Wally, will go down with him, if you do not flee from the pollution of sin!"

"Aw, shit," Wally said. "Hey, Jesus hung out with them harlots and sluts, and it didn't do Him no harm. I figure I can hang out with a cute guy in gals' clothes for a little while, and not end up in hell any more than He did."

"Don't say I didn't warn you!" Bruce commanded. "That way lies the broad, straight road to damnation!"

Bruce strode out of the great living room. Wally did not. "It may be *broad*," he said with a laugh, "but it sure ain't *straight*, and I'm thinkin' maybe it ain't the road to damnation after all."

"No, I'm pretty sure it ain't," I said, talking a bit like him. I looked at Wally's big, guileless eyes through his thick glasses; I even smiled at him. Wally was goofy, but he wasn't malicious like Bruce. I had actually started to like him, unlike Bruce.

"Wow, you're hot," Wally said with genuine admiration. "Have you got a girlie name as well as your guy name?"

"Yes. I'm Candi." I smiled at him. I did love it when nice guys, even goofy ones, thought I was hot. My mini-skirt was bulging in front already.

I flirted with him: "Would you like to see a bit more of me?" I shamelessly bent over for a second and stretched my bra down to let him see my bare breasts almost down to my nipples; then I quickly returned my bra to its proper place and removed my hands.

"Wow, yeah!" Wally cried. "Hey, Candi, I'd love to see a whole lot more of you!"

"Only a little for now. Look quick!" I flipped my mini-skirt up to reveal my panties, barely concealing my stout five-inch erection; then I quickly let my skirt drop down again.

"Oh, wow!" Wally moaned. "That's terrific! Would you like me to give you a whammy?"

I stared at him. "A *what?*" I asked.

"A whammy. You know, one of them things where you get a guy's wiener in your mouth and suck on it like a lollipop until he gets an orgasm."

"Oh, yes, I know what whammies are!" Actually, by the time I turned 25 a few weeks ago, I had already given and received quite a few "whammies," mostly with casual acquaintances or total strangers at Club Swank Wank.

"I give 'em to Bruce sometimes," Wally confided, "when he needs to flee fornication. That's in the Bible, you know, 'Flee fornication,' and sometimes Bruce has a hard time fleeing it when he gets the temptation to find a gal and fornicate with her. So then I just give him a whammy, and the temptation goes away!"

"I see! Uh—what a clever idea!" *I should have known*, I thought: Bruce was a hypocrite through and through. He probably even *enjoyed* being a hypocrite.

I began to wonder if it would be legal for me to reveal Wally's whammies, to bring Bruce into disgrace with the Christian rock music fans in Greater Pacific Heights and get him out of here. I even had a brief, shocking fantasy of hiding in the closet, emerging to photograph Bruce receiving a whammy, and threatening to make the photo public if he didn't go back to Kentucky—but I was pretty sure *that* would be illegal. Then I started to get a better idea, an unquestionably legal one. I decided to pump Wally for all he was worth.

"Well, do you want a whammy?" Wally asked me eagerly, interrupting my train of thought. "I just love giving guys whammies. I'd give *myself* a whammy if it was possible, but it ain't."

"Ooh, yes, I'd *love* to get a whammy from you, Wally," I assured him, "and I might even love to give *you* a whammy sometime."

"Wow! *You mean it?*" Wally went wild with excitement. "That's fantastic! I never got a whammy myself before in my life! Bruce just gets 'em from me, he never gives 'em to me, and nobody else ever did either."

"Oh, that's terribly sad," I said, "but we really should get to know each other a bit better before we start giving each other whammies. Why don't we sit down on the couch and talk for a while?"

“You bet!” Wally cried, flinging himself back down on his couch-potato couch, and patting it to indicate that I should sit right next to him.

Soon, with my bare legs sticking out almost up to my panties beneath my miniskirt, with my left leg pressing close against Wally’s blue-jean-clad right leg, and with my hand occasionally touching Wally’s penis through his pants, I had acquired a fair amount of information about Bruce, Wally, and their former way of life in and around Wuckaway County, Kentucky. Bruce was the greatest Christian rock guitarist and singer in the history of Wuckaway County, and Wally was honored to be chosen as his drummer. Together with their bassist, Chuck Farnamoor, they had been in great demand at churches in Wuckaway and surrounding counties, and once they even played at a concert in Lexington. In his weekday job, Bruce made pretty good money as a new-car salesman at the biggest dealership in the county. With all this plus his handsome looks, it wasn’t surprising that Bruce got himself the most beautiful gal in the county, Amanda Smithersby, for a girlfriend.

“I guess they didn’t flee fornication, though, huh?” I pumped Wally. “I remember she had his baby.”

“Yeah, they sure as hell didn’t,” Wally said. “That baby was the beginning of the end for Bruce in Wuckaway County. A lot of Christians didn’t like it when their great Christian rock star got a baby from fornication. Amanda was always buggin’ Bruce to marry her, and he was feelin’ trapped. She even changed her last name to his without him marrying her—can you believe that?”

“Wow, that’s going pretty far,” I said. I seized my chance and asked: “What *is* Bruce’s last name, anyway? Signum is just a stage name, isn’t it?”

"Yeah. Bruce don't like to let people know his real name, but I'm pretty sure there's no harm in tellin' *you*." Wally raised his eyes to mine, showing himself completely smitten with me. "His real name's Bruce Breekie."

"Bruce Signum does sound better," I acknowledged, "and I bet it's easier to spell, too. Is that B-R-E-E-K-Y, or what?"

"Pretty close, except it's I-E on the end, not Y."

"So the, um, the mom would be Amanda Breekie." I almost said "CP" for "custodial parent," instead of "mom"; I caught myself barely in time.

"Yup. She even changed the baby's name, too. It's Henry Clay Breekie, used to be Henry Clay Smithersby."

I hoped I wouldn't be showing my hand, but I figured that, even if I was, Wally would just hope it was headed for his wiener again. "Does Bruce have to pay any child support?" I asked, in as innocent a voice as possible.

"Not out here. He sure as hell did back home. That was one of the things that got him to leave. He said they were bleedin' him dry and forcin' him to keep selling cars forever, when his musical career had to come first. Said Amanda lied to him and cheated him, too; she said she was on birth-control pills, but it wasn't true, she just wanted a baby so she could get control over Bruce. So he decided to come out here, and I said I'd go with him. I had a gal back home too, but she didn't want no fornication, and I wanted to get out and see a lot of things you'll never see in Wuckaway County. Chuck didn't want to leave Kentucky, so we didn't tell him or anyone else where we were going. I just told my gal Abby I was going away for a little while and then I'd be back, but I didn't say where we were going. Then one night we just up and took off for parts unknown, which was here."

"That was a lot more than two months ago, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, more like two years. We been living in cheap rooming houses since then, gettin' kicked out of one and moving into another. This Clifton Mansion is the best one yet, especially with the great basement to practice in. Still not too many gigs, there's a lot more competition out here, but Bruce is still hoping to make it big. If he can just work his way up to the top in the Christian music scene here, he's hoping, he'll be able to break into mainstream rock, leave the Christian crap behind, and make it really big."

I heartily agreed with the characterization of Christian rock as crap, but I had to ask: "Does Bruce really call Christian rock crap?"

"Sure does, when nobody's listenin' but me. It don't matter, he says, because the music is the same as in mainstream rock, just the words are different."

I knew. I was no Christian, and my parents hadn't even tried to raise me as a Christian, but still I had to wince and grimace at the incredible incongruity of putting words like "My Lord! My God! My everything!" to music more suited to words like "Fuck you! Fuck me! Fuck everyone!" I rejoined: "Well, that's for sure."

I was hoping I had enough information. Tomorrow would tell. For now, I would reward Wally for his valuable assistance by letting him give me a whammy, and promise him hope of something better still.

"OK, I think that's enough talking for now," I said, drawing close to Wally's ear. "Would you like to come to my room and let me pull my panties down for you?"

"Hot damn! Would I ever!"

My "wiener" had grown limp while I was gathering the information, but it didn't stay limp long. "Do you want to take off my bra and lick my nipples before you give me the whammy?" I asked when we were in my

room. He sure did, and he told me, "Wow, you've got pretty little titties even when your bra ain't on! Them's just like some of the little gals' titties that used to make me go wild in school when I was about 12—except they never let me see 'em naked like this!"

I giggled, as if I too were a girl of that age. "Don't forget the whammy," I reminded him. "I'd like to save the whammy for *you* for a really special occasion—but I'd like to pull down my panties for you right now, too." I didn't tell him what I hoped the special occasion would be, or how soon I hoped it would occur. I simply pulled down my skirt and my panties at once, revealing my stout five-incher in the nude.

"Wow, what a plum!" Wally exclaimed. "I hope I can get it in my mouth!"

He could indeed. I sat on the bed; he knelt before me and gave me a most delightful whammy. His tongue caressed my vale of bliss, the cleft on the underside of my big plum; he sucked my plum like a lollipop indeed, while gripping and rubbing my shaft with his fingers. It did not take long for my hips to quake and my plum to spurt wave upon wave of hot gush into Wally's mouth.

As soon as he could speak again, Wally cried out, "Wow, Candi, you're the greatest! Can I give you another one sometime real soon?"

"Pretty soon, I hope," I said, "and I hope that *special occasion* will come real soon too."

I, for one, didn't waste any time. Bright and early next morning, early enough that the air was still quite chilly although it was the middle of June, I rode my bike to work in my usual men's office attire: loose dress shirt that pretty much concealed my breasts, loose trousers that did the same to my plump hips and shapely legs, plus men's

shoes and socks, even men's underwear, certainly no bra or Patti's Puffies. I had a job to do, and I did it. Before I started my regular work, I placed a call to the county attorney's office in Wuckaway County, Kentucky.

"Hi, I'm Cameron Zigsby with the Pacificum State Office of Child Support Enforcement," I told the lady who answered the phone. "I've got some information about a possible non-compliant non-custodial parent, who absconded from Wuckaway County to avoid paying support to a CP named Amanda Breekie. The NCP's name is Bruce Breekie."

"Oh!" the lady exclaimed. "Yes, we're very familiar with that case. I think you'll want to talk to Mr. Smithersby, the county attorney. I'm sure he'll want to talk with you."

This sounded pretty promising, since I remembered that Smithersby was the original last name of the girlfriend Bruce fled from. It sounded even more promising when Mr. Smithersby got on the phone. "Hi, this is Dan Smithersby," he said. "So you know where that son of a bitch Bruce Breekie is?"

"Yes, I do," I said. I gave the address of the Clifton Mansion. "Have you got a support order we can get enforced out here in Pacificum?"

"I've got something better. The Commonwealth's Attorney filed a felony charge on him for flagrant non-support a little while ago. All we were waiting for was information about where to get him arrested."

"Oh, really?" I was thrilled. "Uh, so it sounds like you're willing to extradite?"

"Damn right. That son of a bitch ruined my niece and left her with nothing but a little boy he never did anything for. We'll get him extradited if I have to pay for it out of my own pocket!"

"Very good, then. Um, is there a lot of arrearage?"

"Sure is. We've been imputing everything he would have made if he'd stayed with his job at a car dealership here, and that's a lot. If we find out he's been making even more than that out there, we'll substitute the actual amount."

"I'm pretty sure he hasn't. He's been voluntarily under-employed, living in cheap rooming houses and trying to make it big in the Christian rock music scene, but not doing too well."

"Damn fool. If he'd just stayed here, kept his job, and married my niece, he would have been about the biggest celebrity in this county. Out there, sounds like he's nobody."

"Yeah, it sure does."

"Hey, how do you know all this about Breekie, anyway?"

"I live in the same rooming house as he does."

"So you got to know him and he spilled the beans to you?" Mr. Smithersby laughed.

"Not exactly. His friend, Wally Climpton, was the one who spilled them."

Mr. Smithersby snorted. "That poor sucker," he said. "Nice enough young guy, pretty silly but not trashy, wouldn't hurt a fly, had a real sweet girl back here, all this is what my niece Amanda told me—but he wasn't bright enough to keep from being taken in by Breekie, who probably promised him fame and fortune."

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"OK, well, I tell you what. I'm going to call up the Commonwealth's Attorney myself right after I get off the phone with you, and we'll get the ball rolling to extradite

Breekie. And say, this was good work. I'll put in a good word with your boss."

"Hey, thanks! I'm really glad I could help Bruce Breekie get back where he belongs!"

The wheels of justice ground pretty slowly, as usual. I wore my men's clothes at home every day until I went to bed, because I didn't want to be wearing women's clothes when the police came to arrest Bruce, even though the police probably wouldn't care. At bedtime I still wore pretty nighties; every now and then I let Wally pull my nightie up to give me another excellent whammy, and I told him the special occasion was coming soon when I would give him one too. We talked sometimes, too; I learned at least as much about Wuckaway County as I cared to know, and I could see that Wally was homesick, even though he tried not to let on.

At last the great day came, or rather the great evening, and I had the honor of leading the police to Bruce. I just happened to be sitting and reading a book (or trying to read one over the noise of Bruce's music) after dinner in the great living room, near the front door, when I heard a knock. I leaped up, opened the door, and saw two police officers, a tall skinny man and a short stout woman. "Is this the residence of Bruce Breekie?" the woman asked me.

"Yes, it is," I said with a big smile.

"We need to speak with him."

"OK, he's in the basement. That's his music you can hear. Come right this way." I led them through the living room and the dining room to the basement door. As soon as I opened it, a blast of much louder noise attacked my ears, and yet I almost skipped for joy as I led the officers down the stairs.

In the basement, Wally was whacking the drums and a guy I didn't know was making booming noises with an electric bass, while Bruce's electric guitar shrieked and he yelled some highly repetitive lyrics: "Come tew Jesus, lay down yo' burdens; come tew Him, He will give yew rest—give yew rest fo' yo' souls!" He glanced at the police and looked highly displeased, but he kept on playing and yelling as if nothing unusual were happening. When it sounded like the song might be about to end, Bruce waved his arms and yelled, "Come on, come on, come on now, sing it!" Then he launched into the same old lyrics again, as loudly as before: ". . . give yew rest fo' yo'souls!"

Bruce obviously wasn't planning to give his unwilling listeners any rest for their *ears*. "Yank the plug!" the female officer yelled. The male one looked around, found the power supply and the plug, flipped the switch, and pulled the plug. Wally and the bassist soon acknowledged defeat and stopped playing, but not Bruce. He kept yelling until the female officer yelled back, "Sir, please be quiet! We need to speak to you! If you continue to make this noise, you'll have to be charged with the crime of disorderly conduct!"

Bruce finally stopped yelling. I breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Sir," the male officer said, looking at a piece of paper in his hand, "pursuant to the Uniform Criminal Extradition Act as enacted in chapter 518 of the Code of Pacificum, I have a warrant for the extradition of Bruce Adam Breekie to the Commonwealth of Kentucky in connection with a charge of flagrant non-support, a Class D felony under the laws of Kentucky. Are you Bruce Adam Breekie?"

"This is an outrage!" Bruce asserted, though not loudly enough to seem to be committing disorderly conduct.

"If you believe you have a defense to that charge, you'll be entitled to raise that defense in the courts of Kentucky. I have reason to believe that you are the Bruce Adam Breekie named in this warrant. I'm required to take you into custody for a determination of whether you're one and the same Bruce Adam Breekie named in this warrant. If you are, you'll be extradited to the Commonwealth of Kentucky." The officers grabbed Bruce and handcuffed him.

"If I ever find out who betrayed me," Bruce muttered, but the male officer cut him off. "Sir," he said, "you seem to be thinking of committing the crime of intimidation. I'd strongly advise you not to do it."

"Come on, let's go!" the female officer demanded. They went. Bruce was out of my life forever. I almost wished I believed in God, so I could thank Him for this. Instead, I knew, I was going to thank Wally this very night, with a delectable whammy—unless Wally was going to get mad at me when he found out what happened.

"God damn," Wally said, while the bassist silently gathered up his equipment. "Bruce never thought they'd find him out here. I wonder how they ever did."

"Well, that's a really good question," I said. "Let's go up to the living room and see if we can figure it out."

"See you later, Wally," said the bassist. "I guess this is it. I'm going to look for another band. How about you?"

"Well, I don't rightly know. This is a pretty big shock. I'll have to think about it. I might look for another band out here too, or something. I guess it all depends on how things turn out." He didn't look at me when he said it, and I didn't know what he meant then—but, before the evening was over, I did.

“Wally, I hope you’re not going to get mad at me for this,” I said when we were sitting side by side on a sofa in the living room, “but this is the special occasion I was telling you about. I wanted Bruce out of here, and I found out how to get him out of here.” Wally’s eyes were growing bigger and bigger.

“You’re not mad at me, are you?” I begged him to tell me. “I mean, I did think Bruce needed to stop running away from his, his family; he did need to go back to Kentucky.” I didn’t mention that, in my opinion, he also needed to go back because his music was loud and horrible, and he was a loathsome hypocrite. There was one other reason for getting rid of Bruce that I didn’t mention either, because I didn’t think of it—but Wally did, as I was soon to find out.

“Hell, no, I ain’t mad at you!” Wally assured me, gazing upon me with as much delight as if I had been wearing women’s clothes. “Frankly, I was gettin’ kind of tired of Bruce myself.”

“Maybe because he never gave you a whammy?” I asked him cooly. “That would be pretty tiresome, all right. Like I said, this is a really special occasion, and I’d just *love* to give you one. Just give me a few minutes to get ready, and then come up to my room.”

“Wow!” Wally cried out. “You bet!”

I wanted to give Wally a memorable send-off before he returned to Kentucky, and I selected one of my sexiest nighties for the purpose. It was low-cut enough to show every bit of my cleavage, lacy enough to be extremely feminine, and sheer enough to make my nipples and my “wiener” visible to even a casual observer, if one had happened to see me. In a very few minutes Wally showed up, and he was far from a casual observer.

“Wow, that’s incredible!” he exclaimed, drinking in my beauty with wide-open eyes. “You’re the pertiest gal I ever saw!”



"I'm glad you think so," I responded, "and I'm your girlfriend for the night!"

We embraced and kissed on the mouth. Wally gripped my big hips and stripped me almost at once. My fingers were trembling so much I could hardly unbutton his shirt and unzip his pants, but I got the job done. I could never have imagined that a goofy Kentucky bumpkin might excite me so much.

"Let me give you yours first," I said when we were both nude. "I like doing it right-side-up, one at a time, more than upside-down at the same time."

"That's just fine with me," Wally assured me. He learned back, supporting himself with his arms, while I knelt before him.

His "wiener" was about the same length as mine and much thinner, with a much smaller bulb, but it was no less excitable than mine. As soon as my lips touched the tip of his bulb, he shivered in delight and made a thrust with his hips, inserting his hot, rigid wiener into my mouth as far as I let it go. I gave him everything I could with my lips and tongue, pumping my head up and down like a wild woman's hips bucking without restraint. "Oh, God, Candi!" Wally moaned. "Oh, God! You're the greatest! Yes! Yes!!" His butt was leaping off the bed and back in rapid rhythm as I sucked him harder and harder, making my mouth as much as I could like the tight, hot cunt of a woman in heat. At last he gave a great groan as his sperm spurted deep into my mouth. Then, when he could relax, he leaned forward and tenderly stroked my head with both his hands.

"I never dreamed it could be so fantastic," Wally murmured. "Let me give you yours, before I forget."

Mine didn't take long at all; it was a bit of an anticlimax after the one I gave Wally, although I did still have a

climax. I was so incredibly excited from giving Wally his whammy that I could barely keep from ejaculating before my plum even entered his mouth. When it did, my semen surged forth almost at once, almost before either of us could start to pump. Wally kept my plum in his mouth for a long time afterward, sucking it even when I hardly had an erection any more, while I stroked his head as tenderly as he had stroked mine.

“Hey, you know, Candi,” Wally said when we were sitting side by side on the bed after the whammies, “I know two guys or two gals can get hitched to each other out here, not like in Kentucky. And you don’t hardly seem like a guy to me, anyway. You seem just like a gal that happens to have a wiener, a real fine one too. So I was thinking, why don’t you and me get hitched? Ain’t that really why you wanted to get rid of Bruce—so I wouldn’t be givin’ him any more whammies, and you and me could get hitched?”

“*What?*” I barely kept myself from squawking out loud in horror when, after some dumb delay, I realized what Wally was saying. My heart beat hard in fear, and even revulsion. *I should have known this would happen*, I thought, *but I let down my guard and didn’t see!* Now I would have to explain to Wally, as kindly as possible, that I wasn’t going to marry him.

“Oh, Wally!” I ventured to say. “Thank you so much for asking me—but I’m afraid I’m just not the hitching kind. Men have asked me to get hitched before, but I told them the same thing.” Actually it was only one man, and I hesitated longer, but I did end up telling him the same thing.

“If you really want to get hitched,” I went on before Wally could say any more, “why don’t you go back to your gal in Kentucky?”

“God damn, she ain’t half as beautiful and sexy as you.”

I sighed. “Maybe not,” I said, “but maybe she’d stay with you for life, no matter what. I wouldn’t. I’d *cheat*. I know it. You wouldn’t like it. Please don’t even think about it.”

Wally groaned. “Hell,” he said. “If you don’t want to get hitched, I can’t make you, but I sure as hell can’t stop *thinkin’* about it!”

I was silent. This wasn’t supposed to happen. We were just supposed to give each other whammies, and then (in due time) say thank you and good-bye. I was even starting to get offended about what happened instead—not offended at Wally, it wasn’t his fault—but offended at whom, or what?

I didn’t know, and I wasn’t sure I wanted to know. I wanted life to be cheerful and exciting—and it wouldn’t help to think about why I was offended, to say the least. What if there was something deep in the order of the universe itself that made so many people eager to get “hitched,” making life hard for people like me who craved casual, brief encounters only? And making it hard, too, for those who wanted to get “hitched” but couldn’t, like Wally? What was it that produced *babies* from mere fucks that were no big deal, and yet made it right to demand that the fuckers support them—making it hard for the fuckers, like Bruce? What, at bottom, was making all this happen, and making life hard for so many people, good and bad?

I feared my thoughts were descending into a bottomless pit, if not a lake of fire, but I couldn’t help thinking about it. *Was it God?* I had never believed in God in my life, but what if I was wrong? What if the creator of the universe was playing malicious games with his creatures,

and laughing while torturing them forever after they lost the games?

It had to be a nightmare fantasy, except I couldn't convince myself it was a fantasy. All I knew was that, if it was true, I wasn't going to cave in. If God was like that, then there was something in my own heart and mind that was better than God—something I dared not give up on, even for fear of torture. If God was like that, and if he brought me to judgment for defying him, I would still stand up and tell him to his face, "I'm right and you're wrong!"

Wally interrupted my waking nightmare. "Well, I guess I'll go back to Kentucky pretty soon, then," he said.

"Oh, yes, I think that would be best," I quickly assured him. "I'm sorry, Wally—I think you're a really nice guy, I like you a lot, and you've been a big help to me—but I just know it wouldn't work too well for you to stay here. I'm sure you'll do a lot better back home."

"Yeah, I sure hope so," Wally said doubtfully. "Well, anyway, thanks a lot for the whammy. It was incredible."

"Oh, you're welcome," I said, though I couldn't honestly add "Any time!"

Wally did go back to Kentucky really soon. I shook hands with him and wished him well before he left. I wore men's clothes; I didn't want to make it any harder for him than necessary. Then I turned away from him, but not away from my persistent waking nightmare.

I tried to ignore the nightmare as much as I could, turning my attention toward work and books and music and beauty of every kind, including the beauty of my women's clothes. I started to wear them outdoors, hoping to please men's eyes, but feeling less than fully satisfied

even when I knew I was succeeding. I went to Club Swank Wank again and again, going all out to satisfy the men and receiving the usual great admiration for my sexiness, but even that didn't satisfy me. All this, I feared, might turn out to be of no use when it came time to tell the creator of the universe that I was right and he was wrong.

The days after Wally left stretched into weeks, then into months. Summer turned into autumn, and the nightmare showed no sign of ending; it even grew worse. I had visions of sex-crazed people being tortured in hell, not by devils wielding red-hot pitchforks or anything like that, but by intense boredom and loathing of the worthlessness of their fucking, blowing, jerking, and all other utterly pointless sexy deeds. I even stopped going to Club Swank Wank, for fear that I would succumb to the boredom and loathing too.

One day I got a handwritten letter from Wally in the mail. I ripped it open and read it as soon as I saw it. It had a few misspellings, as I expected, but I didn't care.

"Hi Candi!" Wally wrote. "Well you were right and I was wrong. It wouldnt have been so good for us to get hitched after all. I was just so crazy about you it took me a while to see it. My gal Abby didnt forget about me after all, and we got hitched. I hope you dont mind, but I gotta tell you this, its even better than gettin a whammy from you!" I laughed. That was just fine with me.

"Bruce took a plea bargain that lowered his charge to a mistermeaner and got him on probation as long as he pays up. They didnt want him back on his old job, but theirs a used car dealer here thats a little shadier, and they didnt mind. He dont like it too much, but he sure likes it better than prison, thats for sure! But one thing he says he wouldnt like no better than prison is gettin hitched to Amanda. He cant stand her now, and I guess Bruce really

aint the hitchin kind no more than you are." I couldn't disagree. At least, though, I could be glad for Wally, who *was* the "hitchin kind"—and I could be extra glad he had given up forever on trying to get hitched to *me!*

"Abby and Amanda is good freinds," Wally went on, "and Amandas over here right now with little Henry. He's a handfull and a pistol, but a perty good kid. Hope me and Abby can get one of them ourselves before too long. They aint easy to afford, but their worth it!" I hoped it was true, for Wally's sake.

"Well, got to go," Wally concluded. "See you later, I dont know when! Your friend, Wally Climpton."

I read the letter over twice; then I went to my room and responded at once. "Dear Wally," I wrote, "Thanks for your letter! I'm glad you and Abby got hitched, and"—I hesitated, but then went ahead—"I hope you can get a baby of your own pretty soon, and afford it too. I'm even glad Bruce didn't have to go to prison, as long as he's back where he belongs, and I'm pretty sure Amanda is better off not being hitched to him."

I looked at the very short letter and wondered if I needed to add anything. Slowly, hesitantly, I groped my way toward expressing new thoughts that were vaguely forming in my mind.

"Isn't it strange," I wrote, "how differently things can turn out from how we were thinking they would? You were thinking you'd stay out here and play in Bruce's band, and Bruce was thinking he would make it big out here. If you hadn't gone crazy about me, you probably wouldn't have told me the things I needed to know to get Bruce sent back. If you hadn't thought you might get hitched to me, I wouldn't have had to tell you that wasn't going to happen. Then you might not have decided to go

home, back where Abby was, and your baby (if you do get one) might never have been born!”

I stared blankly at the page. I barely grasped my own meaning, much less my reason for writing such stuff. I didn't like thinking about things like this, how easy it would have been for people not to be born. Still, I had written the letter, and I wanted Wally to have it.

I looked the letter over twice, to make perfectly sure it didn't contain anything that Abby shouldn't see, and I was pretty sure it didn't. It was understandable that Wally went crazy over a gal out here for a little while, and even briefly wanted to get hitched to her; they could easily get over that together. Abby didn't need to know that the gal had a real fine wiener, much less that Wally had given her whammies and received one from her too.

“Well, I've got to go,” I wrote, as Wally had written. It was true, kind of. I wanted to go for a walk in the evening air, down to the mail collection box on Capitoline Avenue, and I had to go now if I wanted to get back before dark.

I was already wearing suitable feminine clothes: a white peasant-style blouse with short puffy sleeves and a fairly low neckline, with a cute little décolleté bra beneath; a full knee-length flowered skirt covering my Patti's Puffies; white crew socks and matching sneakers. I arose, went to grab an envelope and a stamp, and started out to send my confirmation of friendship to Wally, two thousand miles away.

The weather was almost warm, unusual for a breezy mid-October evening in Pacific Heights. The sun had almost set already when I walked around the bend in the road where Rose Hill Avenue turned into Climstim Street, near the corner of Grand Stimson Park. I looked down through a thick grove of trees in the park, with leaves of every color from bright green through gold, orange, red,

and brown, still so thick on the branches that I could hardly see the pink and orange clouds surrounding the setting sun.

My hips were swinging freely, my skirt rising and falling in the breeze, as I walked along the sidewalk at the upper edge of the park. I made no effort to hold my skirt down, but no men were there to admire my pretty legs when the breeze revealed them. Maybe some were watching me from the windows of the buildings along the other side of Climstim, but if so they didn't let me know. The only other human beings I saw were an elderly couple walking a dog, a couple of lesbian lovers totally absorbed in each other, and a girl coming toward me from far away, wearing a royal blue tank top and matching shorts, very short indeed.

From an early age I always had a sharp eye for feminine beauty, not because I ever wanted sex with a girl in my life, but because I wanted to be like a beautiful girl myself, and I liked to compare. The girl in blue, as she came closer, was shaping up very nicely indeed; I looked at her as much as I could without seeming to stare, I hoped. Her bare legs were especially lovely, a bit on the plump side like mine, but still perfectly formed and not a bit flabby. Her hips were excellent, broad enough to look delectable even though her waist was not especially thin. Her breasts were medium-small, but not too small to move rhythmically up and down as she walked; she obviously wasn't wearing a sport bra, and I could hardly tell for sure if she was wearing a bra at all. I had no interest at all in casual sex with females, unlike males—but I did get erections fairly often when looking at ladies I wished to resemble, and I was certainly getting an erection in my Patti's Puffies while looking at this one.

As yet I had hardly glanced at her face. I misjudged how much I could look without seeming to stare. By the

time I gave her face a good look she was very close, and I found she was grinning at me. "Hey, Cam," she said in a sweet, high voice, "is that really *you*? You look pretty cute in those clothes!"

I stared at her without even trying to seem not to. She didn't show off her body like this at work, and I hadn't recognized it. Only when I heard her voice and looked at her face did I know who she was: Rosie Boronczek, one of the child-support caseworkers. Her face reminded me of Wally's face, I now thought. She had big brown eyes like his and wore glasses, though not as thick as his; her nose was too big, like his, and her lips were as thin as his. Her face wasn't pretty, unlike the rest of her, but even her face was no worse to look at than Wally's.

"Oh, hi, Rosie!" I said. "I didn't recognize you at first. Uh, *you* look pretty cute in *those* clothes, too."

"So cute you didn't recognize me, huh?" she twitted me. "Maybe I should wear these to work, so you'll think I look cute there too."

I laughed, though pretty nervously. "Hey, no fair," I protested. "I didn't say you looked so cute I didn't *recognize* you. I just meant, uh—"

"You just meant you weren't looking at my face." She giggled a bit.

"Well, I am now," I told her. It was true, for the most part. Only for a fraction of a second, and then for one more, did my eyes dart down to her breasts. She was wearing a bra, all right, but it was really flimsy, and it let me see that her nipples were already starting to get erect.

"Thank you," she said. "I appreciate it." She looked into my eyes and didn't look away. She had always been friendly at work, but nothing too much out of the ordinary. I didn't have any idea whether she found me fasci-

nating or not. Now I was starting to find out. My eyes darted down once again. Her nipples were hard.

Oh, God! I thought, without regard to whether I even believed in God. *Now I'm going to have to tell her I'm gay!* A few times in the past, I had needed to tell women I was gay, to get them to back off. I didn't like it at all. I wished I could just be friends, good friends, with women, but some of them had no interest in me if that was all there was to it.

"You're welcome," I said. "Any time—but you'll have to turn around and walk this way if you want me to keep looking at your face right now."

"OK, fair enough," she said, turning around at once and giving me a startlingly big smile. Her smile was like Wally's too, I thought—a bit silly, but kind and even innocent-looking. I wondered if Wally's new wife Abby was anything like her.

"Where are you going?" she asked as we started to walk along together.

"To mail a letter." I showed her the letter.

"Wow, do people still do that?" she laughed. "I guess maybe they do, sometimes, but why not just send e-mail instead?"

"This is to a guy who I don't think has Internet access. He lives in a rural county in Kentucky, and he and his wife don't have a lot of money."

"I can understand not having a lot of money, all right—but how did you get to know this guy in Kentucky?"

"He used to live out here. In fact, he helped me get the information I needed on a guy he knew, a deadbeat NCP with a lot of arrearage, who ended up getting extradited to Kentucky on a charge of flagrant non-support."

“Flagrant non-support! Hey, cool name! Our names for non-support offenses here are way too boring.”

“Write your legislator.” I smiled.

“I think I will,” she said, *“and not only about that. We really need to be able to do more for the kids. It just breaks my heart to see so many NCPs who don’t care about their beautiful, lovable kids, and won’t do anything to help them. And frankly, a lot of times the CPs aren’t a whole lot better.”*

“Nothing like you would be, if you were a CP?” I said it with a laugh, because it was pretty obvious to me that that’s what she was suggesting. Almost at once, though, I started to be afraid she would read a hidden meaning into what I said, as Wally had thought the hidden meaning of my quest to get rid of Bruce was that I wanted to get hitched to Wally.

The sun had just vanished into the ocean, but it was still light enough for me to see her blushing. *“I sure hope not,”* she said. *“And, if you really want to know, I would try as hard as I could to pick a guy who would never become an NCP.”*

“Great idea,” I had to agree. I didn’t have to say more, but for some reason I did anyway: *“I hope you’ll get one, if you want one.”*

Her eyes opened really wide. She didn’t even dare to look at me now. I was really going to have to tell her I was gay, I thought, but I didn’t have to do it yet. I liked her, as I liked Wally, and I didn’t want to let her down any sooner than necessary.

We walked in silence to Capitoline Avenue, and crossed Climstim to get to the mail collection box; I dropped the letter in. *“Uh, which way are you going now?”* I asked.

She took a deep breath. "To The Decencies with you, if you'd like to come," she said. The Decencies, as almost everyone in Greater Pacific Heights knew, was a local chain of clean, simple restaurants that served great food for decent prices.

I laughed in surprise. I didn't want to eat right now, but I didn't have to tell her that at once. "You're sure you wouldn't mind being seen there with a guy in girls' clothes?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm sure," she affirmed. "I really do think you look cute in them. And, uh, I happen to know that most guys who wear girls' clothes are not gay, and I think it shows you're not afraid of what people will think when you wear them in public."

I laughed again. "Uh, yeah, I guess it does, now that you mention it," I admitted. "Well, look, I'm not hungry right now, but I *would* like to go there with you, really soon. How about tomorrow for lunch? I mean, you won't actually object if I'm wearing guy's clothes, will you?"

"Of course not!" She gave me a big, wide-eyed smile. I was starting to like her even more than Wally, although I was pretty sure she didn't have any less interest in getting hitched than he did, to say the least. I could be friends with her, anyway, good friends; I could hope she wouldn't be too disappointed for too long when we didn't get hitched, just as Wally wasn't disappointed at all any more.

"OK, it's a date," I said. "And now, since we're not going to The Decencies this evening, which way are you heading?"

She pointed to the north, across Capitoline Avenue. "Back home, I guess. It's about time. I live down near the corner of the park on that side."

“OK, see you tomorrow. And hey, I’m really glad I ran into you.”

“So am I.” I shook her hand. She squeezed mine for a second, then released it and turned away. I watched her cross the avenue, just to verify that she didn’t get hit by a car or a trolley bus. Then I turned away too, and walked toward home—feeling cheerful and even excited, just as I wished.

The nightmare is over at last, I thought, or at least I hoped. I would probably still have crazy fantasies—maybe even totally unrealistic fantasies, like about not being gay anymore, getting “hitched” to Rosie, and being happily and faithfully married to her for life. Even if I had them, though, at least those fantasies wouldn’t be nightmares; they wouldn’t involve getting sent to hell for telling God (if he existed) that I was right and he was wrong. I really would *strongly* prefer to avoid that, I figured, if it was possible.

I looked back across Climstim toward the park, toward the exact spot where Rosie had turned around to walk with me. The trees, the sky, the ocean, and everything were getting dark, except for the street lights and the lights within the buildings where people were. The crazy fantasies were starting already. I didn’t resist them.

The breeze was still blowing, my hips were still swinging at least as freely as before, but now I made at least some faint effort to keep my skirt down. I was actually looking forward to tomorrow. I hoped I could put off until later—maybe much later—any awkwardness about not getting hitched.

I strode toward home, to put on a pretty nightie and go to bed alone. I would sleep well, I hoped, with maybe a dream but not a nightmare. Then I would arise, to see what new surprises the sunrise would bring.

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