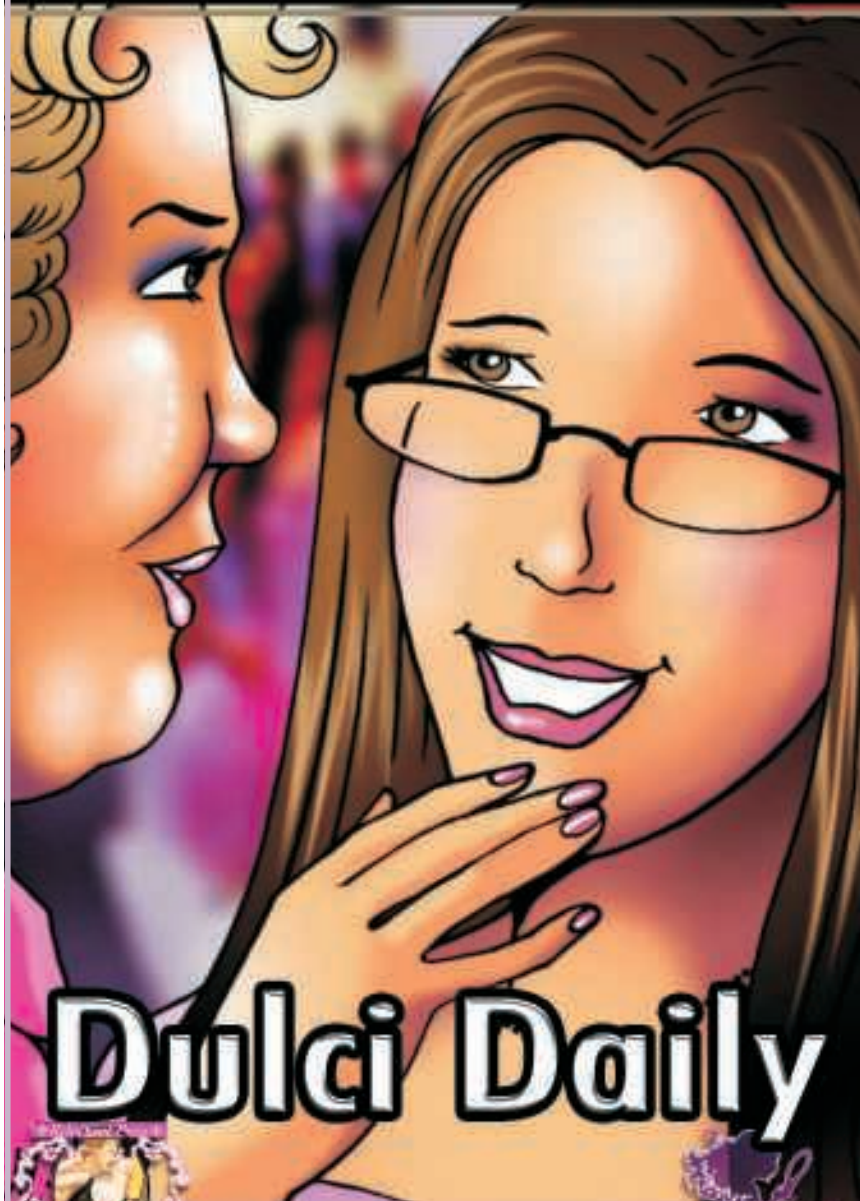


# Jasmine's Victories



## Dulci Daily



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# JASMINE'S VICTORIES

by Dulci Daily

## Chapter 1

It all started, I guess, when Scut got into middle school. Before that, she didn't call herself Scut. She called herself by her real name, Sarah, and she wore regular girls' clothes. Her clothes were pretty, even though *she* wasn't.

That all changed (except she still wasn't pretty) within a week after she started sixth grade. She got all-black boys' clothes and announced that she was to be called Scut.

"Scut?" I laughed. "Why?"

"Because I'm one hell of a damn tough lesbian, that's why!" She clenched her fists and raised them, ready to punch me if I laughed again. I didn't. If she had fought me, she probably could have won the fight. She was only 12, but really big and strong for

her age—as big as me, and probably stronger, even though I was 14.

“OK, then, Scut,” I said. I didn’t question her about her sudden discovery that she was a lesbian. I figured some guys at school probably called her one because of how she looked, and she got mad at them and decided she was one because lesbians didn’t like boys. Our dad would probably applaud her for “coming out.” Our mom would have been horrified, but she was dead.

I started thinking hard about Scut’s pretty clothes. I wanted to wear them. I never dared to wear them before, because I knew she would get pissed and probably fight me. Now, at my first chance, I was going to wear them—and let Scut see me wearing them. She would still get pissed, of course, but I didn’t care any more.

I had a boner, though it was pretty small, only about three and a half inches long. I had seen boys showing off their boners, and all of them were bigger than mine. I never showed off my boner. In fact, every time I took a shower at home, I hid it between my legs and pretended I was a girl, with my boner transformed into my clitoris. The first time I ever had an orgasm, when I was barely 11, I was already pretending I was a girl and my boner was my clitoris, and I had been keeping it up almost every day since then. I figured I’d probably had close to 1,000 orgasms, every one of them a girlish one with my clitoris hidden between my legs, never sticking out in front like a normal boy’s boner.

I had to do it now. I was incredibly excited at the thought of wearing Scut’s pretty clothes. I went into the bathroom and stripped down fast. Getting the water as hot as I could stand, I stepped under the shower and pressed my boner down into hiding between my legs. It wasn’t easy, because my boner was really hard, but I did it anyway.

Then, as I had done many times before, I pretended I was a naked girl getting very, very clean. My plump, pointy, girlish little breasts got cleaner than they had ever been before, while I imagined myself wearing one of Scut’s bras. My hidden clitoris got ter-

rifically clean as I lathered myself up between my legs—and, as always, it magically seemed to get longer back there, sticking out beneath my butt. My big butt, too, got very clean when I clutched it hard with my soapy hands and pumped it back and forth, harder and harder, until I was having an orgasm and my clitoris was spurting backward beneath my butt.

I wondered if Scut ever had orgasms. I knew my dad had them, because I sometimes listened outside his bedroom while he had one with Sam Pelior, the guy who had replaced my mom before she killed herself. Their orgasms were loud. My own were as nearly silent as I could make them.

I turned my thoughts back from orgasms to Scut's clothes. The first chance I got, when Scut was out of the house, I was going to take the best of her clothes and make them my own. I was afraid I might ejaculate in her panties because it would be so exciting to wear them, but I was going to risk it. If Scut wanted to fight me for wearing her clothes, I would fight her. Even if I lost the fight, I was determined to keep the clothes.

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I got my chance on the Saturday after Scut announced that she was a lesbian. She went to the library; I told her she could ride my bike, which she liked better than hers. My dad, the well-known, hard-working lawyer Inticus Fitch, went to his law office. I didn't know and didn't care where Sam was, as long as he was out of my way. Sam didn't live in our house; he only came over often to visit and have orgasms with Inticus.

I invaded Scut's bedroom and rummaged through her clothes, first grabbing the prettiest panties and bras. Scut's breasts were still not much bigger than mine; the cups looked almost, though not quite, small enough to fit my chubby breasts.

I stripped and selected a cute pink bra. I had no idea how girls mastered the art of hooking bras in back. The only thing I could think of, after testing the

elasticity of the band, was to hook it first and then put it on over my head. My hands were shaking as I fastened the hooks. Then I lifted it by the straps, ducked my head to get the band around it, and awkwardly slipped it down.

The band fit just right; the cups were only slightly too big. I found some handkerchiefs, molded a single one for each cup with my hands, and slipped them into the cups. When I admired the lovely result in Scut's full-length mirror, my clitoris throbbed with excitement.

Then I forced my hard clitoris down into hiding and started to put on Scut's prettiest pink panties. I couldn't even get them halfway up before my clitoris fired a warning shot. I pulled them back down, breathing hard through my mouth, desperately trying to keep my excitement from overwhelming me.

I had to have an orgasm, really soon. Carefully I lay down on my back on Scut's bed. With her bra still on, I gripped my breasts, raised my knees, and clutched my hidden clitoris tightly with my thighs. I had done this many times before, usually rubbing my clitoris with one hand, but this time I didn't even need my hand; my thighs alone were enough. Almost at once I was pumping my butt, gasping for breath, and gushing onto Scut's sheet beneath my thighs.

I lay there until my heart and my breathing slowed to normal speed. Then I got up, wiped the goopy tip of my clitoris with a tissue, put Scut's panties on again—*my* panties now, I thought—and finished getting dressed.

To cover my bra, I selected a tight pink top that showed the exact size and shape of my breasts, as enhanced by the bra. Finally, I picked out a bright multi-colored knee-length skirt with a floral print and slipped it over my head, much more easily than the bra.

*Wow, I really look ladylike!* I thought, surveying my new girlish-looking self in Scut's full-length mirror. My light, wavy brown hair was already pretty long for a boy's hair, and I knew Inticus wouldn't care how long it got. My baby-blue eyes looked like the eyes of



an innocent good girl who never got sexy with boys. My full pink lips were kissable, but I tried to keep them from looking too hot. My figure was chubby, but no more so than Scut's, probably less. I began to imagine I could really pass for a girl, a *good* girl, and be friends with other good girls. I even thought of a girl's name for myself—a little like my real name, Jeremy, only ladylike and flowery. My new name, I decided, was Jasmine.

I went to the bathroom, sitting down like a girl of course, and washed my hands. Then, barefooted, I glided through the empty house, swinging my big hips like a girl, but trying to keep my dignity like a *good* girl. I didn't have a boner now, and that was good. Real girls, I felt sure, didn't go around with erect clitorises all the time merely because they were wearing girls' clothes.

I grabbed all the best of Scut's pretty clothes, to make sure she wouldn't try to keep them from me, and hid them under my boring boys' clothes in my dresser drawers. Then I began to wonder if I dared to go for a bike ride. It was a beautiful, sunny September day, a rarity in Greater Pacific Heights, perfect for a ride.

Of course I dared, I thought. I was a girl now. It wouldn't take a lot of daring for a girl to go for a bike ride wearing girls' clothes!

I would ride Scut's bike, of course, since she had mine. She was always complaining about how her pink girl's bike, which only had seven speeds, wasn't as good as my royal blue boy's bike, which had 21. Well, she could have mine now if she wanted it. A girl's bike was designed for riding in a skirt, and that was exactly what I wanted.

I put on some white socks and running shoes, not too ladylike, but many girls wore ones like them. Fortunately the skirt had pockets, in which I deposited my keys and my cell phone. I tied my hair in a ponytail, so it wouldn't blow in my face when I rode. Then I made sure the house doors were locked and went into the garage to get the bike.

Scut had taken my black helmet along with my bike. That was fine with me; I would wear her pink one. I put it on, opened the garage door, and went out into the sunshine. Then I mounted the bike and began to ride.

I turned right onto Manor Road and began to coast downhill. Up here, some of the houses could fairly be called mansions, although ours wasn't quite big enough to qualify. The houses gradually became smaller and less impressive as I descended toward Farquhar Village, where the library, the high school, and many shops of various specialties were located.

As I passed the well-known Temple of the Grand Union with its gigantic Yin-Yang window, a gust of wind caught my skirt and showed off my bare legs in a most un-ladylike manner. Some passing guys of high-school age in a car, who didn't know me, whistled at me and called out, "Hey, babe, great legs!" I turned away from them, so as not to let them think they had interested or excited me in any way—and yet my clitoris couldn't help responding eagerly to the thought that I could pass for a cute "babe" with great legs, attractive to boys.

I decided to go to the library, and to let Scut see me in her clothes. I was pretty sure she would be pissed—I mean, highly displeased; of course it's not ladylike to say "pissed." I was equally sure, though, that she wouldn't dare make a loud scene in the library. A librarian might recognize me but, if so, would do nothing worse than smirk.

I rolled up to the library on Village Lane, the main street of Farquhar Village, and locked the bike. No one seemed to recognize me or pay any attention to me when I entered. I found Scut in the periodical section, avidly reading an issue of *The Lesbian Leader* magazine.

"Oh, hi, Scut," I said in a soft falsetto voice. It didn't exactly sound like a girl's voice, but it was the best I could do.

Scut looked up. For a second she didn't seem to recognize me. Then she did, and she was outraged.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” she asked me, but softly, so the librarians wouldn’t hear.

“I’m wearing your clothes, as you can see. I figured you wouldn’t mind, since you didn’t want them any more.”

“You stole my clothes! Give them back!”

“Why, so you can throw them away? I will not, and I’m sure not going to take them off and give them to you here! I like them, even if you don’t, and I’m keeping them.”

“The hell you are. If you’re still wearing them when I get home, I’ll rip them off you and cut them to shreds, and throw them in the trash. That includes the underwear. I’m going to leave you naked. You can’t get away with this.”

“Well, we’ll see about that—Miss Sarah Marie Fitch.” I knew it would make her even more outraged when I called her by her real name. It did. She gave me the finger with both hands, frantically moving her hands up and down like pistons. I simply smiled and walked away, with my skirt swinging freely from side to side.

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Inticus got home before Scut did. “Jemmy? Scut?” he called out in his deep, resonant bass voice. “Anyone home?”

“I’m home,” I said. I swallowed hard. I tried to pretend everything was normal, and *of course* I was wearing Scut’s clothes, because that was just how it should be.

I arose and went into the living room. Inticus was sitting in his armchair, with his reading glasses on, reading a book. I stood before him in silence.

He looked up at me over the top of his reading glasses, took in my changed appearance at a glance, and raised his eyebrows. “Uh—call me Jasmine,” I said.

“Hmm,” he said. He paused before going on: “All right, then, Jasmine. This will take courage, you know. You’ll come up against bigotry.”

“I know.” I wasn’t going to wear girls’ clothes to middle school, because I knew how the bad boys there would express their bigotry: by punching me and pulling my panties down. Next year, though, I hoped I might dare to wear them to high school.

“You can always count on me to support your decision,” Inticus assured me.

“Thanks, Inticus. I really appreciate that.” Inticus probably didn’t realize how soon he would be called upon to support my decision, but *I* sure did.

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“All right, let’s have those clothes,” Scut demanded after she got home and invaded my bedroom. “All of them.”

“No. They’re mine now. You abandoned them. I’m keeping them.” I smiled at her, though my heart was beating hard in fear of a fight. “I mean, *somebody’s* got to be ladylike in this house.”

“*Ladylike!*” Scut’s face showed total outrage. “You idiot! You asshole! It’s kill or be killed out there! Ladylike softies don’t survive!”

My heart was starting to fill with outrage like her face. “Well, I’m going to be a ladylike softie, and survive,” I told her. “And let me tell you something. You say it’s kill or be killed, and you’re going to be one of the ones that kill, unlike the ladylike softies who get killed. Well, if I ever find out that you’ve killed any ladylike softies, I’ll get a gun, I’ll hunt you down, and I’ll kill *you!* Got it?”

“No. I don’t know what you’re talking about. Now give me those clothes, God damn it!”

Scut grabbed my skirt and started to pull it down. I slapped her in the face, hard. “God damn you to hell!” she screamed.

“Inticus!” I cried out. “Help! I’m coming up against bigotry! Scut’s trying to steal my clothes!”

“What’s all this?” Inticus demanded to know, striding into my bedroom.

“Germy stole my clothes!” Scut cried out, using her insulting nickname for Jeremy. “I want them back!”

“She does not want them back,” I countered. “She only wants to keep me from wearing them, to keep me from being ladylike. She tried to beat me up, and she threatened to kill ladylike softies.”

“I did not! He’s lying!”

“You did too.” I was smarter than Scut, I knew, and now I was going to use my intelligence to full advantage against her. “You said it’s kill or be killed, and ladylike softies don’t survive. That means you think there are two kinds of people: those who kill, like you, and those who get killed, like ladylike softies. That’s an explicit admission that you’re a killer and ladylike softies are your victims.”

Inticus laughed. “Jemmy—I mean, Jasmine, you may make a very effective prosecutor someday,” he said, “but you’ll have to bear in mind the presumption of innocence. Scut may have meant only that she thinks you have to be tough to survive, and that she doesn’t think you’re tough enough if you’re ladylike.”

“She said *kill* or be killed,” I protested, “not just *be tough* or be killed.”

“I think you should take that as mere hyperbole and rhetoric,” Inticus said, in a tone of voice indicating that he wouldn’t accept any more disputation about it from me. “Now, let’s talk about this charge of stealing clothes.”

“Germy stole them,” Scut charged. “I want them back. All of them. Now.”

“I did not steal them,” I countered. “She abandoned them. Abandoned property is free to the taker.” I knew that because Inticus had told me. “She just wants to keep me from wearing them, not to wear them herself.”

“Well,” Inticus said, “I think you’re both overlooking something very important. Who paid for those clothes? Scut?”

Scut frowned. “You did, of course,” she admitted. “So what? They’re mine now.”

“Since I paid for them,” Inticus instructed her, “in a very real sense, they are *my* clothes, not yours, and I may dispose of them as I see fit. I paid for them for your use. If that use has ended, they may be put to another use.”

Scut was smart enough to see which way the decision was going to go, and she was pissed—I mean, vexed. “Germy doesn’t really want my clothes!” she protested. “He just wants to insult *me* by wearing them! He wants to say *fuck you* to me because I’m not *ladylike*, and his way to do that is to pretend he *is* ladylike!”

“That’s a lie!” I cried. “I’ve wanted to be ladylike for years! This is my big chance, and I’m not giving it up!” That might not have been exactly true, since what I had wanted and done for years was to get nude and have orgasms like a girl, not exactly the most ladylike of activities—but I figured it was close enough to the truth to serve the purpose.

“My decision,” Inticus said without further ado, “is that Jeremy, now to be known as Jasmine, may possess the clothes that Scut has no longer been using. Scut, if you wish to return to wearing clothes of that kind, I will buy you some more. If not, there is no more to be said on this subject.”

I grinned, but I tried not to look at Scut and gloat over my victory. “God damn it,” Scut muttered under her breath. “Fuck you.” Then she turned around and fled from my room.

## Chapter 2

By the time I was 15 and ready to enter high school, Scut had gotten used to me wearing the clothes that used to be hers, although she still didn't like it. Except when I was at school or having an orgasm, I wore them almost all the time. They were almost as normal to me as they would have been for a real girl, and it usually didn't make my clitoris erect any more to wear them.

They were getting pretty tight on me by that time, so Inticus said I should give them to the Movers and Shakers Thrift Store, and he would pay for me to get new clothes. I went on a shopping spree and got some of the prettiest, best-fitting girls' clothes I could find. My clitoris wasn't getting any bigger, still not more than three and a half inches on my ruler, but my butt and my breasts were noticeably bigger. Scut's panties were way too tight on me now, so I got Patti's Puffies which had lots of room for unusually big butts and clits. I discovered the excellent invention of the front-hook bra, which I could put on almost (though not quite) as easily as a shirt, and I bought several lacy, low-cut ones of various girlish colors. I got some cute tops with slightly low necklines, but not *too* low, for that wouldn't be ladylike. My skirts had to be full, so my clitoris wouldn't show if it got hard; I got a good selection, some approximately knee-length or a tiny bit shorter, some below the knee, but no unladylike miniskirts. A few dresses, a couple of pairs of pumps, and sandals completed my basic wardrobe.

"Well, as I said," Inticus told me on the morning of the first day of school, "this will take courage." I figured it would. I was wearing a white scoop-neck top, a white A-cup bra lightly stuffed with hankies, a bright floral-print knee-length skirt with Patti's Puffies underneath, and sandals. My clitoris wasn't erect, at least not yet, but my heart was beating hard.

"You are very fortunate," Inticus said, "that the Pacific Heights Public Schools are among the finest public schools in the nation—and, among them, Farquhar Park High School is one of the very finest. You will notice that, even up here where the parents

could easily afford to send their children to private schools, very few do, because the private schools have little or no advantage in quality over Farquhar Park High. You will have no reason to fear physical abuse of any kind for wearing girls' clothes to school, as you might at so many other schools in other parts of the country."

"I'm sure glad about *that*," I said.

"But still," Inticus said, "no doubt you will encounter bigotry, and it will take courage to stand firm against it. Jasmine, you have my assurance that I will stand behind you and support you, no matter what forms of bigotry you may encounter."

"Uh, thanks, Inticus," I said. "I really need to know that."

Inticus shook my hand, and I turned to go to school. Scut's pink bike and helmet were mine now; I put on the helmet, got on the bike, and rode downhill toward school.

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"FRESHMAN ORIENTATION," said a big sign at the school entrance, with arrows pointing toward the auditorium. I joined the crowd, as if I were just another girl, and made my way toward a seat. A few boys looked at me twice, but no one else seemed to pay much attention.

"Welcome to Farquhar Park High," the bald-headed principal, Mr. Greengarten, was soon saying on the stage at the front of the auditorium. "Our aim here is to give you the best possible preparation for higher education, and for life in the real world." He then said some forgettable things and introduced the head counselor, Mr. G (whose real name was Bob Ruggerbuck).

"We'd like to offer you the most terrific and awe-inspiring welcome possible," said Mr. G. He was a totally manly, athletic-looking guy in his 30s or so, and it soon became evident that he was openly gay.

“Especially to our new GLBT students,” he went on, “we’d like to offer the warmest possible welcome the law allows!” Some students laughed or made other noises. I did not.

“We’ve got counselors here to meet your every need but one,” he said, to the accompaniment of more laughter and noises. “For that one, you’re supposed to wait until you reach the magical age of consent, on your 16th birthday—and even then, you don’t get to do it with the counselors or teachers.” The noise grew louder, with a bit of booing mingled in.

“For our lesbian students,” he said, “our excellent counselor is Sally Buckworthy, known as Ms. L.” A female, who looked a bit like Scut only some decades older, stood up, gave a vague wave at the students, and sat down.

“For our bisexual students, our remarkably fine counselor is Edward Farquhar Steele; his middle name really is Farquhar, and he’s known as Mr. B.” A tall, thin, gray-haired man stood up, touched his fingertips together, bowed, and sat down.

“For our transgendered students, our sizzingly superior counselor is Rosa Catalina, known as Ms. T.” I stared closely at the tall, buxom, almost totally womanly-looking person with long dark brown hair and golden-brown skin who now stood up, gave a big smile, and waved at the crowd with both hands. Her breasts were big, and her low neckline showed plainly that they were real. Only a bit of residual hardness and angularity in her face showed that she had once been a man. She didn’t seem as ladylike as I would have preferred, but I figured I’d better get used to her, for she was going to be my counselor.

“And for our gay male students,” Mr. G finished up, “you guessed it, I myself am Mr. G.” There was some whistling and applause, but some booing too.

“But don’t imagine we’ve neglected the straight students,” Mr. G assured the crowd. “We’ve got straight counselors galore, and they’ll meet the straight students’ every need but one too.” He introduced the straight counselors by name, but I didn’t pay close attention.

My mind wandered to my fellow students as the assembly went on. I wondered if any of them would be my friends, or my enemies. I wondered which ones were the bigots that Inticus said I would surely encounter. I feared some of them would give me a hard time when they saw me stripping off my girls' clothes in the boys' locker room, for I was assigned to the boys' gym class although I had already signed up as a transgendered student online before school started. I wondered if Ms. T could help me get assigned to the girls' gym class instead. I decided to ask her as soon as I could. I had signed up for a counseling appointment with her, but it wasn't until tomorrow. Today I would have to face the boys in the nude, after my pretty girls' clothes came off.

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Nothing remarkable happened in English, Math, Music, Drama, or Biology class. Then came gym class. In middle school, all the boys had to get nude together in a big open shower room that had been the same for decades; that was where I saw boys showing off their boners, and where I often got teased because of my girlish-looking little "tits" and my big, girlish "ass." I hoped against hope that there might be more privacy in the high-school shower room, but there wasn't.

"Wow! *Shemale!*" a big, mean-looking boy shouted as soon as I came in, of course still wearing my girls' clothes. A crowd of boys started gathering at once. "Let's see that shemale strip!" the big boy demanded.

I wanted to flee, but I couldn't. I knew the boys wouldn't let me—and my own excitement wouldn't let me, either. My clitoris was hard and throbbing at the thought of getting boys excited by stripping in front of them. I wasn't gay, or I didn't think I was—but why wasn't I, if it was this exciting even to *think* of letting boys see me removing my girls' clothes?

I complied with the big boy's order. First I pulled my top over my head, revealing my low-cut bra to the tune of wolf-whistles. My skirt came down next, showing my Patti's Puffies. I unhooked my bra in

front, the hankies fell out, and my bare breasts came into view, evoking more wolf-whistles. Finally I slipped my panties down, revealing my big butt and my erect clitoris to the admiring throng.

“Oh, baby! This is it! We’ve got to do it!” the mean boy moaned. He stripped in a flash. His big boner, at least twice as long as mine, menaced me at close range. I knew I was going to refuse to “do it” with him, but I didn’t know what he would do to me for refusing. I wished I could be sure Inticus was right about no physical abuse at this school, but I didn’t know that I could.

“Cut it out, idiot,” another big boy called out, stepping between me and the mean boy. Two other boys grabbed the mean boy’s arms and held him. “Please excuse this asshole, Missy, and go about your business,” said the big boy. Terrifically relieved, I complied almost at once—but not before I looked up into the eyes of the boy who called me “Missy.” He was looking straight back at me—with admiration, I had to imagine. He gave me a big smile, and I smiled back at him before turning away. My heart was throbbing, and I had to imagine his was too.

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After doing my usual poor job of playing sports, I had to strip for a shower. At least now I was wearing gym clothes, not girls’ clothes. I stripped, and I might almost have passed for just another boy—except I felt compelled to demonstrate that I really belonged in the girls’ shower room, not the boys’.

My clitoris wasn’t erect now. I easily slipped it into hiding between my legs, and at once I felt it starting to grow longer. Before it had reached full length, a short, skinny boy, with a boner barely bigger than mine, cried out, “Wow! Look at this! It’s a girl in the boys’ shower room!”

Of course all the boys raced to look, and my clitoris grew hard at once between my legs when they did. I tried to pretend that everything was perfectly normal, that *of course* I was playing the cute nude girl in the

boys' shower room, and it was nothing for boys to get excited about—but I knew all along it was false. My soapy hands lingered far longer on my breasts than a real girl's hands would have done, at least if she had not been showing off for boys. The more the boys looked, laughed, and whistled, the more I kept rubbing and squeezing my wet, soapy breasts, and the farther my clitoris stuck out beneath my butt—especially when I started to pump my hips, which I was too excited to keep from doing. I knew I was going to have an orgasm in front of all the boys. I saw that several boys had boners, and a couple of them were even beating off while watching me. Then I closed my eyes, opened my mouth, and let my hips, my thighs, and my hands on my breasts excite my hot, crazed clitoris to the uttermost maximum. When I reached orgasm, I heard the boys hooting, whistling, and applauding, just as if I had been a rock star or some such exalted personage.

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“Inticus, why do they have open shower rooms in schools?” I asked Inticus that evening.

“Well, Jasmine,” he said, “many years ago, it was commonly believed that homosexuality was a sickness, or even a sin. Open shower rooms were thought to be a means of identifying homosexuals early in life so that they could be treated, ostracized, or punished. The idea was that homosexuals would display—er—indicia of erotic arousal if they were in the nude among other nude young people of the same sex, while so-called normal young people, who were not homosexuals, would not. Of course open shower rooms were also less expensive than private shower stalls, so budget-conscious school boards favored them.

“Today, in many places, separate shower stalls for students have been installed, but the Pacific Heights Public Schools have resisted this trend. The idea today is that homosexual students should have an easy means of identifying one another, to build up the gay community, while those who feel discomfort about public nudity may just as well stink until they

take showers at home—and, of course, the budgetary considerations are still there as well. It is not, perhaps, an ideal situation, but on the whole it is a workable one.”

“What if I think I really belong in the girls’ shower room instead of the boys’?”

“At this point, I am not sure that could be arranged. But talk to your counselor at school about it. You have a counselor there especially for the transgendered students, do you not?”

“Yes.”

“Well, talk to her. I’m sure she knows her job, and she’ll give you good advice.”

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“Hello, hello!” said Ms. T at my counseling appointment the next morning. “Sit down! I’m so glad to see you!” She gave me a big, bright smile to confirm what she said. Her breasts, bulging beneath her low neckline, seemed to confirm it too. It didn’t excite me to see them, although I gathered it was supposed to. I looked away, catching glimpses of documents in frames on her wall. One I noticed in particular was a diploma from Pacific Heights University, showing she had a master’s degree in educational counseling. Another, more attention-getting, was a certificate of some kind from the Asexual Leaders of America.

“I see your legal name is Jeremy,” she said, “but what is your *real* name?”

“Um, it’s Jasmine.”

“Jasmine! How lovely, and how much like *you!* You look like a genuine flower in full bloom!”

I guessed I probably did, if only because I was wearing a bright floral-print dress. “Uh, thank you,” I said. I did appreciate the compliment, and yet I wondered why it didn’t excite me, as it did when boys found me sexy.

“Well, Jasmine,” said Ms. T, “did you just come in to chat, or do you have any problems I can help you with?”

“I’ve got a problem,” I said. “I think I need to be in the girls’ gym class instead of the boys’.”

“Oh, dear, I can certainly understand *that!*” Ms. T assured me. “That’s because you’re *really* a girl, but you’ve got a birth defect that needs to be corrected. Once you’ve reached the age of consent at 16, you can consent to have that mistake between your legs corrected, and it will all be paid for by the state health insurance plan. Then you can be fully a girl, and be in the girls’ gym class!”

I stared at her, but then looked away and grimaced. I didn’t think my clitoris was a birth defect, and I sure didn’t want to get it “corrected” by being cut off—even if I had to stay in the boys’ gym class until I graduated.

“Um, I was wondering if there’s anything I can do about it *before* I’m 16,” I said, evading the main issue.

“I’m afraid not,” said Ms. T. “You see, the girls really would *not* want to see a boy’s *cock* in their shower room, and they’d be afraid a boy was going to *rape* them if he was allowed in there. So many boys *are* inclined to rape girls if they get half a chance, you know. It’s shameful, since you really are a girl, but you’ll be wrongly regarded as a boy so long as you’ve got one of those *you-know-what*s that boys do commit rape with.”

She leaned forward over her desk, showing me even more of her breasts. “I know you want to escape from those bad boys as soon as you can,” she said. “I’ll bet they were pretty mean to you when they saw you in *their* shower room with *girls’ clothes* on.”

“Um, yeah, some of them were.”

“But that will all be over with after you’ve turned 16, and your life will be *so wonderful*, believe me!”

I turned away again. I wasn't sure I should confront her, but I didn't want to be put on a conveyor belt that would haul me into an operating room where my clitoris would be cut off when I was 16—and I didn't even want her to *think* I was getting on the conveyor belt.

“Well, um, you need to understand,” I ventured to say, “that I don't think my—my clitoris is a birth defect, and I'm not getting it cut off when I'm 16, or ever.”

A flash of anger darkened her golden face for an instant, but then it seemed to vanish in a smile. “I understand,” she said. “A lot of girls who were assigned as boys at birth are reluctant to become fully girls in every way, and they often rationalize that their cocks are clits. It's not true, of course, and it's harmful to keep imagining that it is true. You'll have to decide whether you're just going to *pretend* you're a girl, with an outlandishly huge clit and balls to boot, or whether you're going to be *really* a girl in every way, and be free from the tyranny of those rapists in the boys' shower room. Let me tell you, the world's record longest real clit on a female was two and a half inches long. Your cock isn't shorter than *that*, is it?”

“Uh, no.” I didn't think I needed to tell her it wasn't a whole lot *longer* than that either.

“And you've never heard of a real girl using her clit to *rape* another girl, as boys do with their cocks, have you?”

“No.” I wondered why Ms. T was so crazed on the subject of rape, but I didn't think it would be a good idea to ask her.

“Well, then. It's that simple. As long as you've got that cock, which you could use to rape girls, you'll go to the boys' shower room, and they'll treat you like a filthy *gay shemale*. When you don't have it any more, you'll go to the girls' shower room and be treated with the respect you deserve. The choice is yours. For your sake, I hope you'll make the right one.”

“So do I,” I said. I got up at once. I could tell she was thinking I had already made the wrong choice,

although I didn't tell her I would rather be treated as a "filthy gay shemale" than get my dearly beloved clitoris cut off!

"Well, we'll have more appointments, and I hope you'll give careful consideration to what I've said," Ms. T concluded. "Your happiness, and your whole life, are at stake."

"I know," I said. I thought of a lot more things to say, but I didn't think it would be ladylike, or even a good idea at all, to say them. Besides, I had to get out of there quick, to make sure I wouldn't throw up in the presence of Ms. T.

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*I wonder if I really am a gay shemale, I was thinking as I entered the boys' shower room again. I do get so excited when I strip for boys! It was happening again, as soon as I opened my dress to reveal my bra. Maybe this is where I belong after all!*

"Hey, Missy, great to see you again," said the big boy who had saved me yesterday. "My name's Mark. What's yours?"

"Um, I'm Jasmine," I said. My hands were trembling as I held my dress wide open, letting him see my lacy pink bra. Our eyes were fixed on each other. I knew I was exciting him. I pulled my dress off my shoulders and let it slip to the ground. My clitoris was hard inside my Patti's Puffies. Mark was wearing only briefs. I could see that he had an erection too, and his was much bigger than mine.

"Wow, Jasmine, that's a great name," he said, "for a great-looking girl!" He pulled his briefs down, letting me see his big boner. I pulled mine down in response, showing him my hot little clitoris.

"Hey, you know," Mark said, "there's going to be a big GLBT dance in the auditorium this Friday night. Any chance I might see you there?"

"Um, yeah, I think there's a pretty good chance," I admitted. I was afraid I'd ejaculate in my panties if I

danced with this manly admirer, but I was going to take that risk.

“Great! Save a few dances for me, OK?”

“Well, I think that could be arranged.” I was blushing. I grabbed my gym clothes and awkwardly tried to put them on as fast as possible, as if that would relieve my embarrassment or my excitement.

After gym class, Mark stood right next to me in the shower. He had a big boner again, but he politely refrained from beating off, even while intently watching me get very clean with my clitoris hidden between my legs. I made a feeble effort to match his self-control, but I failed. My breasts, and then my clitoris, were getting extremely wet, soapy, and clean, while my excitement mounted beyond control as it had done yesterday. When my orgasm came upon me, I glanced at Mark to make sure he was watching; then I closed my eyes, bucked my hips, and gasped with open mouth as I showed Mark how incredibly excited I could become.

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“Well, hello!” said Mr. G. I had made an appointment with him on Thursday of the first week of school. “What can I do for you?”

“Well, um, some people have been calling me a gay shemale,” I said, “and I wonder if that’s what I really am.”

“Hey, I wouldn’t be a bit surprised!” he said with a grin. “You’ve got the looks for a top-notch one, that’s for sure!”

“Thank you,” I said. I was wearing a tight peach-colored top with a neckline a tiny bit lower than I really thought ladylike, with a plain tan skirt that didn’t quite reach my knees. My bra was stuffed with hankies as always, but I figured Mr. G didn’t need to know that.

“So have you known you were gay for a long time?” he asked.

“Well, no,” I said. “But since I’ve been wearing girls’ clothes in public, I’ve noticed it gets me, um, very excited when, you know, boys are attracted to me.”

“I bet a lot of boys are!” he said. “Even supposedly straight boys. You know, a lot of them go crazy when a cute gay shemale comes along.” He grinned. “Of course we know the age of consent is 16, so of course you’re not going to *go all the way* with any boys until then.” He winked and nodded at me, as if he knew it wasn’t true—but actually, it *was* true. I wasn’t ready to “go all the way” with a boy, and I didn’t know if I would be even when I was 16.

“Oh, of course not,” I said.

“But before that, a terrific way to discover whether you’re a gay shemale would be to dance with some guys at the GLBT dance tomorrow night. Are you going to go?”

“Um, yes.”

“Excellent! I’ll bet the guys will be lining up to dance with you. When they do, just see whether you find you respond like, you know, like a gay shemale would.” He grinned again. “I’m betting you will!”

“Well, we’ll see.” I was betting I would, too, but I still had to wait and see.

“Let me know what happens after the dance, OK?” said Mr. G. “I’d love to hear about it!”

“I will,” I promised.

### Chapter 3

The auditorium was decorated for the GLBT dance with rainbows and gigantic letters G, L, B, and T all around. I was wearing a royal blue ball gown with an ankle-length skirt, sleeveless and with an ultra-low neckline, but with a lace cami filling in the gap for the sake of decency and ladylikeness.

I looked around at the crowd. Some were bizarros with ugly clothes and deplorable hair, but others were nice and normal-looking. The auditorium was filling up fast. I found it hard to believe there were this many GLBT students at Farquhar Park, even though it was a very large high school. I wondered if many straight students were here to look on—and maybe even to go crazy over cute gay shemales.

“Hey, Missy—I mean, Jasmine,” Mark called out to me. I looked up to see him, clean-cut and manly-looking in a light gray dress suit and a lavender tie, approaching me quickly.

“Hi, Mark,” I said with a bright smile, showing how glad I was to see him.

“OK if I catch a dance with you?” he asked. “The program says there’ll be ballroom dancing at first, and hard rock later on.”

I grimaced. “Let’s get some dancing done as soon as possible, then,” I said, “so I can clear out of here when the hard rock begins.”

We didn’t have long to wait. A male with long blond hair, surrounded by males and females with musical instruments, soon took the microphone on the stage. “Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,” he said. “Welcome to this terrific extravaganza, the first GLBT dance of the school year at Farquhar Park High!” Applause and related noises greeted this announcement.

“As you can see from the program,” the male went on, “we’ll have ballroom dancing for the first part of the evening. We’re going to go really heavy on the

soft, slow music for maximum cuddling while you dance.” More applause ensued.

“After that,” he said, “it’ll be time to break loose and run wild, with some of the hardest rock music in the history of the universe!” Hoots and hollers broke out among many of the crowd, but Mark and I were not among them.

“So here we go,” he said. “Cuddle your partner and dance real close, while we play the music to fit the mood.” Mark and I readily complied, pressing our whole bodies as close together as possible when fully clothed, doing a slow, languid two-step while the band played an old-fashioned love song and the blond-haired male softly crooned.

I could feel Mark’s big erection pressing tightly against my tummy, for he was several inches taller than I was. Before long his hands were gripping my butt, and mine were gripping his.

I tried not to pump my hips, but he didn’t try not to pump his. Suddenly I realized that his trousers were unzipped—they must have been unzipped all along—and he was reaching down with one hand to unleash his erection from his briefs, while still pressing me tightly against him.

“Mark, what do you think you’re doing?” I asked in horror, afraid he was going to have an orgasm right here on the dance floor. He was gripping my butt tightly and pumping his hips hard. I tried to back away, but I couldn’t. I gasped as he ejaculated, getting semen all over the front of my gown.

“Missy, I’m sorry,” Mark said, still breathing hard, but relaxing his grip on me, when his orgasm was over. “I couldn’t help myself. You know how it is when you desperately *want it*, and yet they say you’re too young to *do it*.”

“Do I?”

“Of course you do. I saw your incredible orgasm in the shower yesterday. You’re one of us for sure. You’ve got to join the Want It-Do It Movement.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s a movement to lower the age of consent. Right now we’re fighting to lower it to 15. After that it will be 14, then 13—until the age when kids can legally *do it* gets as low as when they can *want it*. How old was that for you?”

“Um—well, 11, I guess,” I reluctantly admitted. Even as I said it, I realized it wasn’t true. I hadn’t really wanted to “do it” with any boys when I was 11, only to *pretend* I was “doing it,” in solitary safety in my bedroom.

“Well, you see, we’ve got a long way to go. We’re having a rally after school on Monday, on the soccer field. I’ll see you there, OK?”

I wasn’t liking this at all. Mark had soiled my beautiful ball gown, only to make a point—a stupid point—about *wanting it* but being deemed too young to *do it!* Why was I now supposed to want to go along with him?

“Well, we’ll see,” I said, in a tone of voice that made it sound like “you will not,” which I was pretty sure I meant. At once I turned away from him, escaped from his grip, and walked away.

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I thought of fleeing from the dance at once, but I decided to join the wallflowers instead. All along the walls, many boys and girls were watching the dancing. Hardly any of them looked at me twice, and I looked at few of *them* twice, either. Most of them looked as if I wouldn’t like them and they wouldn’t like me. One girl, though, caught my eye and wouldn’t let it go.

She looked out of place at the dance, or as nearly out of place as anyone could look in that wildly diverse-looking crowd. She wore glasses and had long, straight brown hair; she was wearing a pink knee-length dress, with a full skirt but quite tight in the top, that showed the exact size and shape of her small breasts. They looked a lot like mine in my



stuffed bra, except I had to think hers were entirely real. This girl looked unusually clean, too—at least as clean as I ever got when bathing and having a girl-ish orgasm, or even cleaner. What looked *really* out of place, though, was her face, almost as pink as her dress. This girl, unlike almost anyone else in the great room, was blushing—either from embarrassment, suppressed excitement, or both at once.

It was almost as if a big sign had appeared in front of my face, with a big arrow pointing straight at her, saying “MEET THIS GIRL.” I had to. I walked right in front of her, giving her a big smile. Her brown eyes opened wide. Her lips seemed to struggle to smile, but at last they did it, touching my heart.

“Uh, hi,” I said, stopping on the spot. With no preliminaries, I rushed right in: “Would you like to dance?”

“Oh!” she exclaimed. “Well, uh, sure, if you’d like to! I wasn’t sure anyone was going to want to dance with me.”

“Why not?” I looked straight at her, and my fascination grew. “It couldn’t be because you’re too ugly.”

Her face grew even redder. I could almost hear her heart pounding with dammed-up eagerness. “Well, if you say so,” she said. “All right, let’s dance.”

“You might not want to get too close right now, though,” I warned her as I took her in my arms and we started to do the current dance, a slow waltz. “I’m a bit wet in front just now.”

“Oh, why?” She glanced down to see the semen stain.

“Well, a boy ejaculated on me.”

“*Ugh!*” she almost shrieked. “That’s disgusting!”

“Yeah, it sure is.”

“It makes me—um, glad I’m a lesbian,” the girl said.

“It makes me wish I could be one too,” I rejoined.

“Well, why can’t you?”

My hard three-and-a-half-inch clitoris would have shouted the answer at her, had she been allowed to see it, but she wasn’t. “Um, because I’m really a boy,” I admitted. “I just like to wear girls’ clothes and act like a girl.”

“You’re good at it,” she praised me. “You could be a *male lesbian*.”

*I could be your male lesbian girlfriend!* My heart was shouting the words, but my lips forced them back. Instead I primly said, “Um, well, yes, now that you mention it—I guess I could.”

“Well, I hope you will,” the girl said. I glanced down at her breasts. They were real, all right. Her bra was too flimsy to keep her erect nipples from showing through.

The girl danced closer to me, almost touching my semen-stained gown. I looked into her eyes. They were gazing straight back at me. She smiled again, this time with no struggle. My heart was outracing my clitoris in excitement. I was going to love this girl, I fancied, and maybe she was even going to love me too.

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Soon we were going for a walk together in the fresh evening air. “Uh, what’s your name?” I asked.

“I’m Debbie,” the girl said. “Debbie Buckmaster. What’s yours?”

“Um, I’m Jasmine Fitch.”

“Wow, Jasmine—that’s a beautiful name!” Debbie said. “How long have you had it?”

“About a year, I guess. That was when I started wearing girls’ clothes.”

“You look great in them.”

“Well, thanks.” I grinned at her. “So do you!”

She laughed. “I’m glad *somebody* thinks so,” she said.

“Hey, how long have you known you were a lesbian?” I asked.

“Oh, just for a few months now.”

“How did you find out?”

She sighed. “Well, the Big G of Pacificum designated me as one.”

“*What?* Who’s the Big G of Pacificum?”

“Have you heard of the Super-Slim Slammers?”

“Well, yeah, but I don’t know very much about them.” They were on a list of dangerous right-wing organizations that Inticus got from the Pacificum Civil Liberties Union, which he was active in.

“My dad’s a top DG in the Slammers here. Every state has a Big G who’s on top of all the Slammers in the state, and some DGs to help him out. Then there are ADGs, BADGs, and some other ranks, followed by MBGs and BGs. I was a BG before I got demoted to an LP. The lowest ranks are HPs and LPs—except for Js, which stands for *Jerkoffs*. Those are the ones who quit the Slammers.”

My head was swimming. “Uh, what do all those other initials stand for?” I asked.

Debbie pursed her lips. “We’re not supposed to say, to outsiders,” she informed me. “But—well, I’m pretty sure I’m going to end up as a J someday, after I get away from my parents. Of course Js don’t pay any attention to the rules against disclosure. So, I guess it won’t hurt to get in some practice.” She giggled.

“I’m sure it won’t hurt at all,” I encouraged her. “It sounds like you’re a J at heart already.”

“Um, well, yeah, I guess I am,” she admitted. “I sure hope the MS never happens. That’s the Massive Slam, when the Slammers are supposed to take con-

trol of everything. If that happens, they'll kill all the Js, or else put them in prison for life."

I was outraged—especially at the thought of Debbie getting killed or put in prison. "Well, let's do everything we can to keep that from happening," I said, "starting with violating the rules against disclosure. Who are these Big Gs, DGs, and all the rest?"

Debbie took a deep breath and began. "Well, it all starts with the AG," she said. "That's the Ancient G-O-D, the creator of the universe as we know it. The idea is that, by working our way up in the Slammers, we can become NGs, which is New G-O-Ds, who can end up creating new universes. The Big G of each state is the top NG in that state. DGs are Deputy G-O-Ds, ADGs are Assistant Deputies, BADGs are Beginning Assistant Deputies, and so on; then the MBGs are Master Beginning G-O-Ds, and BGs are Beginning G-O-Ds. On the bottom, the HPs are Homo Perverts, and LPs are Lesbian Perverts."

I frowned. "So the Big G designated you as an LP," I said. "Was that because he, or somebody, um, caught you doing something with a girl?"

"No, it was because he caught me *not* doing something with a *guy*. You see, the Slammers have what are called informal marriages, with girls as young as 13 or 14. They have to keep it strictly secret, of course, because it's illegal to have sex with anyone under 16; they have to make perfectly sure the girl doesn't get pregnant. I was designated for an informal marriage with an ADG, in fact the top ADG in the state. It was supposed to be a terrific honor. I kept putting him off for a long time, telling him I still felt I was too young although I was almost 15, and at last I was threatened with being demoted to an LP if I didn't go through with it. I still didn't go through with it—so here I am, an LP."

"You've never actually, um, done any lesbian things?"

"No, and I don't want to, until I get married—I mean *really* married. I think it's sickening when people get sex-crazed with each other and then dump

each other. When I finally get ready, I'll want to stick together with somebody for life."

"Hey, so will I," I said—almost surprising the panties off myself, for I had hardly ever thought of such a thing before. "Um, well, we're not ready for *that*," I quickly added, "but maybe we could stick together at school, and after school. I mean, um, I could sure use a friend."

"So could I," Debbie said at once. We looked at each other in silence. I was too embarrassed to try to hug her or anything like that, but I had to do *something*.

"Well, OK, friend," I said. "It's a deal." I extended my hand. She clasped it in both her own. My other hand rushed to join them. Our hearts, I fancied, were clasping each other like our hands.

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We were sticking close together after school on Monday when we saw the Want It-Do It Movement rally on the soccer field. "We hold *this* truth to be self-evident," a massive, strong-looking guy who looked like he could be a varsity football player was saying, "if you're old enough to *want it*, you're old enough to *do it!*" A solitary drummer struck up a loud rock beat, and the crowd around the speaker cried out in rhythm, "Want it! Do it! Want it! Do it!"

"Ugh, I don't think that's right at all," Debbie said. "It's like saying if you're old enough to *be* crazy, you should get to *act* crazy in any way you can think of—and if it turns out to ruin your life, that's just too bad." We started to walk on past the rally, but we couldn't walk fast enough to avoid hearing what the speaker said next.

"They may try to crush us," he proclaimed. "They may imprison us for *doing it*, or even *trying* to do it, with anyone even *one day* under the magic age of 16, no matter how much we want it and our so-called *victims* want it—but they can't get away with it forever! We will do the right thing, even if everyone says we're wrong! We will carry this fight on for as long as it

takes—and we will *win* this fight!” Again the drummer and the crowd broke out in noise: “Want it! Do it! Want it! Do it!”

We walked as quickly as we could, until the noise diminished. Then I spoke to Debbie. The speaker had inspired me with a thought, and I had to let her know. “Don’t you think,” I asked, “the Slammers should go to prison for *doing it*, or trying to *do it*, with 13-, 14- and 15-year-olds?”

Debbie stared at me. “My dad would kill me,” she said, “if I got an ADG in trouble for trying to *do it* with me.”

“Would he really kill you?”

“Well, maybe not, but he’d get really mad, and he’d punish me as hard as he thought he could get away with.”

My mind was working fast, using the knowledge of criminal law I got from Inticus. “Would he *threaten* you with really hard punishment,” I asked, “to try to get you to go through with the fake marriage to the ADG?”

“He already did,” Debbie said. “And he whipped me hard on the bare butt when he knew I wasn’t going through with it and I was getting demoted to an LP. See, the higher up you get in the Slammers, the more shameful it is to have a Homo or Lesbian Pervert for a son or daughter, or a Jerkoff, instead of a gung-ho Slammer who’s rising toward the top.”

“Don’t you want to *escape* from the Slammers?” I cried.

“Well, sure, I’d love to,” Debbie said. “But I don’t see how.”

My teeth were clenched. I stared in anger, though not at her. I was starting to think I knew how she might escape, and my mind was racing to help her do the deed.

## Chapter 4

“Inticus,” I said that evening, “how could I go about becoming an undercover agent to expose an underage sex ring?”

Inticus looked at me sternly over his reading glasses. “You couldn’t,” he said.

“Wrong answer,” I protested. “A friend of mine at school was designated as one of their victims, and her dad whipped her for not going through with it. I think they need to be exposed and punished.”

“Perhaps so, but not by *you*.”

“Why not? Who will, if not me? Look, Inticus, these are the Super-Slim Slammers. They’re on your list of dangerous right-wing organizations. My friend told me they have secret fake marriages with girls as young as 13. They tried to get *her* into one. How can we sit by and let them get away with it, when we could expose them and bring them down?”

Inticus groaned and looked away. “And what on earth,” he asked, “is your proposal for exposing them and bringing them down?”

“Well, you told me about how informants wear wires to record drug transactions.”

“Yes, I’m all too well aware of that. It makes a defense attorney’s job much more difficult when he can’t say the informant may be lying about the deal.”

“Why couldn’t my friend and I wear wires, and I could pretend I was joining the Slammers, and we could record their threats and proposals to her—she’s 15 too—and get them caught?”

“You’re both underage. You’re not eligible to become police agents.”

“But why couldn’t they make an exception in this case? They use *dope fiends* as informants; why can’t they use a couple of good, upstanding 15-year-olds?”

Inticus tapped his fingers impatiently. "I can see," he said, "you won't be satisfied until the police themselves tell you you can't do it. Very well. I'll take you to the police station tomorrow after school, and they'll tell you you can't do it."

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"Well, that might be possible," said the detective we talked to in the police station down the street from the high school, after I explained the situation, "but only if you had parental consent."

Inticus groaned. I exulted, but silently. "How about it, Inticus?" I begged. "They'll never suspect me of being an informant, because I'm too young, and I can act *totally* sincere. And my friend Debbie needs to be one too, because she's the intended victim."

"So Debbie's 15 too?" asked the detective, Detective Dan Hinds.

"Yes," I said.

"And you're saying she can't get parental consent because her dad is in on the plot, and her mom won't openly defy her dad?"

"That's right."

"Hmm. Well, I'll have to consult my supervisor. From what you're saying, we couldn't use a decoy in this operation; it would have to be the actual intended victim."

"Yes. It's like an arranged marriage, I mean an arranged *fake* marriage, and you couldn't substitute someone else for the, uh, the real fake bride-to-be."

"All right. I'll see if it can be arranged. It would be good if we could do *something* to expose and prosecute those Slammers. We've suspected them of involvement in criminal activity for quite a while, but there's never yet been any proof of it at the higher levels. And, now, about that parental consent?"

Inticus frowned and was silent. When he spoke again, he said, "What guarantee would there be of Jasmine's safety?"

"Well, the whole operation would be closely monitored for safety. We'd be watching the wire transmissions in real time, ready to step in at any time if there was a problem. It would be as safe as we could possibly make it."

Inticus frowned again, and was silent for a long, long time. "Well, all right," he said at last. "I hope this isn't going to be a terrible mistake."

"It won't, Inticus, don't worry," I said, with slightly more assurance than I felt.

Detective Hinds brought out a parental consent form. Inticus read it over carefully, and finally signed it. I rejoiced, still in silence.

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"Well, it really needs to be done," Debbie admitted when I explained the proposal to her. "I guess I can stand to get some more whippings from my dad. It's for a good cause."

"That's the spirit," I said. I didn't tell her I hoped her dad would get to prison and be unable to give her more whippings.

"Are you good at acting?" she asked. "You'll have to be pretty convincing."

"I'm taking Drama, and the teacher thinks I'm pretty good so far."

"OK, so you've been talking with me, and you've become so gung-ho about the Slammers that you've convinced *me* I should stop being an LP and become a BG again. Why? What's so great about the Slammers?"

"Well, it's the vision of life opening up into infinity," I pretended I believed. "The prospect of actually becoming a G-O-D and creating a new universe all your

own.” My eyes were wide with the splendor of the vision. “And the prospect of the Massive Slam, when decent people will rule and perverts will go to prison. That’s something you’ll never get in school.”

“Well, hardly ever.” Debbie laughed. “All right, I think you can do it.”

“Do you think I should mention anything about the informal marriages?” I asked.

Debbie thought about it. “I don’t see why not,” she said. “At least to the ADG who wanted one with *me*; his name is George Coursier. He might say something incriminating in response.”

“I’ll do it,” I promised. “Now, tell me everything I’ll need to know to be a top-notch BG.”

“I will,” she said, “but first let’s get your uniform. It’ll be a good sign of commitment if you show up at your first meeting already wearing the uniform.”

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The evening of the meeting came. The Slammers assembled in the Super-Slim Slam Salon, their big meeting-place about a mile out from the center of Farquhar Village. Debbie’s dad gave her mom, Debbie, and me a ride, giving me a precious opportunity to impress him with how gung-ho for the Slammers I was. By the time we arrived, I was pretty sure he was impressed.

I was wearing my uniform, a male one; Debbie had told me the Slammers loathed any suggestion of cross-dressing. I had a short red cape and a tight-fitting blue body suit, with a broad red band from the waist to the loins. On my chest, which was squashed almost (but not quite) so tight that no one could imagine I had little breasts like a girl, was the golden insignia of the Slammers, three interlinked S’s inside a shield shaped like a police badge. Debbie’s uniform was similar, except it had a red skirt that came to just above her knees, and also a red band coming out from the shield on both sides, covering her breasts and extending around her back like a strapless bikini

top. Her mom's uniform was the same, except her breasts were bigger. Her mom looked a lot like Debbie, only older and more worn-out. She did not look happy at all, and her response was merely perfunctory and polite when Debbie introduced me to her.

I looked around the big room. There must have been at least a couple hundred people there, and more were still arriving. I wondered who all these people were, what they did in the rest of their lives, what brought them to the Slammers and kept them there.

I didn't have long to wonder. Drummers and trumpeters, in uniform of course, began to play a loud military march. Everyone raised both arms and leaned forward as if they were taking off to fly, but all they really did was to march around the room in a circle while singing the Slammers' anthem, "Nothing Can Stop the Super-Slim Slam." Debbie had taught me all the words, and I sang them loudly.

When the march ended, Debbie's dad ascended to the podium and spoke. He was a tall, clean-cut, dark-haired man who didn't look a lot like Debbie, except her eyes and her forehead were kind of like his, wide and intelligent-looking. "Welcome again," he said, "to all G-O-DS, on every level of development. I've got some terrifically exciting news this evening about our young people. First, I'd like to welcome my daughter Debbie back after her, er, leave of absence."

The Slammers applauded. Debbie stepped up to the podium and spoke. "I'm really glad to be back," she said with a big smile. She wasn't too bad an actress herself. "I was having some questions and doubts, and even some struggles with lesbian perversion," she said, "but a friend of mine helped me out. I told him I belonged to the Super-Slim Slammers, and he asked me about them, I told him some things, and he said they sounded really great. He actually decided he wanted to join up, after hearing what I said. He's here with us in uniform, and I'd like to introduce him: my friend Jeremy Fitch!"

The Slammers applauded me too. I stepped up to the podium. This was my big chance to ingratiate myself with the Slammers, including Debbie's dad and

what's-his-name, George Coursier, who wanted to screw Debbie under the pretext of an informal marriage. I hoped I wasn't going to blow it.

"Thank you, Debbie," I said. "That's actually an understatement, about me thinking the Super-Slim Slammers sounded really great. When Debbie told me about them, I thought, this is what I've been looking for and dreaming about all my life: the chance to become my own G-O-D and create my own universe! This is what they've been hiding from me all my life, at school and at home too! My dad's active in the PCLU, and he can't stand the Slammers." I figured this would score me some points, because Debbie said the Slammers loathed the PCLU. "And at school—well, everything's upside down from the way it should be. The perverts are on top, and decent, freedom-loving people who favor traditional family values are on the bottom. They even have counselors who want boys to get their—well, to get cut up and supposedly turned into girls." Angry noises broke out all around the room.

"But I'm breaking free from all that," I assured the assembled Slammers. "I won't bow down to it—and I'll do everything I can to help other young people break free too! I'm going to do the *right* thing, even if everyone says I'm wrong!" That got me a round of applause. The Slammers either didn't know or didn't care that I got that expression from the speaker for the Want It-Do It Movement. They didn't need to know that *they* would all say I was wrong when I did the right thing.

"So I'm looking forward to an incredibly glorious future," I concluded, "especially after the MS, the Massive Slam! And believe me, I'm going to do everything I can to make sure the MS happens *soon!*" The Slammers went wild with applause and admiration of me. They didn't need to know that, in the Massive Slam I envisioned, the police would slam the Slammers.

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“Jeremy, I’d like you to meet my—my fiancé, George Coursier,” Debbie said during the social hour after the meeting. I looked George Coursier in the eye. He looked a lot like Debbie’s dad, only younger, maybe 30 at most. He looked supremely self-confident, and he put his arm around Debbie. My stomach showed a distinct inclination to vomit. It was going to take all my acting skills to pull this off.

“Hey, I’m really glad to meet you,” I said, shaking his hand and seeming as totally sincere as my stomach would allow. “Debbie told me about you. She said she, uh, wasn’t sure if she should go through with the informal marriage with you.” My mind was fixed on the wire I was wearing, and the tiny, inconspicuous audio-video receiver at its end. I sure hoped it was going to pick everything up all right.

“But Jeremy was really helpful to me about that,” Debbie said, smartly picking up my cue at once. “He said I shouldn’t worry about being too young, especially when I had a chance for an informal marriage with somebody as high up as a top ADG, like you, which might turn into a formal marriage if everything went well.”

“Hey, that’s excellent!” said George Coursier. “You know, until the MS happens, we have to keep these informal marriages strictly secret. We’ve got enemies in high places, and they’d love to put us in prison for marrying a girl even one day under the magic age of 16. But we know we’re doing the right thing, no matter what they say. A girl *needs* a husband when she’s ripe and ready. You know, we make the girls wait until they’re 13, but we know some girls are ripe and ready even earlier than that.”

“Uh, yes, I know,” I affirmed—strictly concealing the fact that I myself, in my fantasies and my secret orgasms, had been a ripe and ready girl at the age of 11. “Do you think there’s any prospect of making the age for informal marriage even lower?”

“Maybe after the MS, when we’re on top as we should be,” he said with a grin.

“Well, I’m 15 now,” Debbie said. “I’m sorry for making you wait so long—but we don’t need to wait any longer.” I could almost feel that her stomach was in the same condition as my own.

“We sure don’t,” said George Coursier. He lowered his hand to Debbie’s butt. I tried not to shudder visibly.

“All we need now,” he said, “is a place to consummate the marriage. You see, I’ve got a formal wife who’s just about reached the end of her term, but she still lives with me, and she doesn’t want to see any informal wives around.”

“Oh, I’ll bet my dad could help with that!” Debbie said. She looked around and called out, “Dad!” George Coursier’s hand was still gripping her butt.

Her dad came up. “Dad,” Debbie said, “we need a place to c—consummate our informal marriage. Do you think we could use our house?”

“I’d be honored,” Debbie’s dad said with a big smile. “Shall we say tomorrow night?”

“Oh, yes!” Debbie cried. I actually had to force myself not to vomit.

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“Well, this should work well, I hope,” said Detective Hinds. Debbie and I were in the police station with him, going over plans before the big event. “Those incriminating admissions you recorded gave us plenty of probable cause to get an anticipatory search warrant. When the condition for the warrant is fulfilled—that is, when it becomes evident from the wire transmissions that Coursier is about to consummate the so-called informal marriage illegally with a 15-year-old girl—our officers will use Debbie’s house key to enter and make the arrest.”

“What if the wire doesn’t work right?” I demanded to know.

"When the time comes, I'll scream as loud as I can," Debbie assured me.

Debbie and I rode our bikes past the library, where we had supposedly been studying, and up Manor Road toward our homes. Debbie lived slightly lower on the hill, but not too far from my house. "See you soon," she said as our paths diverged. I wished I could hold her tight and kiss her, but I couldn't.

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The big moment arrived. George Coursier arrived at Debbie's house. Debbie's dad had honored me with the duty, together with himself, of standing guard outside. If anything were to happen to interrupt the consummation, we would rush in to warn George and Debbie, while fending off any intruders.

"Your bride-to-be awaits you within," said Debbie's dad. I hoped the wire was picking up his words all right. I wanted him to be arrested too, although I hadn't dared to tell Debbie that.

"All honor and glory be to you, O mighty G-O-D," said George Coursier, "and also to me." He entered the house. I heard the deadbolt click as he locked the door.

Then there was silence—long, dead silence. I racked my brain for a way to get Debbie's dad to say more incriminating things. "Um, how long has George Coursier been interested in an informal marriage with Debbie?" I asked.

"Well, I first proposed it to him when she had just turned 14," said Debbie's dad. "I saw that he showed a lot of promise as a rising star among the younger G-O-Ds, and I thought it would be an excellent match. He thought so too—and now, after some delay on Debbie's part, it's coming to pass."

"Um—was Debbie worried that she was too young?" I asked.

"Yes," her dad said, "but I knew she wasn't. You know, a father always knows when his daughter is

ripe and ready. Debbie was at 12, or 13 at the latest, but I didn't want to push her. I wanted to wait until she felt fully ready herself."

"Um, so, when she was temporarily demoted to being an LP," I said, "was that just to help her realize she was ready?"

"Yes, that's exactly right," her dad said. "You know, Jeremy, you've got a really good brain. I can see you rising really fast in the ranks of the G-O-Ds."

"Hey, thanks," I said. "I'm really glad to hear that."

Again there was silence. My stomach protested that the wire might not work, Debbie might not be able to cry out, and George Coursier might rape her before the police could act. My heart loudly counted down the seconds until the police arrived, but I had no idea how many seconds that might be. It turned out to be many, many seconds.

At long last Debbie screamed. Uniformed police officers emerged from hiding beyond a next-door neighbor's house and ran toward the front door of Debbie's house. One of them quickly unlocked it, and the others followed him in. "What's this?" Debbie's dad called out, running into the house. "You have no right! I don't consent to this!"

"No-knock warrant," one officer said, showing him a piece of paper. Debbie screamed again. I ducked past the officer and ran toward her. Whatever happened, I had to see if Debbie was all right.

I found her in a big bedroom. She was nude. I tried to rip my eyes away, because I knew she would be embarrassed if I saw her, but I couldn't rip them fast enough to avoid seeing her lovely little bare breasts.

George Coursier was nude too. He still had an erection, a big one. Officers were restraining him. I stared straight at him, not caring if *he* was embarrassed. "This is *wrong!*" he was shouting at Debbie. "I can't believe this! You betrayed me, and betrayed our marriage! Your little life will be worth *nothing* after the MS!"

Debbie was in a corner of the room now, with her face and her breasts turned away from view. I tried to find something she could cover up with, but I couldn't. I ran out of the room.

I had to see one thing more. In the living room, I saw it, and my heart rejoiced. Debbie's dad was also under arrest, and his face was livid with rage.

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"Super-Slim Slammers exposed in underage sex scandal," read a headline on the *Pacific Heights Informer's* website the next day. I read about how two high-up Slammers—Dennis Buckmaster, 41, and George Coursier, 29—were arrested in connection with a scheme to have sex with a 15-year-old victim, who wasn't named. The article continued with scuttlebutt about the right-wing evils of Slammerdom.

I was reading the article on a library computer after school. It wasn't long before the unnamed victim showed up and sat down next to me, as she was now accustomed to do every day after school.

"Hey, I'm sorry your dad got arrested too," I said. It wasn't exactly true, but I felt I needed to show Debbie some sympathy. "I wasn't expecting that."

"I was," she replied, popping the flimsy hot-air balloon of my sympathy. "He was in on it from the first. He was the one who first suggested the idea to George Coursier."

"Um, yeah, he admitted that to me," I said.

Debbie sighed, deeply and sadly. "I guess I wouldn't even be surprised," she said, "if he knew what George Coursier was going to try to do when he got me alone."

"What?" I blurted out. "And, uh—he didn't succeed, did he?"

"No, he didn't succeed. But—well, you know how they have to make *perfectly sure* a girl won't get pregnant in an informal marriage?"

“Uh, yeah.”

“Well, he let me know about his way of making sure I wouldn’t get pregnant. It was *incredibly nasty*. That was when I screamed the first time—when I found out what he wanted to do.”

I didn’t ask what he wanted to do. I was pretty sure I already knew. He wanted to butt-fuck Debbie. Loathing for George Coursier rushed through my heart and filled it to overflowing.

We were silent for a little while. “Uh, what’s going to happen if your dad goes to prison?” I had to ask. “What are you and your mom going to do?”

“Well, I guess my mom will have to get a job. We’ll get by somehow.”

“Let me know if there’s anything I can do to help,” I said at once. I had no idea how I might help, but I had to let her know I would if I could.

“You can help just by being my friend,” she assured me.

I laughed. “Hey, that’s too easy,” I said. “Isn’t there something harder I can do?”

Debbie laughed too. “I’ll be sure to let you know as soon as I think of something,” she said.

*How about if I love you all my life?* my heart cried out. I didn’t dare say the words, not yet, but I had to say *something*. All I could think of was this: “Um, are you still going to be a lesbian, now that you’re not, uh, officially classified as one any more?”

Her soft brown eyes turned straight toward me. “Well, you’re not officially classified as a *male* lesbian,” she said, “but you’re still going to be one, aren’t you?”

My heart leaped out toward her. “Well, sure, you bet,” I said—“I mean—if you’d like me to be one.”

Her delighted smile struck deep into my heart. She touched my hand, as if to say she would hug me and kiss me if we weren’t in the library. “Yes, I would,” she

said, “very much.” My heart was hers. I even dared to hope that hers was mine.

## Chapter 5

“Say, Jasmine,” said Mr. G when he just happened to see me in the hallway at school, “I was just wondering how the dance went. I thought you were going to come back and see me, but I haven’t seen you. Are you still pretty sure you’re a gay shemale?”

I was stunned at how far I was from being a gay shemale. It had been less than two weeks since the GLBT dance, but everything was different now.

“Well, no,” I said. “Actually, I’m a male lesbian.”

Mr. G crinkled his face in a mishmash of a smile, a frown, and a grimace. “Well, I’m afraid a male lesbian isn’t one of the recognized categories of identity,” he said. “Too often, so-called male lesbians are just straight cross-dressers pretending they aren’t straight so they can try to get girls’ defenses down and their panties off. When the girls are real lesbians, it’s a recipe for total disaster. It sounds to me as if you might be bisexual.”

“Well, I don’t know,” I said. I didn’t feel bisexual when I was with Debbie, but I had to admit I had felt awfully gay at times when boys were admiring my sexiness.

“I think you should have a talk with Mr. B,” said Mr. G. “He’ll help you explore your bisexual feelings and decide what to do about them.”

“Well, all right,” I said, not knowing what else to say.

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“I think I’m in love with a girl,” I told Mr. B, “but sometimes boys get me really excited too.”

The tall, thin Mr. B touched his fingers together and looked upward. “That is certainly an indication

of bisexuality,” he said. “Your decision is simply what to *do* about your bisexual inclinations. The answer given by the law until your 16th birthday, of course, is *nothing*. As your 16th birthday approaches, you may wish to start planning your future life. Some bisexuals think it acceptable to marry a person of one sex, and to cheat wildly at every opportunity with persons of the other. That is a recipe for ignominy and disaster. For bisexuals to be given the respect they deserve, they must seek to legitimize *dual marriage*. Totally faithful, totally committed marriage to one man and one woman—that is the only road to respectability for bisexuals. Some imagine it to be impossible that this will ever be accepted, but stranger things have happened—and this, I am confident, will come to pass in a surprisingly short time.”

I tried to think of it, but I couldn't. It seemed sickening to imagine myself loving a guy as I loved Debbie—and much more so to imagine loving both at once. I wouldn't want to cheat on Debbie if I were ever married to her, and it would still be cheating whether I cheated with one or a million guys.

“Oh,” I said. “Um, but I'm not in love with any guys, only a girl.”

“You will learn,” said Mr. B, “to channel your bisexual feelings in an appropriate direction as you grow older and more mature. When you do, you will find it as easy to fall in love with a man as with a woman, and equally desirable to be faithful to both.”

I didn't believe it. I got up at once. “I think I'll have to get awfully old before that happens,” I said, “if it ever does.”

Mr. B's eyes flashed with displeasure for an instant, but he quickly raised them and touched his fingers together again. “I can see,” he said, “that the road to genuine maturity and responsibility, for you, will be very long.”

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“There is no such thing as a male lesbian,” said Ms. L when I consulted her about my identity. “There

are males who try to take advantage of girls and women by *pretending* to be male lesbians. That is all. I saw through that pretense a long time ago. Don't waste my time trying to convince *me* that you are a *real* male lesbian."

"All right, I won't," I said. "That is all."

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"When you're 16," Ms. T said in my scheduled appointment with her soon afterward, "you'll be able to become a *real* lesbian. Until then, there's no point in pretending you're a male lesbian. You have to be a girl or a woman to be a lesbian. A boy isn't a girl, and that's that. To become a lesbian, a boy has to turn into a girl."

I would have been glad to turn into a girl, if it didn't mean getting my clitoris cut off—but *that*, I had already decided, I was never going to do. "Well," I said, "I'm glad I know a girl who accepts me as a male lesbian, even if no one else does."

"She must be awfully immature, or ignorant," Ms. T shot back. "Does she know the difference between a male's *cock* and a female's *vagina*?"

"Um, yeah, I'm pretty sure she does."

"Well, maybe she needs to *review* the difference. When she does, she'll see that there are no male lesbians. When you're 16, I'm sure she'll be glad to accept you as a real, female lesbian."

*No, she won't*, I thought but did not say. *She won't have that opportunity.*

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After that, the days went on more or less peacefully for a little while. I successfully avoided the counselors, I did pretty well in my classes (especially Drama), and the sight of me taking off my girls' clothes and hiding my clitoris between my legs in the boys'

shower room was no longer such an exciting novelty. Every day after school when the weather was all right, Debbie and I rode our bikes home up Manor Road together, after we met in the library. When the weather wasn't all right, either Inticus or (more often) Sam Pelior would give us a ride to and from school, along with Scut who got dropped off at middle school and picked up from there.

Sam was trying to intrude into our lives more often lately. He obviously wanted to become more than just Inticus's part-time orgasm buddy. Once he even asked us in his car, when it was raining especially hard, "Say, Scut and Jasmine, don't you think it would be nice to have two daddies instead of just one?"

"Hell, no," Scut said at once.

"Um, I'd have to see what Inticus thought about that," I replied more politely.

I got my chance to see what Inticus thought not long after that. Sam made us some excellent bacon, scrambled eggs, home-fried potatoes, and pancakes for Saturday morning breakfast, after an especially noisy orgasm session with Inticus the night before. Then, when we had just started to eat, Sam asked him right in front of us, "Inticus, don't you think it's about time for us to think seriously about getting married?"

Inticus chewed his food carefully, swallowed it slowly, and took a sip of orange juice. "I do not," he then said.

Sam's pale blue eyes blinked repeatedly and his long, stringy hair shook with shock, but he persisted. "I really think it's the right thing to do," he said. "I mean, I feel that our marriage will give us far greater loyalty, and dignity, and *nobility*. It will enrich our mutual understanding, our love, devotion, and even our *intimacy*. I really believe it will fulfill our hearts' deepest hopes and aspirations. And, of course, it will enable us to care for our children much more effectively than we could do alone."

Inticus took another sip of orange juice and put his glass down much harder than necessary, making a loud noise. “Hot air,” he declared, his eyes flashing with anger.

“But, Inticus—” Sam began to say. He got no farther.

“I have long recognized,” Inticus said, “that same-sex marriage is desirable as a matter of public policy. I have long recognized that it is beneficial to attorneys, in particular, for many reasons. I have long advocated it in the public forum, and I will continue to do so, as long as it is, in any sense, a matter for public debate.” He stood up at the breakfast table, as if he were in a courtroom. “But rather than count it as a *blessing*, to myself or my posterity, to bind *myself* legally to a person of the same sex, merely because that person provides me with certain benefits I could almost equally well secure at random in the *Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center*”—he paused for breath—“rather than submit to such indignity and slavery, I say, I would *hide my head in a bag of used condoms!*”

Sam gasped. Inticus had slapped him down so hard that his eyes were filling with tears.

“Inticus!” he cried out. “I thought you *cared* about—about *us!* About our life together! I thought you were a—a noble gentleman who would do the right thing, no matter what! And now I find out that, to you, I’m nothing but a—a *receptacle* to be used and thrown away, like a used condom!” Inticus was silent.

“Well, you’ve made your choice,” Sam said. He was sobbing. “Now you just wait and see whether you can ever find—find *faithfulness* like I’ve given you, in the—the God-damned *Pacificum Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Sex Act Center!*”

Sam ran out of the dining room, grabbed his bags, and left the house. Inticus scraped the remainder of Sam’s breakfast into the garbage. No one said anything more during breakfast. As soon as I had finished my breakfast, I quietly rose, put my dishes in

the dishwasher, walked to my bedroom, threw myself down on my bed, and cried my heart out.

*Why?* I wasn't crying for Sam. I didn't even like Sam—especially because I was afraid he and Inticus were responsible for my mom's suicide. I was glad Sam was gone. No, I was crying for myself, in my heart's deep hunger for faithful love. I was crying for Debbie, betrayed by her own father, reaching out to me in hope that I would never betray her. I was crying in horror at the thought of anyone treating Debbie as Sam said Inticus had treated him, as a receptacle to be used and thrown away.

When I could cry no more, I was left with a resolution. I would be faithful to Debbie for as long as possible—as a friend and, maybe someday, more than a friend. I would never insult her or harm her. No matter what might happen, I would cherish her as much as I wished someone would cherish me.

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Not many days later, looking at the *Informer's* website while waiting for Debbie to arrive in the library, I saw a headline linked to an article I absolutely must read: "Sex suspect pleads guilty, spills beans on Slammers." As part of a plea agreement to keep him out of prison for the charges of attempted rectal rape of a minor and aggravated intimidation, the article said, high-up Super-Slim Slammer George Coursier had made a written statement telling all he knew about the sexual misconduct of the Slammers. That included Debbie's dad arranging for the unnamed victim to get butt-fucked by Coursier, of course (not the *Informer's* exact words), but there was far more to it than that. Not only were there a large number of additional "informal marriages" with underage girls, but there were an even larger number of them with women who weren't underage. The higher up a man got in the ranks of the Slammer G-O-Ds, the more informal marriages he could contract at once, in addition to a single formal marriage. Formal wives were subject to rapid ejection by means of quickie divorces, after which the top informal wife became the formal one. Debbie's dad had several in-

formal wives, and Coursier said he had been planning to eject Debbie's mom in favor of a finer female when he was arrested.

The unnamed victim was reading over my shoulder when I finished the article. "Hey, Debbie," I said, "that's great news, isn't it? I mean, George Coursier pled guilty and spilled the beans?"

"It's *terrifically* great news," Debbie said. "I sure wasn't looking forward to testifying at his trial."

"Um, what do you think your dad is going to do now?"

"Well, I guess he'll probably keep whipping me every night—maybe even harder than before."

My jaw dropped. I knew Debbie's dad had bonded out of jail soon after he got arrested, but I hadn't thought of what he would do to Debbie after that.

"Whipping you every night?" I helplessly repeated. "Wh—why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think you needed to know. I can take it."

"But—*no!*" I cried, only barely remembering to lower my voice in the library. "He's punishing you for reporting a crime! That's against the law!" My heart was racing in outrage at Debbie's dad. "Did he whip you hard enough to leave marks?" I demanded to know.

"Well, I think so," Debbie said. "There's been a little blood on me every now and then after he got done."

"Debbie, we've got to go to the police station right now," I said. "This has got to stop."

Debbie sighed. "Yes, I guess that's right," she agreed, though not eagerly. "All right, let's go."

We walked down the street to the police station in light rain. I asked if Detective Hinds was in. He was. I told him what Debbie's dad had been doing. Debbie confirmed that he had. A female detective examined Debbie in private and verified that there were marks of abuse.

“All right, here we go again,” said Detective Hinds. “Debbie, we’ll have to take your father into custody again for some more charges.”

“I know,” Debbie said. “I—well, come on. I’ll let you into the house.”

Detective Hinds got some uniformed officers to effect the arrest. One of them gave me and Debbie a ride. I called Inticus to let him know he wouldn’t have to pick us up.

When we arrived at Debbie’s house and entered, Debbie called out, but no one answered. “My dad’s probably not home yet,” she said.

“Well, let’s clear out so he doesn’t see us when he gets home,” said Detective Hinds. He and the officers left the house. I stayed behind, just in case there was anything Debbie needed me for.

There was. She screamed. I ran to her. In a big, luxurious bedroom, her dad was lying motionless on the bed. I looked at him long enough to see if he appeared to be breathing. He didn’t.

“*Wait!*” I shouted, running back through the house and out the front door. “*Come back!*”

I ran after the police. They stopped. “Come back in the house!” I cried. “I think her dad—her dad’s dead!”

The police ran back into the house. Almost at once, after entering the bedroom, they started calling out police jargon over radios. “Condition D” was almost the only expression I understood. I knew it meant dead. Aside from that, I understood only that the cause of death appeared to be prescription suicide pills, which evidently came from a bottle on a nightstand by the bed.

“This appears to be a suicide note,” Detective Hinds said, pointing to a letter-size sheet of paper with neat handwriting on it on the nightstand, next to the empty suicide-pill bottle. “You can look at it, but don’t touch it.”

I looked. “The betrayal by George Coursier,” the note said, “has set my ascension in motion, sooner

than I could have hoped. I will seek new opportunities in a higher sphere of action, where my powers as a G-O-D can be exercised to the fullest. To those I leave behind, I say: do not mourn for me, but rejoice for me, and hope to follow one day in my footsteps.”

Debbie either hadn't seen, or hadn't accepted, her dad's admonition to rejoice and not mourn. She was crying. I wished I could comfort her, but I couldn't. I was afraid this was all my fault.

Why did I meddle? Why didn't I leave well enough alone? If only I hadn't suggested that some Slammers needed to go to prison, Debbie would still be regarded as a Lesbian Pervert by the Slammers; I would still be her friend, her male lesbian friend; and her dad would still be alive. Now I had ruined everything—or had I?

“Debbie, I'm sorry,” I said to her. “If only I hadn't meddled in things that were none of my business, your dad would still be alive. I wouldn't blame you if you never wanted to see me again.”

Debbie's eyes and mouth opened wide, as if she couldn't believe what I had said. Before she could speak, we heard sirens getting louder and louder. I knew that, in addition to the police, emergency medical workers were going to invade the house.

“Is it OK if we go out of the house?” Debbie asked Detective Hinds.

“Sure,” he said. “Just don't go too far away. We'll need you to report what you observed.”

We went out the front door just in time to avoid some people emerging from an ambulance and entering the house. Debbie took my hand. I was glad and grateful. I wouldn't have dared to take hers.

“Let's go down this way,” she said, pointing away from Manor Road. Another police car, with lights and sirens on, was turning off Manor Road and coming toward her house. We walked away hand in hand, until we turned a corner and walked out of sight of her house.

“Jasmine, please don’t blame yourself,” Debbie begged me, taking my other hand. “You did the right thing. It needed to be done. It’s not your fault that my dad—did what he did.”

“But he *wouldn’t* have done what he did,” I retorted, “if I’d just left well enough alone.”

“No, I guess he wouldn’t,” Debbie admitted, “but it *wasn’t* well enough, and you shouldn’t have left it alone. You’ve got to do the right thing, even if it will—um—turn out to get other people to do the wrong thing.”

She squeezed my hands and looked into my eyes. I wished I could kiss her, but I thought it would seem dumb under the circumstances. “Well, that’s a relief,” I said. “It would have been pretty sickening if you’d really never wanted to see me again.”

Debbie laughed, although the last of her tears had not yet vanished from her eyes. “I’m pretty sure that won’t happen,” she assured me.

I had to embrace her and hold her close to my heart. She was willing, more than willing, to embrace me in return. “It sure won’t, if *I* have anything to say about it,” I told her.

## Chapter 6

After that, the thought that Debbie and I might get married someday was hardly ever absent from my mind. She sure didn’t do anything to discourage me, to say the least. We were pretty restrained in displaying affection—and I wanted it to stay that way, for fear of ruining everything—but every time we held hands, or hugged, or even gave each other little kisses on the cheek, was precious in my memory.

I wondered where we might get married. I was pretty sure I didn’t want it to be the courthouse, which Inticus would recommend. Inticus favored the view that people who didn’t believe in God or go to church were the “brights,” and those who did were the “dims.” I couldn’t exactly see myself going to

church either, but I figured there had to be *something* better than the courthouse.

I wondered if it might be the Temple of the Grand Union, one day in late October when Debbie and I were riding to school past the great Yin-Yang window. I decided to look at the temple's website in the library after school.

In the library, I got right to the point. One of the links on the temple's home page was for "Weddings." I clicked it and read that both members and non-members of the temple could design their own weddings and hold them in the temple. There were pictures of many couples who had gotten married in the temple, including a few same-sex couples.

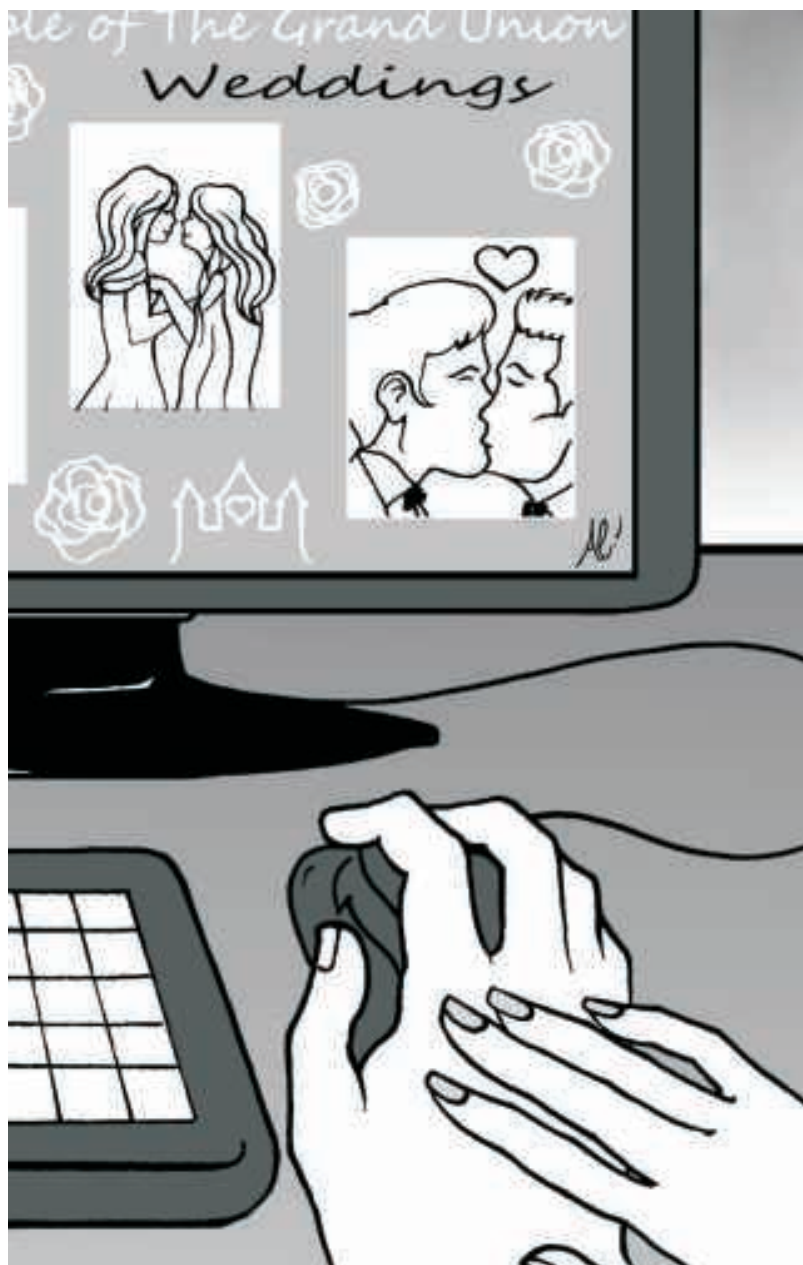
"We're too young," Debbie said over my shoulder. I looked up. She was smiling at me; then she put her arm around me and kissed my cheek.

"That's too bad," I said. "But we won't always be too young. I was wondering if we might check out the Temple of the Grand Union. I mean, weddings aren't the only thing they have there." I was pretty sure that was true, although I hadn't yet looked at the pages that weren't about weddings.

"Well, we could find out what more they have," Debbie said.

"Let's do it," I said. I got the temple's phone number from the home page and called. The woman who answered the phone said we could come over and talk with the director of the temple, who was in to receive visitors this afternoon. In hardly half an hour after I first looked at the website, Debbie and I were entering the wide doors beneath the Yin-Yang window.

I wondered what the director would think of us. We looked pretty much like two girls from the same pea-pod, except for the colors of our clothes. We both wore peasant blouses with decently high necklines, but Debbie's blouse was sky-blue, with a plain tan skirt; mine was bright yellow, with an equally bright floral-print skirt. I was pretty sure the director would know I wasn't really a girl when I opened my mouth,



though. Even with a lot of practice, I couldn't quite make myself sound like a real girl.

Now would be our chance to see. The receptionist greeted us and led us to the director's office. The director stood up when we entered. He was a little old man no taller than me or Debbie, about five-foot-five at most, with long white hair and a beard to match. His eyes were as blue as the bluest sky ever seen, on rare occasions, in Greater Pacific Heights.

"Hello, hello," said the director. "I'm Arthur Ardmoor. How can I help you?"

"Um, well, we go by the Temple of the Grand Union every day on our way to and from school," I said, "and we just wondered what it was all about."

"Sometimes I wonder too," he said with a smile. If he could tell I wasn't a girl, he wasn't fazed. "As far as I've ever been able to figure out, it's about the wisdom of the ages, which we sum up as the Grand Union of Heaven and Earth. The idea is to fill our earthly lives with heavenly light, and so unite Earth with Heaven."

"What's Heaven?" I asked.

The director's eyes opened wide. "That's an excellent question," he said. "Many people rather think they know what Heaven is when they don't. They get the idea that it's a realm of maximum bliss, all right, but they envision it in terms of things you'd get tired of after a while, various kinds of pleasures and what-not."

He pointed to the circular window in his office, a miniature replica of the gigantic one that faced toward Manor Road. It displayed the same horizontal S-curve dividing the bright area above from the dark one below, with a bright dot in the center of the darkness, and a dark dot in the center of the light. "Heaven," he said, "is an endless realm of light, the source of all good things on the earth. Here in our little schematic diagram of the Grand Union, you see the close, inseparable connection between heaven above and earth below, all along the boundary between them. You can also see the dot of earth in the heart of heaven, and the dot of heaven in the heart of

earth. We understand that to mean that we on Earth should have Heaven in our hearts, just as Heaven has *us* in *its* heart.”

I wasn't sure if what he was saying was true, but it did sound fascinating—far more so than anything at school. Debbie interrupted my thoughts, but only to fulfill them: “How do you fill your earthly life with heavenly light?”

“Well, in two words or less,” the director said, “it’s a matter of intelligence and kindness. You have to understand the heavenly way to live, and fill your heart with heavenly love. Then you’ll do good for yourself and other people, and not harm yourself or anyone else. If you find that anything would suck you away from doing good, or into doing harm, you’ll avoid it—although it might not be easy. There are a lot of details you can figure out from there, but that’s the basic principle.”

“Why don’t more people live like that?” I demanded to know.

The director sighed. “Well, as you can see all around you,” he said, “this Earth is a realm of darkness. *Why* is it a realm of darkness? There are many theories about that, but there’s no doubt about the fact that it is. And the darkness gets into people’s hearts and minds, after which they do appallingly un-heavenly things.”

“But if you let the light in, the darkness goes away,” Debbie said.

The director beamed upon her, and me too. “That’s exactly right,” he said, “although it usually doesn’t all go away at once.”

“Um—how does marriage fit into that?” Debbie asked, and my heart rejoiced to hear her.

“Oh, pretty well, pretty well,” the director said. He pointed to a picture on the wall, showing himself with his arm around a plump, red-faced, white-haired woman, surrounded with what appeared to be their children, grandchildren, and a few great-grandchild-

dren. "My wife and I have had a pretty heavenly life, with a few dark spots here and there."

He looked at both of us, seeming to see what was on our minds. "We'd require you to wait until you're at least 18 to get married, if you happened to have any thought of that," he said. "As you probably know, the minimum age for same-sex marriage in the State of Pacificum is 16, but for opposite-sex marriage it's 18, to discourage teen pregnancy. We rather think it's fairer to make everyone wait until 18, even if they might be able to pass their marriage off as a same-sex one as far as appearance is concerned." He smiled at both of us.

The director's phone rang. "Oh, all right," he said. "We'll be done here in a minute." Turning to us, he said, "This job keeps me pretty busy, so unfortunately I don't have a lot of time to talk right now, but you're welcome to come back any time. Our big get-togethers every week are on Sundays. We attract a lot of people who were raised as Christians, and want something a bit less like the churches they're used to—and also a lot of former Buddhists, atheists, and whatnot, who want something a bit *more* like a church than what they're used to."

"Well, I think we'll come this Sunday," Debbie said, and I agreed.

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We did come that Sunday, and every Sunday after that. Debbie and I were in love, and everything in the Temple of the Grand Union did seem to fill our lives with heavenly light: the beautiful music, the director's talks about almost all things in heaven and on earth, the conversations and dining with good, friendly people, and more. We were always among the first to arrive and the last to leave, hungry and thirsting for as much heavenly light as possible.

School was not nearly so heavenly, but it was fairly uneventful for the rest of our freshman year. Every now and then I had to have an appointment with Ms. T, who gave me the same old stuff about needing to

become fully a girl when I turned 16, but I tried to shrug it off. Debbie accepted me as a male lesbian, and that was what I wanted to be for her, no matter what Ms. T said.

Looking back, the only other noteworthy thing I recall from freshman year is that Scut started her crusade against “FGM,” female genital mutilation. In *The Lesbian Leader* she had read about an organization called Lesbians Against FGM. Now she had started a chapter of it, though a very small chapter, at middle school. She was always talking about the horrors of male religious fanatics in faraway countries cutting off women’s clits to keep them from having orgasms, and how it had to be stopped.

One day, when she was getting especially virulent, I had to ask her: “How come you don’t oppose *all* genital mutilation, and not only *female* genital mutilation?”

“*What?*” Her eyes opened wide in disbelief. “What are you talking about?”

“Here’s what. Right here in this city, at Farquhar Park High School, there’s a push for genital mutilation of transgendered students. They call it ‘correcting a birth defect.’ What do you think of *that*, Ms. Righteous Crusader?”

“I think you’re full of shit, that’s what. You’re talking about SRS, sex reassignment surgery. It’s a totally different, totally legitimate procedure.”

“Why? Just because your opinion-molders in *The Lesbian Leader* say so?” I figured that was where she must have gotten the notion that genital mutilation of transgendered males, unlike females, was OK.

“Hell, no!”

“Well, why, then? I bet there’s no good reason. I say they’re both basically the same.”

“You’re nuts! Don’t you know the difference between a *cock* and a *clit*? FGM is *subjugation of women*. SRS means correcting the birth defect of having a fucking *cock* when you’re really a woman. It *liberates*

women who were born with idiotic cocks, it doesn't subjugate them."

"It subjugates them," I insisted, "by taking away their natural-born clits, which just happen to be unusually large."

Scut made an outraged face. "OK, so you *don't* know the difference between a cock and a clit," she said. "Well, just see how far you'll get trying to claim a medically approved procedure like SRS is the same as a form of torture like FGM. Just in case you can't guess, I'll tell you: the answer is *nowhere!*"

## Chapter 7

Sophomore year came. I knew Ms. T was going to push me harder to get on the conveyor belt for SRS. Now that I was 16, I could consent to it and get it paid for by state health insurance, so there was supposed to be no good reason for me not to get it. I wasn't looking forward to confronting her about it, but I knew I was going to do it. My only comfort was that the confrontation wasn't happening yet.

My gym class this year was the first one in the morning, not last in the afternoon. Last year, I was the only one in my gym class who wore girls' clothes. This year I wasn't—as I found out within about one minute of entering the locker room.

"Wow, world's sexiest shemale!" a boy called out. "Make way for the world's sexiest shemale!" I turned to look. I was pretty sure I myself wasn't the world's sexiest shemale. Sure enough, I wasn't. Entering the locker room was what appeared to be a tall, pretty, round-faced girl with dark eyes, full lips, and golden-brown skin. She wore dark-rimmed glasses and had dark, curly, shoulder-length hair held back by a white headband. Her tight white top was cut almost low enough to show cleavage, and her full above-the-knee plaid skirt, fitting tightly around her remarkably broad hips, wasn't quite full enough to conceal her big erection completely. Unlike me, I figured, this beauty might actually be the world's sexiest shemale—and yet her face, remarkably enough,

seemed to be the innocent face of a good girl, almost like Debbie's face.

I had to meet her. Aside from Debbie, I had very few friends. I ventured a guess that this beauty had few friends too. If she needed one, I decided, I would be one.

"Hey, here's company!" I said, approaching her amid the hoots and wolf-whistles. "I was afraid I was going to be the only one wearing girls' clothes in here!"

"Misery loves company," said the golden-skinned beauty. Her voice was low but, unlike mine, it actually sounded like a girl's voice. She smiled, but only faintly.

"Well, company hates misery," I retorted. "Let me help you not be miserable."

The beauty raised her dark eyebrows. "That would be great, if you can do it," she said, "as long as it doesn't involve having sex with me."

"Don't worry, it won't," I assured her. "I've got a great girlfriend, and I don't want to trade her in or cheat on her."

Now the beauty really smiled, not only faintly. "All right, company," she said. "You're hired for the job. What's your name?"

"I'm Jasmine. What's yours?"

"Misti."

"Hey, Misti, great to meet you." I shook Misti's hand. "Why don't you sit with me and my girlfriend at lunch, and we can talk?"

"It's a deal." Misti smiled again and turned toward her locker, not far from mine.

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I meant it when I said I didn't want to cheat on Debbie, but still I could hardly take my eyes off Misti when she stripped for her shower after gym class, with many admiring boys looking on and making more noise. When she took off her bra, I saw that her breasts were as big as many real girls' breasts, bigger than Debbie's, and her dark nipples looked just like a real girl's nipples. My own chubby little breasts and pointy little pink nipples were like nothing in comparison. When she pulled her panties down, I saw that her erect clitoris was incredibly lovely, at least twice as long and stout as my own, with a bulb like a ripe plum, and her hips were as broad as any buxom girl's hips. I could readily see why she would long for a friend who wouldn't try to have sex with her, because almost any red-blooded boy would try if he thought he could get away with it.

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I wasn't sure what Debbie would think of having the world's sexiest shemale join us for lunch, but I was about to find out. "Hey, Misti!" I called out, standing and waving from the lunch table where Debbie and I were sitting. Misti saw me and made her way among the tables to join us.

"Um, Misti, this is my girlfriend Debbie," I said. "Debbi, this is Misti. I just met her this morning. She's the only other person in my gym class who wears girls' clothes, and I thought she could use some company."

"Oh!" Debbie said, her eyes wide. "Um, well, OK. Uh, hi, Misti. Well, uh, tell us about yourself, OK?"

"OK, if you really want to hear about me," Misti said. "Well, I guess I was an ordinary boy until I was about 12.. Then I started to notice I was looking a lot more like a girl." She glanced down at her breasts. "I tried to ignore it and I hoped it would go away, but it didn't. Before too long, before my 13th birthday, I was, um, looking totally like a teenage girl above the

waist, and I needed to wear a bra. My parents took me to doctors, who said I had a rare degree of hormone imbalance. They said it could be cured by hormone treatments and surgery, but—well, I wasn't sure I *wanted* it to be cured."

"You wanted to be how you were, even if other people said that wasn't how you should be?" Debbie asked.

"Well, yeah. My dad was pushing me to get surgery, so I—um—wouldn't have to wear a bra anymore. But my mom said this was how God made me"—Misti's eyes darted around the room, as if to see whether anyone was listening—"and I was pretty sure she was right. So, I wore a bra under my boys' clothes in middle school, even though it was really embarrassing when boys found out about it. Pretty soon I had to wear girls' pants too, because boys' pants stopped fitting me. When I came here last year, I decided it would be more fitting just to wear all girls' clothes—so I did, although my dad was mighty peeved about it."

"Did you register as transgendered, and get Ms. T for your counselor?" I asked.

"I sure did," Misti said. "Uh, what do you think of her?"

"I don't like her. She was always talking about how boys were rapists and I needed to become fully a girl to escape from them, even when I was too young to consent to sex reassignment surgery. Now that I'm not, I'm pretty sure she'll be pushing even harder."

"*What?*" Debbie broke in. "Jasmine, you—you never told me about this!"

"Um, I guess I didn't. I didn't think you needed to know. I mean, I'm sure not going to consent to it, now or ever."

"Oh, that's a relief!" Debbie laughed.

"Well, I kind of feel the same as you do," Misti told me. "I mean"—she looked around again—"God made me below the waist too, the same as above. The more

I think about it, the more I think I'm all right the way I am—even if other people don't think so.”

“Ms. T sure wouldn't think so,” I said, although I knew it wouldn't be polite to mention Misti's seven-inch clitoris in front of Debbie. “She'll probably be pushing you to get some, uh, drastic alterations, just like your dad was pushing you—only not the same alterations.”

“I'm sure not looking forward to a face-off with her about it,” Misti said.

“Neither am I,” I said, “but it's going to happen, and we'd better get ready. Hey, Misti, you know, my sister's in an organization that's against female genital mutilation. I asked her how come she wasn't opposed to *all* genital mutilation, and I didn't think she had a good answer. What we need is an organization to stand up to Ms. T—like Students Against Genital Mutilation, or something like that.”

“Oh, great idea! Count me in!” Debbie said at once.

“Me too,” said Misti. “And I bet we won't be the only ones.”

“No, I'm pretty sure we won't,” I said. “Ms. T needs to know she can't get transgendered students alone and bully them into getting mutilated. And at least *some* people who are against *female* genital mutilation should see that this is really the same thing, in principle.”

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Debbie, Misti, and I had the preparations for the new organization well advanced by the time the summons from Ms. T came for me, several days later. I entered her office prepared, I hoped, for the show-down. I was dressed in the most ladylike fashion possible, wearing a one-piece maroon-colored dress with a high buttoned-up neck and a long skirt—but no skirt could stop Ms. T's X-ray vision from discerning the overly long clitoris that lay beneath.

“Hello, hello!” Ms. T greeted me. “Jasmine, this is such an exciting time in your life! Now you’re ready to consent to become fully a girl, a *woman*, for the rest of your life!”

“I’m not getting my clitoris cut off, now or ever,” I told her bluntly. “And I’m starting an organization to help other transgendered students decide not to get theirs cut off, either. It’s called Students Against Genital Mutilation.”

“You’re doing *what?*” Outrage in Ms. T’s eyes clashed monstrously with her smiling lips. “I don’t think I could have heard you correctly, Jasmine.”

“I’m pretty sure you did,” I said. “What you’re pushing is basically the same as female genital mutilation, only for transgendered students who were born male. We’re going to oppose it, that’s all.”

“You are *seriously* going to claim that sex reassignment surgery, a *medically necessary* procedure for correcting gender dysphoria, is the same kind of thing as female genital mutilation, a *barbarous atrocity* perpetrated by religious fanatics?”

“You heard me right.”

Ms. T tapped her fingers hard on the desk. “Jasmine,” she said, “I have a great deal of patience with individual students who are reluctant to go all the way to correct their gender dysphoria. If you were simply to say to me that you need more time to think about taking such a serious step for yourself, I would be more than patient, considerate, and understanding.” She clenched her fists, and the smile vanished from her lips. “But if you try to play on other students’ fears, to keep them from fulfilling their true destiny as fully female—if you set out to terrorize other students into compliance with your male-dominated, cock-crazed, *rapist agenda*”—she rose from her seat and tried to stare me down—“well, you will find your future completely ruined, that’s all.”

I was speechless. I knew she was totally sincere in trying to harpoon me with these vicious, lying words. From the depths of my memories of boring, idiotic English classes in freshman year, I remembered ap-

palling fragments from *Moby Dick*. Ms. T now seemed as insane as Captain Ahab, driving his ship far off course in his frenzied quest for revenge upon the white whale—only transgendered students' "cocks" were Ms. T's white whale.

"Jasmine, I will give you *one week*," said Ms. T, "to abandon your plans for this sickening organization. If you do not"—her ghastly smile returned at last—"you will get what you *richly deserve*."

I couldn't back down now. "You don't need to wait a week," I said. "I'm not giving it up. Let's see what you think I richly deserve, right now."

Ms. T took a deep breath and tried again to stare me down, but failed. "All right," she said. "You asked for it. You won't enjoy it."

Suddenly Ms. T screamed, "Stop it! Help! Rape! Rape!!" She leaped up from her desk and attacked me as if I were really a rapist and she was fending me off. I tried to defend myself, but she was bigger and stronger than I was. I couldn't even get in any lucky kicks, as I did when Scut was attacking me about "stealing" her clothes two years ago.

School security officers, closely followed by Mr. G and Mr. B, raced into the room. "What's going on?" the bigger of the two officers asked.

"He raped me," Ms. T lied, shedding convincing-looking tears. "He's a male in female's clothing. I fought him off before he could ejaculate into me, but he was raping me from behind. He took me by surprise."

"Well, what do you have to say?" the big officer asked me.

"It's not true," I said. "I was refusing to go along with what she told me to do, so she claimed I raped her."

"He's lying," Ms. T insisted. "He grabbed me from behind, forced my skirt up, and yanked my panties down. He must have had his panties down already, it

all happened so fast. He was in me before I knew it, pushing me down on the desk from behind.”

The big officer hesitated for a minute, but then made his decision. “All right, we’ll have to take you in,” he said, grabbing my arm. Almost before I knew it, I was in handcuffs, being escorted out of the room and out of school.

## Chapter 8

“All right, Jasmine,” Inticus said after he paid to bond me out of the juvenile detention center and I told him what happened. “I’ve said I’ll always stand behind you and support you, and I will—and I *believe* you. You have your faults, but I’ve never envisioned being a rapist as one of them.”

“Neither have I,” I said. “Hey, Inticus, this isn’t going to get in the news, is it? I mean, juvenile proceedings are confidential, right?”

“They are,” said Inticus, “but, under the laws of the State of Pacificum, certain offenses are treated as being automatically adult offenses if the alleged perpetrator is over 16. Rape is among them. You’ll be treated as an adult in a non-confidential criminal proceeding. On the bright side, *The Times of Pacific Heights* will probably be too dignified to give more than

cursory mention to the matter. Since the allegation is highly scandalous, however, you will certainly see it reported in the *Informer*.”

I groaned. “All right, then,” I said, “I’ll just have to live it down.”

“To anyone who knows you,” Inticus said, “I think you will already have lived it down.”

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“Jasmine! Hi!” Debbie said when I called her on the phone after I got home. “I was worried about you

when you weren't at the library after school. What happened?"

"I couldn't come to the library because I was under arrest."

"What? Why?"

"Ms. T falsely accused me of raping her."

"No! That's horrible! I can't believe that!"

"Neither could I, but it happened."

"But—what are you going to do?"

"I guess I'm going to be the defendant in a rape trial. Before that, I'm going to be big news in the *In-former*. Um, I guess I'll probably get expelled from school, too." I laughed, for want of anything else to do. "Will you stick with me through all that?"

"Of course I will!"

"Good, I knew you would. Well, if I get expelled, I'll have more time to do research and writing on subjects of great interest."

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In the morning I found out my status in school: I was suspended pending expulsion. Inticus said he would do everything he could to defer the decision on expulsion until after my trial; then he went off to his office, and Scut went to school. Alone, I packed a lunch, got on my bike, and gravitated to the library, where I would see Debbie again in several hours.

"Hi, Jasmine!" said Ben Rigoulette, a tall, skinny gay librarian who knew me by name. "How come you're not in school?"

"I got suspended."

"What? That's hard to believe! Why did you get suspended?"

"A counselor said I raped her."

“No! That’s *impossible* to believe! It wasn’t true, was it?”

“No, it sure wasn’t.”

“Well, did you report the counselor to the police? You know, it’s against the law to make a false report of a crime.”

“Yeah, I know. I really should. There’s a detective I know. I’ll see if he’s available.” I called the police station and found out Detective Hinds would be there about one o’clock.

“He’ll be there about one,” I said. “Meanwhile, is there any way I can find out some incriminating information about this counselor, if there’s any available?”

“Well, what do you know about—is it him, or her?”

“Her, but she used to be him.”

“Name?”

“Rosa Catalina.”

“Education?”

“Master’s in educational counseling from the U.”

“Associations?”

“She’s got some kind of certificate from the Asexual Leaders of America.”

“OK, let’s see what we can find out with that to start with.” Ben typed some things on the computer he was at. “Here’s her master’s thesis online,” he soon said. “Very provocative title: ‘Should Sex Reassignment Surgery Be Mandatory?’”

“Ugh!” I said. “That could be incriminating. The reason why she accused me of raping her was that I was starting an organization to help transgendered students decide not to get sex reassignment surgery, called Students Against Genital Mutilation.”

“Hey, that doesn’t sound like a bad idea,” Ben said. “But it shouldn’t be only for students. Why don’t you call it Human Beings Against Genital Mutilation, and have meetings in one of the meeting rooms here in the library?”

“Yeah, I should, especially since I’m not a student right now.”

“Or you’re a self-taught student.” Ben smiled. “Now, let’s see what we can find out about the Asexual Leaders of America.”

Ben typed some more things on the computer. “OK, they have an online forum,” he said before too long, “and one of their active contributors, located in Pacificum, has the screen name RosyCat. I wouldn’t be surprised if that was her, would you?”

“No, I wouldn’t,” I said. “And if she said some incriminating things in the forum, maybe the police could use a subpoena to find out it was her.” It was pretty great having a dad who was a criminal defense attorney to find out about things like that from, I thought, although Inticus usually didn’t like it when the police used subpoenas to find out his clients were distributing child porn and things like that.

“OK, well, here’s the URL for her thesis, and here’s the one for the forum,” Ben said, scribbling the URLs for me. “Have a good time investigating her.”

I had an excellent, though appalling, time. Ms. T’s master’s thesis went much further than I could have imagined. While acknowledging that it wasn’t realistic to hope for mandatory SRS in the near future, she put forth bold proposals for making it mandatory anyway.

Two groups were her special targets. One was male sex offenders against women and girls. She seriously seemed to hope that popular revulsion against sex offenders could be channelled into proposals for surgically feminizing the offenders, depriving them of their “wiener-weapons” (her term) and putting them permanently into the same class as their victims.

Her second target group for mandatory SRS, as I expected, was transgendered genetic males. Here again she expected to capitalize on popular revulsion, this time against sex-role confusion. When it became evident that males could not be stopped from acting like women by psychotherapy or such things, she reasoned, people who favored traditional sex roles would naturally agree that those who acted like women must become fully women, to

restore the traditional order. Unlike the proposed punishment of sex offenders by forced feminization, this would actually fulfill transgendered subjects' deepest needs, desires, and yearnings (even if they were initially reluctant to accept it), for they were already women within.

Given that there would be no mandatory SRS in the near future, Ms. T put forth proposals for promoting voluntary SRS among transgendered teens. These included pushing the idea that the teens would become incredibly voluptuous and desirable females if they got SRS; isolating them from other teens who might influence them in the wrong direction (i.e., that of not getting SRS); promising a bright future of no more depression or ridicule for being transgendered if they got SRS; telling them about teens who committed suicide because of not getting SRS; gently and patiently ridiculing them for cowardice and immaturity if they were reluctant to get SRS; and even, in extreme cases, seeking punishment for them if they actively opposed SRS for others as well as themselves.

As if that weren't bad enough, Ms. T (if "RosyCat" was really Ms. T) went even further on the Asexual Leaders of America Forum. There she admitted that her real aim was to asexualize teens under the guise of giving them a new and more exciting sexuality—since, of course, they would never agree to get their "wiener-weapons" cut off and get *nothing* in return. It was well known that SRS and hormone therapy tended to decrease sex drive, and the percentage of asexuals among subjects who had received these treatments was far greater than in the general population. Ms. T's supreme aim, it turned out, was to free transgendered teens from the sex craze by freeing them from interest in sex. Her true white whale was

not just “cocks,” it was sex itself. If she could become a G-O-D and create her own universe as the Slammers claimed they could, I imagined, her universe would be fully devoid of sex.

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I was feeling pretty queasy by the time I ate my lunch and went to see Detective Hinds. “Hey, Jasmine!” he said when he saw me. “Long time no see! How’s everything going?”

“Not too well,” I said. “I’ve been falsely accused of rape. I’m here to report the accuser for making a false report of a crime.”

“Falsely accused of rape!” he exclaimed. “Now, who did that to you?”

“A counselor at school. She got mad because I was starting an organization opposed to genital mutilation, including sex reassignment surgery, and she claimed I raped her. She wrote a master’s thesis where she said it was OK to seek punishment for students who oppose SRS.”

“You’re kidding! This I’ve got to see!” I gave him the URL and he looked it up on the computer in his office. “It’s toward the end of the thesis,” I said, looking over his shoulder. “There it is,” I pointed it out when he got to it.

“God damn! You’re right!” he cried. “How can people like that get into our schools?”

“You got me. Anyway, her name is Rosa Catalina. I think she’s known as “RosyCat” on the Internet, in the Asexual Leaders of America Forum.”

“Asexual Leaders? I thought I knew about all those crazy groups, but that’s a new one on me.”

“RosyCat admitted her real aim was to asexualize teens by getting them to accept SRS. I was wondering if you could get a subpoena to find out if it’s her.”

“Hmm.” Detective Hinds frowned and tapped his fingers. “Well, look, Jasmine,” he said. “I believe you’re telling the truth, but if you’ve been charged with rape, you’ll have to be acquitted before any charge like false reporting can be filed against your counselor. I’ll take your report, and then we’ll see what happens.” He took my report.

“Have you got a trial coming up?” he asked me after that.

“Well, one hasn’t been set yet. I’m going to have a preliminary hearing tomorrow.”

“Have you got an attorney representing you?”

“Well, I hope it’s going to be my dad.”

“OK. Be sure to let me know what happens—and the best of luck to you.”

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Inticus did represent me. My trial was set months away, in January. I spent those months as a full-time self-taught student in the library, still meeting Debbie there every day after school. One of the best-kept secrets at Farquhar Park High was that the law didn’t actually require you to go to school after you were 16, so I would never have had to go back to school if I didn’t want to.

Human Beings Against Genital Mutilation was well off the ground by January. We had meetings in the library, which were starting to attract a small crowd of students and non-students. Debbie, Misti, and Ben were regulars, and several transgendered students from school showed interest. Best of all, there was nothing Ms. T could do about it, because it wasn’t a school organization.

About a week before my trial date, Inticus took me downtown—to see a doctor, he said, a specialist. It wasn’t because I was sick, which I wasn’t; it was because the doctor might be needed to testify about a certain special measurement, which might become an issue at trial.

We entered an elegant old brick building a few blocks south of the courthouse, went up to the sixth floor in the elevator, and entered an office bearing the name of Frederick W. Boomschnipper, Doctor of Sexology. After the business arrangements were made at the front desk, a pretty red-haired nurse escorted me into an examining room, while Inticus remained in the waiting room. Soon I was face to face with Dr. Boomschnipper, a balding man even shorter than I, with pale blue-gray eyes peering out through thick round glasses.

“So you are Jasmine,” he said, with a hint of a foreign accent. “Your father has provided some information about the purpose for your visit. This may be a bit embarrassing, but I will need to measure the size of your penis when it is fully erect.”

“Uh—well, all right, I guess,” I said, “but it isn’t.”

“I didn’t expect it to be.” He smiled. “If you are in need of some pornography for stimulation, I can provide it for this legitimate medical and scientific purpose only.”

“Uh, no, I don’t think that would work too well,” I said. “Um—I could imagine myself doing something exciting with my girlfriend.”

“Very well, if you think that would work better. Of course you will need to remove your skirt and your panties. I will leave the room while you engage in self-stimulation. When you are ready, push this button at once”—he indicated a red button on the side of the examining table—“and I will take the measurement. Just please be sure not to ejaculate before the measurement is taken.”

He left the room. I pulled my skirt and panties down, sat on the edge of the examining table, and pressed my clitoris into hiding between my legs. Then I imagined that Debbie and I were married, and we were making lesbian love. By the time I was kissing her nipple, my clitoris was responding fast. I stood up and put my hand between my thighs, pretending Debbie was caressing my clitoris. Soon it was fully erect indeed. I pressed the button and the doctor entered the room at once, holding a measuring caliper.



“All right, now,” he said. “Er—your penis, please?”

I spread my thighs and released my clitoris from hiding. With a gloved hand, he verified that it was fully erect. Then he measured its length, shaft thickness, and bulb thickness.

“Three and three-eighths inches long,” he said, “translating from the official metric measurement, which is 86 millimeters. Shaft thickness, one and one-eighth inch, 29 millimeters. Nice bulb thickness, three and three-eighths inches, 35 millimeters. Now you may either pull your skirt and panties up and go about your business, or if you prefer, I will leave the room while you ejaculate.”

“Uh, that won’t be necessary,” I said, quickly pulling up my skirt and panties. I had been giving myself orgasms much less often since I had been in love with Debbie. I knew it would be years before we could get married, but still I somehow felt it was better to try to save myself for her, as far as possible. Sometimes the pressure built up so much I just couldn’t help myself, but I tried.

## Chapter 9

The morning of my trial arrived. I sat at the defense table with Inticus. At his request, I wore the same high-necked, long-skirted, maroon-colored dress I had worn on the day of the alleged rape. The audience area of the courtroom was packed, no doubt thanks to the *Informer’s* scandalous coverage of my case.

“All rise!” said the bailiff. “The Seaview County Superior Court is now in session, the Honorable Ephraim C. Zizz presiding.” All rose, and the judge entered the courtroom. He was a short old man who didn’t look too different from Dr. Boomschnipper, except he had a full head of white hair. He announced that today’s case was *The People of the State of Pacificum vs. Jeremy a/k/a Jasmine O. Fitch*, and conducted the proceedings efficiently through jury selection and opening instructions. The prosecutor, Bob Bailey—also short, but much younger, with a soft, smooth voice—made his opening statement,

about how the victim was a credible and well-respected educator who had no motive to lie; a sexual assault treatment nurse would testify that there was often no physical evidence of penetration after a rape; and he was confident that the jury would find me guilty. Then Inticus rose to speak.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,” he said, “I am sure the People’s evidence will not indicate that the alleged victim in this case had any motive to lie—but the defendant’s evidence will, and it will lead you to believe that the alleged victim did lie. Not only is there absolutely no physical evidence that the alleged rape occurred, but the evidence will show that the defendant was wearing a long-skirted one-piece dress, in which it would have been extremely awkward, if not impossible, to commit rape. The evidence will also show that the alleged victim did have an extremely strong motive to lie, arising from the defendant’s opposition to her agenda of promoting genital mutilation of transgendered students. Indeed, the alleged victim had actually written in favor of punishing students who dared to oppose her agenda. You will also hear the defendant’s own account of the events in question, and I am confident that you will find it highly believable. Finally, you will hear evidence that the defendant’s character is very far from being that of a rapist. With all this, together with other evidence that may be revealed during the trial, I dare say you will be extremely disturbed by the thought that the alleged victim is lying—and you will find the defendant not guilty.”

The prosecutor then put on his case, starting with the school security officer who had arrested me, Officer Jake Briggs. Inticus asked only one question on cross-examination: whether I was wearing the same dress on the day of the alleged rape as I was wearing today. Officer Briggs said he believed I was.

The sexual assault treatment nurse, Nurse Judy Plumline, then testified as expected, that rapes often didn’t leave physical evidence, so it wasn’t surprising that she didn’t find any when she examined the “victim.” Again Inticus asked only one question: “So you have no way of telling, from physical evidence, whether a rape occurred in this case or not?” Nurse Plumline answered, “that is correct.”

Then came Ms. T, Rosa Catalina. The prosecutor elicited her story: she was counseling the defendant, who was expressing hostility toward her. Suddenly, when her back was turned, she felt the defendant grabbing her, pulling her underwear down and her skirt up, pushing her down on her desk, and raping her from behind. She screamed and escaped from the defendant's grip before he could ejaculate, but she could distinctly feel his penis inside her vagina.

"Ms. Catalina," Inticus then said, "you say the defendant was expressing hostility toward you. What exactly did the defendant say?"

"I don't remember his exact words, but he was expressing hostility toward sex reassignment surgery, calling it genital mutilation, and saying he was starting an organization to oppose it."

"Had you recommended that the defendant should receive sex reassignment surgery?"

"Only if he—I mean, she was ready. I never pressure students to get surgery."

"Why do you say 'he—I mean, she'? Which is it? He or she?"

"At first I presumed it was *she*, because of the defendant's feminine appearance and demeanor. I felt sure that this meant the defendant was essentially a girl, trapped in a boy's body, and needed her physical attributes modified to fit with her essential nature. But then I discovered that the defendant was merely a male in female's clothing—so he deserved to be called *he*, not *she*."

"So the defendant said *he*, not *she*, was starting an organization to oppose what he called genital mutilation. How did you respond?"

"I strongly recommended that he reconsider, and drop the plan for the organization."

"What was his response?"

"He refused."

“And was it immediately after he refused that you say the rape occurred?”

“Almost immediately.”

“Why did you turn your back on this hostile student?”

“Well, I had gotten up from my desk to try to reason with the defendant. After it didn’t work, I turned to go back to my desk, when he pushed me down on the desk and raped me.”

“All right. Now, I’ll have to ask you to describe some details of the alleged rape. Was the defendant wearing the same dress at that time as today?”

“Yes.”

“How much time elapsed between the time you turned away, to return to your desk, and the time the defendant began raping you?”

“I don’t know. It couldn’t have been more than a second or two. It all happened so fast.”

“The defendant grabbed you with his bare hands, pulled down your panties, and pushed up your skirt?”

“Yes.”

“And then the rape began at once. Is that right?”

“Yes.”

“So the defendant’s panties must already have been down.”

“I suppose so, if he had any on.”

“All right, I’d like to show you a stipulation signed by the prosecutor and myself, stating that the defendant was taken straight from Farquhar Park High School to the police station for booking, with no change of clothing and no access to additional clothing, and at the police station the defendant was found to be wearing a pair of white Patti’s Puffies panties.”

“Mr. Bailey, have the People agreed to this stipulation?” asked Judge Zizz.

“Yes, Your Honor,” said the prosecutor. “There’s no dispute about that point.” Judge Zizz then instructed the jury to take the facts stated in the stipulation as established.

“Ms. Catalina, you did not see the defendant pulling his panties down before you turned away?” Inticus asked.

“No, I did not.”

“If he had pulled them down before you turned away, would you have seen him doing so?”

“I’m sure I would.”

“All right.” Inticus stripped off his suit coat and, in his shirtsleeves, brought a gym bag up from under the defense table. He opened the bag and pulled out a long skirt, similar in cut and color to the skirt of my dress. Then, to the amusement of some in the courtroom, he raised it over his head, let it drop, and put it on over his trousers.

“Ms. Catalina,” Inticus said, “I’m going to demonstrate what I think must have been the maneuvers involved in this rape, if it happened, and I’d like you to tell me whether you think that’s what must have happened.”

“I didn’t see what he was doing behind my back.”

“No, but you told me how much time he had to do it. Now, let’s go through this first in slow motion. First, the defendant must have bent over to pull his skirt up out of the way, in order to be able to pull his panties down. Is that right?” Inticus bent down to grasp the hem of his skirt.

“Objection, calls for conjecture,” the prosecutor said. “She’s already said she didn’t see what the defendant was doing.”

“Your Honor,” Inticus said, “these questions are designed to test whether the rape could have occurred in the manner described by the witness. And

there is no conjecture in saying that a person wearing a long-skirted one-piece dress and panties must pull the skirt up in order to pull the panties down. It's a readily ascertainable fact subject to judicial notice."

Judge Zizz frowned. "Very well, Mr. Fitch," he said. "I'll give you some leeway in cross-examination."

"Thank you, Your Honor. So, Ms. Catalina, the defendant must have bent over, pulled up his skirt, and pulled down his panties. Correct?"

"I suppose so."

"What about getting the skirt out of the way in order to perform the rape? You did not notice a flapping skirt being suddenly lifted behind you?"

"I've already said I had no warning that the rape was going to occur."

"So the defendant must have lifted the skirt a second time, and then held it in place—with what? Not his hands, since you say he was using his bare hands to grab you. With his elbows, perhaps?"

"I have no idea."

"All right, now let's do this fast. Defendant bends over, grabs his skirt hem, pulls his skirt up, pulls his panties down, pulls his skirt back up, fixes it in place with his elbows, moves to the desk without tripping over his panties, and reaches out with his bare hands to grab you, pull your panties down, push your skirt up, and begin the rape." Inticus demonstrated the movements at top speed, although he didn't really pull down his trousers, much less his underwear, nor did he touch Ms. T. "And you say the defendant must have done all this in approximately one to two seconds?"

"I could have been mistaken about how long it took. I could not have been mistaken about the defendant raping me."

Inticus let the skirt slip to the floor. "You say you felt the defendant's penis inside your vagina?" he then asked.

"I certainly did."

"How large was it?"

Ms. T grimaced at him. "I do not have a tape measure inside my vagina."

"But you say you felt it inside you, so you must have been able to feel how far inside you it was going. Isn't that right?"

"I would guess it was going in about five or six inches, but that is only a guess."

"Would you say the defendant's penis was about average in size?"

"I am very far from being a connoisseur of the sizes of men's penises, but I have heard it said that an average penis is about six inches long. If so, then I would guess the defendant's penis was about average, or slightly below average."

"But not a great deal below average?"

"I could only guess that it was not."

"Very well." Inticus brought forth a bound volume of letter-size sheets of paper. "Now, Ms. Catalina, I'd like to show you what's been marked for identification as Defendant's Exhibit 1. Do you recognize this as a true and accurate copy of a master's thesis written by yourself for Pacific Heights University?"

"Objection, irrelevant," said the prosecutor.

"Your Honor," Inticus said, "this evidence is highly relevant to show the alleged victim's motive for making a false accusation, and her plan of seeking punishment for students who opposed her agenda."

"I'll overrule the objection," said Judge Zizz.

Inticus then read as many of the worst parts of the thesis as he could get away with into the record, until Ms. T got fed up and said, "You are only revealing how ignorant you are of the purpose of an academic thesis, which is to impress the professors by putting forth bold theoretical proposals, not to suggest that

the author has any intention of putting them into practice.”

“So, Ms. Catalina,” Inticus said, “when you said that students should be punished for opposing SRS for others, you wish the jury to believe that was merely a theoretical proposal, having no relation to reality?”

“That is correct. I knew that my professors would be impressed with my boldness in putting forth proposals to promote my views and crush all non-academic opposition, so that is what I did.”

“It did not mean that you would really try to crush all non-academic opposition?”

“Certainly not.”

“And you wish the jury to believe it is mere coincidence that, almost immediately after the defendant defied you and announced his plan to oppose your agenda, you raised an extremely serious accusation that could result in devastating punishment for the defendant?”

“That is when the rape happened to occur.”

“Very well. No further questions.”

“Your Honor, the People rest,” said the prosecutor.

“Your Honor,” Inticus said, “the defendant will call Dr. Frederick W. Boomschnipper.”

“Objection, Your Honor,” said the prosecutor. “This witness has not been disclosed to the People in discovery.”

“Your Honor,” Inticus said, “It’s well established that the constitutional right to present a defense takes precedence over discovery rules. I’m prepared to make an offer of proof, outside the presence of the jury, showing that this witness will give highly relevant testimony that *could not*, in fairness to the defendant, have been disclosed before trial.”

“All right,” said Judge Zizz, “we’ll adjourn to my chambers.”

The judge, the prosecutor, Dr. Boomschnipper, and Inticus left the courtroom. After a while, during which there was much talking among the audience, they returned.

“Very well, Mr. Fitch, you may proceed,” said Judge Zizz.

“Dr. Boomschnipper,” Inticus said, “have you measured the defendant’s fully erect penis?”

“Yes, I have.”

“Did you verify that it was indeed fully erect before you measured it?”

“Yes, with a gloved hand, I determined that the defendant’s penis was fully rigid.”

“What were the results of that measurement?”

“The defendant’s penis was three and three-eighths inches long, one and one-eighth inches in diameter at the shaft, and one and three-eighths inches in diameter at the glans, the bulb of the penis.”

“You are a medical doctor specializing in sexology, is that right?”

“Yes.”

“Your Honor, I’d like to qualify this witness as an expert.”

“That won’t be necessary,” the prosecutor said. His voice, for the first time during the trial, sounded shaky. “I’ve examined the witness’s curriculum vitae. The People will stipulate to the witness’s qualifications.”

“The witness will be accepted as an expert,” said Judge Zizz.

“Dr. Boomschnipper,” Inticus then said, “are you familiar with the range of variations in penis size among human males?”

“Yes.”

“Would you say that the defendant’s penis was anywhere near average in size?”

“No. It was far below average. The average is in the vicinity of six inches. The defendant’s penis was hardly more than half the average length.”

“If inserted into a female’s vagina, could it readily have been mistaken for a penis five or six inches in length?” I expected the prosecutor to object that the question called for conjecture, but he didn’t.

“No, I do not believe it could.”

“Thank you. No further questions.”

The prosecutor had no questions either. Inticus then called me to testify. In front of all the people in the courtroom, no doubt including one or more scandal-seeking reporters, I told the whole story of what happened during the fateful appointment. I expected the prosecutor to ask me some questions. He didn’t.

Finally Inticus said, “The defendant will call Deborah L. Buckmaster.”

A bailiff escorted Debbie into the courtroom. She was wearing a high-necked, long-skirted dress like mine, only it was light yellow. She went to the witness stand and the judge swore her in.

After some preliminary questions, Inticus asked her, “Are you acquainted with the defendant, Jeremy Fitch, also known as Jasmine Fitch?”

“Yes,” Debbie said.

“How long have you known Jasmine?”

“Um, almost a year and a half.”

“What is your relationship with Jasmine?”

“I’m Jasmine’s girlfriend.”

“Do you have an opinion about Jasmine’s character?”

“Yes.”

“What is your opinion of Jasmine’s character for truthfulness?”

“Jasmine is totally honest.”

“In your opinion, could Jasmine’s character be that of a rapist?”

“No. Jasmine has always been—well, the most gentlemanly, or ladylike person I’ve ever known, or both.”

“Has Jasmine ever been—er—sexually aggressive toward you?”

“No.”

“Thank you. No further questions.”

“Ms. Buckmaster,” the prosecutor said, “you are in love with the defendant, are you not?”

“Yes.” Debbie was blushing as she had on the first evening I met her, but she said it, and I rejoiced.

“Would you wish to marry the defendant someday, if possible?”

“Yes.” My heart was pounding hard.

“If the defendant were to go to prison for rape, it would interfere with your prospects of marrying the defendant, would it not?”

“Yes, until Jasmine got out.”

“Don’t you think you may be portraying the defendant’s character in an unrealistically favorable light, because of your hope of marrying the defendant?”

“No, I don’t. I wouldn’t want to marry Jasmine if I didn’t believe—his character was every bit as good as I’ve said it is.”

The prosecutor was silent, as if he were thinking deeply. At last he said, “No further questions.”

“The defendant rests, Your Honor,” Inticus said.

“Your Honor,” the prosecutor said, “the people would request a short recess before closing arguments.” His voice sounded *really* shaky now.

“Very well,” said Judge Zizz. “The court will be in recess.” He admonished the jurors not to talk about the case until they began to deliberate. Then he and the prosecutor left the courtroom at once, though not together.

The recess wasn’t all that short, in fact it was pretty long. At last the prosecutor re-entered the courtroom, accompanied by someone I was hardly expecting to see with him: Detective Hinds.

“We’re ready to proceed,” the prosecutor told the court reporter, who got up to tell the judge. Soon the bailiff was again saying, “All rise!”

“Mr. Bailey,” said Judge Zizz, “are the People ready to proceed?”

“Your Honor,” the prosecutor said, “I know this is highly unusual at this stage of the proceeding—but the People find that the evidence, taken as a whole, convincingly establishes the defendant’s innocence. The People move to dismiss the charge of rape, a Class 2 felony.”

Loud talking and other noises broke out in the courtroom at once. Judge Zizz actually had to pound the bench with his gavel to restore order, as judges did in old movies.

“The People’s motion to dismiss is granted,” he said. At once Detective Hinds moved to the prosecution table and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the courtroom, “Rosa Catalina, I have here a warrant for your arrest on the charge of false reporting of a Class 1 or 2 felony, which is itself a Class 4 felony.”

“You can’t be serious!” Ms. T cried. “This is an outrage! I’ll sue the Pacific Heights Police for every cent they’ve got!” Detective Hinds, paying no attention, promptly handcuffed Ms. T and, together with the bailiff, escorted her out of the courtroom.

## Chapter 10

“Well, Jasmine, do you think you’ll be going back to school, or keeping on as a self-taught student?” Inticus asked me at home after the trial. “The choice is yours.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I said. “There are a lot of great things about being self-taught—but I kind of think I’ll go back to school, at least if I don’t get another counselor as bad as Ms. T, I mean Rosa Catalina.”

As it turned out, the new Ms. T, Jane Anne Goodmiller, was very far from being that bad. The old Ms. T never had meetings of all the transgendered students, but the new Ms. T, Ms. Goodmiller, called one soon after she was appointed as counselor. I was surprised to find myself getting a standing ovation as I entered the room for the meeting. I guessed maybe the *Informer’s* scandalous publicity wasn’t all bad after all.

“I’m aware of your former counselor’s attitudes and behavior,” Ms. Goodmiller said after introducing herself, “and I’d like you to know that mine are much different.” I looked at her with approval. She was shorter than the old Ms. T and slender, with long reddish-brown hair and a pretty face with sweet-looking dark brown eyes. Her clothes were stylish, but she didn’t reveal her breasts as the old Ms. T did. Her voice was low for a woman’s voice, but she had mastered the art of making it sound feminine, which I had never yet done.

“I know your former counselor was too eager to promote sex reassignment surgery,” she said. “This is a very radical, and often unnecessary, procedure. Many transgendered or transsexual adults, including myself, have decided against getting it. If you have been thinking about getting it, I would recommend that you think long and hard about whether it is really necessary, considering all the possible bad effects as well as the good ones. If you have *not* been thinking about getting it, despite your former counselor’s efforts—well, there may be no reason for you to think about getting it.” Now it was she who got a standing ovation.

“Now, about the matter of having to take showers in front of boys,” she said, “I know many of you are embarrassed at having to let boys see you taking off your girls’ clothes—but the girls would probably be embarrassed, too, if you were in their shower rooms. This is a problem that can be solved by means of investment, if only the school board can be persuaded to listen. You’re not the only ones who are embarrassed by public nudity. I would say that all students should have a choice whether to take their showers in public or in private. This is the 21st century, and many schools all over the country have built private shower stalls; there is no reason why the excellent Pacific Heights Public Schools should lag behind. If you would like to form a transgendered students’ association, with this as one of its goals, I would be glad to serve as the group’s advisor.”

This proposal went over really well. By the end of the meeting, officers had been elected for the new association. Misti nominated me for president and, still to my surprise, I was elected although I was only a sophomore. My future at school was looking incredibly much brighter than it had in the very recent past.

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Not too long before sophomore year was over, I had to testify at the trial of *People of the State of Pacificum vs. Rosa Catalina*. Except that Inticus wasn’t there, it was kind of a partial mirror image of my own trial, up to a certain point. The same prosecutor, Bob Bailey, represented the People, although the judge was a different one, the Honorable Rebecca F. Bingley. After getting in the evidence of how Ms. Catalina reported the alleged rape, the prosecutor had me tell what really happened, and the parties stipulated that the size of my penis was as determined by Dr. Boomschnipper. Detective Hinds also testified, about his investigation that led him to suspect the charge of rape was false. Judge Bingley took judicial notice of the record of my trial, specifically the part where Judge Zizz granted the People’s motion to dismiss, which was made on the basis that the evidence convincingly established my innocence. Then the relevant portions of Ms. Catalina’s testimony from my

trial were read into the record, with Bob Bailey playing Inticus and a female I didn't know playing Rosa Catalina.

Her own testimony at this trial, though, was completely different. Her attorney simply asked her what was her account of the events in question, and left all the rest to her.

"The time has come," said Rosa Catalina, "to tell the *whole* truth, for nothing less than the whole truth can be my defense. My heart has always ached for girls who were assigned as boys at birth, ever since I found that I was one of them. To be really a girl, and yet to be seen as a boy, to me is one of the greatest tragedies in life. I have become free from this bondage, and I have devoted my life to helping girls become free from it.

"To me, the greatest violation of a girl's essential feminine nature—far worse than a single brief act of physical rape—is to oppose the correction of the monstrous birth defect that made the girl seem to be a boy. To keep a girl trapped in a boy's body for life, I feel, is to impose life imprisonment upon someone who has committed no crime. I have always shown the greatest patience with girls who are reluctant to take this very serious, but absolutely necessary, step in their lives. But when someone actually *opposes* the correction of this birth defect as *wrong*—when someone insanely compares it to *female genital mutilation* performed by the most loathsome religious fanatics, and tries to terrorize girls into deciding never to have their birth defect corrected—then I must honestly say that person is guilty not only of rape, but of something not far short of murder." The courtroom was far less full than it had been at my trial, and so the amount of noise made by the audience at this point was less than at the noisiest points of my trial, but still it was noticeable enough that Judge Bingley had to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will need to be quiet in the courtroom, and anyone who continues to make noise will be ejected."

"The only question," Rosa Catalina continued, "is how such a person can receive the punishment that person deserves. If our legal system were not governed by ignorance and bigotry, I could simply have

charged that person with terroristic violation of essential feminine nature, which would be an extremely serious crime. As it is, I found it necessary to *translate* that crime into terms that could be comprehended in our antiquated legal system. The closest equivalent, both in terms of terror and of violation of essential feminine nature, was rape.

“There was nothing false about my charge that this male in female’s clothing raped me. Rape was a far, far lesser evil than what this person did, but it was exactly the same kind of evil. He did rape me, and worse than raped me! He did rape all girls he terrorized into keeping their grotesque, unfeminine birth defects, and worse than raped them! And yet our legal system is designed to miss the point entirely, to wallow in a mass of irrelevant details about penis size and skirt length and panties, and number of seconds and physical evidence, and character assassination of the victim! Well, let me tell you this: I don’t know, and I don’t much care, what twelve random people off the street think of me. I know what History will think of me. History will judge that I am *right*—and, if I am found guilty in this trial, History will judge that I am a *martyr for the truth!*”

If so, History didn’t have time to get in its verdict before the jurors got in theirs. After a pretty brief deliberation, they returned their verdict: “We, the jury, find the defendant, Rosa Catalina, guilty of a Class 4 felony, namely false reporting of a Class 1 or Class 2 felony, to wit: rape, a Class 2 felony; and of a Class 5 felony, namely perjury.”

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After the trial, Detective Hinds congratulated me on my victory over Rosa Catalina. Then he said, “You know, Jasmine, I think you’ve got what it takes to become a really good investigator. You’ve shown that you can do research, you can elicit incriminating admissions, you can testify convincingly, and you’ve obviously got a first-rate brain. When you get closer to graduating from high school, you might look into joining the Pacificum Bureau of Investigation. If you decide to commit to them for a period of years, they’ll

pay your expenses to go to college while you work for them. They're always looking for top-notch new talent, and they're not nearly as fussy about formalities as the FBI. Keep it in mind, OK?"

"Uh, well, OK, I will," I said.

I did more than keep it in mind; I went right out and got a summer internship with the PBI, with Inticus, Bob Bailey, and Detective Hinds serving as my references. The internship was unpaid, and the work wasn't too intellectually demanding, but I got to know a bunch of people in the bureau, and they seemed to think I showed promise.

My junior year was far more uneventful than sophomore year, and I stayed in school all year. Scut was a freshman, and she quickly got a cute little red-haired lesbian girlfriend named Caitlyn. She was a little less obnoxious now, and by the end of the year she and Caitlyn actually joined Human Beings Against Genital Mutilation. She and Caitlyn got married as soon as they could, when they were both 16.

I got another internship with the PBI during the summer, and my supervisor strongly encouraged me to apply for a job with the bureau that would begin after I graduated from high school. I was pretty sure I was going to do it. I was thinking I was a born crime-fighter—and, if I had a job lined up when I graduated, I hoped it would put me in a better position for a successful marriage.

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"Well, um, I guess maybe we could get married any time now—I mean, if you're still interested," I said to Debbie one rainy afternoon not long after senior year started. I had a car now, a nice little subcompact with low mileage that Inticus got me for my 18th birthday, and we were sitting in it in front of Debbie's house.

Debbie laughed. "Oh, I suppose I'm still interested," she said, "if *you* are."

"I sure am," I assured her.

“Where do you think we should live together after we get married?”

“Um, I don’t know. I guess maybe we should figure out a few details like that first. Actually, maybe I should even make sure I’ll have a job with the bureau after I graduate, too.”

“Maybe so. We’ve waited a long time already; we can wait a little longer.”

“Is your mom going to be OK on her own?”

Debbie hesitated. “She’ll be lonely if I’m not there. And she says I’m a big help to her. In fact, she says she doesn’t know what she’d do without me.”

“Hmm, that doesn’t sound too promising.”

“No, but—well, I don’t know what you’d think of this, or what she’d think of it either, but—have you ever read *Emma* by Jane Austen?”

“Um, no.”

“Well, Mr. Woodhouse, Emma’s father, is an invalid, and he thinks he’s even more of one than he really is. He’s sure he could never live without Emma around, but Emma and Mr. Knightley are determined to marry each other—so Mr. Knightley rents out his mansion and moves into the Woodhouses’ home.”

“You’re thinking I should move in with you and your mom?”

“Well, maybe. I think it would work. At least it would work better than me moving out.”

I took a deep breath. “Well, I’m sure it would work a whole lot better than you and me not getting married,” I said.

Debbie looked at me in eager expectation. She was blushing and successfully struggling to smile, as she had done when I first met her—but she hadn’t been crying for joy back then. “Yes, a *whole lot* better,” she murmured.

Her face came close to mine. It was pretty awkward to kiss her on the mouth in that little car, but I did it. Our lips met, our tongues touched, and we lingered long together in each other's arms.

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"Mom, this is my fiancée, Jasmine," Debbie said when I went to her house to meet her mom that Saturday.

Debbie's mom looked at me without delight. "So you never got over that lesbian perversion after all, did you?" she asked. "Well, I guess I don't have to call it that any more, and you're old enough to make your own decisions, but I don't have to like it. Are you going to adopt any grandchildren for me?"

"Well, I don't know if that will be necessary," Debbie said. "Um, Mom, actually you've met Jasmine before, under another name—Jeremy Fitch."

Her mom still didn't smile, but lifted her eyebrows high. "Jeremy Fitch?"

"Yes, at the meeting where I said I was coming back to the Slammers, and then Jeremy gave a gung-ho speech."

Sudden recognition lighted up her mom's eyes. "Oh, *that* Jeremy!" she said. "That was all a put-on, wasn't it? You didn't mean a word of it, did you?"

"Well, no," I admitted. "I was acting as an undercover informant for the police, investigating the Slammers' criminal activities involving sex, or attempted sex, with underage girls—like Debbie."

"Well, I'm certainly glad Debbie and I are out of all that. I went along with it because of Dennis, but I was getting pretty fed up with it—even before he died. I guess you did your part to help us get out of it—so thank you, Jeremy."

"Well, you're welcome."

“But why are you wearing girls’ clothes and calling yourself Jasmine? Is this another undercover assignment?”

“Um, no. This is just *me*. I like to dress this way, and I picked the name Jasmine for myself because I thought it was beautiful.”

“Hmm. Well, don’t be surprised if I call you Jeremy, not Jasmine. I don’t have to like the way you dress, but Debbie’s old enough to make her own decisions. If she wants to marry you, it’s up to her.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Debbie said. “And if you want to call Jasmine Jeremy, it’s up to you.”

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Debbie’s mom got used to me before too long, and said she would welcome me into her house, although she did always call me Jeremy. Inticus got used to the idea that I was going to marry Debbie, too, and he didn’t even tell her he would rather hide his head in a bag of used condoms than get married again himself. He looked over my contract when I got a job offer from the PBI, he said it looked OK, and he even volunteered the thought that it would be beneficial to me to have a secure job after I got married.

At last the day of our wedding came. Debbie and I wore almost identical-looking white wedding gowns, and walked up the aisle in the Temple of the Grand Union together, accompanied by loud, jubilant music from the pipe organ. Misti was our maid of honor, Detective Hinds was the best man, and almost everyone we knew was there: Inticus, Debbie’s mom, Scut and Caitlyn, Jane Anne Goodmiller, Bob Bailey and his wife, and many people from the PBI, the temple members, and school. Arthur Ardmooor was at his best in talking about the Grand Union of Heaven and Earth as reflected in the union of two devoted spouses. The reception was excellent, with plenty of good food and ballroom dancing, no hard rock allowed.

After it all ended, I drove Debbie and her mom up to their house—*our* house now. “Well, good night, Debbie, and Jeremy,” her mom said when we arrived.

She went off to her bedroom at the other end of the house, leaving me and Debbie alone to go to the master bedroom. It seemed strange, and maybe even a bit sickening, for us to be using the same room where Debbie's dad had killed himself, and where George Coursier had tried to butt-fuck Debbie. I could only hope that, now that we were married, life and kindness would wash out all memory of death and vice.

We separated to undress and put on our nighties. When we came back together, Debbie was blushing as she had done when I first met her. In the dim light in the bedroom, I saw that her nightie was cut just low enough to show the slightest bit of cleavage, and it was just opaque enough that I saw nothing of her nipples except for their protruding tips. My own nightie was sexier than hers, a sheer low-cut one with spaghetti straps. My clitoris was hidden between my legs, and it was throbbing. I tried to keep from getting too excited too soon. It wasn't easy.

"Debbie, I love you," I said, taking her face in my hands and kissing her full on the mouth.

"Oh, Jasmine, I love you so much!" Debbie murmured when she could speak. My hands descended to her hips, and I pulled her nightie up. She offered me no resistance, to say the least, and pulled mine up too. Soon we were nude, and our legs were intertwined like the legs of lesbians in heat.

I kissed her again on the mouth. Our tongues were meeting, slipping past each other, caressing each other just as our hands were doing. I raised my hand to Debbie's breast, tenderly touching her excited nipple. She gasped with pleasure and pressed my hand hard to hold it to her breast.

We sat on the bed. I slipped my hand between Debbie's warm thighs, explored her hot, wet vulva, and found her clitoris. It was tiny, but she moaned with delight when I hit the spot; then she grabbed my hand and pressed it hard, as she had done when it was touching her breast. After that she slipped her hand between my legs to return the favor.

“Oh, yes, *please*, Debbie,” I murmured when her hand was on my clitoris. “Let me know when you’re ready.”

I imagined we were going to make love like lesbians, intertwining our legs and rubbing our clitorises against each other’s legs until we came to orgasm. Never in my life had I had an orgasm with my clitoris extended in front like a boy’s penis. I was all ready to lie down with her and ejaculate on her thigh while she clasped my thigh between her own, but Debbie had other plans.

“Jasmine, stand up,” Debbie begged me. “Please.” I stood up, still with my clitoris hidden between my legs. She reached between them, pulled it out, and quickly pressed it between her own thighs, rubbing it against her dripping, almost steaming lower lips. I had never been so excited in my life, not even in my wildest girlish orgasms.

“Can you come into me if I lie down?” she gasped.

“Uh—I’ll try,” I said. I wasn’t at all sure it would work, but I would do it for love of Debbie, if I could.

Debbie lay down on her back, raised her knees, and welcomed me into her arms. I lay down with her and tried to enter her, but nothing happened. It was like trying to pass through a tiny hole in a hot, wet, hard wall.

“Please keep trying,” she implored me. “Please!” I almost told her I was sorry, I wasn’t cut out for this, and we would just have to do it like lesbians—but I didn’t want to disappoint Debbie if I didn’t absolutely have to. I pressed harder; then I backed off and made hard little thrusts, sure I was going to ejaculate before I got anywhere.

“Oh! Oh! *Owww*!” Debbie shrieked. I didn’t want to hurt her, and I felt like she was bleeding on me, but I could feel my bulb inside her tight, burning-hot little womanly opening. A tremendous rush of excitement filled me to the brim, and I pressed farther. She clutched me hard with her hands, her thighs, and her bloody lower lips, welcoming me to come into her

as far as I could. I did, still incredulous that I had succeeded.

I was so excited that I ejaculated almost at once after I had entered her fully, and I didn't know if Debbie had an orgasm too, but she didn't seem to care if she had one or not. "Oh, Jasmine!" she said, still holding me as tightly as she could. "Thank you so much! You're so wonderful! I knew you could do it!"

"All for you, my love," I said, and I meant it. Then I started to laugh. I tried not to laugh too hard, but it wasn't easy.

"What are you laughing about?" she asked me, looking ready to laugh too.

"Oh, I was just thinking," I said, "there go my dreams of being a male lesbian."

Debbie laughed too, and caressed me tenderly. "You could still be a *part-time* male lesbian," she said.

"Yeah, I guess I could," I agreed. Then I said again, from the bottom of my overflowing heart, "All for you, my love!"

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