

# A Little Fling



# Dulci Daily



A "Spectrum Tv" Novel



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# A Little Fling

*and Other Stories*

**by Dulci Daily**

Don't get me wrong; I love my wife. In fact, I love her now more than ever. It's just that her sister Cindy has some good points that my wife Kathy doesn't have. For one thing, well, Cindy is still slim and sexy at 35. Kathy, at 41, is pretty fat, and it's harder for me to get excited about her than it used to be. For another thing—and this is how it all started, more than a year ago now—Cindy likes cross-dressers, and Kathy doesn't, or didn't. She wouldn't have approved at all if she had known I was secretly one myself.

For a while, long ago, I thought maybe I would be able to leave my secret sissy self behind when I got married, even though I was pretty girlish ever since I was 10 or so,

and my girlish pretensions got me excited like crazy. For a while, I actually succeeded in leaving them behind, pretty much, with an occasional exception. As the years wore on, though, Kathy got fatter, I got closer to my present age of 44, and I found I needed some extra stimulation to try to keep myself young and sexy for her. The only extra stimulation that ever worked for me was you know what, so I reverted to my secret girlish self in strictest secrecy.

Imagine my delight when I found that Kathy had become so big around that her bras and lingerie would fit me! I don't mean the bra cups would fit, of course; my breasts are chubby and pretty big for a guy, but I still need to stuff the cups with handkerchiefs to fill them out. Same goes for the lingerie, although Kathy has a sweet little cami with an elastic breast-holder that looks great even when I only stuff one hanky on each side. But at least I can wear them, and it's so exciting!

Best of all, I found that Kathy's swimsuit would fit me too. It's a one-piece one, of course; you'll never catch Kathy wearing a bikini, and she might not even look too good in one if she did. It's perfect for my purposes, though. Ever since I was 11, I dreamed of wearing a girl's swimsuit and bathing cap, because then I could look exactly like a girl, with no short hair showing to reveal that I was a boy. Kathy's swimsuit, a bright blue one, even has a little skirt at the bottom, very handy for covering up any un-girlish erections I might happen to get. (My erections don't need a lot of covering up, though. My stout little cock, which I affectionately call my "coquette," is pretty short, only four inches long.)

I took pictures of myself wearing Kathy's clothes—headless pictures only, since I was too shy to show my face in them. I put them up on cross-dresser sites and masturbation sites on the Internet, but it just wasn't the same as having a real friend I could confide in

about my sissiness. (It's really tough to make any real, lasting friends at sites like Girlie-Boy Lovefest and Whackoff Wonderland, in case you didn't know.) And so, you see . . . that's how my weakness for Cindy got started.



Cindy isn't your average 35-year-old lady in almost any way. First off, she's a truck driver. I don't mean she drives a little delivery truck or something; she drives a big truck, an 18-wheeler, on long-distance runs all over the country. She's not a tough, ugly broad, though; she's a tall, slender, lovely lady with a big, winning smile.

She's really different from Kathy (a so-called stay-at-home mom who doesn't stay at home too much) in other ways, too, especially her opinions. When Cindy comes here on truck trips, she and Kathy could do pretty well on one of those TV or radio shows where a liberal and a conservative cross swords with each other; Cindy would be the liberal and Kathy the conservative. Naturally, since we live in Pacific Heights which is crawling with cross-dressers, one day Kathy was expressing disgust at how openly and even brazenly you could see guys dressed as girls in public here. She was saying it was harmful to kids' normal development to see them, and all that.

"Oh, come on, Kathy, loosen up," Cindy instructed her. "They've got just as much right to live their lives as anyone else. Plus, I've met some cross-dressers who were really sweet guys, and pretty darn cute too!"

My heart thudded while Cindy laughed and Kathy tried to think of a retort. What if I let Cindy know I was a cross-dresser? What if she was the trustworthy friend I longed for, who would accept me as I secretly was? I had to let her know, I thought. I only needed to find the right opportunity.

I found the opportunity that very day, almost that very hour. Kathy had to go to the grocery store. The kids, 14-year-old Marie-Rose and 6-year-old Vincent, wanted to go to the library, so she took them to the local branch. She had no qualms about leaving me and Cindy alone together, but only because she trusted me, not Cindy.

Right after Kathy was gone, I seized the chance to say to Cindy, "Hey, Cindy! I'd like to show you something."

"Sure, what is it?"

"Come here to my computer." She did. I didn't show her the pictures of my erect coquette on Whackoff Wonderworld, of course, but I did show her the page on Girlie-Boy Lovefest where I displayed my cross-dressing pictures of myself. They were headless pictures only, as I said, but Cindy could see at once that they were pictures of me. Just to be perfectly sure, though, she asked me: "Oh, gosh, Angelo, those are pictures of you, aren't they?" Without waiting for me to do more than silently nod "yes," she went on: "That's wild! Ooh, I like these!"

There were some pictures of me in the swimsuit, some in the cute cami, some excellent cleavage shots in a red nightie, and some back-hook bra shots. (I never mastered the art of hooking a bra in back, but fortunately the one I had on in the picture was stretchy enough that I could hook it first, then pull it on over my head and stuff it.) Then came some sexier ones with the bra and the cami pulled up or down to show my bare breasts—some of the best natural breasts I've ever seen on a guy, if I do say so myself. By the time I got to the ones of me pulling a front-hook bra open to show my breasts some more, Cindy was saying, "Wow, these are great! I never dreamed!"

"I know I can count on you not to tell Kathy," I said. "I'm pretty sure she wouldn't understand."

"No, probably not," she agreed. "But I do understand! I just love to see guys in girls' clothes!" She took a deep breath, and then went on: "Maybe I could even see you wearing them in person sometime. And you could sure count on me not to tell about that, if it happened!"

“Uh, wow, yeah, I guess that might be nice sometime.” I meant sometime soon, before she drove truck out of town. She could tell that was what I meant. I had a really hard erection. I could tell she was excited too. I glanced at her small, firm, delectable-looking breasts. She was wearing a flimsy bra and a thin, tight top. I could readily see that her nipples were as erect as my coquette.

I guess maybe I should have known what would happen if I let her see me in person. Kathy, whose mouth was bigger than it should be when it came to talking about other people’s faults, had told me Cindy used to have a big problem with promiscuity, and Kathy thought she probably still did. Still, I found it hard to believe that even Cindy would want her own brother-in-law to cheat with her—and I had yearned so much, for so long, to have a real friend I could confide in about my secret femininity!

“How about wearing that swimsuit at the motel pool?” Cindy asked. Cindy always stayed at a motel when she drove truck to town, and Kathy thought she had a pretty good idea why. Me, I thought it was more decent of her to suggest the swimsuit at the pool than the bras and lingerie in her room.

“Wow!” I said. “I’d love to! I can take some time off from work tomorrow afternoon.”

“Hey, that’ll work out perfectly. I’ve got to pick up a load and roll down to California starting early the next day.” She gave me her most charming smile, with her dark eyes sparkling and her full red lips surrounding her bright white teeth. “And now I’d better read a really serious book or something, to get my mind off it until then!” I was pretty sure I knew what she meant. She didn’t want Kathy to come back and see her with her face still flushed and her nipples still sticking out.

Next morning, I tried really hard to keep my mind on my work at the office downtown. I'm an in-house accountant for Magnum Supreme Corporation, and I work in the "Big Black Block" —the Magnum Supreme Building, more than 40 years old and still the tallest building in Pacific Heights. It took extreme effort to keep my mind on dollar figures when Cindy's lovely slender figure, and her sweet face too, were constantly intruding into my thoughts. I did it, though, and I don't think I even made any mistakes, which is astounding under the circumstances.

After lunch, having signed up to take some vacation time for the afternoon, I took off. I made a brief, circum-spect visit to one of the building's many restrooms with my big gym bag in hand, and emerged with Kathy's swimsuit carefully concealed beneath my dress shirt, tie, and trousers. It was easy to get to and from work on the trolley bus; I almost never needed the car, which I left to Kathy to use. It was equally easy to get to the Mounds Motel, where Cindy was staying. I just continued on, past my stop for home, to the motel, which was out on Beaconsfield Road about halfway between Mounds Junction and Beaconsfield Center.

Here it was. I got off. The motel was a cream-colored complex with red trim, and a big red sign announcing that it was indeed the "MOUNDS MOTEL." In case anyone had any doubt about what you could do there, there were big red hearts in place of the letter O in both words on the sign.

I was trembling and getting the chills, although it was an unusually warm summer day for Pacific Heights. The agreement was that Cindy would let me into the pool area. It was easy to see where it was; there were big aqua-colored letters spelling out "POOL." I took off my tie, folded it carefully, and put it into a small pocket in my big gym bag. Then I retrieved six handkerchiefs from the

bag, undid a couple of buttons on my shirt, and not-quite-nonchalantly stuffed my cups with three hankies in each. With hands made expert from long experience in using hankies as breast-enhancers, I shaped them to look as real as possible, which I thought was pretty real.

I was going in. I saw Cindy, with her dark curly hair pulled back in a ponytail, grinning at me like a much younger girl. She let me into the pool area.

Even if I hadn't already had an erection, which I did, I would have gotten one at once when I saw Cindy. She was wearing a skimpy sky-blue bikini, the real sexy kind with a bow knot at the back of her neck, just begging me to untie it and reveal her bare breasts. Speaking of which, they were splendid, perfectly formed, not saggy at all, and yet with surprisingly long, deep cleavage for their fairly small size. I could hardly take my eyes off them, and she knew it.

"Hi, Angelo!" she greeted me. "Have you got the swimsuit on under those clothes?"

"Call me Angela." I gave her a grin almost like her own. "You guessed it. Want to see?"

"Ooh, yeah! You bet—Angela!"

My hands were shaking, but not too much to unbutton my shirt. I took it off, folded it, and put in the gym bag. Then I quickly retrieved my white swim cap and put it on.

The next step was to pull down my pants in front of Cindy. I hoped I wasn't going to ejaculate in the swimsuit. I didn't, but I noticed that the little skirt was bulging a bit in front, suggesting maximum extension of four inches beneath.

"Wow, Angela, you look great!" Cindy said. Leaning closer to me, she whispered, "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were a real girl!"

I laughed. Of course I did not tell her she could see at once that I wasn't a girl if she looked at, or felt, the bulge. "Maybe I would, too!" I responded, getting into the spirit of the occasion.

"Hey, girlfriend," she said, "would you like to get in the pool?"

"OK, I'm not much of a swimmer, but I'll get wet at least."

Cindy was much of a swimmer. She swam laps from one end of the pool to the other, while I lounged in the water at the shallow end and watched her. When she finally got done, we were both dripping wet.

"Wow, I really need a shower," she said. "How about you?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess I do." I didn't need it to get clean. My erection was demanding that I see Cindy nude in the shower, and it was pretty obvious that she was going to let me.

"OK, the women's showers are right over here." She grinned at me again. "I'm sure you can pass!" I wasn't so sure, but I followed her to the women's shower room, carrying my big gym bag while she carried a little one.

It was quiet in the shower room, except for the thunder from my heart. No one was in sight. The shower room had enclosed shower stalls, but I couldn't hear anyone taking a shower.

Cindy opened a locker, pulled a little thing I couldn't see out of her gym bag, and stuffed the little thing into the back of her bikini bottoms. Then she put her gym bag into

the locker, held it open for me to put mine in too, and shut and locked it.

I looked at her. She looked at me. My last, faint, crazy hope that she might not want me to cheat with her was vanishing. Worse yet, I knew I was going to do it if she did want me to. I was far too excited, and too weak, to resist.

She did want me to. She was reaching out to me, forming her lips for a kiss, pleading with her eyes. "Hey, girlfriend," she said nonchalantly, "this is really great. Would you like a hug?"

I clenched my fists, still thinking of resisting, but knowing it wasn't going to work. She put her hands on my waist, and moved them around to my bare back. I unclenched my fists and grasped her arms with both hands, still showing a last flicker of uncertainty about whether to try to push her away or pull her closer to me. She leaned forward and pressed her bikini-clad breasts to me. I tried in vain to keep my erection from touching her. She pressed forward with her hips and made firm contact with it. I took a deep breath, let it out, and pulled her closer to me. Our lips met, and her tongue plunged deep into my mouth. I grasped her buttocks. I was gone.

"Let's take a shower," she murmured. "The showers here are great. They're made for two."

They certainly were. The stall we entered was big enough for two people to have sex in it on the floor, and it had two showerheads too. As soon as I shut and latched the door, Cindy untied the bow knot and bared her breasts before me. Her nipples were big, dark, and protruding almost straight toward me. I had to kiss them. She gasped with pleasure and clasped my head with both arms as I sucked one breast and then the other, making her hot, hard nipples even hotter and harder.

“Now my turn,” she begged. She pulled my swimsuit straps down, making the hankies fall to the floor. Then her lips and tongue touched my pointy little nipples, much smaller than hers but just as hot and hard.

“Ooh, Angela, yours are beautiful!” she softly said to me. “You don’t even really need any padding!” I clasped her head more tightly and more tenderly, as she had done to mine.

“Shower time,” she said, pulling out the thing she had stuffed into her bikini bottoms, stripping them off, and turning on both showers. She finished pulling my swimsuit off, and saw my erection. “Ooh, that’s beautiful too!” she said, giving it a little caress. “It looks like just the right size!” She ripped open the thing she had pulled out of her bikini bottoms, which turned out to be a package containing a condom. Expertly she slipped the condom onto my throbbing coquette.

“Would you like to feel my little love-button?” she asked. Without waiting for an answer in words, she guided my hand down to the hot, dripping region between her slender legs, and pressed my middle finger firmly against her “little love-button.” It actually felt like it was almost an inch long, and just as hard as my coquette.

“Oh, yes, yes!” she moaned, rubbing her love-button harder with my finger. “I’m ready! Get down, doggie! Kneel down! Please! Now!”

I complied, with both of my hands on her hips. Right in front of me, facing away from me, Cindy knelt down too. Reaching far between my legs, she grasped my coquette and guided it into its goal, her tight, hot, slippery womanly cave. As soon as my big bulb touched her vulva and began to enter her, I felt her kissing me passionately with her lower lips. When I had entered her fully and my loins were pressing hard against her buttocks, I leaned

over her back and grasped her breasts with both hands. She began to buck, slowly at first, but soon so hard and fast that I could scarcely stay inside her. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she moaned. "Oh, God, this is wonderful! Angela, you're great, you're the greatest!"

Her cave was strong, grasping and rubbing my coquette almost as firmly as I could have done with my own hand. Soon my orgasm was coming on, and I could feel hers coming on too. With all my might I thrust her up to climax, the most astounding climax I had ever known a woman or a man to undergo, while I squeezed her breasts so hard I was afraid I would hurt her. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, God, yes!!" she cried out, while the maximum excitement overcame her fully and my semen was gushing into the condom and rapidly getting smeared all over my coquette.

We kept bucking together as long as we could, until my coquette was totally limp and dropped out of her. Even after that, I stayed on top of her back, grasping her breasts, as if the magic would vanish at once if I let go. At long last I did let go, and the magic did vanish—at least for me, though not for Cindy.

"Oh, God, Angela, that was terrific! Thank you so much!" she said. I didn't say "any time." I took off the condom, wondering what to do with it. She silently pointed out a little trash receptacle attached to the stall wall.

We used the shower for its primary purpose and got dressed. "I hope I'm not going to get in trouble for being a man in the women's shower room," I said.

"Oh, I'm sure you're not," she assured me. "The management understands what people use these showers for, in addition to getting clean."

We walked out of the shower room, fully clothed, with our swimsuits in plastic bags in our respective gym bags. "Hey, Angela," she asked me, "do you think maybe we could do this again when I get back up here from California?"

Oh my God! I thought. I wasn't sure if it was the beginning of the Act of Contrition or not.

"I don't know," I said. Now that the craze had passed, I didn't want to cheat on Kathy again, but I sure couldn't guarantee that the craze wouldn't come on again. I had already thought Cindy was incredibly attractive, even when I didn't know for sure what she could do with a guy. Now that I did know, I was pretty sure she was one of the sexiest women in the universe.

Cindy was silent for a minute. "I hear you," she said after that. "I guess maybe you're going to want to go to confession after this, right?"

"Yeah, I guess maybe so." I wasn't the world's most devout Catholic, to say the least, but at least I did know I should go to confession after committing adultery.

"I might even go again myself sometime," she surprised me by saying. "Every now and then I do go to confession and try to turn over a new leaf, but I'm such a bad Catholic, a lot of times I wonder why bother. I just get so excited about having a little fling with a man, you know?"

"Yeah, I sure do." I felt sorry for her, and I yearned to be her friend despite the danger that I might cheat again. She seemed like such a sweetheart, I wondered whether she might have become a good wife for somebody if things had been different. Soon I learned, as Kathy had said, that things would have had to be a whole lot different indeed.

"Um, just tell me off if I shouldn't be asking about this," I said, "but have you had a lot of little flings with men?"

"Oh, more than you'd want to hear about," she said, as if to pass it off lightly. "You'd be disgusted if I told you how many."

"No, I wouldn't." I wasn't sure it was true, but I really wanted to know. "Go ahead and tell me. You'll see."

"I can count on you not to tell Kathy, right?"

I laughed. "Yeah, we need to be able to count on each other totally not to tell Kathy things about flings, right?"

"We sure do! OK, then; I'm glad I can tell somebody who won't be disgusted. I must have had flings with at least 700 different men."

I was stunned. Me, I'd had one-night gay flings with maybe 35 or 40 men at Club Swank Wank before I got married, plus a regrettable but memorable affair with a priest not too long before I got engaged to Kathy. I'd never had sex with a woman before I did it with Kathy, my virgin bride, on our wedding night. I never had any more gay flings after that in reality, although I occasionally did in fantasy. I couldn't even imagine flings with 700 men.

"Uh, wow, that's incredible," I truthfully told her.

"Well, I've been doing it since I was 16," she said. "That's at least 7,000 days ago, so it's an average of only about one new guy every 10 days."

I admit I was having trouble not being disgusted. "I've got to say," I said, "frankly, I'm glad I married Kathy, with all her faults, and not somebody who would have cheated on me with at least 699 guys."

She blushed and gave a nervous little laugh, but took it pretty well. "Yeah, you probably made the right

choice," she admitted. "I'm pretty sure I wouldn't make a good wife, because I just know I'd cheat whenever some cute guy wanted me to, especially if he was a cross-dresser. I just love those girlie-boys!"

I didn't want to be unkind to her. I actually liked her, even if she had had flings with 700 guys. "That's good," I said. "I wish Kathy did too, but I guess I can't have everything."

"Well, at least you can't have everything from your wife," she said softly. She still wanted another fling with me when she came back from California, I could see. I said nothing.

"I guess you probably want to get going," she said wistfully, after more than one moment of silence.

"I probably should," I said. I wanted to see Kathy, who loved me faithfully, who would never cheat on me with even one guy, much less 699 guys.

"OK, well, I'll be over for dinner as planned, and then I'm taking off for California early in the morning. I'll have a couple of days down there before I come back up here, and then head out East."

"OK, see you sooner and later."

She wanted me to give her a hug before I left. She practically threw herself into my arms. I did give her a hug, and even a pretty long, tight one. I wished I could hold on to her and keep her from having 700 more flings, but I knew I couldn't. The hug ended, and I turned away.

Almost at once, though, I turned back. "One little thing," I said. "I think I need to put this swimsuit in a dryer. Is there one here I can use?"

"Sure," Cindy said. She led me to the motel's laundry area. I put the swimsuit into a big dryer, inserted the coins I thought would suffice to get it dry, and sat down to

wait. Cindy didn't show any sign of wanting to leave me alone. In fact, she sat down right next to me, almost touching me.

I didn't want to hurt her, but I did want to know what was going on and why she had chosen to live the way she did. "Hey, Cindy," I said, "just tell me to butt out if this is none of my business, but would you mind telling me something about, uh, why you've had the flings with 700 guys? I mean, I know it's exciting and all that, but I don't think a lot of people would go that far just for excitement."

Cindy sighed and clasped her hands together on her lap. "I guess I just think it's better than masturbation," she said. "I mean, I'm sure I would have masturbated a lot more than 700 times by now if that was all there was to it. And I would have fantasized about sex with guys while I masturbated, which I actually did at least 700 times or more before I ever really had sex with a guy. I had my first orgasm from masturbation when I was only 11, but it was just so much greater and more exciting to do it with a real guy who thought I was beautiful and sexy and desirable, and all that." She sighed again, more deeply. "And then, if one guy was only interested in a one-night or few-night fling, it felt so good to find out that another guy wanted me too."

"Uh, yeah, I can understand that," I assured her. "Yeah, I did that too. I was 11 when I had my first orgasm from masturbation, too, and I did it almost every night after that. I almost always pretended I was a girl having sex with a guy."

"Oh, so you've been a girlie-boy for a long time!" She smiled and touched my shoulder.

"Yeah, a really long time, because I'm so old." I smiled back.

"Funny, you don't look or act old!" She was so sweet and charming, and she obviously liked me so much, I was seriously afraid I was going to cheat with her again when she got back from California.

"Hey, thanks, I appreciate that," I said. "But, um, did you ever wonder why you wanted to masturbate so much? I mean, my best guess about why I did it so much is that I wished a good girl would love me, and none of them did, and it was so painful that I felt like I needed to kill the pain in my heart by pretending I was a sexy girl who gave boys what they wanted, and had plenty of orgasms, and I didn't need a good girl to love me."

I looked at her. She was biting her lip and blinking her eyes. "Yeah, I guess it was about the same for me," she said, "to kill the pain of knowing nobody on earth really loved me because I was me, and even my own family didn't love me all that much."

I wished I could help her. I had to help her. I just needed to think of the right things to say and do. When I actually said something, it surprised even me, and I'm sure it surprised her much more.

"I love you, Cindy," I said. "I mean, you know I love Kathy and the kids, and I'm never going to leave them. But I really care about you, too, because you're you. I guess I kind of think you're way too great to be throwing yourself away on flings with hundreds of guys."

"Angela, you're so sweet," Cindy said. "I love you too, and I'd never want you to leave Kathy and the kids. Kathy and I have our little disputes and everything, but deep down we really care about each other a lot. And I tell you what, you know I've got this terrific weakness when it comes to guys, but at least I'll promise you this, no flings with guys at least until I get back from California. It may not be much, but it's a start."

"Yeah, it is," I agreed. I didn't dare ask her if she was thinking about another fling with me when she got back from California, because I knew she was.

I had to think of something else to talk about while the dryer was still on. What I thought of wasn't much of a change of subject from flings with guys, but it was better than no change at all. "How did you get to like cross-dressers so much, anyway?" I asked. "It seems like a lot of ladies, including you know who, think they're disgusting and unmanly."

"Well, the first one I met was when I was about 18," Cindy said. "I just thought he was a really nice guy, and you know, I was thinking he was probably gay or transsexual or something. It turned out he wasn't; he was just so fascinated by girls and women that he had to imitate them because it felt so great to him. Later I found out that actually most guys who wear girls' clothes are like him. They're not gay or transsexual, they're basically just normal guys who were so fascinated with females, they just had to know how it felt to be one, and they found out it felt really great. Often they're a lot kinder and more considerate than your macho stud types, too. Anyway, almost right away this cross-dresser and I started calling each other 'girlfriend.' And yeah, before too long we did have our little fling. It turned out he was married, which he hadn't told me before the fling, so I decided to move on quick."

I gave an ironic little smile. "Would you have wanted another fling with him if you'd known ahead of time that he was married?" I asked.

Cindy opened her eyes wide. "I don't know," she said. "Maybe I would. I mean, I know you're married, and—oh, God, Angela, please don't hate me for saying this, but I'm totally crazy about you. You can have me any time you want me."

I was still crazy about her, too, and I didn't even have an erection. I was pretty sure I'd have one when she got back from California, though. "Uh, you mean like when you get back from California?" I asked.

She took it as an invitation. "Wow, that's exactly what I mean!" she exclaimed.

"Well, look, I can't promise you anything," I said. "We'll just see what happens, OK?"

"Oh, God, Angela, that's all I can ask!" She fell into my arms and embraced me, but didn't kiss me. I embraced her warmly in return. I did love her, I did care about her, and I was pretty sure what I was going to do with her again, not many days from now. Not only that, but I had to let her know. "I'm pretty sure," I whispered in her ear, "we'll do this again when you get back." She hugged me more tightly, in enthusiastic approval.

Oh my God! I thought again, as I rode the trolley bus back downtown. I still couldn't get any further than that with the Act of Contrition. I did kind of wish I hadn't cheated with Cindy, but I couldn't honestly say that I was heartily sorry about it, much less that I firmly resolved not to do it again.

I had the entire afternoon off from work, but it was too early to go home in the usual course of events, and I didn't want Kathy to wonder why I was deviating from the usual course of events. I went to the main library, right near the Big Black Block, and looked around at books and people until it was time to go home.

Back I went on the trolley bus, not the one that goes along Beaconsfield to the motel, but the one that turns off near Mounds Junction and goes up Willows Avenue to the summit of Willow Mound and beyond. I got off as

usual at my stop, about halfway up the mound, and walked two blocks to our sky-blue Cape Cod house.

"Hello in there! Anybody home?" I called out after unlocking the door and going in.

"Hi, Daddy," Marie-Rose responded from the family room at the back of the house. I heard nothing from Vince, nor from Kathy. That probably meant Kathy wasn't home and Vince was intently pursuing some interest of his own, I figured.

I was right. Vince was sitting at the dining table, creating works of art with block-letter captions. Marie-Rose was doing something on her laptop computer, probably schoolwork; I figured she must be one of the most diligent home-school students in Greater Pacific Heights. Kathy was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Mom?" I asked.

"Shopping," said Marie-Rose. I figured as much. If not for Kathy's shopping, we would have been moderately well off.

"Any idea when she might get home and make dinner?"

"Soon, very soon." She grinned. It was a standing joke in our family. If something was supposed to happen, but you had little or no idea when it would happen, you said it would happen "soon, very soon."

"Umph. Sounds like late, very late, to me."

"Daddy, please don't be grumpy. It won't do any good."

I couldn't honestly say it would do any good, so I was silent. Surprisingly, Kathy did get home very soon, not more than a minute or two after Marie-Rose asked me not to be grumpy.

“Hello!” she called out from the front of the house.

“Hello, hello!” I answered. “I love you!” I went to meet her and give her a kiss to verify that I loved her. I hoped she wasn’t going to want “inty” tonight—that was our nickname for intercourse—because I wasn’t going to be able to satisfy her, and I sure wasn’t going to explain why I couldn’t satisfy her.

Bad luck! Her eager lips and tongue told me she did want inty, and she was probably going to be pretty peeved if she didn’t get it. Kathy was pretty demanding about inty sometimes. It wasn’t just that she was embarrassed about having only two kids, when most of her friends who were moms had more; she really did love kids, and actually so did I. She got a terrific kick out of inty, too; if she had looked as eager for inty as she was, she would have looked like Cindy. She just didn’t understand too well that my sex drive, unlike hers, was going downhill—except when I cheated with Cindy, which I hoped she would never understand at all.

“Maybe we can get to bed early tonight?” she begged.

“We’ll see,” I replied. I tried to think what would be the most nearly palatable excuse for no inty. There wasn’t one. All of them would lead to the tiresome discussions I knew all too well, about whether there was something wrong, whether I didn’t love her any more, and other subjects totally irrelevant to whether I was able to get an erection for Kathy and sustain it. I couldn’t even tell her the truth, because the truth was that I not only had cheated with Cindy, but I wanted to cheat again.

I guessed I was just going to have to undergo the embarrassment and ignominy of temporary impotence tonight. It wouldn’t be pleasant, to say the least, but maybe it would show Kathy unmistakably that my sex drive was going down. And maybe tomorrow night, or the night af-

ter that, I could get it up again for her. When I was a teen-ager, after all, I used to ejaculate almost every night for months or years on end, pretending I was a girl having sex with a boy. On our honeymoon, too, Kathy and I had inty almost every night.



Maybe I could temporarily revert to those sexy times of life for her, and give her what she wanted so much—but still be ready to give Cindy what she wanted so much, too, when she got back from California!

Cindy came for dinner not too long after Kathy came home. She was perfect, giving no hint that anything unusual had happened. The only difference, maybe, was that she wasn't so eager to dispute about things with Kathy. Even the hug she gave me before she left was no different from the ones she had given me in Kathy's presence before—but vastly different from the ones she gave me earlier in the day, to say absolutely nothing of the wild, dog-like copulation she had given me too.

The temporary impotence wasn't as bad as I feared, although it was pretty bad. Kathy was bitterly disappointed, and she did give me some crap about what was wrong and did I still love her—but she did still love me in spite of everything, and she said maybe we could try again tomorrow night. I readily agreed. Now tomorrow night had become tonight, and we were going to try again.

Kathy did look really cute and even sexy, except for being too fat. She wore the sheer nightie that I liked best, a short little one with spaghetti straps. I had several pictures of myself in it, including a couple that showed my erect coquette through the sheer fabric. I put those up on Whackoff Wonderland, because Girlie-Boy Lovefest didn't allow cock shots.

Kathy's breasts were bigger than Cindy's, her nipples were really big, and I could feel her excitement growing as I touched them through the nightie. Even Kathy's open, guileless, loving face was a lot like a fatter version of Cindy's face. With the help of my thoughts of Cindy and of myself in the nightie, I was even starting to get excited

myself. Maybe this would work after all — thanks be to God, I would exclaim if it did work.

We kissed, long and deeply. Kathy's lips and tongue invited me most fervently to have inty with her. My memory of entering Cindy from the rear, like a dog, was urging my coquette to grow big and hard.

"Baby time?" I whispered. I turned her around, clasped her breasts from behind, and let her feel my erection pressing against her fat butt.

"All right." She acquiesced with a little sigh but without complaint, knowing what I meant, although you probably don't. See, Marie-Rose was born in a hospital, but Kathy wanted to have Vince at home with a midwife's help. The midwife had a remarkable idea about how to get Kathy's water to break so the baby could be born. Of course I couldn't lie on top of Kathy and have inty with her when she was nine months pregnant, but it did turn out to be possible to enter her from the rear (while the midwife wasn't in the bedroom, of course). Kathy would never have approved of calling this method "dog style," suggestive of canine indignity rather than human dignity, so I called it "baby time" style, and she agreed to let me enter her from the rear on occasion. This was such an occasion.

Kathy knelt for me on the bed, with her big butt facing me. She couldn't reach far enough back to guide me in, so I awkwardly sought out her womanly opening on my own, holding my coquette with one hand. At last I felt her kissing me with her lower lips. Then I slipped my big plum and my short shaft into her with no further difficulty.

Kathy's cave wasn't nearly as tight as Cindy's, but she was at least as eager to please me as Cindy had been, and she had the advantage of no condom. I reached forward,

grasped her breasts, and plunged her in rumbling rhythm with the moves of her massive buttocks. "Oh, yes!" she cried out. "Plunge me!"

I eagerly complied, for a lot longer than if I hadn't cheated with Cindy less than a day and a half before. I even wondered if I was going to be able to ejaculate at all. Often I couldn't hold off my orgasm until Kathy had hers, and then she went wild while I was already starting to get limp. Tonight, though, Kathy was in charge, gasping and moaning in orgasm while I was still going strong and rump-pumping her steadily. At last I did spring a little gusher, and I gave a great groan of fulfillment.

"Oh, Angelo, I love you!" Kathy cried. "You're so wonderful!"

"I love you," I murmured feebly, feeling weak and tired from my sustained effort.

She turned over and embraced me. I melted into her arms. Usually, after inty, I went down and took a shower because I didn't want to stay all gooey and gushy. Tonight I fell asleep almost at once.

Saturday came, and I wondered if I should go to confession. I couldn't honestly do it. What was I supposed to say? "I firmly resolve, with the help of your grace, to sin no more and to avoid the near occasions of sin, except when I cheat on my wife again only a few days from now?" No. I could only do like the tax collector in the parable, who stood in the back of the temple with downcast eyes and cried out, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!"

I didn't go to confession, but now I needed to decide what to do about Sunday Mass. Usually our family went together to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, our parish church near Mounds Junction. If I didn't go to Communion, Kathy would surely ask me why. I needed some plausible

explanation for not going to Communion, other than that I was in a state of mortal sin because I cheated with Cindy and I was planning to do it again. I could pseudo-inadvertently eat something after fast time, which wouldn't be too plausible, but there might not be anything better.

As it turned out, though, the Lord did have mercy on me, a pretty fucked-up sinner. Vince threw up in the middle of the night, and Kathy thought he should stay home from church. I eagerly volunteered to zip out to an early Mass, at a church where no one knew me or cared if I didn't go to Communion, and then to stay home with Vince while Kathy and Marie-Rose went to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It worked perfectly; Vince even got well pretty quick.

I didn't like it, though. I wanted to go to confession, and then return to Communion next Sunday with my family. I almost decided to go before Cindy got back, and then to let her know I wasn't going to cheat again . . . but I couldn't quite bring myself to do it. The thought of just one more sweet cheat with Cindy was too delectable for a weak, fucked-up sinner like me to pass up.

At least, I figured, I could do my best for Kathy too. I carefully calculated the days. Cindy would get back on Tuesday evening. We would surely cheat again on Wednesday afternoon. For Cindy, I could easily get a fine erection less than two days after having inty with Kathy. Kathy could not well complain if, after inty on Monday, I didn't do it with her again on Tuesday or Wednesday; she had at least the patience to wait three days before getting peeved at me for no inty. Monday evening, then, must be our inty time.

I dutifully did it with her on Monday. It wasn't easy, I had trouble getting an erection, I finally did a barely passable job, but Kathy loved it anyway and she was as grateful as ever. In some ways, at least, she was a great wife. I

still couldn't bring myself to pass up one last chance to cheat with Cindy, but now I was pretty sure it was going to be the last.

Wednesday arrived. I signed up for time off from work again. I had the spaghetti-strap nightie in my gym bag. I put it on in the rest room and concealed it under my men's clothes. I discreetly called Cindy at the motel on my cell phone. This time there would be no reluctance and no pretense. I would go straight to her room.

I did. She let me in and locked the door. She was wearing a long, semi-sheer, low-cut blue nightie. "Hi, Angelo!" she said. "I'm so glad you wanted to come here again! When do I get to see you as Angela?"

"Right now," I said. I stripped off my shirt and undershirt to reveal the top of the spaghetti-strapper. I glanced down to see that, of course, my nipples were protruding. "Ooh, that looks sweet!" Cindy exclaimed. She reached out and touched my breasts through the nightie with both hands. I pressed her hands to my breasts and gazed into her dark eyes. This fling, I began to think, might be even greater than the first one.

"Can I see what's down here too?" she asked, knowing the answer full well. She unbuckled my belt, unzipped my pants, and pulled them down. Noticing that my boxer shorts were impeding her view of my erect coquette through the nightie, she pulled them down too.

"Angela, you are so lovely!" Cindy gushed. "And you've been like this for how long? When was the first time you ever pretended you were a girl?"

"When I was 10," I said, "I started doing like this, to make myself look and feel like a girl." I bent over and pressed my coquette into hiding between my legs. It wasn't easy, because my coquette was about as hard as it

could get, but I did it because I wanted to reveal myself fully to Cindy as a sexy girl.

“Ooh, it works!” Cindy enthused. “You really do look like a girl—or a male lesbian! You know, I’ve never been that interested in sex with real female lesbians, but I’ve done it with a few male lesbians, and it was terrific!” She embraced me and intertwined her legs with mine, lesbian-style. “Do you want to?”

I almost said yes, but I had another idea. This would be my last fling with Cindy. I wanted to enact, in reality, the first fling I had ever had with a girl, long ago in my first wet dream.

“No, here’s what I’d like to do,” I said. “When I was barely 11, I dreamed I was having sex with a girl standing up in the shower. She was rubbing her little breasts and rubbing herself between her legs in the shower, and then she noticed I was watching her. She tried to cover herself up and act reluctant at first, but I kissed her on the mouth and then she let me into her, and she went wild while I did it with her standing up. I didn’t even know if it was possible, but I just had to know how it felt to be that girl. The next night I pretended I was her doing it with a boy in the shower, and it was so exciting I did it every night after that, in the shower or in bed.”

“Wow, that’s wild!” Cindy said. “Yes, let’s do it!”

She led me into the bathroom. The shower here, too, was big enough for two, and it had the “MOUNDS MOTEL” insignia with the two red hearts on the door. “So let me guess,” Cindy said. “I bet this girl had a nightie on to begin with, but not as sexy as this one because she was only 11, like I was when I first pretended I was having sex with a boy. Then she took it off, but she didn’t notice you watching her. And you didn’t have a sexy girl’s nightie on either back then, did you?”

"No. I didn't start wanting to wear girls' clothes until after I started pretending I was a girl having sex with a boy."

"Oh, so you were a cross-undresser before you were a cross-dresser!" Cindy giggled. "I like that! Here, how'd you like to be a cross-undresser again?" She put her hands on my hips and lifted the nightie. I raised my arms and she stripped me of it.

"And you weren't pretending you were a girl yet, either, were you?" she asked me, pressing her hand between my legs and bringing forth my coquette from hiding.

"No, that came later too—I mean, one day later."

"Well, so let's not get premature." She opened a drawer in the bathroom, whipped out a condom package, ripped it open, and put a condom on my coquette again.

"OK, so I'm the girl," she said, stripping off her nightie, "and you're standing right there watching me." She got into the double-sized shower, and I got in too. She turned the water on and adjusted the temperature.

"So now I'm doing like this," she said, closing her eyes and rubbing her breasts, "and then I'm doing like this." She pressed her hand between her legs and appeared to be rubbing her love-button. "And then suddenly I open my eyes." She did.

"Eek!" she softly shrieked. "There's a boy in my shower!" She covered her breasts with her left forearm, and her mound of Venus with her right hand. "Bad boy, how dare you see me naked! What do you think you're doing?"

"You know what I think I'm doing," I said, "the same thing you were just pretending you were doing with a boy." I approached her and tried to kiss her on the mouth.

She feigned reluctance pretty well, but soon gave in. Before long she was thrusting her tongue rapidly into my mouth, her hand was no longer covering her mound of Venus, and her legs were separating to admit me.

Her back was pressed against the side wall of the shower, her hips thrust forward for entry, her legs wide apart and slightly bent. I bent my legs to get low enough to enter her. My bulb was searching frantically for her opening. She grabbed my short shaft and slipped it into her cave. Yes, yes, it was possible, I was in her, I was fucking her standing up in the shower as I had done with the girl in my dream so long ago!

I gripped her buttocks and pressed her hard against the wall, plunging her in rapid rhythm, feeling the rippling kisses of her tight hot cave all along my shaft and my plum-sized bulb. "Oh, Angela, Angela, yes, please, yes!" she moaned, gripping me with all her might. "Yes! Yes! NOW!!!" She bucked with her buttocks and her whole long legs as her orgasm overcame her surprisingly soon. My potent thrusts fully matched her own, and I ejaculated upward into her as deeply as the condom would permit, getting semen all over my upraised coquette.

Again we stayed united until my limp coquette withdrew of its own accord, and the condom fell to the floor. Then we got clean in silence.

"I guess this is it for a while," Cindy said with a sigh when we were sitting on the sofa with our nighties back on. "I've just got a short stop here in Pacific Heights before I start hauling a big load to Boston in the morning. But thanks so much for everything, Angela. I'll always remember this."

"So will I, I'm sure," I said. "And thank you for everything, too—especially for understanding that a fling is just a fling. It makes me sick to realize some women, and men,

would actually ruin their marriages or other people's marriages, just to, um, pursue a screw. I'm sure glad you're not one of them."

"Hey, no problem," Cindy assured me. "I may be a cheater, but I'm not a stealer!"

I smiled at her. "You're great, Cindy," I said. "You deserve something better than cheating. I hope you'll decide against going out for 700 more flings with guys."

"Yeah, maybe I will," she said. "You're the greatest, Angela. A fling with anyone else would be too much of a disappointment after you."

I gave a little laugh. "I love you too, Cindy," I said. "Well, if you're giving up flings with anyone but me, you'll have to give them up entirely. I didn't go to confession after our first fling, but I'm going to go after this one. I really want to be honest with Kathy, and I can't be honest with her about this, so I'll have to give it up. And she really does have a right to, um, you know, my full services as a husband."

Cindy sighed. "Yeah, I guess that's right," she admitted. "It was great while it lasted, but I guess it wouldn't keep on being great if it lasted any longer. This is the end of an era. Maybe I'll even go to confession too."

"They have confession every afternoon at the cathedral downtown. Would you like to go with me?"

Cindy hesitated, but only for a moment. "Sure, girlfriend," she said. "Let's get it over with and start a new era in our lives."

We got dressed in decent clothes and took the trolley bus downtown. On Arthur Boulevard, right across Semakoboomish Street from the Big Black Block, we saw St. Genesius Cathedral. The contrast between the two

buildings was extreme. The Big Black Block, built in about 1970, was just that. The cathedral, dwarfed by the Big Black Block, was an old-fashioned Gothic-style building of white stone with twin spires, dating from the late 19th century, about the time of President Arthur after whom the boulevard was named.

“Who’s St. Genesius?” Cindy asked me when she saw the name. She hadn’t grown up in Pacific Heights, so she didn’t know. Almost every Catholic in Pacific Heights, even if nowhere else, knew who St. Genesius was.

“A comedian in ancient Rome,” I said. “He got big laughs out of making fun of the Christian religion, until he suddenly started really believing in it during a performance for the emperor. The emperor could hardly stop laughing long enough to realize he was serious and order him to be put to death.”

“Oh, gosh!” Cindy said, wide-eyed. She didn’t ask me any more questions. We entered the cathedral from the wide sidewalk along the boulevard, dipped our fingers in the holy water, made the sign of the cross, and walked up toward the confessionals.

It wasn’t quite time for confession yet. I knelt down and tried to prepare. “Eternal Father,” I prayed, as I had done many times before in my largely mediocre Catholic life, “you are always ready to forgive sinners; forgive me for having offended you so many times! Help me return to you by this holy sacrament. Help me know all my sins, and make me truly sorry for them. Help me confess them sincerely, do penance, and never offend you again. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me to make a good confession, be forgiven, and never offend your Son, Our Lord, again.”

I started to examine my conscience—I committed adultery twice, I knew that much right off—but before I

got much further I looked up. Straight in front of me was the great circular stained-glass window showing the Sacred Heart of Jesus, filled with brilliant sunlight. I had seen Sacred Heart images before, of course, but in my mediocre way I didn't think much about them, except that they were the standard sort of thing you saw in Catholic churches and almost nowhere else. Now I actually had a new thought, and a shocking one. Why was Jesus Christ, God incarnate, showing off his heart just like a guy showing off his cock on Whackoff Wonderland?

I stared at the great blood-red heart with the sun shining through it. I raised my eyes to the eyes of Jesus in the window. They seemed to be looking at me straight from heaven, silently begging me to understand why he was showing off his heart, and why it reminded me of a guy showing off his cock.

Was he putting the fire of his ardent heart in direct competition with the heat of bloated cock heads? Was he doing it to defeat the burning fascination of the sex craze that sucked guys into showing off their cocks to total strangers, and sucked me into cheating with Cindy, and sucked Cindy into little flings with 700 guys, and sucked men and women into flinging away their families for a few dumb, stinking fucks?

I had to think he was, and I had to choose. It was either the heart or the craze. I knew too well where the craze could lead, and I wasn't going there again. "Jesus, make our hearts like yours!" I begged, and at last I completed the Act of Contrition: "Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended you, and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend you, my God, who are all good and worthy of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of your grace, to sin no more and to avoid the near occasions of sin."

It looked like time for confession. A white-haired priest was walking toward the confessional, putting a nameplate in the empty slot, and going in. The green light above the door went on. I wasn't sure who the priest was from the distance I was at, but I got up at once; Cindy was still examining her conscience. When I got up close, I saw that I was going to confession to no ordinary priest; the nameplate said "BISHOP McCORKLE."

I almost forgot to finish examining my conscience before I went in. Aside from the two adulteries, I just had the usual dumb venial sins. I went in and knelt down.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit," said the bishop. "May Almighty God be in your thoughts, in your heart, and on your lips, that you may worthily confess all your sins."

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," I said. "It's been, um, a few months since my last confession. Since that time, I committed adultery twice with my sister-in-law. I also spoke harshly to my wife on several occasions; I indulged in contemptuous thoughts about people I didn't like, especially my boss at work; I sometimes ate more than I should have; I succumbed to distractions at Mass and prayers. I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life, especially any sins of impurity, and any sins against my wife."

"Well, adultery is a serious sin," said the bishop. "Our Lord didn't condemn the woman caught in adultery, but he also told her to go and sin no more. How are you going to make sure it doesn't happen again?"

"Um, my sister-in-law and I both agreed we weren't going to do it any more," I said, "and also she's going out of town tomorrow, and she'll probably be gone for quite a while."

“All right,” said the bishop. “Now, can you think of any ways to improve your relationship with your wife? Speak more kindly to her, of course, and I’d suggest that it probably wouldn’t do anyone any good to tell your wife about the incidents with your sister-in-law; the main thing is not to have any more of them. But can you think of anything beyond that?”

I sure could, and I probably never would have cheated with Cindy if I had improved my relationship with Kathy in the way I was thinking of. I was afraid the bishop would think it was pretty crazy, but this was my chance, and I had to speak.

“Well,” I said, “there’s something I’ve never told my wife about, and I think it might improve our relationship if I could let her know about it in the right way. Ever since I was very young, I wanted to know what it was like to be a girl, so I pretended I was a girl, and I sometimes wore girls’ clothes. My wife thinks guys who wear women’s clothes are unmanly and probably homosexuals, and all that, but she doesn’t think I’m unmanly or a homosexual, and she doesn’t know I ever wear women’s clothes. The way the adultery got started was that I found out my sister-in-law actually likes guys who wear women’s clothes, so I let her see me wearing some and, well, then the adultery happened. If only my wife would have known my secret, and thought it was OK for me to wear women’s clothes and pretend I was a woman every now and then, I don’t think I would have gone so crazy about my sister-in-law.”

“Hmm,” said the bishop. “Well, you don’t want to give needless offense to your wife, but you might see if she’s open to talking about it. There’s nothing necessarily wrong with men wearing women’s clothes, or women wearing men’s clothes, if they’ve got a good enough reason for it under the circumstances. Some men, I believe,

even think it improves their married life. In general, it's all right to use pretenses, fantasies, unusual clothing, and such things to improve your married life, as long as you don't do anything contrary to human dignity or to the purposes of marriage."

"My wife wouldn't agree to anything like that even if I wanted to, and I don't," I promptly assured him.

"All right, then. For your penance, please say two decades of the rosary: first, the Second Luminous Mystery, the Wedding at Cana, for an improvement in your married life, and then the Third Luminous Mystery, the Proclamation of the Kingdom and the Call to Conversion, paying special attention to Our Lord's encounter with the woman caught in adultery. Can you do that?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now make a good Act of Contrition." I said the Act of Contrition again, the bishop absolved me from my sins, I thanked him, and I was out of there.

Cindy was next in line. There were only a few other people in the cathedral. We glanced at each other, and she went in. Fortunately, one of the few ways I had ever yet resembled a devout Catholic was that I usually prayed the rosary together with my family in the evening, so I did have some idea how to meditate on the mysteries. I didn't have any beads with me, so I counted the Hail Marys on my fingers. I was done with the two decades well before Cindy was done with her confession.

"I'm going to be here for a little while," Cindy whispered to me when she finally got out. "Why don't you go on home, and I'll come over for dinner in a while. Maybe it would be better if Kathy didn't think we've been together all afternoon, you know?"

"Uh, yeah, OK," I agreed. I left her kneeling in the cathedral and walked back to catch the trolley bus, the same

one I would have caught if I had worked all afternoon and come home in the routine course of events.

"Well, I guess I'd better get to bed early," Cindy said after dinner and rosary at our house. "I'm picking up a load early tomorrow morning and heading out to Boston." Before either Kathy or I could speak, she added: "Oh, by the way, please pray for me. I went to confession this afternoon. I'll be trying hard to turn over a new leaf." She spoke just as if this was news to me as much as to Kathy.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" Kathy exclaimed. Kathy prayed every day for the conversion of sinners, especially Cindy. "We'll be praying for you every day!" Kathy didn't ask me before including me, but it was true, I would. I, too, was turning over a new leaf, although I didn't figure Kathy needed to know all the details.

Cindy gave everyone a hug. The hug for me was just like a regular sister-in-law's hug for her brother-in-law, as it should be. Then she took off. I guessed she was going to walk out to the motel alone. It was just like her, independent as ever.

"Isn't that great news about Cindy going to confession?" Kathy asked me at an early opportunity when the kids weren't around.

"Uh, yeah, it sure is," I said.

"I'm afraid she probably really needed it," Kathy said, tending to indulge in her old habit of detraction. "I never thought it was a good idea for her to drive a truck all over the country." Kathy's concept of Cindy's sins was focused on sex with truckers in motels. I didn't think I needed to set her straight about any recent incidents involving a cross-dressing non-trucker in a motel.

“Well,” I said, “I’m sure there are good truckers and bad truckers, as well as good non-truckers and bad non-truckers.”

“Yes, but just think about all the occasions of sin for a trucker, especially one who’s a beautiful woman like Cindy, and who’s had problems with promiscuity like Cindy!”

“Um, I’d prefer not to think about it, actually,” I said, with the utmost sincerity.

The Lord again had mercy on me, now a repentant sinner. Before the next evening, any thoughts Kathy might have had about bugging me for inty, and getting peeved about no inty, were forestalled by the announced arrival of “Mrs. Sang-Freud.” This was Kathy’s rendition of the French expression sang-froid. It was her way of discreetly notifying those who were in the know that her period had arrived, while supposedly leaving those who weren’t in the know in the dark.

I was terrifically relieved. This would give me several days to build up my sperm count and my sexy energies after the second disaster with Cindy. By the end of the several days, I might even have thought of some way to let Kathy know about my girlish pretensions without unduly shocking or offending her.

Several days duly elapsed. On the eighth day, Kathy again let me know she wanted inty. I had my sperm and my sexiness back, and I even had an idea about letting Kathy know my secret. It would shock and offend her if she suddenly saw me in her undies, and I couldn’t just ask her out of the blue, “say, did you know not all cross-dressers are homosexuals or unmanly, and I’m one myself?” There was only one way I could think of to let her know, and I was going to do it.

Kathy went to the bathroom before the inty occasion. I stripped, sat on the edge of the bed, and slipped my coquette into hiding between my legs, as I had so often done when pretending I was a girl. Aside from that, everything was the same as usual. I was still afraid Kathy would get peeved and fly off the handle when she found out, because she feared and loathed effeminate men. I could only hope her love for me, plus her desire for inty, would win out over any outrage she might undergo.

She entered the bedroom, wearing a long sheer nightie with a low neckline that showed off her excellent cleavage, and locked the door. I arose, embraced her, kissed her deeply, and caressed her breasts. Everything was still the same as usual so far; she didn't seem to notice that anything was missing.

I wondered if I should bring up Bishop McCorkle. I decided I should. I needed him on my side when Kathy noticed I was pretending to be a girl. Kathy was a big admirer of the bishop, who got a lot of guff in the media and elsewhere for calling a sin a sin. Since he didn't call my dear old girlish pretensions a sin, maybe even Kathy would reluctantly agree that they weren't.

"I went to confession to Bishop McCorkle after work the other day," I said, trying to keep up the caresses while I spoke. "I asked him about something I've been wondering about for a long time. He told me it's all right to use pretenses, fantasies, unusual clothing, and such things to improve your married life, as long as you don't do anything contrary to human dignity or the purposes of marriage." I caressed her breasts again. Her nipples were hard. So was my hidden coquette.

"Like what?" she asked. "Are there some pretenses and fantasies that would get you interested in inty more often?"

“Well, yes,” I said, silently giving thanks to God for the perfect opening. I pressed my loins against her thigh, so she would have to notice that something was missing if she was paying attention. “See, when I was a kid, I was fascinated by girls, and I wanted to understand what it was like to be a girl, so sometimes I used to pretend I was one.” I didn’t need to mention that “sometimes” meant almost every night, or that I used to pretend I was a girl having sex with a boy.

“I wasn’t a homosexual or anything,” I hastened to assure her—truthfully enough, since the gay flings at Club Swank Wank didn’t start until almost a decade after the girlish pretensions did. “I just thought it was terrifically exciting to pretend I was a girl, and actually I still do. So, I was hoping you wouldn’t mind too much if I disguised myself as a girl every now and then, and then you could penetrate the disguise and reveal me as I really am.” In case she had any doubt about what I meant by penetrating the disguise, I guided her hand down between my legs and pressed it against my hidden coquette.

“It sounds pretty silly to me,” she said dubiously, although she didn’t withdraw her hand from between my legs.

“But it feels pretty exciting to me, and it has ever since I was a kid,” I said. “I bet it could improve our married life a lot.” I even dared to add, “Especially if the disguise included some clothes!”

Kathy frowned. “Like what clothes?” she asked, withdrawing her hand.

“Like what you’ve got on right now, for example.” I caressed her big butt and began to slip the nightie up over her head. She could hardly object to me stripping her in preparation for inty, as I had done so often before. Before

she had time to formulate an objection, I slipped it down onto myself.

She formulated the objection: "You look ridiculous."

"That's OK," I said. "I don't feel ridiculous. I feel excited about having inty with you. Would you like to try to penetrate my disguise?" Before she could answer, I embraced her and kissed her again. She was trying to pull the nightie off me, but I wouldn't let her yet. "Feel my breasts first," I begged her. She sighed, but complied. I showed her how exciting it felt.

"Now you can penetrate the disguise," I said. She yanked the nightie off me at once. We got onto the bed. She reached between my legs to clasp my coquette, and I reached between hers to touch her love-button.

"Are you ready?" I soon asked her.

"Yes. Please," she begged. She was so eager that she didn't even ask me to turn off the light, which she usually wanted me to do because she was embarrassed about being too fat. That was fine with me. It excited me more to see her during inty, especially when she was gasping and panting and rolling her eyes in extreme excitement.

I got on top of her and straddled her thigh. This was our usual method of having inty, with our legs intertwined like two lesbians, except my coquette went into her cave. She pulled my coquette out from between my legs and guided it into her. It was at maximum hardness and length, and my bulb was at maximum size.

"Oh, yes! Thank you so much!" Kathy was moaning. "I love you!" For a fat lady who wasn't too muscular, she was surprisingly strong when it came to bucking her hips during inty. "Oh, I love you! I love you!" I moaned in return. This was going to be one of those times when I couldn't hold back my orgasm for her, or so I thought. I tried to show some restraint and wait for her, but before

long I was thrusting with all my might and gushing deep into her. This time, though, she wasn't far behind me. Sure enough, she gasped and almost shrieked as her eyeballs rolled back almost out of sight, she clutched me as hard as she could, and her hips were trembling in a genuine earthquake as she cried out one more time, "I LOVE YOU!"

We lay there in silence, breathing hard, united as one flesh. While I was still inside her, when I could speak again, I asked her, "Was that all right? I didn't seem too unmanly to you, did I?"

"No, not at all," she had to admit. "You did look pretty silly in that nightie, though."

"Hey, isn't silliness a small price to pay for a big improvement in our married life, with Bishop McCorkle's blessing? And for understanding your husband better, too? Maybe you could even understand me better by pretending you're me wearing your clothes and trying to understand you better!"

She laughed, almost hard enough to shove me out of her. "Well, maybe," she said. "But you're not going to want to wear my clothes every time, are you?"

"Oh, of course not. How about every other time?"

She snorted. "We'll see." After a moment she added, "It's a good thing I didn't know about you pretending to be a girl before I married you. I probably would have decided against it."

"Ah, well, too late now." I smiled. "What God has joined together, let not mere girlish pretensions rip apart. And you are glad you didn't really decide against it, aren't you?"

"Hmm, yes, I have to admit," she said.

“Me too,” I assured her. “Give me a kiss.” She eagerly complied.

We didn’t see Cindy again for a long time, actually over a year. When we did, there had been some big changes in our life. The biggest was that we finally had a new baby, wide-eyed little Therese, and she was just beginning to smile at people when Cindy came back.

“Oh, she’s adorable!” Cindy said at once when she saw her. Marie-Rose was holding her and gazing into her eyes just like a little mom.

“Adoration is due only to God,” Kathy deemed it needful to correct her, “but you can adore God through his little image and likeness.”

Cindy laughed. “Kathy, you’re a hoot,” she said. “OK, I guess that will have to do. You’re not adorable, sweetie,” she said, looking at the baby up close and evoking a smile. “Oh, no indeed. How could anyone ever imagine you were adorable?” Cindy laughed again, so did Marie-Rose and I, and the baby almost did too.

Before too long, Cindy and I got our chance to talk alone. Kathy went shopping, taking the baby wherever she went and letting the older kids go to the library again. She probably still didn’t trust Cindy, but she did still trust me, at least as much as ever. If only she had known, she could have trusted both of us now.

“Hey, guess what, girlfriend,” Cindy said. “Is it still OK if I call you girlfriend?”

“You bet,” I said. “More OK now than ever. Kathy actually doesn’t mind me wearing her clothes now.”

Cindy’s eyes opened at least as wide as the baby’s eyes had ever done. “You’ve got to be kidding!” she said. “How did that ever happen?”

“Well, I got some help from Bishop McCorkle,” I said. “You know when we went to confession, he was telling me it would be OK for Kathy and me to use pretenses, fantasies, and unusual clothes to improve our married life, and that could include pretenses and fantasies about being a girl, and wearing girls’ clothes. So, at a strategic moment, I brought up what the bishop said about that. Kathy’s a big admirer of Bishop McCorkle, so she figured it had to be OK if he said it was OK, even though she wasn’t too crazy about it. By now, she’s actually pretty used to it. It’s just one of those things she puts up with from her silly husband, and, uh, she does think it has a beneficial effect on our marriage.”

“Wow, that’s great!” Cindy said. “Anyway, what I was going to tell you is, I think I’ve actually progressed from being a bad Catholic to being a mediocre one. I can’t claim I’ve resisted the temptation to have flings with guys a hundred percent of the time, but I actually have resisted it at least some of the time, and I’ve gone to confession pretty soon after each fling. It may not be much, but it’s something.”

“It’s real progress,” I assured her. “Definitely less than an average of one new guy every 10 days?”

“Oh, yeah, a lot less! I actually haven’t even had one for, um, I think almost two months now!”

“And you’re sure not going to have one today.”

“Oh, gosh, no!” Cindy actually blushed. “Angela, I’m really sorry about that. I just went crazy and got carried away. It won’t happen again, I promise, at least not with you.”

“Hey, thanks,” I said. “And maybe not with anyone any more—but don’t give up, whatever happens. You’re worth more than 99 righteous people who don’t need to go to confession.” I wondered about the implications of

that, and tried to issue a clarification. “Um, I don’t exactly mean you’re worth more than 99 times as much as Kathy, especially to me, and besides Kathy does go to confession a lot—but, well, you know what I mean.”

Cindy laughed. “Yeah, I know what you mean, girlfriend,” she said. “Thanks a lot for the vote of confidence. Do you mind if I give you a little kiss on the cheek, just like a regular girlfriend, and nothing more?”

“That’s fine with me, if I can give you one too—girlfriend.” She kissed my cheek and I kissed hers. That was all. Except for a parting hug, I didn’t touch her again before she left. All I did was to think of her every day, many times a day, as I’m still doing now and I probably always will, no matter how devotedly I love Kathy. Sometimes I even dare to thank God for the blessings we’ve all received, as a result of my unforgettable little fling with Cindy.

# Kindly Spank Me For My Badness

**by Dulci Daily**

Linda Halesound looked in the mirror in her dorm room, to verify that her appearance was not appalling before she went to class. Sure enough, it wasn't, as far as Linda could tell. Her curly, shoulder-length brown hair was neatly brushed, parted on the right, and held back from falling in her face by a big barrette. Her hazel eyes, behind her brainy-looking glasses, looked shy and anxious, but eager for friendship as always. Her nose was too big, her face too round, but nothing could be done about that, except to insist to herself that these minor deviations from movie-star perfection didn't make her ugly. Her lips were perhaps too pale without lipstick, too, but she thought it better to look natural and wholesome than to try to look like a movie star, and utterly fail.



Her soft pink sweater and her brown knee-length skirt didn't display the figure of a movie star, either. A perfect figure was supposed to be 36-24-36. Linda's tall figure was fairly close to perfect on the first and last numbers, the first being 35 and the last 38—but the semblance of perfection was ruined by the middle number, which was

30 even if she squeezed the tape measure tight. Her breasts were small, and her waist was not. Her long legs also didn't look like a movie star's legs; not only were they stout, not svelte, but Linda still wore socks and loafers for comfort, defying the craze for nylons and dress shoes as everyday wear for the ultra-sophisticated college woman of 1954.

Still, Linda was as satisfied as could be with her own appearance, even if there was little hope that a man would ever find it striking enough to look at her twice. She grabbed her book bag, strode out of the room, and descended the stairs. In the dorm lobby she paused only briefly to look at the newspaper headlines, though they were more alarming than usual. The Pacific Heights Informer for October 12, 1954, had a huge one: "KO-RE-A-STYLE CONFLICT FEARED IN SE ASIA." Even the staid Times of Pacific Heights had a larger headline than usual: "North Viet-Nam Falls to Communists."

Linda frowned and sighed. It seemed there was no end to wars and rumors of wars nowadays, not to mention the Cold War—but there seemed to be nothing an ordinary person could do about it, except to die in an atomic explosion if there was another world war. She didn't want to think about it. She turned away, left the building, and walked toward Bemisson-Frick Hall, where her huge lecture class for English 101 was to be held.

She saw no unusual sights along the way, except for someone she thought of simply as "the guy with the weird sweater." She had seen him a couple of other times. She had been puzzled, and slightly repelled, by the slogan displayed in red block letters on the back of his white sweater: "KINDLY SPANK ME FOR MY BADNESS." She had not been nearly puzzled enough, though, to go up to this extra-strange guy and ask him why his sweater said that.

Today, though, Linda saw something even stranger and far more repellent than the slogan. A big man rushed past her, looking and running like a football player, heading straight for the strange guy. With almost the suddenness of an atomic attack, the big man kicked the strange guy hard in the rear end as if he were a football, lifting him off the ground. The big man quickly gave him a second kick, or rather a stomp in the back, sending him sprawling. Worse yet, many of the students who saw it happen laughed, and some even clapped.

Linda could hardly believe her eyes, and she could not turn away. She did not go to church any more and she wasn't about to start again, but one thing she had always remembered was the story of the Good Samaritan. At least she must go up and see if the strange guy was all right, and if he needed any help.

She approached him. He was still lying face down on the ground. She was pretty sure he couldn't be dead, but he was lying awfully still.

"Are you all right?" she asked him softly. She got no response. She wasn't even sure if he had heard her. She touched his shoulder, shook him, and asked more loudly, "Hello! Are you all right?"

He slowly rolled over on his side, and she saw his face—a round, blue-eyed, anxious, guileless-looking face, almost such as Linda imagined her own face might have looked like if she had been born a boy. It was the face of a brainy, shy, unpopular boy, she fancied, a face to touch the heart of a brainy, shy, unpopular girl like Linda herself. She felt a foolish shock of wonder whether her face might even touch his heart as well.

"I'm about as all right as you might imagine under the circumstances," he said. He even gave her a funny little

smile. She liked his smile. She hoped it didn't conceal some monstrous evil, and it was hard to believe it did.

"Can you get up?" she asked him.

"I think so," he said, "if you'll help me up."

She helped him up, feeling embarrassed at how nice it felt to touch his hand even though it was scuffed with dirt and a bit of blood. "You might want to change your sweater," she advised him. "It's pretty dirty."

"I can do that soon," he said. "I've got several more that say the same thing."

He looked at her earnestly. He wanted her to ask why his sweaters said that, Linda knew. She was feeling more and more curious to know, too.

"Um, do you mind if I ask why your sweaters say that?" she duly asked.

"I don't mind at all," he said. "I was hoping you would, or somebody would, at least. Well, preferably you, now that you've been the first one to ask." He gave her a shy-looking, but really big, smile that sent an unreasonable thrill through her heart. Before he spoke again, he looked around to see if anyone seemed to be listening. "But I'll need to get to know you better," he said, "to see if I can trust you to know my secret. Is it OK if I get to know you better? Um, like maybe starting at SUB Sub Sub today for lunch?"

Yes! Yes! Linda's heart cried out, although of course her lips did not. She had been secretly boy-crazy from a young age, and yet she had hardly ever gone on a date with a boy, much less with a man. A couple of duds asked her out once each, and had no interest in a second date. One wretch, who probably just wanted to see if he could get her to go all the way with him on the first date, asked her to go to the drive-in theater, and she indignantly

turned him down. That was all, throughout the whole of her young life, until this October of her freshman year at Pacific Heights University. And now this nice, pleasant-looking, though strange young man wanted a lunch date with her this very day!

“Oh, yes, that would be very nice! Thank you!” Linda said, blushing at how eager she was to give him a big smile in return. He had, as yet, displayed no badness worthy of a spanking. She had to wonder whether his secret would turn out to be unendurably vile, but she would not pass up a chance to get to know him merely for fear that it would.

The young man’s eyes were wide, perhaps with wonder at Linda’s eagerness. He might, for all Linda knew, have had as few dates in his life as she had. If so, she would try to make this one his best and most memorable—at least until their second date, if they had one.

“OK, see you there at noon,” he said. He waved good-bye and started to turn away, but turned back at once. “I mean,” he said, “see you there at noon, fill in the blank for your name. Would you mind letting me know your name?”

Linda laughed. “I suppose that would be acceptable,” she said. “I’m Linda Halesound.”

“Nice name,” he said. “Nicer than mine, anyway. I’m Stim Foehawke, short for Stimson Eliot Foehawke IV. Pretty pretentious name, huh?”

It did sound pretty pretentious, but Linda was not simply going to say yes. “Well,” she said slowly, “not unbearably pretentious, I suppose.” She gave him another big smile, hoping to take away any little sting her words might have imparted.

Now it was Stim’s turn to laugh. “Hey, that’s a pretty sharp answer,” he said, “though not unbearably sharp, I

suppose!" He drew closer to her and spoke in a softer, more timid-sounding voice. "Well, if you find my real name bearable, maybe you'll even find my secret name bearable too. I'll let you know about it, if I find I can trust you to know about it."

"I hope you will," Linda said. "I always try to be trustworthy."

Stim looked into her eyes, so intently that she felt she had to look away, and yet in a second she looked back again. "So do I," he said. "I hope we'll both always succeed. See you at noon." He waved good-bye and turned away again.

It took Linda a minute or more to remember where she was going and how soon she had to get there. When she did, she strode toward Bemisson-Frick at top speed. She entered the big lecture hall only a minute or so late, breathing hard, and not only because she had been walking quickly.

Linda arrived before noon at SUB Sub Sub, the submarine sandwich shop in the sub-basement of the SUB, the Student Union Building at the U. Stim was there before her, now wearing a clean white sweater that presumably had the red letters on the back, although Linda couldn't see them. He was a bit stouter than she was, she now distinctly noticed, and a couple of inches shorter too. She knew that some girls, incredibly, refused to go out with guys who were shorter than they were. Their loss, she figured, might be her gain. If Stim didn't care that she was taller than he was, she sure wouldn't care about it either.

"Oh, hi!" Linda said. "You're early!"

"Nothing wrong with that, is there?" His wide-open blue eyes, looking shy but eager at once, seemed to tell her he was early because he wanted to see her, Linda

Halesound, for as long as possible. She tried to dismiss the thought as a wish-fulfillment fantasy, but it wasn't easy to dismiss it, or even to look away from his eyes.

"Oh, certainly not!" she assured him. "You've scored some official dating points by not keeping me waiting. Did you ever read the Official Dating Scorekeeper's Handbook?"

"No, I can't say I ever did."

"It's supposed to be funny, but it actually gives you useful advice too. You lose points by doing stupid or offensive things, and you gain them by doing considerate or pleasant things."

"I get it. Well, you've already scored plenty of those points with me."

"Why, thank you! And you just scored some with me by saying that!" Linda gave him a big smile, evoking one from him in return, and wondered whether his heart was pounding as hard as hers. "Would you like me to try to score some more, and you score some more too?"

"I'll try, but just don't keep track of who's ahead, because I'll be sure to lose."

"Oh, but you might not lose by very much! See, you just scored some more by complimenting me on being more pleasant and considerate than you!" Linda laughed, and so did Stim.

"OK, then," he said, "you keep track of the points, and let's get going on the date. Just a regular, routine lunch date, of course, you know, nothing out of the ordinary; happens all the time." He seemed to be trying to speak with total confidence, but not entirely succeeding. Linda thought she detected a strong hint that this date was no more routine for him than it was for her.

She laughed. "It's not so routine for me, and it sure doesn't happen all the time in my life. I've read the book more than once, but I haven't had a lot of opportunities to put it into practice. I mean, I've never had guys lining up to ask me for dates or anything."

Stim lifted his eyebrows high. "I wonder why not," he said, and his eyes did seem to show genuine wonder. "Maybe their eyes didn't work right. Anyway, I've never had a lot of dates with girls either, what with me being shy and kind of afraid of being rejected, or else accepted for the wrong reasons, and them playing hard to get."

Linda took note and appreciated the offhand compliment on her looks, the suggestion that Stim's own eyes did work right and he thought she was pretty. "Hey, you get points for complimenting me on my looks in a pleasant, considerate way," she said. "And you don't need to worry about me playing hard to get. I did once play hard to get, or rather impossible to get, for a guy who wanted to take me to a drive-in theater and pay no attention to the movie. If I liked a guy, though, I wouldn't think it was nice, or honest, to pretend I didn't. I'd let him know I did." Her heart was beating hard in eagerness to let Stim know that, so far at least, she certainly did like him.

"Hey, great idea!" said Stim. "Um, well then, do you like me?" For a moment he reminded her of a puppy wagging its tail.

"Well, yes, I do, now that you mention it." Linda smiled at him to confirm that she did. "No need to be afraid of being rejected by me, as you can see. OK?"

"Wow! Yeah! It's a deal!" Stim stuck out his hand for Linda to shake. She did. It felt even nicer now that his hand didn't have blood and dirt on it.

"OK, that's settled," Linda said with pure delight. "Now are we going to get some lunch?"

They were; they did. Between bites of a sub for two, sitting at a tiny round table in the crowded sub shop, they talked.

“OK, let’s start with some standard first-date conversation,” Stim said. “You tell me about yourself, and I’ll tell you about myself. Who are you, and how did you get the idea of trying to help a guy who got booted like a football for having a strange slogan on his back?”

“Um, I probably can’t say who I am in 25 words or less,” Linda said, “but I’ll give the second question a try. I haven’t been to church for a while, and I don’t know if I’ll go again, but one thing I always remembered from church was the story of the Good Samaritan. I just thought I should try to help somebody who might need help, and I thought it was terrible to see people laughing and applauding after you got kicked—as if they were at a football game, and you were the ball.”

“Hey, so did I,” Stim said. “My dad was a big football hero in his time, but I’ve never even liked football—even when I wasn’t the ball, and it was even worse when I was. But speaking of church, I don’t go either, but one of the big things I remember is ‘woe to you hypocrites.’ That’s actually one reason why I don’t go. I got tired of the hypocrites who keep hearing ‘woe to you hypocrites’ and ignoring it, especially when the hypocrites were my parents. My mom’s a snob, and my dad’s a malefactor of great wealth.”

“Oh, really? I’ve never met one of those, but I’ve heard a lot about them. My dad thinks FDR was the greatest president in history, and he’s always blasting the ‘malefactors of great wealth’ for ruining this country.”

“Hey, he may have a point. Who’s your dad?”

“His name is John Halesound, and he’s an electrical engineer in Quoheemish, where our family lives.” Linda

laughed a little. "I think he's actually too prejudiced against rich people, though. You know, he claims he once had a chance to marry a rich girl, and he actually refused to marry her because she was rich!"

"Wow, that's going too far, all right!" Stim said, looking incredulous. He looked a bit shy about asking, but he seized the chance to ask: "You wouldn't refuse to marry a guy because he was rich, would you? Um, I mean, who knows if you'll ever get the chance or not, but you know, just in case you ever did."

Linda blushed at this highly premature discussion of marriage, and at the knowledge that she had been the first to mention the subject. It was a grievous faux pas, opening the floodgates for official dating points to go down the drain en masse, but at least Stim didn't seem to be offended or repelled—far from it.

She had to make a joke of it. "Well, let's see," she said, as if pondering the subject in some doubt. She slipped her glasses down on her nose, looked at Stim over the top of them, and spoke in a deep, pseudo-solemn tone of voice. "If that remarkable event were ever to occur," she said, "you may rest assured that I would consider all sides of the question very carefully, without regard to whether he was rich or not."

"Wow!" Stim exclaimed, after laughing as much as Linda could wish. "You really mean it, don't you?" His blue eyes bulged in obvious admiration.

"Well, yes." Linda replaced her glasses where they belonged. "Actually, I don't even have any idea what I'd do with great wealth if I had it, except maybe I'd give most of it away to people who needed it."

"My dad doesn't have any better idea than you do, but he won't admit it, and he doesn't want to give it away."

"Where did he get all his wealth from, anyway?"

"Inherited it and invested it. He's the chairman of the board of Magnum Supreme Screw and Electric Products."

"Oh, that's a pretty big company, isn't it?"

"You bet, and it's probably going to get a lot bigger. Pretty soon the sky won't be the limit any more; outer space will be."

"I guess that's all right, as long as I don't have to go there. I'd like to stay right here on earth."

"Yeah, me too." For a moment, he looked at Linda as if he actually thought she was one of earth's greatest attractions. Then he looked embarrassed and looked away.

"Hey, would you like to go for a walk outside, where it's not so crowded?" Stim asked when they were done eating. "Have you got time?"

"Sure, I've got time, and I'd like to go," Linda said. Never accuse me of playing hard to get for a guy I like, she thought, as long as he doesn't try to go all the way with me before we're married!

They went up to the ground floor of the SUB and out into the open air. Almost as soon as they were walking away from the building, Stim looked around and said, "Well, um, time for some embarrassing disclosures, I guess. Would you like me to tell you why I have the slogan, 'Kindly spank me for my badness,' on my back?"

"Well, I don't want you to be embarrassed, but yes, I would."

"Well, you can't have the disclosures with no embarrassment for me, but I can stand some embarrassment, you know. Here goes." He took a deep breath and swallowed hard. "I hope it won't make you sick when I tell you how bad I am."

"If it does, I'll be sure to throw up on the ground, not on you." Linda giggled. "And I've already seen that you're not bad in every way. So what is this badness of which you speak? How bad are you, anyway?"

Stim looked all around, as if to try to make absolutely sure no one would hear. Then he clenched his fists at his sides, leaned close to Linda without looking at her, and murmured, "I'm so bad I wear girls' clothes, for one thing—and it gets me excited to wear them." He was embarrassed, all right. His face was becoming bright red, and he was breathing deeply through the mouth. He kept on not looking at Linda.

It did sound pretty strange to Linda, but she liked Stim too much to want to insult him by saying so. "You wear girls' clothes?" she said instead, softly so no one but Stim could hear. "What's so bad about that? I wear girls' clothes every day."

Now Stim looked at Linda, and he laughed out loud, as if she had made the funniest joke in history. "Hey, that's an A-plus answer!" he said when he could stop laughing. "I sure wish my dad had looked at it more like that" —suddenly he spoke much more softly again—"when he caught me wearing my mom's clothes one day, back when I was 12."

"Oh! Uh—how did he look at it instead?"

"Like it was the crime of the century, and I needed the spanking of the century. My dad didn't think a 12-year-old was too old to spank, especially if he got caught wearing his mom's slip, brassiere, and panties." Stim did seem to be breathing hard with excitement at the memory of wearing a slip, brassiere, and panties at the age of 12. "He said he was going to teach me a lesson I'd never forget. He did, too, but not the lesson he wanted to teach me."

“Did he spank you too hard?”

“That’s putting it mildly.” Stim’s face, grimacing in pain at the mere memory, amply confirmed his words. “He left the slip and bra on me during the spanking, but he pulled the panties down and the slip up so he could hit my bare bottom. He thought he could break my will if he just spanked me hard enough. He couldn’t really, but he could get me to lie and say I promised I’d never wear women’s clothes again, so he’d stop spanking me.”

“What lesson did he really teach you?”

“To keep right on being bad, but in secret. To defy him secretly and never give in.” Stim looked into Linda’s eyes, as if he wanted to make sure he wasn’t offending her, and he seemed satisfied with the answer he seemed to see there. “I wore girls’ clothes every chance I got after that; I just made sure he never found out. I drew pictures of myself wearing girls’ clothes, too.”

“He sure didn’t break your will, did he?” Linda did have to admire Stim’s strength of will, even if it was only about something as seemingly silly as wearing girls’ clothes.

“Nope. Only made it stronger.”

“I’m glad. I—well, if I ever had children, I sure wouldn’t try to break their will by spanking them.”

“Guess what, neither would I!”

This was getting way too premature again. Linda had to try to change the subject. “Um, so, is that all there is to the badness you need to be spanked for?” she asked. “That doesn’t sound too bad to me. I don’t think you need much of a spanking for that.” She gave him a big smile and a little laugh, showing him she really didn’t think he needed a spanking at all.

“No, that’s not all,” Stim admitted. He looked around again. “I know I can trust you not to tell anyone about any of this,” he said, obviously seeking confirmation from her. She gave it: “Yes, of course. I can keep a secret.” She wondered if she should say more. She had already told Stim she liked him, and she didn’t see any harm in saying it again. “Especially for a guy I like,” she added.

“Wow,” Stim said. “Linda, you’re the greatest.”

“Hey, Stim, you’re pretty great yourself,” she responded, thrilled to the core.

“Would you mind calling me by my secret name?” he whispered.

“Sure I will, if you’ll tell me what it is.”

“It’s Serena,” said Stim.

Linda forced herself not to laugh. She would never hurt Stim’s feelings—or Serena’s feelings, she silently vowed, no matter what. If she ever did, she would say she was sorry at once.

“OK, Serena,” she said. “That’s a beautiful name.” Serena, no longer Stim to her, gave a deep sigh of relief.

Serena was silent for a minute. “I don’t want to drive you away by telling you more about my badness,” he said—or she said, Linda figured she should think, even if this “she” had a crew cut and wore boys’ clothes. If Serena said she was secretly a girl inside, who was Linda to disagree?

“That’s OK, you won’t drive me away,” Linda said. “I’ll be your friend and stick with you no matter what. You can trust me to know everything about you.” She hoped it was true, though she did not know what horrors Serena might yet disclose.

Serena took a deep breath. “You won’t mind if I talk about sex, will you?” she asked.

"Um, no, I won't mind if you talk about it," Linda responded. "I just need you to know I'm not going to go all the way with a guy until I'm married, I mean, if I ever get married."

"That's good. I'm glad you're not. I wouldn't—well, I wouldn't want a girl who would." He, or she, really meant it. Linda could see that Serena was just as honest as she was herself.

"But if you're sure this won't drive you away," Serena said, "I'll tell you the worst." She stopped and swallowed hard again, but then proceeded to say the dreadful thing: "I'm a sex pervert." She seemed to be so short of breath she could hardly get the words out.

Visions of disgusting, horrific sex perversions arose at once in Linda's mind, all too well informed by her strictly secret study of sex. She forced them back and tried to speak quite normally. Her voice trembled only slightly as she did: "Oh, what kind of sex pervert? There are many different kinds, I believe."

Serena clenched her fists. "I'm an effeminate masochist," she said. "The kind of sex pervert who not only wears girls' clothes, but gets sexually excited from spankings! When my dad was giving me that horribly hard spanking, while I still had my mom's slip and brassiere on after he pulled my panties down, it got me horribly excited too." She lowered her voice still further, and whispered in Linda's ear: "You'll probably throw up about this, but I actually ejaculated while he was spanking me. I didn't give him the false promise that I wouldn't wear girls' clothes any more, until after I ejaculated!" Serena was starting to cry about her sex perversion.

"Serena, I'm not throwing up about that," Linda assured her. She even touched Serena's shoulder to comfort her, to let her know she wouldn't reject her because of her

sex perversion. "But—well, are those the only times when you can, uh, ejaculate?"

Serena pulled out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "You mean, would I be able to do it with my wife if I ever got married?" she asked. That, of course, was exactly what Linda wanted to know. She blushed more now than when she had been talking about sex perversion and ejaculation. She seemed quite powerless to keep away from the subject of marriage, well known to be taboo on a first date. No doubt she had lost all the official dating points she had gained, and more.

"Well, yes, I was kind of wondering about that," she admitted. "I mean, to improve my knowledge about the varieties of sex perversion, of course," she explained, feeling qualms about whether the explanation was perfectly true.

Serena laughed, even while shedding her last few tears for now. "How about your knowledge of what would happen if you ever married me?" she asked. "I mean, of course I know it's way too early to be thinking about that—but, just in case you ever did happen to think about it, I'm pretty sure I would be able to do it with my wife, if I had a wife, especially if she kindly spanked me first."

We wouldn't have to be married for me to spank you, Linda was thinking—shockingly, perhaps, but unmistakably thinking. She honestly had no idea what, if anything, might be wrong with sex perversion of this apparently harmless kind—and, if it would please Serena, she might even indulge in a bit of sex perversion herself. After all, she reflected, some people would even regard heavy petting—"petting to orgasm," as the sex books called it—as sex perversion. If that was true, Linda herself had indulged in sex perversion many times in her secret boy-crazy fantasies.

“So,” Serena was saying, “since you haven’t run away screaming, or even thrown up, now that I’ve told you the worst about me, I guess I can count on you to be my friend.” She looked into Linda’s eyes and did not look away. “Can’t I?” she begged to know for sure.

“Yes, you certainly can,” Linda assured her. And more than a friend, if you want me, her heart cried out—but this she dared not say, at least not yet.

“Would you like to see me wearing some girls’ clothes sometime—strictly in private, of course?” Serena asked, seeming almost confident now that Linda would say yes, though still a bit fearful as well. “I was thinking, my parents have a summer cabin on Waukoomish Island, and I don’t think they’d be going out there in the middle of October, and maybe we could go out there for a little while this Saturday. I mean, if you wouldn’t mind being alone with me in an isolated location.”

Linda smiled. “For you, Serena, I’d love to,” she frankly admitted, raising her voice a bit to make sure she would be heard above the thunder of her heart. “And, in the highly unlikely event that you tried anything unacceptable, I could probably beat you in a fight—if you don’t mind my saying so!”

Serena gave Linda a great, guileless grin. “I don’t mind at all,” she said. “I’m just glad I can get along with a beautiful girl even if I’m a football instead of a football hero, and even if the beautiful girl could beat me in a fight!”

“Or spank you,” Linda flirted, feeling her excitement grow greater at the mere thought of doing something that would give Serena sexual pleasure, and wondering how intense her excitement and Serena’s might become if it actually happened. “But this beautiful girl would only spank you kindly, and never treat you like a football!”

“Wow,” Serena said. “That’s exactly what I was hoping for, even though I hardly dared to hope. That’s why I dared to wear the slogan on my back, inviting anyone who saw me to spank me. I was afraid a homosexual or a nasty woman would want to spank me, and I didn’t want that, but it would be worth all the risk if I could find a good girl to be my friend and know my secret.” Again she looked into Linda’s eyes and did not look away. “I mean,” she said, “a good girl just like you!”

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Linda looked in the mirror again, and thought of what an astounding difference in her life the last four days had made. On Tuesday morning she had been satisfied not to look appalling, and she had wondered whether a man would ever look at her twice. Now she actually had a boyfriend, who was also secretly a girlfriend. She and Serena had eaten lunch together, and talked together afterward, every day since Tuesday, and yesterday they had held hands. Today something far more exciting than hand-holding might take place, and Linda wanted to look her loveliest for Serena.

Serena really thought Linda was beautiful; there could be no doubt about that. Today, Linda hoped, she would ascend to new heights of beauty in Serena’s eyes. Her hair was as neat, her face as bright and clean, as could be. She had even thought of putting on makeup, but decided against it, not only because she had little experience with it but also because she honestly did not think it would improve her looks. She could not see well enough without her glasses to dispense with them entirely, but she did not have them on now, and she did think she looked prettier without them. Her eyes were now so bright, and her smile

so full, that Serena might well think she saw love in them, and she might well not be far wrong.

Below the neck there was more bare skin than Linda's sweaters had shown; below the wide embroidered neckline of her white peasant blouse, there was something more delicately suggestive than the mere outline of her small breasts within a sweater. The blouse was not sheer, of course, but it was slightly less than perfectly opaque. A careful observer could see that, beneath it, Linda was wearing a lacy, daringly low-cut décolleté bra (newly purchased for the occasion) and nothing else. Her skirt was full, pale yellow, and cut right to the knee in the latest style. Her legs still were not svelte, but the socks and loafers had been replaced by a pretty pair of sandals. Fortunately the weather was right for such summery apparel; it was an unusually warm, sunny day for mid-October in Greater Pacific Heights, and Linda would take full advantage of it.

She put on her glasses, picked up her purse, and left the room. Today she did not even glance at the newspapers. She glanced only at her wristwatch and saw that it was almost nine o'clock, almost time for Serena to arrive.

Serena did arrive at nine on the dot, still looking for all the world exactly like Stim. She no longer wore the sweater with the letters; indeed, she had not worn one of those since Tuesday, for it had served its purpose. Linda was glad, for she now knew Serena's secret, and there would be less chance of Serena being kicked like a football again if she did not wear the sweater.

"Wow, Linda, you look great!" Serena told her in front of anyone who might care to listen.

"Why, thank you!" Linda said. "I was trying to look especially nice for you today."

"Well, you succeeded! Let's go!"

They walked out of the dorm holding hands. Serena led her to a shiny, fairly new-looking green car with a striking, futuristic-looking front end that looked a bit like an airplane's propeller apparatus in the middle, though without the propeller. "My goodness, is this your car?" Linda asked. "It's very nice, and it looks like new!"

"Not too old," Serena said. "It's a '51 Studebaker Champion. My dad got it for me as a high-school graduation present. There are a few good things about great wealth, so long as my dad doesn't know all my secrets. He probably would have got me a new car for graduation if I'd been a football hero like him, but you can't have everything." Serena opened the door for Linda, and then went around to get into the driver's seat. She started the engine, moved the gearshift down, let out the clutch fairly smoothly, and they were off.

They talked and saw sights all the way out to Point Ransom, where they would take the ferry to Waukoomish Island, but when they got there Linda remembered little of what had passed. When Serena had driven the car onto the ferry, they went up to the deck hand in hand.

"Great day to appreciate the beauties of nature," Serena said.

"Of nature and civilization combined," said Linda. The weather was so clear that they could see not only the skyline of downtown Pacific Heights and the State Capitol, many miles away, but all the way up to Eagle Point, many miles farther. Beneath the rare cloudless sky, the ocean actually looked blue and not its usual gray-green.

"That's the bright side of having to go overseas to get some privacy." Serena smiled.

"Well, not very far overseas, anyway," Linda said. The near end of Waukoomish Island, where the ferry would

land, was only a couple of miles from Point Ransom Lighthouse.

“Maybe someday we won’t have to go overseas at all.” Serena meant she hoped they would get married someday. She made no secret of it. Linda’s old, cold fear of revealing her hope for marriage was thawing in the warmth of Serena’s love and admiration, though she was worried that Serena was inclined to try to rush into marriage prematurely.

“Yes, that would be very nice—someday.” Linda returned Serena’s smile, and put her arm around Serena’s waist at almost the same time as Serena put her arm around Linda’s.

Serena started the car, put it in gear, and drove off the ferry as soon as she could after it landed at the island. She lifted the gearshift into second gear and kept it there, for the long winding road away from the dock was all uphill. At last, at the top of the hill, she lowered it into third gear and drove for miles, until they came to a little town called Waukoomish Center. At the town’s only traffic light they turned left onto a minor paved road that quickly led them out of town. After a little while they turned right onto a gravel road, and from there onto a winding dirt road. The dirt road ended near a large, fairly new-looking log cabin, surrounded by evergreens except for a large clearing on the near side, with hardly any autumn foliage in sight. There was also a single pole with electrical wires running to the cabin from the world beyond.

“Here we are at last,” said Serena. “Authentic American log cabin, except it’s got a few amenities that Abe Lincoln’s log cabins didn’t have. That’s why my dad wants it locked at all times, even though probably nobody ever

sees it but us and our visitors. Fortunately I've got a key, another graduation present from Dad."

"Oh! Uh—did your dad expect you to bring a girl out here?"

"Well, he hoped I would, anyway, and he said so. He's always been worried that I might be a homosexual, ever since he caught me in my mom's clothes and spanked me for it. His idea of a cure for homosexuality, for a guy who's too old to be spanked, is to go all the way with a girl, using a rubber of course, and then probably to throw the girl away along with the rubber." Linda grimaced in revulsion at the thought. "Don't worry, none of that is going to happen," Serena assured her, "especially not the part about throwing the girl away!"

Linda gave Serena a big smile that, she hoped, might make Serena want to kiss her. It did. Serena was as awkward about it as Linda was, and it was obviously Serena's first kiss as well as Linda's, but at least they embraced each other, their lips met, and their tongues delicately, lingeringly touched.

It was enough to make Linda's heart race with delight, but also with the dangerous beginning of desire to go all the way. Linda's little breasts were already heating up as soon as they pressed against Serena. Soon she was acutely aware that her lower lips were becoming moist, and her clitoris was growing hard. Worse yet, most dangerous of all, her heart was beginning to melt in the ardent furnace of her fast-growing love for Serena.

They drew apart. "Wow, you sure don't act like a homosexual!" Linda exclaimed.

"That's because I'm not," Serena said. "I never wanted to have a boyfriend, only a girlfriend. I just wanted to be like a girl because girls could be lovely, and graceful, and sweet and gentle, and be and do lots of things that boys

weren't supposed to be or do—and I just thought it would be so exciting to be a girl!”

“Well, it is,” Linda admitted. “At least, it’s pretty exciting for me to be a girl right now!” She blushed at how exciting it was, and how ready she was to let Serena know.

“I’m glad you won’t throw me away, Serena,” Linda murmured. “I’ll never throw you away, either.” It sounded like a pledge of future marriage. Linda was dismayed, but there was nothing she could do. She did love Serena, she really would never throw her away, and she was too honest to conceal her love for long.

“Then I can show you my secret,” Serena said. “Come on.” She opened the trunk of the car, removed a small suitcase, and went to the cabin door to let Linda in.

“Have a seat,” Serena said. “I’ll be right out.” She took the suitcase into another room and shut the door.

Linda sat on a polished wooden bench built into the cabin wall and looked around. This log cabin had amenities indeed, such as Abe Lincoln never would have dreamed of, even when he lived in the White House and not in a log cabin. This cabin had electric lights, a telephone, a radio, a television, and a record player; it appeared to have running water too, since it had what looked like a fully functional kitchen sink. The floor was all of highly polished hardwood; there was a sofa and an armchair, in addition to several good-looking wooden chairs; there was even a mahogany coffee table. This cabin, Linda imagined, might well have been more expensive than her family’s modest little home in Quoheemish.

Serena emerged from the other room. Linda was alert to see her, and delighted at what she saw. Serena did look a lot like a pretty girl, except for her crew cut. She looked like a good girl, too, in a high-necked pink dress with short puffed sleeves and a big white sash around her

waist. With longer hair, she might almost have passed for a sweet, innocent little blue-eyed girl writ large, if not for her big padded bra beneath her dress, much bigger than Linda's small natural-sized one.

"Serena, you look lovely," Linda could honestly tell her. "I'm so glad you let me see your secret."

"Oh, gosh!" Serena's blue eyes bulged in wonder and gratitude. "Linda, thank you so much! I've dreamed of this for so long!"

"I've never kissed a girl before," Linda said, making it clear that she wished to do so now. She embraced Serena again, pressing her warm little breasts tightly against Serena's big bra. Their lips and tongues met again. This time their tongues entered each other's mouths, and the kiss was longer. By the time it ended, Linda was getting pretty full of sexy feelings, and she wondered if she would really have the strength to resist the desire to go all the way.

"Have you ever spanked a girl?" Serena whispered in Linda's ear.

"No," Linda whispered back. "Do you really want me to?"

"Yes. Please. Now."

Linda slipped both of her hands down to Serena's big buttocks, almost as big as Linda's own. Softly, gingerly, she gave Serena a couple of little love-pats through her skirt, slip, and panties.

"Oh, yes, thank you," Serena murmured. "Harder. Please."

"I don't want to hurt you," Linda demurred.

"You won't, I'm sure. Even if you did, I know you'd stop if you knew you were hurting me. Isn't that right?"

“Yes, of course.”

“Then don’t worry about it. Here.” Serena pulled her skirt and slip up in back to expose her panties. “Spank me harder. I’m way too girlish for my own good. I need a hard spanking for it.”

Linda complied, though she still feared she would hurt Serena. She held Serena’s skirt and slip up with her left hand while spanking her through her panties with her right, leaving Serena’s hands free. Serena then quickly clasped Linda’s buttocks through her skirt and pressed her loins against Linda’s.

Linda kept spanking, but wondered why Serena did not seem to have a penis, at least not a discernible one. Linda had never seen or touched a man’s penis, but she had seen pictures of them in sex books, and she knew that men’s penises became erect when they were sexually excited. She could feel that Serena was just as excited as she was herself—but where was Serena’s penis?

“Pull my panties down,” Serena begged, “and spank me even harder!” Linda complied, and took the opportunity to explore the hidden area beneath Serena’s buttocks with her hands. Sure enough, Serena did have a penis after all, hidden between her thighs, sticking out beneath her buttocks, and it felt like it was several inches long. Serena’s buttocks quivered in obvious excitement when Linda touched her penis. Linda spanked Serena hard on her bare bottom, as close as possible to where her penis was sticking out.

“Yes, yes, Linda, thank you! Keep spanking me!” Serena cried. Linda’s hand was beginning to hurt, but she kept spanking to please Serena. “You see why I need a hard spanking!” Serena said. “Normal guys don’t do this. They don’t wear girls’ clothes, and they don’t hide their

wieners between their legs. I'm too abnormal—but it's just too exciting to resist!"

"Is it going to make you ejaculate?" Linda asked, breathing hard from her own excitement and also from the effort of spanking Serena.

"Yes," Serena said, "but not quite yet. There's more, more abnormality I deserve a spanking for. Normal guys don't want girls to kiss their nipples, either, but I do! Please unbutton my dress and pull it off me."

Linda untied the sash, undid the row of buttons in the back of the dress, and stripped it off over Serena's head, though her hands were trembling fiercely. She wanted Serena to kiss her nipples, too. Then she wanted to go all the way with her. The urge was already becoming overwhelming. Her clitoris was throbbing and burning with excitement; her virginal womanly opening was fully ready for entry. Her only hope of not going all the way was to get Serena so excited that she would ejaculate while her penis was still hidden between her legs. Linda didn't even know if that was possible, but she would try as hard as she could to make it happen if it was.

Serena's dress was off. Linda next pulled her slip off and unhooked her big bra. Many handkerchiefs fell out of the cups when Linda slipped the bra straps off Serena's shoulders. Linda might have laughed, if she had not been so excited and so intent on the task at hand.

Serena had breasts, even smaller than Linda's, but still real breasts, not a flat chest like a boy. Her nipples were smaller than Linda's too, but they were just as erect as Linda knew hers would be when—not if—she bared them for Serena. Linda's lips and tongue touched Serena's left nipple, and Serena gasped with pleasure. "Spank me more!" she begged, for Linda had forgotten. Linda re-

sumed spanking, and kept exciting Serena's nipples with her mouth.

"You kiss my nipples too! Please!" Linda pleaded. She stopped spanking Serena long enough to unbutton her blouse at top speed. "Take my bra off! Please!" she begged. Serena did, making it obvious that she was not skilled at unhooking a girl's bra, but getting the job done at last.

Linda raised her bare breasts to Serena, who proved as eager to suck them as any baby. "Yes! Yes! Oh, Serena, thank you!" she cried out. Her legs were pressed tightly together, and her skirt and panties were still on, to make sure she would not go all the way even if Serena's penis emerged, but her hips were pumping like the hips of a woman who desperately wants to go all the way. Her inner thighs, not to mention her panties, were wet with the warm juice dripping down from her womanly opening, fully ready to receive Serena's big penis. She rubbed her slippery thighs together as she had often done before in strictest secrecy, heating her hidden clitoris toward the moment when it would explode in orgasm while she pretended she was engaging in heavy petting with a boy.

"Spank me!" she cried out. "Serena, spank me hard! I'm bad too! I'm really bad!"

Serena pulled down Linda's skirt and panties in one strong move; then she spanked Linda hard while still sucking her nipple. Linda knew now that she herself was a sex pervert too, for the spanking made her even more excited than she had been before. She felt her orgasm coming upon her very soon. She took her nipple out of Serena's mouth, reached around beneath Serena's buttocks with both hands, and rubbed Serena's backward-turned penis, making Serena's hips quake frantically in orgasm. spurts of hot semen emerged from

her penis and got all over Linda's hands, but Linda was too excited to care.

Serena stopped spanking Linda at once and reached beneath her buttocks, stretching her finger along the length of Linda's dripping lower lips until it reached its goal, her superheated clitoris. That was the final spark that ignited Linda's orgasm. Most vivid fantasies overwhelmed Linda, fantasies of lying beneath Serena, opening her legs and the entrance to her womb for Serena's engorged penis, receiving Serena's thrusts and the flood of semen from her penis into Linda's deep womanly cave. "Ahh! Oh! Yes! Serena, I love you!" Linda cried out as her thighs clenched hard upon Serena's hand, and her big buttocks rumbled in rapid thrusts almost like the thrusts of a man ejaculating into a woman.

"Oh, Serena! What have we done?" Linda gasped when she could speak again. She pressed her nude breasts firmly against Serena's, while keeping her semen-smeared hands low down beneath Serena's buttocks. "I don't think we should do that very often! It's too hard to keep from going all the way!"

"I know what you mean," Serena affirmed. "I wanted to, but I knew you didn't want to, so I made sure I couldn't."

"Oh, Serena, I did want to," Linda admitted. "I would have done it with you. I'm so glad you kept yourself from trying."

"You don't really want me to try until we're married," Serena said, "so I won't. I love you. I want to marry you someday. I can't pretend I don't. I'm not going to do anything that would make you not want to marry me."

"Serena, you're wonderful," Linda said. "I hope we will get married someday. Don't think I don't want to, just because I think we need to be really patient about it."

Serena sighed. "Fair enough, I guess," she said. "I sure wouldn't dump you for anyone else, no matter how patient you wanted me to be!"

"There's just one thing that I'm getting a bit impatient about," Linda said. "Does this place have running water? I need to wash my hands!"

"Yes, it does," Serena said. "Deep well, electric pump, plenty of soap, works just like at home. Help yourself." Still fully nude and shameless in Serena's presence. Linda went to the sink to wash Serena's semen off her hands.

"I guess we should be ashamed of ourselves for getting carried away like that," Linda said when they were fully clothed again and leaving the house. She was wearing Serena's panties, a bit tight for her, but better than her own sex-drenched panties, which must be washed before they could be worn again. Serena was wearing regular boys' clothes again, her secret now invisible to all but Linda.

"Um, yeah, I guess maybe so," Serena said. "You think it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, huh?"

"I really do. I mean, I used to have secret fantasies about heavy petting with boys, and what we were doing was heavier petting than I ever imagined—but now I've done it, we've done it, and I think it's time to move on. I'd love to see you wear girls' clothes, and even give you spankings, if that's what you want to do after we're married, whenever that is—if we ever do get married, I mean. But as for getting incredibly excited and yet not being ready to go all the way—well, I think once is enough. Don't you?"

"Ah, well, maybe once or twice."

Linda laughed. "Or maybe we could compromise on one and a half times."

Serena locked the cabin door. Linda heard the faint but unmistakable sound of car tires on the gravel road, which led to the dirt road, which led to the cabin. "Listen!" she said. "Is that somebody coming here?"

Serena listened. "Sure sounds like it," she said. "I was pretty sure my parents wouldn't be coming out here at this time of year, but I don't know who else it could be."

The gravel sound stopped, replaced by the softer sound of tires on the dirt road, and now the engine of the approaching car could be heard. Soon the car, a very new-looking sky-blue Cadillac, came into view.

"It's my dad," Serena softly said, "but that woman next to him sure isn't my mom."

The Cadillac abruptly stopped beside the Studebaker. The driver, a big, handsome, muscular-looking middle-aged man, stared at the green car and said something to the woman.

"Come on," said Serena. "I guess I should introduce you to my dad."

Serena, still holding the suitcase, approached the Cadillac together with Linda. Serena's dad saw them and quickly got out of the car. "Hi, Stimmy," he said. "I'm really glad to see you here." He seemed to be trying hard to act as if it was the most normal thing in the world to meet his son "Stimmy" leaving this isolated cabin with a suitcase and a girl, while he himself was arriving with a woman not his wife.

"Uh, glad to see you too, Dad," said Serena, not very convincingly.

"I see it doesn't take a football hero after all," said Serena's dad, glancing at Linda.

"No, Dad, it sure doesn't," Serena assured him.

"Well, that's one of the reasons why we keep this place up. I hope you put on clean sheets and made the bed after you were done." Serena's dad gave a highly suggestive leer. Linda tried to keep from frowning too obviously at the suggestion that she had spent the night with "Stimmy" and gone all the way with him. She failed, and turned her face away.

"The bed's made, and it's got clean sheets, all right," Serena affirmed, without confirming the suggestion. "Uh, we were just leaving. The place is all yours."

"Well, thanks." Serena's dad glanced toward the Cadillac. "Hey, I should introduce you to my friend here." Yes, Linda thought, everything was normal, decent, and happy, or so Serena's dad wished it to seem. He was simply bringing a friend out here to show her what a nice cabin he had; the sheets would remain clean, and the bedcovers intact.

Serena's dad went to the passenger side of the Cadillac and opened the door. The woman got out. Linda got a good look at her as she walked forward. The woman did not look a great deal older than Linda and Serena, but she had lost the bloom and freshness of youth. Her blond hair was short and curled in a permanent wave. Her blue eyes, not focused on the young people she was to meet, did not seem to display any warmth of heart, and Linda almost imagined she saw dollar signs in them. Her makeup was not obtrusive except for her lipstick, which was bright red. She wore a tight pink sweater and a pointy bra; her figure seemed close to a perfect 36-24-36. Her legs were svelte, revealed by a tight pink pair of pedal pushers. In all, she looked a lot like a slightly older version of some of the popular girls whom Linda had disliked most in high school, who had ignored her except when they were laughing at her.

"This is my good friend Connie Roangold," said Serena's dad. "Connie, this is my son Stimmy, and his girl, uh—" He waited for Linda to say her name, since he had no idea what it was.

"Linda Halesound," Linda said without delight.

"Hello, I'm very pleased to meet you both," said Connie. It was pretty obviously false. She didn't extend her hand. Linda said nothing in return.

"OK, Connie, why don't you go in and make yourself at home," said Serena's dad. "Here's the key. I'll be in in a minute." He handed her the key. She took it at once, turned away, and went into the cabin.

"I hope you'll like her," Serena's dad said. "She may be your new stepmother."

"What?!" Serena blurted out. "Dad, you've got to be kidding! That's—that's unacceptable!"

"What?!" Serena's dad retorted. "Who the hell do you think you are to tell me what's unacceptable?" He clenched his fists. For a moment Linda feared Serena would get another hard spanking from her dad, or worse. She would fight him if he tried to hurt Serena, Linda thought. She would fight him to the death, if need be.

Fortunately, she didn't have to fight him to the death. "Look," said Serena's dad, "when I want advice about what's acceptable or unacceptable to do about women, I ask the finest psychiatrist in the State of Pacificum, not you. You're old enough to meet your needs with this girl here, so you're old enough to hear the straight story. Here's the story, straight from Dr. Rex Crippston himself. The purpose of any marriage is to fulfill your sexual and related psychological requirements in a normal, socially acceptable manner. The purpose of a first marriage, in addition, is to contribute to the preservation of the species and the proper upbringing of your offspring. Once that

purpose has been fulfilled, the biological and social need for the first marriage is at an end. Objectively, if you find that your sexual and related psychological requirements would be better fulfilled by switching to a second marriage at that point, the most normal and healthy thing to do is to switch to a second marriage. Got it?"

"No," said Serena.

"Well, that's your problem, not mine. Your mother and I have had it; we've already fulfilled the purpose of our first marriage. Now I'm trying out several candidates for the position of a second wife. It will be nice if it turns out that you like the one I choose, but if you don't it's just too bad. My needs come first with me, just like your needs come first with you. If this girl doesn't keep meeting your needs, you'll dump her, and you know it."

"I'll never dump her," Serena insisted. Linda felt Serena's outrage, and rejoiced to hear the words.

"You're a fool," said Serena's dad. "You don't know what you're talking about. You're the one who's doomed to a life of misery when she stops fulfilling your needs; I'm not. It's your choice. Now you said you were leaving and the place was all mine, so keep your word." He turned away and entered the cabin. Linda and Serena, with the suitcase, entered the Studebaker in shocked silence.

"I told you he was a malefactor," Serena said while starting the engine.

"You were right," Linda agreed. "I'm glad you stood up to him, and you said you'd never dump me. I'll never dump you either." If this was a promise of marriage, she thought, so be it. Whatever it was, it led Serena to turn toward her, embrace her, and kiss her tenderly on the mouth. This time there was no frenzied tongue-sticking, only a simple, enduring, heart-to heart kiss.

"It'll be a while before the ferry gets to the island again," Serena said when they were approaching Waukoomish Center. "There's a little library here in town. Would you like to stop there for a little while?"

"Uh, sure," said Linda. The neighborhood library had been her home away from home when she was growing up in Quoheemish, although she had to go to the main library downtown to read sex books. Here, with Serena near her, she hoped this little library would be even more homelike.

One block past the only traffic light was the little brick building, with a black-and-white sign designating it as the "Seaview County Public Library, Waukoomish Island Branch." Serena parked the Studebaker on the street right in front of the library and they went in. The librarian at the front desk, wearing glasses but otherwise looking more stylish and up-to-date than the stereotyped librarian, smiled at them but said nothing.

The most prominent display shelf, near the front desk, bore a big sign proclaiming that the books on it were "New York Times Best-Sellers." Linda half smiled, half winced to think of the extreme contrast between New York City and this little island town at the ends of the earth, and to wonder why the reading tastes of people in the island town should be subject to those of New Yorkers. Linda herself had little interest in best-sellers for the most part, and she almost turned away from the shelf to look elsewhere—but one book's title gripped her mind and held it fast.

"LOVE IS ETERNAL," the title told her, and she yearned to agree with all her heart. She took the book, *Love Is Eternal* by Irving Stone, off the shelf and looked at it. It was a story about Abraham Lincoln and his wife

Mary. Linda skimmed through the earlier parts of the book, from when they first met to when they got married. Abe and Mary were very different from Linda and Serena, but not entirely different. Abe, like Serena, was desperate for a good woman's love, and he too had feared he would never have it, because of what he thought were his faults and shortcomings. Mary thought Abe was very strange, which he was, but she saw his goodness and greatness as no other woman saw it—and she loved him for it, just as Linda loved Serena, who was even stranger than Abe.

Linda found Serena looking at oversized art books, and showed her the cover of *Love Is Eternal*. Serena took a second to get the message, since the title was not as prominent on the cover as the picture of the young Mary Lincoln was, but then she got it. Her biggest, brightest smile broke out on her face. She looked into Linda's eyes as if to show that her hope of eternal love was at least as great as Linda's own, and the strong, silent nodding of her head showed her meaning as clearly as if she had shouted the words to the sky: "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"So that's another way you're not like your dad," Linda said when they were in the car and heading back down the island's main road, Waukoomish Way, toward the ferry dock. "You believe love is eternal, or it can be eternal, anyway." Her heart rejoiced to know it was no longer a grievous faux pas to speak of it, and no official dating points were now going down the drain.

"I've always hoped or wished it could be eternal, if I ever had it," Serena said, "even when I didn't have any hope that I ever would."

“Me too,” said Linda. “Well—now you do. And it can. We’ll just need to be patient and see if it really will be—I mean, for us.”

“I sure hope it will. And we don’t need to be too patient, do we?”

Linda laughed, slipped her glasses down on her nose, and delivered her response with all due solemnity: “Moderately patient!” She replaced her glasses, moved closer to Serena, and gave a deep sigh of gladness as she put her arm around the round, soft shoulders of her beloved, so much unlike the shoulders of a football hero, and so much better.

By the time they arrived at the dock, the ferry was just arriving too. After the cars drove off, Serena paid the fare, drove on, and quickly escorted Linda up to the deck. With their arms around each other, they looked toward the lighthouse near the dock on the mainland side, and toward the distant city.

Linda’s thoughts were still of eternal love, but of its opposite too. So many people in the city, to which they were returning, seemed to care nothing for true, ever-faithful love, but only for meeting what they felt were their own little needs at the time, as Serena’s dad did. Even though Linda didn’t know Serena’s mom, she closed her eyes and bit her lip in pain when she thought of Serena’s dad throwing Serena’s mom in the garbage, and running after some overgrown, overheated, aging high-school queen instead. Worst of all, Linda thought, Serena’s dad was a supposedly normal big businessman and former football hero, while the gentle, loving, honest, faithful-hearted Serena was supposedly abnormal, merely because Serena was a harmless sex pervert who secretly wore girls’ clothes. Linda couldn’t keep from crying at the injustice of it all.

“Linda, what’s wrong?” Serena asked. “Why are you crying?”

Linda stifled a single sob, and answered with a question: “Serena, is your dad normal?”

“Um — well, yeah, sure, I mean, as far as I know. What about it?”

“That’s why I’m crying!” Linda held Serena tight and kept on crying. “Your dad’s normal, and you’re not! That’s not how it should be!”

Serena was silent, holding Linda tightly and tenderly. “Well, that’s what I would have thought,” she said at last. “Maybe, someday, that’s not how it will be.”

“I won’t wait until someday to love you, no matter whether you’re normal or abnormal,” Linda said, in defiance of all who knew no higher standard than normality, all who might even call evil normal and goodness abnormal. Heedless of anyone who might be looking on, she kissed Serena full on the mouth, and the two young lovers clung to one another for dear life.

##

# **What If I Don't Want To See Your Breasts?**

**by Dulci Daily**

If you know anything about my private life, which isn't all that private, you'll know I just love to show off my breasts. I'm "Big Blondie" (Bill Blandsberg in real life), the founder, web designer, and supreme moderator of the Good Guys with Gynecomastia (GGG) discussion group on the Internet. In case you don't already know about it, it's the great gathering place for gynecomastic guys, admirers, and sympathizers from all over the globe to share words and pictures about many men's womanly breasts, swollen pectoral modules, bitch tits, man-boobs, moobs, or whatever they want to call them. You might be amazed to find out how many men have breasts like a woman, or think they do, even if their breasts aren't nearly as big as mine. Mine are big, really big for a guy's natural breasts,

with hot pink nipples that are almost always sticking out, and they're naturally hairless too. I love it!



I've got pictures of my bare ones on the GGG site, and you could really mistake them for a woman's breasts—smaller than average for a woman, of course, but bigger than some women's tiny ones. (Actually, in addition to the men with big ones that abound on GGG, I've got a collection of pictures of women with little ones, which I love to compare to the men with big ones.) My pretty, pointy nipples are also a bit small compared to most real women's nipples, but I bet they're every bit as excitable!

I've got pictures of me in bras and sexy lingerie, too; if I do say so myself, I think my cleavage is mighty delectable to look at above a low, lacy neckline. I've also got some of me in my professional attire, if you can call it that. To say the least, there isn't an exacting dress code at Pacific Grandeur Productions, where I work. A lot of days, in fact, my neckline at work has been almost as low as in the lingerie!

Almost nobody ever complained about it, even though everybody knows I'm a guy (my bass voice would give me away at once, even if nothing else did). This is Pacific Heights, after all, the home of the Pacificum State Capitol, where some of the most far-reaching anti-discrimination laws in the history of the universe have been enacted. I fit right in with the real girls, as long as I keep my big mouth shut. I do look a lot like a girl (although a fairly fat girl, I admit), what with my feminine clothes, my wavy shoulder-length blond hair, my chubby but shapely legs that I think look very nice in short skirts, and (need I repeat) my remarkably decent-sized breasts. A visitor to Pacific Grandeur Productions, in addition to seeing a lot of real work being done in web design, software design, graphic design, and more, can catch many fine eyefuls of lovely faces, lovely legs, and (not least) lovely breasts.

You can imagine how surprised I was one morning when I passed by Ethan Grandisson's cubicle and saw something about breasts that I had never seen before, anywhere, at any time. Ethan was pretty new at Pacific Grandeur, a slightly goofy but very nice guy and a really bright software developer, pretty much your stereotyped skinny, bespectacled geek in appearance, except a bit taller than average. I'd never seen anything out of the ordinary in his cubicle before, just some pictures of family and friends and stuff like that, but this sure was way out of the ordinary. In a prominent place where any passerby would see it, Ethan had put up a poster showing a beautiful girl, but with the well-known "NO" symbol superimposed. The circle surrounded her, and the diagonal slash passed directly over her breasts, covering them up entirely. The caption was even more striking: "WHAT IF I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR BREASTS?"

I almost laughed out loud, but forced myself not to. I felt I did need to find out what this was about, though, especially since I liked Ethan and I was hoping to find out if he was gay or, like me, bisexual.

"Hey, Ethan," I called out to him. "How come you don't want to see my breasts?"

He glanced at me and looked away, presumably because he would see a fair amount of my breasts if he looked at me. "Oh, come on, you know why," he said.

I stared at him with my eyebrows high, although he didn't see. "No, I really don't," I said. "Please tell me."

He took a deep breath and almost snorted, as if it were too obvious for words. "First tell me how come you want to show off your breasts," he demanded.

"Oh, well, I just think it's kind of exciting," I said.

"Exactly. It's too exciting. That's why I don't want to see them, and I don't want to see real girls' breasts either."

You think I want to go around with a bulge in my pants all day, thinking about breasts and sex and shit instead of what I'm supposed to be doing on the job?"

Evidently he didn't. Me, I did go around every now and then with a stout six-inch bulge in my Patti's Puffies panties underneath my skirt, but it didn't bother me. I could see how it might bother Ethan, though. He wore fairly tight jeans, his bulge looked at least as long as mine, and he certainly did tend to get one every now and then, as my sharp eyes had soon discerned.

"No, I don't think you do," I assured him. "But, um, can't you just look somewhere else?"

"Sure I can, a lot of the time. But that's not good enough. As soon as my eyes get anywhere near a nice pair of breasts with some good cleavage being shown off, my eyes leap to them like iron to magnets." He rolled his eyes to keep them far away from my breasts. "See, if I even look at your face for a second" — he did, but only for a second — "well, your breasts are right down there, and then I can't keep my eyes off them, and I start to get the bulge." I admit I was getting one too, thinking about him getting one from seeing my breasts while knowing I was a guy.

I thought of advising him to beat off regularly to relieve the pressure. That was what I used to do almost every night when I was a teen-ager, to try to keep from getting big boners every day in school, although I usually masturbated "girls' style" with my cock hidden between my legs, rather than beating off up front as normal boys did. Later on, though, I decided it was more exciting to let the pressure build up to a pretty high level, and then go down to Club Swank Wank for some mutual enjoyment with an acquaintance or even a total stranger. Now, at 28, I was pretty set in my ways — those ways. "Um, just tell me if you don't think this is a good idea," I said, "but do

you think it might help relieve the pressure if you were to, um, beat off regularly?"

"No," he said. "I tried it for a while. It didn't do any good at all, it made me feel bad afterward, and it reduced my overall energy level."

I liked to think of myself and portray myself as a brash, sassy, sexy girlie-boy, but Ethan made me feel different, almost bashful. I didn't want to make him feel bad or reduce his energy level. I actually wanted to help him.

"Well, OK," I said. "I haven't got any less revealing clothes to change into today, but I'll cover up my breasts tomorrow. I don't know about the real girls, but at least I'll try to help you out."

He looked at me. I could see his eyes darting to my breasts and my legs, but he was grinning and bearing it. "Wow, do you mean it?" he asked.

"Sure I mean it," I assured him. "I know what it's like, with the magnetized eyes and the bulge in my skirt and everything." Especially the bulge in my skirt, I was thinking right now. I was liking Ethan more and more, wishing he wanted to see my protruding panties and what was inside them, although I was pretty sure he didn't.

"Hey, thanks," Ethan said. "You're the only one who's given me a positive response to my poster. You know, Carmen actually told me, 'Fuck you if you don't want to see my breasts! Look somewhere else if you don't like it!'"

"That's really easy to believe," I said, "but I'm not like Carmen, and I'll try to help you out. Now, how about my legs? Would you like to see less of them, too?"

"Yes, please," he said. "I really appreciate this." He grinned and bore the sight of me again. My heart actually started throbbing.

“OK, then,” I said. “I admit I don’t have any experience dressing like a real decent lady, but I’ll give it a shot.”

I gave it a really good shot. After a trip to the Movers and Shakers Thrift Shoppe on Queen’s Bluff, where I live, I was equipped to simulate decency with the best of them.

Next morning I admired my new, ladylike looks in the mirror for longer than necessary. My hair was pulled straight back from my forehead and held in place with a headband. With the feminine-looking glasses I wore to work every day, my face even looked like that of a fairly intellectual, dignified lady, which would have given the guys on GGG a big laugh. My high-necked, cream-colored blouse with little flowers printed all over was really pretty, and it was opaque enough that I was pretty sure you couldn’t see how skimpy and sexy my bra was. Most dignified of all was my full skirt, somewhere between burnt orange and chestnut in color, and reaching well below my knees. My legs were bare and my shoes sensible, as always, but that took away little or nothing from the dignity of my appearance.

I could hardly wait to show off my new look to Ethan. I almost skipped down from my apartment and over to Queen’s Boulevard to catch the trolley bus. Rolling down the steep slope toward downtown, I thought of what I might say to him, and of how attractive he might find me if he really was gay or bisexual. Progressing through the heart of downtown Pacific Heights on Arthur Boulevard, watching the many people hurrying to work, I thought of how soon I would be at work myself, and how unusually glad I would be when I got there. After I got off at Smalley Street, near the far edge of downtown, I swung my arms and my hips exuberantly as I walked the final two blocks to the Pacific Grandeur office.

I looked into Ethan's cubicle almost at once. He was there already. "Hey, Ethan!" I said. "Is this more like it?"

He looked up from his work, looked me over, and grinned. "Wow! Yeah, that's a lot more like it!" he said. "Now if only the real girls would take the hint! You look great!"

"Why, thank you!" I said, feeling my strong heartbeat as far down as my panties. "Any time! I aim to please!" I didn't dare tell Ethan, not yet, how much I would aim to please him, if only he was willing. He soon returned to his work, and I to mine, although I was afraid my thoughts of Ethan would distract me at least as much as his thoughts of "breasts and sex and shit" distracted him.

That evening at home, whether because I was going crazy about Ethan or just plain going crazy, I got an idea that gripped me and wouldn't let me go. Every now and then I write little songs, mostly for my own amusement, and I thought of one that I just had to write. Before the evening was far gone, I had the lyrics and a rollicking tune to match:

What if I don't want to see your breasts?

YOUR BREASTS!

What if I don't want to see your breasts?

YOUR BREASTS!

Seeing 'em gets me too excited;

Need my attention undivided!

What if I don't want to see your breasts?

YOUR BREASTS!

What if I don't want to see your legs?

YOUR LEGS!

What if I don't want to see your legs?

YOUR LEGS!

Thoughtless of you to reveal 'em;

Please have pity and conceal 'em!

What if I don't want to see your legs?

YOUR LEGS!

As if it wasn't bad enough to write the song, I just had to let Ethan hear it the next morning. He loved it and laughed out loud. I readily agreed to teach it to him when he asked me. Soon we were attracting attention from the occupants of other cubicles, including female occupants such as the song was addressed to. Some of them just laughed, but one didn't.

That one, sure enough, was Carmen Oriflamme, the chief slutty dresser of the entire office, the one who had told Ethan "Fuck you if you don't want to see my breasts." A day hardly ever went by when you couldn't see generous slices of her big breasts, and her bare legs almost up to her panties, if she was wearing any. This wasn't that rare day. Her low-cut, short-skirted red dress seemed to be screaming at guys that they should think seriously about fucking her. Her hot dark eyes, gorgonesque black hair, and big pouting lips with fire-engine red lipstick completed the picture of a full-service screw product.

Ethan and I got a bit carried away. We sang the song one last time, especially for Carmen, and we ended up pointing all four of our combined index fingers directly at her at the end. She was mighty pissed.

"God damn it," she said. "You think you can get away with this fucking shit. Well, you can't. I'm calling the police." She whipped out her cell phone and dialed 911 at once.

“This is Carmen Oriflamme at Pacific Grandeur Productions, 200 West Smalley,” she said. “I want to report an incident of sex-based humiliation, sexual intimidation, and visual rape.”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” I muttered when she got off the phone. I was pretty sure she wasn’t, though. There are a lot of good things about living in the most liberal state in existence, but one of the downsides is that you can go to jail pretty easily for even minor hate crimes and sex-discrimination crimes — which there are plenty of on the books, probably more than in any other state.

The police soon arrived, a short, stout male officer and a tall, skinny female one. “Where’s Carmen Oriflamme?” the female one asked.

“That’s me,” said Carmen. “These assholes” — she indicated Ethan and me — “were humiliating me based on my display of sexual attributes, and threatening me in retaliation for lawful sex-related conduct, or with intent to induce a change in my sex-related conduct, including but not limited to the display of sexual attributes. And they were persistently looking at me with intent to gratify their sexual desires.” She really seemed to have the definitions of those crimes down pat.

“OK, what did they actually say or do?” the male officer asked.

“They were singing a song about how exciting it was to see my legs and my breasts, and telling me I shouldn’t be revealing them, but they were looking at them anyway. And they pointed their fingers at me, to let me know the song was about me.”

“Have you got the exact words of the song?”

“I don’t have it memorized, but that was the basic idea. It was too exciting to see my sexual attributes, so

they humiliated me, and they threatened me with continued humiliation if I didn't stop displaying them."

I decided to take the initiative. "I've got the exact words," I said. The officers raised their eyebrows slightly when they heard my deep voice, but they said nothing.

"Here's the song," I said. I sang the song. "And we were just singing it in this cubicle when she showed up," I added. "We didn't seek her out. She wanted to hear the song, so she came here to hear it."

"Is that true?" the female officer asked Carmen.

"Hell, yes, it's true! You could hear it all over the office."

The male officer frowned. "I think we need Joe Carnauga," he said. "That's our police legal advisor," he explained to Carmen. He pulled out his walkie-talkie and asked to talk to Joe Carnauga.

"Hey, Joe," he said. "What do you think about this? We've got a female complaining about two males serenading her with a song about what if they don't want to see her breasts, and her legs, saying it's too exciting to see them, so they don't want to. The complaint is sex-based humiliation, sexual intimidation, and—what was the other one again?"

"Visual rape," said Carmen.

"Visual rape," the officer repeated.

"What's the visual rape about?" the advisor asked.

"Um, I'm not quite sure," the officer admitted.

"They were looking at me," Carmen butted in, "and telling me it was too exciting to see my breasts and my legs! That's a thinly veiled reference to their intent to gratify their sexual desires!"

"What were the actual words of the song?"

"Sing it for him," the male officer directed me. I did.

"OK," said Joe when the song was done, "I don't think the visual rape is going anywhere. When you look at the whole song, it could easily mean just what it says: they don't want to gratify their sexual desires by looking at her breasts, so they wish she'd cover them up. Without the intent to gratify, there's no visual rape. Don't even bother proposing that charge. Now let's look at the humiliation and intimidation."

"This is an outrage," Carmen muttered. She stared intently at the walkie-talkie, eager to correct the legal advisor if he showed any inclination toward further leniency.

"A person who intentionally humiliates another person based on that person's actual or perceived sexual conduct, including but not limited to display of sexual attributes," the advisor said, "commits sex-based humiliation, a Class D misdemeanor. As long as these guys were just singing the song in their cubicle to nobody in particular, and she just showed up to listen, I don't think there's any evidence of intent to humiliate her."

"They were singing it loud enough for everyone to hear," Carmen butted in again, "and intending to humiliate every woman who wears revealing clothes!"

"Ma'am, I'll be sure to ask for your input as soon as I need it to discuss these legal questions with the officers," the advisor said. "Now, it's a closer question if they're pointing their fingers at her while they sing the song. If they were pointing their fingers and telling her, 'you slutty little piece of shit, cover up those tits,' it would be sex-based humiliation for sure. On the other hand, if they just said something like 'would you please dress more modestly,' it would be tough to prove they intended to humiliate her, even if she actually did get humiliated and pissed off."

“You’re wrong!” Carmen intruded. “I know how these people think! When they say something like ‘would you please dress more modestly,’ it always means ‘you slutty little piece of shit, would you please dress more modestly’! How can you just close your eyes to how these assholes really think?”

“Ma’am, I’m not going to argue with you,” the advisor said, “but we can’t presume they’re guilty just because you think you know how they think, and you wouldn’t be allowed to testify about how you think they think. That song sounds to me more like just saying ‘would you please dress more modestly,’ even if someone might imagine it said ‘slutty little piece of shit’ between the lines. I don’t think the sex-based humiliation is going anywhere either. Now let’s look at the sexual intimidation.”

“God damn it, I know my rights,” Carmen insisted. “They can’t get away with this.”

“A person who communicates a threat to another person in retaliation for lawful sex-related conduct,” the advisor recited, “or with intent to induce a change in the person’s sex-related conduct, including but not limited to the display of sexual attributes, commits sexual intimidation, a Class A misdemeanor, except, blah blah blah, under circumstances that don’t apply here. OK, so she engaged in lawful sex-related conduct, like showing off her breasts, and they intended to get her to change that conduct, like not showing them off any more.”

“They knew God-damn well I wasn’t going to stop—” Carmen muttered. She suddenly stopped, and the advisor seemed to ignore her.

“The main question,” the advisor said, “is whether there was a threat. A threat can include an expression of intention to expose the person to humiliation, ridicule, or disgrace. Example: if you don’t cover up your breasts, I’ll

reveal to the world that you're a slutty little piece of shit, or, you already did show off your breasts, so I'm going to retaliate by revealing to the world that you're a slutty little piece of shit. OK so far?"

"Yeah, I guess," said the female officer. "But I'm not hearing that these guys threatened to reveal that fact to the world, or to anyone who didn't already know or, uh, have an opinion about that."

"You're not hearing what anyone who knows how these people think would hear!" Carmen retorted. "Listen to the words: what if I don't want to see your breasts? Meaning, what am I going to do if I don't want to see your breasts and you keep showing them off anyway? Meaning, I'm going to reveal to the world that you're a slutty little piece of shit, of course! Then I'm going to take charge and force you to cover up everything, and I'll have your clit cut off and give you the God-damn death penalty for fucking, too! Don't you have any idea how these fundamentalist fanatics think?"

I had to laugh out loud at that, even though the police were there to investigate whether I'd committed any hate crimes. I'd been called many names in my life, but never before a fundamentalist fanatic.

"Would either of you guys like to make a voluntary statement about what you were thinking?" the female officer asked. "You're not under arrest, and you don't have to say anything, but you can if you want to."

"Yeah, I'd like to make a statement," I said. "I saw that Ethan here had this poster up in his cubicle, I asked him about it, and he explained why he didn't want to see women flaunting their breasts in public. I decided to make up a little song about it, which maybe was in poor taste or whatever, but it was just supposed to be a joke. We were singing it here in his cubicle, and some other

people came to listen. Most of them realized it was a joke, but Carmen didn't."

"These assholes thought it was a joke to humiliate me and degrade me, and threaten to ruin my life!" Carmen lashed out.

"A pretty dumb joke, don't you think?" the male officer asked me.

"Um, yeah, I guess maybe so," I had to admit. "But not a joke about humiliating or degrading anyone, much less ruining their life."

"What do you think, Joe?" the male officer asked into the walkie-talkie.

"I agree," said Joe. "A pretty dumb joke, but I can't see it as a crime. I mean, obviously the prosecutor couldn't put on a parade of real fundamentalist fanatics to testify that these jokers were thinking like them. Plus, as she was starting to say, if they already knew she wasn't going to stop showing off her breasts, they couldn't actually have intended to get her to stop showing them off."

"It was retaliation, you butthead! It was fucking retaliation!" So Carmen said, but everyone ignored her.

"OK, thanks, Joe," the officer said. "That's it for now."

He turned to me. "Cut out the dumb jokes, OK?" he told me.

"You bet," I said, greatly relieved. The officers took off.

"God damn it! This sucks! This sucks cock!" Carmen complained. "I've had it here! I'm going to law school! I'm going to become the prosecuting attorney and send assholes like you guys to prison!" It wasn't true. Every now and then Carmen threatened to become the mayor, the governor, or some other powerful public servant, but she never did. She was pretty good at graphic design, and

presumably sex, but not much else as far as I could see, and she wouldn't be able to win an election on the votes of dumb male fuckheads alone.

"Hey, what's going on here? Why were there police officers coming out of here?" Jim Stungas, the owner of Pacific Grandeur Productions, arrived at work when the police had just left. He always wanted to know what was going on in the office, but he wasn't always too great at finding out.

"False alarm," I promptly informed him. "They received a complaint, but they determined there was nothing to it."

"What was the complaint about?"

"Uh, I think it would be better for the person who called the police to tell you about that, if that person wants to tell you." Carmen made a hissy face at me and discreetly gave me the finger with both hands, but she said nothing. She sure didn't want Jim to know she was the one who got the police to come here for no good reason.

Jim looked around. "Well?" he said, but got no response. When it was plain that he wasn't going to get one, he said, "I don't want this to happen again. There'd better be no more calls to the police except in a genuine emergency—no false alarms. Whoever you are who made the call this time, you should be ashamed of yourself. Now let's get back to work." Ethan and I grinned at each other. I exercised noble self-restraint by not even giving Carmen a brief triumphant glance, much less the finger.

"Hey, Bill!" Ethan said when we were about to go home for the day. "How'd you like to come over to my place this Friday and celebrate not being in jail?"

“Uh, wow, sure!” I said. My skirt was starting to bulge by the time I got the words out. I had to force myself to consider that I didn’t even know if Ethan was gay or bisexual, and maybe he just wanted a little party with no sex, and so on and on. None of these wise, prudent thoughts had any effect inside my burgeoning panties.

“Great!” He told me how to get to his apartment on University Hill, and he said to show up at 7:00 or so on Friday evening. I eagerly agreed.

Will you want to see my breasts then? And more than my breasts? The words were begging to be released from my mouth into his ears, but I sternly refused to let them go. Friday, I figured, would be soon enough to find out.

That night I had the hardest time keeping myself from masturbating that I had ever had, since I first decided to cut out the at-will, girls’-style, breast-gripping, thigh-rubbing, backward-gushing meat-beating of my teens. I used to laugh at stories about guys trying hard not to whack it, like desert monks and hermits being plagued by fantasies about whole armies of sexy babes trying to get them to do it with them, while the monks and hermits grimly, manfully tried to resist the urge to cave in. Now I didn’t think it was so funny. I wanted to save myself for Ethan if there was any chance he would want me, and yet I wasn’t going to get any sleep all night if my bulb stayed as big as a nectarine and my shaft remained as rigid as a ramrod. Even if I just lay down in bed, I knew, my cock would soon gravitate to the bottom, I would press it down against the sheet and pump my butt, and I would gush all over my tummy, as I used to do as a teen-ager when I wasn’t doing it girls’ style.

I sighed and rose. I had taken a shower this morning, I didn’t need another one to get clean, but maybe it would help me relax and cool off. If I did happen to ejaculate in the shower, at least it would be semi-involuntary, kind of

like in a wet dream. I hadn't had a lot of wet dreams in my life, after my first one at only ten and a half years of age, because my frequent voluntary ejaculations hadn't left me with much semen for wet dreams. At least, though, I grasped the basic wet-dream concept: something extremely exciting happened in the dream, I ejaculated involuntarily, and then I woke up.

I went into the bathroom, still wearing the boring men's pajamas I had deliberately selected because they were a lot less exciting than my sexy lingerie. In the bathroom I stripped them off. In my wet-dreamlike fantasy, Ethan was watching me, and he was already nude.

I turned the water on, adjusted the temperature, and got into the shower. In my fantasy, Ethan followed. I gave him a big eyeful of me soaping up my bare breasts. He moved closer. I knew there was little or no hope of not ejaculating. I could only hope I would regain my potency, if needed, by Friday night.

I started to lather my cock. Ethan was very close to me. There was something different about him. I glanced at his chest. In my wet-dreamlike fantasy, Ethan had breasts, smaller than mine, but not like the totally flat chest he had in reality. I glanced farther down. I could not see his cock. I was totally fascinated to think that Ethan, too, knew the secret of girlish pretensions.

In reality, I was soaping up my bulb and my shaft, swollen and heated almost to the maximum. In my wet-dreamlike fantasy, Ethan was touching me, pressing closer and closer, admitting my oversized organ into a secret passage he surely did not have in reality. It was his love canal, his vagina, his womanly cave. Yes, in my fantasy, Ethan was a woman, and I was entering him, or rather her, standing up in the shower.

My last faint hope of not ejaculating vanished. I had to. I gave in totally to the onrushing urge. "Ethan! Yes! Yes! Oh, God, Ethan!" I gasped, rubbing and squeezing my big, soapy cock with both hands, just as if the female Ethan were claspng it tight within her cave and bucking hard to bring on her orgasm. In my wet-dreamlike fantasy, I was in her, she was going wild, I was ejecting spurt after spurt of sperm into her without restraint.

I groaned when it was over. At least now I would sleep tonight. I was pretty sure I would be able to get sexy for Ethan again on Friday night, too, if that was really what he wanted. I just hoped I wouldn't be too disappointed because he wasn't a woman in reality.

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The trolley bus let me off on the downhill slope of "the Drag," Pendragon Avenue, on University Hill beyond the campus of the U. I walked three blocks uphill from the Drag on narrow Godwin Street. At the corner of Gladstone Avenue I saw Ethan's apartment building, the Freeman Arms. It was warm for a summer evening in Pacific Heights; it was Friday evening, and I was about to see what the celebration with Ethan would lead to.

I walked up to the elderly, tree-shaded brick building, pressed the button for Ethan's apartment, and announced who I was after hearing Ethan's voice through the speaker. The door lock clicked; I opened the door, walked in, and went to apartment 105 at the end of the hall to the left, as instructed. My skirt wasn't bulging yet, but my heart was beating hard as I knocked on the door.

It opened. I stared. Ethan was a woman after all, I crazily fancied for a fraction of a second, until the woman before me spoke. Her voice was sweet, high, and entirely

feminine, unlike Ethan's voice. Then my stunned eyes regained their focus, and I began to see her as she really was.

She did look a lot like Ethan; she was shorter than he was, but almost as tall as me. Her dark curly hair was almost as short as Ethan's; her thin freckled face had his dark eyes, long nose, thin lips, and his friendly, frank, slightly silly expression, except she looked even friendlier than he did. Below the neck she looked a lot like Ethan too. Her hips were almost as slender as his, and she wore tight jeans like his. Her loose, mannish plaid shirt revealed nothing of her breasts except that they weren't gigantic, and they might even be very tiny.

Her face soon drew my eyes back to it and held them there. Even before she said much, her face made me think I might easily like her as much as I liked Ethan, or even more.

"Hi!" the woman had said to me, some seconds of staring ago. "You must be Bill." Now she was staring at me, and even starting to laugh at the long delay in my response.

"Uh, yeah, I'm Bill, all right," I said. "This is Ethan Grandisson's apartment, isn't it?"

"It sure is. I'm his sister Carla." She was looking at me with much more interest, and even what seemed like amazing admiration, than I would have expected from someone who had never seen me before—someone now suddenly confronted by a deep-voiced guy with long blond hair, wearing a bright many-colored skirt and a high-necked, semi-sheer cream-colored blouse with lacy undies visible beneath. Her next words, spoken more softly, brought me the beginning of an explanation: "Are you Big Blondie?"

My eyes opened really wide. “Well, yes, I am, now that you mention it,” I said in an almost equally soft voice. “Uh, were you expecting me to be?”

“Well, kind of. Ethan told me I should be prepared to meet a pretty unusual-looking guy with long blond hair, wearing women’s clothes. I’ve been one of your admirers on GGG for quite a while. It says on the site that you’re from Pacific Heights, and your pictures do show you with long blond hair and women’s clothes.” She discreetly refrained from mentioning the ones that showed me with no clothes of any kind, baring my breasts to the world. “So I looked at your pictures some more, to see if I could tell whether you were Big Blondie when you showed up—and, sure enough, you were. I’m really glad to meet you.”

She extended her hand, and I shook it. I couldn’t take my eyes off her face. She actually did seem to admire me. I’d never met any of my admirers in person before. I was loving it, especially since this admirer was at least as attractive to me as Ethan—nay, rather, at least as attractive to me as Ethan would have been if he had really been a woman. “I’m really glad to meet you too,” I told her most sincerely.

“Hey, Carla!” Ethan called out. “Are you going to let Bill in?”

“In due time,” she called back. “Come on in,” she said to me with a big, heart-warming smile.

I did. The main room of the apartment was L-shaped; Ethan was sitting on a love seat around the corner, not visible from the front door. With him was a woman who looked more like me than like him, except her breasts were bigger than mine. I couldn’t see anything but the general size and shape of them, though, because her light

blue blouse was as high-necked as mine but, unlike mine, it was fully opaque.

“Hey, Bill, glad you could make it,” said Ethan. “This is my fiancée, Abby Delille.”

“Oh, hi,” said Abby. “Um, I’m pleased to meet you.” She hesitated only for a fraction of a second before extending her hand for me to shake. Her eyes were blue like mine, and wide open, but she seemed timid about meeting me.

I took the situation in at a glance, and I was pretty sure I understood. Ethan wasn’t gay or bisexual at all. He was in love with a virgin, and he sure wasn’t going to get her panties or even her bra off before they were married. That was why he was so hypersensitive to thoughts of “breasts and sex and shit,” and why he was so sincerely eager to avoid them.

“Pleased to meet you too,” I told Abby honestly. I didn’t even feel disappointed to know that Ethan was totally straight. Now I was just wondering how far his sister’s admiration for me might lead her to go. I hoped I wouldn’t try to take advantage of her, not too much advantage anyway, but the admiration was definitely going to my head.

“What’ll you have, Bill—beer, wine cooler, or what?” Ethan asked.

“Wine cooler,” I said. He promptly got up and got me one from the refrigerator. “Help yourself to some snacks,” he said, pointing to the party mix, cheese and crackers, chips and dip, and more on the coffee table in front of the love seat. “And a seat,” he said, indicating a plastic Adirondack chair that looked more suitable for outdoor use than indoor. “And some music? Is this music OK?”

“Uh, yeah,” I said. I hadn’t noticed any music before; now I noticed some soft but fairly lively classical music coming from unobtrusive speakers. “What is it?”

“Dvorak’s American string quartet. If you like it, thank Abby. She gets me huge amounts of free classical music from the Internet.”

“I do like it,” I said after listening for several more seconds. “Thanks, Abby.” I smiled at her.

“Oh, you’re welcome,” she said. She didn’t smile at me. I got the impression that maybe men in women’s clothes weren’t among Abby’s favorite kinds of people, but at least she was being polite to me. It could have been a lot worse, I figured.

Carla got herself a beer from the refrigerator and sat down in another plastic chair, not far from me. “Well, I hope you’re finding this a lot more pleasant than jail,” she said to me.

“Uh, yeah, I’m pretty sure I am,” I said. I gave her an appreciative look, indicating that one reason why jail would be less pleasant was that she wouldn’t be there. “So Ethan told you about our little brush with the law, huh?”

“Yes, he told me some woman at work didn’t like a song you and he were singing, and she called the police about it, but he wouldn’t sing the song for me. He said you were the composer, so you should have the honor of singing it.”

“Oh, I guess that means I’m on the spot to sing it now, huh? Well, thanks, Ethan.”

Ethan laughed. “Any time,” he said. “You don’t really mind singing the song again, do you?”

“I guess not, after I drink a little more.” I took a couple of big sips of the wine cooler; then I sang the song.

“Ethan, you shouldn’t have taken the risk of going to jail just to sing that silly song,” Abby gently reprimanded him after hearing it. “It’s not even in good taste.”

“No, it’s not, but it’s pretty funny anyway,” Carla commented. “That woman must have been pretty dead serious about showing herself off, and pretty hypersensitive to comments about it, if she couldn’t even take a joke like that song.”

“Well, actually, I didn’t know there was any risk of going to jail for singing it,” Ethan said. “I couldn’t imagine that even Carmen would call the police about it.”

“I probably should have imagined,” I admitted. I figured Abby wouldn’t want to hear the expression “slutty little piece of shit,” so I tried to translate it into polite speech. “Carmen is very devoted to expressing herself by dressing in, uh, ways that decent ladies wouldn’t find acceptable. I should have known she’d try to get us thrown in jail for criticizing her about it in a way that made people laugh.”

“You’re very fortunate that she didn’t succeed,” Abby told me severely. Maybe it wasn’t my women’s clothes Abby disliked after all, I thought; maybe it was my inadequate concern for keeping her beloved Ethan out of jail.

“I sure am, and so is Ethan,” I said. “I’m sorry. I’ll be a lot more careful to avoid giving needless offense to Carmen after this.” That was pretty polite, I figured—a good translation of my original thought, neatly substituting “giving needless offense to” for “pissing off” and “Carmen” for “that slutty little, etc.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” Abby said. “I don’t want anything bad to happen to Ethan.” She leaned close to him and put her arm around him; he responded in kind.

It was a good little celebration, but I kept wanting to talk with Carla about some things I was pretty sure Abby would prefer not to hear about, and I got the distinct impression that Carla would like that too. After we talked, ate, drank, and listened to music for a while, I said so: "Hey, I don't want to rush off or anything, but Carla and I found we had some common interests when I first showed up here, and I was thinking we might go out, walk around, and talk for a little while, if that's OK. I know a person who willfully dumps dung upon an ongoing party commits party-pooing, a Class P misdemeanor, but you won't call the police on us, will you?"

Ethan laughed out loud. Abby didn't laugh at all, probably because (I have to admit) what I said was in even poorer taste than my ill-fated song. Carla started to laugh, but stopped herself, probably for the same reason.

"OK, the party's over, so the so-called crime can't be committed," Ethan assured me. "Besides, you could claim self-defense if you found Carla's company so much more fascinating than ours that you had to escape."

"Uh, you'd probably do better to rely on the party being over," Carla said. "But sure, that's fine with me."

"OK, see you sooner or later," Ethan said.

"Thanks for coming," Abby said. "I'm glad you could come." I thought that was really nice of her, even if she was stretching the truth about being glad.

Carla and I were talking before we got out of the building. "So," I said, "how did you get interested in GGG, anyway?"

"Oh, it's kind of silly, I guess," she said, "but I've always been too fascinated by breasts, at least ever since I was 11 or 12, when lots of other girls were starting to get big ones, and I didn't have any yet. I was actually almost 14 before I even started to get any. I was so excited when I

finally started to get them—and then they pooped out and stopped growing when they were still tiny, and I was so disappointed! I was embarrassed when I got teased about being flat-chested, and I noticed that some boys got teased about not being flat-chested. I felt sorry for them, I didn't think it was fair, and I wished I could do something to help them, but back then I didn't know how.

“Then later on I found out there was actually a name, ‘gynecomastia,’ for the condition of guys not being flat-chested, and I kind of wondered if I might, um, meet some guy who had it. I mean, it would kind of be something we had in common; we both got teased for being supposedly the wrong shape up here.” She gestured in the direction of her hidden tiny breasts. I wanted to see them. I wondered if she would let me see them.

“So,” she went on, “when I found out about GGG, I was totally fascinated—especially when I read the things you wrote. You had such a good sense of humor, you always seemed to be kind and patient and understanding, and you gave the guys good advice about not being embarrassed about their breasts—especially when the Moob Doc was trying to get them to have surgery to get rid of their breasts.”

“Ugh!” I said. “That would be mighty impressive if I was always kind and patient and understanding with the Moob Doc, but I'm pretty sure I'm not.” The “Moob Doc,” Dr. Richard Oglestone, was my blte noir on GGG. His specialty was “MBRS,” male breast reduction surgery, and he was pretty aggressive about trying to get guys to undergo it. I crossed swords with him almost every time he showed up on the site, and I was going to keep at it as long as he kept showing up. I didn't like to think about what might happen if I ever met him in person—which might actually happen, since he too lived in Pacific

Heights, and his ads for MBRS (to be performed by himself, of course) regularly appeared in the media here.

“Well, you do pretty well at pretending to be, then,” Carla said. “You’re kind of my favorite celebrity.”

I laughed. “I never thought of myself as a celebrity,” I said. “I guess I am, though, in a pretty small, select, but world-wide circle.”

“You sure are,” she assured me. “I’m honored to be allowed to accompany you.” She gave me a sweet little laugh, as if to acknowledge that it might sound a bit silly to say that, and yet to confirm that she really meant it.

“Hey, I’m just as honored as you are,” I told her. “You can accompany me any time you want.” I really meant it, too—all the more when I saw her eyes open wide in delight. Crazy, amazing thoughts started leaping up in my mind, thoughts of being accompanied by Carla throughout my life, in good times and bad, for richer or poorer, for better or for worse. I’d never met her before today, and yet I’d never met anyone like her in my life. I’d been attracted to many women and men, but I’d never been in love with anyone—except, I had to admit, with myself. Now maybe that was changing, at long last. If there was any chance that Carla might really fall in love with me, and I with her, I sure wasn’t going to pass it up.

“Wow, don’t say that unless you mean it,” she told me. “I might actually take you up on it if you don’t watch out.”

I laughed. “I do mean it,” I said. “There’s only one little thing I wonder if I might ask you to do for me in return.” I hoped I wasn’t making a massive mistake. If I was, I hoped I could back out at once and issue an equally massive apology.

“Sure, what is it?” She looked as if it might be OK with her even if the one little thing was to have sex with her,

but it wasn't. If Carla had been a guy, I might have asked her to go to Club Swank Wank with me. I couldn't think of asking the real Carla to do anything like that at this point. It would have been at least as stupid as blowing a million dollars, or my entire future, on a single short outing to Club Swank Wank.

"Well, just let me know if this is way out of line," I said, "but I wonder if you might let me see your breasts sometime. I mean, just see them, that's all."

"Oh! Well, uh, there's really not much to see!" she said. "But I guess, if you really want to see them—I mean, maybe it would be only fair! I've already seen yours, after all, at least in pictures!" She laughed. Why, I wondered, was she blushing deeply, if the sight of her breasts was as insignificant as she claimed?

"My apartment's just up the block on the Drag," Carla told me. We were walking down Godwin, approaching the corner of the Drag. Soon we were walking up a flight of stairs to a little apartment above an almost equally little restaurant, Cartier's Candlelight Corner.

"OK, here goes," Carla told me without delay when she had turned on the light and locked the door. "Don't say I didn't warn you." I could see her trembling, and blushing even more deeply than before, as she unbuttoned her shirt to reveal a plain little bra with very small cups. It was a front-hook one, easy to open. She closed her eyes as she pulled it open to let me see her bare breasts.

"Wow, they're beautiful," I told her. It was true. They were really tiny, but perfectly formed, with protruding pink nipples that weren't as tiny, in proportion, as the rest of them. My mouth was open in amazement at their loveliness and their obvious excitability. I had to touch them, if I could. I hoped I wasn't going to be taking advantage of Carla's admiration.

“Uh, I know I said I only wanted to see them,” I said, “but would you mind if I touched them too? I mean, if that’s not OK, just tell me.”

She opened her eyes and swallowed hard. “It’s OK,” she told me; then she gasped for breath. “Just please don’t try to go too far. I’m still a virgin.”

“I won’t,” I assured her. A virgin! I was thinking. What if she could be my virgin bride someday? Maybe it was a totally crazy thought, but I was going totally crazy about Carla. If there was any chance, I couldn’t pass it up. It would be dumber to pass it up than to blow a billion dollars on one quick wank at the club.

I moved around behind her, reached forward, and tenderly touched her breasts. “Oh!” she sighed deeply as soon as I did. She pressed her hands firmly against mine, rubbed them up and down, and sighed more deeply and more fervently: “Ohhhh!”

I was not going to try to take her virginity, I insisted to myself, though my cock was rigid beneath my skirt and panties, pressing hard against her butt. I had screwed a few girls in my younger years, but I quickly got tired of it, and of them, so I dumped them. I wasn’t going to do that to Carla, no matter what. It would be as idiotic as throwing away a trillion dollars for one stinking little fuck.

Carla was moaning, pumping her hips, and making me press her breasts almost flat except for her nipples. I was pretty sure she was going to have an orgasm, and it wouldn’t be her first, even if she was a virgin. That was fine with me; the only problem was that I was about to ejaculate in my panties.

“Carla!” I begged. “I won’t try to go too far, but would you mind giving me a helping hand? I’m about to burst!”

“Oh, gosh!” she said. “Uh, sure, but—let me see how this is going to work! Please don’t take your hands away!”

Still facing away from me, she reached way back; awkwardly, but energetically, she pulled my skirt and panties down without looking. Then she pulled her own pants down, but left her panties on. "Here," she said. "Here's my helping hand." She bent over, reached between her legs with her left hand, grasped my cock, and pulled it forward between her legs, while pressing it upward against her wet panties.

"Oh, ohhh, OHHHHH!" she moaned. I was moaning too. She squeezed my cock hard between her thighs and bucked with all her might. As soon as I started gushing, she withdrew her hand and completed both our orgasms by the force of her hips and thighs alone. Pressing my breasts firmly against her back, still wearing my blouse and bra, I brought her breasts fully into the heat of the orgasm with my hands, while my sperm was spurting without restraint all over her living-room floor.

"Oh, God," I groaned when it was over. "Carla, I'm sorry. I'm afraid I took advantage of you."

"No, you didn't," she assured me at once. "And I'm still a virgin—barely!"

"Too near a miss for comfort," I said. Keeping my hands on her breasts, with her hands still pressed against mine, I gave a little laugh and asked her, "What if I don't want to see your breasts?"

She gave a bigger laugh and responded, "It's too late! You've already seen them!"

"Yeah, but I wouldn't have to see them again, at least not for quite a while. I mean, um, seeing them gets me too excited, you know what I mean?"

"Wow, I sure do!" She laughed some more and caressed my hands, which I still didn't remove from her breasts. "But you really don't need to sing the song again, OK? I get the point already!"

Carla excused herself, presumably to change her panties. I pulled my own panties and my skirt back up; then I found some paper towels, moistened some of them, and cleaned up the semen spots from Carla's floor, which fortunately was made of easy-to-clean plastic laminate or something like that. Not too long after I was done, Carla reappeared.

She was wearing a skirt, simple, knee-length, royal blue, unquestionably feminine, not like her boring boyish jeans. Above the waist she looked feminine too, not flashy or glamorous, but simple and pretty, in a high-necked light blue blouse a lot like the one Abby wore at Ethan's. Even her face didn't look as boyish as Ethan's face any more; it only looked like his face might look if Ethan was really a woman after all.

"Wow, you look great," I told her honestly. "How about a date? Is that little restaurant below here any good?"

"Sure, it's very nice," she said. "Ethan and Abby let me tag along as a third wheel sometimes when they go there, but I've never been on a real date there before."

"Well, you will now," I assured her. I wondered how come the guys were not begging her for dates, but it was fine with me that they weren't. Maybe they just didn't see what I saw in her, I figured—and maybe, just maybe, she didn't even see in them what she seemed to see in me. We descended the stairs and entered the quiet little candlelit restaurant for our first date, which I hoped would be far from our last.

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On Monday morning I arrived at work early and peeked into Ethan's cubicle. I didn't want to waste any

time before telling Ethan how glad I was that he'd invited Carla to the little party. There were some things I wasn't going to tell him, of course, like about seeing and touching Carla's breasts. I also wasn't going to tell him, at least not just yet, about my fantasies of marrying her. I was so crazy about her that I wandered around Queen's Bluff on Sunday looking at churches and temples and things, wondering if any of them were unconventional enough for me and Carla to get married in. I even imagined what we might wear: Carla would wear a white wedding gown, of course, being a virgin. I, not being one, would dress like a dignified young widow getting remarried—a widow, because I hoped all the crap in my past would be dead and long gone from now on, like screwing sluts or semi-sluts and wanking at the club. I would draw the line at wearing men's clothes at my hoped-for wedding, which is why I would need a pretty unconventional church or temple or whatnot, but I would be as decent and ladylike as you could imagine—much more decent and ladylike than the guys on GGG could probably imagine.

Ethan wasn't in the cubicle yet. I looked around for a minute. The big picture of the girl with the invisible breasts was still there, but it didn't draw my attention. What did was a little picture of Carla, smiling and looking a lot like Ethan. I didn't actually remember seeing the picture before, but I probably had. I wondered if it had subconsciously influenced my wet-dreamlike fantasy about Ethan being a woman.

"Hey, Bill!" Ethan said, showing up for work. "What are you doing in here?"

"I was just admiring your picture of Carla," I told him truthfully. "She's great. Thanks a lot for inviting me and her to the same party."

"Any time! So, you and she got along pretty well together, huh?"

“Yeah, really well.” I didn’t say exactly how well, but I told him this: “We went down to Cartier’s Candlelight Corner and talked, and got to know each other a bit—enough to make me want to get to know her a lot better.”

Ethan’s eyes opened wide and he grinned. “Well, you just make sure you treat her right, OK? She’s—I mean, well, I don’t exactly tell her this or anything, but she’s really special. I bet she could make the right guy really happy for a long time, I mean, if he had any interest in being made happy for a long time.”

“I’m pretty sure I do,” I said, “and I’ll treat her right. I don’t want to have to get a butt transplant, and I’d have to get one if I didn’t treat Carla right, because I’d kick myself so hard I’d utterly destroy my butt.” Ethan laughed, and kindly refrained from commenting on what a big job it would be to destroy my butt.

“OK, then,” Ethan said. “Well, let’s get to work. I guess I’ll be seeing you and Carla together sometime before too long.”

“I sure hope so.” I gave him a grin as big, and probably at least as goofy-looking, as his own. Then I exited his cubicle and turned toward my own.

What do you know, I saw Carmen in the hallway, and this was that rare day when she was hardly showing any cleavage. Her skirt was still pretty short, but she was actually wearing a blouse with buttons that did what buttons are supposed to do. For a moment I thought of what a knockout Carmen would be if she would just dress decently and exude the old sex appeal with some modesty and restraint, instead of repelling even halfway decent guys with slutty looks. Then I remembered I didn’t care whether Carmen was a knockout or not.

I also remembered that, if not for Carmen, I might never yet have met Carla; in fact, I almost certainly wouldn't have. I had to thank Carmen for that, at least. "Hey, Carmen," I said. "I should thank you for calling the police on us. It worked out really well, as it turned out."

Carmen stared at me. "What, are you nuts?" she inquired.

I laughed. "Well, maybe so. I fit the mold of fools of old, when nuthood was in flower." I was too happy to care if Carmen thought I was nuts or not.

"You goofball," she said. "Well, next time maybe it won't work out so well, if there is a next time. I sure hope there won't be."

"I'm pretty sure there won't," I assured her. She didn't even seem to have any curiosity about how the police-calling incident worked out really well. She walked away, and I went into my cubicle.

Now I was going to have to try to work, while my thoughts of Carla were surely distracting me more powerfully than Ethan's thoughts of "breasts and sex and shit" had ever distracted him. I figured I couldn't very well take a sick day for being lovesick, though. I was just going to have to forge ahead and see if I could get anything done.

At least I wouldn't be bored, I reflected. I was pretty sure Carmen must get bored with fucking and sexiness and shit every now and then, just as I had become bored with screwing girls and, more recently, wanking with guys. That was long ago, in my old life, when I wasn't in love with Carla and having the dreams I was having about her now. If this was nuthood, I thought, there was only one thing I could think of saying in response to a question like Carmen's: "Yes, I'm nuts all right; let nuthood flower forever!"