

Meet Misti



Dulci Daily



A "Her Tv" Novel



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Meet Misti

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

Mitch MacCraikie was a normal boy, pretty much, until he was almost 12 years old. He was a bit chubby, and sometimes an obnoxious female friend of his mom's would embarrass him by saying it was too bad he wasn't a girl because he had such a pretty face—but that was no big deal. Mitch didn't notice that something was *really* unusual about him until a couple of months before his 12th birthday.

Mitch had noticed that his nipples were getting bigger and pointier but he didn't pay a lot of attention to them until one evening when he was getting ready for bed. He was in his underwear, and his nipples were making his T-shirt stick out in front. They were giving him funny feelings, good feelings, and he wanted to touch them. He wasn't sure it was a good idea but his hands seemed to be drawn to his nipples like iron to magnets. He touched them both at once through his T-shirt, and received an electric shock of pleasure. His penis, already over five inches long, stood erect almost at once.

Mitch had heard bad boys joking about “beating off,” but Mitch was a good boy and he didn’t want to do that. Still, his penis was demanding attention. If he didn’t do *something* about it, he was afraid his hands would be drawn to it as they had been to his nipples, and he would beat off for sure.

Girls don’t beat off, Mitch thought. They can’t beat off, because they don’t have penises! Maybe, Mitch figured, if he pretended he was a girl, he would be saved from beating off.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and took off his underwear. He saw his big dark nipples, at least as big around as quarters, with hard tips that were sticking way out. He pressed his penis down between his legs to pretend he was a girl. It wasn’t easy because his penis was so hard, but he did it anyway, clutching it tight between his legs to keep it from escaping.

Looking at his breasts again, Mitch noticed that something else was different about them too. It wasn’t just his nipples that were getting bigger, it was his whole breasts. In Mitch’s fifth-grade class at St. Raymond’s, some of the girls had little breasts. Mitch’s breasts looked a whole lot like theirs.

Mitch swallowed hard. He was afraid of what might happen if his breasts kept growing, and he was afraid it might make them grow faster if he squeezed them, but he couldn’t help it. The iron leaped to the magnets again. Mitch rubbed and squeezed his bare breasts with his eyes closed and his mouth wide open. His penis was going to escape and he feared he was going to beat off for sure if he didn’t press his legs together as tightly as he could to keep it down.

His penis was throbbing and protesting, demanding that Mitch release it and beat off. Mitch refused. He lay down on his side on the bed, bent his knees, and kept his legs clenched together as tightly as he could. His hips were starting to move in rhythm; he couldn’t keep them still. He pressed his breasts with both hands and kept clutching his hidden penis

tightly with his legs. It was sticking out beneath his butt, begging him to reach around and touch it. He tried to resist, fearing it would be too much like beating off if he touched it—but his penis, like his breasts, was a strong magnet for his hand. A shock of extreme pleasure made him tremble all over when he touched the big, backward-facing bulb of his penis behind his thigh, beneath his butt. His hand stayed on his bulb, gently caressing it, while his hips pumped faster and his thighs clutched the hidden part of his penis more intensely. At last he ripped his hand away, but the deed was already done. Mitch lost all control of his hips, an incredible flood of excitement overwhelmed him, and he could feel something coming out of his penis in great spurts onto the bed behind his quaking thighs.

When he was fully drained, Mitch gave a deep sigh. He hoped he hadn't harmed himself by doing this strange, unimaginably exciting girlish thing. At least, though, he hadn't beaten off, and that was a real accomplishment. With a sense of genuine triumph, Mitch thought to himself: *I'm not like those bad boys who beat off!*

To Mitch's dismay, his breasts continued to grow. In sixth grade, the bad boys started to call him "Nips" because everyone could see his nipples sticking out, even though he wore the loosest shirts he could. He was afraid it made them grow more when he rubbed and squeezed them while playing the girl, but often it was too exciting to resist.

By the time he was 13 and in seventh grade, Mitch decided something had to be done. He sneaked a peek at instructions on how to measure yourself for a bra, and he measured himself. The chart said he needed an A cup.

"Mom," Mitch said soon after that, "uh—can a boy wear a bra?"

His mom stared at him. “Well,” she said after a long silence, “I guess a boy could wear a bra if he really *needed* one.”

“I need one, Mom! This is crazy! Look!” Mitch pulled up his shirt and undershirt to show Mom his breasts.

“Oh!” Mom almost shrieked. “Oh, no! Well—uh—I guess you do need one. I can’t—well, I can hardly believe this.”

“Don’t tell Dad, OK?” Mitch begged. He was pretty sure his dad wouldn’t approve of him wearing a bra.

“Well . . . all right, I won’t tell him, but I’m pretty sure he’ll find out sooner or later.”

Dad found out sooner, not later. Mom had advised Mitch to wear bras with a bit of padding, to make sure his nipples wouldn’t show through. Mitch agreed and Mom bought him some plain, sturdy, padded bras. They did the job but they made Mitch’s breasts look even bigger than before. At dinner on the very first day when Mitch wore a bra, his dad stared, frowned, pointed, and said, “Hey, Mitch, what’s this? This doesn’t look good.”

Mitch gritted his teeth. He had to get it over with, he guessed. “I’m wearing a bra, Dad,” he said.

“I need one.” Mitch’s 11-year-old sister Katie, who had just started to wear a bra herself, giggled. Baby Henriette, oblivious to her brother’s discomfort, guzzled greedily at Mom’s breast.

Dad’s pale blue eyes, usually cool, showed mounting outrage. “The hell you do!” he almost shouted. “No son of mine is going to wear a bra!”

“I’m already wearing one, Dad,” Mitch insisted, “and I *need* one.” Angry at having to speak of such a

thing, he went on: "I'm too big up here to go without one."

"Well, that's got to be fixed," Dad proclaimed. "We'll take you to the Moob Doc."

Mitch felt a sudden shock of fear, though he was not sure why. "Who's the Moob Doc?" he asked.

"He's a doctor who specializes in male breast reduction surgery," Dad said. "He's helped a lot of guys with problems like yours, and he can help you too."

Mitch was shocked into silence. Could this really be the solution to his problem? Would it really be a good idea to get rid of his breasts and be like other boys—and maybe beat off like other boys, too? Dad had already made little joking references to Mitch beating off—not knowing that he never had, although he had acted like an incredibly excitable nude girl in bed quite a few times by now. Could Mitch really bear to lose his breasts—his beautiful, girlish breasts—just to please Dad and avoid being teased by bad boys?

Mitch looked around the table. Henriette was still oblivious. Katie's bright dark eyes and her sharp ears waited eagerly to see whether Mitch would refuse to go along with Dad's proposal. Mom's round, golden-brown, usually serene face showed signs of worry and anxiety. Dad's pale, thin face and piercing blue eyes showed his determination to bend Mitch to his will, to get rid of his bra and his breasts.

What would Mom say? Mitch frantically wondered. Mom, the family's fountain of serenity, somehow knew the secret of being able to calm Dad down when he was pissed—but Mom wasn't saying anything now. Mitch had to guess what she would say. He wasn't sure his guess was a good one, but he said it: "Well, uh, thanks, Dad, but I'm pretty sure this is how God made me—and this is how I'm going to stay, even if I do have to wear a bra." Yes, Mom would talk about God, as if she had some secret communication with God that most people didn't have; and Dad

would listen to her and calm down, even though Dad wasn't too devoted to God, to say the least. When Mitch tried it, though, it didn't work—far from it.

“*Horseshit!*” Dad shouted. Mom's face showed pain. She looked as if she wanted to reprimand Dad for shouting and using profanity, but also as if she didn't think this would be a good time for a reprimand.

“Look here, Mitch!” Dad said. “What you've got is a *disease*—a disease called *gynecomastia*. You're not going to tell me God doesn't want *diseases* to be cured! We'll make an appointment with the Moob Doc, and you're going to go. That's that.”

Mitch clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. He would *not* go! His breasts were part of him, lovely and exciting, and they set him apart from bad boys who beat off, too! Maybe he wouldn't have chosen to have them, but he did have them, and he wasn't getting rid of them! “No, Dad, I'm not going,” he was just about to say, heedless of the uproar he would surely provoke—but Mom intervened.

“Mitch,” she said softly, “it's your decision, but I really think you should go to the doctor and get his advice. Find out about all your options, and the pros and cons. Then you can make your decision.”

Mitch tried to calm down, just as Dad so often did when Mom talked to him. “All right, Mom,” he said when he could speak. “I'll get his advice—but it will be *my* decision.”

“Well, all I've got to say,” Dad said, “is it better be the *right* decision!”

“RICHARD OGLESTONE, M.D.” read the gold-colored plaque on the door of the doctor's office in the Physicians Tower, adjacent to Kingsley Memorial Hospital in downtown Pacific Heights. Dad and Mitch

entered the office, spoke to the receptionist, and filled out papers. A nurse called Mitch back, got his weight, took his temperature and blood pressure, and asked him some questions. Then, after Mitch waited alone in the examining room for a few minutes, the Moob Doc came in.

“Hi there,” said the tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, slightly stout doctor. “You’re Mitch, right?”

“That’s right.”

“I’m Dr. Oglestone. Your dad tells me you’ve got a problem with moobs.”

“Uh—does he mean these?” Mitch pointed to his breasts.

“Yes, that’s the idea.”

“Well, *he* thinks it’s a problem, but I don’t.”

The Moob Doc raised his eyebrows. “That’s pretty unusual,” he said. “Most boys your age, if they’ve got moobs, are dying to get rid of them. Well, do you mind if I have a look at what your dad thinks is a problem but you don’t? How about taking off your shirt and undershirt?”

Mitch complied, revealing his bra which had been under his undershirt. The Moob Doc suppressed a smile. “OK, I’ll need to see what’s under your bra,” he said. Mitch removed his bra.

“Hmm, this is pretty unusual,” the Moob Doc said upon viewing Mitch’s bare breasts. “I’m thinking there could be a hormonal imbalance that could affect the prospects for success of the surgery, if you did have the surgery. We’ll need to get some blood work done. I’ll get a nurse to poke your arm for a blood sample, and we’ll see you back here when we get the results.”

“Um—how do you mean, it could affect the prospects for success of the surgery?”

“Well, I don’t know yet. There are some fairly rare conditions under which it wouldn’t be advisable to get the surgery for various reasons. We should know when we get the results back.”

He went out of the examining room. Soon a nurse came in, tied Mitch’s arm, swabbed it, and poked it with a needle to draw blood.

“Well, what’s going on?” Dad asked when Mitch emerged. “Are you getting the surgery?”

“The doc said he needs to get results from a blood sample,” Mitch said. “He said I might have a hormonal imbalance that would make it not advisable to get the surgery.” Mitch tried not to smile in Dad’s face.

“Well, that would be the pits,” Dad said, frowning. “That better not be true.”

“OK, Mitch,” said the Moob Doc at the follow-up appointment, “I guess your dad’s going to be disappointed. You’ve got a rare hormonal imbalance that makes you develop the secondary sexual characteristics of a female, while retaining the primary sexual characteristics of a male. I guess I should verify that you’ve got all the standard male equipment down there, but I’ll be surprised if you don’t. Just drop your trousers for a minute, OK?” Mitch complied, and the doctor briefly examined his penis and balls.

“OK, you can pull them up,” he said. “Mitch, what you’ve got isn’t your standard case of gynecomastia, or male breast enlargement, that can easily be cured by surgery. There have been very few cases where the surgery was tried on a patient with this rare syndrome, and some of the results were pretty unsatisfactory. I mean, in those cases, the patients’ breasts grew back, sometimes larger than before, and in a couple of cases they even grew back misshapen. I’m pretty sure you don’t want that.”

“No, I don’t!” Mitch said. “Uh—well, so are my breasts going to keep growing?”

“Probably for a while—and that’s not the only thing. The hormonal imbalance will probably get more severe as you get farther into adolescence. Your hips will tend to get bigger like a girl’s hips, and your voice will get higher as the hormones kick in more. Within a couple of years, you’ll probably be just like a girl in voice and in looks, as long as you keep your pants on—or your skirt on, as the case may be.”

“Uh—you mean there’s nothing that can be done to keep that from happening?”

“Well, something *can* be done. It *may* be possible to cure this condition with a combination of complex hormone treatments and advanced surgical techniques. The cure, if it happened, would be terrifically expensive. It wouldn’t be covered by insurance, because the procedures are still experimental, and they don’t have an excellent success rate, to say the least. We could give it a try—but frankly, I don’t think your dad would want to spend a huge amount of money to turn you into a guinea pig for a probably unsuccessful experiment.”

“No, he sure wouldn’t. My dad hates to spend money, but he wanted me to get this surgery—I mean, the regular breast reduction surgery—even though the insurance wouldn’t pay for it.”

“Yes, I hope that will change someday, but it hasn’t yet. Well, your dad will be disappointed about you not getting the surgery, but the bright side will be that he’ll save a bunch of money. I’ll talk to him about it.”

The doctor left the room. After breathing a great sigh of relief, Mitch began to contemplate his future—or *her* future—as a boy who, to all appearances when not in the nude, would be a girl.

Mitch's dad wasn't the only one who noticed that he was wearing a bra, when Mitch would have preferred that embarrassing fact to remain unnoticed if possible. Not many days later, Mitch was called to the office of Mr. Killfrickrick, the vice principal at St. Raymond's.

"Mitch," said Mr. Killfrickrick, "I'm afraid there have been reports that you've been violating the dress code."

"How?" Mitch asked, though he knew the answer perfectly well.

"Well, it's been reported that you're wearing a bra." Mr. Killfrickrick appeared to be at least as embarrassed as Mitch was, and beads of sweat were forming on his brow. "The dress code prohibits boys from wearing any girls' clothes. That includes bras."

Mitch took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Yes, I'm wearing a bra," he said. "I need one. The doctor says I've got a rare hormone imbalance." Mr. Killfrickrick frowned, but said nothing.

"If I didn't wear a bra," Mitch went on, "I'd look like a girl who was violating the dress code by not wearing a bra when she needed one. That's not what you want to see, is it?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Killfrickrick quickly assured him. "But—" His eyes darted to Mitch's breasts, and leaped away again at once. The sweat was dribbling down his face from his brow.

"Well, can you get the doctor to certify that it's medically necessary for you to wear a bra?" he asked at last.

"Uh—yeah, I guess so," Mitch said.

"Good. Please do. If it's, uh, a medically necessary device, we can make a limited exception to the dress

code for it.” Mr. Killfrickrick grabbed a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face. “But just don’t wear any *other* girls’ clothes, all right?”

“Don’t worry, I won’t!” Mitch assured him.

Mitch walked home from St. Raymond’s that day with his mind on the distant future. If he was going to look and sound more and more like a girl, he figured, he *should* wear girls’ clothes—and maybe he should even have a girl’s name. They wouldn’t let him at St. Raymond’s, but they sure would at Farquhar Park High School when he went there, starting in the ninth grade. Farquhar Park was well known for being friendly to G’s, L’s, B’s, and T’s; Mitch would surely fit right in as a T.

By that time, Mitch imagined, he might have really big breasts, big hips, and a totally girlish-sounding voice. He daydreamed about wearing pretty girls’ clothes to high school, and having a girl’s name—but what? He tossed around several in his mind, finally deciding on a pretty cute and sexy one: *Misti*.

He wondered what his mom and dad would think. Dad would hate it, he was pretty sure—but it was Dad who wanted him to go to Farquhar Park. That was his agreement with Mom: Mitch would go to St. Raymond’s through the eighth grade, and then switch to public school. Mom probably wouldn’t be too pleased about Mitch looking like a girl and having a girl’s name—but he was going to look like a girl anyway, and Mom would reluctantly admit that this was how God made him.

Mitch wondered how God ever got his mom and dad together to make him. They were pretty devoted to each other, and yet they were so totally different! Dad was a “lapsed Presbyterian,” meaning he didn’t go to church or think much of God, from an old Scottish-American family that had first come to

Pacificum Territory before it became a state. Mom was a devout Catholic, though not an especially rigid one, a Creole from New Orleans who came to Pacificum to attend the U, where she met Mitch's dad. Mitch got his light golden-brown skin, round face, and full lips from Mom, but his height—he was already taller than Mom—from Dad. Now it was turning out, it seemed, that he also got his breasts from Mom, as well as his penis from Dad.

Mitch approached his home, the only one on Beaton Street with a heart-shaped plaque proclaiming that the “MacCraikie Family” lived there. It was a small split-level built in the 1950s, the only home Mitch had ever known. Mom would be here. Mitch could talk with her in confidence about his future, especially if Katie didn't butt in. He hoped she wouldn't. He unlocked the door and went in.

Chapter 2

“Mitch, meet Misti,” Mitch said to his reflection in the mirror. Even as he said it, or rather as *she* said it, she became no longer Mitch, but Misti indeed.

Misti was lovely, she thought, if she did say so herself. She was five feet, nine inches tall now, almost as tall as Dad, but she looked much more like Mom. Her dark curly hair was long now, at least shoulder-length, and held back by a pure white headband. Her big dark eyes, her dark-rimmed glasses, her full lips and golden-brown skin, were those of a fully feminine-looking beauty indeed. Her breasts were still far from gigantic, but they had grown bigger as the Moob Doc predicted; she now wore a low-cut, lacy B-cup bra underneath her scoop-necked white top. Her hips, now covered by a brilliant-colored, slightly less than knee-length skirt with a tropical flower design, were broad like a girl's hips, too; by the end of seventh grade she had had to start wearing girls' pants, despite Mr. Killfrickrick's admonition, because boys' pants no longer fit her.

The great day of Misti's debut as a high-school girl had arrived at last. She turned away from the mirror, emerged from her room, and descended to the kitchen. Mom and Katie were there to meet her; two-year-old Henriette was defacing a coloring book. "Wow, Mitch, you're totally cute!" Katie commended Misti. "Are you really going to go to school like that?"

"Call me Misti," Misti said. "And yes, I am. But I won't wear girls' tops and skirts when Dad's around. I promised Mom I wouldn't."

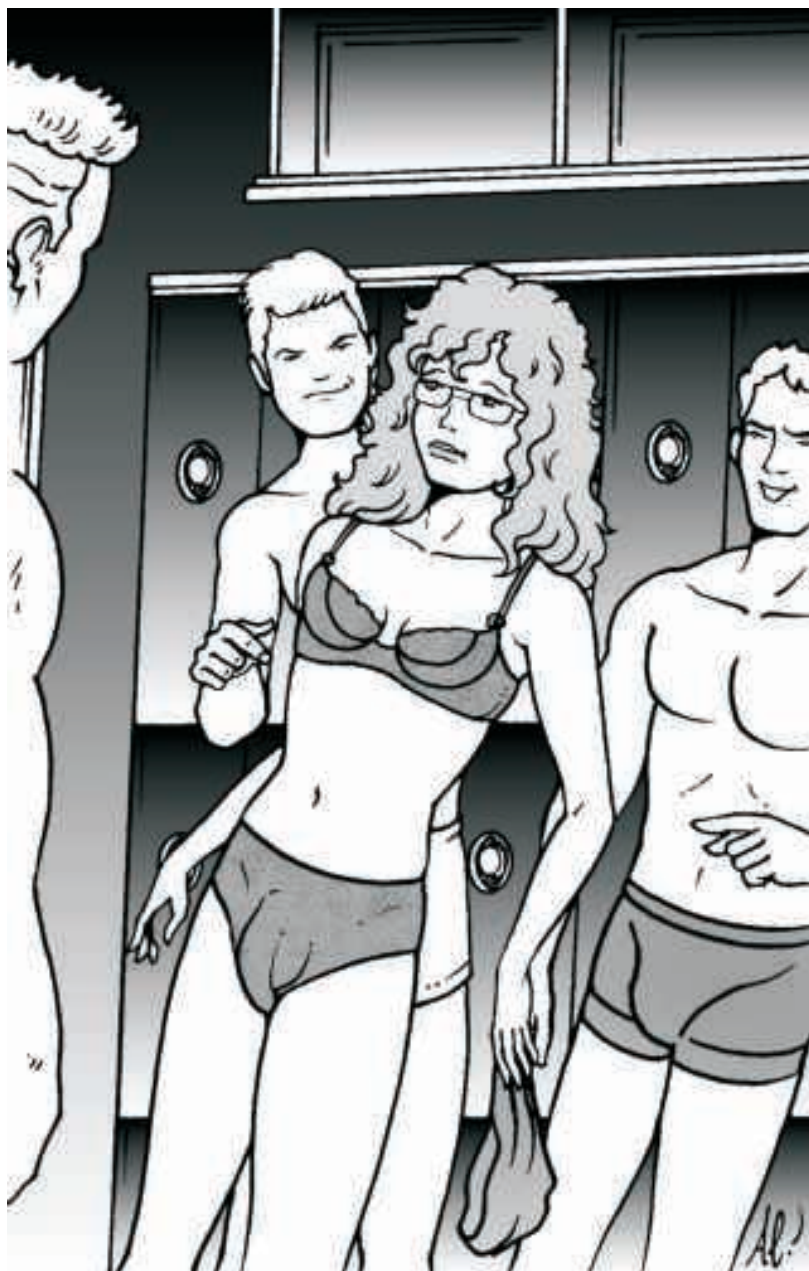
"It's your choice, Mitch—or Misti," Mom said. "You have this strange condition that makes you look and sound like a girl, so you can choose to wear girls' clothes if you think it's more fitting. But it's best not to give needless offense to your father by looking any more like a girl than you really need to, when he's around."

"Yeah, I know, Mom," Misti said. "Well, wish me luck—or, I mean, uh, pray for me." Mom didn't believe in luck, but she did believe in prayer.

"I certainly will!" Mom said. She and Misti kissed each other on the cheek, and Misti walked out the door to go to high school.

Everything was pretty much OK at school for Misti, for a little while. She went to a huge freshman orientation meeting where the counselors made it perfectly clear that lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered students were more than welcome at Farquhar Park High School. She registered as a transgendered student, to be known as Misti. Nobody paid unwanted attention to her—until gym class.

"Shemale alert!" a boy's voice rang out as Misti entered the boys' locker room, where she had to go since she was still classified as a boy. "Hot shemale



alert! All hands on cock!” Other boys’ voices rapidly echoed: “All hands on cock!”

Misti could feel her face growing hot, showing the pain she was feeling. She didn’t want to be a hot shemale for boys, especially not for bad boys who beat off. She wanted to be a nice, decent, stylishly dressed girl, and to be treated as a lady. These bad boys didn’t seem to have any idea what a lady was—certainly not if one appeared in the boys’ locker room.

She was going to have to strip. Real ladies didn’t strip in front of random men, but the powers that be in the Pacific Heights Public Schools didn’t care. At St. Raymond’s there had been private stalls in which to strip and shower. Here there was nothing but open space and leering boys.

She swallowed hard and started to get it over with, pulling her top over her head to reveal her bra. That was bad enough, but all shemale-crazed, cock-wielding hell broke loose when she removed her bra and revealed her bare breasts. “Oh, man! Oh, baby!” a bad boy cried. “Look at that! Take some pictures quick and send them to *Pumphouse* magazine! Big news: bare-breasted beauty invades boys’ locker room! Boys beat off, breaking school rules!”

Misti was shocked and offended to see that some boys actually were beating off in full view, right in front of her. Worse yet, she could feel her penis—now to be known as her “giant clitoris”—growing longer and larger as the time for her to reveal it grew near. At maximum, it was now seven inches long. That was how long it was now, when Misti pulled down her skirt and her panties to let the boys see.

This was misery for Misti indeed. Boys were photographing her with their cell phones, with her bare breasts and her erect giant clitoris in full view. The photos would probably be traded and shown on the Internet. Misti felt totally sick and helpless. All she could do, which was very little, was to put on her sport bra, cover her clitoris with a jock strap, and put

on her gym shorts and shirt as fast as possible, not nearly fast enough.

After the gym activities were over it was even worse, for Misti had to take a shower in front of the boys. She tried to be as decent and dignified as it was possible for a girl to be while getting nude in front of a crowd of sex-crazed boys. She pressed her giant clitoris down into hiding between her legs, as if it were the most normal thing in the world for a beautiful 15-year-old girl to take a shower in front of boys, though the boys hooted and hollered when she did. Sternly she forbade herself to touch her breasts in view of the boys, for fear she would lose her dignity and decency if she did. She tried to ignore the boys, but didn't succeed when one of them beat off and ejaculated directly toward her at close range, making her take quick evasive action to avoid being ejaculated on.

In short, Misti hated the whole experience of being a so-called shemale in the boys' locker room. She decided to find out, as soon as possible, if there was any way out.

“Are those breasts *real*?” Misti's counselor asked her almost as soon as Misti had sat down in her office. The counselor for transgendered students, known as Ms. T, had real breasts herself, and big ones too—as her low neckline made all too obvious—although her face looked more masculine than Misti's face.

“Uh, yes, they're real,” Misti said. “I've got a rare hormone imbalance.”

“Oh, they're so lovely! And I'll bet you're here to find out how you can keep bad boys from giving you a hard time about them in the locker room, aren't you?”

“Well, yes, I am, now that you mention it.”

Ms. T leaned over her desk, revealing even more of her breasts. “I’m afraid there’s nothing you can do until you’re 16, because that’s the age of consent for the surgery,” she said. “As soon as you’re 16, though, you can get surgery to complete the process of becoming a girl, and the state health insurance plan will pay for everything. Then you can use the girls’ locker room, and be free from those bad boys forever!”

Misti stared at Ms. T’s breasts and then looked away. “*Well, uh, thanks, Dad, but I’m pretty sure this is how God made me—and this is how I’m going to stay, even if I do have to wear a bra!*” Misti couldn’t help remembering the words, and thinking again, “*This is how God made me!*” Misti’s giant clitoris was just as much a part of her as her breasts were, and she couldn’t bear the thought of getting rid of it.

“Uh—is that the only way?” Misti asked.

“It certainly is. You’re not going to be allowed in the girls’ locker room as long as you’ve got one of those *things* that boys use to commit *rape*. You’ve got to get rid of that birth defect—and you were *made* to get rid of it, because you’re obviously a girl already in all but name, except for that *thing*.”

This is how God made me, and this is how I’m going to stay—even if I have to get erections in front of bad boys every day! Misti didn’t say the words, for she was far from sure that they would do any good—but she had made up her mind, and perhaps there was nothing more to be said.

“Well, thank you for your advice,” Misti said, rising from her seat. “I’ll certainly consider it.” She turned around and fled from the room before Ms. T could say any more. What Misti had said was perfectly true, as far as it went. She had merely omitted some words that would have conveyed her meaning more fully: “I’ll certainly consider it *to be some of the worst advice I ever heard.*”

As it turned out, although Misti did have to appear nude before the bad boys in every gym class, she didn't get erections in front of them every day. Gradually she got used to appearing before them, and they even got used to seeing her nude. She was able to turn her mind to her schoolwork, and to seeing if she could make any friends at school. It wasn't easy, for Farquhar Park High was a huge school where the students were largely anonymous to each other except in little cliques that Misti couldn't enter—but one day she did encounter a friendly face, and a pretty one too.

“Hi there!” a girl said, coming up to Misti after class. The girl had big brown eyes, glasses, and kinky black hair pulled tight behind her head; she was one of the few students at Farquhar Park whose skin was darker than Misti's. Misti had noticed that, although the people of Pacific Heights were among the most liberal and open-minded in the nation in many ways, they did draw the line at importing dark-skinned students from the notorious slum known as “the District” into their fine public schools in decent areas. Students who lived in the District went to Crispus Attucks High, which was located there. Only students who lived in the Farquhar Park area, where families ranged from middle-income to quite wealthy, went to Farquhar Park High.

“I'm Ronette Masterson,” the girl introduced herself, shaking Misti's hand.

“Hi, I'm Misti MacCraikie,” Misti said.

“I was wondering,” Ronette said, “if you might like to join our African-American Students' Association. It's pretty small, and we'd like to get more members.”

“Oh!” Misti said. “Well—are you sure I'm qualified? I mean, at least seven-eighths of my ancestors were white, and my dad's *totally* white.”

“Well, they say one drop of black blood makes you black,” said Ronette. “I don’t exactly know why, but that’s what they say.”

“Uh, well, I know why they *used* to say that,” Misti said. “My mom’s from New Orleans, and she told me. It’s not very nice, though. The white gentlemen wanted, uh, prostitutes and concubines who looked as nearly white as possible, but were legally black, so the gentlemen wouldn’t have to pay child support for any babies they might have. So they made up a rule that one drop of black blood made you black. My baby sister Henriette is named after a beautiful woman from New Orleans who was pretty white-looking, but legally black, Blessed Henriette Delille. I guess she was raised to become the concubine of some top-notch white guy or other—but she rebelled and didn’t want anything to do with that, uh, way of life.”

“Well, good for her!” Ronette said. “My mom and dad sure don’t want *me* to have anything to do with that way of life, either. My dad’s always warning me against anything that would ‘drag me back down to the District,’ like getting involved with guys who would give me babies and then leave me alone to raise them—or just leave me alone, period. My dad escaped from the District by a lot of honest hard work. He never went to college, but he wants me to go.”

“Do *you* want to go?” Misti asked.

“Well, yeah, I think so,” Ronette said. “Probably not quite as much as *he* wants me to go, though!” Misti and Ronette laughed. Misti wondered if Ronette might become her friend. She felt she could sure use a friend.

“Well, OK, I’ll give that association a try, if they’ll have me,” Misti said. “I just won’t mention that I’m only eligible because of a stupid rule made up by bad white gentlemen.”

“No, don’t say that,” Ronette said, “but I’m sure we’ll be glad if you want to join!” Ronette gave Misti a big, wide-mouthed smile that showed lots of white teeth. Misti hoped they could be friends. Something in the depths of Misti’s heart even whispered, to Misti’s disbelief, that they might someday be more than just friends.

By the end of Misti’s freshman year, Misti and Ronette were the best of friends, though not more. They had visited each other’s homes, both of them in the less wealthy area near Farquhar Village where the high school was located, and they were welcome in each other’s families. They often engaged in girl-talk about many topics, especially boys. At least, Ronette talked about boys at length, and Misti gladly listened, though she made it clear—quite truthfully—that she did not want a boyfriend just yet. Ronette had no suspicion, Misti was sure, that Misti herself might be anything other than a girl—a tall, pretty, golden-skinned girl with a good figure, and with a hint of African ancestry in her dark eyes, curly hair, and full lips.

Misti found her next good friend at the beginning of sophomore year: Jasmine Fitch, a fellow girl-ish-looking boy. In gym class, bad boys were wolf-whistling at Misti and calling her the “world’s sexiest shemale.” Jasmine walked right up to Misti and said, “Hey, here’s company! I was afraid I was going to be the only one wearing girls’ clothes in here.”

“Misery loves company,” Misti said with a faint smile.

“Well, company hates misery,” Jasmine retorted. “Let me help you not be miserable.”

“That would be great, if you can do it,” Misti said, “as long as it doesn’t involve having sex with me.”

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

Misti smiled brightly now. “All right, company,” she said. “You’re hired for the job.”

At lunch that day Misti met Jasmine’s girlfriend Debbie; she told Jasmine and Debbie about herself, including her dad’s failed effort to get her breasts surgically removed, and they expressed mutual detestation of Ms. T’s promotion of genital mutilation. Despite her fear that it would be in terribly poor taste to talk about God in public school, Misti even dared to say, “God made me below the waist, too, the same as above. The more I think about it, the more I think I’m all right the way I am—even if other people don’t think so.”

Jasmine and Debbie were bright, friendly, active young people, and Misti liked them very much. Jasmine not only dared to face down Ms. T and refuse to get her oversized clitoris cut off, but she started an organization called Students Against Genital Mutilation to help other transgendered students face her down and refuse too. Misti heartily approved, and joined the organization at once. In retaliation, Ms. T falsely accused Jasmine of rape—but Jasmine was acquitted, and Ms. T was later convicted of false reporting and perjury. The school got a new counselor for transgendered students, one who didn’t push genital mutilation on them, and by the end of the year Jasmine—nominated by Misti—was elected president of the new transgendered students’ association.

One other student, a very different one, started to become friends with Misti early in junior year. That was Kenny Stanniman, a cute, skinny, geeky guy who was well known as gay, and as the son of Dan Stanniman, the editor-in-chief of the *Pacific Heights Informer*. Kenny himself was a budding investigative journalist and a rising star on the staff of the school newspaper, the *Farquhar Park Intruder*. He made it

perfectly clear that he found Misti incredibly attractive, and

he desperately wanted her to be his gay shemale girlfriend.

Misti liked Kenny and admired his writing, but was reluctant to be more than a friend for him. It was very strange, but the more her hormone imbalance kicked in and made her resemble a girl, the more she felt a yearning to love, and maybe even someday to marry, a real girl. She had no idea whether any girl would ever really marry a freak like her, and yet she couldn't give up hope forever.

Misti didn't dare reveal her secret to Ronette—not only because Ronette might be repelled, but also because she might *not* be repelled. The problem was that, although Ronette was a pretty girl and very comfortable to be around, and she obviously liked Misti very much, she evoked no sexual feelings in Misti at all. She was too plump, and her breasts—from what little could be seen of them—were not exciting to look at. Kenny, on the other hand, gave Misti thrilling erections when he let her know how attracted he was to her—but Misti wasn't at all sure she really wanted them!

Ronette was a year ahead of Misti in school, and she graduated at the end of Misti's junior year. They promised to keep in touch after Ronette left home to go to the U in the fall. They really did talk on the phone from time to time, and sometimes visited when Ronette came home from school—but, in senior year, Misti found her attention turning increasingly to more pressing matters.

Misti wondered if she was gay. She didn't exactly want to be gay—but then she hadn't exactly wanted to look and sound like a girl, either, back when she was 13 and she first realized she needed to wear a bra. Now, though, she had fully accepted that this was how God made her—and she even liked it, at least when she wasn't in the boys' locker room. Now,

more and more often, she was forced to wonder: *Did God make me gay, too?*

Misti had to face the fact that a cute, adoring gay guy like Kenny could make her skirt bulge in front almost at will. She was strongly attracted to him, she knew he was eager for sex with her, her feelings responded warmly to his attentions—and yet, she knew not why, she was reluctant to proceed.

As senior year went on, Kenny gradually wore down Misti's defenses. She agreed to go on dates with him (though not to go to private places where sex might occur), and they became known as a couple. Kenny arranged with his dad, who owned the well-known Club Swank Wank, for Misti to get a part-time summer job as a receptionist and data entry clerk there. Kenny wooed Misti patiently, and one fine spring day he was rewarded with their first full kiss on the mouth.

They had ridden their bikes up to Farquhar Park—not the high school, but the actual park far above the village and the school, on a high hill overlooking the ocean, surrounding the old mansion that was now the Robert and Helen Farquhar Museum of Far Western History. They rested on a bench from which they could see the ocean and the Farquhar Resort Inn, tastefully designed in an old-fashioned style like that of the mansion. They were holding hands. Misti's skirt was beginning to bulge. She sensed that Kenny would want to kiss her soon.

He did. "Wow, Misti, isn't this beautiful?" Kenny asked, turning his blue eyes full on her. He slipped his arm around her. She did not resist. "There's only one thing that could make it even more beautiful," Kenny softly said. His face was very near Misti's now. He placed his thin lips on her full ones. His tongue began to seek entry into her mouth. Misti felt very gay indeed. She admitted his tongue, and shyly licked it with her own. The kiss was long. By the time it ended, her skirt was bulging to the maximum, and Kenny's hand was on her breast. It felt so good that she de-

layed in asking him to take it away. “I love you, Misti,” Kenny said. Misti blinked her eyes, swallowed hard, and said nothing in response.

“Kenny, please don’t,” Misti said, pulling his hand away from her breast, but only after he had been caressing it through her top and her bra for many seconds. “I—I’m not ready for that.”

“Well, OK,” Kenny said, reluctantly withdrawing his hand. Almost at once it was touching her again—this time on the bulge in her skirt. Firmly Kenny clasped the bulb of Misti’s giant clitoris through her skirt and panties. He smiled and said, “I bet you’re not ready for *this*, either, are you?”

“No, I’m certainly not! Kenny, please don’t!” He didn’t remove his hand at once. She grabbed his hand and tried to pull it away. He only squeezed her bulb more tightly in response. Misti was afraid she was going to ejaculate in her panties if he kept it up. “*Kenny! Let go! Please! Right now!*” Misti begged, trying to pull his hand away with both her own.

“Oh, all right.” Kenny acquiesced at last, after giving Misti’s bulb a final squeeze. “I bet you’ll be ready pretty soon, though.”

Misti gasped. “Kenny, I don’t *know*,” she said. “Please be patient with me. I—I’ve never done this kind of thing with a boy before.” Even as she said it, she had a sinking feeling that she was only trying to put off the inevitable. She fought against the feeling, but not with total success.

“I’ll be patient,” Kenny promised. “I know you’ll be ready pretty soon.”

For a few minutes they sat in silence. Misti looked out at the ocean; Kenny was looking at the Resort Inn, to judge from what he said to break the silence. “Hey, Misti,” he said, “you know the senior prom is coming up pretty soon. It’s going to be down there at the Resort Inn. I was wondering if, uh, maybe you might like to go with me.”

Misti took a deep breath and let it out as slowly as possible. She did not know what to say. Her long silence made it clear that she wasn't exactly leaping at the chance to go to the prom with Kenny. It was all too well known that many couples had sex on prom night. Kenny must have that in mind, considering how recently his hand had been on Misti's breast and her bulb—and how hard it had been to dislodge it from either of those ultra-excitabile body parts. If Misti said yes, might she just as well say, "Yes, Kenny, I'd love to have sex with you"? And yet, if she said no . . . what loneliness might overcome her, and for how long?

Did Kenny really love her, as he said? Could Kenny be meant for her, to be the love of her life? Would she be condemning herself to a life of loneliness and misery if she rebuffed him? It was almost too strange to believe—and yet it was surely no more strange than Misti herself.

I'm gay, Misti's heart whispered. God made me gay. Kenny loves me. I could love Kenny. I need to—I've got to!

Misti looked up to Kenny's eyes, eagerly awaiting her long-delayed response. Her mouth widened in a hesitant, but unmistakable smile. "Sure, Kenny," she said, in a voice almost too soft to be heard. Her heart galloped with fear, and yet with extreme excitement, as she said, "I'd love to go to the prom with you."

Chapter 3

Before the prom came Jasmine and Debbie's wedding. Jasmine already had a contract to work for the Pacificum Bureau of Investigation after graduation, and the PBI would even be paying Jasmine's way through college, so they decided they didn't need to wait to get married. Jasmine had surprised and delighted Misti by asking her to be the maid of honor, and told Misti she could suggest people to invite to

the wedding. Misti suggested Kenny, of course, and also Ronette.

At the wedding, Misti was resplendent in a long royal blue gown like those of the other bridesmaids; Jasmine and Debbie wore almost identical-looking white wedding gowns, and walked up the aisle to loud, jubilant music from a pipe organ. The wedding was held in the Temple of the Grand Union, the big building with a gigantic round Yin-Yang window at the corner of Beaton Street and Manor Road. Misti had seen it every day on her way to school, but had never before been inside. It looked as if it could hold at least a thousand people. There weren't a thousand people in it now, but there were at least a few hundred, many of whom looked too old to be high-school students. The man celebrating the wedding, a little old man with a long white beard, was Arthur Ardmoor, the director of the temple. He gave a little talk about the "Grand Union of Heaven and Earth" as reflected in the union of two devoted spouses;

Jasmine and Debbie exchanged their marriage vows and kissed; more jubilant music accompanied them as they and the wedding party walked down the aisle and out of the temple.

A little while later, the wedding members and guests descended to the temple basement for the reception. Of course Kenny latched on to Misti right away, trying to make it obvious to all that they were a couple, who might soon follow Jasmine and Debbie up the aisle. He did make it obvious to Misti, at least—and gave her a bright idea. She could make it clear to Kenny that she wasn't going to have sex with him until they were married—and that she wasn't going to be ready to get married at least until after prom night! That way she could be perfectly justified in not having sex with him then—in delaying the inevitable, and delaying some more, until that mysterious feeling of full readiness came upon her—which it might never do!

The thought gave Misti a bright smile, which she maintained while greeting many people at the reception. Then, still holding hands with Kenny, she greeted Ronette as music began to play and people began to dance.

“Ronette! I’m so glad you could come!” Misti said. “Kenny, this is my friend Ronette; she graduated last year and she’s a freshman at the U. Ronette, this is my friend Kenny.” Misti didn’t say “boyfriend.”

Ronette was wearing a bright red dress with a high neck and a long skirt—a lot like Misti’s blue dress, only red. “Uh, hi, Kenny,” Ronette said, her eyes darting back and forth between Misti and Kenny, as if to envision them maybe getting married. “I’m really glad to meet you.” She obviously meant she was really glad Misti had a boyfriend, even if Misti didn’t call him that.

“Hey, are you losing weight?” Misti asked. Though still far from slender, Ronette did seem to be a bit less plump than before.

“A little,” Ronette said. “Not enough—but I’m trying.”

She’s trying to be attractive, Misti thought. Ronette would become very attractive indeed, if only her figure could become as pretty as her face—but would she attract anyone worthy of her?

Misti felt a sudden pang of yearning for Ronette to succeed, to marry a really good man. A second pang, more disturbing, followed it at once: *Couldn’t I even become worthy to marry her myself?*

The thought was absurd. Misti tried to eject it, but without total success. Of course Ronette would want to marry a real man who looked like a man, not a freak like Misti. Besides, Misti was gay, a gay shemale just as the bad boys said, and she still had no sexual feelings for Ronette. She had strong sexual feelings for Kenny, and she was going to marry him—someday, perhaps—after a suitably long period

of delay. Still, she knew not why, there was much more bitter than sweet in the bittersweet thought that she would marry Kenny and not Ronette.

Ronette interrupted her thoughts. “I’m sure glad my dad’s not here,” she said. “He wouldn’t want to see the wedding of two, uh, so-called sex perverts.” Ronette obviously had no idea that Kenny, and perhaps even Misti herself, were so-called sex perverts. “My dad can’t stand sex perverts, especially when they claim to be discriminated against. ‘Them sex perverts don’t know nothing about *real* prejudice and discrimination,’ my dad says. ‘They could just keep their sex perversion quiet and nobody would know, but we can’t keep our skin color quiet and have nobody know. They’re just trying to ride up on the backs of black people, all the time they scream about how they’re victims of prejudice, and it ain’t nothing like the same.’” Misti could feel Kenny tugging on her hand, strongly suggesting that they should get away from Ronette. Misti disregarded him.

“Well,” Misti said, “you can’t tell your dad this because he isn’t here, but Jasmine and Debbie aren’t really what he would call sex perverts. They’re really just a regular one-male, one-female couple.”

“*What?*” Ronette’s eyes seemed to bulge almost out of her head. “You mean one of them is really a *man* under all that?” She stared at Jasmine and Debbie. “Well, which one is the man?” she asked at last.

“It’s Jasmine—also known as Jeremy.”

“Well, I never would have known! But I’m still glad my dad isn’t here—because he wouldn’t want to see the wedding of two people who *looked* like they were sex perverts, even if they weren’t!” Ronette laughed.

You know, Ronette, I’m really a man under all this, too! Misti could say it right here, right now. Why didn’t she?

Misti already knew the answer. Ronette would want a man who looked like a man; she wouldn’t



want to look like a sex pervert to her dad, or to herself either. Even if she did, Misti couldn't bear the dreadful thought that she might be *impotent* with Ronette, who (much unlike Kenny) had never given Misti an erection in her life. If not for those two insurmountable obstacles, Misti felt, she would not hesitate to dump Kenny in favor of Ronette—but, in reality, it was impossible.

“Hey, Misti,” Kenny said, tugging again to get Misti away from Ronette. “I think it's about time for some dancing, don't you?” He tugged harder, to make it perfectly obvious that the answer was “yes.”

“Well, I guess I'll dance with Kenny,” Misti said to Ronette. “Thanks again for coming; I hope I'll see you again soon.”

“As soon as I lose some more weight!” Ronette grinned. Misti began to dance a waltz with Kenny. Soon, too soon, Ronette was nowhere to be seen.

The days before the prom passed quickly. Soon, too soon, Misti was in Kenny's arms and dancing again. Now, rather than a high-necked royal blue gown, Misti wore a stylish cream-colored prom dress with spaghetti straps and a daringly low neckline, showing off generous portions of her breasts. They were dancing a slow two-step, and Kenny was pressing Misti tightly to himself—or as tightly as their two erections would allow.

“Hey, Kenny!” a deep male voice boomed out. “Can I watch you getting a blow job from your gay shemale girlfriend—or would you rather give *her* a blow job?”

Misti, frightened, turned to see the source of the voice. It was Wayne Giocondo, the big football star and well-known anti-gay loudmouth, who was obviously fascinated by the gay sex he claimed to loathe. Wayne often loudly proclaimed his pride in getting blow jobs only from girls, never from guys—but Misti

could tell that he really did want to watch Kenny giving her a blow job, if he could.

“Sorry, Wayne,” Kenny said with a smile, “that’s strictly private. I won’t watch you getting blow jobs from girls, and you won’t watch me getting one from Misti—or me giving Misti one either.”

“That’s what *you* think,” Wayne said. “I know you guys can’t resist a blow job, even if a real man is watching.”

“Shut up and stop interrupting the dance,” Kenny said. He turned away from Wayne and pressed Misti even closer, squeezing her erection straight up against his abdomen, very close to his own upraised erection. Kenny was really getting carried away now, caressing Misti’s big butt and even kissing her neck. Misti saw other couples doing the same. Obviously the other couples were going to have sex tonight. Just as obviously, the time for Misti to insist on waiting for marriage was drawing dreadfully near.

The slow, romantic music for the two-step ended. Not many seconds later, the band began playing loud, noisome hard rock. This was obviously the signal for numerous couples to leave the ballroom and go to their rooms in the Resort Inn for sex. Misti felt a strong need to leave, too; one thing she and Kenny had in common was that they detested hard rock music. She hoped Kenny wouldn’t suggest that they go to a room.

“Hey, that music sucks,” Kenny shouted to make himself heard. “Why don’t we go outside? We really need to get some fresh air and try to cool off, don’t you think?”

“Oh, yes!” Misti agreed, terrifically relieved. “We sure do!”

Keeping their arms around each other, the couple went out to a big patio where couples were sitting and talking. The brisk spring evening air invigorated Misti all over—yes, *all* over, especially beneath her

skirt. Together with Kenny's hand on her butt, it made Misti's skirt bulge way out in front. Misti was glad they were out of doors; she didn't think Kenny would try to have sex with her out here, especially with other couples around. If he did try, though, she feared it would be very hard for her to resist.

From the patio they walked out to the boardwalk, between the wooded hillside on the left and the ocean beach on the right. The light from the Resort Inn grew fainter as they walked farther, until Kenny had to pull out a small flashlight so they could see. Now there were no other couples in sight. *He must have planned this*, Misti thought on seeing the flashlight. She wasn't sure she wanted to find out what Kenny had planned—but her giant clitoris, still fully erect beneath her skirt, was expressing strong interest in finding out just that.

Kenny stopped walking, turned off the flashlight, and faced Misti with both his hands on her hips. "Misti, this is great," Kenny said. "Thanks so much for everything." He pulled her close to him. She could feel his erection, and she knew he could feel hers. They kissed on the mouth, and Kenny plunged his tongue deep into Misti's.

"Misti, it's time," Kenny softly said. "It's prom night, and you know what *that* means." He slipped his hand between them to squeeze Misti's giant clitoris through her skirt and panties, to leave no doubt about what prom night meant. "Please let me. We can go down the stairs here and get under the boardwalk, and no one will know. Just let me get under your skirt and blow you—*please*. You can blow me too, if you want. It's up to you. But this really needs to happen. You know it does." He kept squeezing her through her skirt, making her bulb burgeon to maximum size. She felt a warning spurt, warning her that it would be so easy and so ecstatic to let Kenny blow her. She hardly knew why she felt a need to resist—and yet she did.

“Uh—Kenny, no!” Misti protested. “I’m not ready! I—I want to wait until—uh—I’m *married!*”

“Misti, no,” Kenny said. “That won’t work. I know you’re ready *now*. Please, Misti—I love you! I need you! Please prove you love me *now!*”

Misti felt a surge of extreme eagerness to let Kenny blow her now—but still she resisted, though she feared her will to resist was growing weak. “No, Kenny,” she said. “Why don’t you prove *you love me* by not insisting?”

“Misti, that’s just not how it works!” Kenny said in a louder voice. “You’ve got to understand!”

“Hey, Kenny!” Misti was shocked to hear a deep male voice, close by, coming up from the beach below the boardwalk—Wayne Giocondo’s voice. “We’ll hold her if you’ll blow her!”

“*What?*” Kenny cried. “Where did you come from? I can’t believe this!”

“You’ll believe it soon enough,” Wayne said. “We followed you here to see a gay blow job, not a bullshit session about waiting until you’re married. It’s time right now.”

“Oh, man!” Kenny moaned. “Wait! Don’t hold her! She needs a chance to do it without your help!”

“She’s had her chance, and she blew it,” said Wayne. “It’s time.” Wayne and another big guy ascended the stairs in the darkness. Misti’s heart was pounding in terror, and yet her extreme excitement did not diminish. She could not get away. Wayne grabbed her from behind and covered her mouth, while the other big male got down and grabbed her legs.

“Guys, please let her go,” Kenny pleaded. “Misti, please don’t make me do this right here! Please come down under the boardwalk with me. No one will have to hold you, and we can make love like we were

meant to do.” Misti could not get loose to speak, but she shook her head *NO*.

“All right then, Misti,” Kenny said in a soft, patient voice, squeezing her giant clitoris with both hands, and then beginning to pull her skirt up. “This is totally incredible, but I guess it’s all for the best. You really need this educational experience. You need to *know*, you need to *understand*, what you’ve been refusing to do without knowing anything about it.” Misti’s skirt was way up now. She could feel the chill night air on her bare legs.

“You need to know from experience what it is to make love with a man, before you can make an educated decision about whether to refuse or not,” Kenny instructed her, facing her at close range and pulling her panties down over her big butt and her protruding giant clitoris. “Once you’ve experienced it, Misti, I know you’ll never refuse again.”

He knelt down. His head was under Misti’s skirt. His mouth, surprisingly big, engulfed her huge engorged bulb and licked it all over. Jolts of the most extreme excitement Misti had ever known were gripping her. Wayne, keeping one hand over her mouth, pushed his other hand down below her neckline, below her strapless bra, and gripped her breast. Misti struggled in vain to get him to release her, but the struggle only inflamed her more. At last she gave up all hope of resistance and plunged her giant clitoris deeper and deeper into Kenny’s mouth, gushing great spurt after spurt of semen into him, while her heart and mind shrieked the words she now could not help admitting to herself: *I’m gay! Oh my God, yes, yes! I’m incredibly gay!*

“OK, that’s it,” said Wayne when Misti gave a deep sigh of dismay, making it clear that her orgasm had ended. He let go of Misti, moved behind Kenny, and gave Kenny a hard kick in the butt. “Sickening cum-guzzler,” he said. The other male, in a higher voice, said the same thing after also kicking Kenny in

the butt. Then they strode away on the boardwalk, back toward the Resort Inn.

At long last, when Misti's erection had almost vanished, Kenny removed his mouth from her giant clitoris and emerged from beneath her skirt. "Misti, that was the greatest," Kenny said. "It's too bad those assholes had to follow us and hold you, but I guess it's all for the best. Uh—would you, you know—would you mind blowing *me*,

too?"

"No, I don't want to," Misti said in an ice-cold voice.

Kenny sighed. "Well, all right, if you insist," he said. He opened his trousers right in front of Misti, and even used the flashlight to illuminate his penis with one hand, so Misti could see him beating off with the other. He ejaculated really soon. Misti stepped back so she wouldn't get any of his semen on her.

Misti said as little as possible to Kenny after that. He took her home soon. Her dad didn't ask her about the prom, and she gave evasive answers to questions from her mom and her sister Katie. As quickly as possible, she went to her room, removed her coat, and collapsed on her bed

Soon she heard a soft knock at her door. She wanted to say "Go away," but instead she said, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Katie," said her sister. She opened the door, stepped in, and quickly closed it. "Did something bad happen at the prom?" she asked point-blank.

"It was nothing," Misti wanted to say. She knew it was false, and Katie would know it was false. Katie, a gung-ho member of the Pacific Heights Youth Police,

wanted to be a detective when she was old enough, and she would be a really good one.

Misti took a deep breath before speaking. “Yeah, something bad happened,” she said. “Kenny and I were walking out on the boardwalk, and two guys came along and grabbed me. They said they’d hold me while Kenny blew me, and—he did.”

Outrage darkened Katie’s face at once. “Did you tell him not to?” she asked.

“I sure did.”

“Well, that’s a crime! That’s oral rape! Are you going to call the police?”

“Uh—I don’t know.”

“You need to call the police! You can’t let him get away with that! That’s just as bad as any other kind of rape!”

Misti was pretty sure Katie was right, but still she was afraid—not only for herself, but for Kenny. What if Kenny had to go to prison and get mouth-raped, or even butt-raped, himself—just for succumbing to strong temptation, for taking advantage of Wayne Giocondo’s evil offer? But surely Wayne, at least, deserved to go to prison—and how was he going to go, if Misti didn’t call the police?

“Uh—I don’t think I want Kenny to go to prison for this,” Misti said.

“He’ll have a good chance of not going to prison,” Katie said. “His dad’s rich and famous. He’ll get a good lawyer and work out a deal. The guys who grabbed you and held you might not be so lucky, though.”

“They need to go to prison,” Misti said. “Well—yeah, I guess maybe I should call the police, but—is there any way to do it without Mom and Dad finding out?”

“We can go for a walk. Let’s do it now. Get your coat back on.” Misti complied.

“Hey, Mom, Dad, Misti and I need to go for a walk and talk about some things,” Katie announced when they emerged from Misti’s room. “We’ll be back in a while.” Katie deflected Mom and Dad’s questions, and walked out into the chill night air with Misti.

“OK, now call 911,” Katie said. “A rape case is an emergency. Tell them we’ll meet them at the corner of Beaton and Manor Road.”

While walking toward Manor Road with Katie, Misti pulled out her cell phone, called 911, and reported that she was a victim of an oral rape. They walked up toward the Temple of the Grand Union; Misti stared at the great Yin-Yang window, in which the Yang now looked almost as dark as the Yin. Soon a police car and an ambulance, both with lights flashing and sirens blaring, sped up and stopped.

Two officers got out of the police car and walked up, while a couple of paramedics remained near the ambulance. “Hey, Katie, short time no see,” said the shorter officer, a dark-haired female.

“Oh, hi, Elena,” Katie said. “This is, uh, my brother Mitch, also known as Misti. Misti, this is Elena Arcturez, who’s one of the instructors for the Youth Police.”

“Hi, Misti,” Elena said, shaking Misti’s hand. Misti was glad she was wearing her coat, so the officers couldn’t see her prom dress, her breasts, and all that. “What’s going on here?” Misti told her what had happened.

“I told Misti it was oral rape, and it needed to be reported right away,” Katie said.

“OK, well, it’s not your usual kind of oral rape, which involves cunnilingus,” Elena said. “But it fits the definition, doesn’t it?” She looked to the other of-

ficer, a tall, light-haired male, who had said nothing so far.

The male officer looked in a little book. “Yeah, it fits,” he said. “Forcible contact of the perp’s mouth with the victim’s sex organ, not specified what type of sex organ.”

“And who was the perp, or the perps—the guys who held you, and the one who blew you?”

“Wayne Giocondo was one of the guys who held me. I don’t know who the other one was. And the guy who blew me was Kenny Stanniman.”

The male officer was writing things down, but he looked up with a jerk on hearing the name Stanniman. “Is he any relation to Dan Stanniman?” the officer asked.

“Yeah, he’s his son.”

The officer whistled. “Well, this could be big news,” he said, “although I don’t expect to see anything about it in the *Informer*. But this is really big, this is incredible: Dan Stanniman’s son is going to be charged with oral rape!”

Chapter 4

The officer was right: there was no news about the rape in the *Informer*. If there was any in the far more dignified *Times of Pacific Heights*, it wasn’t obvious. Misti had to be interviewed and told what might happen in the case, but nothing unusual seemed to be happening to Kenny at all; Katie explained that he must be out on bond. Kenny even kept trying to be friendly with Misti and to appear with her as a couple, just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened on prom night. Wayne Giocondo, though, had silently disappeared from the face of the earth, or at least from Farquhar Park High, and Misti was glad about that.

Before long it was time for graduation, and Kenny was the valedictorian. His speech was all about G's, L's, B's, and T's overcoming prejudice, discrimination, irrational fear, and such like obstacles to success, plenty of which still remained even right here at Farquhar Park High, as well as in the wider world outside. Misti couldn't help thinking some of his words about irrational fear of gayness were aimed right at her—and she couldn't help wondering if she really did suffer from irrational fear. After all, if only she had just eagerly let Kenny blow her—and if she had even blown him too—mightn't they have been a lot happier?

These disturbing thoughts remained with Misti a few days later, when she took the light-rail car downtown for her first evening of work at Club Swank Wank. She was dressed in a cute, moderately sexy style, with a bit of cleavage showing above the low neckline of her tight pink top, and quite a bit of her pleasingly plump thighs showing below the high hemline of her short, pleated white miniskirt. Above the neckline, in contrast, she looked almost prim and ladylike, with her brainy-looking dark-rimmed glasses and her wide white headband holding back her hair.

As instructed, Misti reported to the manager's office on the top floor of the club. The regular manager wasn't there, though; instead there was Kenny's dad, the owner of the club, Dan Stanniman.

"Hello, Misti," said Mr. Stanniman, whom the employees were supposed to call Dan. "Sit down." Misti sat down. The hem of her skirt was perilously close to her panties, thinly concealing her giant clitoris. Fortunately she didn't have an erection; if she had, her clitoris would have been sticking out beyond her hemline.

"I'm glad you'll be able to work for us this summer," said Mr. Stanniman, "but we're going to need to straighten out a little misunderstanding. I think you

know what this is about.” Misti hesitantly nodded “yes.”

“I’m not going to beat around the bush. Kenny’s in love with you, deeply in love, and he let himself get carried away by it. I know he would never have forced you into anything you didn’t want—but he simply couldn’t resist the opportunity when it presented itself. In a way he was a victim of those bad boys who grabbed you, just as much as you were. Do you know what I mean?” Misti certainly did not know what he meant, but she said only, “Uh—I’m not sure.”

“We need you to help Kenny,” Mr. Stanniman said. “A rape conviction could ruin his life. I know you don’t want that. You do have some feelings left for Kenny, don’t you—even after what’s happened?” Misti stared at him in silence—but, even while she stared, she could feel herself beginning to nod “yes” to him.

“We need you to let those feelings grow,” he told her. “We need those feelings to bring about a full reconciliation between you and Kenny—a *total* reconciliation of mind, and heart, and body. We need you to admit you love Kenny, and you would never want to do anything to hurt him—much less to send him to prison. Misti, let those feelings grow great in you; let them bring you back to Kenny. In the glory of your love, what happened on prom night will seem to be nothing but a bad dream—a bad dream that has ended forever.” Misti didn’t know if that was true, but she had to admit she did still have feelings for Kenny—strong feelings, which were making her clitoris grow great within her panties. She peeked down and saw her panties peeking back at her, beyond her hemline. She knew Mr. Stanniman could see.

“Kenny, it’s time,” Mr. Stanniman called out. Misti’s eyes opened wide as Kenny walked through a side door and came up to her. “Hi, Misti,” Kenny said. “I’m sorry I got carried away. Will you forgive me?”

Misti did not have the heart to cry out, “No! You rapist! I hate you!” It wasn’t even true. She didn’t

hate Kenny. She felt sorry for him, and she wanted to help him. She *would* help him, she decided—in the only way she knew how. “Yes, Kenny,” she said softly. “I—I forgive you. I understand. You—you couldn’t help yourself. You don’t deserve to go to prison.”

“Oh, Misti!” Kenny cried. “You’re the greatest! I love you!” His lips approached hers. They kissed. Kenny’s hands descended to Misti’s butt. She did not resist. Her bulb burgeoned to maximum size.

“I’ll step out and let you consummate your love,” Mr. Stanniman said, rising and exiting through the side door. Kenny wasted no time—or hardly any.

“Misti, I know you want to get married first,” Kenny said. “We can arrange that right now. There’s a wedding chapel, with a minister and everything, right here at the club. In Pacificum nowadays there’s no red tape or waiting period for a marriage license; you can apply online and get the license issued in a few minutes. So, Misti—will you marry me?”

Misti stared at him with her mouth wide open; then she gave a little laugh. “Are you serious?” she asked.

“You bet!” Kenny assured her. I mean, obviously, if it didn’t work out, we could call it off later—but I’m pretty sure it will work out. Are you up for it?”

I’m gay, Misti thought yet again. *I need to marry a man; I need to marry Kenny!* She felt afraid of the pain she and Kenny might undergo if, somehow, their marriage didn’t work out—and yet her imaginary pain was soon eclipsed by her fast-growing, real excitement. Of course she would discreetly refrain from mentioning the marriage to Mom, Dad, and Katie—to Mom, because she didn’t approve of same-sex marriage; to Dad, because he still detested the thought of Misti being a natural-born “shemale”; to Katie, because she still detested Kenny as a supposed rapist. But to Kenny, and to herself, she would speak of the marriage with as much eagerness as she could muster up—at once.

“Yes, Kenny,” she said. “I’m up for it!” Her giant clitoris was up for it right now, and so was Kenny’s penis, as she could feel when they embraced and kissed again. Kenny caressed Misti’s great girlish butt as their kiss went on and on—but at last he said, “Oh, man! Let’s wait until we’re married—but let’s not wait too long!”

They went to the wedding chapel right away, got the license, and went through the marriage ceremony. Then they retired to the club’s bridal suite to consummate their marriage.

In full view of Kenny, Misti stripped and pressed her erect giant clitoris down into hiding between her legs. Kenny rapidly stripped too, and expressed his full approval. “Wow, Misti, you look *totally* like a girl now!” he exclaimed. “Let’s go to bed!”

They sat down on the bridal suite’s king-size bed. Misti’s clitoris was still clasped between her legs, with her bulb and most of her shaft sticking out beneath her thighs at the edge of the bed. Kenny ignored it at first as he lovingly kissed Misti’s lips, then her nipples. She clutched his head hard in rapid-mounting excitement. Then he slipped his hand between her thighs, down her hidden shaft, and onto her swollen bulb. “Oh, Misti, you’re the greatest!” he murmured. “How do you want it? Anything for you, Misti, my love—anything!”

Misti was getting even more excited than she had been when she had her first girlish orgasm at the age of 11, and she wanted to have another orgasm like that now. “Kenny, please blow me backwards!” she begged. “Here!”

Misti turned over on her tummy on the bed, with her seven-inch clitoris sticking out in back, above her thighs. Kenny got the idea at once. He lay sideways on the bed, and his mouth descended to Misti’s bulb; he licked it and sucked it fervently, while Misti’s big buttocks pumped up and down. Kenny pulled Misti’s clitoris up with both hands, making her emit a quick gasp of discomfort as she felt it

reaching the limit of its backward arc. Soon the discomfort was over, and there was only ecstasy, as Kenny was beating Misti's thick shaft off backwards and sucking her great bulb with rapid in-and-out motions. Misti's hips thundered in orgasm, and her mouth moaned out loud, as her sperm began to roar and gush out of her into Kenny's quivering mouth.

"Now me!" Kenny said, dribbling much of Misti's semen from his mouth back onto her clitoris while she was still ejaculating. "Quick!" He raced around to the other side of the bed, climbed onto it, and spread his legs around Misti's head. Misti did not hesitate to take his penis into her mouth, licking it and sucking it most delightfully, with her mouth pulsating more and more rapidly on his hot, hard penis, as if he was going to give her an orgasm in her mouth as well as her clitoris. Her hips were still pumping, draining out the last drop of her semen from her already semen-drenched clitoris. When Kenny ejaculated, she felt as if he were actually giving her an orgasm in her mouth, with her lips and tongue throbbing much as her clitoris had done. This time she was so overwhelmed with excitement that she swallowed his semen, becoming what Wayne Giocondo would have called a "sickening cum-guzzler."

"Oh, wow, Misti!" Kenny moaned. "That's a whole lot more like it! You'll never refuse me again now, will you?"

"No," Misti admitted. "I loved it. I'm sorry I refused you before. I'll make it up to you—in full, and more!"

The wheels of justice ground slowly on. Misti promptly moved into Kenny's apartment near the U, which he had already rented. She had blown Kenny, and been blown by him, many times before she was summoned downtown to appear at a deposition in the case of *People of the State of Pacificum v. Kenneth V. Stanniman*. She hoped she could tell the truth

while also not saying anything to hurt Kenny—but she wasn't perfectly sure she could do both at once.

“I'm Dick Wolfram,” said Kenny's lawyer, a gigantic fat man with a shock of gray hair and a massive mustache. He shook Misti's hand, almost crushing it. Misti already knew the deputy prosecutor, Tim Billville, with whom she had previously discussed the case.

Misti swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; she said her name was Mitchell W. MacCraikie, and she was also known as Misti MacCraikie. Then Dick Wolfram started asking her questions. “You've been acquainted with the defendant in this case, Kenny Stanniman, for some time now, haven't you?” he asked.

“Yes, uh, I think we started to be friends in my junior year in high school, almost two years ago. Then he became my—my boyfriend in senior year.” Misti didn't mention that she had refrained from calling him her boyfriend.

“Have you engaged in sexual relations with him?” Wolfram asked, as coolly as if he were asking whether Misti had talked or studied with him.

“Yes, I have,” Misti acknowledged.

“About how many times?”

“Uh—maybe 25 or 30, I guess.”

“When was the first time?”

“It was on prom night, uh—April 23rd of this year.”

“How did that come about?”

“Well—we were dancing at the prom, and then they put on some hard rock which Kenny and I don't like, so he asked me to go for a walk with him. We walked out on the boardwalk, south of the Farquhar Resort Inn where the prom was going on. When we got pretty far away from the prom, we stopped, and—then we

were kissing. And then, uh—Kenny put his hand on my, uh, my penis through my skirt.”

“Were you allowing him to put his hand on your penis?”

“Yes, I was.”

“Were you sexually excited?”

“Yes, I was.”

“Was he sexually excited too?”

“Yes, he was. Um—we were both extremely excited.”

“Did he let you know he wanted sexual relations?”

“Yes, he did.”

“Did you want to engage in sexual relations with him?”

“I—I did, but I was embarrassed and afraid, and I told him I wasn’t ready.”

“Did he try to persuade you that you were ready?”

“Yes, he did.”

“Did he try to force you to have sexual relations with him?”

“No, he didn’t.”

“All right. What happened after that?”

“Well, a guy named Wayne Giocondo called out from the beach below the boardwalk, ‘Hey, Kenny! We’ll hold her if you’ll blow her!’ Kenny was surprised, and he said he didn’t want them holding me—this was Wayne and another guy, I don’t know who the other guy was.”

“How did you know it was Wayne? Could you see him?”

“I couldn’t see him very well because it was dark, but I recognized his voice. He talked to Kenny at the prom and said he wanted to watch Kenny getting a blow job from his gay shemale girlfriend, meaning me. Um, he said, ‘I know you gays can’t resist a blow job, even if a real man is watching.’ Wayne was supposed to be the real man, you know. So I remembered his voice.”

“What did Wayne and the other guy do then?”

“They came up the stairs and grabbed me. Wayne grabbed me from behind and covered my mouth, and the other guy held my legs.”

“How did Kenny respond to that?”

“He was begging them to let me go.”

“Did they let you go?”

“No.”

“All right. Then what happened?”

“Well—like I said, Kenny was extremely excited, and—I guess he couldn’t resist. He got under my skirt and pulled my panties down, and, uh, put his mouth on my penis.” Misti didn’t mention Kenny’s little lecture about educating her.

“Did you decide you wanted him to do that, even though you had told him you weren’t ready?”

“Yes. Yes, when my penis was in his mouth, I got incredibly excited, and I decided I did want him to.”

“Did you ejaculate in his mouth?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Aside from the one statement that you weren’t ready, did you give Kenny any indication that you were unwilling to have sexual relations with him?”

“No, I didn’t.”

“You weren’t screaming at him to stop?”

“No, certainly not.”

“Would you say that, by your willing acceptance of sexual relations with him, you were letting him know that you were ready after all?”

“Yes, I would.”

“Thank you, Misti. No further questions at this time.”

Tim Billville, a thin young-looking man with short sandy hair, frowned and asked Misti some questions. “So you told Kenny you weren’t ready, and he went ahead and did it anyway?”

“Yes.”

“Did you tell him you changed your mind and you were ready after all?”

“No, but—I let him know by how I acted.”

“And he was doing it while you were being held against your will?”

“Yes, I was being *held* against my will, but—I wasn’t *letting Kenny do it* against my will. I consented to let him do it with me.”

“So why did you complain that Kenny raped you?”

“Well, I—I wasn’t thinking straight. I was thinking about how I told him I wasn’t ready, and how the guys were holding me against my will, and—I just didn’t realize that I was really consenting to let Kenny give me a—an orgasm.”

“Are you in love with Kenny?”

“Well, uh—I—uh, yes, I think I am.”

“Isn’t it possible that you were telling the truth when you complained that he raped you, and now you’re trying to shield him and cover up for him because you’re in love with him?”

Misti knew it was entirely possible, and more than possible. Still, she was determined to help Kenny, not to hurt him—even, perhaps, at the cost of not telling the whole truth. “I guess it’s possible,” she admitted, “but I really don’t think that’s what happened. I know Kenny didn’t want to force me into anything. He was just too weak to, uh, resist temptation when those guys grabbed me.”

This is bullshit, Tim Billville’s angry blue eyes cried out at Misti in silence. His lips, though, said only this: “No further questions.”

“Misti, we’ve won! You’re the greatest!” Kenny proclaimed at Club Swank Wank not long afterward. “The prosecutor gave up and agreed to let me be charged with a misdemeanor battery instead of the rape. For that, I can get put on the Misdemeanor Diversion Program, meaning the charge gets dismissed if my dad pays a few hundred bucks and I stay out of trouble for a year. You’ve saved my career, you’ve saved my life! I owe you everything!”

“Oh!” Misti exclaimed. “Well—I’m really glad!” They kissed. She knew Kenny would want to blow and be blown again that night. He did. They didn’t even wait to go back to Kenny’s apartment. They stripped and entered a private shower stall at the club. With the warm water dripping all over them, Misti pressed her giant clitoris back between her thighs; Kenny knelt behind her and blew her backwards, giving her a sublime, unforgettable orgasm. Then they switched places, and Misti blew Kenny while he caressed her head and moaned in ecstasy.

“Oh, my God, Misti, I’m so glad I married you!” Kenny moaned as his orgasm ended.

Misti knew what she should say in return, and she said it: “I’m so glad I married *you*, too, Kenny.” Only in the remotest depths of her memory, if at all, did

she recall the vanished time when she wished she might dump Kenny and marry Ronette—if only that impossible event were ever possible.

Chapter 5

The halcyon days of Misti and Kenny’s honeymoon stretched on and on, through the summer and the fall. Misti and Kenny both attended the U. Kenny began at once to major in journalism; Misti, not sure about a career she might pursue, dabbled in English, French, history, music, and other subjects of interest. Their sex life continued to be delectable in the extreme. Not until one evening in spring did the first hint of a possible breakup appear.

“Hey, Misti,” Kenny said, “I’ve been thinking it’s time to move on to a new level. I mean, blow jobs and all that are great, but—well, I’m thinking it’s time to try anal. I’d use a condom, of course. I mean, it’s actually more like what a man and a woman do in bed, you know? You can do it missionary, or dog-style, or just about any position that a man and a woman would use.”

“Uh—well—I’m not sure,” Misti said. “I mean—well, would it hurt?”

“Maybe a little at first,” Kenny said, “just like when a girl loses her virginity. But after that, it would be the most terrific thing. I’m sure you’ll love it. We’ll use plenty of lube, and I’ll go slow and easy.”

I’m gay, Misti thought yet again. *This is what gays do. I need to do it too.* “Well, uh, all right,” she said. “I’ll give it a try.”

“Terrific,” said Kenny. “I know you’ll love it.”

They kissed, and Kenny caressed Misti’s buttocks. Then he lubed his middle finger and slipped it into Misti’s rectum, a little at a time. Misti wondered if it was going to start feeling good pretty soon, but it did-

n't. All she felt was mild discomfort, and a bit more than mild disgust.

"Let's do it standing up in the shower at first," Kenny said. "That will be the easiest way to get started." Misti complied in silence, stripping and entering the shower right after Kenny did the same.

"OK, now I'll lube you up really good before we turn on the water," Kenny said. He smeared a huge amount of lube on his middle finger and stuffed it up Misti's rectum again and again, as far as it would go. It still wasn't starting to feel good.

"Now I put on the condom," Kenny narrated, "and turn on the water, and we go all the way." He turned on the water, adjusted the temperature, gripped Misti's hips, and began to penetrate her from behind.

"Ow! That hurts!" Misti protested.

"Just like a girl losing her virginity," Kenny informed her. "It'll hurt for a few moments, and then you'll get the most terrific ecstasy."

The first part of Kenny's prediction was fulfilled, but the second was not. Kenny succeeded in entering Misti's rectum and plunging his condom-sheathed penis in and out, first slowly, then faster, but Misti got no ecstasy, even when Kenny raised his hands to her breasts; she did not even have an erection. She only wanted Kenny to ejaculate in the condom and get out.

At last he did. "Oh, wow!" he exclaimed. "That was the greatest! Let's do that again really soon!"

Misti gagged at the thought. "No," she had to say. "I didn't like it, and I don't want to do it again."

"Oh, Misti, you'll get used to it, and you'll love it!" Kenny prophesied, caressing her breasts.

"No, I won't," Misti insisted, "because I'm not going to do it again. Kenny, I love blow jobs. Let's stick with those. *Please!*"

Kenny half sighed, half snorted. "All right, Misti," he said, "if you insist. Have it your way." He did not sound pleased at all.

The full extent of Kenny's displeasure became evident as the end of the school year drew near. He brought a shemale home with him, a short buxom one called Diana, with waves of long blond hair and big breasts that looked as if they must be pumped up with hormones. "Misti, you really need to know what you're missing out on. You need this educational experience. Please watch me and Diana, and you'll see how great it can be." Misti stared, remembering Kenny's words on the night of the rape that Misti had pretended was not a rape.

Kenny and Diana kissed on the mouth and rapidly stripped each other's clothes off. Diana's clitoris was short, hardly half as long as Misti's seven-incher, but it was fully erect. Diana lay on her back on the living-room couch and raised her knees, just like a woman about to have intercourse with a man in the missionary position. Kenny lubed her up, put on a condom, and slipped his penis almost effortlessly into her rectum, while she emitted squeals of delight. She clutched him hard, pumped her hips, and soon began to moan in orgasm, while Kenny excited her to the maximum with rapid thrusts. They both came to orgasm, obviously an overwhelming one for both, at the same time. By the time their orgasm ended, Misti had decided what she would do.

"All right, Kenny," Misti said while they were still united, "that's it. I'll move out, and you can have a divorce. You obviously need to be married to Diana, not me."

"Ooh, Kenny, yes!" Diana cried, clutching him even more tightly. Kenny looked dismayed, but he could not speak. Misti gave him a tight-lipped little

smile, entered the bedroom, and began to pack up her things.

The divorce was almost as easy to procure as the marriage had been. Before too long Misti was back home on Beaton Street. For the rest of the school year she endured a long commute by light-rail car and trolley-bus between Farquhar Village and the U. She also started to look for a new summer job, for she did not want to work again at Club Swank Wank where she would surely see Kenny and his dad.

An advertisement for a “data entry clerk with occasional special duties,” at Rick Ramrod Motors between downtown and Queen’s Bluff, caught Misti’s eye, especially because of the unusually high hourly rate of pay. She figured there must be a huge number of qualified applicants but she quickly submitted the online application, including what she thought was a rather pretty photo of herself. She was surprised at how soon she got a phone call from Rick Ramrod himself, asking her to come to the store for an interview.

“Hi, Misti,” said Rick Ramrod, a short, muscular, dark-haired man with piercing brown eyes and a goatee. He shook her hand and welcomed her into a chair, while Misti could see him rapidly evaluating her looks all over.

“This can be a really good job, if you want it,” he said, “but I need to ask you a few questions. The data entry part isn’t too demanding, as long as you can keep the numbers straight, but you need special qualifications for the special duties. Your looks, for one. You’ve definitely got the looks for the job. And I noticed right away that, last summer, you were a receptionist at Club Swank Wank. Of course you know what goes on at that club, right?”

“Uh, yes,” Misti admitted. “You know, wanking, and blowing, and things like that. But they don’t allow, uh, anal sex.” Misti tried to keep an inscrutable face, with no hint of a grimace, but she did not quite succeed.

“Well, there won’t be any of *that* on this job,” said Rick Ramrod, “but I do need to ask if you’ve had any experience giving blow jobs to men.”

“Well, uh, yes, I have,” Misti said. “I, uh, gave quite a few blow jobs to my boyfriend, before we broke up.” She didn’t call Kenny her “ex-husband.”

“That’s just what we need,” said Rick Ramrod. “I’ve got a terrific, totally daring scheme to sell cars, and you can be a valuable part of it, if you’re up for it. I can just tell that you’re the right person for the job—and your breakup with your boyfriend didn’t happen because you gave him bad blow jobs, did it?”

“Oh, no! Actually, it happened because, uh, he wanted anal sex, and I didn’t.”

“Hell, I don’t blame you. I sure can’t see why anyone wants to do that shit. But like I say, this will be blow jobs only. Let me fill you in, and then you can decide if you want the job.” He filled Misti in. After only a modicum of hesitation, she decided she did want the job.

“Any man who knows anything about *manhood*,” Rick Ramrod was soon saying in a powerful, manly voice, in a preview of his new TV commercial, “knows that a man’s car *is* his manhood! A wimp with *no car* has *no manhood*! A cheapskate with a cheap car has, at best, *questionable manhood*! But a *real* man—a man who buys a specially outfitted *Climax Car* from Rick Ramrod Motors—has *supreme, unquestionable manhood*! And, for a limited time only, Rick Ramrod Motors *guarantees* that, if you buy a *Climax Car* from

Rick Ramrod Motors, you *will* undergo a *climax* in *this car!*”

Rick Ramrod was shown with his arm outstretched, pointing to a flashy red convertible with the top down. Suddenly Misti saw herself, dressed in a flimsy low-cut blouse and a red miniskirt, arising from out of hiding in the front passenger seat. Her red bra, cut even lower than the blouse, was plainly visible through the thin fabric. The camera swooped up to show generous portions of her breasts, while Misti gave the camera a big smile.

“Only Rick Ramrod Motors dares to make this guarantee!” Rick Ramrod proclaimed, while the name, address, and telephone number of Rick Ramrod Motors were displayed on the screen.

“Only Rick Ramrod Motors will allow you to indulge your supreme, unquestionable manhood to the fullest extent the law allows! So rumble on down to Rick Ramrod Motors *today*, and *buy this Climax Car!*”

The commercial ended. “Wow, Misti, isn’t that great?” Rick Ramrod said. “You’re the perfect person for this job! I can hardly wait to start selling Climax Cars!”

“Uh, it’s very attention-getting, all right,” Misti said. “I’m sure it will sell some cars.”

On the very morning after the commercial first appeared, a man appeared at Rick Ramrod Motors’ showroom and inquired about buying a Climax Car. Misti was entering data in her cubicle just off the showroom floor. She didn’t need her glasses to do close-up work like data entry, but she put them on and peeked around the edge of the cubicle to see the inquirer. He was a lean, healthy-looking older gentleman with a full head of white hair, wearing expensive-looking casual clothes.

“I want one just like in the commercial,” the man was telling Salvador Antiaguez, the leading salesman, whose devotion to selling cars equaled even

that of Rick Ramrod himself. “And I’ll pay cash. It does come with all the special features shown in the commercial, right—including the girl?”

“You bet,” said Salvador. “Hey, Misti! Please come here!”

Misti emerged from her cubicle, into the customer’s eager gaze. She wasn’t wearing red now, and her pink top wasn’t quite as low-cut or flimsy as what she had worn in the commercial, but her sky-blue miniskirt was just as short. The customer’s eyes bulged with delight at what he saw.

“This is our special assistant, Misti, who you saw in the commercial,” said Salvador. “She’ll accompany you on your, uh, maiden voyage in the Climax Car, and I know you’ll be fully satisfied. And your name, sir, is—?”

“Bob Fickwicke,” said the customer. “I recently retired as vice president for sales at Magnum Supreme, and now I’m ready to enjoy life to the full. Misti, I’m extremely glad to meet you.” He shook Misti’s hand.

“OK, Misti, we’ll complete the deal, and we’ll let you know when Mr. Fickwicke is ready to go,” said Salvador. Misti dutifully smiled at Mr. Fickwicke and returned to her cubicle to enter data, until she was called upon to perform her special duties.

That happened pretty soon, since there was no financing to slow the deal down. Salvador shook Mr. Fickwicke’s hand, and Misti accompanied him into the Climax Car.

“Well, Misti,” Mr. Fickwicke said when they began to cruise down Arthur Boulevard toward Queen Charlotte Park, “I’ve got to say your looks are just terrific. The combination of the prim, proper look above the neck, the glasses and the headband and all, with the totally hot look below the neck—it’s just stunning! And do I detect a hint of African-American heritage?”

“Uh, yes,” Misti said. “My mom is a Creole from New Orleans. I’m what they used to call an ‘octo-roon’—seven-eighths white, one-eighth black.”

“Have you ever thought of modeling, or acting?”

“Uh, not really, but I guess I might sometime. I’m still only 19; I’ve got a long ways to go in life, I guess.”

“A long ways to go up, up, and away! I can see you’ve got a terrific future ahead of you! You’ve got the looks to become a first-rate celebrity!”

It was silly, Misti knew, but she did have an embarrassing weakness for getting excited when men appreciated her looks—just as much now as when Kenny had first let her know how attractive he found her. Before long, her panties were peeking out beyond the hem of her miniskirt—and Mr. Fickwicke was quick to notice.

“Say, Misti, what’s this I see?” he said, pointing to her giant clitoris inside her panties. “Can it be? Are you a—well, I might think of calling you a ‘shemale’ myself, but I guess the correct term is a ‘transgendered person?’”

“Yes, I am,” Misti admitted. “And I don’t mind being called a ‘shemale.’ You might call me a natural-born shemale; I’ve got a rare hormone imbalance that makes me look and sound female—except I don’t look female down *there*.” She pointed to her giant clitoris, now fully erect inside her panties.

“Oh, is it all right if I touch it?” Mr. Fickwicke asked, bringing his hand closer.

“Sure, it’s fine with me,” Misti assured him. His fingers surrounded her bulb, and she pressed his hand down with her own.

“It’s incredibly beautiful,” said Mr. Fickwicke. “Misti, I’m so glad you’ll allow me to do this with you. It expresses a side of me that I’ve had to suppress for far too long. My wife is a fine woman, but she has no understanding of things like this.”

Misti felt a bit sick at the thought that she was assisting Mr. Fickwicke in cheating on his wife. She tried to bear up, but she hoped the experience would be over soon. “Uh, would you like to pull up into Queen Charlotte Park for your climax,” she asked, “or would you prefer Farquhar Park?”

“Well, I’d like to go a little farther out, if you don’t mind,” he said. Misti felt dismayed. Beyond Farquhar Park, Arthur Boulevard curved around to join the interstate. From there, to the left, the interstate went around the outskirts of Pacific Heights, past Beaconsfield, University Heights, and Rutland Ridge, and on up toward Eagle Point and Canada. To the right, it went past Seaview Grove, Appledale, and other towns, to Quoheemish and beyond; if you followed it far enough, you would get to California. Mr. Fickwicke didn’t seem to be the kind of person who would try to abduct Misti to California without warning, but she was glad she had her cell phone with her to call for help in case he did.

“Let’s just listen to a bit of music while we roll along,” said Mr. Fickwicke, removing his hand from Misti’s bulb for a minute and turning on the car radio, but then returning his hand to her bulb. He selected KFIQ, FM 102.2, the “oldies but goodies” station. The radio began to play a steady stream of old songs, mostly about sex—*Light My Fire*, *Lady Willpower*, *Angel of the Morning*, *Sex Machine*, and more—interspersed with commercials, including one for Rick Ramrod Motors. Then, when Mr. Fickwicke accelerated onto the interstate heading toward Quoheemish and California, the radio began to play *Why Don’t We Do It in the Road*.

“Why don’t we do it in the road!” Mr. Fickwicke exclaimed. “It’s perfect! This is destiny!” Glancing at Misti, he explained: “You see, Misti, when I was much younger, I was inspired by a book called *Republican Party Reptile*. In that book, the author wrote about receiving sexual favors while driving at speeds in excess of 100 miles per hour. That became my dream, my vision, my destiny. Today, at long last, I will fulfill

my dream.” Removing his hand momentarily from Misti’s bulb, he unzipped his trousers and extracted his erect penis, a slender one about six inches long.

“And now, if you please, my climax,” said Mr. Fickwicke, replacing his hand on Misti’s bulb while accelerating way above the speed limit.

Misti was terrified. She thought of calling for help right now on her cell phone, even at the risk of getting fired from Rick Ramrod Motors for failing to give the customer the promised climax. The problem with that idea was that help might not arrive until after the climax would have ended, if she did give it to him. “Uh—you’ll slow down after the climax, won’t you?” Misti frantically begged to know.

“Of course,” Mr. Fickwicke assured her. Misti undid her seatbelt and applied herself with all her might to giving Mr. Fickwicke the incredibly exciting blow job he desired. It seemed the best way to safety under the circumstances. The terror of the high-speed race toward orgasm even increased Misti’s own excitement, especially since Mr. Fickwicke was steering with his left hand while stretching out his right arm to keep squeezing her bulb. Before long Misti couldn’t keep from ejaculating in her panties, getting semen all over Mr. Fickwicke’s hand. He wiped his hand on Misti’s miniskirt, the only thing available; then he caressed her head while she continued to suck and lick his penis with all her might.

“Hold on, Misti,” Mr. Fickwicke soon said. “The police are behind us—but this would be a pretty poor Climax Car if it couldn’t outrun a police car! Oh, Misti, this is incredible bliss! It will be well worth the price of a speeding ticket.” Misti, desperately desiring the price to be only a speeding ticket and not a fatal crash, applied herself to trying to finish the blow job. It wasn’t easy, because Mr. Fickwicke was obviously trying to prolong the experience.

Soon Misti heard something even louder than the road noise and the music, a great whirring sound that seemed to be coming up from behind the Climax

Car until it was almost directly overhead. She couldn't look up and see what it was, because of the blow job, but it made her feel afraid. "Yes, Misti, yes! Blow me harder! I'm almost there!" Mr. Fickwicke cried, almost shouting to make himself heard over the whirring sound. Misti was already blowing him as hard as she could, but she tried to make it seem that she was complying with his wish.

"Oh! Yes! Oh, *yes!* Misti, you're the greatest! This is heaven on earth!" Mr. Fickwicke moaned. The car began to swerve. He took his right hand from Misti's head and gripped the steering wheel with it. At last he was ejaculating into Misti's mouth. Misti sucked him off as fully as possible. Then she spat his semen onto the plush carpet of the Climax Car and arose to see what was around her.

The whirring noise was coming from a Pacificum State Police helicopter directly overhead. Straight ahead was a line of three state police cars, one in each traffic lane on the interstate, blocking traffic and slowing down to force Mr. Fickwicke to slow down too. He did slow down at last, and leisurely pulled over onto the shoulder. The lone police car that had been pursuing him pulled up directly behind; the three police cars ahead pulled over onto the shoulder and blocked him in; the helicopter landed in the grassy median.

"Any idea how fast you were going?" the officer who had followed him asked after getting his license and registration.

"I don't think we need to discuss that," said Mr. Fickwicke. "If I've been speeding, I'll pay the ticket."

"I clocked you at 129," the officer said. "You're God-damn lucky you didn't kill somebody."

"He was getting a blow job from that female while driving at that speed," announced an officer who had just emerged from the helicopter. "We've got aerial photos of it."

Mr. Fickwicke looked around. "Isn't this a bit extreme for a simple speeding incident?" he asked. "Four police cars and a helicopter? What is this world coming to? Aren't there better uses of police resources?"

"This isn't a simple speeding incident," said the first officer. "Aside from the crime of reckless driving, we're investigating business corruption. We received information that Rick Ramrod Motors was offering prostitution services to sell cars. In case you didn't know, that's cheating, and it's against the law. It's a form of the crime of business corruption. We were going to set up a sting to catch Rick Ramrod, but you beat us to the punch. We'd hardly started surveillance when you showed up to buy a Climax Car. When you and the female rode off in one together, we followed you to observe whether an act of prostitution was going to occur. One did. So, now you're under arrest for reckless driving and patronizing a prostitute."

The officer quickly handcuffed Mr. Fickwicke, who protested, "Under arrest! For simply speeding and enjoying myself on a public highway? This is an outrage! I need to speak with my attorney at once!"

"In due time," the officer said with a grin. "First you need to get booked in. Right this way, please." He and one of the other officers escorted Mr. Fickwicke to the waiting police car.

"All right, let's go," another officer said, handcuffing Misti. "You're under arrest for prostitution." Misti thought of protesting, but she could not speak. *Of course*, Misti thought. *I already knew that's why the pay was so good!* Mr. Fickwicke had not given Misti money for the blow job, but Rick Ramrod had. With bitter chagrin, Misti remembered when she had thought herself better than bad boys merely because she didn't beat off. Now, she was forced to see, she was barely better than the filthiest, most disgusting slut who exchanged blow jobs for drugs. Worse yet, Mom and Dad and Katie were sure to find

out how bad she was—and they would find out really soon.

Chapter 6

“Business corruption probe nets car dealer, customer, hooker,” blared the big headline in the *Pacific Heights Informer*. It had been bad enough when Misti had to admit what happened, to face the combined displeasure of Mom, Dad, and Katie, after asking Dad to bond her out. Now they were all reading all about it at breakfast, while Misti helplessly looked on. Sure enough, Rick Ramrod, 46, owner of Rick Ramrod Motors, had been arrested for business corruption and promoting prostitution; Robert R. Fickwicke, 67, a retired business executive, had been arrested for reckless driving and patronizing a prostitute; and the “hooker,” Mitchell W. “Misti” MacCraikie, 19, had been arrested for prostitution.

“This is the bottomless pits,” Dad said. “Mitch, your future is ruined. Maybe you should have thought of that before you took that Rick Ramrod job. I should have known this would happen when we found out from the Moob Doc that your surgery wouldn’t work.”

“I hope you’ll decide to go to confession,” Mom said, more hopefully. “There were saints who did far worse things than this, but they changed their lives, and you can too, with God’s help.”

Misti hadn’t gone to confession for years, and she wasn’t at all sure she wanted to go now—but at least she began to think of all the sins she might confess, if she did ever go again. There was the act of prostitution, and appearing in an indecent advertisement, and countless blow jobs with Kenny, and being untruthful under oath at the deposition . . . Misti started to get dizzy and sick even trying to think of everything she would have to say, if she ever again went to confession.

“There might be a way out of this,” Katie said. “Plenty of people who get arrested for crimes, especially misdemeanors like yours, get good plea deals or even get their cases dismissed if they co-operate with the police. I mean, for one thing, they’ll probably want you to testify against Rick Ramrod. And there might even be other things that could come up, who knows what!”

As it turned out, Katie’s suggestion was the one Misti accepted first, and surprisingly soon. Before breakfast was over, Misti’s cell phone rang. “Hey, Misti!” said the voice on the other end. “This is Jasmine! Long time no see!”

“Oh, hi,” Misti said. “Yes, *too* long. How are you?”

“I’m doing great, but incredibly busy. Sorry I haven’t kept in touch, but what with working for the bureau and going to school, and being a proud parent and all that, I’ve hardly had time to eat and sleep.”

“Oh, a proud parent?”

“Yeah, Debbie had a baby a couple of months ago, a girl. You know what, we named her Misti after you.”

“Oh, really! I’d love to see her! But—if you’re all that busy, how are you finding time to call me now?”

“I’m on the job at the PBI. I read about your little adventure in the *Informer*. I think we can help each other out. Can you come downtown to the bureau headquarters, and talk with me and some other agents about an investigation you might want to be involved in?”

“Uh—well, I was thinking I had to go to work—although I’m not sure what will happen now that the owner’s been arrested.”

“I’m thinking maybe you won’t want to work there any more. I mean, you sure don’t want to get charged with prostitution *again*, do you?”

“No!” Misti looked around. All eyes were fixed on her. “It’s Jasmine, my friend from high school, who’s working for the PBI,” Misti said. “Jasmine thinks I should quit my job and go in to talk about an investigation. It might help me out.”

“Quit the job,” Dad said. “It’s not worth it.”

“Oh, yes, please quit!” Mom said.

“Sounds good to me,” Katie said. “This could be the chance of a lifetime!”

“All right, I quit,” Misti said to Jasmine. “Just tell me how to get to the bureau headquarters.”

Misti took the light-rail car downtown from Farquhar Village, and transferred to the unique Underground Screw Car that went up the steep Capitoline Hill to the Pacificum State Capitol. Near the capitol was the big state government building in which the headquarters of the Pacificum Bureau of Investigation were located. Misti found the PBI headquarters and told the receptionist she was here for a meeting with Jasmine Fitch.

“Hi, Misti,” Jasmine said when Misti entered the room for the meeting. “Glad you could come. This is my supervisor, Bill Wilfraw, and this is Jim Rackreeve, who’s in charge of the special investigation we’re going to talk about.” Misti shook hands with the two men and sat down.

“OK, Misti,” said Jim Rackreeve, a big man with black hair, big black eyebrows, and a bigger black mustache, “we’re conducting an investigation of a suspect in a sex trafficking case, named Prince Atavi Busharka. He’s a legal resident of this country, a graduate student at the U, but suspected of shipping American women to his country for sex slavery. Apparently American women are greatly in demand over there, because the men there regard them as

sex-crazed sluts. We haven't been able to pin him down yet. We're pretty sure there's evidence of the trafficking on his computer, but we haven't been able to get a search warrant. And that's where you come in, if you're interested in helping us—and helping yourself too. We'd like you to help out in a sting operation against him. We can pretty much guarantee your little prostitution charge will go away if you help out."

"I'd like that," Misti said, "but how am I going to help you get a search warrant? I mean, is he going to try to traffic *me*, or what?"

"His MO," said Rackreeve, "meaning method of operation, is that he first has sex with a victim himself, to make sure she'll make a satisfactory sex slave. Then he quickly incapacitates her and begins the shipping process. What makes *you* so valuable to us is that you've got the total appearance of a female, but he'll find out you're not really one when he gets to the right point in his effort to have sex with you. Prince Atavi Busharka absolutely loathes homosexuals. When he finds out you're one, he'll most likely attack you, and you'll have to defend yourself until we can arrest him. Then, when we've got probable cause to believe he's committed a hate crime, we should be able to get a search warrant to see if there's any hate-crime-related crap on his computer. If we happen to find evidence of trafficking in the process, so much the better."

"Uh—how am I going to defend myself?" Misti demanded to know. "And how are you going to make sure you can arrest him quick?"

"You'll have a can of pepper spray to defend yourself, and you'll be installed in a specially outfitted apartment near the U. His favorite location to meet females is Acacia Fountain at the U. As you may be aware, a lot of pickups happen at that location, so he blends right in. You can eagerly let him come to your apartment. Agents will be waiting in the closets. You'll be wearing a recording device to show him at-

tacking you, and the agents will burst out to arrest him. I admit there will still be some danger, but we'll do everything we can to minimize it."

Misti thought about it. She didn't like the thought of danger, but she certainly did like the prospect of having the charge against her dismissed—and also of helping to capture a sex-slave trader. "All right," she said. "I'll do it."

"Busharka heading toward Acacia Fountain," Jasmine reported after hearing a transmission from another agent. "OK, Misti, this is it. See you at the apartment—with him."

"I'll do what I can," said Misti. In her style of dress, she was already doing all she could to attract the attention of the sex-slave trader. Her red skirt, though short, wasn't as short as the miniskirts she had worn for Rick Ramrod Motors, because there must be no danger that Busharka would find out before the time that Misti wasn't really a female. Her low scoop neckline, though, was as daring as any to be seen around the fountain, notorious as a gathering place for sexily dressed females to await being picked up by sex-crazed males. Misti's bare breasts were visible almost down to her nipples, and the straps of her skimpy, flimsy red bra were peeking out from the sides of her neckline. She stood tall and looked around, with her glasses on of course, to try to spot Prince Atavi Busharka when he arrived.

In a few minutes she saw him striding toward the crowd around the fountain. He was dark, extremely handsome, and almost six and a half feet tall, with masterful-looking dark eyes and golden-brown skin much like Misti's own. Misti could readily see why he had such success in picking up, then abducting, gullible girls from the U.

She fixed her eyes on him and stood even taller. Soon he noticed her. After making sure he was looking at her breasts, she gave him a coy, semi-shy smile and turned away from him, but then looked back and smiled again. Her broad hips gave him exciting signals too. She glanced back again. It was working. He was following her.

She turned to face him and gave him a brilliant smile. “Hi, can I help you?” she said.

“I am sure you can,” he replied, in a deep, mellifluous voice. “I am not one to beat off around any bushes. You will give me sex, please.”

“Ooh!” Misti squealed. “Why—this is so sudden!” She tried to look and sound pleased at his attentions, and found it surprisingly easy.

“I am not one to waste any time,” said the prince. “It is well known that many American women will give men sex on demand. Obviously you are among these women. I can promise you the most sublime satisfaction. You will come with me to my palace of sexual fulfillment.”

“Oh!” said Misti, thinking fast. “Well—I’m still pretty young, you see, and my mother always taught me not to go to any palaces of sexual fulfillment with strangers.” She clasped her hands behind her back and let the prince ogle her breasts to the full. “But it would be so exciting if you’d come to my apartment with me!”

The prince frowned, but then said, “Your apartment is nearby, and suitable for sexual fulfillment?”

“Oh, yes, it is! Please come and see!” Misti took the prince’s hand and pressed her breast against his arm.

“Very well,” said the prince. “When you have undergone the most sublime satisfaction, I am sure you will no longer hesitate to accompany me to my palace.”

Misti and the prince walked hand in hand away from the fountain and toward the apartment. "I'm Misti," she said. "What's your name?"

"I am Prince Atavi Busharka, here in this country for my graduate studies in international relations—and, I freely admit, for sex with American women. In my country, the women have no concept of freedom such as the American women have. Anything other than marriage and childbearing is beyond their horizon. You, of course, are on the pill?"

"Oh! Well, you see—I don't need the pill, because I've been fixed so I can never have babies." That was true enough, Misti thought; she hadn't been sterilized, as the prince might infer from her words, but God had certainly fixed her so she could never give birth to a baby.

"It is a sign of advanced thinking," said the prince with approval. "In my country, such a thing happens only to the women of the poorer classes without their consent. American women can see that this is desirable and liberating, so they voluntarily procure it." Misti didn't know what to say in response to that; she hoped the prince wouldn't expect her to say anything.

After some more walking and talking, they arrived at the apartment on Pendragon Avenue, just off campus. Misti unlocked the door and they entered. The prince noted with approval that the bedroom, containing a gigantic bed suitable for unrestrained love-making, was the main room of the apartment. Aside from the bedroom, there were only the bathroom, a small kitchen area, and a couple of closed doors that appeared to be for walk-in closets.

"It is modest," the prince commented, "but quite suitable for sexual fulfillment. Your taste is commendable. And now, if you please, a kiss."

"Oh, yes!" said Misti. "But please excuse me, I need to use the restroom for a minute."

Misti used the little bathroom not only for one of its intended purposes, but also for taking off her glasses and hiding her giant clitoris between her legs. It would have been too awkward to walk all the way from Acacia Fountain to the apartment with it hidden, but now she must hide it so the prince wouldn't prematurely notice it. Fortunately the prince wasn't nearly as exciting to her as she was to him; as she didn't have an erection, it was really easy to bend her clitoris back and hide it. Hoping the prince wouldn't notice the difference between her present mincing waddle and the way she had walked before, Misti emerged from the bathroom and entered the prince's embrace for a kiss.

It took all Misti's acting ability to pretend she was getting totally hot and excited while the prince stuck his tongue in and out of her mouth and gripped her butt. Misti wondered why this, unlike her escapade with Mr. Fickwicke in the Climax Car, wasn't considered prostitution, since it was at least as repellent as real prostitution. She couldn't figure it out, unless there was some big, un-obvious difference between getting paid in money and getting paid in dismissal of a prostitution charge. Still, just as in the Climax Car episode, Misti had let herself in for this, and she was going to go through with it.

The prince progressed to stripping off Misti's scoop-neck top, undoing her bra, and kissing her nipples while they sat on the bed. This, at least, was genuinely exciting, since Misti's nipples were totally unable to resist arousal from being kissed. She clasped the prince's head in her arms and gave out little erotic moans.

The time was drawing near for the prince to find out Misti was not what she seemed to be. His hand was entering her panties, slipping down to her delta, and probing for her womanly entryway. She kept her legs pressed tightly together, but not tightly enough to keep him from forcing his hand between them. He felt Misti's thick hidden shaft—and gave a sudden shout of wretched loathing and disgust.



“Aarruuggghh!” he yelled, ripping his hand away. “This is wrong! You have deceived me! You are a homosexual! For this you must be punished!” He slapped Misti in the face, really hard. She reached into the pocket of her skirt and fumbled for the pepper spray. She couldn’t get it out before the prince forced her to turn over and started to spank her bare butt, and her backward-facing giant clitoris too, with his bare hand.

“It is a shame I have no whip, no cat o’ nine tails!” the prince snarled. “In my country, a homosexual would be flogged within an inch of life for such deception! The homosexual’s rectum would be tortured with red-hot irons! You are deserving of the same!”

Misti didn’t hear the PBI agents quietly emerging from the closets. They first made their presence known by shouting, “PBI! Freeze!”

The prince stopped spanking Misti, abruptly stood up, and looked around defiantly. “It is wrong,” he declared. “Invasion of privacy. In America there is the right to privacy. You will be sued for many millions of dollars.”

Jim Rackreeve, pointing a gun at the prince, just laughed. “No, I know it was OK with Misti for us to be here,” he said, “and you’re just a casual guest, here for a limited purpose only, with no legitimate expectation of privacy. Now you’ve committed a hate crime as defined by Pacificum law, by attacking Misti for being a homosexual. So you just stand right there and get some handcuffs on, please.” Jasmine came up behind the prince and quickly handcuffed him.

“You will be put to shame and punished for violating my diplomatic immunity,” said the prince.

“Sorry, bud, you don’t have any,” said Rackreeve. “Of course we checked that out. Your status as a hereditary prince doesn’t give you any official standing with your country’s government. We’ll be sure to notify your consulate that you’ve been arrested. Now

let's go." The agents escorted the prince out of the apartment.

Jasmine turned and said, "Thanks a lot, Misti! I'll give you a call and we'll have you over for dinner soon."

Chapter 7

"Shemale beauty helps PBI nab prince in sex trafficking probe," the *Informer* soon proclaimed. Pictures of Prince Atavi Busharka and of Misti adorned the article.

"Agents of the Pacificum Bureau of Investigation yesterday arrested a foreign graduate student, Prince Atavi Busharka, on hate-crime charges," the article said. "Charges of sex trafficking were quickly added after a search warrant was obtained and evidence of trafficking was found on Busharka's computer. Busharka is believed to have been involved in the abduction of over 20 American women for sale into sex slavery.

"PBI agents had been investigating Busharka without success until a young, gay, transgendered beauty, Misti MacCraikie, 19, was enlisted to assist the investigation. Busharka was known to have sex with his victims before abducting them, and was also known to harbor hatred of homosexuals. The PBI anticipated that Busharka would commit a hate crime, for which he could be arrested, upon finding that MacCraikie was biologically male while attempting to have sex. This proved to be true."

Here the picture of Misti, labeled "MacCraikie," appeared. It showed her wearing the same sexy clothes in which she had attracted the prince. The article then focused on Misti.

"I first found out about this investigation," Misti was quoted as saying, "from my friend Jasmine Fitch, who works for the PBI. Jasmine thought I

could attract the attention of Prince Atavi Busharka and lead him to an apartment where PBI agents would be hiding in closets, waiting to arrest him if he committed a hate crime.

“I put on some sexy clothes and watched for the prince at Acacia Fountain on the University campus. He did find me attractive, and I promised to have sex with him if he accompanied me to the apartment.

“When we got to the apartment, the prince was eager to have sex with me—until he found out I was actually a male. Then he attacked me, and vilified me as a homosexual. I was really afraid of what might happen, until the PBI agents came out of the closet and arrested him.”

Hardly had the article appeared in the *Informer*, when Misti got a call from Kenny’s dad. “Hi, Misti,” he said. “This is Dan Stanniman. Hey, I should have told you this before, but no hard feelings about the divorce from Kenny, OK? I know these things happen, and it’s not necessarily anybody’s fault.”

“Uh, OK, no hard feelings,” Misti agreed, wondering what the call was really about.

“I also wanted to say,” Mr. Stanniman went on, “I got a call from my friend Bill Climpson, the editor-in-chief of *Pumphouse* magazine. He wanted to know how to get a hold of you. You see, he’s putting together an article called ‘Pacificum’s Sexiest Shemales,’ and he thinks you’d be perfect for it, if you’re interested. Do you mind if I give him your number?”

“Uh—well—no, I don’t mind,” Misti said. She hoped it wasn’t a mistake, but she felt she could use some real excitement after the disgusting episode with Prince Atavi Busharka. It would be really exciting to let men admire her in the nude from afar—especially since, unlike in gym class, the men couldn’t make any lewd remarks or do anything indecent in her presence.

“Great,” said Mr. Stanniman. “I’m sure you’ll be hearing from him soon.”

Misti did hear from Bill Climpson soon—within a few minutes. He invited her to come downtown to the editorial offices of *Pumphouse*, high up in the Magnum Supreme Building. Misti complied, but she didn’t dress as she had done to attract the prince. She wore a high-necked, only slightly sheer white blouse, and a plain blue skirt that came down almost to her knees.

“Hi, Misti, welcome, welcome,” said Bill Climpson, pumping Misti’s hand. He was a short, stout man with flowing light gray hair and pale blue eyes. “Please sit down.” Misti sat down and pulled her hemline as close to her knees as it would come.

“I’m sure you know what *Pumphouse* magazine is all about,” he said. “We got started right here in Pacific Heights, way back in the early ’60s, combining the finest in art and literature with the satisfaction of every red-blooded American man’s and boy’s desire to see the girl next door in the nude. Today we carry on that great tradition, in both print and electronic formats—but today we recognize that the girl next door may have a certain something extra that ordinary girls don’t have, as you do. I’m putting together an article on Pacificum’s sexiest shemales, and I think you’d be a stunning addition to it. In fact, I think you could look really good in the centerfold. The pay would be pretty good for a small amount of pleasant, exciting work, too. Are you interested?”

“Well, yes, I think so,” Misti said. She was already getting excited at the thought of letting every available red-blooded American man and boy see her in the nude.

“Excellent. Here’s your contract. If it looks OK to you, just sign it, and we’ll get going at once.”

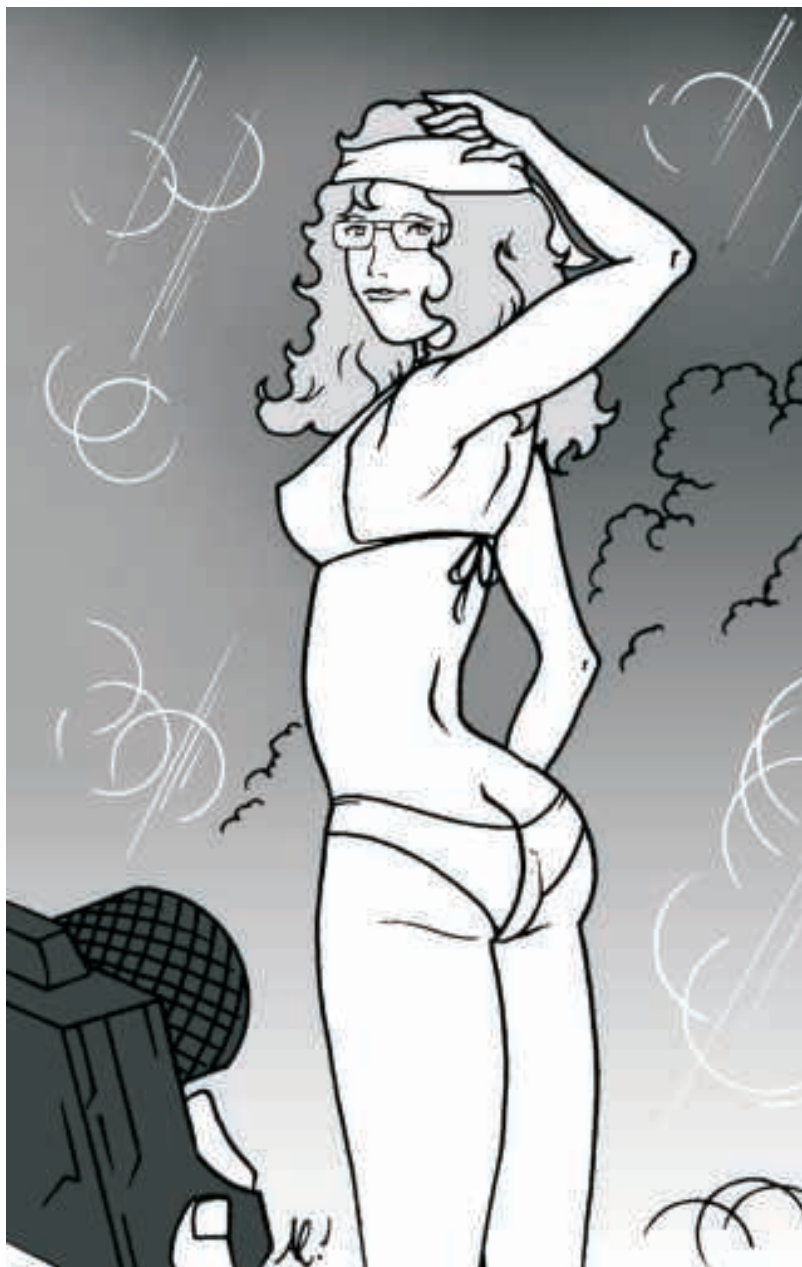
Misti read the contract, which didn't seem to have any obviously objectionable provisions, and signed it. "Great, now I'll take you to the photographer in the studio," said Bill Climpson.

Soon Misti was posing for many photos, beginning with one of her opening her blouse to reveal her breasts in her skimpy bra. Before long she was nude except for her panties, but still wearing her glasses and her headband. The photographer took many shots of her in her panties, with her giant clitoris hidden between her legs. Some of them were frontal shots that showed her bare breasts but not her clitoris; others were side views that showed her breasts, her big butt, and the distinct outline of her backward-facing clitoris and her balls within her panties under her butt. Then the photographer had her lie on her back, raise her knees, and pull her panties part way off, so her nude clitoris and balls could be seen below her upraised thighs.

After the photo session was over, Bill Climpson himself interviewed Misti. Before long he e-mailed her the proofs of the interview, and this is what she read.

PUMPHOUSE: Misti, I'm sure many of our readers have read about how you helped the Pacificum Bureau of Investigation catch the suspected sex trafficker, Prince Atavi Busharka. That must have been a very satisfying experience, to be able to help put a stop to the abduction of American women by passing yourself off as a genuine female to a foreign prince who absolutely loathed shemales. How did that come about? What was your personal history that led up to this victory over sex slavery?

MISTI MacCRAIKIE: Well, I'm what you might call a natural-born shemale; I've got a rare hormone imbalance that makes me look and sound almost totally female, but I'm actually still a male. I first found out about it when I was only 11 years old. I noticed that my breasts were starting to look like a girl's breasts. By the time I was 13, I had to wear an A-cup bra. My



dad wanted me to get male breast reduction surgery, but the doctor said it wouldn't work because of the hormone imbalance.

PUMPHOUSE: You don't still wear an A cup, do you?

MISTI: No, I wear a B.

PUMPHOUSE: How did you feel about looking and sounding like a girl? Embarrassed? Excited?

MISTI: Well, both. It was pretty exciting to have breasts like a girl, but it was really embarrassing when boys teased me about them, and called me the "world's sexiest shemale," and things like that.

PUMPHOUSE: The world's sexiest shemale! Say, maybe that's not far from the truth! Did you have boys lining up around the block to ask you for dates?

MISTI: Actually, no. Most of the boys just wanted to look at me and tease me, and sometimes beat off in front of me. I did have a boyfriend for a while, but we broke up when he wanted anal sex, which I didn't want.

PUMPHOUSE: How about a girlfriend?

MISTI: I wish! But no, I don't have a girlfriend either.

PUMPHOUSE: So how did you come to be involved in the Busharka investigation?

MISTI: Well, I knew Jasmine Fitch, who works for the PBI. I was friends with Jasmine from high school, where we were both opposed to a counselor who was pushing sex reassignment surgery for 16-year-olds. Then later on I was the maid of honor at Jasmine's wedding. After that I lost touch with Jasmine for a while, and I got involved in something pretty idiotic, the Rick Ramrod Motors business corruption scandal, which you may have read about. My part in it was giving a customer a blow job while he drove more than 100 miles an hour on the interstate. For that, I

got arrested for prostitution, and got in the news. Jasmine read the news article and called me up to see if I'd be interested in participating in the Busharka investigation, which could help me get my charge dismissed, and I said I would.

PUMPHOUSE: So then you attracted Busharka's attention at Acacia Fountain at the U, right? How did you, out of all the females looking to be picked up at the fountain, manage to get his attention?

MISTI: Well, I was wearing some pretty revealing clothes. I stood tall and smiled at him, and turned around and looked back at him, and swung my hips, and I saw he was following me. Then I turned and said, "Hello, can I help you?"—and he asked me to have sex with him, just like that. He wanted me to come to what he called his "palace of sexual fulfillment," but I told him my mother always told me not to go to any palaces of sexual fulfillment with strangers. So we went to the apartment where the PBI agents were waiting in the closets, and he started kissing me and feeling me up for sex.

PUMPHOUSE: It must have been quite a shock when he found you had a cock. Were you hiding it between your legs?

MISTI: Yes, and it was obviously a terrific shock for him when he found out.

PUMPHOUSE: Do you mind telling me how long your cock is?

MISTI: Well, I call it my giant clitoris, and it's seven inches long.

PUMPHOUSE: So then he was totally outraged when he found out you were a male with a seven-inch cock?

MISTI: Yes, he went wild and said, "This is wrong! You have deceived me! You are a homosexual! For this you must be punished!" He slapped me and spanked me, and said in his country a homosexual

would be flogged and tortured with red-hot irons for such deception, and I deserved the same. Then, when the PBI agents came out and arrested him, he threatened to sue them for millions of dollars for invading his privacy. I was pretty frightened when he was attacking me, but I almost laughed out loud when he said that.

PUMPHOUSE: Well, Misti, thanks a lot for this interview, and let me tell you, you've obviously got a great future ahead of you as the world's sexiest shemale!

Misti still wasn't sure what she thought of the idea of being the world's sexiest shemale, especially when she read the rest of Bill Climpson's message. "I've taken the liberty," he said, "of showing your interview and your pictures to Rod Bimstone, my partner in some exciting enterprises that are more explicit than anything you'll see in *Pumphouse*. As you may know, Rod Bimstone is the leading producer of adult video in the State of Pacificum. If all goes well, some extremely exciting and lucrative prospects may open up for you. Details soon, I hope!"

Details came sooner than Misti could have imagined. That very evening, when Misti was alone in her bedroom at home, Bill Climpson called back. "Misti!" he cried. "I've got terrific news! Rod Bimstone is pumped! He's hot to go! He's seen your pictures and your interview, and he wants to promote you as the World's Sexiest Shemale! I'm serious! You'll be a star! Just say the word, and we'll get going!"

"Oh!" Misti said. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to say the word. She had no idea what she did want to say, except it was *not* "Yes! I want everyone in the universe to know I'm the world's sexiest shemale!" She had to beg for time, as much time as possible, and hope she could make the right decision before the end of time.

"Well—this is really sudden!" she said, remembering when she had said the same thing to Prince Atavi

Busharka. “Uh—I’m going to need some time to think about this!”

“Sure, I understand,” Bill Climpson said. “This is big, really big. Your whole future is opening up before you. You’ll make heaps of money from high-quality adult videos; then you’ll be able to retire when the right time comes, and live in comfort for the rest of your days. It’s obviously the right decision, but you need to make sure *you* know it’s the right decision for *you*. And it is. So I’ll be waiting for you to make that decision, and then we’ll get going right away!”

“I’ll be sure to call when I’ve made the decision,” Misti assured him.

Misti hadn’t been thinking for long about her decision when Jasmine called Misti up and invited her to come over for dinner. Jasmine picked Misti up in a clunky old car, but drove her up Manor Road to the wealthier area near the hilltop. Misti was astounded to see Jasmine’s expensive-looking house, until Jasmine explained after entering.

“Hi, Misti!” Debbie greeted Misti with a big smile. “Big Misti, meet little Misti!” She held up the wide-eyed baby girl in her arms. Misti smiled and opened her eyes wide too, and made the baby laugh.

“I hope you like our house,” Debbie said, escorting Misti into the dining room.

“Um, wow, yes, it’s really impressive,” Misti said.

“Blame it on Jane Austen,” Jasmine said. “This used to be Debbie’s parents’ house, but then Debbie’s dad died, and Debbie didn’t want to leave her mom all alone here after we got married. Well, Debbie had read *Emma* by Jane Austen, and in that book Emma didn’t want to leave her hypochondriac father alone after she and Mr. Knightley got married, so Mr. Knightley rented out his mansion and moved into

Emma's house with her father. That was what Debbie wanted me to do, except it was her mother, and I didn't have to rent out a mansion. I hadn't read *Emma* then, but I read it after we got married. It's actually pretty good." Jasmine grinned. "I like Mr. Knightley a lot more than Debbie does."

"You don't scold and lecture me *nearly* as much as Mr. Knightley did to Emma," Debbie said, giving Jasmine a loving look.

"I *would*, though," Jasmine retorted, "if you gave me as much to scold and lecture you about as she did to him!" They kissed.

By the time dinner was over, Misti was feeling quite envious of Jasmine, whom Debbie's mom insisted on calling "Jeremy." It wasn't the bad kind of envy, hating Jasmine's happiness, or anything like that; it was just feeling sad that Misti didn't have happiness like that too. When they were descending the hill toward Misti's home in the clunky car, Misti let Jasmine know how she felt.

"It seems like you've really got a great life," Misti said.

"Yeah, it does, doesn't it?" Jasmine agreed. "I'm astounded. It's not perfect, but it's a lot like what they talk about at the Temple, living a heavenly life right here on earth."

"I sure wish I could have a life like that."

"Well, maybe you can. I mean, if I can do it, I bet anybody can do it!"

"What about somebody who can't—uh—you know, get it up for a female?"

Jasmine laughed. "You mean like me? I never could, for any female except Debbie, and I didn't think I was going to be able to for her either. I thought we were going to be just a male lesbian and a female lesbian—but Debbie didn't think so, as I, uh, found

out on our wedding night. She was right, and I was wrong.”

Misti sat in silence. She was thinking of Ronette. She had ignored Ronette for far too long. Now she wasn't sure Ronette would even want to talk with her—and Misti was pretty sure Ronette wouldn't want to marry a male lesbian, even if Misti turned out to be one. Still, Misti's heart was yearning painfully for happiness like Jasmine's—and now she couldn't imagine having it with anyone but Ronette, no matter how impossible that might be.

“Well—I hope *I'm* wrong, too,” Misti said. “For quite a while I've been thinking I'm gay. Now I'm not so sure, but—I just get so incredibly excited about guys, and not about girls, even girls I like a lot.”

“Well, excitement isn't everything,” Jasmine said. “It's not even the most important thing. I mean, you sure wouldn't want to be like Prince Atavi Busharka, devoting your life to getting excited and making money off other people's excitement, even by enslaving people to it.”

“No,” Misti said. “Or like the guy I gave a blow job while he drove incredibly fast, just to get as excited as possible—like what he read about in *Republican Party Reptile*.” She gave a little laugh and hesitated, but then went on. “Or even like Kenny,” she said. “You know, I was married to Kenny for almost a year. We just got divorced pretty recently. He said he loved me, but—it turned out he didn't love *me* as much as he loved *excitement*, like from anal sex, which he wanted but I didn't.”

Misti was silent again. Her whole mind was revolving, turning away from the life she had been leading—but turning toward what?

“I guess,” she said at last, “if I had to choose between love without excitement, and excitement without love, I'd have to choose love—if only I could find it.”

“If only you could *give* it,” Jasmine corrected her. “I bet you can. And if you look for excitement, you’re not likely to get love—but if you look for love, if you look to *give* love, you just might find excitement too.”

Misti thought about that in silence. They were approaching the Temple of the Grand Union. The sun hadn’t actually set yet, and the sky was still light overhead, but the temple and the surrounding neighborhood were already sunk in twilight and shadow because the hill blocked the sunlight. Brilliant light shone forth from the Yang portion in the upper part of the temple’s great round window, and soft muted light from the dark Yin portion in the lower part. Misti felt herself longing for the light of heaven to descend to the darkness of earth, even the darkness of her own heart.

“Well, thanks for everything, Jasmine,” Misti said as they turned onto Beaton Street and headed toward her home. “You’ve really helped me a lot.”

“Any time,” Jasmine said. “That’s what friends are for.”

Misti was at the U, but she didn’t know what she was doing there. It was late in the semester but she didn’t know when her classes were, she hadn’t been attending them, and she hadn’t been studying. She was going to flunk out for sure. It was hopeless. She had to go somewhere else, do something new, get a life outside the dreary routine of higher education. She went to the apartment she had shared with Kenny, but Kenny wasn’t there.

Then she went to Rick Ramrod Motors. Salvador, Mr. Fickwicke, and Rick Ramrod himself greeted her and welcomed her into the Climax Car. Mr. Fickwicke took off at high speed. Almost at once he was flying down the interstate. Misti felt she had to scream, but she couldn’t because she was blowing Mr. Fickwicke

and gagging on his penis. She ripped her mouth off his penis although he hadn't yet ejaculated, and looked up at him. He was no longer himself, but a green, ugly, scaly lizard or some such reptile. His inhuman eyes were fixed on the road ahead. Misti turned to see. Three police cars were lined up across the interstate straight ahead, standing still. Mr. Fickwicke, or the reptile who had been Mr. Fickwicke, didn't slow down; instead he speeded up. Misti screamed in deathly terror as the Climax Car collided with the police cars at incredibly high speed.

Misti was thrown clear of the car, but found herself in a narrow, dimly lighted underground passage that seemed to lead from nowhere to nowhere. There wasn't enough room to stand up, and there wasn't enough room to get through the openings that might or might not have led to the open air above. The stale air was cold, and yet a burning smell was growing stronger. Misti was trapped, alone, with no one to help her and nowhere to go—until she began to wake up.

This is my life! Misti thought in horror, half awake. This was her wasted life, and now it was over—or it would have been over, had the dream been real. She couldn't keep from thinking it *was* real—or it would be real, if she didn't turn away from the life she had been leading. But what could she turn *toward*?

Misti groped for the answer in her slowly waking mind. All she could think of was the few people she loved, really loved, without being the least bit excited by them: Jasmine and Debbie; Mom and Katie, and Henriette, and even Dad; and Ronette, whom she had ignored for far too long. Somewhere among them, Misti had to think, lay her destination—a full 180 degrees away from her way of life up to now, which would surely end in speeding toward disaster and entrapment in nothingness, if it didn't end in a turn away.

Chapter 8

When she was fully awake, it was toward Mom above all that Misti found herself turning, at the end of her 180-degree spin. If only Misti could be more like Mom, she hoped, she could be serene and happy like Mom. Mom obviously wasn't God, and yet Misti somehow seemed to glimpse God through Mom, more than through anyone else she knew.

Mom was going to confession, though of course Dad wasn't. Katie was going too. Henriette was still too young to go to confession, but she would read a book of Bible stories in church while Mom and Katie went.

Misti hadn't been to confession for five years. She was still daunted by the prospect of trying to think of all her countless sins. All she knew now that she hadn't known before was that sin wasn't just doing something that felt good, which God arbitrarily didn't like for some totally unknown reason. Sin was *idiocy*, like speeding toward death while getting a blow job to act like a Republican party reptile. Sin was driving out love in search of ultimately pointless excitement, or something equally pointless.

Mom undoubtedly didn't have 200 blow jobs to confess, but Misti was going to be like Mom as far as she could, and go to confession. She tried to be inconspicuous about it, as if she had never stopped going. "Misti, we'll see you in a while," Mom said. Misti silently followed Mom, Henriette, and Katie out to the car. Mom and Katie opened their eyes wide and looked as if they were about to say something, but they didn't.

In the car on the way to St. Raymond's church, Misti went over her life for the past five years, trying to think of all the idiotic things she had done. She still had no hope that she could think of them all, but she was determined to do the best she could.

They arrived at the church and lined up for confession. Misti stood last, to give herself more time to think. At last her time came. She swallowed hard, took a deep breath, and went into the confessional.

The priest was a new one, Father Rick Montheureux, who hadn't been at St. Raymond's when Misti last went to confession at the age of 14. That was good, Misti thought. It was better that the priest should have no idea who she was.

"Bless me father, for I have sinned," Misti said after making the sign of the cross. "It's been about five *years* since my last confession." She emphasized "years" to make sure the priest would hear. "Since that time, I've committed about 200 acts of oral sex, one act of prostitution, and one act of anal sex, and I was untruthful under oath in a court case. Uh—and I neglected my prayers, and didn't go to Mass for five years. And I posed for indecent photographs for a magazine. I dressed immodestly on a number of occasions, I don't know how many. I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life, especially—anything stupid and dangerous." Was that really it? Could all Misti's bad deeds for five years really be summed up so briefly? She doubted it, but at least she had done the best she could to recall the big ones.

"All right," said the priest, "thank God for enabling you to make a good confession—and please try to come here sooner next time. Was anyone harmed because of your untruthfulness in the court case?"

"No, actually I was trying to help somebody get *out* of trouble, not to get him *into* trouble."

"All right. For your penance, say 10 Our Fathers, 10 Hail Marys, and 10 Glory Be's. Now make a good act of contrition."

"O my God," Misti said, "I am heartily sorry for having offended you, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell"—she thought of being trapped underground after the crash in her

dream—"but most of all because they offend you, my God, who are all good and worthy of all my love." She thought of Mom, and also of Ronette, who were worthy of much more love than Misti had given them. "I firmly resolve, with the help of your grace, to sin no more, and to avoid the near occasions of sin."

The priest said the words of absolution, ending with "May God grant you pardon and peace, and I absolve you from all your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Your sins are forgiven; go in peace."

"Thank you, Father," Misti said. She arose, emerged, and prayed. It was incredible that she could really wash out five years of idiocy in 30 prayers—but Mom would believe it, and Misti tried hard to believe it too.

Mom, Katie, and Henriette stayed for Mass, and so did Misti. Mom led them to a pew directly in back of a young woman with long, kinky black hair—who might almost have been Ronette, if Ronette had attended St. Raymond's. Misti, unaccustomed to paying much attention at Mass even when she had attended it years ago, was seriously distracted by the young woman. She caught glimpses of the woman's skin, which was the same color as Ronette's. The woman's figure was pleasing to look at from behind; she was more nearly slender than Ronette had been. The readings, the prayers of the faithful, the offertory, the consecration passed by without great concentration on Misti's part—but her full attention was aroused by the sign of peace.

"Peace be with you," said Father Rick.

"And with your spirit," said the congregation.

"Let us offer one another a sign of peace."

The young woman turned around; her eyes and her mouth opened wide with delight; she clasped Misti's hand in both her own. She was Ronette in-

deed, and Misti's incredulous heart was racing toward her at full speed.

"Uh, I'll walk home, OK, Mom?" Misti whispered after Mass.

"That's fine," Mom said, softly enough, but not too softly for Ronette to hear. "You and Ronette must have some talking to catch up on."

Misti waited until Ronette was done with her prayers; then she genuflected and followed Ronette out. Ronette turned and gave her another brilliant smile. "Hi, Misti!" she said. "I'm really glad to see you here!"

"Thanks! Uh—long time no see."

"Well, it wouldn't have been a long time if *you'd* been here," Ronette twitted her. "I've been coming here every day since I came home for the summer. I came here last summer too, but you weren't here."

"No—I've been away for five years, and I just came back. But you didn't come here five years ago."

"No, but I was really interested in what you said about Blessed Henriette Delille the first time I ever met you. I read about her, and thought about whether my mom and dad's church was really the best one to belong to, and I decided I wanted to be like Blessed Henriette." Ronette grinned. "Except she became a nun; I don't think I'm going to do *that*."

"No, don't do that!" Misti was startled at how fast she said it, and how strongly she felt about it. She was even more startled at what she was thinking of saying next—but she went ahead and said it anyway. "Ronette," she said, "you remember, at Jasmine and Debbie's wedding, how you were astounded to find out Jasmine was really, uh, a man under all that?"

Ronette's eyes were wide open. "Sure I remember," she said.

“Well, this might be even more astounding, but—I’m really a man under all this, too.”

“*What!*” Ronette laughed out loud. “That’s totally incredible! You look and sound *exactly* like a girl!”

“Yeah, I know. I’ve got a rare hormone imbalance. It started making me seem to be a girl when I was about 11—but it didn’t change who I really *am*.”

Ronette’s face showed total fascination. “Well, that’s really interesting!” she said, and laughed again. “We’re still good friends, right?”

“Uh—yeah! I sure hope so!”

“So, um, does that mean I’ve got a boyfriend?”

Now it was Misti’s turn to laugh. If Ronette was repelled by the thought of having a boyfriend who looked and sounded like a girl, she sure wasn’t showing it.

“Uh, wow! Well—sure it does, if you want one.”

“I’m pretty sure I do.” Ronette was very close to Misti now, and speaking softly but very clearly. Misti still didn’t have an erection, but now at least she found it imaginable that Ronette might give her one someday.

“I guess,” Ronette said, “if my dad thought you were a sex pervert, or what he would call a sex pervert, he’d be mistaken.”

“Yeah, he would.” Misti wondered if she should say more, at the risk of offending Ronette, but she decided she had to. “I used to be one, but I’m not going to be one any more. I was—married to Kenny for almost a year, but we got divorced.”

“Oh! Well—that doesn’t count, if you’re really a man and so is he!”

“No, I guess all my sins don’t count any more, since I confessed them. There sure were a lot of them, though.”

"I'll pray for you not to go back to them. We could pray *together* for you to stay free from them, every day after Mass, as long as I'm here for the summer. Then I'll be in Appledale. I'm transferring to SIDU this fall." Misti knew, of course, that SIDU was Saints Ives and Dymphna University.

"Isn't that more expensive than the U?"

"Yeah, but I decided it was worth it. I can pay off loans one way or another, but there's no substitute for a good education. My dad was right—about that, at least."

Misti wondered if she was seeing the goal of her 180-degree turnaround. If she was, she figured, she had better run toward it without delay. "Hey, is it too late for me to transfer there too?" she asked.

Ronette's dark eyes sparkled with surprise and delight. "Oh, I sure hope not!" she said. "And I don't think it is. You could call them up on Monday and find out."

"I will."

Ronette gently touched Misti's arm. "I was praying for you," she said. "I talked to your mom and Katie about you. We were all praying for you."

Misti looked into Ronette's eyes. "Well, thanks," she said. "I really needed it." They kept looking at each other. Ronette made the first move, but Misti rapidly responded. They embraced, and pressed their hearts as close together as they could.

By the time Bill Climpson called back, Misti was moving steadily 180 degrees away from him, and from her whole past way of life. She had walked and talked with Ronette after Mass every morning; they had held hands and kissed each other on the cheek, and shyly spoken of love.

Misti was embarrassed at her former foolishness in imagining Ronette would only want to marry a man who looked and sounded like a man. It wasn't true at all. Ronette wasn't too shy to make that perfectly, even emphatically, clear to Misti.

The call came one evening about a week after the first one. "Hey, Misti," Bill Climpson said. "I just thought I'd ask if you made your decision yet. It's been quite a while."

"Well, I told you I'd give you a call when I made the decision," Misti said—meaning she would never decide to accept Rod Bimstone's offer, and so she would never give Bill Climpson a call.

"Well, you know, this can't go on indefinitely," said Bill Climpson. "We need to get this going. I'm convinced you really are the world's sexiest shemale, and so is Rod Bimstone. You really owe it to your future viewers to get going on this."

Misti clenched her teeth to keep from bursting out laughing. "What, I owe it to the masturbating masses?" she asked. "Or to the money-making masters?"

"Yeah, both," said Bill Climpson, seemingly oblivious to Misti's sarcasm. "You've got the greatest potential as a new adult video star of anyone I've ever seen. Misti, this really needs to happen, and it needs to happen *soon*."

Misti thought of Kenny, of Wayne Giocondo, of Mr. Fickwicke's race toward reptilian ecstasy, of Prince Atavi Busharka's sex-slave trading. Then she thought of Ronette, of Mom, and even of God. She couldn't bring herself to care whether she was the world's sexiest shemale or not. She wished she wasn't, but she would make the same decision even if she was. "No, it doesn't," she said. "It isn't going to happen at all. Rod Bimstone will just have to find the world's *second* sexiest shemale."

“Goddamn it, Misti, what the hell are you thinking?” Bill Climpson verbally ejaculated. “That’s the wrong decision! You can’t be serious! You’re throwing your life away! You’ve got to change your mind, or else Rod Bimstone is going to be really pissed when he finds out about this! And let me tell you, you do *not* want to piss Rod Bimstone off!”

Misti frowned. “I’ve made my decision,” she said. “If Rod Bimstone doesn’t like it, tell him to look on the bright side: he’s not going to go to prison, like Prince Atavi Busharka. At least, he’s not going to go to prison for trying to turn me into a sex slave, or adult video slave, as long as he just leaves me alone—and neither are you!” Misti ended the call, and quickly turned away—180 degrees away.

Chapter 9

More than two years seemed like a terrifically long time at the beginning, but not so long at the end. Ronette and Misti always remained the best of friends, and more, throughout their two years together at SIDU. After Ronette graduated, she went on to St. Ives Law School, adjacent to the undergraduate campus at SIDU, while Misti stayed on for senior year.

Soon Misti also decided to go to St. Ives Law School. She had talked with a couple of the professors there, who assured her that she was smarter than the average lawyer, and that her dismissed charge from years ago should not be an obstacle. She had hesitated to ask Ronette to marry her until she knew what she would do after graduation. Now she saw no more reason to wait.

It happened one bright, many-colored fall afternoon, when Misti and Ronette were walking hand in hand through the wooded area at the edge of campus after class. “I wonder,” Misti said, “would your dad really get mad and think we looked like sex perverts if we were to, uh, get married?”

Ronette turned to face Misti. Her face was shining with delight. “I guess there’s only one way to find out for sure,” she said. “Are you telling me you’d like to find out?”

“Yes, I would,” Misti said. “I—well, I hope it would work out all right.”

“If it didn’t,” Ronette assured Misti, “it wouldn’t be because I didn’t love you enough.”

Misti’s heart leaped for joy. “It wouldn’t be because I didn’t love *you* enough, either,” she said. “I just wonder—well, I told you I used to be what your dad would call a sex pervert myself. I just wonder if I could really, uh, do everything I should for you, if we were married.”

“You’re afraid you might be, um, impotent with me?”

“Yeah, I am. I used to be, uh, terrifically excitable with Kenny, but I didn’t get excited by *you* at all—even though I really liked you more than Kenny.”

“You didn’t have any *reason* to get excited by me—back then.”

“No, but I didn’t have any reason to get excited by Kenny either—and yet I did. You know what I mean?”

Ronette sighed. “I’m not sure,” she said. “Well—it says in the Code of Canon Law that ‘antecedent and perpetual impotence to engage in sexual intercourse’—meaning, you know, the real thing, not some gay substitute—is an impediment to marriage. So, if we found out you suffered from *that*, then the marriage could be annulled.” She looked deep into Misti’s eyes, and put her hands on Misti’s shoulders. “But don’t you think it would be pretty stupid to refuse to give it a try, just because you were afraid *that* might happen?”

Now Misti sighed. even more deeply than Ronette. Ronette was begging Misti to marry her. Unlike the prospect of being a video star as the world’s sexiest

shemale, this was an entreaty Misti couldn't refuse without serious idiocy. "Yeah, it would be terrifically stupid," Misti acknowledged. "Too stupid even for *me*. Ronette, will you marry me?"

"I bet you already know the answer, don't you?" Ronette said, drawing closer to Misti. "Yes! Yes!"

They kissed, with their full lips caressing one another, their tongues delicately touching, and their breasts pressing closely against each other. At long last Misti felt the first stirring of real desire for Ronette. It wasn't yet time to get a full erection, much less to let Ronette feel it entering her—but at least Misti now found it imaginable that this would happen, at the right time, when they were married.

Misti's parents, and Katie too, were delighted to learn that Misti was going to marry Ronette. There remained the daunting task of notifying Ronette's parents. They knew and liked Misti, but only as a girl who was Ronette's best friend. When Misti came to Ronette's house for dinner one weekend soon after they were engaged, Misti could feel Ronette's apprehension, although Ronette's parents, sister, and brothers didn't seem to notice anything different.

"Uh, Mom and Dad, Misti and I need to talk with you about something really important," Ronette said when dinner was over. "Just you and us."

"All right, then," said Ronette's dad to the younger members of the family. "Dismissed!" The sister and brothers exited the dining room for parts unknown; Misti and Ronette went to the living room with Ronette's parents.

Ronette took a deep breath. "Mom and Dad, you know Misti and I have been best friends for years," she said, "but you didn't know everything about Misti that I do. Misti looks and sounds like a girl, but that's because of a rare hormone imbalance. Misti's real

name is Mitch, and—uh—Misti, or Mitch, is really a man under all that.”

“Eek!” Ronette’s mom gave a little shriek before stopping herself. “A *man!* Ronette, you should have told us!”

“Um, maybe I should,” Ronette admitted. “I guess I just never found the right opportunity—until now.”

“Well, if that don’t beat everything,” said Ronette’s dad. “I never would have thought it! Well, so why is *now* the right opportunity, after all that time of us being in the dark about it?”

Ronette had to take another breath before answering. “Well,” she said, “it’s because Misti and I are engaged to be married.”

“*What?* You’re going to look like two gals getting married to each other?” Misti’s dad asked with a frown. “Two of them sex perverts?”

“Ron, don’t talk like that,” Ronette’s mom admonished him. “Misti’s a nice girl—or what *looks* like a nice girl, anyway—not a sex pervert.”

“Beulah, honey, she don’t look like no sex pervert *now*,” Ronette’s dad retorted, “but she sure would if her and Ronette got married. How am I supposed to live that down, going to my daughter’s wedding and she looks just like she’s one of them sex pervert gals marrying another gal?”

“Dad, it can all be explained,” Ronette said. “The invitations can say it may look like a same-sex marriage but it isn’t, and the priest can explain that again to everybody before we exchange the wedding vows. Everyone will be able to understand that what it *looks* like isn’t the same as what it *is*.”

“Well, that’s all fine for them that pays attention,” said her dad, “but what it *looks* like is still going to be mighty bad!”

“Dad!” Ronette cried. “What *you* look like may be mighty bad, too—to prejudiced people who don’t pay attention to who you really are! Suppose they think you look like a—a rapist, or a drug dealer, or who knows what kind of—of scummy low-life from the District! That doesn’t mean you *are* one, and they shouldn’t be thinking you are! Well, it’s the same here! People shouldn’t be thinking Misti and I are something we’re not, just because of how we look—and if they think we are, we’ve just got to stand up against their prejudice!”

“I think she’s right, Ron,” said Ronette’s mom. “You know it’s not right to judge people because of how they look. Give them a chance.”

Ronette’s dad frowned, but was silent. “All right,” he said at last. “This ain’t going to be easy to get used to—but I guess if I can get used to you going to that church where they worship idols, I can get used to this too, after a while.”

Ronette smiled. “They’re not idols, Dad,” she said softly, “but thanks for giving us a chance.”

“Does that mean I get to call you Mitch, Misti?” Ronette’s dad asked.

“Uh, sure, you can call me Mitch if you want,” said Misti. “It’s my name.”

“Well, all right, then,” said Ronette’s dad. “But there better be some mighty good explanations that what that wedding *looks* like ain’t the same as what it *is!*”

The mighty good explanations were forthcoming in due time. Misti and Ronette were married at St. Raymond’s in the spring, wearing almost identical-looking white wedding gowns. Father Rick took the opportunity to preach about why the Church didn’t accept same-sex marriage—basically because it was-

n't the kind of thing that could result in natural procreation—and about the importance of distinguishing between appearance and reality. Like Ronette's dad, Father Rick did call Misti "Mitch"; he said the Church could bless the marriage of Mitch and Ronette because it was really a true and natural marriage, even if it didn't look like one. Ronette's dad paid attention, and was favorably impressed; he even commented at the reception that maybe idolatry wasn't so bad after all, if an idolator could preach like that. Kenny wasn't at the wedding, of course, but Jasmine and Debbie were, along with many of Misti and Ronette's friends from SIDU, all well prepared for merry-making and well-wishing.

When the reception was over at last, Misti and Ronette changed into street clothes, and rode in Jasmine and Debbie's car for the short trip to the light-rail station under Farquhar Village. Soon they were watching the sunset when the car emerged from the long tunnel, speeding toward Seaview Grove and Appledale.

On the assurance that they were to be married soon, Misti and Ronette had been able to rent an apartment in the married students' housing units at SIDU, with the lease taking effect on the date of their marriage. They emerged from the light-rail car at Appledale and took the campus shuttle bus to the apartment. This was to be their honeymoon suite, as they couldn't afford a vacation, and school was still in session too.

"OK, here we go," said Ronette, embracing Misti after they had deposited their baggage in the dimly lit, sparsely furnished apartment. "If we can't do what needs to be done, we'll just have to get an annulment." She smiled, as if she didn't really foresee a need for an annulment.

"OK, fair enough," Misti said. "Um, about how long shall we give ourselves to do what needs to be done?"

"Oh, say, about 10 or 20 years!" Ronette laughed. "But let's pray first, OK?"

Ronette and Misti knelt at the edge of their newly acquired marriage bed. Ronette, like Mom, was better at praying than Misti was, and she took the lead. "Dear Lord," she briefly prayed, "please bless our marriage, and our children; let us always be faithful to you, and to each other. Amen."

"Amen!" Misti concurred.

"OK, I've never done this before either," said Ronette, "so it might really take us some tries before we succeed. Let's just get started, and see how far we can get."

"Great idea," said Misti. They arose, embraced, and kissed, delicately entering each other's mouths with their tongues. Misti soon began to unbutton Ronette's blouse, and then to undo her bra. Her breasts were a bit smaller than Misti's, but her dark nipples were just as big, and they were already fully erect. Misti gratefully noticed that she was starting to get an erection just from seeing Ronette's breasts, which were far more attractive in the nude than they had been fully clothed when Misti first met Ronette.

"Kiss my breasts," Ronette begged. Misti readily complied, while Ronette clutched Misti's head and gave little moans of delight.

"Oh, yes, yes!" Ronette murmured. "Now feel me down here." She pulled Misti's hand down into her panties, guiding it toward her womanly opening, already wet with love-juice. Ronette's clitoris was very small, but big enough for Misti to feel, and it was hard. "Ooh, ooh, yes, that's it!" Ronette exclaimed. "Misti, are we going to? Are you going to be able to?"

"I hope so," Misti said. "We'll see." Misti rapidly stripped, and Ronette finished stripping too. Ronette's dark nude body, now not too plump at all, was utterly lovely in the dim light of the apartment. Misti's clitoris was long now, but not yet hard. She sat down on the edge of the bed and pressed her clitoris into hiding as she had done when pretending to be

a girl at the age of 11, hoping it would excite her as much now as it had done then.

“Do you want me to kiss your breasts?” Ronette asked.

“Oh, yes, please do!” Misti begged. Ronette licked and sucked Misti’s nipples to maximum hardness. Misti’s giant clitoris, hidden between her legs, was hard now too. She only hoped it would stay hard long enough for her to enter Ronette. She feared it wouldn’t be easy because Ronette was still a virgin, but she was determined to do it if ever she could.

“Now feel me down here,” Misti said, echoing Ronette. Ronette slipped her hand between Misti’s thighs and rubbed Misti’s giant clitoris. “Ooh, it’s big!” Ronette exclaimed. “And hard! I think you can do it! Do you think you can do it?”

“I hope so,” Misti said. “Let’s see.”

Ronette lay on her back and raised her knees. Misti got between her legs and touched Ronette’s hot, wet vulva with her big bulb. Ronette was clutching her hard and trying to pull her in. “Don’t stop if I scream!” Ronette begged. “I know it might hurt, but don’t stop!”

Misti pressed forward. Her erection, fueled by her love and desire for Ronette, was holding hard. At first she got almost nowhere, despite her thrusts and Ronette’s urgent entreaties to push harder. Misti kept trying, and before too terribly long she felt Ronette’s womanly cave almost surrounding her bulb. “Misti, yes, please, yes! Come farther in!” Ronette implored her. Misti feared she would ejaculate before she could comply, her excitement was already so almost unbearable, and yet she kept thrusting, trying to go farther, to satisfy Ronette as fully as she could.

“*Oh! Oh! Misti, don’t stop! Eeeeeek!*” Ronette screamed. Misti had succeeded at last. She felt Ronette’s tight, hot, wet womanly cave surrounding

almost the entire length of her giant clitoris. Ronette was clutching her with all her might and bucking her hips just as if she had done this many times before, though Misti was sure she hadn't. Misti could not hold back her orgasm, and it seemed obvious that Ronette was having one already. Thrust after thrust of Misti's semen shot forth from her into the furthest depths of Ronette's throbbing womanly well.

"Oh, Misti!" Ronette gasped when she could speak again. "I love you so much! I knew you could do it!"

"I didn't know I could," Misti admitted. "But I'm really glad I could."

For a few moments Misti lay in silence, fully united with Ronette, gazing into her loving eyes. Then she started laughing, but held Ronette tight to keep from coming out of her.

"What's so funny?" Ronette asked.

"Oh, I was just thinking," Misti said, "this is sure far better than being the world's sexiest shemale!"

Ronette stared, but seemed about to laugh. "Would you mind explaining what you're talking about?" she asked.

"Well," Misti said, and hesitated. "Um, I know you really believe what we promised today, about 'until death do us part' and all that."

"I sure do!" Ronette gave Misti a big smile. "And God's joining us together right now! But what does that have to do with what you were talking about?"

"Well, it means I can tell you about some idiotic things from my past, and you won't run away screaming in horror."

"I sure won't right *now*, anyway!" Ronette held Misti closer to her. "Actually, I won't anytime else, either. So what are these idiotic things of which you speak?"

“Well, I appeared in indecent photos in *Pumphouse* magazine. Then a business partner of the editor of that magazine wanted to make me a—a high-class porn star, to be known as the ‘World’s Sexiest Shemale.’ I was supposed to become rich and famous—but by that time I was starting to be in love with you, and I knew I had to choose between loving you and being the ‘World’s Sexiest Shemale.’

Ronette sighed in contentment and kissed Misti. “So you gave up all that fame and fortune for *me*?”

“I sure did. It was an easy choice, too.”

The look in Ronette’s eyes now seemed little short of adoration—but soon it gave way to mirth. Ronette’s next words were not, perhaps, entirely suitable for a virgin bride to utter—but then Ronette wasn’t a virgin any more. “Well, I think you can still be the world’s sexiest shemale,” she said. “Just don’t tell anyone else about it. It will be our little secret.”

Misti grinned and looked deep into Ronette’s eyes. “I can keep it a secret if you can,” she said, “and I know you can.”

They kissed, long and tenderly. At last Misti, limp and exhausted, had to come out of Ronette—but still she held her close, in promise of everlasting love.

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