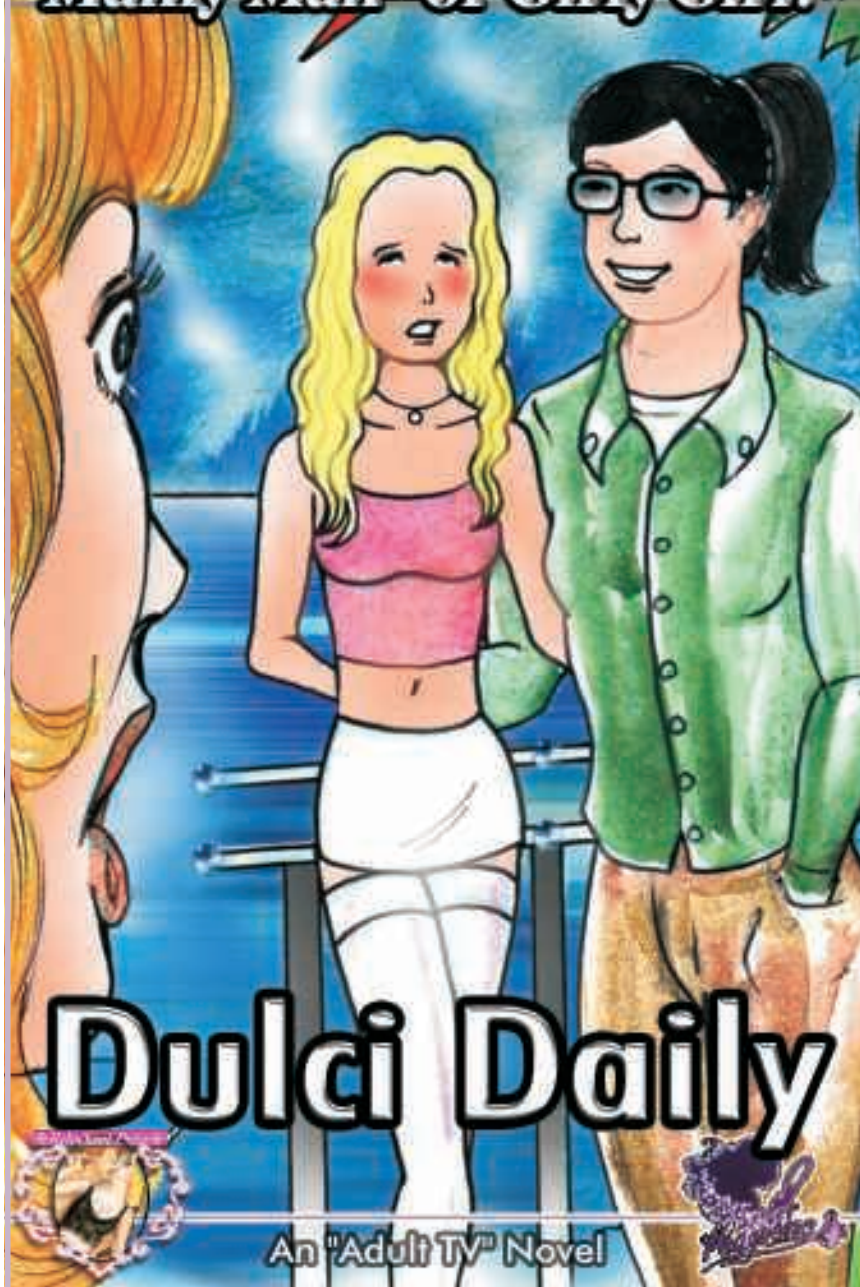


Rebecca's Manly Man--or Girly Girl?



Dulci Daily

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Rebecca's

Manly Man—or Girly Girl?

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

“Hey, Rick, uh, can I ask you a personal question?” Frank Beamish said to his roommate one evening in their dorm room at the U, a few weeks after the beginning of their freshman year. Frank’s little four-inch penis was fully erect at the thought of the highly personal question he wanted to ask. He wondered if Rick was gay—he sure *looked* gay, Frank thought, what with his long, wavy, girlish dark hair, his round face that looked like a pretty girl’s face (especially his full, hot-looking lips), and his remarkably big butt that swayed like a girl’s butt when he walked. Rick’s feminine looks even evoked vivid, intense memories of the mingled fascination and horror that had filled Frank to the brim when he had masturbated while reading stories of forced feminization, far too many times now.

Frank wasn't going to ask Rick if he was gay, though, for Frank himself was no gay. He wasn't going to ask if Rick was effeminate, either, for Frank was a manly young man, despite his susceptibility to the lure of forced feminization that had drawn his imagination in so many times. The question Frank *was* going to ask was at least embarrassing enough, and his penis felt the embarrassment to the full.

Rick Craigreekie, sitting at his desk and reading, looked up at once and shyly smiled—*Oh, my God, his lips look so hot!* Frank thought. Rick's smile quickly grew bigger, as if he liked Frank a lot—almost as if he were a gay who was hoping Frank was gay too. “Uh, well, sure, I guess so,” Rick said. “What is it?”

“Well, I was just wondering,” Frank said, with beads of sweat forming rapidly on his forehead, “uh—do you masturbate?”

Rick laughed. “*Well!*” he exclaimed. “Uh—that *is* a personal question!” Rick's dark, soft, girlish-looking eyes were looking straight at Frank through his dark-rimmed glasses, and a blush was spreading quickly over his round, light golden-brown face. “I bet you can guess the answer,” he said. “What do *you* think?”

“Well, uh, I bet you do,” Frank said. “Am I right?”

“You win the bet,” Rick said. “I do, all right. Uh—what about *you*? I bet you do, too!”

“Well, sure,” Frank readily admitted, his penis throbbing. “I do it every night.”

“So that means you're going to do it tonight, right? Like pretty soon?”

“Uh—well, sure.”

“So why are you asking me this?” Rick asked. “Are you looking for a helping hand? Or, uh, were you wondering if you could watch *me* m—masturbating?” Now Rick was blushing deeply.

“I don’t need a helping hand,” Frank said quickly, thinking it would be far too gay to have another guy beat him off. “But, uh, if you wouldn’t mind me watching you—”

“I wouldn’t mind at all,” Rick said. “I’d love it. But you need to know I—uh—I don’t do it like a regular guy. In fact, um, I—I do it like a girl.”

Oh, my God! Frank thought again. *He’s been feminized! This is incredible! Was he forced? Will he tell me how it happened? I’ve got to know!* Visions of blah, boring, mediocre men turning into beautiful, desirable, ultra-erotic women—forced into it by vindictive girlfriends or wives, girlizing judges, tough bullies, dominant lustful ladies, you name it—danced and leaped in Frank’s head. He found it hard to believe that such things happened often, if ever, in reality—but, if they ever did happen, Frank was going to find out.

“Uh—wow! Like a *girl*?” Frank echoed. “You mean, like, you—you really, secretly pretend you’re a girl?”

“I sure do,” said Rick. “And it won’t be a secret any more, when I can afford to buy myself some girls’ clothes.” He laughed. “I mean, it’ll still be a secret that I *masturbate* like a girl—except it won’t be a secret to *you*, because I’m going to let you see me. But it won’t be a secret to *anyone* that I love to play the girl, when I can afford the clothes.”

“Wow!” Frank said again. “Have you got a girl’s name picked out?”

“Yes, I have. Please call me Rebecca.” Rick, now to be known as Rebecca, gave Frank a sweet smile that made his heart leap, even though he was no gay. If a real girl ever gave him a smile like that, he knew, his heart would be hers at once.

“Uh, OK, Rebecca,” Frank said. “Um, why did you pick that name?”

“It’s from *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*,” Rebecca said. “I mean, the book, not the Shirley Temple movie, which has nothing to do with the book. In the book, Rebecca becomes a teen-age beauty, and a man she calls Mr. Aladdin is in love with her.”

“Mr. Aladdin?” Frank laughed. “He didn’t, uh, *rub his lamp* in front of her, did he?”

“Certainly not!” Rebecca laughed even louder and longer than Frank. “But he did want to marry her—and of course, if they got married, they would have had intercourse. That wasn’t mentioned in the book, though. They didn’t mention things like that in books for young people back then.”

Frank didn’t ask Rebecca if *she* had ever had intercourse—yes, he was already thinking of Rebecca as “she,” despite the ordinary men’s clothes she still wore but might soon shed. He wanted to avoid any needless suggestion of gayness. Instead, he got right to the point: “Well, Rebecca, when can I see your secret—I mean, *our* secret?”

“Now,” Rebecca said. “I’ve studied enough for a while. Here, I’ll show you in the shower.”

Frank hoped he wasn’t going to ejaculate in his pants as he followed Rebecca down the hall to the big bathroom, his eyes fixed on her round, swaying, highly feminine-looking rump. A couple of guys looked at him and Rebecca as they entered the bathroom, obtained clean towels, and walked to a shower enclosure. He feared the guys would think he was gay, but he was far too excited to back off now.

He followed Rebecca into the enclosure and locked the door. Their dorm, Burke-Farquhar Hall, was fairly new and obviously designed to allow for the possibility that sex would occur in the showers. The outer part of the enclosure was big enough for two to hang their clothes in, and the glass-enclosed shower area was likewise plenty big enough for two.

“Well, here goes,” said Rebecca, unbuttoning her shirt. “You won’t laugh at me, will you? I’m pretty em-

barrassed. I've never let anyone see me doing this before."

"I sure won't laugh," Frank said. "It's great that you want to let me see." He felt a warning spurt emerging from his little penis. "I mean, you understand, I'm not *gay* or anything like that; I'm not wanting to, uh, *do* anything with you in the shower. But I'm, uh, really glad you'll let me watch."

"I'll be glad to let you get in the shower with me and watch," Rebecca said. "It's plenty big enough for you to stand way over at the far side, at least a couple of feet away from me, while you're watching."

Rebecca pulled off her undershirt, and Frank's eyes grew huge at the sight. Rebecca actually had breasts—not huge ones, far from it, but round, shapely breasts with dark, pointy, delectable-looking nipples. Frank was going to ejaculate in his pants at the sight if he didn't strip quickly, and yet he feared he would ejaculate at once if he did strip.

He started to strip, and tried to make conversation to delay the onset of ejaculation. "Uh, wow!" he said. "Do you, uh, use hormones or something to make your—uh—your breasts grow like that?"

"No," Rebecca said. "I've just naturally got gynecomastia—meaning, you know, I've got breasts kind of like a woman's breasts. They've been like this ever since I hit puberty when I was 11. Well, actually, they're quite a bit bigger now than they were then, but they—uh—they did start to look like a girl's breasts when I was only 11. I mean, uh—boys were already starting to tease me about my 'tits' back then, and I was pretty embarrassed, but pretty excited too."

Frank dropped his trousers, revealing his four-inch erection. Rebecca smiled. "Ooh, are they really that exciting to look at?" she asked.

"You are," Frank said. "All of you." *Oh, my God, am I turning gay?* he wondered. Surely not—and yet he was getting as excited looking at Rebecca as he would

if she were really a girl, though he knew she was really a male!

“Oh, but you haven’t *seen* all of me yet! Here, let me show you my clitoris.”

Rebecca dropped her own trousers, revealing her big “clitoris”—actually a fully erect penis at least two inches longer than Frank’s four-incher, and much stouter too, with a swollen bulb that looked almost as big as a nectarine. Frank’s eyes bulged. He was no gay, he still insisted, but he was starting to think maybe it wouldn’t be gay to make love with this beautiful girl even if she did have a gigantic clitoris.

“And now let me show you how I masturbate,” Rebecca said. “Let’s get in the shower.”

They got in the shower. Rebecca turned on the warm water, stood facing Frank, and pressed her “clitoris” down between her legs, pressing her thighs tightly together to hold it back. Then she lathered up her breasts, rubbing and squeezing them in obviously growing excitement, while slowly making scissor-like movements with her legs. Frank stared at her in awe.

Frank’s fear that it would be gay to make love with Rebecca was rushing down the drain like the water in the shower. Rebecca looked exactly like a beautiful girl—the only girl who had ever wanted to make love with Frank in his life. He couldn’t resist. He moved forward into Rebecca’s embrace; his lips met hers, and their tongues plunged deep into each other’s mouths. She guided his thin, hard little penis into the tight, hot, wet, slippery slot between her hidden “clitoris” and her plump, strong thigh.

“Oh, Rebecca! Oh, my God! You’re incredible!” Frank cried. He was starting to ejaculate almost as soon as he was in her—yes, fully *in* her, for the slot he had entered was obviously her vagina, and they were fully man and woman, engaging in sexual intercourse while standing up. He gave her rapid little

thrusts, gripping her womanly butt and pressing as close as he could to her so his four-inch erection wouldn't slip out. Rebecca did her part too, clutching him tightly and bucking her big hips with short, quick pumps. Soon she was gasping for breath and gripping Frank as hard as he was gripping her; then they both moaned together in orgasm.

"Ooh, Frank, you're so *manly!*" Rebecca murmured when their orgasms had subsided. "That was wonderful!"

Still gripping Rebecca's buttocks and keeping his dwindling little penis in her astoundingly fine vagina for as long as possible, Frank knew he could never again fear it would be gay to love Rebecca. He was a skinny, nerdy little guy, even shorter than Rebecca who wasn't all that tall, and no one had ever called him manly before. He was all hers, and he had to let her know it.

"Wow, thanks, Rebecca!" Frank said. "You're the greatest! I've got to admit I've never had a girlfriend before, but—well, this wasn't just a one-time thing, I hope. I mean—well, you'd be the greatest girlfriend I could imagine."

"Why, thank you, Frank! You're so sweet!" Rebecca said. Frank's penis had slipped out of her womanly entryway, but she was still holding him tight. "I'd love to be your girlfriend!" She laughed. "And I'd love to *look* like your girlfriend, too, even when I'm—uh—not nude! I hope I can afford some girls' clothes pretty soon!"

Frank was ready with a response. "Oh, you don't need to worry about *that*," he assured her. "I get a pretty generous allowance from my parents." He didn't think he needed to tell her yet that he was a scion of the prominent Beamish and Fochawke families, two of the wealthiest families in the State of Pacificum. She would find that out in due time. "I'd be glad to buy you some girls' clothes."

“Oh, Frank! Are you sure? Rebecca asked, her eyes wide.

“I’m totally sure,” Frank said. “Let’s go to Les Beaux Extraordinaires tomorrow.”

“Well, I certainly can’t possibly pass up an offer like *that!*” Rebecca exclaimed.

“Just don’t let on that you’re my girlfriend until you’re wearing girls’ clothes,” Frank warned Rebecca as they set out for the store, not holding hands. “I don’t want anyone thinking I’m gay, because I’m not.”

“Oh, certainly not!” Rebecca said with a smile. It was fine with her if Frank wanted to disclaim all gayness, so long as he didn’t think it would be gay to be her boyfriend. Though short and thin, Frank was a totally manly young man, and that was just what she wanted.

“I mean,” Frank said, “to me you’re totally a girl, even if—uh—your clitoris is a lot bigger than average. I want you to look like a girl, act like a girl, and *be* a girl.”

“I’d love to,” Rebecca said. “It’s what I’ve always wanted, ever since I was 11.” She thought of adding, “and I’ve always wanted a boyfriend just like you, too”—but she figured her smile and her admiring gaze would say it for her.

“Wow!” Frank said. “You really mean that, don’t you? I mean—nobody ever had to force you into it, like in stories about forced feminization?”

“Certainly not!” Rebecca said. “Nobody had to force *me* to act like a sexy girl, in secret, when I was only 11 years old!” She laughed heartily. “I was *awfully* sexy, and awfully girlish, even when I was only 11. I wished I had a boyfriend back then, but I didn’t. In fact,

you're the first one I've ever had. I was too shy to let boys know how sexy I was, I guess."

"You're sure not shy any more," Frank said.

"Well, not with *you*," Rebecca acknowledged. "But I've never met a man like you before. I was always afraid I couldn't trust the boys, but I could see almost at once that I could trust *you*."

"I hope I'll always deserve your trust," Frank said. Rebecca sighed in deep contentment, already hoping Frank would see that it wouldn't be gay for him to marry her.

Rebecca was incredibly beautiful in girls' clothes, Frank thought as he gazed upon her at Les Beaux Extraordinaires, the well-known shop that catered to crossdressers and other distinguished persons. Her long dark hair was now held back by a pure white headband. Her breasts, in a little low-cut lacy white bra he had seen her put on, looked most delectable in a form-fitting scoop-necked pink top that showed more than a tiny bit of her pretty cleavage. Her big hips were glorious in a full, almost knee-length flower-print skirt; her bare legs, plump but shapely, drew his eyes to themselves above her white-sandaled feet. She was indeed a vision of feminine loveliness—and yet Frank felt she could be lovelier still.

"That's very good," Frank said, "but not quite the thing for going to dinner and dancing at Chez la Vie Sublime."

Rebecca looked at him and laughed. "Is *that* what you'd like to do this evening?" she asked. "That's rather extravagant, isn't it?"

"Not too extravagant for *you*," Frank assured her. "You'll need an evening gown, and, uh, a strapless bra."

“Well, I’m sure I’ll be glad to wear them,” Rebecca said. She found a fairly low-cut burgundy-colored evening gown with skinny spaghetti straps, and a slightly padded, very low-cut, strapless push-up bra in her size. When she had put them on, Frank looked upon her with extreme admiration. She was perfectly glorious, Frank thought—and she was all his! He could be proud to go anywhere with her—even, perhaps, to visit his parents sometime, and tell them he was going to marry Rebecca. He wouldn’t do it yet; for one thing, her voice would need a bit of professional training to sound fully female. Still, if things kept on going at this rapid pace, he really would marry Rebecca—and his parents would never know what she had under her skirt.

Rebecca’s eyes were wide as they entered Chez la Vie Sublime, a place far too expensive for her frugal parents to consider. Frank seemed quite at home here. She wondered just how rich Frank’s parents were, but of course it would be dreadfully rude to ask.

“Uh—have you been here before?” she asked when they had been seated and given their menus.

“Not *here*,” Frank said, “but my parents like to go to a couple of expensive French restaurants in Seaview Grove, where they live, and I’ve occasionally been there with them.”

“Oh, good!” Rebecca said. “Then maybe you can recommend some things for me to eat. I’ve never been to an expensive French restaurant in my life. I grew up in Beaconsfield—the near end of Beaconsfield, the less expensive end—and my parents were pretty thrifty. Their favorite restaurant was Fong’s Family Buffet—not the kind of place your parents would want to go to, I guess.”

“No, frankly, my parents are pretty snooty about restaurants,” Frank said, “among many other things.”

You might get some idea if I told you my full name; I'm Franklin Foehawke Beamish IV." He grinned sheepishly. "They say the Foehawkes speak only to the Beamishes, the Beamishes speak only to the Farquhars, and I don't know who the Farquhars speak to, but I'm pretty sure it isn't God."

"Oh, dear!" Rebecca said with a laugh. "All I know about those families, except that *you* belong to one of them, is that they're all supposed to be terribly rich and high-class. And I know my parents don't speak to *any* of them. My parents aren't too thrilled by rich people." She looked at Frank and smiled. "But I'm not *prejudiced* against you for being rich," she hastened to add.

"Thank you," Frank said sincerely. "I appreciate that. And it does come in handy every now and then, like when it comes to ordering things at expensive French restaurants."

"Oh, yes!" said Rebecca. "Speaking of which, what would you recommend? I'll try pretty much anything, if you recommend it—only not *escargots*. I already know I don't want *escargots*."

"Ugh, neither do I," Frank said. "Disgusting things that French peasants dug up in their gardens and threw away, if they weren't famished enough to eat them—until some brilliant peasant got the idea of bamboozling the gourmets into thinking snails were a delicacy. Then the rich Americans came along and thought, 'Wow, French gourmets eat these things! They must be really good!' Not so." He looked over the menu. "I'd recommend some *boeuf bourguignonne*, French onion soup, *quiche sublime de la maison*, and *salade sublime de la maison*. Those should go over pretty well with someone who doesn't want *escargots*."

"That's me!" Rebecca said. "That's what I'll have!"

At the end of a delightful evening out, Frank and Rebecca walked into the dorm hand-in-hand. Guys' eyes opened wide at the sight of nerdy little Frank with a beautiful girlfriend in a low-cut evening gown that showed off her delectable little breasts. Frank smiled and escorted Rebecca into the elevator, and thence into their room.

They wasted no time. Standing up with their clothes still on, they kissed deeply on the mouth, embracing each other tightly. Frank could feel Rebecca's big erect clitoris pressing against him through their clothes. He pulled her spaghetti straps off her shoulders, unzipped her gown, and dropped it to the floor; then he unhooked her strapless bra and bared her breasts, leaving her with nothing on but her white Patti's Puffies panties. Then he raced to strip off his suit, shirt, and underwear, while Rebecca demurely pressed her clitoris into hiding between her legs, pulled down her panties, and sat down on Frank's bed.

"Wow, Rebecca, you're the greatest! You're the only girl for me!" Frank praised her when they were both nude and sitting on the bed. They kissed deeply on the mouth again, and Frank caressed her breasts. Her girlish little nipples were as erect as her clitoris. Frank pressed her down on her back on the bed and kissed her nipples, making her give little squeals of delight.

His hand slipped between her thighs to caress her hidden clitoris. "Oh, yes, Frank, *yes!*" Rebecca murmured. "Please! Now! Take me from behind this time!"

Frank wondered if Rebecca wanted him to plunge her up the butt, a terribly gay thing that he didn't think he could bring himself to do—but he soon found out she didn't. Kneeling on her hands and knees on the bed, she reached back beneath herself to clasp Frank's hard little penis with her hand. Yes,

that was it, Frank thought: now her hand was her vagina, and he was plunging her in it, while he reached forward to clasp her breasts at her impassioned request.

“Frank, rub my clitoris! Please!” Rebecca soon begged. Frank was too excited to refuse, though he knew Rebecca’s big clitoris was really her penis, and some would think they were indulging in gay sex if only they could see. He clasped her big bulb in his hand and caressed it, making her hips buck even more wildly as he plunged her vagina and rode her hard. “Oh, Frank, *yes!* My masterful, manly man! I love you! *I love you!!*” Rebecca cried as Frank felt her ejaculating frantically in his hand, while he too ejaculated into hers.

Utterly amazed at Rebecca’s ecstatic femininity, Frank lay on top of her with his hand still on her semen-smeared clitoris, and his penis still in her vagina. Rebecca was really a male, Frank knew, a hot young gay male eager to ejaculate with another male—and yet Rebecca was also so entirely, delightfully feminine! How could this be? And—Frank had to begin to wonder—if it could be true for Rebecca, *might not it become equally true for Frank himself?* People said women got much more pleasure out of sex than men, and Frank could well believe it, now that he had seen Rebecca in action. Could Frank, too, enjoy such ecstasy, if only he too could be transformed into a creature as feminine as Rebecca?

He surely could, if the forced-feminization stories could be believed. From a fairly early age, Frank had become quite a connoisseur of forced feminization, in fantasy though not in reality. In the stories, men started out full of fear and loathing at the thought of being feminized—but, by the end, they were fully feminized anyway, and living their lives in a state of almost constant erotic arousal. The simplest things, such as would be totally unexciting to real women—especially wearing women’s clothes—were fountains of ultra-feminine delight to the reluctant sissies in the stories. Frank had masturbated in great excitement quite a few times while reading the

stories, and he was sure he would get far more excited if only someone would force him to be feminized in real life.

Might that someone even be Rebecca? Sure, incredibly enough, she had expressed admiration of Frank's manliness—but did that have to mean she would refuse to help him become feminine? Rebecca was a first-rate sweetheart, and now she had actually told Frank she loved him; surely it had been Rebecca herself who had said it, and meant it—not just her orgasm talking, making her cry out something that wasn't true. If she really loved him, wouldn't she be glad to help him attain the utmost delight this world could give, even as she herself had attained it?

She had to, Frank decided, and surely she would. She could not refuse to help Frank ascend to the summit of bliss. She would be more than glad to be of such great help to Frank, the man she loved.

“You've got to be kidding,” Rebecca said the following evening. She could hardly believe her ears. Frank, her manly man, was actually suggesting that she should force him to lose his manliness!

“Actually, I *don't* have to, and I'm not,” Frank retorted. “I'm perfectly serious. I can see how incredibly exciting it is for *you* to be so feminine, and I want it too. The only problem is, I've got this tough masculine resistance hard-wired into me, and it's got to be overcome. That's why I need your help, to force me to overcome it.”

“But, Frank! You're my *manly man!* I love you that way!” They were sitting close together on the dorm room's single love seat. Rebecca pressed even closer to him and put her arm around him. “I mean—I admit it was, uh, *love at first sex*—but still, I really do love you.”

“If you love me,” Frank said, “then you want what’s best for me, right?”

“Uh—well, sure,” Rebecca acknowledged.

“So, if being feminized is what’s best for me, then you want *that* for me—right?”

“Oh, but I can’t believe it is! I just can’t!”

“Well, I can. Here’s why. You know how they say women get 10 times as much excitement out of sex as men, right?”

“Well, yes, I’ve heard that some people think so.”

“Isn’t that why you want to be so womanly? Because it’s more exciting?”

Rebecca sighed. “Well, at least it *is* true,” she said, “that I never thought it would be very exciting to—to beat off like a boy, or to—uh—to *screw girls*, as so many boys talked about doing. But I also thought I wouldn’t want it even if it *was* exciting. A lot of boys seemed to think it was a wonderful idea to screw girls and then *dump* them, as many and as fast as possible. I thought that was loathsome; it was terribly unkind to the girls. I didn’t want anything to do with it. I guess I might have been afraid that, if I were to beat off like a boy, I’d get just as crazy about screwing girls as any other boy. I was desperate to make sure that wouldn’t happen—and it was pretty obvious that it wouldn’t happen if I always pretended I was a girl when I was getting sexy, not a boy. So, that was what I did. I pretended I was doing it with some good, totally trustworthy boy—like *you*, only I didn’t know you then.”

“But you did get terrifically excited from pretending you were a girl, right? Even when you were only 11 years old? Me, I never had any orgasms until I was 13, almost 14. Were you really having *orgasms* when you were only 11?”

Rebecca’s memories were still vivid from that time, more than seven years ago. “I certainly was,” she

said. “I had one almost every night. I remember my first one was actually on the evening of my 11th birthday. I’d already started to pretend I was a girl sometimes, and to draw pictures of myself as a girl, even before I had any orgasms. That evening I drew a picture of myself as a girl in a pretty party dress, for my birthday. Then there was one of me in my panties and bra, just a tiny pre-teen bra. Then I drew one of myself naked, with a naked boy, and I was letting him have sex with me standing up in the shower—just like *our* first time. By then I was so excited that I just had to get into the shower and pretend the boy was doing it with me—and I had my first orgasm.”

“It was terrifically exciting, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. It was—uh—by far the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me. I guess that was why I wanted to do it every night.”

“So, if you really love me, don’t you want *me* to have by far the most exciting thing that will ever have happened to *me*?”

Rebecca took a slow, deep breath. “Maybe so,” she said, reluctantly starting to imagine her manly man pretending to be a girl. “I mean—I guess I can’t stop you, if you really want to pretend to be a girl. But it’s not something I can *force* you to do.”

“Why not?” Frank said. “Lots of things in this world get done by force. Look at Myth Busters 101, for example. We’re forced to take that class.”

“That’s not a good example,” Rebecca retorted hotly. “That would never convince *me* that it’s a good idea to try to force people to change.” Myth Busters 101 was a class that all freshmen at the U were required to take, and Rebecca hated it. The basic idea was that the freshmen were supposed to abandon all the “myths” they supposedly had grown up with, and to accept the more enlightened views of the professors to the contrary, under pain of flunking if they didn’t convincingly appear to have accepted them. It didn’t matter, as far as Rebecca was concerned, that



she *agreed* with a lot of the professors' views, such as about the need for favorable treatment of gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and transgendered persons. In principle, that could change in a moment if the professors' views—and thus the contrary “myths”—happened to change.

“Well, maybe not,” Frank admitted, “but look at compulsory education in general, and *laws* in general. You can't just tell people what's good and what's bad to do, and expect that everyone will do what's good and not what's bad. Some of them need to be forced. Some men, like me, who might be terrifically delighted to be feminine need to be forced into it, otherwise they won't accept it. That's what I need—some compulsory education in femininity.”

Rebecca was silent. She didn't like this at all, and she didn't want her manly man to slip out of her fingers when she had barely started to embrace him. Still, it was pretty obvious that Frank had his mind made up, and Rebecca wasn't going to be able to argue him out of it.

She remembered a children's story she had read years ago, about something vaguely similar to this—though not, of course, about forced feminization. What was it? *Bread and Jam for Frances*—yes, that was it. Frances, a badger, did not like to eat food that was good for her, but only bread and jam. Her parents cured her by feeding her nothing but bread and jam until she was sick of it. Then, and only then, she was willing to eat the food that was good for her.

Was Rebecca now about to play the role of Frank's parent in the story of *Forced Feminization for Frank*—giving Frank an unceasing diet of forced feminization, until at last he got sick of it and returned to being a manly man? She didn't like *that* at all either. In the unlikely event that Rebecca ever had any children, she was pretty sure she wasn't going to think it was a good idea to give the kids whatever idiotic thing they wanted until they finally got sick of it. Still, with Frank, she couldn't see any way around it.

Frank would probably keep bugging her about forced feminization until she finally gave in, so she might as well get it over with.

“So, Frank, you want me to be your—uh—your *dominatrix*?” Rebecca inquired.

“I think that’s what it will take,” Frank told her.

“You realize I have zero experience at this.”

“I’m sure you can do it. The basic concept is very simple to grasp.”

“All right, then. I’ll be right back.”

Rebecca grabbed some of her men’s clothes—dull and drab, khaki trousers and a shirt of similar color. She went behind one of the two flimsy screens that served as the dorm room’s only safeguards for privacy while dressing. Then, gritting her teeth in sadness and anger, she tried to set her mind to the task at hand.

She bit her lip, in a failed effort to keep from crying, as she pulled off her pretty top, dropped her pretty skirt to the floor, and yanked her hair severely back to form a ponytail. Keeping her bra and panties on, she covered them up with the men’s clothes. She took a deep breath, and then another, trying to steel herself to become a dominatrix, and formulating some far-fetched thoughts about what a dominatrix would say and do to her submissive sissy. She couldn’t think of anything to use to flog Frank into submission, except her belt, and she really didn’t want to hit Frank with a belt. She would just have to spank him with her bare hand, she guessed.

“All right, minionette,” she said, emerging to face Frank. “You will now address me as ‘Most Noble Mistress.’”

“I’m a man, not a minionette,” Frank said, “and what if I refuse to call you Most Noble

Mistress?”

Then you can keep being my manly man, and make love with me as a man! Rebecca thought. She frowned and forced herself not to say the words.

“Force will be employed,” she said. “Obedience will be exacted. You will admit that you are a minionette, and a sweet girlish sissy. Is that understood?”

“No,” said Frank. “What are you going to do about it?”

She sized Frank up. He was a skinny little guy; she was bigger and stronger than he was. She could surely pull his pants down by force and spank him. She sat down next to him on the love seat. “A whipping will need to be administered,” she said, reaching around him and undoing his belt. He squirmed, but she unzipped his pants and pulled them down.

Frank’s penis was erect. “Your clitoris will need to be tamed and brought firmly into submission,” she informed him. She pressed it down, trying to shove it between his legs, while also forcing him to lie face down on her knees so she could spank him. When she had succeeded, she reached between his legs from behind and gave his penis a sharp tug to pull it back between his thighs.

“Ow! That hurts!” Frank cried out.

“You cannot expect the process of transformation into a sweet, submissive sissy to be perfectly painless,” Rebecca retorted. “Now I must spank you for your defiance, so you will never dream of defying your Most Noble Mistress again.”

Her hand was still on Frank’s backward-facing penis—or clitoris, as it was now to be called. She was reluctant to release it, for it felt so good to hold it, as she had held it when he entered her from behind—but she sternly set herself to the task at hand.

As hard and as rapidly as she could, she spanked Frank’s lean, taut butt many times. “Ow! That hurts!” he complained again. Rebecca did not stop.



She was not going to stop until Frank ejaculated backward, like the sissy he was to become.

“It will stop hurting only when you stop defying me,” Rebecca said, “when you yield to me, and become my sweet, obedient, submissive little sissy.” She spanked him even harder and faster, if that was possible. “You will show me that you are my submissive sissy by pumping your bare bottom and squeezing your clitoris between your legs, until all of your so-called manhood gushes out of you, and nothing is left of you but a pretty, gushing girl. Then you will call me your Most Noble Mistress, and you will obey my every command.”

“Argh!” cried Frank. “I’m sinking! I’m losing my manhood! I can’t stand it! I’m getting girlish! You’re forcing me! You’re crushing me!” Sure enough, Frank was pumping his bare bottom and squeezing his backward-turned “clitoris” between his legs, faster and harder every moment, as Rebecca’s spanking grew even faster and harder too.

When he was obviously well on his way to orgasm, Rebecca gladly stopped spanking him and caressed his bare, rumbling butt; then she reached down between his thighs and caressed his backward-facing penis, catapulting him into orgasm. “Augh! Oh! Oh! I’ve had it!” Frank moaned as he ejaculated into Rebecca’s hand. “I yield! I’m a sissy! I’m a girl! You’ve conquered me! Most Noble Mistress, I’m all yours!”

“That is much, much better,” Rebecca praised him—or rather *her*, for she must now think of Frank as totally feminized. “You will be called—oh, let me see—how about *Felicia*, never Frank.”

“Yes, Most Noble Mistress,” Felicia (no longer Frank) agreed. “I am Felicia. I am feminine. I am your sweet, submissive sissy minionette. You have forced me to be a girly girl—and I love it!”

“Very well,” said Rebecca, though she wasn’t at all sure it *was* very well. “And now, my sweet girly girl, I have a command for you.” Felicia had now under-

gone an orgasm, but Rebecca hadn't. She was rather excited from inducing Felicia to have one, and she thought she deserved one too.

"Yes, Most Noble Mistress," said Felicia. "I will obey at once. What is your command?"

"Blow me backwards," Rebecca said. "Here, get up." Felicia got up. Rebecca pulled down her pants and panties, lay on her back on the love seat, raised her knees, and pressed her big, burgeoning clitoris down between her thighs until it was sticking out below them. "Now put your head in here," she said, indicating the angle between her calves and her thighs, "and blow me."

"But—but, Most Noble Mistress!" Felicia protested. "I know I must obey your commands, but—no, I could never do *that!* That's *gay!*"

"Silence, minionette!" Rebecca ordered. "You have admitted that you are a *girly girl*. Surely you cannot imagine that it would be *gay* for a *girl* to administer a blow job!"

Felicia was trembling with fear, excitement, or both—Rebecca could not tell. "Most Noble Mistress," she said, "It is true. I am a girly girl, and no gay. I kneel before you in obedience to your command."

Felicia knelt on the floor before the love seat, squeezed her head into the tight angle between Rebecca's plump thighs and calves, and turned her neck to administer the blow job. Rebecca gave a gasp of pleasure when Felicia's lips touched the tip of her big clitoris. Her hot, swollen bulb was so large that Felicia could barely get it into her little mouth, but the new girly girl opened her mouth as wide as possible and succeeded. Rebecca's hips were moving up and down almost at once, while she embraced Felicia's head with her thighs and calves. "Oh, Felicia!" she moaned. "My sweet girly girl! You're so good to me! Oh, yes, yes, *yes*—and you're *all mine!* Felicia, I love you! *I love you!!!*"

Rebecca was fully overcome. This was her most astounding orgasm ever. She had never been blown before, and now she gushed into Felicia's tight little mouth as if she had never gushed before. She now felt quite a fool for having been reluctant to force Felicia to turn into a girly girl.

Felicia removed her mouth, grabbed a tissue from the nearby coffee table, and discreetly spat out Rebecca's gush. "Most Noble Mistress," she ventured to say, "I do hope I wasn't required to *swallow* that stuff."

"No, Felicia," Rebecca assured her. "You have done well, very well indeed. I can see that you—er—you will be a truly superb girly girl. Tomorrow afternoon we will return to Les Beaux Extraordinaires, and you will put on your girls' clothes."

"Oh, Most Noble Mistress!" Felicia cried. "Oh, yes! I'll be ecstatic!"

Chapter 2

This is totally incredible, Felicia thought as she entered Les Beaux Extraordinaires with Rebecca the following afternoon. *It worked! A little bit of force was all I needed to break through to femininity!*

"Guide me, Most Noble Mistress," Felicia said. "I am sweet, submissive silly putty in your hands."

"Very well, minionette," said Rebecca, again wearing men's clothes. "First you will need panties and a bra."

"Ooh, a *bra!*" said Felicia. "Will it be a gigantic one?"

"No. That would be absurd. You will wear an A cup, as I do." Even that would be too big for Felicia, who (unlike Rebecca) had no breasts at all—but the feminized males in the stories wore padded bras that gave them a convincingly feminine shape as long as they had no breasts, and Felicia was sure it would

work for her too. Later, no doubt, her Most Noble Mistress would slip hormones to Felicia unbeknownst to her, and then she would have breasts—but for now this was the best she could do.

After selecting an outfit and a blonde wig, and putting on her skimpy panties and her soft, silky bra in the dressing room, Felicia could well believe the tales of almost perpetual erotic arousal among forcibly feminized males. Her four-inch clitoris was sticking straight out inside her tight pink panties, and throbbing with excitement. At this rate, she would eagerly submit to any erotic deeds her Most Noble Mistress wished her to do—but first she must finish getting dressed as a girl.

Soon a tight, fuchsia-colored, slightly scoop-necked top covered her little bra, and a gorgeous if slightly garish many-colored miniskirt covered her lean little hips and a small fraction of her slender legs. Her face, though a bit too angular for maximum femininity, was topped by her curly blonde wig, which gave her quite a passable feminine look on top, she thought. The only definite defect in her girlish look, a fairly small but glaring one, was the bulge in the front of her miniskirt.

Felicia emerged from the dressing room. “Most Noble Mistress,” she said softly, “I was hoping you would find my appearance entirely satisfactory—but something really needs to be done about *this*.” She discreetly pointed to the bulge. “Aren’t there things called *gaffs* that can be used to conceal it?”

Rebecca frowned and wrinkled her nose. “That would be pretty uncomfortable,” she said, “and quite unnecessary, so long as you aren’t going to show yourself off in your underwear. A cute little *joquette* will serve your purpose quite well under a skirt and panties, and it will be much more comfortable. It’s called by a French name, *joquette*, because it was invented in France, you see.”

She signaled to a salesman, a tall, slender, obviously gay young man in a fuchsia-colored shirt and

cream-colored slacks. “Where are the *joquettes*?” she asked. The salesman pointed out the aisle where they were to be found. Mistress and minionette proceeded there at once.

“Just pick some out in your size and colors you like,” Rebecca said, “buy them, pull down your panties in the dressing room, and put one on underneath. Come to think of it, I could use some of them myself, too. I trust you will purchase them for me, minionette?”

“Certainly, Most Noble Mistress,” Felicia said. She looked at the packages of *joquettes*. They had two measurements, waist size and “sheath accommodation.” Rebecca told her quietly, “the sheath accommodation refers to the length of your clitoris.”

Felicia picked out one each in her size in pastel blue, pink, fuchsia, and cream, went into the dressing room, and dropped her panties. Then she opened the cream-colored package and stared in amazement. Nothing like this had been described in the forced-feminization stories. The shape of the *joquette* was rather like that of the jockstraps too familiar from gym class in school, but the material was completely different. It was soft and silky, like the material of the bra she was wearing, and the thin straps were like her bra straps too. In fact, the whole thing was a bit like a one-cup bra for an oversized clitoris, except it wasn't padded as Felicia's bra was. The sheath covering her clitoris was stretchy but strong and taut; it held the hard little thing firmly in place, pressed upward against Felicia's lower abdomen. When she was fully dressed again, no bulge could be seen.

“Most Noble Mistress, this is wonderful!” Felicia exclaimed. “I've never heard of such a thing before!”

“Perhaps,” Rebecca ventured to say, “that is because your stories about forced feminization portrayed it as desirable for feminized men to—er—to have their clitorises *cut off*, in which event they would have no need of *joquettes*?”

“Ugh!” Felicia wondered if it was true. Now that she thought of it, more than one of the stories had indeed portrayed it as desirable for feminized men to have their big clitorises cut off, as if this were somehow the summit of true feminization. “Real women don’t have gigantic clitorises; I no longer have a gigantic clitoris; therefore, I am now a real woman”—was that logical? Felicia was pretty sure it wasn’t, even if you added on a lot of feminine extras to the basic procedure of excising the big clitoris.

Beyond abstract logic, Felicia naturally felt fear and loathing through and through at the very thought of having her four-incher cut off. There had to be limits to the desirability of feminization, forced or otherwise, Felicia began to think—and *that* would be way beyond the limits.

She looked to Rebecca, now intent on selecting some *joquettes* for herself, of course in a larger size than Felicia’s. She could never imagine Rebecca getting her big, beautiful clitoris cut off, much less forcing Felicia to get *hers* cut off. Rebecca would be totally trustworthy, in that way and (Felicia hoped and believed) in every other way.

“Well, I’m so glad I’ve found out about *joquettes*,” Felicia said, “and I’m certainly not going to—uh—to do anything that would make me not need one any more!”

“Excellent, Felicia,” Rebecca commended her. “Mutilation forms no part of true feminization—as I myself have known since I was 11 years old.”

“I agree!” said Felicia. “I mean—with all due respect, Most Noble Mistress.”

“Very well, Felicia.”

“And now,” Felicia said, “I need only one more thing to complete my feminine look: high heels!”

Rebecca wrinkled her nose. “High heels,” she said, “were invented by a vain little man, King Louis XIV of France, who wished to create a false impression that

he was taller than he really was—but shoemakers and shoe sellers soon learned that women could be bamboozled more readily than men into thinking they needed high heels. For myself, I favor sandals and sensible low-heeled shoes.”

Felicia felt disappointed, and was sure she was showing it. “But if you really think you need them to be fully feminine,” Rebecca went on indulgently, “of course you may try them. Just don’t be surprised if you find them rather hard to walk in.”

“Oh, Most Noble Mistress, thank you!” Felicia said. They went to the shoe department of the store, where Felicia selected some black beauties with heels at least four inches high. When she had them on, Rebecca helped her stand up.

“All right, now see if you can walk,” Rebecca said. Felicia saw. On her first step, she wobbled dreadfully and almost fell over. On her second step she did fall over, and Rebecca had to catch her.

“Are you sure this is going to be worth it?” Rebecca asked, gently laughing.

“Yes!” Felicia insisted. “It’s got to be!”

“Well, all right,” Rebecca said. “Here, take my arm, and I’ll help you.”

Felicia took Rebecca’s arm. With the heels, she noticed, she was as tall as Rebecca. Grimly determined, she made her wobbling way to the cash register, where she paid for her outfit and Rebecca’s *joquettes*. Then, still holding Rebecca’s arm, she wobbled back toward the dorm, trying to feel her butt twitching sexily, like the butts of the feminized males in the stories when they walked in high heels.

“Most Noble Mistress,” Felicia said that evening, “could I ask you to do me a really big favor?”

“You ask your mistress to do a favor for her minionette, rather than the other way around?” Rebecca smiled. “You mean, *noblesse oblige*?”

“Uh, well, something like that, I guess,” said Felicia. “I was wondering—well—would you mind playing boyfriend for me? I mean, now that I’m a girl, it would be so nice to have a boyfriend—and I couldn’t imagine a better one than you, if you’d be willing.”

Rebecca stared. “Minionette, you are asking a very great favor,” she said. “Never have I done such a thing.” True, Rebecca had never played the boy or man in her life—and yet strange new feelings began to grip her as she gazed upon Felicia’s lovely new feminine look. She had never wished to screw a girl—and yet, now that her lover Frank had turned into Felicia, she began to think it might be quite desirable to make love, tender and faithful love, as a man with Felicia. So beautiful was the thought that Rebecca’s clitoris began to rise—and, as it rose, to become a penis for Felicia.

“And yet,” Rebecca went on, “I begin to think I might do such a thing—for my beloved Felicia.” Their lips met; their tongues caressed. Rebecca raised her hand to Felicia’s breast, or at least to her padded bra cup beneath her tight top. Felicia pressed Rebecca’s hand tight to it as if it were a real breast. Rebecca had never touched a real woman’s breast, but she began to think it might be highly desirable.

“Most Noble Mistress,” Felicia asked, “may I call you Rick—just tonight, when you’re playing boyfriend for me?”

“Yes, Felicia,” said Rebecca, or Rick. “But I hope you won’t mind having a boyfriend who—er—has breasts like a girl, and wears a bra.” She unbuttoned her men’s shirt to reveal her bra.

“I’d much rather have a boyfriend who *doesn’t* wear a bra,” Felicia said, “even if he does have breasts like a girl!” Suiting her actions to her words, she un-

hooked Rebecca's bra and stripped it off, revealing again that she did indeed have breasts like a girl.

Kiss them, Frank! Please! Rebecca's heart cried out in vain. She wanted Felicia to be Frank again—but it would not happen now. She must be Rick for Felicia—and perhaps that, too, would be extremely desirable.

Now Rebecca must strip off Felicia's top and her bra, baring her nonexistent breasts. It was not too pleasant to her, but she did the job efficiently. To her dismay, Felicia wanted Rebecca to caress her bare flat chest as if she had breasts—and she even talked about what it would be like when she had breasts like Rebecca!

This was going *rather* too far, Rebecca thought. No doubt it wasn't as bad to pump up a male's flat chest into fake breasts with hormones as it was to cut off the male's big clitoris, but still Rebecca had to think there was something wrong with it. Rebecca herself just naturally had breasts and loved to be feminine, with no need for force or artifice. Frank, or Felicia, didn't have breasts and had to be forced to be feminine. Mightn't that mean that Rebecca should be the feminine one, and Frank should be the manly man?

That's exactly what it means, Rebecca thought—but she couldn't act on her thought right now. She had agreed to play boyfriend for Felicia, and she was going to go through with it. "Let's make love in the shower," she said, and Felicia blissfully agreed.

Soon they were nude in the shower, kissing fervently on the mouth. Rebecca pressed Felicia's thin, wet, soapy four-inch clitoris down between her legs, and slipped her own stout penis into Felicia's new-made vagina between her thighs. "Oh, Rick! Yes! I love you!" Felicia cried.

Rebecca was more excited than she could have imagined to be losing her virginity as a male, having already done it as a female. At this rate, she could

even imagine herself becoming a manly man someday. Her vigorous male thrusts drove her rapidly up toward orgasm while she clutched Felicia's petite, quaking butt as hard as she could. Felicia was gasping and moaning as she climaxed, while Rebecca ejaculated deep into her—actually behind her slender thighs—and cried out, “Felicia! Oh, yes! You're all mine! *I love you!*”

I might really make love with a woman someday, Rebecca was thinking as her orgasm ended. *I could do it, if I really loved her as I love Felicia!* The only problem with *that*—as Rebecca could easily see when her excitement diminished—was that she would have to dump Felicia, if she was not to cheat on the unknown future woman.

Rebecca sighed. She did not know what some future year might bring; for all she knew, she and Frank (when Felicia finally returned to being Frank) might both marry women and have children someday. But that was not what she wanted now. Right now she wanted Frank to be her manly man again; she wanted to be his woman again, to return to what they had naturally been doing before the intrusion of forced feminization.

It was going to happen, Rebecca decided. It *had* to happen. She did not yet know how or when, but she would make it happen—and Frank would thank her for helping him return to his natural, most desirable manhood!

Chapter 3

It did not happen for months. Felicia accumulated lots of stylish, sexy women's clothing and wore it in public. She took voice training, too, and fairly soon her high tenor voice had become quite a passable woman's voice. Rebecca did *not* sneak hormones into her diet, though, and her chest remained fully flat beneath her padded bra.

In their lovemaking, Felicia favored rear entry with her hand serving as her vagina, just as Rebecca's hand had done before Frank became Felicia. It was exciting, and it made Rebecca more certain that she would like to make love as a man with a faithful woman someday, but Rebecca could not bring herself to reach forward and stroke Felicia's flat chest as if she had breasts. Instead she gripped Felicia's hips and pumped with all her newly manly might; then she reached down and stroked Felicia's clitoris to bring her to orgasm.

Felicia even suggested that she would like to get married, with herself as the blushing bride in a white gown, though she wasn't a virgin. Rebecca was not about to allow that to happen, but she did not think it would be wise to refuse outright. "We haven't even met each other's parents yet," she said. "That's how it's done, you know, in a *real* marriage intended to last, not just some quickie throwaway rubbish. You've got to meet my parents, and I've got to meet yours."

"That won't work," Felicia said at once. "I mean, I don't know about *your* parents, but there's no way we can let *my* parents see me like this." By "like this" she meant wearing a wavy blonde shoulder-length wig, a pink see-through blouse with big shoulder openings, a plainly visible little white padded bra, a ruffly pink-and white miniskirt, and pink five-inch high-heeled pumps, in which she had now learned, after considerable effort and practice, to walk with skill.

"Why not?" Rebecca asked.

"They'd disown me. They can't stand so-called girlie-boy weirdoes—especially my mom, but my dad doesn't like them too much either. If they found out I was one, my mom would go insane with shock and horror—*temporarily* insane, anyway. My dad probably wouldn't go *insane*, but he'd be pretty peeved, and he'd go along with my mom's urgent recommendation to disown me."

Rebecca seized her opportunity. “Your mom would go temporarily insane, until you stopped being a ‘girlie-boy weirdo’ and returned to being a manly man?” she asked, burning with desire for that to happen.

Felicia looked dismayed. “Well, yes, if I did,” she said. “If I didn’t—well, I don’t know what would happen.”

“You’ll find out soon enough, minionette, whether you like it or not,” Rebecca said, “unless you do return to being a manly man.”

“Oh, Most Noble Mistress, not that!” Felicia cried. “Anything but that!”

“*Anything*, minionette?” Rebecca said, almost snapped. “Then you will meet my parents this weekend as my good, sweet, old-fashioned girlfriend—and, after that, we will go to meet *your* parents. Perhaps it will not be pleasant. You might even find it more unpleasant than being a manly man—but you will do it anyway. If I must force you to do it, believe me, I will.”

“Don’t force me, Most Noble Mistress,” Felicia begged.

“If I must, I will,” Rebecca replied.

Things were not looking good, Felicia thought with dismay, for the continuance of the almost perpetual erotic arousal that had seemed so inseparable from forced feminization. For her visit to her Most Noble Mistress’s parents, Felicia was required to dress as a sweet old-fashioned girl, such as Rebecca’s parents would wish to see her marry—or rather would wish to see *him* marry, for of course they still thought of Rebecca as Rick. Felicia wore a girlish white headband in her blonde wig, a plain high-necked white blouse, a plain, full blue knee-length skirt, and sen-

sible low-heeled shoes. Her look was that of a girl who would defer all erotic arousal until marriage, if it even happened then. The girl might even be frigid, totally incapable of orgasm. Wearing girls' clothes had never before been so unexciting to Felicia—almost as if she were a real girl who, of course, did not derive erotic excitement from wearing normal girls' clothes.

Worse yet, the prospect of a visit to her own parents, dressed as a girl, loomed before Felicia—the prospect of sure disaster. They really would disown her, Felicia thought—unless, of course, she could direct *all* the blame to Rebecca for forcing her to dress as a girl.

Felicia frowned. The thought disturbed her deeply. Rebecca was not to blame; she had only reluctantly agreed to become Felicia's Most Noble Mistress, at Felicia's own insistence. And yet, if Rebecca forced her to appear before her parents as a girl, wouldn't Rebecca be to blame for *that*?

“Are you ready, Felicia?” Rebecca asked. She was wearing men's clothes, of course, with her hair pulled back in a severe, mannish-looking ponytail. Her protruding nipples were showing through her shirt, indicating that she wasn't wearing a bra—of course not, for *she* was certainly not going to appear before *her* parents as a girl. She had notified her parents that she would be coming home with her girlfriend Felicia, and they had said they would be very glad to meet her.

“Yes, I'm ready,” Felicia said without enthusiasm. She and Rebecca walked to the dorm parking lot, got in Felicia's car, and began the drive down to Beaconsfield.

“My parents are pretty old-fashioned,” Rebecca said on the way. “They'll be glad to see me with a girlfriend at last; I never had one before. I'm sure you can pass as a real girl now.”

“Well, I hope so,” Felicia said doubtfully. “I think it’s been a lot easier at the U than it will be with old-fashioned parents scrutinizing me.”

“You’ll do fine,” Rebecca assured her. “You’re a totally girly girl now. They’ll love you.”

When they arrived at Rebecca’s parents’ modest home just off Beaconsfield Road, Rebecca’s parents did seem to love Felicia. At least her mother did, and they met her mother first. “Oh, Felicia, I’m so glad to meet you!” Rebecca’s plump, ruddy-faced mother said at once. “You know, Rick’s had a lot of trouble finding a really nice girlfriend, and I’m so happy for you both!”

“I’m very glad to meet you, Mrs. Craigreekie,” Felicia said politely. “I do think I’m really lucky to have found Re—Rick.”

“And Rick’s really lucky to have found *you*, too!” Mrs. Craigreekie enthused. “I can just see you’ll be so good for him!”

“Rick’s such a gentleman,” Felicia said, getting into the spirit of the occasion. “You know, a lot of guys at the U are, uh, pretty nasty, not at all the type for a—an old-fashioned girl like me. But Rick’s totally different. I could really see us, uh, going somewhere together.”

“Oh, I certainly hope so!” Mrs. Craigreekie beamed upon them both. “Well, let me introduce you to my husband! Ralph! Rick and his girlfriend Felicia are here!”

A lean, sharp-eyed, middle-aged man soon entered the room. “Hello, Rick,” he said. Turning to Felicia, he looked her over quickly from head to foot before speaking to her. “Pleased to meet you, Felicia,” he then said. Felicia wondered if he thought something wasn’t quite right with her, but of course she couldn’t ask.

“My husband’s a detective sergeant with the Pacific Heights Police,” said Mrs. Craigreekie. “Now that

our children are on their own, I do a little part-time work for the police as a civilian employee, and some volunteer work. We just had the two children, you know, Rick and his older sister Miranda.” She sighed. “I’m afraid Miranda’s made it perfectly clear that she wants nothing to do with having children, so we’re really counting on Rick to come up with some grandchildren for us—if you don’t mind my saying so!”

Felicia could feel herself blushing. She was *really* passing as a girl now—a girl who could have babies! But what would happen when Rebecca’s mom found out she was really no such thing?

“Belinda, don’t embarrass the—the girl,” Sergeant Craigreekie intruded. “Don’t be too quick to start talking about grandchildren.”

“Oh, I know I shouldn’t,” Mrs. Craigreekie admitted. “But I’m just so glad to think it might happen after all!”

Sergeant Craigreekie frowned and glanced again at Felicia. She was pretty sure he thought something wasn’t right with her. Had he detected her secret, despite her best efforts to pass?

“Belinda, I need to talk with you in private for a minute,” he was saying. Felicia forced her jaw not to drop. She was sure something was wrong. After another minute, she was even surer.

“No!” Mrs. Craigreekie shrieked. “That’s impossible!”

“Belinda, please keep your voice down,” said her husband. He did keep his own voice down after that; Felicia couldn’t hear what he was saying.

“No, Ralph, you can’t do that!” Mrs. Craigreekie said after a minute or so. “That would be terribly insulting to her! You’ll drive her away, and then we’ll *never* have any grandchildren!”

More inaudible discussion ensued. After a few moments, Rebecca’s parents emerged into the living

room where Rebecca and Felicia were waiting. Rebecca's mom spoke at once.

"Felicia," she said, "I'm terribly afraid my husband is going to say something extremely insulting to you. I tried to talk him out of it, but he wouldn't listen. Please don't let it drive you away. I want you to know that I don't approve of any part of it."

"It's not nearly as bad as she's making it sound," said Sergeant Craigreekie. "Felicia, I was just wondering if I could get a little DNA sample from you. It's very easy to give one; I just need to rub a little swab inside your cheek."

Felicia froze. She tried to think of something, anything, to say other than what she was forced to think: that Rebecca's dad suspected she was a male and was trying to find out for sure.

"Oh, why?" Felicia asked, trying to sound as innocent as possible, while her voice was shaking so hard she could barely make herself understood. "Uh—do you want to make sure my ancestry is OK, or what?"

"Well, not your ancestry exactly. I'd just like to have a little test run on the sample. It's not a fancy test like the ones where they can ID a suspect with odds of eight trillion to one that it's the same person; it's just a simple little test to put a certain—uh—question to rest."

"What question?" Felicia asked, as if she didn't already know.

"Well, it's just the question of whether you're, uh, actually a female or a male."

"I told you it would be insulting!" Rebecca's mom burst out. "Please don't hold this against us, Felicia. For myself, I would never have suggested such a thing—but my husband's just so terribly suspicious of everyone, you know, because of being a detective. I know he'll never be satisfied until you let him find out for certain that you're really a girl, as I know you are."

Felicia sat in silence with her eyes and her mouth wide open. Then she quickly closed her mouth, lest Sergeant Craiggreekie should insert a swab into it before she knew it. She was trapped. Of course she could not agree to give the sample that would reveal her as a male—but, if she refused, there could be only one inference from her refusal: that she knew the sample would reveal her as a male!

To Felicia's immense relief, Rebecca leaped in and saved the day, so far as it could be saved—but how far was that?

“Dad,” Rebecca said, “that’s completely unacceptable—and it *is* insulting, too, as Mom said. How would *you* like it if somebody thought you looked like a *female*, and they wanted you to give a DNA sample to prove you weren’t?”

“If my face looked as much like a female’s face as—uh—Felicia’s face looks like a *male’s* face,” Rebecca’s dad retorted, “and if my *ass* looked as much like a female’s ass as Felicia’s ass looks like a male’s ass, then I can easily see how somebody would think I looked like a female, and they’d want a way to find out for sure. Maybe a DNA test, or maybe a strip search.”

“Ralph! Please watch what you’re saying! That’s terrible!” cried Rebecca’s mom.

“I don’t think it’s so God-damn terrible,” Rebecca’s dad retorted, still failing to control himself well in the matter of polite speech. “Look, on the force they train us to treat everybody with respect, including males in females’ clothes—but that doesn’t mean I have to accept one of them as my daughter-in-law, or son-in-law, whatever it is! That’s going way too damn far!”

“Well, Dad,” Rebecca said, “I think Felicia and I need to go now. We’ll come back some other time, when we might get—uh—a more hospitable reception.”

“Please do,” Rebecca’s mom begged. “Your father and I are going to talk this over *thoroughly*, believe me!”

“Have you had enough yet, minionette?” Rebecca asked when they had returned to the dorm. “My dad could see right through you. Are you ready to return to being a manly man, with me as your girly girl?” Rebecca hoped it wasn’t a mistake to speak so frankly, but she was getting really tired of this.

Felicia stared at her. “I can’t go back now,” she said. “I’d lose everything I’ve gained. As a girly girl, I’m far sexier than I’ve ever been before. It was just a mistake to visit your parents, that’s all.”

“What about *your* parents?” Rebecca asked.

“That would be a far bigger mistake,” Felicia said. “I could never do that.”

“That is *your* mistake, minionette,” Rebecca insisted. “You must and will visit your parents as a girly girl, if you remain one. If I have to force you to visit them, I will.” She paused to let her words sink in. “On the other hand,” she then went on, “if you return to being a manly man, then your parents need never know that you have been a girly girl—and you may introduce me as your girlfriend. I am sure I can pass as a girl before your parents.”

“Oh, sure, rub it in,” Felicia said unhappily.

Rebecca opened her mouth wide in surprise. She had not even thought of rubbing it in. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to.”

“No problem,” Felicia assured her. “I didn’t think you did.”

Rebecca was silent for a moment—but not for long. She had to be honest, and to admit she was hoping Felicia would return to manly manhood as Frank.

“Felicia, really, haven’t you had enough?” she asked, as gently as possible. “You’ve given—uh—forced feminization a fair try, but you’re just *naturally a man*.” She felt a surge of defiance rush through her, for one of the big “myths” supposedly demolished in Myth Busters 101 was that “Nature” was some kind of thing that could tell you what was good to do and what was bad.

“*You’re naturally a man too,*” Felicia retorted.

“Yes, but somehow being feminine is natural to me. It’s not to you.”

“So I’m supposed to choose something just because it’s supposedly ‘natural’ to me”—Felicia sneered like a myth-busting professor—“instead of choosing what gives *me* the greatest satisfaction?” She spoke as if it were perfectly obvious that the latter was to be done, the former eschewed.

Yes! That’s exactly right! That’s what you should do! Rebecca’s heart and mind cried out as one, though her lips did not form the words. Deep within herself she seemed to see that Nature was greater and more enduring, stronger and more trustworthy, than any self-centered satisfaction. Myth-busting professors would call her thoughts mysticism and superstition, no doubt, but Rebecca didn’t care.

Felicia would not listen, Rebecca was sure. Like Frances in the children’s story, Felicia would have to get what she wanted—not bread and jam, but her precious erotic satisfaction arising from her equally precious forced feminization—until she was sick and tired of it. If she had to be forced to pursue it to the bitter end, then Rebecca would force her.

“If you’re going to pursue what gives *you* the greatest satisfaction, above all else,” Rebecca said, not answering Felicia’s question, “then you’ve got to pursue it *without limit*. That means no hiding it. You’ve got to let everyone see how lovely your great satisfaction is—including your parents.”

“I’m not ready for that,” Felicia said at once.

“You weren’t ready to be feminized, either, until I forced you.” Rebecca’s anger was rising. She really was going to force Felicia to visit her parents as a girl, if she had to. Only then would Felicia realize that the limitless pursuit of personal and erotic satisfaction, as a girly girl, was not what would give her true and lasting satisfaction after all.

“But I *was* ready when you *did* force me,” Felicia retorted. “I’ll never be ready to visit my parents as a girl, even if you try to force me.”

“That is where you’re wrong—*dead* wrong!” Rebecca cried. “You *will* be ready, minionette—when I *force* you to be ready! And I will force you *now!*”

Rebecca moved to the attack. Felicia tried to fend her off, without success. Soon Felicia’s panties were down, her skirt was up, and Rebecca was spanking her as hard and fast as possible on her little bare butt, with her clitoris again pulled back between her slender thighs.

“Say when you are ready to yield, minionette,” Rebecca commanded. “You will submit to me, or I will continue to spank you until you do submit at last. My will is stronger than yours. I must and will prevail.” Her hand was hurting from spanking Felicia so hard, but she kept it up.

“Most Noble Mistress, I yield!” Felicia cried at last. Her hips were pumping and her clitoris was yielding to intense pain and excitement together, releasing its potent load of gush upon the backs of Felicia’s thighs. “I will go. You have forced me.”

“Very well, minionette,” said Rebecca. “You will change your clothes. You will wear your skimpiest miniskirt, your tightest top, and your highest heels. You will show your parents that your entire life revolves around perpetual erotic arousal as a girly girl. They will be shocked and horrified, but you will not back down, for this is what you have chosen. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Most Noble Mistress. It is understood.”

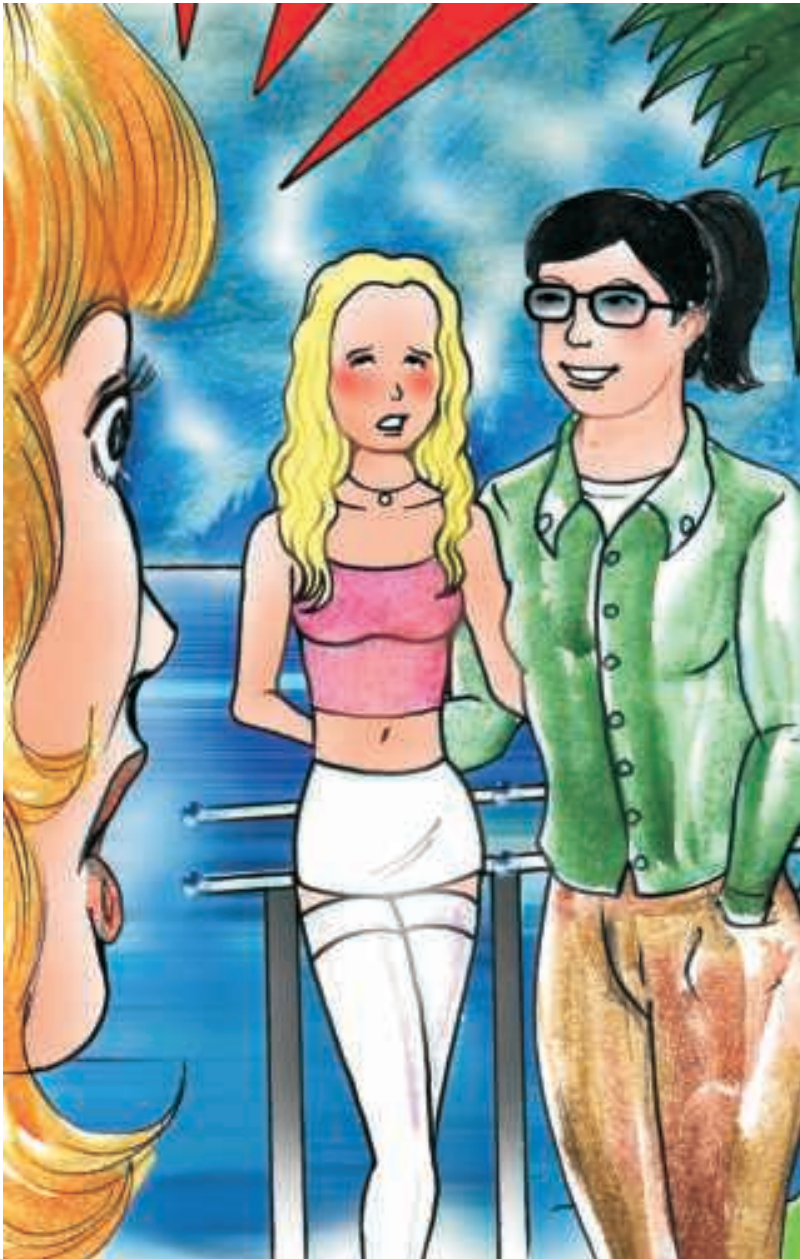
By the time she had driven with Rebecca to her parents' hilltop mansion overlooking the ocean in Seaview Grove, Felicia knew what she would do. It pained her to have to sacrifice Rebecca, but there was nothing else she could do. Never would she return to boring manhood—not even if, by returning, she could give Rebecca as much delight or even more than she herself could ever have from being a girly girl. Never, too, would she admit to her parents that she loved being a girly girl, and displayed herself as one, in public at the U, at almost every opportunity.

Why not? It wasn't because Felicia actually *loved* her parents and wished to please them. That wasn't true. No, Felicia had to admit, it was purely because of fear that her parents would disown her if they knew the truth. If they disowned her, Felicia would sink into poverty—the greatest evil in life, according to her parents' views, and a pretty vile evil according to Felicia's own views too.

That must not happen, Felicia was thinking as she got out of the car with the hem of her miniskirt up to her panties. She glanced at Rebecca, still in the same boring men's clothes she had worn to visit her own parents. A twinge of remorse attacked Felicia's heart at the thought of what she was about to do. She looked away.

Felicia had called her mom and dad, at Rebecca's insistence, to make sure they were home. She would see them in just a minute. It was not going to be enjoyable at all, to say the least. Erotic arousal would be the farthest thing from Felicia's thoughts, and not only because she was drained from ejaculating backward when Rebecca had spanked her to force her to do this.

She rang the doorbell. Her mom soon answered the door. Felicia didn't say "Hi, Mom," as if everything were perfectly OK. She only stared in silent sadness.



Her mom's face changed rapidly, showing one emotion right after another. At first she was smiling, expecting simply to see Frank's familiar male visage and to meet Frank's roommate. Shock and incomprehension soon followed. Her impolitely wide-open mouth, growing wider as she stared at Felicia from top to toe, threatened to bring forth a scream as surely as a dark, grim thundercloud would threaten to bring forth lightning, if there were any such cloud in the sunny, cloudless sky. Finally a look of total horror and anguish twisted her face. She quickly shut the door to block out the sight of Felicia, and to muffle the sound of her own screams. It worked well for the first purpose, not so well for the second.

After a considerable delay, during which Felicia heard her dad talking loudly and her mom screaming, sobbing, and moaning, Felicia's dad opened the door. Her dad stared in silence at Felicia's remarkable appearance. "Well?" he said at last. "How did all this come about—and *why*?" He gestured at Felicia.

"My roommate, Rick, forced me to dress this way!" Felicia burst out, pointing toward Rebecca. "Rick hit me lots of times, and threatened to hit me even more, to force me!" Felicia displayed anger, shame, fear, and grievous sorrow, knowing all the while that she was putting on an act. She did not, she dared not, look at Rebecca.

Felicia's dad glanced at Rebecca and frowned. "Well, we'll let the police take care of that," he said. At once he whipped out his smartphone, called the Sea-view Grove Police, and asked them to send a detective up in an unmarked car. Then he turned back to Felicia.

"Your mother," he said, "is appalled at the thought of males impersonating females, *period*, without regard to what the law or cultural institutions may prescribe. If the male is her own son, it becomes far *more* appalling. My own view is simply that female impersonation is typically a handicap, a disability, in the race to get ahead in life—especially when the female impersonator, quite frankly, looks like a *harlot slut*."

He frowned at Felicia's ultra-short miniskirt and her ultra-high heels. Felicia had heard him refer to "harlot sluts" before; she guessed he thought it was more emphatic than either "harlot" or "slut" alone.

"Dad, it's not my fault," Felicia rushed to assure him. "Rick forced me to dress like this."

"I understand, son," Felicia's dad said. "Well, you won't be forced any more. I'm sure we still have some of your old clothes in your room. You can go put some of them on now."

Felicia hesitated, but only for a second. She had to do it. She had sacrificed Rebecca, and now she would have to sacrifice her own hard-won femininity. Of course she could always get it back after she left her parents' house—*or could she?*

Rebecca was the source of the force in Felicia's forced feminization. Without Rebecca, there would be no force—*and would there then be no feminization?* By sacrificing Rebecca, was Felicia giving up all Rebecca had done for her, and returning to being a boring male for life after all?

Glumly, in the bedroom that had been hers when she lived at home, Felicia stripped off her top, her bra, her miniskirt, and her panties, and kicked off her high heels. Then she put on her old boys' underwear, socks, shirt, and pants, and became Frank again.

Frank had lost everything he had gained, he thought—including Rebecca. A painful twinge of nostalgia gripped his heart at the thought that, if not for the forced feminization he had now abandoned, he might still be Rebecca's manly man and lover—and he might give *her* all the feminine delight he had sought in vain for himself!

Frank emerged from his old room in misery. The police had already arrived. There were two detectives, a tall, unsmiling, balding man with a bit of brown hair, and a short, young, very cute woman with reddish-gold hair.

“Frank Beamish?” said the tall man. “Jack Murgyll, Seaview Grove Police. My partner, Wendy Grootzma.” Both detectives shook hands with Frank.

“So what’s going on?” Jack asked. “Rick here hit you and threatened you to get you to wear women’s clothes?”

“Uh, yes, that’s right,” Frank said. Reluctantly but inexorably, he was digging himself in deeper and deeper. Now he could not go back on his story to the police.

“Where are the clothes?”

“Uh—in my room. I’ll get them.” Frank went and got them, and handed them to Wendy.

“How did he hit you?”

“He spanked me on the bare butt, lots of times. He’s stronger than I am.”

“How did he threaten you?”

“He threatened to spank me still more, if I wouldn’t—uh—wear the women’s clothes, and come here to visit my parents while I was wearing them.”

“Isn’t that a hate crime?” Wendy butted in.

Jack looked puzzled for a moment. “No, it isn’t,” he then said. “It would be a hate crime if he was a male wearing *women’s* clothes, and somebody forced him and threatened him to get him to wear *men’s* clothes. That would show anti-transgender hate. But it’s not a hate crime to use force and threats to get him to wear women’s clothes when he’s a male; that doesn’t show anti-*male* hate. That sounds like just a regular misdemeanor battery and intimidation to me.”

“What, even if the perp hated men, and wanted to use force and threats to feminize them, because of hating men?”

“Correct,” Jack said. “Legally, that’s not a hate crime. It doesn’t show the right *kind* of hate, against the right kind of person, a person in a protected class. Men who don’t want to wear women’s clothes, as such, aren’t a protected class. Men who *do* want to wear them *are* a protected class.”

“That doesn’t make a lot of sense!” Wendy protested. “In fact, it doesn’t make *any* sense!”

“Maybe not,” Jack acknowledged, “but it’s the law in this state. So, Rick,” he said, turning to Rebecca, “you’re under arrest for misdemeanor battery and intimidation.”

No! Don’t arrest Rebecca! This is all a mistake! I love her! Frank’s heart cried out—but he was silent. He had decided to sacrifice Rebecca to curry favor with his parents, and now it was being done. Frank was doomed, and so was Rebecca.

Frank watched in silent anguish as the detectives escorted Rebecca out of the house in handcuffs.

“There, that’s all done with,” Frank’s dad assured him. “I’ll let your mother know they’re gone. She didn’t want to watch; she knew she’d only break down again. Everything will be all right now, Frank. You won’t have to worry about Rick any more.”

Frank’s dad could never have known how far from the truth that was. The spell of forced feminization had been broken, as swiftly as it had been cast. Frank was Rebecca’s manly man again, and he loved Rebecca. He would have to worry, every moment of every day, that he had ruined Rebecca’s love for him forever.

“So what’s your side of the story, Rick?” Jack asked Rebecca in an interview room at the Seaview Grove police station.

“Frank asked me to practice forced feminization on him,” Rebecca said. “I didn’t want to, but he insisted, and I decided to do it. So, months ago, I spanked him until he yielded and agreed to be called Felicia. Then he started wearing women’s clothes and acting like a—a ‘girly girl.’”

“So he *consented!*” Wendy piped up. “Consent would be a defense!”

“Hush,” Jack enjoined her. “This is only Rick’s side of the story, and he’s not done telling it.” Turning back to Rebecca, he asked, “How many times did you spank him?”

“Twice. Once at the beginning, and once just before we went to see his parents.”

“You had to spank him to get him to visit his parents dressed as a girl?”

“Well, yes.”

“He didn’t want to do that?”

“No, he didn’t.”

“So why did you spank him to get him to do it?”

Rebecca took a deep breath before answering. “I was hoping to get him to lose interest in forced feminization,” she said. “I knew he didn’t want to appear in front of his parents in women’s clothes. I thought, if I forced him to do that, he’d decide he was through with the forced feminization. I gave him a chance to go back to being a—a manly man without being spanked, but he refused.”

“You wanted him to go back to wearing men’s clothes?”

“Well, yes.”

“You hit him, and threatened to hit him some more, because he was a male and he refused to wear men’s clothes?”

Rebecca could see perfectly well where this line of questioning was heading, and she felt sick to her stomach—but she had already committed herself, and it would do no good to try to lie now even if she could bring herself to do it. Rebecca had always been honest, and she could not suddenly stop being honest when it turned out that her honesty would get her charged with a hate crime.

“Yes, that’s right,” Rebecca said.

“OK, buddy, you asked for it,” Jack said. “That’s a hate crime after all.”

Frank did have to worry about Rebecca, if not every moment of every day, at least many moments of many days to come. He worried first about how to get Rebecca out of jail while she awaited trial. At least she was being held in the Seaview Grove City Jail, which was much smaller, cleaner, and less dangerous than the Seaview County Jail in downtown Pacific Heights. Still, Frank could not stand the thought of the attacks to which she might be subjected—far more grievous attacks than spanking—if she did not get out of jail.

He racked his brain to try to think of someone trustworthy, who could discreetly accept some money from him and use it to pay Rebecca’s bail bond. He couldn’t think of anyone. At last he decided he would have to do it himself, no matter if any eyebrows would be raised.

After classes he drove down to Seaview Grove, wearing men’s clothes of course. Even before he got to the jail next door to the police station, he was dismayed to see Rebecca’s picture on the front page of the *Seaview Grove Clarion*, beneath a headline reading “Beamish scion attacked in hate case.” The article told about how Richard Craigreekie, 19, son of a Pacific Heights Police detective, was being held in the Seaview Grove City Jail on felony charges of hate-mo-

tivated battery and hate-motivated intimidation. The victim was Franklin Foehawke Beamish IV, 19, known as Felicia, scion of the well-known Beamish family and offspring of leading local attorney Franklin Foehawke Beamish III. Craigreekie had allegedly battered and intimidated Felicia with the intent to induce her to abandon her transgender identity, or in retaliation for not abandoning it.

Everyone will know who I am, Frank thought in disgust. Still, he couldn't let that stop him. He entered the jail, walked up to the front desk, and said he wanted to post bond for Richard Craigreekie.

The female officer at the desk did raise her eyebrows and stare at Frank, with a faint smile playing around her lips, but she did not object. "The bail bond office is right down the hall there," she said, pointing down a hallway.

Frank entered the office, announced his mission, signed some papers, and paid the money for Rebecca's bail bond. The male officer in the office, unlike the female one at the front desk, did not seem to know who Frank was at first. "Uh—will I be able to talk with, uh, Mr. Craigreekie after he's released?" Frank asked.

"What's your name?" the officer asked, having failed to note Frank's name on the papers he had signed.

"Franklin Foehawke Beamish IV."

The officer still showed no reaction, until he looked something up on the computer in front of him. Then he looked up at Frank and stared. "No, you won't," he said. "There's an NCO, a no contact order, prohibiting the defendant—him—from having any contact with the victim—you."

"Oh," Frank said. "Well, uh—thanks for looking."

Frank walked out of the jail alone and sad, wishing he had never dragged Rebecca into his forced-feminization craze. If he hadn't, he thought,

he and Rebecca would still be lovers—and he could even delight in Rebecca’s feminine ecstasy as if it were his own! Why hadn’t that been good enough for him? Why had he been sucked into a mindless craze for his own erotic arousal alone, at the expense of his beloved Rebecca? Why hadn’t he been willing to show her he loved her—even to sacrifice his own desires for love of her, if need be?

He clenched his teeth and breathed a deep sigh of disgust with himself. At least, he thought—*now that it was too late to do him any good*—at least now he was sacrificing himself for Rebecca, or at least sacrificing his money for her freedom, without any hope of benefiting himself. A bizarre thought struck him, one that the myth-busting professors would surely condemn as idiotic and superstitious, yet he could not eject it from his mind. What if, by doing this deed for Rebecca and not at all for himself, he was somehow making up for getting sucked into the craze that led him to do everything for himself alone, and nothing for Rebecca? What if he was somehow making himself worthy of Rebecca’s love—or at least worthy of *somebody’s* love, even if Rebecca would never love him again?

Anguish was gripping him. Tears were forcing themselves out of his eyes. He could not hold on to the thought that he was going to be worthy of love. One dreadful thought ejected all others from his mind: *Rebecca would never love him again.*

Chapter 4

“Young men’s cocks and asses, I must admit,” said Rebecca’s new cellmate, “are my supreme delight.” The man was a lean, short-haired, clean-shaven gentleman named Reginald, about 40 or 50 years old, who (he said) had been an art and English teacher at Seaview Grove High School until his recent arrest.

“But never, no, never,” Reginald went on, “have I violated the law of the State of Pacificum prescribing the age of consent to sex for youths as 15—nor would

I ever do so. No, not even if a willing and eager youth of 14 years and 364 days of age, with the finest, most nubile young cock and ass in the universe, were to fall into my arms like an overripe peach—not even then would I succumb! I am here in this wretched place of confinement only because of a *grievous injustice*. Any other man would be free to indulge at will with any 15-year-old youth who would have him—but I, simply and solely because of my chosen profession as a teacher, was forbidden to reap the ripe fruit of my students’ admiration and love until they reached the advanced age of 19! I discreetly defied their absurd rule, and they called it ‘child seduction’—as if it involved vicious abuse of unripe *brats* who had never yet ejaculated in their lives! My young lover was a mature and manly youth of 16, capable of *world-class orgasms*.”

Rebecca was silent, out of habitual politeness. Had she spoken, she would have informed Reginald—politely, with no such impolite expression as “I don’t give a fuck”—that she had no interest in hearing about Reginald’s 16-year-old lover with the world-class orgasms. Her heart was crying out in pain. She had really loved Frank, and she was pretty sure she loved him still—even though he had sacrificed her for money, out of fear that his parents would disown him, and he had gotten her charged with a hate crime too!

Perhaps sensing, from her lack of response, Rebecca’s lack of interest in the topic of the youth with the orgasms, Reginald turned the conversation to another topic. “And what about you?” he asked. “What are *you* in here for?”

“Hate-motivated battery,” Rebecca said, “and hate-motivated intimidation.”

“Oh, dear!” Reginald cried, looking alarmed. “Not against *gays*, I hope!”

“Certainly not.” Rebecca didn’t especially want to let Reginald know that she herself was a girlish gay

male, but she was pretty sure she could see it coming.

“Who against?” Reginald asked. “I mean, to use perfectly proper English, against whom?”

“Well, it’s very strange,” Rebecca ventured to say. “It was against a—a young man I was in love with. I think—I’m pretty sure I’m still in love with him, in spite of everything.”

“So *you’re* gay!” Reginald exclaimed, looking at Rebecca with what seemed to be growing fascination.

“Yes, I am. Now, as I was saying,” Rebecca quickly went on, “this young man was quite a manly man when I first met him, and that was how I wished he would stay. But soon after we—we first made love, he started wanting me to impose forced feminization on him. I was wearing girls’ clothes then, and he wanted me to be his dominatrix. I really didn’t want to, but he insisted, and I couldn’t see any way out of it.”

“I don’t see any hate crime in *that*,” Reginald said.

“No, there wasn’t one yet—if there ever was. I spanked him to get him to yield to me and become a girly girl, which he did. I really wished he’d stop, but he wouldn’t. It went on for months. At last I said he’d have to visit my parents, and then *his* parents, dressed as a girl if he wasn’t going to go back to being a manly man. I gave him a choice: he could go back to being a manly man, or he could let *everyone* know he was a girly girl, including his parents. He was terrified of doing that, because he was sure his parents would disown him. He’s, uh, rather well off, and he stood to lose a lot of money if they disowned him.”

“So was the hate crime that you threatened to get him disowned unless he gave up his girly-girl transgender identity and went back to being a manly man?” Reginald asked. “But it wasn’t *you* who’d disown him. How was that supposed to work?”

“Well, I spanked him again, and threatened him with an even harder spanking if he didn’t obey my

command. It wasn't exactly to get him to be a manly man, though; it was to get him to go to his parents' house wearing girls' clothes. I was hoping he'd return to being a manly man after that, because that would help him get sick of forced feminization."

"But I'm pretty sure it's only a regular crime, not a hate crime, if you're trying to get a guy to *conform* to a gay or transgender identity. It's only a hate crime if you're trying to get him to *abandon* one."

Reginald looked thoughtful. "On the other hand, I guess it *is* a hate crime if you're *retaliating* against him for not abandoning the gay or transgender identity. It's kind of confusing."

"That's for sure." Rebecca felt sick to her stomach. She knew that was exactly what she had done: retaliated, in anger, against Frank for refusing to stop being Felicia! Had she really committed a hate crime after all, without even realizing it?

"But anyway," Reginald said, "I can see one thing that's *not* confusing: *your big, sweet young ass!* It's superb!"

Repelled, Rebecca tried to think fast. "Oh!" she said. "But—what about your young lover with the world-class orgasms? You don't want to be *unfaithful* to him, do you?"

"Oh, *him!*" Reginald exclaimed. "That's all over. That's why I'm in here. He betrayed me." He grimaced. "He decided he wanted a—a *girlfriend* instead of me."

Rebecca didn't think she could blame the orgasmic youth, but she said nothing—unlike Reginald. "I'm thinking," he ventured to say, moving closer to Rebecca, "you and I might make a very good couple.

Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," Rebecca said crisply.

An awkward silence ensued. It was broken by something Rebecca could never have expected.

“Craigreekie?” said a guard, appearing at the cell door and opening it. “Come on out. Your bond’s been paid.”

“*What?!*” Rebecca cried. “Oh! Uh—how did *that* happen? Can you tell me who paid it?”

“They can tell you at the release desk,” said the guard. “Come on.” Rebecca came on, not looking back to see if Reginald was gaining a final delectable view of her big, girlish “ass,” as he undoubtedly was.

“Franklin Foehawke Beamish IV,” the officer at the release desk read off the name of the person who had paid Rebecca’s bail bond, to her astonishment and delight. Was Frank sorry for having sacrificed her? Did he still love her after all? Might they even see each other again and reunite, in spite of everything? Rebecca’s heart arose within her and shouted the answer: Yes, yes, *yes!*

There was only one problem—or rather, one *immediate* problem. Rebecca had been ordered to have no contact with Frank. If she did, she would be committing an additional crime of violation of a no contact order, and her bail bond would be revoked. The officer made Rebecca stand there and listen to him reading the entire order, to make sure she would understand.

The public defender had sent an appointment card. The officer handed it to Rebecca. She was to go to the public defender’s office downtown at the specified time next week—as if she did not have enough to do already. She had missed some classes at the U and would need to catch up. Still, it would all be worth it—if only Frank really still loved her!

Having gotten Rebecca out of jail, Frank next wanted to get her a really good attorney for her defense. That would take special help from his parents. They gave him a good allowance, but not *that* good.

He would start by working on his mom. He had a pretty good idea how to go about it, he thought. He would visit for a weekend, show Mom what a manly young man he was again, and give all the credit to Rebecca. Then Mom would persuade Dad to go along and pay the attorney's fees. The only problem was that he would have to embarrass himself in front of Mom to the maximum—but, if it would help to get Rebecca out of trouble, he would do it.

That weekend, after a very small amount of small talk with Mom, Frank started to get to the point. "Mom," he said, "I need to talk about something. It's about Re—Rick, who got arrested when he was here." At all costs, Frank knew, he must remember to call Rebecca "Rick."

"Yes?" Mom frowned.

"Well, I wasn't really telling the—the whole truth about what happened. The only reason why Rick ever started forcing me to wear girls' clothes"—Mom scowled—"was that I *wanted* him to force me."

Outrage and astonishment mingled and flooded Mom's face. "You *wanted* him to *force* you?" she cried. "That doesn't make any sense!"

"Maybe not," Frank admitted, "but I did, anyway. I guess it was a—just a craze I was going through. Rick didn't want to do it, but I insisted, and he gave in. He was always hoping I'd stop and just go back to being, you know, a regular guy. At last he got fed up and gave me a—an ultimatum. Either I could go back to being a regular guy in guys' clothes, or else—he'd force me to visit you and Dad wearing girls' clothes. I was so gripped by the craze that I refused to give it up, so—well, that was the only reason why he forced

me to do it. He was trying to *help* me. I see that now. And he *did* help me. I'm free from the craze. I just want to be a regular guy. And now—Rick got charged with a hate crime for helping me!”

Mom stared with her mouth wide open. “That’s terribly wrong,” she said. “I always knew those hate-crime laws could be used against people who tried to help others break free from—from crazes like that. And now it’s happening to someone who’s tried to help *you* break free! This has got to stop!”

This was working better, and faster, than Frank could ever have imagined. Mom got up and went to talk with Dad at once. Soon Dad emerged from his study.

“Your mother has explained the situation to me, Frank,” Dad said. “Your friend Rick is in need of some legal assistance. I think we can discreetly arrange that. The firm has a couple of attorneys who do criminal defense, believe it or not. One is an old-timer who’s handled the white-collar and corporate crime work for countless years, plus getting the clients’ kids out of hot water; but the other is a younger attorney who’s made quite a name for himself in only a few years of criminal work. I know he’s defended hate-crime cases before, and won. He might even take Rick’s case pro bono, if it interests him.”

“Wow, Dad, that’s great!” Frank said, sincerely grateful. “I sure hope it does!”

Rebecca had thought she was going to go back to the U and try to pick up where she left off. She was shocked to find it wasn’t going to happen. By both e-mail and paper mail, she found, she had received a notice of suspension from the U. For being charged with hate crimes, she was required to leave the U—and vacate her room in the dorm—until the conclusion of her court proceeding. If convicted, she would not be permitted to return.

Her life falling around her in ruins, Rebecca made arrangements with the university police to collect her belongings and deposit them outside the dorm. Then she called her mom to ask for a ride home. Mom asked why she needed a ride. Rebecca begged her to put off discussing it until they got home, and Mom reluctantly agreed.

“Home is where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in,” Rebecca thought, remembering the quotation from Robert Frost. It wasn’t a very exalted concept of home, to say the least, but Rebecca was glad it was true. At least she wasn’t going to be out on the street with nowhere to go.

Mom said little on the way home, except that she sure hoped she was going to find out what this was all about as soon as they got home. When they did, they sat down, and Rebecca had to speak.

“Well, here’s what happened, Mom,” Rebecca said. “You remember when I brought—uh—Felicia home to meet you.”

“Oh, yes!” said Mom. “How *is* Felicia? Is she all right?”

“Well, she’s all right as far as I know,” Rebecca said, “but—well, Dad was right. I mean, to suspect that Felicia might be a guy in girls’ clothes. Felicia’s real name is Frank.”

Mom stared with her mouth open. Rebecca hoped she wasn’t going to cry. “Well, I’m very sorry to hear it,” Mom said at last, and Rebecca could see from her face that it was too true. “But what does that have to do with you needing a ride home? And why did you bring all your things with you?”

“Well, uh—I’m getting to that. Basically—well, I wanted Felicia to go back to being Frank and wearing guys’ clothes, and she wouldn’t, so I gave her a pretty hard spanking because she wouldn’t, and I got charged with hate crimes for doing it.” That left a lot out, but Rebecca really didn’t want to tell Mom the whole story. “And I got suspended from the U for be-

ing charged with hate crimes,” she finished up. “So, here I am.”

“Hate crimes!” Mom repeated. “Well, you’re lucky you can’t be charged with a hate crime for trying to deceive your parents into thinking you had a real girlfriend who might give them some grandchildren some day—because *some* parents might very well think that’s hateful enough that it *should* be a hate crime!” Mom was crying. She turned away to try to keep Rebecca from seeing her, but it didn’t work.

“I’m sorry, Mom,” Rebecca said. She didn’t think it would do any good to say more.

“Well, all right, it’s too late to do anything about it now,” Mom gruffly said. “So, if you got kicked out of the U, you’ll need to get a job. Arthur’s is hiring.” Arthur’s discount grocery store was where Mom got a lot of the family’s groceries.

“I didn’t actually get kicked out, just suspended,” Rebecca said. “I guess they’ll let me back in if I don’t get convicted.”

“You need a job until you find out what happens,” Mom said. “Arthur’s is a good place to work, and I can recommend you to the manager at the Mounds Junction store. She’s a very nice lady with 10 grandchildren. The assistant manager is a fine young man too, although he calls himself Wendy and he likes to wear women’s clothes on the job for some reason, but he’s got a lovely young wife who’s going to have a baby. You can put in an application online today.”

Rebecca wasn’t thrilled at the idea of working at a grocery store, but she guessed she could do it. She might even have a little something in common with the assistant manager who wore women’s clothes. “OK, Mom, thanks for the suggestion,” she said.

Mom's suggestion worked really well. Arthur's was eager to hire Rebecca, and their hiring process for entry-level grocery clerks was extremely efficient. They did ask her if she had ever been convicted of a felony, but she hadn't—not yet, at least. Even before her appointment with the public defender, Rebecca started work.

She hit it off really well with Wendy Batemiller, the assistant manager. Wendy was short and plump, even shorter than Frank, with long blonde hair and small but beautiful breasts. Rebecca knew Wendy was a male, but she had to think of Wendy as “she” because of her feminine looks. Wendy's voice, too, was high and feminine-sounding—but evidently Wendy was capable of getting a woman pregnant, for Wendy's wife was pregnant, as could be seen in a big picture of the two of them together on the wall of Wendy's office. They both looked really young, Rebecca thought—too young to be an assistant manager and his wife.

“I guess it would be OK if I wore women's clothes to work, too?” Rebecca ventured to ask after work.

“My mom and dad wouldn't be too pleased, but maybe I could change here.”

“Of course it would be OK,” Wendy assured her. “But your mom and dad are entitled to some consideration.” Wendy gave Rebecca a wistful smile. “I'm sure I would have been happier when I was growing up, if I'd had a mom and dad who lived together and didn't approve of me wearing women's clothes.”

Rebecca laughed. “What, didn't you want to wear them back then?”

“No. My mom forced me to wear them, after my dad took off to California with a teenage boy. Eventually I decided I liked them anyway, but it took a while. Then I wore them while I was working as a Molester Detection Specialist for the police; I looked so young

that child molesters believed I was 12 even though I was really 18, and I could get them arrested for attempted child molesting. But after a while I didn't quite look 12 any more, plus I decided I liked working with groceries a lot better than working with molesters." Wendy smiled.

"Good idea," Rebecca said. "And, uh—your wife approves of you wearing women's clothes?"

"She sure does. She was used to the idea because her dad, who's a detective, wears them on the job. She loaned me one of her pretty dresses to wear to her 14th birthday party, where I guess I succeeded in passing as a girl. I was already in love with her back then, but we had to wait a few years to get married."

Rebecca glanced at the picture again. She wondered if, incredibly, she might someday follow in Wendy's footsteps and marry a woman, a real woman. Something about the idea now seemed incredibly attractive, as if Nature itself were urging Rebecca onward to do the deed—and yet, if she did, what would become of her love for Frank?

"Well, that sounds great," Rebecca said. "Uh, what's your wife's name?"

"Rebecca."

"Oh! Uh—that's *my* name, too! I mean, uh, my girly name, that I use when I'm wearing women's clothes." *Or when I'm nude making love with Frank as a woman, which I really hope I'll get to do again,* Rebecca thought—but of course she did not say it to Wendy.

"Great name," said Wendy. "OK, then, Rebecca, that's what I'll call you—even when you're *not* wearing women's clothes."

Rebecca had to take some time off work for her appointment with the public defender, and for *that* she

had to explain her difficult situation to Wendy. Wendy sympathized and didn't seem to regard Rebecca as a criminal, for which she was grateful. She wondered whether she would be equally grateful to the public defender. She soon found out.

“Richard Craigreekie? Rhett Faulkner,” said the tall, black-haired, black-mustached man of 40 or so in the public defender's office, rising to meet Rebecca and brusquely shaking her hand. “Pleased to meet you. Let me grab your file.” He searched through a big stack of files until he found the one for Rebecca's case.

“So, hate crimes,” he said after quickly skimming a few papers. “Frankly, it won't be easy to get you a good plea. The prosecutor's pretty damn tough on hate crimes. You don't have any priors, though, even juvenile ones; that's a point in your favor. Not like some of our perps, whose main activity as juveniles seems to have been showing hate toward gays, non-whites, and you name it. You might not have to go to prison for a hell of a long time. Then, after you get out, you keep your nose clean on probation and you won't have to go back.”

“Uh—what if I don't plead guilty?” Rebecca asked.

“Oh, you're *innocent*?” Faulkner rolled his eyes. “Yeah, a lot of our perps claim they're innocent, until they find out it won't do them any good. Some even go on claiming it forever, like a lot of the molesters. Their self-esteem would go right down the drain if they ever admitted they did that shit with kids. The smart perps fess up right away, because they know that's what goes down best with the judges and prosecutors. But all right, if you say you're innocent, what's your story?”

“Well, at first, I was Frank's girlfriend,” Rebecca said. “I wore girls' clothes, and he was my manly man. Then he started wanting me to force him to be a girly girl instead. I really didn't want to, but he insisted, and I figured the only way to cure him would be to let him get sick and tired of it. So I spanked him

hard, and sure enough he turned into a girly girl. He went on like that for months. At last I told him that, if he didn't go back to being my manly man, I was going to force him to visit my parents first, and then *his* parents, in girls' clothes. He was afraid his parents would disown him if they saw him in girls' clothes, but he refused to give them up. So I spanked him again to force him to visit them in girls' clothes. He did, but his parents called the police, and I was arrested for hate crimes."

Faulkner laughed. "Well, that's a pretty damn creative story, if it isn't true!" he said.

"It *is* true," Rebecca insisted.

"OK," Faulkner said, "but it still isn't going to do you any good. Let's briefly analyze your possible defenses, and see why they won't work. First, you might say *you* wore girls' clothes, so you couldn't be guilty of committing a hate crime against a guy for wearing girls' clothes. That's total bullshit. You know how some of our African-American brethren talk about "niggas," and they portray "niggas" as ignorant, violent fuckheads and dope fiends, like in rap songs and crap like that? That's *hate*, and it doesn't matter that they direct it against people of their own race. If they commit crimes against "niggas" for being "niggas," those are hate crimes. Are you with me so far?"

"Well, yes, I think so," Rebecca said, "but—"

"Next," Faulkner said, "you might claim consent, since he consented to let you spank him for the purpose of inducing him to become a girly girl. But that consent occurred months before the incident you got arrested for, and it wouldn't carry over to that incident. He did *not* consent to let you spank him for the purpose of getting him to appear before his *parents* as a girly girl. You can understand that, right?"

"Well, yes," Rebecca said, "but—"

"And finally," Faulkner said, "you might claim you were only guilty of regular misdemeanor battery and intimidation, not the hate-motivated felony versions

of those crimes, because you were trying to get Frank to wear *girls'* clothes, not *guys'* clothes. Generally, it's not a hate crime to illegally try to get a guy to wear girls' clothes when he wants to wear guys' clothes, as it is to illegally try to get him to wear guys' clothes if he wants to wear girls' clothes. So, that might be a good partial defense under certain circumstances—but it's no good here for two reasons. First, you spanked him in retaliation for not going back to wearing guys' clothes. Second, your motive for wanting him to visit his parents wearing girls' clothes was that you hoped he'd get sick of the girls' clothes and go back to wearing guys' clothes. Both of those would be seen as clearly showing hate against guys who wear girls' clothes—and, as I said, it doesn't matter if *you're* a guy who wears girls' clothes too."

Rebecca felt sick with fear, staring into the abyss of conviction and prison that seemed to be opening up in front of her. "I'm pretty sure I can get you a plea deal," Faulkner was saying, "that will get you not much more time than what's the maximum for the misdemeanors, which is a year, and they could run concurrent. If you don't take it, you're looking at up to *five* years for each of the hate crimes—probably concurrent, but there'd be no guarantee without the deal. I'll give you some time to think about it; I know the deal could be hard to swallow, but not nearly as hard as the possible five years. There's a status hearing in a couple of weeks; let me know before then what you've decided to do."

"All right," Rebecca said, in a small, terrified voice. She rose to leave, but felt she must stay to say one more thing: "But I *don't* hate Frank! I *love* him! I only wanted him to be my manly man again!"

"Sorry, that's no defense," said Faulkner. "The whole concept of a 'manly man' is deemed to be a hate-oriented concept, a weapon wielded against those who are *not* manly men—just as the whole concept of, say, a 'racially pure white person' is a hate-oriented concept and a weapon wielded against those excluded by that concept. There's actually case law on that from the Pacificum Supreme Court. So,

I'd recommend that you think very seriously about accepting a plea deal."

"Uh—thank you, I'll think about it," said Rebecca.

Toward the end of that week, Rebecca got a call on her cell phone from an unknown number. She declined it as usual, figuring the caller would leave a voicemail or text if it was important. It was.

"Rick, this is Jim Gainsmill," the caller had said. "I'm an attorney with the firm of Farquhar, Hardart & Frick. One of our partners, Franklin Beamish III, asked me to call you about a case you're involved in, where his son Frank IV is the alleged victim. Frank IV told me the whole story, and I'd be interested in talking to you about your defense. It could be in a relaxed setting if you like, maybe this weekend. Please give me a call." He left his number and the hours when he could be reached. As soon as she got a chance, Rebecca called him and made an appointment to talk with him on Saturday in a very unusual place for a legal appointment: the top end of Grand Stimson Park on the Capitoline Hill, near his apartment.

"No need to waste a glorious spring day indoors," Jim said when they met in the park. He was a ruggedly handsome, manly-looking man, dressed with extreme casualness in shorts and a T-shirt. With him was a beautiful young woman with curly blonde hair, bright blue eyes, fairly small breasts beneath a tight white top, and plump hips and legs nicely displayed by a short green skirt.

"Rick, this is my girlfriend Ruthie," said Jim. "If you like, we can separate a bit from Ruthie while we talk about your case—but maybe you won't want to. Frank told me you're, uh, sometimes known as Rebecca. Is that right?"

“Well, yes,” said Rebecca. She was wearing men’s clothes, but wondered if she should have worn something quite different.

“Ruthie’s real first name is Rutherford,” Jim said. “I think you and she have something very important in common. Know what I mean?”

Rebecca stared at Ruthie. She guessed it was possible, though barely possible, that Ruthie might be a male. “Rutherford?” she asked. “Uh—you mean, that’s a *guy*’s name, like Rick, and there’s a reason for that?”

“A very good reason,” said Ruthie. Her voice was high, but didn’t sound quite fully female. “I’m a male, all right, but not a *manly man* to say the least—more of a girly girl, in fact. Jim’s my manly man, and I love him that way. It does *not* mean I hate males who *aren’t* manly men!”

“I wish you could have told that to the public defender I was talking with earlier this week,” Rebecca said. “He was saying I pretty much had to plead guilty.”

“It doesn’t matter what he says,” Jim said. “Your case sounds really interesting to me, and I’d like to take it pro bono, if that’s OK with you.”

“Uh—wow! Well, sure! Uh—but why is *my* case so interesting?”

“It shows how hate-crime laws can be abused for purposes they were never, or *should* never have been, intended for. Sure, the *real* haters should be punished pretty severely if they’re guilty. But it looks to me like you’ve been *deemed* a hater just because you were in love, and you wanted to make the man you loved go back to being a manly man—but you didn’t really hate guys who were *not* manly men. You didn’t want to try to force them to be manly men, if they weren’t the one man you loved. If you did commit any crime—and I’m not sure you did—then it was only a *love* crime, so to speak, not a *hate* crime. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes!” Rebecca cried. “That’s perfectly right!”

“Well, then. Would you like me to discreetly suggest that the public defender can go pound sand, and take you off his guilty-plea assembly line?”

“Yes, I certainly would!” Rebecca exclaimed, rejoicing. “Thank you so much!”

“Frank Beamish? Don Warkrack,” said the deputy prosecutor assigned to the case of *People of the State of Pacificum v. Richard L. Craigreekie*. He was a tall, very thin, balding man who didn’t look as old as your average bald guy. He motioned Frank to sit down in a chair near his desk.

“I just need to make sure we get our trial preparation done promptly, and don’t wait until the last minute,” said Warkrack. “So, please start by telling me your story in your own words. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—you know the line.”

“OK,” Frank said. “Well, some of this is pretty embarrassing to me, but I’ll tell it anyway. It all started when I—well, I fell in love with my dorm roommate. I wasn’t gay, but my roommate was—uh—so beautiful and feminine that it didn’t seem gay to be in—in love with her, especially when she wore women’s clothes. I had to think of my roommate as *her*, you see—because she was so lovely, and I wasn’t gay. My roommate’s name was Rick, but she asked me to call her Rebecca, and I did.”

“Sure,” said Warkrack. “What then?”

“Well, I used to get kind of excited reading stories about forced feminization, and Rebecca was so incredibly excitable as a girl. I just had to wonder if I could become that excitable too, as a girl. Only nobody had to force Rebecca into it, but I knew I couldn’t do it without being forced. So I asked Rebecca to

force me, and she did, although she wasn't too thrilled about it. She gave me a really hard spanking, and forced me to turn into a girly girl called Felicia."

"It sounds like it didn't take much force to do the job," Warkrack observed.

"Well, the spanking was pretty hard, but it only took one," Frank said. "At least, only one right then. I resisted, but at last I gave in and allowed her to force me into, uh, girly girlhood. I knew the process of feminization wouldn't be complete until I appeared as a girl *everywhere*, including at my parents' house, but I was afraid of what would happen if I did. So I resisted again, and Rebecca had to spank me again, even harder than the first time—but it did the job. I appeared in front of my parents in girls' clothes."

"But you didn't *consent* to let her spank you the second time, did you?" Warkrack asked, looking worried.

"I resisted, just like I did the first time," Frank said. "But I'd *already* consented to the forced feminization. Whatever it took to feminize me fully, I'd already consented to."

Warkrack looked as if he might be cursing under his breath—but, if he was, Frank couldn't hear the words. "But didn't you revoke your consent before the second spanking?" Warkrack demanded to know. "The police report says you were *complaining* that Rick, or Rebecca, forced you to wear girls' clothes in front of your parents. That indicates that you'd revoked your consent. Isn't that right?"

"No," Frank insisted. "I only said that because I was afraid my parents would disown me if I didn't convince them it was all R—Rick's fault that I was wearing girls' clothes. That wasn't true. It wasn't his fault, or her fault at all."

God damn it! Warkrack's eyes emitted the words pretty clearly, though his lips did not. "But look here," he said. "Didn't Rick try to get you to go back to

being a manly man? Didn't he spank you the second time in retaliation for deciding to remain a girly girl?"

"Rebecca did tell me she wouldn't spank me again if I went back to being a manly man," Frank said. "Sure she was hoping I'd go back to being one. But that was just because she loved me and she wanted to be the girly girl for me, with me being the manly man for her. It wasn't because she hated guys who weren't manly men. I mean, she sure wasn't a manly man *herself!*"

"That's irrelevant," Warkrack insisted. "Why did you go back to being a manly man, when you were so dead set on being a girly girl before?"

"Rebecca wasn't there any more, to *force* me to stay a girly girl. After she got arrested, I had to wear guys' clothes in my parents' house, and I quickly got over the craze for being a girly girl, because I wasn't forced into it any more."

"God damn it!" Now Warkrack's lips did speak the words. "Jim Gainsmill's been feeding you this crap, hasn't he? He's been telling you what to say, and you've been saying it because you want to get Rebecca, or Rick, off the hook for the hate crimes—not because it's true! Isn't that right?"

"No!" Frank said. "It *is* true! Every bit of it!" True, he had discussed the truth he would tell to Warkrack with Jim Gainsmill before he came to the prosecutor's office, and Gainsmill had helped him see the truth more clearly—but he wasn't lying.

"All right, then," said Warkrack. "Well, just don't think this crap you're spouting is going to get the case against Rick dismissed. It won't. Roddi Steenwhapple, my boss—the Seaview County Prosecuting Attorney—got elected on a promise to get tough, *really* tough, on hate crimes. She doesn't allow any hate-crime charges to be dismissed or pled down to misdemeanors. So, we're going to trial. I hope you'll rethink this matter before then."

"I'm pretty sure I won't," said Frank.

Rebecca's life went on fairly normally, almost as if she were not in danger of going to prison for hate crimes. She wore men's clothes at home, of course, and was just the same old Rick as ever with her parents. At Arthur's, it was quite different. She had accumulated a pretty fair collection of women's clothes by now, mostly from thrift stores, and she wore them at work, changing clothes in one of the employees' restrooms. Her women's clothes for work weren't too sexy—in this she imitated Wendy, who wore form-fitting but high-necked tops and full knee-length skirts to work—but they were pretty, and Rebecca felt fully herself in them.

She had almost forgotten about the U. Finals week came and went, and Rebecca was blissfully free from having to cram for finals. She rode her bike to and from work whenever the weather was at least halfway decent; when she was not at work, she did whatever she pleased—except for being with Frank. The no contact order was still in effect, and she saw nothing of him who had once, so briefly, been her manly man and lover. She was pretty sure he had not dropped off the face of the earth, though, for he had paid her bail bond and obtained Jim Gainsmill as her attorney, and Jim surely would have mentioned it had Frank exited the earth. She would see Frank again, she dared to hope and believe—but would he be her manly man again?

Only one thing, or one series of things, made Rebecca almost forget about Frank, and made her wonder whether she really had a future with him. It started with Rebecca's first visit to Wendy's little house west of Mounds Junction. Its surroundings were not too pleasant, on the slope of the hill that led down toward the District, the largest and most notorious slum in Pacific Heights. The little house itself, though, was neat and clean, and full of blessings that touched Rebecca's heart—especially when she met Wendy's wife, whose name was Rebecca too.

Wendy's Rebecca, Rebecca Batemiller, was a small young woman big with child, with fluffy, wavy light brown hair, a big nose, a wide mouth, and an almost unbelievably lovely, friendly smile and laugh. Rebecca Craigreekie could hardly keep her eyes off her, though not because of any desire to steal her from Wendy. This little woman inspired Rebecca to begin to hope, beyond belief, that Rebecca too, like Wendy, might someday find and cherish such a wife.

Thoughts of Wendy's Rebecca grew great in Rebecca Craigreekie's imagination soon after they met, and so did thoughts of Rebecca's own imaginable future wife, as yet unknown. Rebecca did not even know if she would ever have a wife—and yet, after meeting Wendy's Rebecca, she had to imagine vividly that she did have one. She had seldom masturbated since her arrest, and that evening she found that she was bursting with sperm—sperm that must be ejected deep into her future wife who was not yet with her. From her experiences with Felicia, Rebecca was now well aware that she could play the man, but she had never yet engaged in manly masturbation. Tonight she would do it, for the very first time.

Rebecca's wife, of course, like Wendy's, knew her husband wore women's clothes and was called by a woman's name. Her wife's name? "Rhonda," Rebecca decided. She must have some features to distinguish her clearly from Rebecca Batemiller—say, a small nose, a small mouth, and straight dark hair—but still she was just as delightful. Rhonda was petite like Rebecca, but of course not pregnant, for she was a virgin. This was Rhonda and Rebecca's wedding night, and they were about to make love for the first time.

Tenderly, in bed, Rebecca caressed Rhonda and kissed her, patiently waiting for her to become aroused. It did not take long; Rhonda loved it when Rebecca caressed her little breasts (using her own breasts for the purpose, as Rhonda had not yet appeared in reality). Soon Rhonda was ready for Rebecca to slip her hand between Rhonda's thighs and stroke her clitoris. When *that* happened, Rhonda

proved fully as excitable as Rebecca (not surprisingly, for Rebecca's big clitoris, hidden between her thighs, was substituting for Rhonda's presumably much smaller one).

The time had come for Rebecca to enter Rhonda. Slowly she pressed her hard, swollen penis into her young wife's womanly opening, represented by her own hand. It was hard at first, but then she was in her, fully in her, lying on top of her and thrusting into her gently, then more firmly, with Rhonda's tight, eager young vagina represented by both Rebecca's hands and her abdomen too, as Rebecca lay face down on her bed.

"Rebecca! Yes! Please! Now! I'm ready!" Rhonda cried. Rebecca boldly, manfully obeyed the summons, pumping harder and faster, until Rhonda was clutching her with all her might and quaking in presumably the first orgasm of her young life, while Rebecca was gushing deep into Rhonda's womanly cave—in reality, all over her hands, her abdomen, and the sheet below. "Oh, Rhonda!"

Rebecca murmured, softly so Mom and Dad wouldn't hear. "I love you! I'm all yours forever!"

The deed was done, in fantasy. Rebecca wanted it in reality. This, she knew, would be the farthest thing from the horror of screwing and dumping girls, from which she had fled into girlishness at 11 without ever having screwed or dumped a girl. This would be an act of faithful love, binding herself and her beloved ever closer as one. She hoped she would see Frank again, she might well even make love with him again, with Frank as her manly man and Rebecca herself as the girly girl—but now she knew she could never marry Frank, if ever he asked her. She must always leave herself free to find and marry Rhonda—if Rhonda ever really turned out to exist.

Chapter 5

The day of the trial arrived at last. Frank entered the courtroom early to get a good seat near the front. Rebecca was already sitting at the defense table with Jim Gainsmill, not far from Frank. Frank noticed that Rebecca was wearing women's clothes, a pink form-fitting top and a light khaki knee-length skirt, and her hair fell loose to her shoulders. She wasn't supposed to have any contact with him, but there was nothing wrong with him getting as good a look at her as he could.

Frank had brought a book to read, a history of how radar was used to win the Second World War, but he alternated between reading and daydreaming about Rebecca while waiting for the trial to start. He still didn't know for sure if Rebecca would ever speak to him again, after he had sacrificed her and gotten her charged with hate crimes. He could only hope that, when she heard him testify, she would realize how much he still loved her—or at least he loved her *again*, even if he had stopped for a while when the craze was gripping him. If she ever loved *him* again, he imagined, she might even agree to come to his new apartment on University Hill, which he had leased after moving out of the dorm at the end of spring semester.

“All rise!” a bailiff called out. “The Seaview County Superior Court is now in session, the Honorable Ephraim C. Zizz presiding!” The judge, a sharp-eyed, white-haired old man, entered the courtroom while all stood. “Thank you, you may be seated,” he said. “We're here for trial in the case of *People of the State of Pacificum v. Richard L. Craigreekie*, case number 18-SU-FE-1856. Are the parties ready for trial?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” said Jim Gainsmill.

“Yes, Your Honor, and the People will move for a separation of witnesses,” said Don Warkrack.

“Very well. All those who know themselves to be witnesses in this case must leave the courtroom and

wait to be called, with the exception of the defendant and one witness to be designated by the People.”

“The People will designate Detective Jack Murgyll,” said Warkrack. As if he thought Frank might fail to get the point, he turned toward Frank and jerked his thumb toward the courtroom door.

Frank got up and reluctantly walked toward the door, disappointed that he would not get to see the entire trial. At least, after he testified, he would find out if he could stay to hear Rebecca testify, as Jim Gainsmill had said she would. He walked out of the courtroom, found a place to sit down, and began again to read about radar in World War II—in the infrequent intervals when he was not daydreaming about Rebecca.

Rebecca hoped it had been a good idea to wear her women’s clothes to the trial, as Jim Gainsmill had assured her it would be. Now everyone would know she wore them, including Frank’s parents and her own parents, all of whom were attending the trial. She grimaced at the irony: she had spanked Frank hard to force him to appear in women’s clothes when he did not want to, and now she herself was being forced to appear in women’s clothes in front of *everyone*—when she, too, did not want to—by the threat of being convicted of hate crimes.

“This case, ladies and gentlemen of the jury,” the prosecutor said in his opening statement, “is about *hate*. There will be no question that the defendant committed the crimes of battery and intimidation, but there may be an effort to confuse and mislead you into imagining that the defendant was not motivated by hate—hate for the victim as a member of an identifiable protected class, that of transgendered persons. The law, as the judge will instruct you, establishes that it is *no defense* that the defendant may even have been a member of the *same* protected class as the victim—so do not be confused or misled when

you see the defendant, a male, wearing women's clothes!"

The prosecutor paused to let his words on that point sink in. Then he went on: "The evidence will show that the defendant battered and intimidated the victim in *retaliation* for the victim's refusal to abandon her identity as a transgendered person, to return to being a so-called 'manly man.' That is *hate*. The judge will instruct you that the very use of an expression such as 'manly man' is a fact from which you may infer that the person who used the expression was motivated by hate for those assigned as male who are *not* deemed to be manly men—just as the very use of an expression such as 'racially pure white person' is a fact from which you may infer hate for those not deemed to be racially pure white persons."

Rebecca felt queasy with fear, fear that the jury might actually believe what the prosecutor was saying. She felt better, if only slightly and temporarily, when the prosecutor moved on to what he expected Frank to say. "Finally," he said, "you may even hear some confusing and misleading things from the victim himself, or rather *herself*. You may hear her try to take all the blame for this incident. You will see her in men's clothes, and you may even hear her express gladness at having been set free from the transgender 'craze' or words to that effect. If so, this will be powerful evidence that the defendant's campaign of hate has *succeeded to the utmost*, even to the extent of forcing the victim to *internalize* the defendant's hate. You will hear expert testimony proving this beyond any reasonable doubt. When you consider all these things, there can be no question what your verdict must be: the defendant is *guilty* of hate-motivated battery and hate-motivated intimidation!"

Jim Gainsmill then rose and spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you have been told that this case is about hate. When you have heard all the evidence, you will find that this case is about *love*, not hate. You will find that the defendant, Rick

Craigreekie, also known as Rebecca, was in love with the alleged victim, Frank Beamish. You will find that Rebecca did want Frank to be her manly man, not because she hated *herself* or *him*, or any other male who may not have been a manly man, but simply because she loved him and believed both of them would be happiest if Frank was a manly man. You will find that Frank realized Rebecca was right, not because he internalized any hate, but because he knew she loved him and wanted what was best for him.”

He paused, seeming to look each member of the jury in the eye. Then he went on: “You will find not only that there were no hate-motivated crimes, but that Rebecca is not even guilty of the lesser included offenses of ordinary misdemeanor battery and intimidation. This is because Frank had *consented*, in advance, to allow Rebecca to perform any acts that might otherwise have constituted battery and intimidation, so far as they were necessary to carry out Frank’s own plan of *forced feminization*—of using threats and force to induce Frank to become a so-called ‘girly girl’ called Felicia. The judge will instruct you that consent is a complete defense to a charge of battery, and that a statement of intent to do something to which the alleged victim has consented does not constitute intimidation. You may think Frank’s forced-feminization plan was a bizarre craze, and Frank himself will tell you it was—but he will also tell you it was all his idea, and Rebecca went along with it only reluctantly. In a way, you could even say that Rebecca was a victim of Frank’s craze. But what you will *not* be able to say, after you have heard all the evidence, is that Rick Craigreekie (known as Rebecca) is guilty of any crime.”

Jack Murgyll was sworn in and began to testify. After answering a few preliminary questions, he began to recount what he had done in Rebecca’s case. “I was dispatched to the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Beamish in Seaview Grove, along with another detective,” he said. “The caller specifically requested a detective in plain clothes and an unmarked car. Upon our arrival, we were informed of an incident in-

volving the caller's son, Frank Beamish, and the defendant."

"Without repeating everything that Frank Beamish said to you," the prosecutor said, "did he give you information that led you to arrest the defendant for a crime or crimes?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did you then interview the defendant?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did the defendant make any admissions to you?"

"Yes. The defendant admitted that he hit the victim, and threatened to hit him some more, because the victim was a male who refused to wear men's clothes and act like a so-called manly man."

"Thank you. No further questions."

Jim Gainsmill rose. "Did the defendant tell you anything about *why* he did those things?" he asked.

"Objection," said the prosecutor. "Beyond the scope of direct examination, and it calls for self-serving hearsay. The People can offer admissions from the opposing party, but the defendant cannot offer his own self-serving out-of-court statements."

"Your Honor," said Gainsmill, "proper cross-examination includes inquiry into the defendant's stated motive for doing the acts admitted, and the doctrine of completeness requires that the remainder of the defendant's statement be admitted to avoid creating a misleading impression."

"The doctrine of completeness applies only to *written or recorded* statements, Your Honor," said the prosecutor.

"There is a recording of the defendant's statements, is there not?" asked the judge.

“There is,” the prosecutor admitted.

“You are seeking to *preclude* the application of the doctrine of completeness by failing to introduce any part of the recording?” The judge frowned. “That won’t work. Objection overruled.”

“Thank you, Your Honor,” said Gainsmill. “Well, Detective Murgyll? What did the defendant say about why he hit and threatened the alleged victim?”

“He said something or other about forced feminization,” said Detective Murgyll. “I don’t remember his exact words.”

“Thank you. No further questions.”

Rebecca wondered whether Frank would testify next, but he didn’t. Instead, the prosecutor called a psychology professor from the U, Dr. Eulalia Creamridge-Frick. She testified at some length about how members of protected classes may be motivated by hate toward their own class, such as their own race, sexual orientation, or gender identity—and about how victims of hate crimes may internalize the hate shown toward them, so as to conform to the will of the haters. This was obviously supposed to prepare the jury to disregard Frank’s and Rebecca’s testimony about their own lives and experiences, leading the jury to conclude that hate crimes had occurred even if both Frank and Rebecca said they hadn’t. Rebecca was surprised to find that Jim Gainsmill asked the professor no questions.

At last the prosecutor said, “The People will call Franklin Fochawke Beamish IV.” Rebecca turned to look toward the courthouse door. Frank soon walked through, escorted by a bailiff. The no contact order didn’t prohibit *eye* contact—at least Rebecca hoped it didn’t, because she was making eye contact with Frank right now, and they were smiling at each other as if there had never been anything wrong between them. All would be well, Rebecca hoped. Her manly man would save the day.

“Do you remember an incident when the defendant issued you an ultimatum?” Warkrack soon was asking after brief preliminary questions.

“Yes,” Frank said. “Well, kind of. Rebecca told me that, since I wasn’t going to return to being her manly man, she would spank me hard to force me to visit my parents wearing girls’ clothes.”

“Her aim in threatening you with a hard spanking was to force you to return to being a manly man?”

“No, it was to force me to visit my parents wearing girls’ clothes. I’d already refused to return to being a manly man. I didn’t want my parents to see me in girls’ clothes.”

“But you *did* want to wear girls’ clothes when you were *not* visiting your parents?”

“Only because Rebecca forced me to wear them, which I’d asked her to do.”

“She hated you for not being a manly man, so she used force to humiliate and degrade you by getting you to wear girls’ clothes in front of your parents, in hope that you would return to being a manly man?”

Jim Gainsmill had strictly instructed Frank to refrain from making any emotional outbursts, no matter how outrageous Warkrack’s questioning might become. Frank figured laughing might count as an emotional outburst, so he forced himself not to laugh at Warkrack’s ridiculous question. Actually, though, the facts stated in the question were pretty accurate, except for the statement that Rebecca hated him, so he focused on that one alone: “No. Rebecca never hated me. She loved me. She wouldn’t have agreed to go along with my forced-feminization craze if she hadn’t loved me.”

Warkrack stood in silence, brooding, like a grim thundercloud gathering power for a sudden, deadly

strike. “You understand,” he said at last, “that you are turning out to be a hostile witness.”

“Well, I guess so,” Frank said, “I mean, hostile to getting Rebecca convicted of hate crimes when she wasn’t motivated by hate—or to getting her convicted of *any* crimes when she was only doing what I

begged her to do.”

“Your Honor, I’ll move to strike all but the first four words of the witness’s response as unresponsive, irrelevant, and prejudicial,” Warkrack quickly said.

“It was a fair response to the question, Your Honor,” said Gainsmill.

The judge frowned. “I’ll allow it this time,” he said. “But the witness is instructed to confine himself to direct and concise answers to questions.”

“You understand,” Warkrack went on, “that you are only digging a deeper grave for your beloved Rebecca, real name Richard, by lying for her and showing how deeply you have internalized her hate?”

“Objection!” Jim Gainsmill almost shouted. “Your Honor, I have been patient with Mr. Warkrack’s leading questions, on the supposition that the witness might turn out to be a *hostile* witness. But this is going way too far! The accusation of lying is argumentative, prejudicial, and invades the province of the jury as the finder of fact. The accusation that the witness has internalized the defendant’s alleged hate is likewise argumentative, and unsupported by the generalized expert testimony of Dr. Creamridge-Frick, much less by this witness’s own testimony. And the accusation that the witness is *digging a deeper grave* for the defendant is incredibly improper for all the reasons I have stated in regard to the other accusations, only more so.”

“Sustained,” said the judge, glaring at Warkrack. “Have you finished your questioning, Mr. Warkrack?”

Warkrack looked uncertain for a moment, but then obviously decided the wiser course would be to give up. “Yes, Your Honor,” he said.

“Frank,” Jim Gainsmill then said, “the spanking you’ve mentioned was not the first spanking Rebecca gave you, was it?”

“No, it wasn’t. After I first asked her to subject me to forced feminization, she gave me a hard spanking to force me to turn into a girly girl.”

“To turn into a girly girl, not a manly man?”

“That’s right. I was already a manly man, at least Rebecca thought I was.”

“Did you consent to that spanking?”

“Yes, I sure did.”

“Did you consent to the total process of forced feminization, from beginning to end?”

“Yes, I did. It took a second spanking and some threats to complete the process, to force me to appear before my parents in girls’ clothes, but I’d already consented to *everything*.”

“Was the whole idea of forced feminization your idea, or Rebecca’s?”

“It was all mine. She was reluctant to go along with it, but she finally did.”

“Was she in love with you?”

“Yes, she was, and I was with her, too.”

“Did she want you to be her manly man?”

“Yes, she did.”

“Did she want to be your girly girl?”

“Yes.”

“Even though Rebecca was really a male?”

“That’s right.”

“After you succumbed to the forced feminization, did Rebecca ever express any hatred of you for not being a manly man any more?”

“No, not hatred, just sadness that I wasn’t one, because she loved me as a manly man.”

“Did she ever express any hatred of anyone else for not being a manly man?”

“No, never.”

“Thank you. No further questions.”

“Any redirect, Mr. Warkrack?” the judge asked.

“Uh—oh! N—no, Your Honor,” said Warkrack. He seemed to have been distracted by some train of thought of his own.

“Very well, the witness will be excused,” said the judge. “Anything else?”

“No, Your Honor. The People rest.”

“Very well. Does the defense have any evidence?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” said Gainsmill. “The defense will call the defendant, Richard Craigreekie.”

Hurriedly Frank walked over to the defense table and whispered, “Do I get to stay and watch, now that I’ve testified?”

“That should be OK,” said Gainsmill. “Your Honor, the witness wishes to verify that the order for separation of witnesses is no longer in effect as to him.”

“That’s correct,” said the judge. “You may remain in the courtroom for the rest of the trial, Mr. Beamish.”

Rebecca got up from the defense table and walked to the witness stand, her head held high, her full skirt swaying with her broad hips. As Jim Gainsmill had recommended, she tried to remain totally calm and dignified, even though she was embarrassed to be seen in women's clothes by her parents, and she would be even more embarrassed when she testified. She was pretty sure there were reporters in the courtroom; she hoped they would find little or nothing of interest to say about the trial.

"Do you prefer to be called Rebecca?" Jim Gainsmill asked after the preliminary questions.

"Yes, I do," said Rebecca.

"Very well, Rebecca. Is it true that you subjected Frank Beamish to forced feminization?"

"Yes, it is."

"Was that at his request?"

"Yes, it was."

"Did he request that you do whatever was necessary to subject him to the total process of forced feminization?"

"Yes, he did."

"And did the total process of forced feminization include forcing Frank to appear as a girl before anyone and everyone, without limitation?"

"Yes, it did."

"Would you have preferred that Frank remain a manly man?"

"Yes, strongly—I would have strongly preferred it."

"Were you in love with Frank as a manly man?"

“Yes, I was.”

“You yourself are a male, but you were not a manly man?”

“Certainly not. I was—er—very effeminate.”

“Did you hate yourself for not being a manly man?”

“No! I—I loved being a girly girl!” Rebecca gave a little laugh. She was blushing at the thought that now her parents would know all, or almost all.

“Did you hate Frank for not being a manly man, after you had subjected him to forced feminization?”

“No. I still loved him. That was why I—I wished he’d go back to being a manly man.”

“Did you hate anyone at all for not being a manly man?”

“Certainly not.”

“Thank you, Rebecca. No further questions.”

“No questions, Your Honor,” said the prosecutor. He almost seemed to have given up. Rebecca wondered if he really had.

After the judge instructed the jury, the closing arguments were highly predictable. The prosecutor simply, almost mechanically rehashed basically the same things he had said in his opening statement. Jim Gainmill pretty much repeated what he had said too, emphasizing that Frank had consented to everything and Rebecca had acted only from love, not hate. Then the jury was sent to deliberate, and the other people in the courtroom arose to go out and await the verdict.

Rebecca noted with displeasure that people, presumably media people, were taking photos and videos of her as she exited the courtroom with Jim Gainmill. She tried to keep from grimacing, still holding her head high. Wendy and Rebecca

Batemiller greeted her near the courthouse door; Wendy's Rebecca now had her newborn baby girl in a papoose sling, and the baby was still managing to sleep in the midst of the commotion in the hallway. They invited Rebecca Craiggreekie to come to their home for a celebration at an early opportunity if the verdict was favorable, and Wendy even dared to say she was pretty sure it would be.

Then Rebecca had to face her mom and dad. "Hi, Mom and Dad," she said. "Well, uh, I guess now you know pretty much everything. I'm sorry if you're disappointed in me."

"Are you going to go on like this forever?" Rebecca's mom demanded to know. "I mean—you know, get married to Frank, and live like that for the rest of your life?"

"No," Rebecca assured her. "I don't think that would be a good idea. I want to—uh—at least leave open the possibility that someday I might come up with some grandchildren for you after all."

"Well, that's good!" Mom said.

Rebecca turned to Dad. "Dad, obviously you were right about Felicia. Did Mom tell you?"

"Yes, she did," said Dad. "She was not too pleased, to say the least."

"I'm sorry I tried to—uh—mislead you. I should have known it wouldn't work."

"Yeah, you should. Don't try it again, OK?"

Rebecca laughed. "Don't worry, I won't!" she said. "I'm done with *all* kinds of false pretenses—I hope!"

"It will take your mother a while to get used to all this," Frank's dad said to him in the hallway. "She

asked me to stay here and talk with you for both of us. But I'm pretty sure it will be all right in the end."

"I sure hope so!" Frank said. "I mean, at least she won't think it's quite as bad that *Rebecca* wears girls' clothes as she would if *I* still wore them—will she?"

"Not quite," said Frank's dad. "And I must say that, if you've got to have a female impersonator for a girlfriend, you could hardly have picked a better one. Rebecca's beautiful, she seems to be very honest, and she's got *dignity*. Frankly, that's something I've seen in very few female impersonators—and you were not one of the few, when you were one."

"I admit it," Frank said. "But Rebecca's the greatest. I want to spend my life with her."

Frank's dad raised his eyebrows. "Well, I guess you could do a lot worse," he said. "It certainly would have hurt you in your career if *you'd* insisted on being a female impersonator, especially one who looked like a harlot slut as you did—but it won't necessarily hurt you to have a nicely dressed, intelligent female impersonator for a girlfriend, or even a wife. You know, Jim Gainsmill's own girlfriend is a female impersonator called Ruthie; she's a knockout as far as looks, and a real asset to him. Rebecca might turn out to be the same for you." He smiled, but looked a bit worried. "Just don't tell your mother right away," he said. "We don't want any more screaming if we can avoid it."

"No," Frank agreed. "But please help her get used to the idea if you can, Dad—because I'm going to ask Rebecca to marry me!"

Chapter 6

The no contact order was still in effect. Rebecca stayed away from Frank. She had no idea how long it would take the jury to decide. It turned out not to be long at all.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please return to the courtroom,” the bailiff called out in the hallway. “The jury has reached a verdict.”

“That was really quick,” Jim Gainsmill said to Rebecca. “I hope that’s a good sign.”

It was. The jury re-entered the courtroom; the judge asked if they had reached a verdict; the foreperson said they had, and read the verdict: “We, the jury, find the defendant, Richard L. Craigreekie, *not guilty* of hate-motivated battery, a Class 5 felony. We, the jury, find the defendant, Richard L. Craigreekie, *not guilty* of hate-motivated intimidation, a Class 5 felony.”

“Congratulations,” Jim Gainsmill said softly, shaking Rebecca’s hand. “Come visit me and Ruthie for a celebration sometime—and bring Frank, if you like.”

“I think I will,” Rebecca said. “And thank you for everything!”

“Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I thank you for your service in this case,” the judge said in a louder voice. “I accept your verdict, and find the defendant, Richard L. Craigreekie, not guilty of hate-motivated battery and hate-motivated intimidation, both Class 5 felonies.”

“Your Honor,” Jim Gainsmill spoke up, “the no contact order will now be dissolved, will it not?”

“Certainly,” the judge said. “The no contact order in this case, prohibiting the defendant from having any contact with the alleged victim, is hereby dissolved.”

Frank was walking toward Rebecca, grinning. He was going to want to kiss her, Rebecca thought, right here in front of everyone. They would be shown kissing in the news. Rebecca didn’t want that—but she sure wasn’t going to refuse to kiss Frank, for the first time in months, just to avoid being seen in the news.

They met; they embraced; they kissed on the lips; Rebecca knew they were being photographed. At least she tried to keep from tongue-kissing—not here, not now—although it seemed Frank would have been glad to do it, if she had let him. There would be time for that soon enough—very soon indeed, Rebecca hoped.

Reporters asked Rebecca how she felt about the verdict. It was part of their job to ask silly, vacuous questions, Rebecca thought, but that was going pretty far even so. “I’m very glad the jury could see the truth,” she said simply, “and I’m very glad it’s over!”

When they could get away from the reporters, Rebecca and Frank walked hand in hand through the courthouse halls. “Say, Rebecca,” Frank said in a quiet moment, “I was wondering—well, since we’re in the courthouse anyway, maybe we could stop by the office where you go to get a marriage license?”

“Oh, Frank!” Rebecca said, thinking fast about how to refuse without repelling Frank. “How sweet of you! I’m honored! But I really don’t think this is quite the time to make a decision like that. I think we just need to go back to where we started, for now at least. I *am* in love with you—you know that—but I really don’t think we need to be *married* to show how much we love each other, at least not right now. That’s all right with you, isn’t it? I mean—well, I was hoping we could go somewhere together and, uh, do what we used to do together—as soon as possible—and not get slowed down by going into an office and doing boring things to get a license! Wouldn’t that be the better thing to do right now?”

“Uh, wow! Well, since you put it *that way*,” Frank said, “I guess that’s right! Um, I do happen to have an apartment near the U now. Would you like to go there?”

“Oh, yes!” Rebecca exclaimed. “I’d love to! *Right now!*”

Frank exceeded the speed limit on the way to his apartment from the courthouse, but not enough to attract attention and get a ticket, for that would slow him and Rebecca down. Their arms were around each other as they walked from the car into the apartment. As soon as they entered and the door was locked, they were kissing on the mouth. This time Rebecca did not withhold her tongue—far from it. Frank was gripping her womanly butt through her skirt, and his four-incher was fully erect, by the time the kiss ended at last.

“Oh, Frank, I’m so glad you’re with me again—my beloved, my manly man!” Rebecca murmured.

Frank was too busy reaching up under her top and unhooking her bra to reply. With her top still on and her bra hanging loose underneath it, Frank caressed her breast while she gripped his butt and tilted her head back with her mouth wide open, moaning softly in eager anticipation.

Frank pulled Rebecca’s skirt and her panties down in a single motion, dropping them to the floor. She was not wearing a *joquette*, and her big clitoris was hard, sticking out in front like a man’s penis. It *was* a man’s penis, Frank knew, and he was about to have gay sex with a man—but the man, Rebecca, was also such a lovely and delightful woman, and her penis was also such a beautiful and excitable clitoris, that he no longer cared to deny that he was gay.

“I’ve got a big shower enclosure here, like the ones in the dorm,” Frank said. “Do you want to?”

“Oh, yes!” Rebecca said. “Please! Now!” She was stripping her top and her unhooked bra off while she spoke. Frank rushed to strip to catch up with her. They got into the shower as soon as possible and Frank turned on the water, making it rather hot to exceed the heat of their bodies.

“Let’s try it this way,” Rebecca said. She leaned forward, reached back, and pulled her balls back beneath her big butt, arching her back and squeezing her erect clitoris between her thighs so that only the plum-like bulb stuck out in front, then lathering herself up beneath her shaft. “Now put it into me like this,” she said, drawing Frank toward her and guiding his four-inch penis into her newly devised vagina, between her wet, soapy thighs and directly below the thick shaft of her clitoris.

“Oh, Rebecca, you’re the greatest! I love you!” Frank cried, stroking slowly deep into her, out and in again, to prolong his delight though he was already close to orgasm.

“Frank, my manly man, you’re so good to me! I love you so much!” Rebecca responded, pressing the tip of her big clitoris firmly against him and clutching his four-inch manhood deep in her hot, strong, slippery womanly cave.

They could not hold off for long. Orgasm overcame them together, making them grip each other as hard as they could and tremble for dear life. Frank thrust his semen deep into Rebecca’s cave, fully overcome in union with his beloved, while the swollen bulb of Rebecca’s gigantic clitoris gushed all over the base of Frank’s penis and its surroundings. Rebecca was gay, her clitoris was really a penis, she was Frank’s gay lover ejaculating together with him. Frank could no longer deny that he, too, was fully gay—and he was much too far gone in love of Rebecca to care.

Rebecca stayed the night in Frank’s apartment and slept in the next morning. She would have to go home pretty soon and continue working at Arthur’s, but not quite yet. Right now she would simply enjoy her life together, at long last again, with her beloved manly man Frank.



“Let’s catch the news while we’re eating breakfast,” Frank said. Like a good girly girl, Rebecca had made some turkey bacon and scrambled eggs, with raisin toast, and yogurt with blueberries. They sat down in front of the oversized monitor screen of Frank’s desktop computer, which he favored because you could get a bigger picture than on laptops or mobile devices.

The article about the trial on the *Pacific Heights Informer’s* website, entitled “Beamish hate trial ends in acquittal,” was not surprising. The picture at the head of the article, as expected, did show Frank and Rebecca kissing. The article was fairly factual, as articles in the *Informer* went, though it did pay a lot of attention to forced feminization and to Frank and Rebecca’s love affair. A companion article that was linked to it, though, was much more surprising. Its title was “Beamish hate-crime prosecutor fired.”

Rebecca’s eyes opened wide when she saw the title. “I’ve got to see that article too,” she said to Frank. Frank clicked the link at once.

“Seaview County Prosecuting Attorney Roddi Steenwhapple,” the article began, “has immediately fired former deputy prosecutor Don Warkrack for ‘incredibly poor performance’ in the trial of Richard L. ‘Rebecca’ Craigreekie, acquitted yesterday of hate crimes allegedly committed against Franklin Fohawke Beamish IV, scion of the locally prominent Beamish family. ‘This case could and should have been won,’ Steenwhapple declared, ‘if not for Don Warkrack’s abysmally inferior performance.”

Again and again, Warkrack blundered into letting defense objections be sustained, resulting in the loss of valuable and irreplaceable evidence for the People. He blundered into letting harmful evidence be admitted. He blundered into letting the victim run away from him and give biased, misleading testimony that devastated the People’s case. He allowed himself to look like an ignorant fool in confrontations with the defense. He lay down and did absolutely nothing to cross-examine the defendant, when he should have

been ripping the defendant's self-serving story to shreds. He basically gave up and admitted defeat—allowing the forces of hate to triumph against the People of the State of Pacificum! This conduct is completely unacceptable. I must not, cannot, and will not tolerate the presence of this slacker, this loser, this do-nothing Don Warkrack on my staff for one day longer!”

“Don Warkrack has responded to Steenwhapple's declaration,” the article went on, “in an exclusive interview with the *Informer*, completed just before the publication of this article. This case could and should have been *dismissed*,” Warkrack retorted. “Roddi Steenwhapple's policy of no dismissals and no misdemeanor plea agreements in hate-crime cases is what led to this disaster. I was a slave to that policy for far too long, and I rejoice that I have been set free from it at last. I am confident that I will find appropriate work in criminal defense or another suitable field. I am even more confident that I will do everything in my power to ensure that Roddi Steenwhapple is defeated in the next election!”

Rebecca laughed. “Say, that sounds like a good idea!” she said. “I was *wondering* if Mr. Warkrack was having thoughts like that toward the end of the trial.”

“Good for him, if he was,” said Frank. “I guess he realized that justice was going to be done, in spite of his worst efforts—and so he decided to give up the worst efforts!”

“I hope he'll be able to do what he said he'll do,” Rebecca said. “Actually, if even half of what Roddi Steenwhapple said about his performance is true, we've got a lot to thank him for!”

“I'd rather thank Jim Gainsmill,” Frank declared. “We'll call him up and arrange a celebration with him and Ruthie.” He looked at Rebecca with great interest and admiration. “But, speaking of guys with, uh, female impersonators for girlfriends—”

“Yes?” Rebecca asked, picking up at once on his growing interest.

“Well—do you want to? One more time before you have to go back?”

“Ooh, I’d love to,” Rebecca said. “Please kiss my nipples first.”

No bra was in the way now; Rebecca was still wearing only a sheer, skimpy nightie. Frank’s lips were on her nipple almost as soon as he could pull down the spaghetti straps of the nightie. Her nipples were already erect by the time he kissed them, and her big clitoris soon followed. “Hey, can that thing we did in the shower last night be done from behind too?” Frank asked, stroking Rebecca’s clitoris, which was sticking out beneath her nightie just as if it were a penis.

“Oh, dear, I hope so!” Rebecca said. “That would be so exciting!”

They entered the shower again as soon as possible. Again Rebecca pulled back her balls and squeezed her shaft with her thighs, leaving only her bulb sticking out in front. Frank lathered her up, pulled up her balls, and inserted his penis in Rebecca’s vagina from behind while standing up in the shower, pressing his penis close to the underside of her erect clitoris that, unlike a real woman’s clitoris, actually formed the roof of her vagina. Then he clasped her breasts and began to thrust, while Rebecca pressed his hands firmly to her breasts, squeezed his penis tightly between her thighs, and began to pump her big hips.

“Oh, Frank, yes! This is even better! I love it! And I love *you!*” Rebecca cried, pumping harder.

“Please stroke my clitoris!” Frank eagerly complied, reaching down to rub Rebecca’s big bulb while thrusting harder and harder into her from behind. Rebecca ascended to orgasm almost at once after Frank touched her clitoris, and Frank himself was not far behind. Soon Frank’s semen was shooting deep into Rebecca’s womanly cave again, while

Rebecca's semen gushed all over Frank's hand and mingled with the hot, steamy water in the shower.

"Rebecca, I'll love you forever," Frank said, leaning up and forward to speak the words directly into Rebecca's ear. "Will you marry me?"

Rebecca laughed, but pressed her hands firmly against both of Frank's hands, the one that was still on her breast and the one that was on her clitoris. "Let's talk about it after we get dressed," she said.

They finished cleaning up, emerged from the shower, dried off, and got dressed. Rebecca now was wearing a rather low-cut, form-fitting sky-blue top (showing more than a bit of cleavage, which she never did at Arthur's) and a full dark blue knee-length skirt. They sat next to each other on Frank's love seat, and Rebecca tried to think what to say. She did love Frank, but she could not eject the thought of Rhonda—her unknown, invisible, imaginable lady love of the future—from her mind.

"I'm so glad you do want to marry me, Frank," Rebecca said after some hesitation, "and—well, if I ever do marry a man, I'm sure I'll want it to be you. But I'm just not sure. You see—well, you know how I played the man for you when you were Felicia."

"That's all over with," Frank insisted.

"I certainly hope it is, for *you* at least," said Rebecca. "But—well, it made me start to think I might really want to marry a woman someday, and I can't get that thought out of my mind. I've got a friend who's a male at least as girlish as I am, but he's got a wife who just had a baby. When you and I were apart, I pretended I was like him; I masturbated like a man for the first time in my life, pretending I was married to a woman. I just can't rule that out of my life; I think I've got to be free to marry a woman sometime, if I ever find the right one, as my friend did. And as long as I can't rule that out, I don't think I should marry you. It wouldn't really be fair to either of us. Can you understand that?"

“Ugh,” Frank said. “Well, I guess so.” He sighed. “We’re both only 19 or so. We could still change a lot. I guess I couldn’t even rule that out for *myself* someday, either.”

“A manly man like you could make a very good husband for some lucky woman someday,” Rebecca encouraged him to think. “Some *real* woman, I mean. I just love being womanly, but I’ve got to admit I’m really just a female impersonator. Let’s both leave the future open to whatever it might bring, all right?”

“All right,” Frank said, though he seemed reluctant to say it. “But I’ve got to say I hope it won’t bring anything that will keep us from loving each other like this, for a long time to come.”

“Oh, no!” Rebecca assured him. “Not for years, at least, I’m pretty sure! Frank, I love you so much—my manly man!” Their lips and tongues met yet again as they tenderly embraced, in promise of many more ardent encounters in the months and even years to come.

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