

Faithful Suzanne

And other stories



Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Faithful Suzanne

and Other Stories

by **Dulci Daily**

Faithful Suzanne

Girls' breasts were my delight from an early age. At the age of 11, I got erections every day at school from viewing girls' budding breasts in their little bras under their clothes. Girls' breasts were magnets to my eager eyes, and I simply couldn't look away from them for long.

How do you imagine I felt when I, a short, chubby boy, discovered that my own breasts were growing like a pretty girl's buds? Did I blush? *Yes!* Did I get erections? You bet I did—and other boys did too!

Many of the boys were mean, and said nasty things about me and my beautiful little breasts, but one boy—one ever-memorable boy—was not. That boy was John MacNaigie—a tall, brainy, but often silent boy with a deep voice and blue, penetrating eyes.

John was one of my few friends in school, although we came from opposite sides of the great political and cultural divide. My parents were both active in the Varietal Party; John's parents were Regular Party stalwarts. If you're not from Pacificum, you may not know what that means, so here's what it means.

Back in the 1960s and '70s, sexual politics became supreme in the State of Pacificum. The old major parties were replaced by the Varietal Party, which favored many varieties of sexual expression, and the Regular Party, which favored only "regular" sex between one man and one woman. Traditional political issues still arose from time to time, but they were subordinated to the issues of sexual politics.

John and I were not political activists like our parents, although we did talk about politics from time to time. We were both good students, but much more interested in literature, art, history, and philosophy than in politics. We talked about all those things, but we very rarely talked about sex—even though I strongly suspected that John was sexually attracted to me, and that was one of his reasons for pursuing our friendship.

For years John ogled my breasts in the shower room and got erections in silence. His penis was bigger than mine, and it excited me to see it when it was erect, but I too remained silent about that. Yes, we were friends, but certainly not *intimate* friends.

Then at last, in early March of our junior year when we were both 16, John broke our silence about the things we had never talked about—in an odd way, but a very exciting one to me. "Hey, Simon," he said to me softly one day after school when no one else could hear, "have you ever worn a bra?"

My eyes bulged and my heart was pounding. I gasped. "What?!" I stammered. "A—a bra?!"

"Yes," John said, looking earnestly at me. "I think you'd—uh—look like a really cute girl in a bra."

“No! I’ve never worn one!” I said.

“Would you like to?” he asked me.

I was getting an erection fast. John had one already. His pants were sticking way out in front. Now I knew for sure that he was sexually attracted to me—and I was equally attracted to *him!*

“Well, maybe,” I said coyly. I smiled at him and felt myself blushing hotly. “Do you really think I *need* to wear a bra?”

“Yes, I do,” he said seriously. “You have breasts like a girl. Girls with breasts need to wear bras. So do you.”

I giggled like a girl, although my hard five-inch penis was making my pants stick out in front, making it obvious that I wasn’t really a girl. “Well, all right,” I said. “But how am I going to get one? I’d be too embarrassed to go into a store and buy a bra!”

“I wouldn’t,” John assured me. “Give me your measurements, and I’ll buy you a cute little bra.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed. “Really? But, um, I don’t know what my measurements are!”

“I’ll send you a link to a website that shows you how to measure yourself for a bra,” John said. “I’ll send you the link really soon!”

This he did. I got the link almost as soon as I got home, and I wasted no time in following it. Soon I had measured myself, under my breasts and around the biggest parts of them. I found that the difference was a full three inches, which meant I needed size C bra cups according to the chart. (Multiple D’s, lots of them, were used for the bra sizes of real girls and women with big breasts.) I sent John my band size and cup size, and waited.

Only two days later, John texted me to say he had bought my bra. He asked me to come over to his

house where, under the guise of studying together, I could put on the bra.

“My mom won’t bother us in the basement while we’re supposed to be studying,” John assured me. I sure hoped he was right, because I was far too excited to say no to the prospect of letting John see me wearing a bra—and maybe playing girlfriend for him!

Right after school I walked home with John. We both had erections. I hoped they wouldn’t be too obvious to John’s mom—although I was afraid they would, because they were pretty obvious to *me*.

“Hi, Mom,” John said to his mom when we arrived. “You remember my friend Simon Ozinnienne, right? We’re going to study together.”

“Hello, Simon, it’s nice to see you again,” said John’s mom. Did she look at me strangely, as if she thought something might be amiss? Did she detect any tell-tale bulge in my pants, or in John’s—or both? I sure hoped not, but I knew I couldn’t be sure.

We descended to the basement, and John pulled the bra out of the back of one of his dresser drawers. “I already hooked it for you,” he said. “It’s stretchy enough that you can just put it on over your head. You can do that in the bathroom down here.” He pointed to the bathroom door.

I entered the bathroom with the bra, a lacy red one, and shut the door. My stout five-inch penis was really hard inside my pants. It became even harder when I stripped off my shirt and undershirt, put the bra on over my head, and stretched it over my breasts.

“Oh!” I thought to myself when I saw myself in the mirror with the bra on. “I really *do* look like a pretty girl!” Above the waist, this was quite true. My dark brown hair was plenty long enough to pass for a pretty girl’s hair, and my round, full-lipped face could easily pass for a pretty girl’s face, with big, bright brown eyes. My breasts in the bra did look just

like a girl's breasts of the same size, fairly small for a girl's breasts, but nice and shapely. Below the waist, though, I was an intensely excited boy—a boy who wanted to make love with another boy!

I reached into my pants to touch my throbbing penis. Pre-ejaculation fluid was already oozing out of it. I rubbed the fluid all over the bulb of my penis, giving me thrills of intense excitement. Then I had to remove my hand, lest I ejaculate in my pants before John had even seen me in the bra!

I opened the bathroom door to let John see me in the bra. "Wow!" John said. "You really look like a beautiful girl! You need a girl's name! Let me see—can I call you Suzanne?"

"Sure!" I grinned. "I'd love that!"

"OK, then, Suzanne you are," said John.

He gazed at me. "Suzanne, you're so lovely!" he exclaimed. "Would you—would you let me kiss you?"

"I'd love that, too!" I said. I giggled. "And I *might* even let you *take my bra off!*" I was seriously afraid I was going to ejaculate in my pants if John took my bra off and caressed my bare breasts—but that didn't mean I wasn't going to let him!

"First the kiss," said John. We embraced and kissed. Soon he was caressing one of my breasts through the bra. Our tongues entered each other's mouths without restraint, and I knew he could feel my erection through his pants as I could feel his. My underpants were moist from copious amounts of pre-ejaculation fluid, and my hips were moving as they did when I was going to ejaculate soon. Then John gripped my plump butt with both hands and pressed our loins tightly together through our clothes.

That did it. I gasped. I couldn't keep from ejaculating in my pants. I gripped John's butt and trembled in his arms as my semen gushed forth, soaking my pants. I could feel John trembling too, his hips were

pumping, and I was pretty sure he was soaking his pants with his own semen.

Our mutual delight was interrupted by a piercing shriek, and then another. We had to turn to look. John had been wrong about his mom not interrupting us. She had silently opened the basement door to spy on us, and her horrifying reward had been to find her son embracing and kissing a long-haired boy wearing a bra, who was so excited he had just ejaculated in his pants—a boy whose pants must be visibly soaked with semen!

“So *this*,” John’s mom said in a tone of outraged condemnation, “*this* is what we get for sending you to public school! A *homosexual in girls’ clothes* has *seduced* you! Well, this is going to stop--*right now!*”

John’s mom whipped out her cell phone and called John’s dad. “Arthur,” she said, “this is the last straw! We are taking John out of that school *right now!* I caught him being *seduced* by a *homosexual in girls’ clothes* from *that school* in *our house!* The homosexual is *nude* above the waist except for a—a *bra!* Do you understand?”

She paused. “Yes, the homosexual is still right here in our house!” she said. “I caught them in the act—well, not *the* act, but they were kissing on the mouth, and their *pants are wet* with *you know what!* We are taking John out of that school *now* and sending him to Stimson! I know you’ve said we can’t afford it, but I say we can afford to do *whatever it takes* to protect our son from being *seduced by homosexuals* at *that school!*”

She turned to me. “Get out!” she demanded. “And take that—that *bra* off and throw it in the trash before you go!”

“I’ll get out,” I said, “but I won’t take my bra off in front of you, thank you—any more than you’ll take *yours* off in front of *me!*” Quickly I put my undershirt and my shirt on over the bra.



“Boys do *not* wear bras!” she said, but she seemed to know she couldn’t really make me take it off. I stepped past her and walked up the stairs, turning to say, “See you later, John!” as I went.

“You’re wrong, homosexual!” John’s mom cried. “You will *never* see my son again! Simon Ozinnienne, your parents will be notified of this outrage—and, if they know what’s good for them, they will forbid you ever to see my son again, as I am now forbidding *him* to see *you!*”

“Suzanne, my beauty, I love you!” John soon told me in a text. “They can’t keep us apart forever!”

“No, they can’t!” I assured him. “I’ll see you again, and I’ll be wearing *all* girls’ clothes for you! I love you!”

I had made a daring decision. It would be terrifyingly embarrassing, but I was going to do it for John. Yes, I would go to the Movers and Shakers Thrift Shoppe and buy a complete set of girls’ clothes to go with my red bra; then I would take selfies of myself wearing the girls’ clothes and send them to John!

The next morning, Saturday, I set out on my e-bike to go to the light rail station in Farquhar Village. There was a Movers and Shakers store in the village, but I wasn’t going to go there; I was going to go to the one on Queen’s Bluff, where I thought a boy buying girls’ clothes for himself might be a bit less conspicuous.

Everything is going to be perfectly normal, I kept telling myself. My hard penis didn’t agree, and neither did my blushing face—but I didn’t have to bow down to them in fear. The red bra under my shirt didn’t exactly signal calmness and normality either; it made me think of my extreme excitement with John, and that didn’t help my penis become less hard, to say the least. I was going to forge ahead and do the

deed, though, no matter how excited I got—even if I ejaculated in my pants again, although I sure hoped I would *not!*

I arrived at the entrance to the underground station, locked my bike, went down into the station, and waited for the train. By the time it arrived, I didn't have an erection. That was progress, I thought. Maybe I could actually do this daunting deed as calmly as if I were a girl shopping for girls' clothes.

After a quick few-minute train ride, I emerged from the Queen's Bluff station, walked the block and a half to Movers and Shakers, took a deep breath, and entered the store. Almost at once I saw a display of girls' headbands.

I found a nice-looking white one, tried it on, and looked at myself in the mirror. I thought it made my face look even more like a pretty girl's face. A quick warning thrill shot through my penis at this first public display of girlishness, but I grabbed a shopping cart, put the headband in, and persevered.

Girls' tops were my next stop. I picked out a pretty, form-fitting, scoop-necked pink top that would show off my breasts nicely, and a flowered blouse that was too loose to display my breasts but was too pretty to pass up. I did get an erection when I tried on the form-fitting top and gazed on my attractive little breasts, but that didn't stop me.

Then came skirts; I figured there would be no point in getting girls' pants. I got a nice, simple, full, just above knee-length burgundy-colored skirt that I thought would go well with both of my tops. I didn't see any nice-looking girls' shoes or sandals that fit my feet, but I figured my running shoes would do for now; plenty of girls wore running shoes with skirts.

Only one thing remained. When I tried on the skirt, I had worn my boys' boxer shorts underneath. That was pretty inauthentic, but I didn't really want to buy used girls' panties from the thrift shop. So, after I

paid for my clothes, I sat down in the store to decide what to do.

I wondered: should I wear my girls' clothes home? I was pretty sure it would be OK with my parents. Surely, I figured, Varietal Party devotees would be much more tolerant about such things than Regular Party zealots.

So, I was pretty sure my parents wouldn't be pissed, and they might even be pleased, to find out that I wanted to wear girls' clothes and play girlfriend for a boy. I decided to find out for sure. I went back into the fitting room and put on my pink top and my skirt, still wearing my boys' boxers and my running shoes. Then, for the sake of authentic girlishness, I walked over to Les Beaux Extraordinaires, the well-known store catering to those with unusual and distinctive tastes in clothing. There I requested a "pair of girls' panties that will accommodate a—a boy's anatomy," and was rewarded with a pair of pink Patti's Puffies panties in my size.

Wearing my complete girls' outfit, I returned to the station, rode the train back to Farquhar Village, retrieved my bike, and rode back up to my parents' house. There, my mom gave me a reception that was even more favorable than I had imagined—or so I thought at first.

Her eyes opened wide when she saw me, and a brilliant smile covered her face almost at once. "Yes!!" she cried. "Oh! Is this really true?"

"Um, it's really true that I'm, uh, wearing girls' clothes," I acknowledged.

"And do you have a girl's name?"

"Well, yes. It's Suzanne."

"Suzanne! That's lovely!"

She grabbed her cell phone and made a call. "Bill!" she cried, evidently talking to my dad. "Guess what!

Simon's turned out to be a *transgender girl* named Suzanne! Isn't that wonderful?"

She paused, I guessed so my dad could agree that it was wonderful and ask how she found out. "Suzanne came home wearing *girls' clothes!* I was thrilled!" After another pause, she said, "Yes, I'll call the doctor right away and make an appointment for Suzanne!"

Maybe I was a bit oblivious, but I had paid little or no attention to current controversies about boys thinking they were girls and girls thinking they were boys. They hadn't interested me, and I paid as little attention as possible to things I wasn't interested in. I had no idea why I was supposed to need an appointment with a doctor, since I was pretty sure wearing girls' clothes wasn't a disease.

"Um, why am I supposed to need an appointment with a doctor?" I asked my mom when she got off the phone.

"For your gender-affirming therapy, of course!" said my mom. "Oh, this is so exciting!"

"I don't get it," I said. "I'm just wearing girls' clothes. That's not a disease. Why do I need a doctor?"

"This therapy," my mom said, "will adjust your body to conform to your true gender identity. A girl should have a girl's body, don't you agree?"

"Well, yeah, of course," I said. "But I'm not a girl. I'm a boy wearing girls' clothes. I'm *pretending* I'm a girl, and I guess I kind of look and maybe feel like a girl in some ways, but I know I'm not *really* a girl."

My mom sighed, obviously trying to display patience and understanding. "Suzanne," she said, "this is *serious*. Your *mental health* is at stake. If you try to deny your true gender identity, you'll end up suffering from depression, anxiety, and even *suicide*. Gender-affirming therapy is *medically necessary*, and it has *saved the lives* of countless transgendered young

people! Your father and I cannot, and will not, irresponsibly do *nothing* to ensure your health, your happiness, and your *life*! We cannot *force* you to receive the medical treatment you need—but we *will* make an appointment with the doctor for you, and you *will* attend the appointment!”

I frowned. I wished I dared to say, “Fuck you! No, I won’t!”—but I didn’t. My parents had given me a pretty good life so far, and I guessed the least I could do was to see the doctor once. “Well, all right,” I reluctantly said. After that, I got away from my mom as soon as I could and shut myself in my room, because I wanted to take my selfies and send them to John.

My first selfie showed me with all my girls’ clothes on, giving John a big, bright, girlish smile. It didn’t show my erect penis, but my nipples were so hard they were showing through my flimsy red bra and my tight pink top. It excited me to see them; I was pretty sure it would excite John too. “John, I’m so glad I’m your girlfriend—even though I’m really a boy!” I captioned this picture in my e-mail message to John.

Then I took one of myself pulling my top up to show my breasts in my bra. My laughing face was visible above the top, and my lovely cleavage was visible below it. I captioned it, “I wish you were here taking my clothes off!”

The next one showed me with my bra still on, but with my skirt pulled down to reveal my bulging panties. “John, I’m so excited! I want you! I love you!” was the caption.

Finally, I took a selfie showing me fully nude, with my hands just beneath my bare breasts, and with my hard penis fully visible. “John, please kiss my breasts and my penis as soon as you can!” I captioned this one. “I’d love to kiss your penis too!”

I wondered if John would masturbate when he saw the pictures of me. I was pretty sure he would, and I was glad. I wanted to excite him to the maximum, even if I wasn't there for him in person.

I was about to send the message, but then I thought I should say something more. "John, do you know anything about gender-affirming therapy?" I asked. "When I came home in girls' clothes, my mom immediately wanted to make an appointment with a doctor for me to get gender-affirming therapy. When I told her I was just pretending I was a girl, she said I'd be in danger of depression and suicide if I denied my true gender identity as a girl, and this therapy was medically necessary. I'm really glad my body is like a girl's body above the waist—but I sure don't want it to be like a girl's body *below* the waist, with *no penis*, and I'm pretty sure you don't either! If you can help me understand this, please do! Love, Suzanne."

John responded really soon. "Suzanne, thank you so much for the pictures!" John wrote. "They're terrifically exciting! They made me ejaculate, imagining I was making love with you!"

I was still nude, and my hand was on my penis. I was pretty sure that I, too, was going to ejaculate soon—but not before I read the rest of John's message.

"Now, about that so-called gender-affirming therapy," John wrote, "you're certainly right that I do *not* want you to get your penis cut off! I've known I was gay ever since I started being attracted to *you*, back when we were only about 13. I got terrifically excited to see that you had breasts like a girl and a boy's penis too. As you know, my parents are Regular Party zealots, and I don't think they're right about gays—but I do think they have a point about the evils of so-called gender-affirming therapy. I just don't think it's right to cut off boys' penises because the boys think they're girls, or to cut off girls' breasts because the girls think they're boys."

“Ugh! No!” I agreed, horrified, as soon as I read John’s message. “They really *cut off girls’ breasts?*”

“They sure do,” John affirmed. “My parents showed me an article about a girl who got her breasts cut off because she thought she was a boy, and later she was sorry she did.”

I frowned and gritted my teeth in anger. Cutting off boys’ penises was bad enough, but to cut off girls’ beautiful breasts—that, I thought, was totally outrageous!

“I’m terribly sorry for that girl,” I said. “John, I’ll go talk to the doctor—but I promise you, I will *never* get my penis cut off, or my breasts either! Your loving girlfriend who is a boy too, Suzanne.”

My penis was in my hand again as soon as I sent the message. My bulb was big, and pre-ejaculation fluid was oozing from it. I smeared the fluid all over my bulb with my finger. Soon the familiar thrills were surging through my penis, and big spurts of semen were covering my hand, as I pretended John was here with me, kissing my beloved penis that I would *never* get cut off!

“RICHARD OGLESTONE, M.D.” said the golden plaque at the door of the doctor’s office downtown. My mom, dressed in what would have been called her Sunday best if she had ever attended church on Sundays, escorted me into the office. I wore my girls’ clothes, including the flowered blouse that wasn’t tight enough to show off my breasts.

“This is my daughter, Suzanne Ozinnienne,” my mom said to the receptionist. “She’s a transgender girl, and she’s here to get help from Dr. Oglestone.”

“All right,” said the receptionist. “Suzanne, please fill out this medical history. The nurse will be here for you shortly.” I filled out the medical history, got my

weight and blood pressure taken by the nurse, and soon was talking to Dr. Oglestone, a big, handsome, supremely confident-acting man.

“Well, Suzanne, I see you’re already well aware that you’re a transgender girl,” said Dr. Oglestone.

“No, I’m not,” I said. “My mom thinks I am, but she’s wrong.”

Dr. Oglestone raised his eyebrows. “Well, the objective indications are certainly there,” he said. “Let me explain. Indications of transgenderism can be either objective or subjective, or both. Subjective indications exist when, for example, a person assigned as a boy at birth discerns that she is actually a girl.”

“How does that work?” I butted in. “What definition of a girl does that person fit?”

Dr. Oglestone frowned. “That is one of the most important questions that must *never* be asked,” he said. “The mental health of transgendered young people is often extremely fragile. To ask a question like that would seem to them like a vicious attack, like saying, ‘This is bullshit, you’re not really a girl, so tell me why you think you *are* a girl, and I’ll rip that bullshit to shreds by showing you don’t have a good *definition* of a girl that you fit.’ Suicide would be the almost inevitable result.”

“So you have no way to tell whether they’re really *right* when they say they’re a girl?”

“On the contrary, we have no way to tell that they’re *wrong*. If they say they’re a girl, they’re a girl. It’s that simple.”

I was astounded. I struggled to think. “So what if they say they’re Jesus Christ or Napoleon Bonaparte?” I asked.

“Delusions such as those cannot be successfully treated by accepting them as true. But transgendered young people *can* be successfully treated by accepting their discernment of their gen-

der as true. By accepting their discernment of their gender as true, we can give them hope of a happy and fulfilling life. By rejecting their discernment of their gender as true, we would drive them to suicide. I refuse to participate in *killing* transgendered young people by demanding that their discernment of their own gender must conform to some abstract definition of a girl or a boy.”

I was shocked. I wanted to know why *thinking* you were a girl was supposed to be enough to make you *really* a girl. I was pretty sure the answer couldn't be that you would kill yourself if somebody denied that you were a girl, but I was also pretty sure I wasn't going to get a better answer out of Dr. Oglestone.

“So you just take their word for it about their gender,” I said, “and for this, you cut off boys' penises and girls' breasts?”

“No, I cut off *girls'* penises and *boys'* breasts,” he replied. “I correct biological abnormalities that are inconsistent with gender identity. As you may know, I was formerly known as the ‘Moob Doc.’ I performed male breast reduction surgery, getting rid of boys' enlarged, girlish breasts, known as ‘man-boobs’ or ‘moobs,’ that were inconsistent with their discernment of their gender identity as boys.”

“I've got girlish breasts,” I butted in again, “and they're not inconsistent with *my* discernment of my gender identity as a boy.”

“We'll get to that shortly,” Dr. Oglestone said. “As I was about to say, my present work as the ‘Trans Doc’ is simply a continuation and enlargement of my work as the ‘Moob Doc.’ If a boy had girlish breasts, I corrected that biological abnormality. Likewise, if a girl has a penis and no breasts, or a boy has breasts and a vagina, I correct *those* biological abnormalities.”

“Do you turn Y chromosomes into X chromosomes too, or turn X's into Y's, in every cell of the so-called girls' or boys' bodies?”

“I presume that I would if it were medically feasible, but it isn’t.”

Dr. Oglestone gave me a sharp, cutting look. “Suzanne, I can tell that you think you’re pretty smart,” he said, “but you’re not as smart as you think you are. Every major medical association recognizes that gender-affirming therapy is *medically necessary, life-saving treatment*. If you don’t agree, I’ll have to go with them, not with you.”

“OK, so we’re done. I don’t need any gender-affirming therapy, because I know I’m really a boy, and I’m not getting my penis cut off. And I don’t want any doctors tampering with my beautiful breasts, either. I’m glad I’m a boy with girlish breasts, and I’m going to stay that way.”

“That was what I was going to discuss, before you repeatedly interrupted me,” he said. “As I was saying, the indications that a person assigned as a boy at birth is really a transgender girl may be either subjective, objective, or both. A particularly difficult situation, and a particularly *dangerous* one for a transgendered young person’s mental health, is a situation like yours. You have all the objective indications of transgenderism, but subjectively you’re still in denial; you refuse to accept the reality that you are, in fact, a transgender girl.”

My jaw dropped, but I quickly raised it back up and clenched my teeth. “But I thought,” I said when I could speak, “you were just saying that a person is a girl if they subjectively think they are, or a boy if they subjectively think they are. Now you’re telling me the exact opposite.”

“Not at all,” he said. “I’m saying that either subjective or objective indications, or both, may suffice to establish transgenderism, and therefore to indicate a need for gender-affirming therapy. Even if only the objective indications are present and the subjective ones have been delayed, there is still the same prospect of a happy, fulfilling life if gender-affirming ther-

apy is pursued—and the same serious risk, perhaps even *more* serious, of misery and suicide if this medically necessary, life-saving treatment is rejected.”

I admit that expressions like *Fuck you! God damn it! You're insane!* arose in my mind and clamored to escape from my lips—but I refused to say them, thinking they would not be helpful. They might, I thought, even tend to give false confirmation to the notion that my mental health was in danger if I refused to admit that I was a transgender girl, not a boy who just liked to pretend I was a girl.

I arose. “I’ll have to take that risk, then,” I said. “We’re done. I’m out of here.”

“Well, of course I can’t *force* you to do what’s best for your health and happiness,” said Dr. Oglestone. “But I can and will recommend that your parents should have your mental health closely monitored, because I can see that it’s in serious danger.”

“We’ll see about that,” I retorted. There was, I had to admit, a serious danger that I would succumb to an outburst of extreme anger, possibly calling my mental stability into question, if I didn’t get out of there as soon as I could.

“Well, Suzanne, what will be the next step in your treatment?” my mom asked as soon as I got out to the waiting room.

“There won’t be one,” I said. “That’s it. I’m not getting any so-called gender-affirming therapy.”

Outrage suffused my mom’s face at once. “What did you say?” she asked, obviously trying to keep herself under strict control.

“I said I’m not getting any so-called gender-affirming therapy. I’m a boy who likes to wear girls’ clothes

and pretend to be a girl, and I'm going to stay that way."

My mom's mouth opened wide in disbelief. "Suzanne," she said when she could speak. "I cannot seriously believe that you would treat your identity as a transgender girl as a—a *joke! A game! A—a child's game of make-believe!* This is *serious business!* Suzanne, transgendered young people who deny their true gender identity are on the road to *mental illness and suicide!* I cannot allow you to take this *incredibly serious risk!*"

"Oh, yes, you can," I retorted, "and you will. Dr. Oglestone admitted he couldn't force me to get that therapy. You can't either. So, you'd better just accept me as I am."

"I *do* accept you as you are," my mom said heatedly, "as a *transgender girl!* Suzanne, don't you realize where you will end up if you stay on this path of defiance and denial? Don't you know the meaning of the word *shemale?*"

I squinted, unsure what to say. "Why don't you tell me what you think it means?" I said at last.

"A shemale," my mom declared, "is an *androgynous sex machine*. Shemales are promiscuous, and most of them are prostitutes. They open their *mouths* and their *rectums* to men of *every* sort, even the filthiest! It should go without saying that shemaleness is *not* a medically or psychologically recognized gender identity. A shemale, to be frank, is *trash*—the farthest thing imaginable from a decent, respectable transgender girl! And a *filthy shemale* is exactly what you will end up as, if you don't wake up and realize you're heading in the wrong direction!"

I sighed. "OK, I'll let you know if that ever happens," I said.

“My mom was pissed to the maximum,” I e-mailed John when I got home, “when I said I wasn’t a transgender girl and I wasn’t getting any so-called gender-affirming therapy. I don’t quite understand why she was so pissed.”

“As far as I can figure out,” John replied, “in the Varietal Party, you get supreme bragging rights if your child is transgendered and undergoing that therapy. I guess she was pissed because you deprived her of her bragging rights.”

“Maybe so,” I wrote. “She told me that, if I didn’t agree that I was a transgender girl, I’d end up as a filthy shemale, which she said was a promiscuous, androgynous sex machine.”

“A more *objective* definition of a shemale,” John wrote—and I could almost hear him laughing as he wrote—“would be simply a male who resembles a female above the waist, like you. A shemale may or may not be a promiscuous sex machine. A shemale may even be a faithful girlfriend for a boy—like you, I hope.”

“Oh, yes!” I responded. “John, I love you! I’m your faithful girlfriend—your faithful *shemale* girlfriend!”

John and I didn’t see each other for weeks after that, because of his parents’ vigilance against him having anything to do with that homosexual seducer (me)—but we kept in touch by texts and e-mails. After about a week, John asked me if I’d made any progress in convincing my mom that I wasn’t a transgender girl.

No,” I said. “She’s always telling her friends that I am one, and she hopes I’ll start my gender-affirming therapy soon.” It was still true, at that time.

“So you haven’t deprived her of her bragging rights after all,” John said.

“I guess not,” I replied. Little did I know!

Meanwhile, I bought more pretty girls’ clothes and took selfies of myself wearing them to send to John. I even got a cute, skimpy, sexy bikini and wore it in selfies, with my bikini bottom bulging!

After the disaster with Dr. Oglestone and my mom, though, I tried to keep my girlish sexiness strictly to myself and John. I didn’t wear girls’ clothes again in front of my mom, much less to school or anyplace else where other people could see me. I didn’t even respond when my mom called me Suzanne, except to say, “My name is Simon.”

My mom was pissed, and after a few weeks she became pissed to the maximum again. “Suzanne,” she said, “it’s obvious that you care nothing about my reputation, but you may be interested to know that you are *ruining* it. Rumors are spreading that I *lied* when I said you were a transgender girl. Is that really your intention—to bring your mother into disgrace as a liar?”

“Mom, I can’t help that,” I said. “You *did* lie. I’m not a transgender girl.”

“I can’t help thinking,” my mom said, “that you are being fed *deadly misinformation* from *far-right hate groups*, and you are swallowing it whole! Suzanne, I *will* find out where this misinformation is coming from, and I will stop it! Do you understand? I will not have my child’s happiness and mental health destroyed by *hate!*”

Not long after that, I unwittingly gave my mom an idea of where my so-called deadly misinformation was coming from—but I couldn’t help it. I just couldn’t pass up a chance to see John again.