**The Girl who didn’t change**

By Molly McMann

Jamie Taylor was a hermaphrodite — but she didn’t know it.

Had her birth taken place in a hospital in the Outside World, the doctors would have explained to Jamie’s 15-year-old mother that although her baby had a penis, she also had a vagina and two X chromosomes. They would have explained that hermaphroditism was a very rare but well-documented genetic variation that occurred only once in every five million female births.

The doctors might have reassured Stacy Taylor that throughout the history of womankind, hermaphrodites had been celebrated for their grace and loveliness, and that Jamie would grow up to become one of the most beautiful women in the United Queendom.

But Stacy Taylor did not learn any of this because she did not have her baby in a hospital in the Outside World. Stacy lived in a Gated In commune where a midwife with little medical training looked no further than Jamie’s penis before declaring her to be “a healthy boy.”

The Gated In communes had been formed some 25 years earlier by religious conservatives who felt that the U.Q. had become too liberal. No longer able to stall legislation in Parliament, nor influence public opinion, nor even retain the allegiances of their adult offspring, they took their husbands and children and “seceded” from the queendom.

This political crisis was resolved when Queen Elaine granted the Gated In communes self-governance, provided they renounced secession and ensured that all children born Gated In would be registered for Citizen ID cards and permitted to leave at age 18 if they chose to do so.

In one such commune, Jamie Taylor grew up – as a boy. During the years she was in diapers, the only person who saw Jamie’s unusual combination of genitalia was her mother. But having herself grown up Gated In, Stacy had only the sparsest of sex education. She had barely glimpsed the penis that impregnated her, and had no clue what other body parts might be found between a boy’s legs.

When Jamie was four years old, her mother was suddenly gone – dead of a burst appendix that did not respond well to prayer. Since Stacey had no other family, Jamie was sent to the community’s Home for Orphaned Boys.

When she became old enough to notice that some children were girls and some were boys, Jamie was puzzled. Instead of being dressed like the other girls – who all wore long dresses, aprons and bonnets — Jamie was given black denim pants and long-sleeved white shirts like the boys. And instead of letting Jamie’s hair grow down her back like the other girls, the matrons of the orphanage tied her blond hair back in a pony tail and lopped it short the way they did with the boys.

Six-year-old Jamie tried to explain this apparent mistake to the matrons who ran the orphanage. The first time she said it, they only laughed, but the second time they exchanged awkward glances and tried to get Jamie focused on something else. When Jamie persisted in her line of questioning, the matrons eventually lost their tempers, warning her that she would go to Hell if she kept saying sinful things. Jamie did stop saying it, at least out loud, and after a few years she stopped believing it too.

Living with the boys meant playing sports, and although she was always the smallest of her age, Jamie did well enough because of the natural grace, dexterity and poise that all herms possess. She could have been an exceptional dancer had dancing not been a sin. Singing was not a sin, at least not church hymns, and by the time she was twelve Jamie was the lead soloist in the church choir.

She loved the music, but tried not to think about the lyrics, some of which told of the coming end times when God would punish those of Her children who were “wicked” — and by Gated In reckoning that included most of the world’s two billion people. Jamie could not imagine God being so cruel and began to doubt much of what she was told about the Outside World.

At the commune’s school, the children received a fairly good education in math, science and languages because these subjects testified to the perfection of God, who created Woman in her own image and gave her a man to serve her and impregnate her at the time of her choosing. Art, Literature and Music were censored for appropriate content, while U.Q. History itself stopped at the Year of the Gating. Only events as momentous as the death of Queen Elaine ever trickled inside the gates.

When puberty came along, it was increasingly apparent that Jamie was not like the “other” boys. As they became tall, muscular and hairy, she only looked more and more like a girl every day – and not just any girl, but an exceptionally feminine girl. Being a herm, Jamie quickly became more beautiful than any woman in the community.

And then she grew breasts. True, they were smallish, being proportionate to her ballerina-sized body, but they were undeniably breasts. Though she enjoyed how it felt to touch them, they confused her and she did her best to hide them by wearing overlarge shirts and slouching. Having successfully suppressed her childhood thoughts of being a girl, Jamie now assumed she was a deformed and freakish boy.

The only thing Jamie had in common with the boys was an unspoken lust for the girls. Her maturing penis was often rock hard in her pants during school, and even at church as she ignored the sermon and gazed at the bare necks of girls in the pew in front of her.

At night in the dorm room, each boy found his own secret way to masturbate, hands under blankets in the dark. In her top bunk, Jamie waited until she was certain the boys were asleep, and then she unbuttoned her nightshirt, exposing her little breasts, and caressed herself between her legs. She did not realize how different her body was as she wettened her fingers in the nameless slit behind her penis and stroked her erection until she was bathed in sweat and silent orgasm.

It was customary in the commune that after their 18th birthdays the boys would each be paired with a girl the same age in an arranged marriage. Often, the girl got her first choice so the boys did their best to get the attention of the girls they most desired. Though Jamie was attracted to several of the girls, she did not bother to try to make any of them notice her. She could not imagine she would ever be chosen first by anyone.

Several of the boys had birthdays close together and on the evening before Jamie’s 18th birthday they talked her into going with them to eavesdrop on the mothers discussing the matchups. The group of five slipped silently to the meeting house and positioned themselves under an open second story window. Because Jamie was the smallest, she was recruited to stand on the shoulders of one of the boys to listen to the adults’ conversation about the matchups.

Although Jamie was terrified of getting caught, she liked when the boys included her, so she allowed them to hoist her up just under the screenless window held open with a stick.

As Jamie listened, the mothers reviewed their lists of which girl preferred which boy. Rebecca liked Johnny and Hannah preferred Alexander. The women agreed those matchups would be fine. They debated whether Abigail would be better matched with Jason or Bill and agreed to give it more consideration before making a final decision.

“Now we get to the hard part,” one mother said. “As you see on the list I handed out, three of the girls picked Jamie.”

Jamie had to suppress a squeal of delight. She was amazed to hear that not just one girl, but three had chosen her. But her happiness was short-lived because an older woman’s voice said, “well, we need to find other matches for those girls. And we have to gently inform Jamie he won’t be getting married to anyone.”

“It’s sad,” another said, “but for some reason God allowed him to be born this way, so She must have a plan for him.”

“Whatever Her plan may be, marrying one of our girls surely could not be part of it. It would be too unfair to the girl.”

“Yet three of them chose him, Alice.”

“Which is exactly why we don’t always let the girls pick their husbands. They’re too young to fully understand. That boy is a freak of nature – an abomination of a normal male.”

Other voices now joined in, all in agreement.

“I, for one, refuse to let him be married to my daughter.”

“As do I.”

“And not my daughter either.”

Jamie did not hear how many of the mothers joined in because she felt dizzy and fell from Jason’s shoulders. The boys caught her before she hit the ground and they all slipped quietly away.

“What did you hear, Jamie?” asked Johnny. “Did Hannah pick me?” Back in their dorm room, Jamie did her best to tell the boys what she’d heard of their matchups, but her voice was sorrowful and she seemed about to cry. The boys could tell she must have heard something about herself. They all loved Jamie as a little brother and went easy on her in sports because she was so small, but there was obviously something wrong with her.

Johnny pulled Jamie aside and tried to say something encouraging. “You know it doesn’t matter who the girls pick,” he said. “The moms make the matches, and I’ll bet they have someone who’s gonna be just right for you.”

Jamie only nodded. She was going to miss Johnny, and all of the boys. That night in the dorm, after the last light went out, Jamie lay in bed waiting for the boys to fall asleep, as she often had done. But this time it was for something more important than masturbation. Her natural grace and light weight made it easy for her to climb down silently from her bunk without waking any of the boys.

Jamie had no truly personal possessions, not even a photo of her mother (because portrait photography was the sin of vanity). She took her Citizen ID, her birth certificate and the savings account book they’d given her when her mother’s life insurance check came.

She stuffed these few items in the pockets of her black denim pants and slipped quietly out the door. No one saw her as she walked to the edge of the commune and climbed over the gate.

**THE GIRL WHO DIDN’T CHANGE — DAY ONE**

When the First National Bank of Janesburg opened its doors that morning, Jamie Taylor was waiting. She had walked through the night, following highway signs to the town.

The bank officer on duty, Ned Briggs, could tell from her clothing that she’d come from that Gated In place, but he wondered why she was dressed like a boy. That Jamie was a girl was so obvious to Ned that he didn’t even question it. He’d occasionally seen a group of “gaters” come to town for supplies, but the fact that this one was by herself made him suspect she quit the community. Good for her, he thought, as he watched a teller point the girl to his desk.

Ned stood to greet her with a smile and invited her to have a seat across from his desk.

“And what can I do for you this morning, miss?” he asked cheerily. The girl seemed flustered but produced a savings book and her Citizen ID.

“I have this account from my mother’s life insurance,” Jamie said, “and I’d like to . . . start using the money.” She considered correcting him for calling her “miss,” but decided not to bother. She knew how she must look to strangers.

Typing in the codes from Jamie’s birth certificate and Citizen ID card, Ned issued a debit card Jamie could use to access her account. “We’ll get you some cash also,” he said, and almost added “miss” when he noticed that Jamie’s birth certificate said “male.” That explained why she was wearing boys’ clothing, but how could . . . and then Ned put it together. He’d never met a herm in person before, not that he knew of, but Jamie was far too pretty to be anything else. She darned well was not a boy, that was for sure.

As he counted out the cash, Ned tried to decide what the proper thing was for him to do. He wanted to help her, but he couldn’t afford to make a professional blunder. He hadn’t become the first male assistant bank manager in the tri-province area by being careless. It wasn’t enough that his record was spotless. He still had to play the game, wearing tight little shirts that displayed his muscles and pretending to enjoy it when female bankers twice his age flirted with him.

“Here, let me show you how the card works,” he said, putting off his decision. At a cash machine in the lobby, Ned demonstrated how the debit card worked and made sure she understood about the PIN. “I guess you’re all set,” he finally said with a small sigh, having decided there was no acceptable way to broach the subject of a customer’s gender. “Is there anything else I can help you with? You mentioned you were traveling?”

“Yes,” Jamie said. “I want to go to . . . Scarborough University.” She had chosen S.U. for no other reasons than that she’d heard of it and knew it was on the other side of the country.

Good for you, Ned thought. Get as far away from here as possible. “Well, we need to get you to the airport then, don’t we?” He could do this, at least. Janesburg did not have its own airport, but it was near the interstate loop of a larger city and Ned quickly arranged for a taxi for Jamie and he even explained to her how much to tip the driver. She’d be okay, he was sure. After all, she was a herm.

Half an hour later, after taking her very first ride in a motorized vehicle, Jamie stood in the middle of a busy airport terminal. She had tried to prepare herself for the noise and crowds, but it was still overwhelming and for a while she just sat quietly on a bench and watched. Hunger eventually motivated her to explore the shops, where she awkwardly used some of her new cash to buy doughnuts, orange juice and a newspaper. She devoured all three sitting on a bench while humming along to a song that came out of the ceiling somewhere.

As Jamie had long suspected, the Outside World did not appear to be anywhere near as wicked and immoral as she’d been told. The most negative things she found in the newspaper were traffic deaths, an earthquake and a report on the continuing decline in male birth rates ever since it became possible for mothers to choose their babies’ gender. Although some women still followed the ancient tradition of taking husbands, the story said, nowadays most women married each other and used males only as sperm donors. But this left young men struggling to get by financially in dead-end jobs while working out constantly to make themselves attractive in the increasingly remote hope of becoming chosen as someone’s husband. To get by, they sold their sperm, which was then stripped of its Y chromosome in order to guarantee female births — and so the spiral toward male obsolescence continued.

Those few negative stories aside, Jamie found most of the newspaper filled with positive stories about medical advances, the progress of government agencies, and lots of entertainment and fashion news. On this particular day, the front page was dominated by profiles of the three major candidates for queen.

After she ate, Jamie carried the newspaper under her arm as she explored the terminal. She studied the monitors, watched what other people did and got in a ticket line. Half an hour later she was getting on a plane.

For someone who had only recently experienced her first ride in an automobile, air travel was an otherworldly experience. Jamie kept her face glued to the window the whole way, even when they were in the clouds and all she could see was white. Her flight had a layover at Hariston International Airport, which was even more gigantic that the first airport, but somehow Jamie found her way to the next gate, bought more food, read magazines and bobbed her head to pop music that always seemed to come from somewhere.

By the time she disembarked at her third airport, Jamie felt like a veteran traveler. After another cab ride she was on the steps of the Scarborough University Admissions Office.

“Honey, you’re a week too early to register for Summer session,” the admissions counselor told her, gesturing at the sign above her head listing the dates. It hadn’t occurred to Jamie that enrollment in colleges was only done at certain times of the year, but as luck would have it she wasn’t far off.

“I see you graduated from a Gated In school,” the counselor went on. “Do you have a transcript?”

“No,” Jamie admitted. “I left . . . a little unexpectedly and didn’t have time to get that. But I did very well in school. “

“I’m sure you did dear, but in the absence of a record, I’ll have to schedule you for a series of placement tests so we can determine where you fit in.”

Jamie almost laughed. Fit in? Like that was going to happen. Her only plan, such as it was, was to blend into a big the crowd and not be noticed.

“We’ll get you started on those tests this week so you’ll be ready to register next week,” the counselor said, “and I’m sure we can find you a temporary bed in one of the girls’ dorms.”

Jamie sighed, cleared her voice and said, “you mean . . . a boys’ dorm. I’m a . . . I’m . . . male.”

The admissions officer took second look at Jamie’s documents and quickly came to the same conclusion as the bank official. No one this beautiful could possibly be a male, and if she grew up in a Gated In community there was only one logical answer. It broke her heart to think of it.

“Lastly, dear,” she lied, “you’re required to have a full medical exam at the campus clinic. Here, let me show you where it is on the map. You really should . . . tend to this before you do anything else because . . . well, we just can’t process you until we have this medical paperwork turned in. Okay, dear?”

The admissions counselor was not used to lying to students, and she wasn’t very good at it, but Jamie did not pick up on it. She did what she was told, following her map to the Campus Clinic. By the time she arrived, the admissions counselor had telephoned the physician on duty, Dr. Jane Burkhart, who was waiting when Jamie came through the door.

Because it was Finals Week, the clinic was not at all busy. Students had either gone home or were too busy taking tests to hurt themselves doing stupid things. Dr. Burkhart had all the time she needed so she eased into the examination slowly, starting with Jamie’s eyes, ears and throat. Then she carefully worked her way downward.

“I see you’re a herm,” she said matter-of-factly.

“A what?”

“A hermaphrodite.”

Jamie shrugged. “What does that mean?”

“Well . . . for one thing, Jamie,” the doctor said slowly, “it means you’re female.”

“What??? But you just saw that I–”

“Have a penis? Yes, but that’s not what determines gender. It’s just an indicator of probable gender, and sometimes that rule of thumb is wrong. You also have two X chromosomes, breasts and a vagina, and that makes you a hermaphrodite which makes you a girl.”

“But I . . . but they told me—“

“They were wrong, dear. Jamie, I know you were born Gated In. I can see how a non-physician may have missed it in a newborn, but your gender should have been obvious to everyone once you hit puberty.”

“They said I was just . . . behind.”

“No, Jamie. You’re not behind. You’re never going to have facial hair or man-shaped body because you’re not a male.”

“Are you sure?” Jamie sobbed. “Every morning I wake up afraid that I’ll have hair on my face.” Although she hated being considered a freak, Jamie didn’t want her body to change.

“That’s not going to happen,” the doctor said. “Here, let me explain.” Opening her notebook to project onto the wall illustrations of male, female and herm anatomy, she used a pointer to circle part of the herm illustration.

“This is the organ herms have instead of testicles or ovaries. It produces both the testosterone that gives you erections and the estrogen that makes the rest of your body so feminine. It also manufactures the clear liquid that comes out of your penis when you masturbate.”

Jamie flushed in embarrassment at these words being spoken out loud. “How do you know that I . . .”

“Everyone masturbates, dear. Especially people your age. There are some similarities between herm and male ejaculations, but for the most part they are quite different. For example, a male will ejaculate a few ounces of a thick, milky liquid called semen, and if he is lying on his back masturbating the force of the ejaculation sends it no farther than his belly.”

“Really?” Jamie asked, incredulous. “That’s all?”

“But when a herm ejaculates, her penis expels a considerably larger quantity of a liquid that is chemically identical to sweat. The medical term is ‘hermaphroditic saline,’ but most people just call it sweat because that’s what it is. And it doesn’t just dribble on your belly, does it?”

Despite her embarrassment, Jamie could not help but smile. “No, it’s–”

“More like someone threw a glass of water in your face?”

Jamie hid her face in embarrassment and nodded.

“That’s why they call it ‘splashing yourself.’ Okay, now lets talk about your vagina. Yours is almost the same as those of ordinary women, but there are a few subtle differences. All healthy women get wet down there when they’re sexually excited, but most women produce a mucousy lubricant with a strong, musky odor. But what your body produces is—“

“It’s the same as what comes out of my . . . my . . .”

“Your penis. Correct.”

“I could tell, because sometimes when I . . . have a . . . have a . . .”

“An erection.”

“And if don’t . . . if I can’t . . .”

“Ejaculate. You’re allowed to say these words, Jamie.”

“My . . . my erection will last a really long time before it goes down, and during that whole time I’ll be so wet in my . . . my . . .”

“Vagina. Say the word, Jamie.”

“My vagina. And my underwear will get completely soaked.”

“That’s perfectly normal. Herms produce about twice as much moisture between their legs than regular women do, but it’s just sweat so there’s no odor. Now, are you familiar with the word clitoris?”

Jamie shook her head and the doctor went back to her illustrations.

“Strictly speaking, the vagina is specifically this opening here, which is normally hidden behind the labia, but people sometimes use the word vagina to describe the whole area. The more common colloquial term is “pussy,” which is a bit ironic since so few women have pubic hair anymore. Now at the very top where the labia come together just above the urethra there is a little bump of tissue called the clitoris. Your urethra, of course, is in your penis and you do not have a visible clitoris per se, however you do still have all of the clitoral nerve endings.”

“I’m confused,” Jamie said. “I know what the urethra does, but what does a clitoris do?”

The doctor smiled. “Its only purpose is to make you feel good. Now, in the case of herms, the clitoral nerve endings are not clustered in this little bump but instead are distributed along the underside of the penis, as depicted in this illustration. I assume you’ve noticed that this area is the most sensitive?”

There were not many things in which Jamie was experienced, but masturbation was one of them. Almost every night she would wake at 3 or 4 a.m., unbutton her nightshirt and gently stroke the underside of her erect penis until the warm salty splash hit her in the face and chest. Sweat would roll in rivulets down the sides of her face and body, and the breeze from an open window would feel cool on her wet skin.

“Has that been your experience, Jamie?” the doctor repeated.

Jamie nodded. It was all making sense. “So are there other herms? Other people like me in the world?”

“Yes, but not many. It only occurs about once in every five million female births, so let’s do the math. There are about 200 million people in the U.Q., and 75% of those are women. That’s 150 million. Statistically, if one in every five million is a hermaphrodite, then there are only about 30 hermaphrodites alive today. That makes you pretty special.”

Jamie laughed darkly. “I’ve been called special before.”

“This time it’s in a good way. Herms are most beautiful women in the world. Many have become movie stars like Angelina Jolyn, or supermodels like Heidi Klunen.”

Jamie shrugged, not recognizing the names.

The doctor sighed. “Do you know anything about Queen Belle?”

“Of course I do! She was the first queen chosen by the people after the Restoration. She was said to be so beautiful that . . . oh wait, are you saying that—“

“Yes, Jamie, the most famous queen in U.Q. history was a herm. Her beauty was legendary because she was a herm, and you are just as beautiful as she was.”

Jamie shook her head in disbelief, but tears welled in her eyes and she could not speak.

“And while we’re talking about Queen Belle,” the doctor went on, clicking on her notebook to bring up a portrait. “This was painted when Belle was 95 years old. Does she look 95 to you?”

“No, of course not,” Jamie laughed, “but that’s an official portrait. They could make her look as young as they wanted to.”

“They might have, had Belle been an ordinary woman. But the single most extraordinary medical fact about hermaphrodites is that they never show their age. Their average lifespan is only slightly longer that women in general, but other than gray hair and some facial wrinkles, herms simply don’t show the external effects of aging.”

“Wait. You mean that I . . .?”

“If you color your hair, you’ll never look a day over 35.”

Jamie was wondering if she could be dreaming all of this as Dr. Burkhart flipped to another page on her tablet that now displayed on the wall. “Okay, this is your master medical record, Jamie. As your physician, it is my conclusion after conducting a complete physical examination that there was an error on your birth record. With your permission, I’m going to change it from “male” to “female” which will automatically change all government records, including your Citizen ID. Do you authorize me to proceed?”

“Yes,” Jamie said determinedly, tears running down her cheeks. “Yes, please change . . . please correct that error. Someone made a mistake. I have never been male.”

“Done,” the doctor said, hitting the button. Jamie looked at her Citizen ID card and watched as the “M” changed to an “F.”

“So,” Dr. Burkhart said, “now that we’ve taken care of that little detail, I suggest you go find the girls dorm to which you have been assigned and begin your new life. And by the way, there’s a nice little dress shop down on the corner. I think you need to do some shopping.”

Out on the sidewalk in the sunshine, Jamie felt giddy. She practically ran to the dress shop. They were having a sidewalk sale and Jamie stopped in the middle of it, captivated by a very tiny yellow sun dress with string straps.

“You’d look great in that,” said a girl a couple of years old her than Jamie. She pulled an identical dress off the rack and held it in front of Jamie to judge the size. “You’re obviously a Small. You can try it on if you want, but there’s a bit of a wait to get into the dressing room. But I promise, honey, this will fit you perfectly. And if it doesn’t you can return it.”

“It’s wonderful,” Jamie said, her voice cracking with emotion.

“Awesome!” the sales clerk declared, snapping her gum. “How about some accessories to go with it? We have purses, sandals, jewelry. This red bead necklace would be a nice accent against that yellow and we have earrings to match. Let’s try these on you.”

Like all modern earrings, these had dainty magnetic clamps that had long ago made ear piercing obsolete. The clerk clamped them snugly on Jamie’s earlobes and tilted a mirror so she could see herself in it.

“These sandals have a red accent stripe,” the salesgirl went on, “and ooooh, look at this little red purse! Isn’t it just perfect?”

It was all perfect and Jamie wanted it all. She pulled out her debit card to make the purchase, and then thought of something else. “Oh, where could I buy some shampoo and, um, shaving cream?”

“Drug store across the street,” the girl said, pointing with a nod of her head as she handed Jamie the bag.

Jamie decided she did not want to show up at that dorm dressed the way she still was – in the black pants and white shirt of a Gated In boy. But if she was actually going to wear this so-skimpy dress, she wanted to shower and to . . . shave her legs.

In the drug store, Jamie was overwhelmed by aisle after aisle of feminine beauty products and had no idea what most of them were for. After some wandering, she located the items she knew she needed — bath soap, shaving cream and razor – and then she found herself in the make-up aisle.

The specific purpose of most of these products was even more mysterious, but Jamie spotted a few things she could interpret from the photos. She understood what eye liner and mascara were, but was afraid of trying either. Lipstick seemed safe, she decided, and perhaps also blush.

Having made all of her purchases, Jamie retraced her steps to the campus gym, which she remembered passing. She found the women’s locker room and tentatively stepped in. Perhaps because of Finals Week, the locker room was vacant except for a female custodian emptying trash cans and restocking the towels.

Jamie put the shopping bag containing her dress, sandals and red bead jewelry in one of the lockers and closed it. She didn’t have a lock, but that didn’t seem likely to matter. Repeating the locker number to herself, Jamie made her way to shower area where she began to undress.

She took off her shoes and dropped them into the trash can. Then her socks, shirt, pants and underwear, all of it going into the trash can — never, ever, she vowed, to be seen by her again. Naked, she carried her bag of beauty products into a shower stall. There, in the hot, steamy water, Jamie shaved her legs and her armpits for the first time in her life. A strawberry blond, Jamie had only soft blond hairs on her body but she wanted all of it gone.

As she meticulously shaved her legs, Jamie found herself having an erection, which gradually became full as she completed her task. She carefully did her underarms as her penis stood rigidly straight up. As she rinsed off, she began caressing herself, starting behind her penis as she always did. “This is my pussy,” she whispered as her fingers found their way into its familiar warmth and then sliding her fingers up and along the underside of her penis. She was within seconds of an orgasm when she froze, hearing the voices of two women entering the shower room. Jamie listened as the chatting women each chose a shower stall and turned on the water.

Jamie felt too distracted by the proximity of the women to continue masturbating, but she did not want to leave the shower with a full erection. She knew from experience that once it was this big it would not go down for a very long time unless she splashed. There was, however, one other alternative. Jamie turned off the hot water spigot and in a second the water went icy cold. Her determined penis was not easily discouraged and Jamie had to endure the cold shower for a good 30 seconds before her erection finally subsided.

As she exited the shower stall, Jamie’s teeth were chattering, goose bumps covered her skin and her nipples were having little erections of their own. She dried off with the little white towels that were provided, but these were too small to wrap around her body so Jamie had to walk naked back to her locker, holding one of the little towels in front of her crotch in case someone came in.

Jamie was pleased to see that the trash can in which she’d placed her old clothes was now gone — until she realized she’d forgotten the locker number. The locker room was vast, with so many rows that all looked the same. She went down row after row opening all lockers at the height she remembered, but none of them held the shopping bag containing her new outfit. She was making so much noise she almost didn’t notice when the entire rugby team entered the locker room after their final game of the season.

Panicked at the sound of so many voices heading in her direction, Jamie hurried to the next row of lockers and was going so fast she nearly went right past the locker containing her dress. Miraculously, there it was still in the bag, but as she reached for it two boisterous girls came into the same aisle and began opening their lockers while talking brashly about the game they’d apparently just won. Jamie kept her back to them so they only saw her bottom as she pulled the yellow dress out of the bag. She was not quite sure whether to put it over her head or step into it but somehow she managed to get the dress on before she turned around. The rugby girls watched as Jamie put on her, gathered up her shopping bags and began to walk past them. One of the rugby players stood up and blocked her way.

“You left your zipper undone, sweetie,” the girl said. “Want me to get it for you?”

“Oh! Um, yes, thank you,” Jamie nervously said as the sweaty, muscular girl wearing only panties and a sports bra reached behind Jamie’s neck and pulled up her zipper.

“There you go, babe,” the girl said and as Jamie made eye contact with her to say thank you, the girl’s expression was like something Jamie had never experienced in her life. As she walked away, Jamie heard the second girl say to her friend, “flirt all you want, but she’s way out of your league.”

As Jamie approached the big mirrors over the sinks she almost thought it was someone else – a pretty girl wearing a yellow dress. Her shoulder-length hair hung wet and limp, and every day of her life she had tied it back in a short pony tale. Not anymore. She figured out how to use the blow-dryer and experimented with a product she’d bought at the drug store until her hair was dry and fluffy.

She put on the red bead necklace and clamped on the dangly earrings. Leaning close to the mirror, she clumsily applied the lipstick and blush.

As Jamie stepped back from the mirror to take in the full effect of her transformation, she did not notice behind her that all of the rugby players were watching her. They all saw an astonishingly beautiful girl – very likely the most beautiful girl any of them had ever seen in person. But Jamie could not yet see that girl. She still saw a freak who was only technically a girl. She was grateful to have that much – to officially be a girl in the eyes of the queendom –but she feared that the “real” girls at the dorm would not accept her as one of them no matter what her Citizen ID might say.

When she stepped outside in the sunshine Jamie felt almost as if she were naked. The dress left her arms, shoulders and legs completely bare, and that was tantalizing enough all by itself. But since she had forgotten to buy new underwear the summer breeze billowed sensuously under her skirt and as she walked her penis bounced around between her thighs.

Following her map, Jamie made her way to Lake Hall. She knew she was supposed report to the Resident Adviser for the 3rd floor, Samantha McCain, but she didn’t have a room number. Looking for a sign on a door, Jamie walked all the way to the end of the hallway and then turned back to try the other way. As she did so, Jamie saw something for which she was utterly unprepared — a naked girl.

“Looking for someone?” the naked girl asked, now standing directly in front of Jamie, one hand on her hip. “I know everyone on this floor.”

Jamie had never seen a naked girl before — not even in photographs. And this girl was not skinny and small-breasted like Jamie. She was plump and voluptuous, with large breasts and big hips.

Jamie looked down at her paperwork, afraid to see any more. “I . . . I’m looking for . . . for Samantha McCain,” Jamie stammered as she looked back up and tried not to let her face betray her.

The naked girl laughed and said, “First rule: Never call her Samantha. It’s Sam. And I’m Caitlin, by the way.” As she said her own name, Caitlin bounced a little on her feet in sort of a curtsy, causing her substantial breasts to jiggle in a way that reminded Jamie of the Jello molds that were served for desert back at the orphanage.

“Here, follow me,” Caitlin said, turning to lead the way back down the hallway.

Jamie gladly accepted the opportunity to walk behind Caitlin and watch her butt cheeks shift back and forth with her stride. Life has become so much more interesting, Jamie told herself, and tried to relax.

Knocking at a door, Caitlin shouted, “Sam! A really cute girl is here to see you!” The door opened and a tall, dark-haired girl emerged wearing a loose-fitting and very worn-out basketball jersey that showed off her well-tanned, muscular arms and shoulders. She must have been nearly six feet tall and towered over the petite Jamie.

“Well, aren’t you adorable?” she said. “You’re Jamie, I assume? They called an hour ago saying you were on your way over. Did you get lost or something?”

Jamie did not want to reveal the reason for her delay but Sam didn’t wait for an explanation. Turning to Caitlin she said, “I know you’re leaving tomorrow, Cait, but Jamie here was apparently so eager to start Summer Session that she showed up a week early. I need to put her up somewhere and you’re the only one on the floor without a roommate.”

“Cool,” Caitlin declared. “C’mon, Jamie, it’s just down here.”

Caitlin led the way and although it was another opportunity to watch her jiggly bottom, Jamie was more interesting in stealing glances at Sam, so tall and athletic, walking by her side. She was built like an Olympic athlete and as far as Jamie could see she wore nothing but the oversized basketball jersey. Her long legs were exposed nearly to her crotch, while the gaping armholes of the jersey provided occasional glimpses of the sides of her firm, suntanned breasts.

“Caitlin’s roommate dropped out in the middle of the semester,” Sam was saying, “so she’s had the luxury of a single room all this time.”

“There’s only one minor problem,” Caitlin said, opening the door. “I got rid of the extra bed a while ago so we’ll have to share.”

Jamie looked at the skinny, single bed and then at plump, naked Caitlin and back at the bed again. “You mean . . . we’d both . . . in that little bed?”

“It’ll be fun!” Caitlin exclaimed, bouncing her breasts and almost jumping up and down. “And it’s only for one night.”

Jamie was feeling both arousal and panic. She would be in bed with a naked girl! And . . . and Jamie would have to be naked too because she had no clothing except what she wore! This fleeting thought roused Jamie’s penis, which dropped down an inch or two as it dangled, unhindered by underwear, behind the frilly yellow dress. But, no. No, no, no. Jamie knew it would not happen that way – not once Caitlin found out what Jamie really was.

“Well, come on back to my room you two,” Sam said. “It’s about time for our little party.”

Two other girls were already hanging around outside of Sam’s door and Caitlin introduced them as Lisa and Jenna. Both welcomed Jamie, saying how pretty she looked in that great dress. Jamie’s heart longed to be accepted as just one of the girls, but she was terrified of how they would react when she told them what she had no choice but to tell them – and soon.

Sam opened a large bottle of wine and began pouring it out into plastic cups. Jamie had never touched any kind of alcohol (considered a sin, of course), but she did not let on. She took a sip of wine and waited for the other girls to choose their seats and gladly took the only remaining seat, a backless wooden stool barely a foot off the ground. She squatted on it trying to decide where to put her drink and her knees.

It being Sam’s room, she had the best seat – a giant upholstered chair with an ottoman. Jamie kept mostly quiet as the other girls talked about their plans for the summer and the upcoming election of the new queen. They argued over the merits of the three dominant candidates and debated whether in modern times the U.Q. even needed a queen anymore since her duties were largely ceremonial.

Caitlin quickly tired of talking politics and was pouring herself more wine while bouncing her body parts to the music when she suddenly cried, “hey, I just thought of something, Sammy. I’m not the ‘new girl’ anymore.”

“Oh that’s right,” Sam replied with a sly grin. “I’m so very glad you thought of that, Caitlin.”

Jamie was so enchanted by being referred to as “the new girl” that she was slow to notice how the other girls were looking at her. When she did, she quietly asked, “so, um, what does it mean to be the new girl?”

“Well,” Sam said, “it has to do with your clothing.”

“Oh, well, I don’t have a lot of choices at the moment. My, uh, my clothing got left behind and all I have right now is what I’m wearing.”

“That actually works out perfectly,” Sam said, and everyone but Jamie burst out laughing.

Jamie was still confused until Caitlin said, “Jamie, I’ve been the new girl all semester, and look how I’m dressed.”

Realization dawned on Jamie’s face, prompting more laughter.

“Oh my god, you can’t be serious.”

“It’s just when you’re on this floor of the dorm,” Sam said, getting up out of her chair. “And it’ll only be for a few days because it’s my rule and I’m leaving after the weekend. But as of this moment, my rule is still in force.” Taking one of Jamie’s hands, Sam pulled her to her feet. “Here, let me help you with that dress.”

Before Jamie could react, Sam had undone her zipper and was pushing the string straps off of her shoulders. The yellow sun dress abruptly slipped halfway down Jamie’s body, exposing her white, teacup breasts with their perky pink nipples. Jamie squeezed her elbows against her sides, stopping the dress from falling all the way, nearly sloshing out her still-full cup of wine as she did so.

“I’ll hold that,” Lisa offered, taking the cup from Jamie’s unmoving hand.

“Wait!” Jamie cried. “I need to explain something. You don’t want to see me naked. Not me.”

“Honey, I always know what I want,” Sam said with a grin, “and right now I want to see you naked.”

“But I . . . I’m not what you think I am. I’m . . . different. I’m a . . . I’m a herm!”

Despite all that the doctor had told her, Jamie was unable to imagine her body as anything but freakish and undesirable, and she assumed these girls would quickly change their minds. She was therefore perplexed when all four of the them whooped and cheered and Sam declared, “well, in that case, we really must continue.”

Jamie urgently wanted to resist, but there was something about Sam that made that impossible. Feeling as if she was paralyzed, Jamie could only repeat, “ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod,” as Sam pulled her arms away from her sides and pushed them down straight so the yellow dress could slip all the way off and land at Jamie’s feet.

As Jamie stood naked, her dress in a heap around her ankles, she remained convinced that the girls who had been so eager to disrobe her would suddenly realize their mistake and hurriedly cover her up again. When instead, all four girls squealed with delight as if seeing her naked was a wonderful experience, Jamie suspect that they might tricking her.

“Here let me get your dress before it gets trampled,” Sam said, squatting down. “Lift your foot, sweetie,” she said, her eyes not on Jamie’s feet, but on her penis which was now only inches from Sam’s face. Jamie found herself obeying. “Good girl,” Sam said to Jamie’s penis. “Now the other foot.”

Once Sam had the dress in her arms she paused before standing back up. “Your penis is so adorable, Jamie,” she said. “I love how it hangs there all by itself without the ugly scrotum that guys have.” Sam stood up again, holding the dress, but her face was flushed and her nipples now protruded through the thin fabric of the ancient jersey.

“Okay,” she said, regaining her composure, “here’s how this works. I’m hanging this on the hook by my door, and you have to ask me to get it back. I will only give it to you when you’re leaving my floor, and you can’t put it on until you are off my floor. If you go down the stairwell you need to be on the next landing down before you can put it on, or if you take the elevator you have to wait until the elevator starts moving. Any questions?”

Jamie had an eternity of questions, but the only one she could put into words was , “could I please have my drink back?”

The girls laughed as Lisa handed Jamie back the plastic cup. It was still mostly full but Jamie drank it all down, a trickle of wine emerging at the corner of her mouth and making a wet path down her bare skin. Whatever courage alcohol allegedly gave people, Jamie wanted it now. She held out the empty cup for a refill.

“You ARE at over 18, aren’t you?” Sam jokingly asked as she poured more wine.

Jamie took another healthy swallow and said, “actually, today is my 18th birthday.”

This news produced another whelp of cheers from the other girls.

“Awww, I wish we’d known so we coulda got something for you,” Caitlin lamented. “Oh, I know! Let’s do Jamie’s nails!”

Although Jamie was otherwise nude, she was still wearing her sandals, necklace, earrings and matching lipstick, so the girls quickly agreed that red was the color they needed. Sam rarely used nail polish, but did have a few old bottles, one of which was red and surprisingly not dried out. Caitlin dashed off to her room and quickly returned with two more, her breasts dancing madly as she ran.

Now equipped with three bottles of red polish, the girls pushed Jamie into Sam’s oversized upholstered chair and gathered around her to do their work. Caitlin sat at Jamie’s right and Jenna at her left while Sam took charge of Jamie’s toenails. As Sam sat on the ottoman and put Jamie’s feet in her lap, her shirt hiked up and Jamie could see that indeed Sam wore nothing underneath. Her pussy – Jamie loved that word – was bare and slightly parted.

Because Jamie’s hands were occupied, Lisa held the wine glass to Jamie’s lips so she could have another gulp. She was feeling her first buzz and at the same time she felt tremendously relieved. Her big secret had been revealed (very revealed!) and yet somehow it was okay. And maybe somehow better than just okay based on how the girls were reacting. Jamie rested her head on the back of the padded chair and closed her eyes. For the first time in she did not know how long, she allowed herself to relax and just enjoy the moment. If this was a dream, she wanted to stay in it.

Through her haze of pleasure, Jamie heard one of the girls giggle and Caitlin whispered, “I guess she’s enjoying this.”

Jamie opened her eyes and looked down at her body. Her penis was halfway erect and well on its way to standing straight up. She screamed and yanked her hands away in order to cup them over her penis, streaking red across her thighs from her still-wet nails. She was so mortified with embarrassment that her penis lost its motivation and began to go back down as the other girls collapsed in a spate of laughter that did not end until they were gasping for air, tears wet on their cheeks.

“I’m so sorry,” Jamie managed to say with one hand cupping her crotch and the other covering her face.

“Hey, don’t be so embarrassed,” Sam said, reaching out to pat Jamie on the knee. “We’re all your friends here and I assure you we all enjoyed watching that. Didn’t we girls?”

The others seemed to compete to be the one who most enjoyed seeing Jamie almost getting an erection and although she still felt like crawling under a rug, Jamie latched onto the words “we’re your friends” and managed to open her eyes.

Meanwhile, Sam admonished the other girls. “Do you morons realize what you caused us to miss out on? If you’d just kept your big mouths shut she might have splashed right in front of us. Have any of you ever seen a herm splash in real life? ”

The other girls moaned in regret. They knew, of course, that herms splashed, but they’d only seen it in movies – and most of the time those scenes were simulated using non-herm actresses.

“We could try it again?” Caitlin suggested hopefully.

“No, we can’t!” Jamie insisted, making the girls laugh again.

But now it was late and most of the girls had to get up in the morning, including Jamie, who was scheduled to take a series of tests to determine whether she could skip some of the freshman courses. Caitlin, who was departing in the morning, had consumed more wine than anyone and could barely get to her feet.

The girls said their goodbyes in the doorway and Jamie started to reach for her dress as she politely asked, “may I take my dress, please?”

“No,” Sam said.

Jamie had assumed the required request was merely perfunctory, and she froze with her hand inches from the hook. “I . . . I won’t put it on yet,” she explained, “but I’ll need it in the morning . . . to go take my test.”

“Fine,” Sam said. “Come and get it then. Knock on my door just before you have to leave and I’ll give it to you. Now you’d better help Caitlin before she falls down the stairs or something.”

Jamie found herself hurrying down the hallway naked to catch up with the equally naked Caitlin, who was bouncing off the hallway walls as she tried to walk straight. In the dorm room, Caitlin flopped immediately on the bed without pulling back the sheets. Jamie had purchased a toothbrush along with her other supplies and brushed her teeth at the little sink, still astonished that they would be sharing the little bed, both of them naked.

She couldn’t pull back the sheets because Caitlin was on top of them, already passed out. Jamie eased herself onto the bed next to her and Caitlin rolled in her sleep and wrapped her plump, naked body around Jamie’s.

Although Caitlin was sound asleep, Jamie had never felt so alive as she stared at the ceiling in the dim light. Her right arm was trapped under Caitlin’s soft, warm body, so it was her left hand that now crept between her legs. She caressed her erect penis and let her fingers slide down along it until they plunged into the warm, wet slit that she’d only recently learned was called a pussy. She had never heard the word before and found it cute and sexy. Her wet fingers slid back up along the underside of her erect penis, where they danced along the “clitoral array” of nerve endings that had been depicted so accurately by the illustration at the campus clinic.

Though Caitlin lay naked next to her, it was Sam’s face and body that Jamie pictured as her orgasm peaked. She let out a tiny squeak and the splash of sweat hit her full in the face and chest. Caitlin received a peripheral shower of drops, but did not awaken. A cool summer breeze from the half-open window slowly dried Jamie’s wet skin, and she slept.

**THE GIRL WHO DIDN’T CHANGE, DAY TWO**

Jamie woke alone in Caitlin’s room the next morning and stared at the unfamiliar ceiling long enough to realize that the astonishing events of the previous day had not, in fact, just been a dream.

As always, she woke with a substantial morning erection. However, she had never slept naked before, nor had she ever looked at herself naked in a full-length mirror as she was doing now. It was her body, her face, her eyes. She knew she had not changed physically, and yet somehow she had been transformed.

And she thought of Sam, remembering the contours of that muscular body barely covered by the loose basketball jersey. These thoughts only made Jamie’s penis more erect, but she also had to pee. The bathroom was way down the hall and her only article of clothing was in Sam’s room. Jamie really needed her erection to go away, but it gave no indication of doing so. She peeked out the door into the empty hallway, but she had to pee so badly she no longer had a choice. Making sure the door was unlocked, she slipped out, one hand over her erection and dashed down the long hallway.

Fortunately, the girls’ restroom was empty. It had rows of showers, sinks and mirrors, and even had urinals in order to give university administrators the flexibility to move the boys’ and girls’ dorms around from year to year. Though Jamie usually chose to sit on the toilet to pee, when she had a morning erection a urinal definitely had logistically advantages. As she relieved herself with a sigh, her penis gradually softened and dropped down to a manageable angle.

A few minutes later, Jamie was knocking at Sam’s door. “It’s Jamie,” she called through the door. “I really need my dress to go take my test.” If Sam was in there she was sleeping too soundly to hear.

Jamie decided to take her shower and then try again afterwards, so she went back to her room to get her now-necessary products. After showering, drying her hair and putting on her blush and lipstick, Jamie stood outside Sam’s door knocking again to no avail. She went and put on her sandals and got her purse so she would be all ready except for the dress.

While knocking on Sam’s door for the umpteenth time, Jamie finally heard a voice, but it was not coming from Sam’s room. A blond girl came running around the corner of the hallway and it took Jamie a moment to realize it was Caitlin, now fully dressed.

“Jamie!” Caitlin exclaimed. “I’m so glad I caught you. I’m leaving and I wanted to say goodbye to you and Sam — and to introduce you to my parents.”

Caitlin began pounding on Sam’s door as two adults came around the corner and approached. Jamie wanted to run back to her room, but Caitlin grabbed her arm and began introducing her. Caitlin’s parents were clearly surprised by Jamie, yet they smiled and claimed to be pleased to meet her. “I wanted you to meet Jamie,” Caitlin told them, “because she’s one of those girls I told you about who go places naked.” She winked at Jamie. “Gosh, I was thinking maybe I could try that sometime.”

Before Caitlin’s parents could react to this revelation, Sam finally emerged, bleary-eyed and still wearing last night’s skimpy basketball jersey. More introductions ensued, allowing Jamie to edge backwards and hide behind Sam. Soon Caitlin and her parents were departing down the hallway, Caitlin calling back tearful goodbyes as she disappeared around the corner.

Jamie followed Sam back into the room. “I have to go take one of those tests this morning,” she explained. “So I need to take—so I wanted to ask you if I could please have my dress to go do that?”

“Yes, since you asked so nicely,” Sam said, and Jamie started to reach for her dress. As she did so, Sam casually pulled the basketball jersey over her head and tossed it aside. Now completely nude, she said, “but do you have time before that to sit and chat for a bit?”

Jamie actually had very little time, but she would miss a hundred tests for this moment. Sam was built like an Olympic athlete, her taut, muscular body evenly tanned all over. Her breasts, though not especially large, were still twice the size of Jamie’s and the right one was now bouncing steadily as Sam brushed her teeth at the little sink.

Jamie dropped her purse on the dresser and sat in the big upholstered chair, watching in abject enchantment as Sam rinsed her mouth and spit into the sink. “Scootch over,” Sam said, walking back toward her. “That chair’s big enough for two.”

Jamie instantly made room and Sam squeezed in next to her. The old chair was just barely big enough, so Sam put her arm around Jamie and rested her hand on Jamie’s shoulder. “Well, this is cozy,” she said. “Are you comfortable?”

“Oh, yes,” Jamie agreed, eagerly. Their faces were only inches apart and as Sam situated herself one of her breasts jostled against Jamie’s.

“You have such perfect skin,” Sam said, looking down at Jamie’s body. “And I love your sweet, pink nipples.” Though it had been behaving itself up to this point, Jamie’s penis could not ignore this last remark and began to stand up.

Jamie started to cover herself, but Sam stopped her. “It’s okay, sweetie,” she cooed, her lips now near Jamie’s ear. “There’s only you and me here, so why don’t we relax and let things happen however they happen, okay?” Sam’s hand was on the back of Jamie’s head and she slowly brought their faces closer together. Jamie’s heart fluttered as she realized they were about to kiss. She closed her eyes awaiting it, but then they both heard voices calling Sam’s name and multiple running footsteps coming down the hall.

“Shit,” Sam muttered and stood up. She scooped up her jersey and slipped it over her head as someone began pounding on Sam’s door and the doorknob turned.

Jamie clasped both hands over her erection as three girls tumbled into the room to tell Sam how much they would miss her. While they were focused on Sam, Jamie kept one hand over her erection as she climbed out of the chair. She grabbed her dress and turned her back to them so she could use both hands to put on the dress. Even with it on, Jamie couldn’t take her hand away from her midsection or else her very erect penis would push her dress out like a tent pole. Pressing her purse against it, Jamie edged past the cluster of chattering girls in the doorway and fled.

Despite the delay in Sam’s room, Jamie was only a few minutes late for her test on History of the United Queendom, which was one of her favorite topics. She knew everything about the queens from ancient times to the Revolutionary Period, in which Queen Marta was overthrown, to the Restoration in which a democratic monarchy was established and every queen thereafter had been chosen by a referendum of the people.

However, Jamie’s knowledge of modern U.Q. history was scant. Luckily, the modern-era section of the test offered her several topics from which to choose to write a single essay. Skimming over the choices, Jamie found at least one question she knew something about – how contemporary High Court’s ruling had interpreted the Constitution beyond what the founding mothers may have explicitly intended 350 years ago.

In her essay, Jamie wrote about the First Amendment of the Constitution which spelled out the legal protections of women. The Amendment helped eradicate the ancient crime of rape, which is what the founding mothers intended. However, in modern times its guarantee that a woman “shall be considered inviolate in her person regardless of her attire or alleged provocations” had been successfully used to challenge public nudity laws. The High Court ruled that women indeed had a constitutional right to be naked.

Of course, the only reason Jamie knew about this was because the Gated In school used it as an example of the wicked liberalness of the outside world. From what she’d been taught, Jamie half-expected to see naked women everywhere, but in practice nudity was only common at beaches, swimming pools and outdoor music concerts.

After the history test, Jamie had 10 minutes to get to the next test and she was hurrying through a little courtyard between two buildings when she ran into Sam, Lisa and Jenna.

“Hey!” she called happily, assuming this was just a nice coincidence.

“We thought we’d find you around here,” said Sam, now dressed in bluejean cutoffs and a bikini top. “You violated my rule, Jamie. You put your dress on without asking for my permission, and you did it right there in my room instead of leaving the floor first as I explicitly instructed. That’s two violations.”

“Uh-oh,” Jamie replied, now feeling confident enough to flirt back. “Is there a penalty for this offence?”

“As a matter of fact, there is,” Sam replied, putting her hands again on Jamie’s nearly-bare shoulders, She quickly unzipped the dress as she’d done before and started pushing the straps off Jamie’s shoulders.

“Sam!” Jamie squealed, clutching her hands to her chest to keep the dress from falling. “I have another test in a few minutes.”

“Yes, I know,” Sam said, “and your punishment is to go to it naked. Now move your hands please.

Although Jamie kept saying, “please don’t, Sam!” she did not resist as Sam pulled Jamie’s hands away from her chest and the dress slid partway off, the string straps catching at her elbows. “Please, Sam. If you take my dress I’ll have to walk all the way back to the dorm naked. That’ll be so embarrassing!”

“Yes, that’s the idea,” Sam said, taking Jamie’s purse from her hands. “Now lower your arms please. “

For reasons she could not have explained, Jamie obeyed, straightening her arms at her sides until the dress slipped all the way off and made a yellow pool around her ankles. And when Sam instructed her to lift one foot and then the other to step out of the dress, Jamie obeyed.

“I think we should take the sandals too, don’t you think, girls,” Sam asked Lisa and Jenna.

“Absolutely,” Jenna said, “since there were two rule violations.”

Again, although she continued to plead verbally, Jamie did as she was instructed, lifting first one foot and then the other to allow Sam to slip off the sandals. Sam opened Jamie’s little red purse, removed the dorm room key and gave the purse back to Jamie.

“Don’t worry about these,” Sam said, holding up the dress and sandals. “We’ll lock them up safe in your room. Just come looking for me to get your key. Now you’d better hurry or you’ll be late for that test.”

And with that, Sam turned on her heels and marched quickly away followed as always by Lisa and Jenna.

As the three disappeared around the corner the spell that had immobilized Jamie was lifted and she looked down at herself in shock She was naked and barefoot — and she was late for her test.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Jamie said to herself as she held her purse under her arm and started to run, her penis flopping and her little breasts jiggling for anyone to see. Other students stopped whatever they were doing to watch her go by and she heard someone yell “you go, girl!”

Dashing headlong through the doors of the math building, Jamie very much surprised the graduate student staffing the Mathematics Department information desk.

Standing at the counter, Jamie tried her best to pretend she was not naked as she explained that she had come to take the Freshman Algebra placement test. The freckled, red-haired grad student grinned and said to Jamie’s perky little breasts, “so nice to meet you. I’m Molly.” She raised her eyes to take in Jamie’s cover girl face, which was almost as nice to look at as her breasts. “Okay, since you’re the only one taking the test I’ll get you set up in an empty classroom and you can get started.”

Jamie was relieved that she would be alone in the classroom, though Molly seem to be doing enough ogling on her own to make up for it – especially when she came around the counter and saw what was dangling between Jamie’s legs. “I am so glad I came to work today,” Molly said to no one in particular as she led Jamie into a old-fashioned classroom with tiered wooden seats. She gave Jamie the test materials and explained them as she stared the entire time at Jamie’s penis. “Okay, then, I’ll leave you alone with your . . . your test, and I’ll be back in to look at you—I mean look in on you in 40 minutes, okay?”

Jamie nodded and was relieved when she was finally alone, though as embarrassed as the redhead made her feel, Jamie was also flattered by Molly’s reaction. She had almost persuaded herself that the girls last night had just been being nice to her, but Molly had no reason to be anything but honest.

Algebra was one of Jamie’s easiest subjects and she breezed through the test. However, not needing to concentrate on the test allowed her mind to wander from Molly to Sam and to what had almost happened in Sam’s room when both of them were naked and came so close to kissing. Jamie wanted to hurry through the test so she could run back to the dorm (probably literally) and get back in Sam’s room. And they would kiss and Sam would be naked  again too, her muscular arms wrapped around Jamie.

These thoughts started giving Jamie an erection and she tried to stop it, pushing down on her penis and desperately thinking of algebraic equations. But it was too late and her willful penis stood up straight. If she’d had a few more minutes, Jamie might have subdued it, but just then the door opened and Molly walked in announcing, “time’s up.”

Jamie’s purse was out of reach under her seat so she instinctively covered herself with the only thing handy – the test itself – but that’s exactly what Molly, now standing next to her, had come to collect. Unable to do anything else, Jamie handed over the test with one hand while trying unsuccessfully to cover herself with the other.

“Woah,” Molly grinned. “You must totally like Algebra!”

Molly’s directness somehow made Jamie laugh. “I can’t . . . control it very well. Could I hide out in here until it goes away?”

“Not a good idea, honey. There’s gonna be a bunch of people coming in here for a final in just a few minutes.”

As if on cue, the door opened and two girls and a guy came in to take their seats. They noticed Jamie but could only see her above the waist. Jamie grabbed her purse from under the seat and hurried to the door, holding her purse sideways and pressing it against her penis.

When she was almost at the door, it opened again and six or seven people came filing in. Jamie had no choice but to stand there waiting for them while trying to cover herself with her purse. She was not entirely successful and everyone watched as she fled from the room and ran down the hallway to the ladies’ room where she hid in a stall for 20 minutes until her erection finally went down.

But now Jamie faced another challenge — she had to walk back to the dorm naked. She slipped out of the restroom into a mercifully empty hallway and padded on bare feet to the nearest door.

Outside, the sun felt surprisingly nice on Jamie’s bare skin. Had she been on some private deck or backyard she might have allowed herself to enjoy it, but this was most definitely not a private place.

She started to walk. A few people saw her, and stopped to watch her but no one said anything and Jamie walked on. She had little choice but to cross an open plaza where more people saw her. But other than a couple whistles no one bothered her, and Jamie gained a modicum of confidence that she might make it without having to run or dive into rose bushes.

The last stretch was the most crowded, but Jamie walked through it trying to act as if she did this every day. She could feel her penis bobbling around between her thighs and she looked down at her white breasts so exposed in the sun. To get to the dorm she had to walk down a narrow sidewalk with people coming toward her going the other way. She could see their faces as they first noticed her. It was always a two-part reaction. First they noticed she was naked, and then they noticed she was a herm. But no one reacted negatively. In fact, virtually everyone smiled, and those who looked shocked seemed to be shocked in a delighted way. It was . . . surreal, both because she was naked at all, and also because of the way people reacted to her. Perhaps for the first time Jamie was beginning to believe she might not be a hideous freak after all.

Finally she was at the dorm and hurried to Sam’s room. She most definitely wanted her dress back, but she’d be glad to stay naked longer if it could be in the privacy of Sam’s room.

Sam’s door was closed and there was a piece of notebook paper taped to it saying “Jamie – meet me at Gillian’s.”

Gillian’s? Jamie did not remember being introduced to any Gillian. Then she remembered seeing a “Gillian’s” sign in front of one of the bars across from campus. Jamie was disappointed. She was glad Sam wanted to be with her, but longed for something more private. She walked down to her own room to get her dress, but her door was locked.

No. Surely Sam did not expect her to come to an off-campus bar naked. That was taking the whole crazy game much too far. Jamie wanted to be with Sam, but she wasn’t going to do that. But what would she do instead? Her only article of clothing was locked in her room and Sam had the key.

Jamie was distracted by an increasingly urgent need to pee so she went into the girls’ bathroom and was standing at a urinal relieving herself when the bathroom door swung open and in walked a gray-haired woman carrying a stack of the little hand towels. She did a double-take seeing a naked girl standing at a urinal with one hand on her hip.

“You must be Jamie!” the woman said. “Hi, I’m Betty.” And indeed it said “Betty” on her name tag.

“Um, nice to meet you, Betty,” Jamie said as she flushed the urinal and went to the sinks to wash her hands.

“Did you get yourself locked out?” Betty asked. “I saw you jiggling the handle when I was down the hall.”

Jamie looked at the big ring of keys dangling from Betty’s belt. “That’s right,” she said carefully. “ Could you . . . could you let me in my room?”

“Sure, I can. Mind you, I won’t unlock a door unless I know the girl belongs in it, but I heard they was a herm that just moved in and that must be you cause there couldn’t hardly be two, and Caitlin moved out this morning and didn’t have no roommate so it makes sense this is where Sammy woulda put you.”

As she explained her line of reasoning, Betty led the way to the room and opened the door.

Inside the room, hanging by itself in the closet was Jamie’s yellow dress and Jamie was so happy to see it again. This was great. She’d surprise Sam by showing up at Gillian’s wearing her dress and Sam wouldn’t know how she did it.

But first, Jamie wanted a quick shower to be all fresh. She gathered her things and made absolutely certain that the doorknob was unlocked before she went down the hallway to the showers. As she showered, however, Jamie began to have doubts. Would Sam be impressed at Jamie’s resourcefulness when she showed up in her dress – or disappointed. Not that Jamie had any intention of going naked, but was that what Sam was expecting her to do?

She continued to puzzle over this as she dried her hair in front of the big bathroom mirror. Sam hadn’t actually told her to go naked except when she was on this floor of the dorm, so surely she was free to dress as she wished. But what did Sam really want? Jamie was a little scared of how much of her heart she had already opened up to Sam’s confident smile and muscular arms. Jamie had never been in love before, but she was pretty sure it felt like this.

But Sam was going away in five days! Jamie couldn’t bear to think of that. But maybe Sam would decide not to go. Maybe she’d fall in love with Jamie and decide to stay so that they could be together. If only.

Jamie looked at her reflection in the mirror, making eye contact with herself. You know what Sam wants you to do. If you want her to fall in love with you, then you need to impress her and be the girl she wants. You need to go naked.

Jamie went back to her room and put on her red bead necklace and slipped on her sandals. She had decided, but she didn’t want to think about it too much or she might talk herself out of it. She was going to go naked. She was going to leave her room naked and walk off campus to a bar. Having made this momentous decision, Jamie felt oddly calm as she put on her lipstick and brushed some blush into her pale cheeks. Caitlin had left behind a pair of sunglasses and Jamie put these into her little red purse and slipped the strap over her shoulder. She stood there looking at herself in the mirror, and for the first time in her life Jamie actually liked how she looked. But she was so starkly white. She wished she at least had a suntan like other girls did. She picked up her blush and brushed a little on her chest, a little on her breasts and some on her shoulders. Then she rubbed most of it off with her hands.

Okay, time to go, she told herself. She opened the door and turned the switch on the knob so that it would lock when closed. She stepped over the threshold and looked at her yellow dress still hanging in the closet as she slowly began to close the door. But wait; this was crazy. Was she really going to do this? Lock herself out naked when her dress was hanging right there in front of her? Sam. It was for Sam. For a chance – just a chance – that doing this would win Sam’s heart. Jamie firmly closed the door until she felt the doorknob click.

And then she panicked. What a stupid idea! She shook the doorknob and looked around desperately hoping to see Betty still at work, but the hallway was empty. A deep breath. Two. Jamie marched determinedly down the hallway reminding herself of her mission – to make Sam fall in love with her so that Sam would not leave.

Out on the sidewalk Jamie felt incredibly conspicuous in the bright sunshine. Not many people were around, but they all noticed her. She took the sunglasses out of her purse and put them on, and then began striding purposefully toward her destination.

When she reached the edge of campus, people were everywhere and nearly all of them watched her go by. Jamie’s heart was racing, but she hid behind her sunglasses and marched on. No one harassed her or reacted negatively. Quite the opposite, in fact. Some jock girls whistled at her and one of them yelled something she could not quite make out, but other people just watched her go by.

To get to Gillian’s, Jamie had to walk right past the clothing store where she’d bought her yellow dress. They were still having their sale and more dresses were hanging in racks on the sidewalk. Jamie had her debit card and could simply buy a new dress. But no, she could have worn her yellow dress and had decided to stay naked for a reason – to please Sam. And so Jamie walked right past all of those lovely dresses without even slowing down.

And there, down the same street, Jamie saw the “Gillian’s Bong Bar” sign. The bar’s darkened windows reflected like mirrors so Jamie could see herself approaching the door. Inside, it was dark and smoky so Jamie pushed her sunglasses on top of her head and waited for her eyes to adjust. The din of conversation quieted as people began to notice her. Up on the stage, a band was setting up.

She spotted Sam, Lisa and Jenna at a booth near the back and did her best to look casual as she strolled toward them. However, there was no straight path because the haphazard arrangement of the tables. As she zig-zagged among them, Jamie noticed that every table had an oddly shaped glass vase half-filled with water. Smoke rose from some of them yet they did not appear to be candles.

The bar was about half full and Jamie weaved her way among the tables, often having to excuse herself to squeeze between chairs. Everyone was polite and apologetic when they realized they had inadvertently blocked her path, but Jamie still found herself in close quarters – and since she was the only one standing, that meant everyone else was practically at eye level with her midsection.

When she finally made it through to Sam’s booth, Jamie did her best to appear nonchalant. “Hi everybody,” she said brightly.

Sam had been watching her approach, a huge grin on her face. “Well, don’t you look lovely?” she said, standing up to let Jamie slide into the booth. Sam sat back down she scooted close to Jamie and immediately wrapped her long, muscular arm around Jamie’s bare back and shoulder. “Take note of the time, ladies,” she said to the two other girls, “because this is the precise moment I fell in love.”

“Maybe we should leave these two lovebirds alone,” Jenna said to Lisa.

“Yeah, I see some major romance happening here.”

“No, stay,” Jamie surprised herself by saying. She longed to be alone with Sam, but somehow this flirtatious moment required an audience. Then to Sam she said, “you know, you really shouldn’t joke about falling in love. One of these days some poor girl might believe you.”

Before Sam could reply the waitress appeared but not with drinks. Like the other tables, their booth was equipped with one of the odd glass vases and the waitress replaced a tiny ceramic bowl attached to it. As Sam picked up the vase and set fire to the bowl with a lighter Jamie figured it out. Like public nudity, the legalization of marijuana was one of the decadent harbingers of the End Times that the Gated In teachers and preachers had railed about from the pulpit and the classroom. And here Jamie was amid that decadence – now very much a willing participant.

After Sam had inhaled what she could from the smoky glass chimney she slid it over to Jamie to take the rest. And Jamie did. She started to choke as she breathed in the smoke, but managed to catch it and held the smoke in her lungs a few seconds before exhaling.

Sam grinned as Jamie slid the bong across the table to Lisa and Jenna. Her hand was on Jamie’s bare back, her fingers sliding up and down her vertebrae. “Have you done this before?”

Jamie smiled back, feeling confident. “Done what? Smoked pot or sat in a bar naked?”

“Either one.”

“Nope.” Jamie did not want to lie to Sam about anything.

Sam’s roving fingers had now migrated across Jamie’s back and were lightly caressing Jamie’s side, from her hip up close to her underarm, and she said “Jamie, I’m so happy you stayed naked. It’s wonderful.”

That was what Jamie wanted to hear, but she tried to be casual about it. “Well, you did take my dress away from me,” she pointed out, “and you did lock me out of my room.”

“True, and yet I distinctly recall also taking those sandals and locking them in your room with your dress – and yet here you are wearing them. Was it Betty who let you in?”

Jamie did her best to remain nonchalant. “Yes, and I’m glad she did. I wanted to take another shower to freshen up, plus I didn’t want to walk all the way over here barefoot.”

“Heaven’s no. Not barefoot.” Sam chuckled, as the bong came back her way again. “And you decided not to wear that dress.”

Jamie took her second turn at the bong, and was starting to feel it.

“Actually,” she said. “I wanted to wear it, but I thought you’d prefer it if I . . . if I came naked.”

“You thought right.”

“And after I locked myself out, I didn’t have a choice anyway.”

“Oooooh, Jamie, you locked yourself out naked? For little old me?”

“Yes. For you.”

Of the four girls in the booth only Sam was aware that Jamie’s penis was now erect and pointing straight up. Jamie herself had not realized it yet, and Sam hoped to keep it that way for a bit longer.

“So Jamie,” Sam said. “Does this mean you’ll go naked whenever I want you to?”

Jamie hadn’t quite thought ahead about this, but she felt so euphoric, both from the marijuana and the feeling of Sam’s hand on her ribs, touching the underside of her breast. “Yes, Sam,” she said without hesitation. “I’ll go naked whenever you want me to.”

“But Jamie,” Sam whispered, her lips now at Jamie’s ear, “what if I want you to go naked all the time? Everywhere? Always? Would you really do that if I asked you to?”

At that moment, three things happened at once. The band launched into its first song, Sam’s hand cupped and squeezed Jamie’s breast, and Jamie ejaculated, sending a geyser of warm sweat splashing into her face. To Lisa and Jenna, who had not seen what was happening below the tabletop, it looked as if a water balloon had exploded on Jamie’s lap, drenching her face and chest. As sweat dripped from Jamie’s nose and chin, a look of horror began to form on her face. But before Jamie could become overwhelmed with embarrassment, Sam grabbed her head in both hands and kissed her.

Sam had been kissing girls since she was 12, and had gotten quite good at it, but it was Jamie’s first time. It lasted a long time and when their lips parted, Sam’s nose and chin were shiny with Jamie’s sweat and Lisa and Jenna had slipped away to the dance floor.

Jamie was in a swoon, her embarrassment at having splashed herself in public momentarily set aside.

“Come dance with me,” Sam said, and started to scoot out of the booth.

“No!,” Jamie said in fresh alarm. “I don’t want people to see me all sweaty. They’ll know that I . . . that I splashed.”

Sam laughed. “Hmmm, I think I can take care of that for you.” She was out of the booth and pulling Jamie by the hand. As Jamie scooted out of the booth her bottom slid wetly across the bench. Sam led her around the corner to an empty hallway that led to the emergency exit. She pulled up on her bikini top so that her breasts dropped out of it, took Jamie’s head in her hands and began rubbing Jamie’s face against her breasts. Jamie quickly took up the movement on her own, spreading the sweat from her face to Sam’s breasts.

Then Sam pushed her back and rubbed her own face on Jamie’s wet breasts. Straightening up, she pulled Jamie into a hug so their bare bellies could rub against each other, and as she did this Sam used her hands to wipe the sweat from Jamie’s butt up and spread it up her back until it was thin enough to not look shiny.

“How’s that?” Sam asked, stepping back and pulling at Jamie’s hand again to lead her to the dance floor.

“I think you missed a spot.”

“I promise to be more thorough next time. Now c’mon and dance with me.”

Jamie had never danced before, but as a herm talented at music and rhythm, dancing was as natural as walking and she loved the beats she had been hearing in popular music. Sam was a good dancer, but her steps were not particularly complicated. Soon Jamie was letting herself go to the music, impressing Sam and everyone else.  
They did not stop until the band took a break, and Jamie stood leaning against Sam’s nearly naked chest. They were both sweaty again, but this time it came from their pores.

They went outside to cool off and Jamie was surprised that it was still daylight after so much time in the darkened bar. It was raining a little and they stood out in it cooling off. Sam kissed her and for a long time they just stood there kissing on the sidewalk as people walked by.

“Do you want to stay for the next set,” Sam asked, “or go—“

“To your room,” Jamie finished. “I want to . . . be alone with you. If you want.”

“Oh, I want.” Sam gave her another big kiss and in the middle of it there was a flash of lightning in the distance followed a second later by a rolling boom.

They strolled across campus arm in arm while a few sprinkles of rain turned into a steady shower and then a downpour, but their only haste was in their eagerness to be alone together in Sam’s room. Sam had very long legs and Jamie had to run and skip along beside her to keep pace, but that was okay too because Jamie did not want to stop dancing just because the music was gone.

All evening Jamie had been fantasizing about pulling the string that held on Sam’s skimpy bikini top. Now as the storm worsened and they began to run, Jamie deftly yanked the string, releasing Sam’s unsuspecting breasts. Because the top had no shoulder straps it fell completely off before Sam even realized it. Jamie scooped it up off the grass and ran ahead.

Thunder rolled heavily over their heads and rain fell in blankets as Sam chased Jamie up the steps of the dorm. Jamie burst through the main door giggling and Sam was at her heels when they both realized that the lobby was filled with parents and students attending a formal reception marking the end of the school year. The girls collided wetly and stifled their laughter as everyone looked up at them.

In Sam’s room, Jamie had an erection before their bodies hit the mattress, but Sam took control. She knew this was Jamie’s first time so she wanted it to be slow and special. Jamie could not contain herself and immediately splashed them both, adding to the rainwater to keep their bodies slippery wet against each other. Sam was surprised how quickly Jamie had another erection, and this time it lasted longer, but as Sam caressed it Jamie splashed again.

“Jeez,” Sam said. “How many times in a row can you do that?”

“I’ve never counted,” Jamie said. “And I’ve never . . . had help before.”

“I know, Jamie,” Sam said, enveloping Jamie in her arms, but keeping one hand on Jamie’s now-limp penis. “That’s okay. I’m just glad you chose me to share this experience with. You could have anyone. You’re so sweet and beautiful and I — oh my god, you’ve got another one already?”

This time, Sam rolled onto her back, easily pulling the 105-pound Jamie up on top of her. “Okay, you little erection machine,” she said, holding Jamie in a tight hug, “let’s see what you’ve got, girl.”  Her hands on Jamie’s butt cheeks, Sam positioned their torsos until Jamie felt the tip of her penis get warm and snug. Holding Sam’s face and looking deep into her eyes, Jamie inched her body upwards and gasped as she felt her penis slide into Sam’s vagina.

This time, Jamie lasted quite a long time, until Sam was moaning at every stroke. When Jamie could hold it no longer, she splashed inside of Sam with such force it propelled her a few inches down Sam’s body. The impact of Jamie’s ejaculation triggered Sam’s own orgasm and for a long while afterwards they both lay in dreamy silence.

“So,” Sam said. “This is the part where we tell each other our life stories. Tell me where you grew up.”

Jamie stiffened and said, “someplace I just want to forget. Let’s talk about you first.”

And so Sam told her story. She had always been a star athlete at any sport she cared to play When she was 17, that was beach volleyball and she made the Olympic team, won a gold medal, got her picture on the cover of magazines and met Queen Elaine. After the Olympics, Sam switched to basketball in time to win a provincial championship her senior year.

At Scarborough she made Varsity her freshman year and in her sophomore year she led S.U. to the national championship. They were on their way to a repeat championship her junior year, but during that game Sam was knocked down, and slammed her head hard against the hardwood floor. She was in a coma for two weeks, but came out of it okay – except that her basketball career was over.

“Oh my god, I remember that!” Jamie cried. “That was you?”

“I’m impressed,” Sam said. “I didn’t know the national sports news made it into those Gated In places.”

“Sometimes it did,” Jamie replied. “Hey, how did you know I grew up Gated In.”

“I didn’t know. I guessed.”

Jamie was silent for a moment and then said, “Did you also guess they raised me as a boy?”

“Oh my god, no! Until you were how old?”

“Until . . . yesterday,” Jamie whispered and began to cry. Sam held her as Jamie told Sam everything. Sam cried too, and cursed the people who did that to her.

“But I always knew I was really a girl,” Jamie said. “I stopped saying it because I knew it would have made me even more of a freak than the freak I already was.”

“You were NEVER a freak!” Sam said. “I hate those people.”

“I don’t hate them,” Jamie said sadly. “I’m just glad to be away from there.“

Sam held her close and after a while they dozed a little, but then Sam’s phone went off and she picked it up and looked at the screen. “Oh, I forgot — the damn dorm party. It’s our unofficial end-of- year thing and I really need to go. Come with me? As my date?”

“I would love to,” Jamie said, happy that Sam wanted people to know they were a couple now. The girls got out of bed and Sam started getting dressed. Jamie’s dress was back in her room, but her room key was right there on Sam’s dresser. Jamie picked it up and was formulating in her mind a humorous way of asking permission to go get her dress.

But no. The party was in the dorm basement. After all the places Jamie had gone naked, what would Sam think if she asked for her dress now? They were a couple now, so surely Sam was not still going to leave her in four days – or would she? They hadn’t talked about it – why hadn’t they talked about it?

All of this rushed through Jamie’s mind in the span of two or three seconds as she held the room key in her hand. Sam, who had been putting on her jeans, noticed Jamie had the key in her hands just as Jamie made her decision.

“I might need this later,” Jamie said, opening her little red purse and dropping the key inside. Then she got out her lipstick and leaned close to the mirror to put it on. Sam finished dressing as Jamie fussed with her hair and put her earrings back on. Sam was done and ready to go. She stood there looking at Jamie with a big grin on her face.

Jamie turned to face her and innocently said, “I’m going to leave my purse here – and it’s okay if I go barefoot, isn’t it?”

“That sounds perfect,” Sam said, opening the door. “So . . . are you ready to go.”

“Of course,” Jamie said, stepping out the door first. “Will there be any food? I’m a little hungry.”

They went down the hallway arm in arm — Sam wearing a t-shirt and jeans with flip-flops, and Jamie wearing only her red bead necklace and earrings.

The big room in the dorm basement was decorated like a bar but was never officially stocked with alcohol. The girls always brought their own bottles and bongs which were lined up on the bar for anyone to share.

About 40 girls were already dancing and drinking, plus a few shy boyfriends. The girls all gave a shout of welcome to Sam, the most popular R.A. in the dorm, and no one was surprised to see her with her arm wrapped around Jamie. If anyone was confident enough to date a herm, it was Sam McCain.

That Sam and Jamie were a couple was plenty obvious. When they were standing, Sam not only kept her arm around Jamie, but kept her hand squarely on Jamie’s beautifully bare butt cheek. When they sat on one of the couches, Sam pulled Jamie down onto her lap and caressed her skin as everyone else gathered around them. They were, without question, the focal point of the party.

Although Jamie would have much preferred not to be doing this naked, she was actually enjoying herself. She adored how Sam was treating her, and she could barely sit still because of the music. All her life she’d been limited to church hymns, but now she was bobbing her head and tapping her bare foot to every song they played. And now she watched attentively as across the room a few girls were testing a microphone stand on a small stage.

“What’s that for?” she asked Sam.

“Oh, they’re setting up the damned karaoke machine again. I hope you’re prepared for really bad singing by drunk chicks.” Jamie must have looked puzzled because Sam added, “oh you probably didn’t have karaoke, did you? Well, just watch and you’ll see how it works.”

Up on the stage three girls who indeed seemed quite drunk started singing along to an old rhythm and blues song while the karaoke machine played the music tracks and displayed the lyrics on a teleprompter screen. The girls were terrible singers, but Jamie was enchanted by it. After the third off-key performance, she said to Sam, “I want to do that”

Sam was surprised because as yet she knew nothing of Jamie’s musical background, nor did she fully understand how artistic talent was magnified by hermaphrodite genetics. Sam led her to the stage and showed her how to flip through the selections on the teleprompter screen. Jamie did not know many songs, but remembered those she’d heard. There was one popular song in particular that she’d first heard at the airport. She wanted to sing it to Sam, and when she found it she punched in the code.

Unlike the other girls at the party, Jamie was not drunk. She had consumed less than a half a glass of wine and was no longer under the influence of the pot she’d smoked in the bar. She was standing on stage in front of a crowd that had by now grown to 60 or 70 people, but that part didn’t bother her. One of the few things she had much experience at was singing in front of an audience – she had just never done it naked before.

The music started and launched into the song perfectly, with a voice so full and clear that everyone immediately realized this would not be the usual karaoke performance. A dozen cellphone video cameras came out to capture the moment.

Jamie was comfortable with the song, having heard parts of it three or four times. She’d chosen this song because the refrain of the chorus was “Choose me. Baby, please choose me.” The lyrics were about a girl who realizes that the girl she loves is also dating someone else, but for Jamie it was about whether Sam would move away for that job or stay with Jamie. So every time the chorus came around again, Jamie plaintively belted out the words “choose me, baby please choose me,” and she sang it directly to Sam, who watched her wide-eyed in surprise. Everyone else was surprised as well because Jamie’s voice was so beautiful and polished, her delivery so perfect. No matter what they’d been told about why herms were so special, this was the first time any of them had witnessed it in person.

At the end, Jamie held the final note much longer than on the original recording, and when she finished the room erupted in applause. Jamie was tickled by this because back at church no one applauded because it might instill vanity in the performer and doom her to a fiery damnation.

When Jamie came down from the stage she was enveloped by excited girls and Sam had to assert herself physically to get to Jamie’s side. Jamie loved the attention she was getting. She wanted to hug every girl who came up to her, but she was feeling a familiar sensation down below. If she didn’t leave soon, she was going to have an erection. Jamie whispered in Sam’s ear, “let’s go back upstairs.”

Since no one wanted to follow Jamie’s electrifying performance, the karaoke machine was packed up again, and the party began to wind down when it became clear that Sam and Jamie were leaving.

Jamie could not ignore the girls who were calling her name, so she waved back at them as Sam led her to the stairwell. The timing was good because as they reached the stairs Jamie’s penis was erect. No one else was around but Sam so Jamie did not try to hide it, but she wanted to get back to Sam’s room before anyone else happened along. She ran up the stairs and Sam followed, giving her pats on the butt as Jamie took two steps at a time.

They tumbled into Sam’s room and fell onto the still-damp bedsheets. Sam climbed between Jamie’s legs and began to kiss her in all of the places she knew Jamie loved. After Jamie splashed herself, Sam climbed up to her face and kissed her as their bodies slid slipperily against each other. And eventually they slept.