



"A must read for anyone who ever had to learn how to be comfortable in their own skin."

Playing With Dolls

"A sensitive and believable account of a young man's struggle to both sexual and social self-realization."

Sharazade
erotica writer, editor,
reviewer, publisher

Korin J. Dushayl
Author of *Broken* and *Shattered*



Playing With Dolls

Jesse enjoys playing with dolls and wearing girls' clothing and everyone from his parents, teachers, friends and neighbors assumes he will grow up gay. As an adult the burden of those assumptions hampers his ability to come to terms with his sexuality"

Korin I. Dushayl "has done a great job depicting a young man's journey in discovering his true self."

Allena Gabosch, Executive Director
Center for Sex Positive Culture

"How one is labeled versus how one experientially comes to self-identification held a captivating tension for me. ... the everyday details in the story created a realistically immersive landscape that made it easier to viscerally identify with the characters."

Mark Silver

Korin I. Dushayl "has accomplished something remarkable here, crafting a story that works on all levels – educating, arousing, inspiring, empowering, and (most importantly) emotionally connecting with the reader."

Sally Bibrary, Bending the Bookshelf

Playing With Dolls

By I.G. Frederick

First Edition

ISBN: 978-1-937471-99-6

© 2012 by I.G. Frederick

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author, except by reviewers who may quote brief excerpts in connection with a review.

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

Cover Design by

Nyla Alisia of Pussy Cat Press

<http://pussycatpress.com/>

P.O. Box 19764

Portland OR 97280



Chapter One

Jesse Andrews twisted one strand of his sandy brown hair around and around his finger, trying not to look at his mother who wept, her shoulders shaking. Their counseling sessions always ended the same way: his mother crying, his dad holding her, the counselor sitting behind her wood-topped metal desk, hands tented above her blotter, lips pursed in disapproval.

"I'm afraid that's all the time we have today, folks. We can continue where we left off next week."

Releasing his hair, Jesse picked invisible lint from his blouse. "My birthday's next week."

The counselor rifled through her thick folder of notes. "Your birthday's on Friday, our appointment's on Thursday."

Smoothing his skirt over his thighs, Jesse steeled himself before looking up at the counselor. She wore thick, black-framed glasses and kept her black hair cut shorter than his dad's.

"I'll be eighteen. I should get to decide if I want to continue counseling."

Her eyes widened. His mother gasped, and his dad cleared his throat.

Playing With Dolls

"Jesse, do you really think the need to resolve your communications problems with your family ends when you turn eighteen? You still have another year at South Eugene and you'll continue living with your parents while you attend U of O."

"We've come here every week for the last two years and nothing's changed. I'd have graduated by now if they hadn't decided I couldn't start school until I was a year older than everyone else." Jesse crossed one leg over the other, pulling the skirt taut.

"Son, we just didn't want you getting beat up all the time for being different." His dad touched Jesse's arm. "We thought if you had a year's growth on everyone else ..."

The only thing he'd ever heard the counselor say that made any sense was that his dad constantly called him "son" because he needed to remind himself that he'd fathered a boy. That revelation, however, hadn't changed his dad's habit of using the word until Jesse cringed.

"Whatever. I think we've wasted enough time and money. We never get past that Dad accepts I'm gay, but Mother can't cope with the fact that I'll never get married and have kids. I don't want to keep blowing an hour and a half I could spend studying and lord knows how much money that could go to tuition."

His dad threw up his hands and scowled. "Son..."

Jesse turned and glared at him, which stopped his words although not his frown.

His mother pulled more tissues from the ever-present box on the desk.

The counselor pressed her index finger against the manila cover of the folder and leaned forward. "Young man, do you really think you're qualified to determine whether

Playing With Dolls

or not your family needs or benefits from counseling?”

“Don’t need qualifications to see that nothing’s improved since the school made us come see you.” Jesse stood up, clutching his purse, and gave his dad a pleading look.

His dad pulled his mother to her feet, cradling her against his chest. Her tears wet his blue jersey knit shirt. “Umm, why don’t you cancel next week, Lorraine. I’ll call you if we want to set up additional appointments after that.”

“I can’t keep the time slot open if you’re not willing to commit.” The counselor flipped the page in her calendar and erased their names from the following week’s schedule. Jesse could only see one other appointment that day.

“I understand. Thanks for everything. We’ll be in touch.” His dad kept one arm around his mother and reached for the door with the other. Jesse followed them out to the blue Prius parked at the curb.



Chapter Two

Jesse stood in front of the mirror, turning from side to side, admiring the way his new pink satin skirt swirled around his legs. David, who he'd dated for almost six months, had promised him a special surprise for his birthday and Jesse wanted to look his best. He reached under the skirt trying to pull the edge of his black chiffon blouse taut, then changed his mind, dragged it out, and draped it over the skirt waistband. He frowned and tucked it in again. It didn't fit right without any padding on top, but he'd never liked falsies.

David's plans probably included sex. Although the idea didn't excite Jesse, he'd always felt left out when the other boys hanging out at Skinner Butte got together to brag. David had stuck around longer than anyone else, despite Jesse's refusal to go beyond kissing and petting. Flattered by the attention of an older man, a college sophomore, Jesse decided he'd let David have his way tonight. He didn't want to start adulthood still a virgin.

When he came down the stairs, David already sat in the living room chatting up Jesse's parents. They seemed to get along better with David than previous, younger dates.

Playing With Dolls

"Aren't you just gorgeous," Dad said.

His mother just sat in the easy chair wearing the tight smile that never included her eyes.

Jesse smiled at David who sat on the sofa, his arms folded across his chest. Although he claimed to envy Jesse his parents' acceptance, David still didn't like picking Jesse up for dates. "Your parents're just too weird for me," David had said more than once. "Most of the guys I date pretend we're just going out together to pick up girls." Despite his mother's attitude, Jesse had no wish to leave the house dressed in jeans with his drag in a backpack so he could change in a bathroom somewhere.

David stood. "You ready? We should get going."

Jesse gave David a peck on the cheek, careful not to smudge his lipstick or leave any on David's skin.

"You have a fun birthday celebration, son." Dad draped an arm over Jesse's shoulders.

Jesse avoided cringing, but ducked under his father's embrace to take David's hand. "Ready when you are."

David pulled him out into the bright sun and warmth of summer. "Are you really, ready?"

Jesse swallowed and nodded. Part of him was, anyway.

David treated him to his favorite restaurant, the Pearl Street Ice Cream Parlour. After burgers and fries, they shared the "For Me and My Gal" concoction -- cake with two kinds of ice cream and sauces. Although they battled with spoons for the best bits, David let Jesse have the cherry and kept his promise not to tell anyone it was Jesse's birthday. When the drum came out announcing two other celebrants, they joined other patrons in singing "Happy Birthday." With a mischievous glint in his brown eyes, David mouthed Jesse's name instead of the one shouted out

by the restaurant crew.

When they walked out of the restaurant, one of the boys from Jesse's algebra class stomped up the steps leading a couple of girls Jesse recognized and a guy he'd never seen before. "Jess?" Bethany asked.

Jesse flinched. "It's Jesse." He sighed. "Not Jess."

Jim, South Eugene's starting quarterback, flicked up the hem of Jesse's skirt. "Honey, if you're going to dress like this, we should call you Jessica."

"Oh, leave him alone." Bethany pushed at Jim, trying to get him to enter the restaurant. "You promised us a Volcano."

"Him? Don't you mean her?" Jim pinched Jesse's cheek. "You could give the girls lessons on how to dress for a date. Look at them, both wearing jeans."

Bethany's jeans looked painted on and Lori's had studs across her ass. Jesse thought they both looked prettier than he did. He admired their narrow waists, curvaceous hips, and the pert mounds that made their cheap tee shirts look far sexier than his more costly blouse.

Lori took Jim's hand. "Why do you always harass the poor boy? He's not bothering you. Now, if he was prettier than me, I might worry." She shook her long blond hair back from her shoulders and batted mascara-darkened eye lashes over baby blue eyes.

Jim let her pull him into the restaurant. Jesse gave Bethany a grateful smile. "See you when school starts, Jesse." She winked.

"Come on, sweetie." David took Jesse's hand and pulled him toward his scooter. It irked Jesse that David hadn't challenged Jim, but the boy did outweigh David by at least fifty pounds. Jesse refrained from complaining, put on his

Playing With Dolls

helmet, and climbed on behind David. He put one hand on either side of the older man's waist and David set off for U of O. He didn't turn in, just continued up Eleventh until it merged into Franklin. Jesse wondered what else David had planned besides sex, but just past the campus, David turned into the Days Inn parking lot.

Continue Reading

Buy it in Print



or

from Amazon

or

in E-Book
(mobi, epub, pdf)



Korin I. Dushayl "writes with authority and compassion about those who live within the lifestyle. Broken and Shattered explore issues including finding and initiating a submissive partner, informed consent, and the difference between dominating someone and exploiting their needs."

Elizabeth Coldwell

author, anthropologist, magazine editor

Buy it in Print



or

E-Book

Shattered

Just where do you cross the point of no return?

When a sweet, intelligent twenty-five year old with undiagnosed Asperger and PTSD seeks help from a ruthless, unscrupulous, sadistic therapist, she shatters his psyche and throws him into a suicidal depression. Her crude attempt to pick up the pieces -- enslaving him and subjecting him to unethical, unsanctioned, experiments -- ignores the lines of consent and the responsibilities of a Dominant. -- Inspired by a true story.

"The work ... unfolds with the assured touch of a best-selling mainstream author, seducing us into the lives of people with needs and agendas that find wings in the dark. Only an author familiar with this landscape could peel back these layers of psychological complexity without flinching and without dramatic compromise ... Prepare to submit to this reading experience, which will mark you

with its narrative power.

Larry Brooks, USA Today bestselling author of
Darkness Bound and *Bait and Switch*

Buy it in Print



or
E-Book

Choices

Must Linda's sexual awakening destroy her marriage?

From fairy tales to modern legal tradition, society demands we love exclusively, even though many only find happiness with multiple partners. Linda finally confronts long neglected sexual needs when Phil forces himself on her in Chicago. But back in Portland, her husband's insistence on monogamy compels her to choose between his limitations and her own insatiable desires.

But it in Print



or
E-Book

**For more information visit
<http://transgressivewriter.com>**