

ALMOST PERFECT



Young Adult

By Brian Katcher

ISBN: 978-0-385-73664-0

CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A teenage boy falls in love with a transgender male.

Summary of Concerns:

The book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; alternate genders ideologies; and profanity/derogatory terms.

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Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
5	<p>“C’mon, Logan. Don’t tell me you wouldn’t like to press your face into her chest and make motorboat noises.”</p> <p>I stifled a laugh. “Piss off, Jack.”</p>
99	<p>“Yes, Sage?”</p> <p>“I ...” She swallowed, took a deep breath, and closed her eyes. “I’m a boy.”</p>
100	<p>Sage is a guy. A boy. A MAN!</p> <p>...And I’d fallen for it. Jesus, I’d fallen for it completely. I’d kissed a boy. French-kissed a boy! That made me a fag, didn’t it? For a month, I’d fantasized about Sage. Her cute face, her muscular, athletic body. Now my mental image of her naked body filled me with horror. Big, hairy balls. An eight-inch cock. Flat, hairy chest and hairy back. And I had kissed her.</p> <p>No, not her. Him.</p>
101	<p>An idea worse than Sage’s confession. Worse than the knowledge I’d made out with a boy.</p> <p>I’d believed Sage was a girl. But does everyone else?</p>
104	<p>The girl who just happened to not mention that she had a dick growing between her legs.</p>
105	<p>“Sage, do you think I want my friends to know I kissed an ass pirate like you? Just stay the hell away from me. I don’t ever want to see you again, faggot.”</p>
122	<p>Could you pass the salt, Logan? Oh, and by the way, I’m really a boy.</p>
127	<p>“Is your name really Sage?”</p> <p>“Yes.” Okay. At least it’s not Steve.</p> <p>“Why ... why are you pretending to be a girl?”</p> <p>Sage snorted. “I fooled you, didn’t I?”</p>
128	<p>“Is your name really Sage?”</p> <p>“Yes.” Okay. At least it’s not Steve.</p> <p>“Why ... why are you pretending to be a girl?”</p> <p>Sage snorted. “I fooled you, didn’t I?”</p>
143	<p>She wouldn’t dare show it to a stranger because it would list her sex as male.</p>
163	<p>Sage didn’t smile, but she had such a warm look in her eyes, I had to remind myself that she was a boy.</p> <p>...“You’ve never met a transgendered person, have you?”</p> <p>...“I guess it started when Tammi was born. I had just turned three. I was so excited about having a little sister. She was so cute. Mom dressed her up like a little baby doll, in these little pink dresses, and bows, and the most adorable—”</p>
164	<p>“Sorry. I guess I assumed you were a lot older when you decided you wanted to be a girl.”</p> <p>Sage’s forehead wrinkled. “It wasn’t a decision, Logan. Tammi was what showed me that there was a difference between boys and girls. I realized I was a girl. I told Tammi I was her big sister. Told Mom and Dad that I was going to grow up to be a princess. That didn’t go over well, especially with Dad.”</p>
167	<p>“Okay. Why do you have to, um ... change?”</p> <p>“Transition,” she corrected.</p> <p>“Transition right now? I mean, why didn’t you tough it out for a few more years?”</p>

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	<p>Wouldn't it be easier to do this after you were out of school? When your parents weren't watching you?"</p>
168	<p>There was no way. He was a man in a dress. You could even see his beard stubble. ... "The point is, Logan, I don't want to turn out like that. I've been living as a girl for almost five years. I don't think anyone at school suspects. Next year, I'm going to enter college as a woman. I let myself deny that I was a female for over ten years. That's ten years wasted. And it'll probably be another ten years before I can afford the surgery." In my entire life, I'd never wondered about how a sex change worked. "So you're really going to have some doctor cut it off?" She shook her head. "They won't actually remove my penis," lectured Sage. "They'll slit it laterally to create ..."</p> <p>... "Okay. Yes, I do want to have sexual reassignment surgery, or a sex change, as you'd call it. When they're done, you could see me naked and still think I was born female." My testicles shrank up into my body as if they were in danger. ... If I didn't know better, I'd think she was staring at her crotch. "Over thirty thousand dollars. Mom and Dad won't help, of course. They'll pay for college but won't pay for me to become a full woman."</p>
198	<p>Sage had breasts. Now, from the age of about eleven, every straight guy cannot stop thinking about boobs. Dirty magazines, porno movies, swimsuit catalogs, women's health pamphlets ... We drool over whatever we can get our hands on. A lucky few get their hands on the real thing. Sage had the real thing. I bobbed by the rope that separated us from the deep end and stared at her. She was all the way in the water, though it only came up to her navel. The bunched swim skirt completely obscured her crotch. Her tits, however, were almost on display. That whole story about her being a boy was a lie! That was the only explanation. All this time, I'd assumed she stuffed her bra, that her real chest was as flat as mine, and now this! That was a woman's body. Then I remembered my confrontation with her dad. He had flat-out said Sage was male. But how? ... Could they be fake, press-on boobs? She wouldn't dare swim with those on. They must be real. That bikini left little to the imagination, and besides, her headlights were on.</p>
199	<p>I floated in six feet of water, rotating to follow Sage like a navigational buoy. They jiggled like the real thing. She had love handles, but not the paunchy gut of a guy. When you didn't take her height into consideration, she was well proportioned. ... All I could think of was Sage's sudden womanhood.</p>
205	<p>I remembered seeing her from behind at the pool, when I didn't recognize her. I'd thought she looked so beautiful, all wet in that bikini top. I had liked what I saw. And Sage knew it. I mentally begged her not to mention it. Didn't she realize I wasn't supposed to look at another boy that way? "Sage, how did you ... um ... develop like that?" ... "I take synthetic estrogen. Hormones, Logan." There was shame in her voice, like she was admitting to having some kind of fungus. ... "Like medicine? You actually grew those things?" ... "I started when I was fourteen. It took a few years, but I'm happy with the results. But</p>

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	<p>why are you so surprised? You had to have noticed before.” She was leaning back, and I could see the ghost of her curves against her robe.</p> <p>“I always thought you just wore a padded bra or something.” Men didn’t have breasts, not in my experience.</p> <p>“You never wondered why I don’t have a beard? You never noticed how soft my skin is?” She held her arm out to me as if she wanted me to feel her softness.</p> <p>...“Of course I noticed, but I just thought you were girly. I guess I never knew you could change someone’s body like that.” I thought back to the pool. Pills could turn a guy into a chick?</p> <p>Sage’s oversized robe had slipped slightly, revealing her bare shoulder. “Only if you start before puberty’s over. That’s another reason I transitioned early. If you started taking hormones now, you wouldn’t get nearly the results. Your breasts would stay small and pointy, and you wouldn’t lose your facial hair. Your, ah, other parts wouldn’t wither up as much, either.”</p> <p>...“So you just go up to the pharmacy and order this stuff?”</p> <p>“Ha! I wish. It’s a catch-twenty-two situation for trans-gendered people. Hormones have to be prescribed by a psychiatrist, and most therapists won’t let you start until you’re in your midtwenties. By then they won’t do you nearly as much good.” Sage crossed her legs, revealing her bare, hairless calves.</p> <p>I tried to read the label on the bottle, but it made no sense. “So how did you get these?”</p> <p>“I order them from Mexico. My grandfather left me a few thousand dollars, and my parents were foolish enough to put it in an account with my name on it. It was supposed to go toward a car for me, but instead ... Every month I have to buy an international money order, spend a bunch more on postage, and worry like hell that it won’t go through.”</p> <p>“Your parents let you do this?” I figured Sage’s father would cut off the medicine the second he found out.</p> <p>“They don’t know.”</p>
208	<p>I looked back. Sage was standing near her bed. The bottom of her bathrobe had fallen open, revealing that she was wearing a thick pair of gym shorts. Slowly, her hand crept up to the robe’s belt and began to undo it.</p> <p>...Her hand didn’t stop. The knot fell apart. Her robe began to open. Slowly. I had plenty of time to leave if I wanted. Why was she tormenting me like this?</p> <p>Her robe collapsed onto the bed. And there she stood, in nothing but shorts. Every detail of Sage’s damp body was revealed.</p> <p>This was the first time I’d ever seen an actual pair, in real life. Brenda, who was not as well endowed, never let me this close.</p>
209	<p>My hands raised and gently touched her hips. She was right, her skin was soft. Her body quaked. Our eyes locked. Sage was smiling a terrified smile. There I stood, holding a topless woman. I could feel her stomach expand with each breath.</p> <p>She took my right hand in both of hers. Her fingers wrapped around my wrist. Gently, she guided me upward. Sage wanted to be touched. She wanted me to touch her. Hip, belly, ribs ...</p> <p>Just before my fingertips made contact, I broke away. No explanation. I was out the door and on my bike within seconds. I didn’t stop moving until I had locked myself in the bathroom at home.</p>

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	<p>Sage ... oh, oh, Sage. Picturing Sage standing topless and damp in her room, I unzipped my pants.</p>
214	<p>By Sunday afternoon, Sage would be back to being just another trans-gendered girl who I'd shared secrets and saliva with.</p>
224	<p>"Tammi ... she looked out for me. Before I was allowed to wear women's clothes full-time, she'd buy me clothes and hide them in her closet. She'd help me with my makeup and tell me I was pretty. She was the only one who knew when I started on hormones. Now that I'm a full-time girl, she spies on me. She doesn't want me to do anything reckless. That's why she wouldn't let us be alone at the park that one time."</p>
250	<p>I DON'T CARE! I kissed Sage harder to drown out the voice. I wrapped my arms around her waist. We kneeled awkwardly, facing each other on the bed, holding hands across our laps. I didn't care. I didn't want to care. Sage was so wonderful. I could worry about everything else later. Right now, I was making out with a special, special girl. I'll be just fine. I mentally repeated the drunk driver's mantra as I lowered my arms. When my hand cupped Sage's rear, she let out a long, almost painful groan and leaned back. When she looked at me, there were tears in her eyes. "Logan, I'm so sorry." Was she apologizing for kissing me? Or for what we were about to do? It didn't matter. I grasped the hem of her shirt and began to lift. "Turn off the light, please," she said shyly. ...When I turned back around, Sage was sitting on the bed wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. She was looking down at the floor, her hands pressed between her knees. I'd never been so turned on in all my life. I thought, for a strange moment, of Brenda. I was suddenly glad that we'd never made love. I removed my shirt and sat next to Sage. She smiled at me. When I tried to kiss her, she fell backward onto the bed, her body on display. She was mine, if I wanted her. I touched her skin. "Logan?" "Yes, Sage?" God, why were we talking now? "Please be gentle. It's my first time." I kissed her. But not on the mouth. "Mine too." We didn't speak again for another two hours.</p>
266	<p>I saw the person who made me look like a fag in front of my sister. She sighed. "I wear a rubber device to hide my ... parts. It was killing me earlier. I had to take it off. I was in a shower stall; I thought I was alone." ..."Well, you weren't." I winced at the thought of what my sister had seen. What Sage kept hidden in those panties.</p>
268	<p>"I can't tell my sister I was willingly kissing a guy. She'll think I'm queer." "A guy?" My eyes were adjusting to the darkness. I could see Sage standing there, arms folded. "Last night, when we were naked in bed together, I was all woman. But now that things are rough, I'm a guy again."</p>
283	<p>I think they dug it out in 1935, then let it fall apart so four generations of Boyer High School students would have a place to get drunk, shoot off fireworks, and have illicit sex.</p>

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287	<p>Tammi screamed when she saw her sister, and for a horrible moment I thought Sage had slit her throat. She was hunched over the toilet, blood dripping from her face. I rushed over to her to inspect the damage. The half-clotted blood covered her mouth and nose. She hadn't done this to herself.</p> <p>...Sage hardly seemed conscious as I inspected the damage. Her nose was obviously broken. Her lip was split, and her right eye was swelling shut. Inside her mouth, I could see the stump of a broken tooth, the remains of her braces digging into her gums. I nearly joined her at the toilet when I realized this couldn't have been an accident. Someone had worked her over.</p> <p>"Sage? Who did this to you?" She moaned and shook her head. Blood splattered on my clothes.</p>
289	<p>Sage couldn't hide her gender from the staff, and you never knew who might overhear.</p>
290	<p>"I tried to get out of the car, and the son of a bitch followed me. He fucking tackled me, then really started pounding on me. I kept begging him to stop, but he just smiled and said he was going to fuck me up the ass. I acted like he knocked me out. That's when he left. Then I had to walk back to where I parked the truck."</p>
301	<p>My transsexual girlfriend got gay-bashed wasn't it.</p>
315	<p>"For the past four years, I've had to watch my only son dress like some drag queen. He shares clothes with Tammi, he does her makeup. Fuck, Logan, he takes drugs that made him grow tits. I never expected him to be a football player, but this!" He paused.</p>
331	<p>"I can't do it, Logan. I could live with a father who hates me, and a society that treats me like a damn joke, and a body that's too tall and too muscular ... but when that guy started pounding me, and calling me a fag, and kicking me in the crotch ..."</p> <p>..."I realized that I'm never going to be a woman. Even if I have the surgery, I'll be faking it. I'll always be a boy to my family, and I'll live the next sixty years wondering if my secret will get out. I just can't take it anymore. I tried and I failed, so I'm quitting. I wish we could stay friends, but after what we did together, we couldn't face each other man to man."</p> <p>..."You know what I mean. Sage, you're not a guy! You're a chick! Things are bad now, but in a few months ..."</p>
332	<p>"You think you'll be happy as a man?"</p> <p>"I'm not happy now."</p> <p>"You'll be miserable as a guy. You'd hate yourself. Is that what you want, to wake up twenty years from now and realize you pissed away your only chance at happiness?"</p>
352	<p>I thought I was a fraud, a fake woman, a transvestite.</p> <p>But then you came along. And you gave me hope. You treated me like a girl. A real girl. You made me believe I could do this.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	18
Bitch	7
Cock	2
Dick	3
Fag/Faggot	8
Fuck	16
Piss	10
Prick	2
Pussy	1
Shit	21
Tit	2