

The Bloody Organ

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I first masturbated when I was thirteen. I don't know where that puts me on average; I wouldn't be surprised if most genetic boys have discovered Onan's dirty little secret by then. Of course, I wasn't like other boys.

Growing up, I wasn't so much sheltered as just fantastically ignorant about all things sexual. I'd heard of masturbation, but I was little foggy on how it was done. "Why" was a bit of a mystery as well, but you didn't ask questions like that. I didn't, anyway.

Our household copy of *What's Happening to Me?* suggested it involved rubbing the tip of the penis, but that didn't do much. Thanks to my aversion to porn, I'd never seen so much as a money shot, or had any idea at all what lead to an orgasm. Through trial and error, however I eventually figured out what I needed to do.

It worked, and damn, it was worth the effort. (I've never understood why so much attention is given to the first time having intercourse. Regardless of the circumstances, the first *orgasm* strikes me as the more profound experience, the time when you realize just what your body is capable of.) As was probably the case for so many others, my moment of truth occurred with a picture of Debbie Harry.

I found it in the *Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock and Roll*. It was really quite tame by Blondie standards, with relatively little skin and no cleavage. Her eyes may even be in mid-blink. I responded to it, though. The accompanying fantasy was somewhat elaborate, but not what you'd call sexual. In fact, in my mind, there was no sex at all.

Perhaps because of what writer Jennifer Blowdryer would later call my "precise" nature, I tried to keep track of how many times I masturbated. I lost count after a dozen or so.

The following year, my mother and I moved in with her boyfriend on the outskirts of Fresno. My bedroom wasn't in the house per se, but in a separate building next to it, attached to the garage. It even had its own bathroom. For a fourteen year-old who appreciated privacy (as most do), it was perfect.

Better still, I wasn't the first occupant. My mother's boyfriend had used it as an office, and more recently one of my older brothers had lived there. When he left, he didn't take much of anything but his clothes, leaving behind his books and records. My tastes in pop culture were largely developed in that room.

That's also where I discovered the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog. I don't know if it was my mother's boyfriend or my brother who left it behind--probably both, in that order--but whoever it was, I thank them.

I absorbed every detail on every page. Not just the clothing, but the model's hair, makeup, expression, everything. Some of the pictures I didn't like at all, usually the ones which attempted to be quote-sexy-unquote. Others were just okay, and some...some, I could only hope, were visions of the future. I wished I was looking in a mirror.

I didn't imagine myself as a man having sex with them. The thought never crossed my mind, nor did I realize it was supposed to. Yeah, I knew how babies were made, but I had no idea what a big deal non-reproductive sex was to the rest of the world. I was so naïve, even by teenage standards, that the blatant sexuality of the catalog itself was lost on me.

For example, the text for one of my favorite items suggested "imagining yourself making an entrance" wearing it. I wondered *where*. A party, maybe? I had no idea. All I knew was that I wanted to be her, making that entrance, wherever it was. It's probably just as well I didn't know it was supposed to be a bedroom with a naked guy making a tent pole under the sheets.

Of course, between my mind's need to indulge in the unspeakable fantasy of being a girl and my male body's Need to jorm at every opportunity, I was wanking like mad to it. At least three times a day, more if circumstances permitted and my body was up to the task. The criterion for whether or not my body was up to the task was how it sounded at the time. If it sounded good, and I had nothing better to do, I did it. Being summer, my hands were often idle.

But you know how the spirit and the flesh seldom agree, and just because my glands were frequently ready for another go at it didn't mean my skin was. I'm not sure when I noticed it the first time; I suspect saw the blood on my fingers before I felt the stinging, and didn't notice either until I started breathing normally again. No doubt I was disturbed and told myself that I had better give it a rest for a while. With all due respect to P.J. Harvey, when you rub something 'til it bleeds, healing time is necessary.

...until it sounded good later that day, and I did it again. I was careful to avoid the raw spots, which was actually kinda nice because having my fingers in a slightly different position meant it didn't feel exactly the same as the last several dozen times. If I did hit the bloody parts, well, that was okay too. It didn't hurt *that* much, and at least it was a different sensation. A degree of boredom had long since set in, as it must when a behavior is compulsive—and *nothing* is more compulsive than the Need of a biological male to ejaculate.

Very seldom did it ever come close to feeling as good as the first time, but not for lack of trying. I started transitioning a decade later, and it was a tremendous relief to feel the estrogen chase the Need away.

And, yes--I eventually discovered lube.



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