

# Sissy & Daisy



# Dulci Daily



A "Spectrum Tv" Novel



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# SISSY & DAISY

by Dulci Daily

## SISSY OF MERCY

### Chapter 1

*I've got to, my heart and my four-inch erection demanded in unison. My poor, lonely men need me so much!*

I took a deep breath and trembled as I released it. I would need to go to confession again this Saturday, I knew—but I was so weak when it came to resisting temptation, especially when men needed me!

As I had done so often before, I opened my plain white dress shirt and looked down. My thin white T-shirt, clinging close to my plump little girlish breasts, distinctly showed my nipples. They were as erect and excited as my short, stout “coquette,” my “big clitoris.” (These had long been my secret feminine names for what, on a much more manly man than I, would have been called a “cock.”)

I stripped off my T-shirt, baring my dark, hot nipples. Men would be gazing at them soon in fascination, I knew; men would be kissing them too. Men might even feel deeply in love with me for a few short moments of bliss, until they ejaculated, releasing their almost unbearable tension. Then they would thank me most sincerely and go, and I would move on to another deeply appreciative man. At last my own orgasm, withheld as long as possible for the sake of my dear men, would overcome me. Then I would shower, dress, and leave, knowing I had sinned again—though I would be pleased to think I had sinned only from weakness, not from malice. On Saturday I would go to confession, and firmly resolve to sin no more. I really *would* sin no more, in that way at least, for a good long while if all went well—maybe even three or four weeks. But sooner or later again, I knew, the pressure would build up to the bursting point, and I would think with pity of lonely men who were about to burst as I was, and I would go to them on another errand of mercy.

I sighed, opened my trousers, and stripped. My reddish-purple plum was swollen to the maximum at the end of my short shaft. Quickly I opened my dresser drawer and pulled out a sheer, pure white negligee. I lifted it over my head and pulled it down until the spaghetti straps touched my shoulders. It was cut very low to show my surprisingly long, delectable cleavage to any man who cared to see me, and perhaps pursue me. The lacy, fluffy hemline reached barely below my big girlish buttocks and my coquette; below it, my plump but pretty thighs would be plainly visible to men.

I had to wear more than that, though, for my light-rail journey to downtown Pacific Heights, where I would meet my men at Club Swank Wank. I was a sissy of mercy, and I would dress the part. The Pope favored simple, recognizable attire for religious women, and I had just the thing.

From my closet I retrieved my black, white-collared nun's habit, reaching well below my knees, and I put it on over the negligee. Then I took out my black veil with a white headband in front, unmistakably a Catholic nun's veil. I adjusted it so it showed a bit of

my long dark brown hair above my forehead, as nuns who still wore habits often did today, unlike in decades gone by. In the mirror I verified that my looks were sufficiently nun-like, though my lips were noticeably fuller and redder than those of your average nun. I completed my outfit by slipping on my sensible black nun shoes, and stepped out into the cool autumn twilight.

My heart was racing, as it had done many times before in the same situation, but I tried to act as if everything were quite normal and ordinary. A real nun wouldn't live alone in a tiny house as I did, but I looked straight ahead, trying not to wonder if anyone was staring and thinking correctly that I was a fake nun. My broad hips were swaying in a most un-nun-like manner, but I hoped the habit concealed them enough to make me look decent.

I walked past the homes and shops on Cordelia Street, beneath the trees with light green leaves shimmering in the cool breeze, in the midst of the unchanging evergreens. Soon I arrived at the light rail station, only a few blocks from my lonely little home. Beneath the big sign proclaiming that the station was located in "APPLEDALE," I looked at my watch. My timing was good; the rail car was scheduled to arrive in only a few minutes.

I just had time to glance at the headlines. "APARTHEID DEAD IN S. AFRICA," the main headline screamed in the *Pacific Heights Informer* for Wednesday, June 5, 1991. No doubt I should give thanks to God for this, I thought, and I did. So many people around the world had gone through so much in hope of freedom—sometimes successfully, sometimes not. I remembered other great headlines from the past few eventful years: "BERLIN WALL FALLS"; "THOUSANDS KILLED IN CHINA CRACKDOWN." I tried to give thanks to God for my own freedom, but I couldn't quite dare to do it—for my freedom was the freedom to sin with men at Club Swank Wank!

The rail car came; I got in and paid my fare. Few people were going downtown in the evening hours; the car was almost empty, and no one was sitting near the seat I selected. This was nothing like my ride home from work, only two hours earlier, when the car

was jam-packed all the way to Seaview Grove, and still pretty full when it got to Appledale.

The car started smoothly and quickly sped up, racing toward my destination and my men. I tried to maximize the “mercy” aspect of what I was going to do, while minimizing the “sin” aspect. “Dear Lord,” I silently prayed, “you know my weakness, and my need. Bless the men I will meet tonight; help me show mercy to them in their own need; deliver them from every evil. Forgive me all my sins, and bring me one day to everlasting life with you, along with a great many more sinners.”

I gazed out the window of the rushing rail car, as if in hope of receiving some reassurance from the Lord. Soon I saw the ocean, with the sun descending close to the horizon, and the cloudy western sky in all its many-colored glory. “The Lord is my light, my help, my salvation,” my heart sang; “whom shall I fear? With God I fear no one.” It was true, at least right now. I hoped it would still be true when I passed Seaview Grove in the gathering darkness, when I traversed the long tunnels beneath Farquhar Village and Queen’s Bluff, when I emerged into the gathering dusk downtown. There I would see the sun no more; the only visible light would be artificial, and even that would be dim inside Club Swank Wank.

I swallowed hard as I emerged from the rail car in the underground station, went up in the escalator, and came out into the cool evening air downtown, at the corner of Arthur Boulevard and Capitoline Avenue. Across the street I saw the “Big Black Block”—the Magnum Supreme Building, tallest building in Pacific Heights—where I worked as a paralegal for the prestigious law firm of Farquhar, Hardart & Frick. I stayed on the other side of the boulevard until I got to the Rue Remarque, one long block north of Capitoline Avenue. Then I crossed the boulevard and walked down past the Rue Arnauld (downtown Pacific Heights is filled with little streets with big, pretentious French names, as you’d know if you lived anywhere in or around the city). Half a block farther down toward the harbor, I came to the familiar round-topped, gold-plated door, and the plaque on the wall discreetly but unmistakably proclaiming



that you would enter “CLUB SWANK WANK” if you went through the door.

I did go through, and almost at once I got a friendly greeting from Jake, the curly-haired, freckle-faced young guy at the front desk. “Hey, Sister Angela!” he called out. “Long time no see!”

It had been a long time indeed, by my standards: a full four weeks. I had gone to confession after my last visit to the club, and then I had kept my resolution to sin no more (until tonight), except for the usual dumb venial sins that cropped up like weeds every day. I hadn’t indulged in solitary sin either, nor had I had any wet dreams—so, as you might easily guess, I was almost bursting with sperm.

There had been a time, not too long ago, when I hardly ever missed a week at the club. Back then, I spread out my confessions at several different churches, to avoid giving the true but embarrassing impression that my resolution to sin no more was mighty weak. Now I could go to my local parish church, St. Oliver Plunkett’s, twice in a row—not only because it had been four weeks, but because a new priest, Father O’Binion, had replaced Father Goldsmith shortly after my last confession.

“Hi, Jake!” I said in reply. “Uh, yes, it’s been at least long enough. I’m glad to be back.” I stripped off my habit, though not my veil, right in front of Jake, letting him glimpse me nude beneath the sheer negligee.

His eyes were bulging, and he grinned. “Wow, too bad I’m on duty and I can’t leave the desk!” he exclaimed.

“You won’t always be at the desk,” I said with a smile. The negligee straps were stretchy enough that I could pull the neckline down to show Jake my bare breasts, and I did. His eyes bulged more, and he reached over the counter with both hands to pinch my erect nipples. “Oh, God, Sister Angela, please come here on my next evening off!” he begged. “I’m off on Mondays and Tuesdays.”

“We’ll see,” I said with a flirtatious smile. I knew it was highly unlikely that I would come next Monday

or Tuesday, but maybe I would in a future week. Jake was sweet and cute, and I wouldn't want to disappoint him forever.

I paid my member's fee, quite a modest sum for the opportunity to get sexy with so many men. I entered the club, put my habit in a locker, and turned to meet my men, still wearing the veil and the negligee.

I looked for the men who seemed the neediest, not the greediest. Admittedly, I didn't have what it took to be a saint kissing the sores of lepers or anything like that, but I didn't demand actual good looks in a man. When I saw a white-haired man with a pockmarked face and a long, thin erection, I looked over my shoulder at him, gave him a big smile, and swung my hips invitingly. He readily got the hint and followed me into a private room. There I stripped off my negligee, hung it up, and turned to face him.

"Oh, God, babe, are you ever sexy!" he praised me. "Look at those tits, and feel that ass!" He pressed and squeezed both my breasts at once while facing me; then he kissed my nipples, giving them even hotter, harder little erections than they had had before.

Soon he was turning me around. I reached between my legs to grasp his cock, making sure he wasn't going to try to violate the "no buttfucking" rule of Club Swank Wank. Gingerly I descended to kneel on the mattress, bringing him down on top of me. Then I gave him a wild ride like a mare mating with a stallion, rubbing and squeezing his cock as tightly and hard as if I were really a woman and he were plunging deep into my womanly entryway from behind, while he gripped my breasts and moaned at the approach of his orgasm. It did not take long, and I successfully withheld my own orgasm, to bestow it later upon another man.

"Oh, God, babe!" the man moaned again when he was fully drained. "You're the greatest! Let me see you here again any time!"

"Thanks so much. That was great," I complimented him, without suggesting that he would see me again at any time. Soon he arose and was gone.

I slipped my negligee back on and left the room. My excitement was still rising, and my plum was again swollen to the maximum. I did not think I could withhold my orgasm again. I headed for the open shower room, my best bet for quickly finding another man.

A man was kneeling to blow a man when I entered the shower room and hung my negligee on a hook. I looked around to see if any men looked lonely and needy. The one who caught my eye right away was a fat, short-haired young man with zits all over his face, who had an enormous cock—at least twice as long as mine, with a bulb that looked like a big nectarine compared to my medium-sized plum. He fixed his eyes on me as soon as I entered, and I fixed mine on his in return. I got under the shower head next to him, smiled at him, and pressed my big clitoris down into hiding between my thighs to complete my feminine look and feel. Then I gave him my best come-hither look—feeling that this would be quite as close as I wished to come to kissing a leper—and he responded at once.

Wasting no time, he lathered up my loins with his soapy hand, slipping it between my thighs to rub my clitoris; then he gripped my big sissy buttocks and pressed his erection between my thick thighs and my throbbing clitoris, making me shiver with excitement. Turning my head to the side so I wouldn't see his ugly face, I squeezed his great cock tightly with my wet, soapy thighs and pumped my hips while standing up straight in the shower, making loud fuck noises and trying to give him maximum pleasure. I felt my orgasm coming on, and this time I did not withhold it. When his thrusts reached maximum force and he was groaning and gasping, I went wild with my hips and ejaculated backward between my thighs.

“Hey, babe, that was terrific,” the young man spoke at last. “Thanks a lot! See you here again sometime?”

“We'll see,” I said, giving him my best noncommittal smile.

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*I sure hope this new priest won't ask too many questions about my sins*, I thought as I waited in the short line for confession. The old priest, Father Goldsmith, was pretty easy-going. I just told him I dwelt on impure thoughts and feelings, I masturbated (which I usually did since my last confession, no matter how hard I tried to avoid it), and I did such-and-such other sins; then he gave me a few Our Fathers and Hail Marys for penance, I said the act of contrition, he gave me absolution, and I was out of there until next time. There was no need to say what kinds of impure thoughts and feelings I dwelt on, much less what an abnormal and effeminate style of *mutual* masturbation I indulged in when the temptation became too strong to resist.

Now I would see if the new priest, Father O'Binion, would be equally ready to forgive my vaguely described sissy sins. Before too long the person ahead of me came out of the confessional; the green light above the door went on. I entered and knelt down on the other side of the grill from Father O'Binion, although the confessional could be used for face-to-face confessions too. I never went face to face. The totally anonymous confrontation between the nameless, faceless sinner and the authorized agent of the Church was what I wanted—not entirely different, perhaps, from my totally anonymous encounters with men at Club Swank Wank.

“Bless me, Father, for I have sinned,” I said after making the sign of the cross. “It's been about four weeks since my last confession. Since that time, on several occasions I dwelt on impure thoughts and feelings, and on one occasion I masturbated.” I didn't think I needed to say I had gone to Club Swank Wank and indulged in mutual masturbation with two men, two total strangers. I told him about some boring venial sins too, and ended by saying, “I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life, especially any sins against purity.”

“Well,” said Father O'Binion, “the sinfulness of impure thoughts and actions can be increased or decreased by circumstances.” His voice was deep, reso-

nant, and manly. I was afraid he could be heard outside the confessional. At least I was pretty sure I couldn't, for I was trying to speak as softly as possible while still being heard through the grill.

"Are you unmarried?" he asked me.

"Yes." Sometimes I wished I wasn't, but I feared my bisexual cravings were so strong I would cheat with men for sure if I were married.

"Well, it's often very hard for unmarried people to avoid these sins, and Our Lord understands that." My heart began to warm to him at once. This was a very good sign, I thought. Surely Father wouldn't be too hard on me for committing such hard-to-avoid sins.

"Now, were these thoughts and feelings about heterosexual activity, or homosexual?"

"Uh—homosexual." My heart grew chilly again at once. This wasn't such a good sign at all, in fact it was a very bad one. Unlike Father Goldsmith, Father O'Binion was asking too much; I feared he would proceed to ask *way* too much. I clasped my hands together hard; I felt my heart pounding.

"Was there any effeminacy involved?" This was terrifically bad, especially since I still feared he could be heard outside the confessional. I was trembling, and yet I began to feel a strange, fierce urge to tell all, no matter how shameful. "Yes," I gasped. "I wore women's clothes, in fact I wore a nun's habit, and then I—I removed my clothing, and pretended I was a woman committing fornication."

Father was silent. I hoped I hadn't shocked him speechless, although I was pretty sure no sin could ever shock a priest speechless. "Er—without mentioning any names," he said at last, "was any other person involved in any of these sins?"

I felt like groaning in misery. He was going to know everything, absolutely everything. "Yes," I admitted, "I went to a place called Club Swank Wank, where I met two men, two total strangers, one after another, and pretended I was their girlfriend, and engaged in homosexual activity with them."

Father was silent again. “Did you engage only in manual stimulation with them?” he then demanded to know.

“Uh—no, no, I also allowed them to put their—their male members between my thighs. And, uh, I rubbed my own member against one of the men’s members when it was between my thighs, causing both of us to experience, um, emission of semen. And I also caused the other man to experience emission of semen by grasping his member and pretending he was entering my female opening from behind while he reached beneath me and grasped my breasts as if they were a woman’s breasts.” The worst of it was that I was actually getting an erection while telling about it—and yet somehow it gave me a bizarre feeling of relief to tell all, almost to the point of pornography.

“I see. So your sin was not only masturbation, but intercrural copulation with two men.”

“Well, yes.” Yes, I had not only succumbed to fleshly urges, but I had tried to minimize my sin because of embarrassment! My shame could hardly have been greater, or more painful, even if I had stood before Father in the nude, or in women’s clothes.

He was silent yet again. “Well, you know,” he then said slowly, “unusual sins may require unusual remedies. Have you ever taken the discipline?”

“No.” I did know what “taking the discipline” meant; it meant whipping yourself. I didn’t think it was likely that I could whip my effeminacy and my urge to masturbate out of myself. If anything, I feared a whipping might have the opposite effect.

“I’d strongly recommend that you give it a try.” he advised me. “I can instruct you in the proper use of the discipline, if you wish.”

I was afraid. I tried to think straight. If Father O’Binion had been some far-out liberal wacko priest, I would have thought he wanted to whip my big sissy buttocks, or to watch me whipping them, for sinful purposes. Father O’Binion wasn’t that kind of priest at all, though. His reputation for hard-line conservatism had preceded him to St. Oliver’s, and he had al-

ready given great offense to the liberal types in the parish by preaching against contraception. Maybe the discipline really would help me be pure, I thought, if he said it would. “Uh, all right,” I said, “if you think it will help.”

“I do indeed,” he said. “We’ll schedule an appointment for that purpose in a minute. For your penance, say five decades of the rosary. Now make a good act of contrition.”

I did, feeling slightly stunned. No doubt five decades of the rosary was pretty light compared to the penance for sins like mine in centuries long past, but still it was mighty stiff by today’s standards. This priest obviously meant business. “I firmly resolve, with the help of your grace, to sin no more, and to avoid the near occasions of sin,” I said to God, hoping my firm resolve wouldn’t dissolve when I was whipping myself in Father O’Binion’s presence.

“And I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit,” Father finished up. “Your sins are forgiven; go in peace.”

“Thank you, Father,” I said.

“Now, as for your appointment,” he said, “would this coming Monday evening at about 7:30 be convenient for you?”

“Uh, yes.”

“Very well. I’ll see you then.”

## Chapter 2

“Hi, Angelo!” Kathy Delarondie called out to me and waved after Mass on Sunday. I waved back and smiled. I always liked to see Kathy’s round, freckled face, and we were friends despite our disagreements—but of course Kathy didn’t call me *Angela*. I was the only person in the universe who called myself that, except on occasion when I disclosed my secret feminine name to a guy I met for mutual masturbation at Club Swank Wank.

“Isn’t Father O’Binion great?” Kathy asked rhetorically. The obvious answer, to her at least, was *yes*. She had barely kept herself from cheering out loud when Father had preached against contraception. Today he had scored another big hit against impurity. He talked about the story of the woman caught in adultery. Father said the most important part of the story was where Jesus told the woman “Go and sin no more,” after she didn’t get stoned to death and He didn’t condemn her. Then Father used that part as a springboard to talk about how the commandment against committing adultery was really about a lot more than just adultery, like fornication, homosexual activity, masturbation, and so on and on, even—you guessed it—contraception. A lot of people (including me) were getting pretty restless before the end of the homily, but I knew Kathy had loved every minute of it.

“Well, I sure hope so,” I said. “I just wonder if his sermons are a little too hard-hitting.”

“He’s standing up for the truth,” Kathy insisted. “If you stand up for the truth, some people aren’t going to like it.”

“Yeah, but there’s such a thing as hitting people too hard with the truth,” I retorted. “As St. Thomas says, when considering whether to engage in fraternal correction, you need to consider the probable effect. If it will probably just give offense, and make your listeners worse and more hard-hearted than they were before, you shouldn’t do it.” I was probably a lot better at citing St. Thomas Aquinas in conversation than your average mediocre Catholic, and I largely had Kathy to thank for it. Ever since we were freshmen at SIDU together—that’s Sts. Ives and Dymphna University here in Appledale, in case you didn’t know—Kathy and I had been friends and often debating partners. We graduated a year ago, and we were both still living in Appledale.

“Well, there’s such a thing as not hitting people hard enough with the truth, too,” Kathy shot back. “That’s a bigger problem.”

“Not for *you*,” I twitted her with a smile. “But maybe for some people. We’ll see how it turns out for Father O’Binion.”

“I bet it will turn out really well,” Kathy said. “I hope the Holy Father will make him the next bishop of Pacific Heights after Bishop Bean retires, which I hope he will *soon*.” Kathy didn’t like Bishop Bean much because she thought he was too soft on liberals and wackoes. I liked him fine myself, and I wasn’t at all sure a “Bishop O’Binion” would be an improvement.

“Too bad women can’t be bishops,” I teased her, “or you could do it yourself and not have to depend on Father O’Binion, or whoever the next bishop really turns out to be.”

“Very funny,” Kathy said. “You know, Angelo, one of the things I like about you is your sense of humor.”

I stared at her. She wasn’t being sarcastic. She actually meant it. She was smiling at me, and even starting to blush.

“Well, thank you,” I said. “I’m glad there’s *something* you like about me.”

“Don’t be silly,” she said. “I like a lot of things about you. Don’t sell yourself short.” She was really blushing now.

Her words touched my heart, and her blush did too. I was pretty sure there were some things she *didn’t* like about me, like the length of my hair. There were a lot more she wouldn’t like if she knew about them, starting (but not ending) with my pink Patti’s Puffies panties concealed beneath my trousers. Still, I had to respond to her in kind: “There are a lot of things I like about you, too—like your honesty and forthrightness, for example.”

She blushed even harder, as if I had embarrassed her by catching her flinging herself at me. My eyes opened wide in dawning recognition. I liked Kathy, and I thought she was nice-looking in a plump, homey, unglamorous sort of way, but I had never before suspected that she might like me in any but the plainest, most unromantic way. Now I did suspect,

and her bright red blush told me that my suspicion had hit the spot.

“Well, I hope I’m not being *too* honest and forthright,” she apologized, for no good reason.

“Not at all,” I assured her. “Aren’t you the one who was just maintaining that it’s better to hit people too hard with the truth than not hard enough?”

“Well, yes,” she admitted.

“OK, so you hit me hard, and I hit back.” I grinned. “Fair enough?”

“Fair enough,” she had to agree.

“The truth is,” I said, “that you like a lot of things about me, and I like a lot of things about you. So what are we going to do about it? Form a mutual admiration society and leave it at that, or get to know each other better, faults and all, so we can see what everything adds up to after that?” I didn’t give her a chance to answer yet. “How would you like to go out to Arturo’s for dinner sometime,” I asked, “and disclose your faults to me, and I’ll disclose mine to you, so we can see if we might be able to stand each other in the long run?”

Kathy laughed. “Is that your idea of how to ask a girl out for a date?” she asked me. Her eyes were wide in wonder, presumably at the thought of her and me “standing each other” in the long run—like for life.

“Uh, well, yeah, I guess it is,” I admitted.

“Well, I guess it will have to do, then,” she said. “Sure, I’d like that. When is this great date to take place?”

“Uh, how about this Tuesday evening?” I did *not* tell her what I was going to do on Monday evening.

“OK, it’s a date!” She was actually *glowing*. I figured she might even agree to marry me someday, if I asked her. I wasn’t at all sure I should ever ask her—but at least I could try to find out if I should or not.

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My heart was thundering, and my stout four-inch erection was throbbing, as I approached the rectory for my appointment. I must be crazy, I thought. I was going to let a priest see me whipping myself—while wearing pretty pink panties and, under my less than fully opaque shirt, a lacy little white bra! My only excuse, my only halfway rational excuse, was that the panties were an essential part of what needed to be whipped, and the bra was an equally essential component of my shameful effeminacy. I figured Father O’Binion needed to know that just a little bit of light whipping wouldn’t suffice to make me a manly man. But another motive, totally irrational, lurked so deep within me that I could not yet acknowledge it: I was secretly fascinated by the thought of tempting this priest, who had found out all about my most painfully embarrassing sin, to sin himself.

I knocked on the door. Father O’Binion himself opened it. “Come in,” he said. “You’re here for your appointment, I believe.”

“Yes.” I looked into his eyes, and he looked into mine. I could see his steel-gray eyes darting down to my bra beneath my flimsy shirt, and then leaping back up to search my own eyes. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

“Very well. Please come this way, to my private conference room.”

He led the way to a little, sparsely furnished room. He closed the door, sat behind the desk, and asked me to sit down in one of the few chairs. The only other things of note in the room were a little sofa—a love seat, I had to think—and a big picture of Jesus showing his Sacred Heart. As usual in such pictures, He was pointing to His Heart, which was on fire, signifying that it was full of divine love.

“I don’t believe I know your name yet, my child,” he said.

“I’m Angelo Agnessi.” I didn’t say “Angela”—at least not yet.

“I’m very glad to meet you, Angelo,” he said. “Well, I’ve asked you to come here because I’m hoping to help you come to know the mercy of God more fully. That’s really what life is all about, you know: accepting the mercy of God, and showing mercy to one another.” His eyes were fixed on me. I wondered what he might be thinking about how he and I could show mercy to each other. “That, of course,” he said, “is why we worship Our Lord especially through His Sacred Heart: because His Heart is the living fountain of His mercy.”

I glanced back up at the picture of Jesus, and nodded to show that I understood. What I didn’t understand was what this had to do with taking the discipline. I looked at Father O’Binion to try to see if I could get some clue as to what was in his mind. I saw a tall, strong-looking, gray-haired man with piercing gray eyes, wearing the standard Roman collar and black suit, looking at me intently—but not, at least not yet, revealing his mind or his heart.

“I suggested,” he went on, “that it might help you to take the discipline. Some people, I’m afraid, might not understand what the mercy of God has to do with—with trying to drive out sin by the use of the discipline. You’ll recall that Our Lord, who is mercy itself, made a whip of cords and drove the money-changers out of the temple. His greatest act of mercy is to free us from sin, even if it takes a whipping or two. Does that sound right to you?”

“Uh, yes.” It did, actually. I really did want to be free from sin—and yet there was this other desire, the totally irrational one, deep within me too.

“Very well. Let me show you how to take the discipline.” He opened a drawer in his desk and drew out a whip, like a small cat-o’-nine-tails, except it had nothing but knots on the ends of the cords. “You’ll need to drop your trousers for a minute or so,” he said, just as if he were a doctor telling me the same thing. “I’ll show you how it goes, and then you can try it on yourself.”

I could feel myself blushing and sweating as I unbuckled my belt, unzipped my trousers, and let them fall to the floor, revealing my pink Patti’s Puffies pant-

ies in all their glory. The panties were baggy, but still I was pretty sure Father could tell I had an erection.

I saw Father swallow hard. He, too, was starting to blush and sweat, while trying not to let on that anything was amiss. “Very well,” he said. “Please bend over with your hands on the desk.” His deep voice was shaking. I complied, but first—in full view of Father, and even glancing into his eyes—I reached into my panties to press my erection down into hiding, back between my legs.

“Now, you want to whip yourself firmly, like this, not going too easy on yourself.” He began to hit me hard with the whip through my panties, on my butt, my backward-facing balls, and my protruding plum. It only excited me more, especially when he put his hand on my back to hold me down, and touched the back of my bra through my shirt.

“Now you try it,” he told me. I took the whip and awkwardly tried to apply it to myself, but with little effect. “I’m afraid I’m not very good at it,” I admitted. “Would you mind taking another turn?”

“Very well,” he said. “If this starts to hurt too much, please let me know, and I’ll stop at once. We’ll try it this way, and see if it has a greater effect.”

He wheeled his chair around to my side of the desk, sat down in it, and bent me over his lap. I could tell at once that he too had an erection, a big one. Then he pushed my shirt up and pressed his hand against my bare back, moving it up until his hand was on the back of my bra.

He let out a deep breath, seemingly trying but failing to make no sound. His hand closed around the back of my bra. “I’m afraid this is a—a very serious case of effeminacy,” he said. “It will call for a somewhat unusual use of the discipline. Please stand up and remove your shirt, and your—your bra, and then put your hands behind your back.”

I complied, feeling that my hot face must be beet-red. “Now please try to offer up your sufferings in reparation for sins,” Father instructed me. Then he started to whip my bare breasts very hard, so hard I almost cried out in pain. I stood still and tried to of-

fer up my sufferings, but soon I was getting almost too excited to suffer. My dark nipples were as hot and hard as if Father had been rubbing and kissing them, and my big clitoris was throbbing between my thighs. I knew that sissies were supposed to get excited from whippings, but never before had I had the experience.

“Now please bend over again,” he said, “and we’ll complete the use of the discipline.”

I bent over Father’s lap again, feeling his big erection pressing hard against me through his trousers and my panties. He started to whip my thinly clothed buttocks, my balls, and my plum even harder than he had whipped my breasts. I was squirming in pain, and yet in ever-growing excitement. The excitement was outracing the pain, and I succumbed to it fully. Now my thighs were clenching and unclenching in rapid rhythm, and my big sissy buttocks were pumping hard and harder. I knew my orgasm was approaching fast, and I was doing nothing to try to stop it; instead, I was eagerly bringing it on. Father must be aware of what was happening, must know why my bottom was squirming out of control, and why I was gasping for breath. Soon my hips were gripped by the too-familiar earthquake, and my panties were wet with gush in back, beneath my butt.

“Oh, Father,” I murmured, “I’m sorry. I’m afraid I’m a terribly hard case, aren’t I?”

“Yes, indeed.” Father was breathing hard. My panties were starting to get wet in front, too, where they were closest to Father’s erection. I could feel him throbbing through his trousers. He seemed to be trying to exercise rigid self-control, but I knew he was ejaculating.

“This may take a fair amount of time and effort,” he said. Again he took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “You are indeed a terribly hard case of effeminacy, Angelo—but also an extremely promising one. Can you come again at the same time tomorrow?”

“I’ve got an appointment tomorrow evening, but how about Wednesday?” I was too eager. The totally irrational desire was gaining control, getting ever

stronger now that I had felt Father's erection and known how powerfully I could excite him, even to orgasm. It was a sin, I knew—but I would repent later, not yet.

"Very well," he said. "Next time, I think it would help if you came prepared to dress as a good Catholic schoolgirl. Don't wear girls' clothes when you're coming to the rectory, of course, but bring them along in a bag or something."

He struggled to control his breathing. "You see," he said, "for someone like you, who's strongly inclined toward effeminacy, it can actually be helpful to dress up as a good, pure young lady. It's true that, as a general rule, men shouldn't wear women's clothes—but we must apply what the great moral theologians call "*epikeia*," a Greek word that means knowing when to make exceptions to general rules. When there's a good reason to wear girls' or women's clothes, such as when it would give you genuine help in becoming pure, it's all to the good. Do you see?"

"Uh, yes." I saw that Father wanted very much to see me dressed as a Catholic schoolgirl, although I didn't see quite so clearly that it would be all to the good, much less that it would really help me be pure.

"Very well," he said. "Er—I think you'll wish to get cleaned up before you go. I'll get you a plastic bag for your, er, your soiled underthings."

## Chapter 3

Next evening, my sensation of living a double life was intense, and sometimes painful, especially since I had just acquired some Catholic schoolgirl clothes before going on my date with Kathy. Of course I would never tell Kathy about what either I or Father O'Binion had done, nor would I ever let her see me wearing feminine attire—unless I decided I wanted her to flee from me in horror, and I didn't. A clean, wholesome life together with Kathy, I fancied, would be far from the worst of evils.

Kathy was a great talker, and she chattered on and on about this and that while we got and ate our din-

ner at Arturo's Italian Buffet. Supposedly we were going to tell each other about our faults to see if we could stand each other, but I sure wasn't eager to tell her about my real faults, and I wasn't going to make up fake ones. Actually, I was thinking about whether Kathy was attractive enough for me to want to marry her, and being surprised to find that she was. Her round, freckled face was really pretty when she smiled, which she was doing a lot this evening. Her figure wasn't bad at all, a little chubby, but I wasn't in a strong position to complain about *that*. She was already a good friend, and I knew I would never have to worry about her cheating on me. The only problem was that I was afraid I would have to worry about *me* cheating on *her*—with *guys*!

"You were going to tell me about your faults," I said at last, hoping she wouldn't remember that I was also going to tell her about my faults.

"Oh, all right," Kathy said. "My big faults, in my opinion, are that I'm hot-headed, a poor housekeeper, I eat too much, I tend to leap to conclusions about people, be too nosy, and indulge in detraction. What about yours?"

I hadn't escaped. "Well," I said slowly, "I admit I don't have a list I can rattle off like that. But, well, I guess I've got most of the same faults, except maybe I'm not so hot-headed. I guess I'm a bit lazy sometimes, too, and—uh—I get distracted too easily. Plus, I don't know, maybe I'm too soft on liberals and wackoes, like you think Bishop Bean is." That was it. Nothing about sinning with guys, much less with a priest, would ever escape my lips in Kathy's presence.

"Well, those sound curable to me," Kathy said. "I hope mine are, too. Maybe we can help each other work on them—within reason." She looked at me with what seemed a whole lot like love. I yearned to marry her, despite my fear.

"Yeah, within reason," I agreed. That was good. It sure wouldn't be within reason to ask Kathy to help me cut out sinning with Father O'Binion—as I was pretty sure I was going to do again tomorrow!

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Tomorrow came. I was ready. In my gym bag I had a complete, old-fashioned Catholic schoolgirl uniform, down to the black patent-leather shoes and white anklets. It included not only a white blouse, plaid skirt, and full white slip, but also a very decent white bra, for I was going to personate a *teen-age* Catholic schoolgirl—but not one of the bad ones who yanked up their skirts to make them too short. No, this time I was going to be a vision of purity for Father O’Binion.

“Good evening, Father,” I said when he opened the door. “Now you may call me Angela.”

“Angela!” he exclaimed. He looked at me with what seemed quite like full, manly delight, the delight a man might feel on looking at a beautiful woman close up. “Yes, of course! Come in! Do you have your uniform with you?”

“Yes.”

“Please put it on. I’ll leave you alone to dress in the conference room.”

He left me alone. I stripped off my plain men’s shirt and then my plain men’s trousers, revealing my pink panties. I put on my bra, my slip, and my white schoolgirl blouse, and buttoned it right up to the neck for modesty’s sake. I lifted my arms and dropped my plaid knee-length skirt down to my big hips; I fastened it right at my waist, neither too low nor too high. Then I sat down and exchanged my plain men’s shoes and socks for my white anklets and black girls’ shoes.

There was a small mirror in the conference room. I looked in it and saw that I had almost forgotten the finishing touch: my pure white headband, which would make my dark hair look almost like a nun’s veil. I put it on and looked at myself with satisfaction. Yes, now I was fully qualified to pass for a good, pure virgin in Father’s eyes.

I opened the door of the conference room and peeked out to let Father know I was ready. He was standing right there, and entered the room at once.

“Angela!” he said, fixing his eyes on me. “Thank you so much for coming! Now, doesn’t it make you feel more pure already to be wearing this uniform?”

“Uh, yes, it does,” I said. I tried to feel and act as pure as possible, even though I did have an erection. I tried to keep it from making my skirt bulge in front. I sat down on the love seat, hoping that would help. I wondered if real good girls ever suffered unwanted but exciting erections of their clitorises, no matter how hard they tried to be pure, and somehow I felt sure at least some of them did.

“I was sure it would,” Father said. He sat on the love seat too, and sighed, deeply and sadly. “I remember all too well,” he slowly disclosed to me, “the lovely, pure virgin girls of my youth. There was a time, back before I decided I was to become a priest, when I deeply yearned to marry one of those girls—but she decided she was called to become a nun. I’m afraid I was strongly tempted to rage against God for taking her away from me.”

His face seemed to have no expression, but he gazed at me as if this statement required a response. “Uh, yes, I can understand that,” I said.

“You may find this hard to believe, Angela,” Father went on, “but I was reminded of the story of Uriah the Hittite, in the time of King David. Do you remember that story?”

“Uh, yes—you mean the one where David committed adultery with Bathsheba, Uriah’s wife, and then he had Uriah killed?”

“Yes, but that wasn’t the part of the story I was thinking of. After Uriah died, the prophet Nathan went to David and told him the story of the man with the one little ewe lamb he loved, which his wealthy neighbor took away from him and killed. You know the story: David was outraged and said the wealthy man must die, and then came the punch line—Nathan told him, ‘*You are the man!*’” You remember?”

“Yes.” I still wasn’t understanding what this had to do with anything, but Father soon let me know.

“My temptation,” Father said, “was to rage at Our Lord and tell him, ‘*You are the man!*’ Here He was with countless virgins flinging themselves into His arms, and yet He had to take away my one little loved one and leave me with *nothing*.”

I didn’t know what to say. Father was looking straight at me. I had to look away. When I glanced back up, he was still looking.

“I resisted the temptation,” Father told me, “or at least I thought I did. I told myself, or tried to tell myself, it was all for the best for her, because she would have a better life with Our Lord than she would have had with me. And then came the fateful moment when I began to wonder whether I myself would have a better life as a priest than as a married man.”

*Do you think it was a mistake for you to become a priest?* I almost asked him, but I didn’t dare. I sat in silence and listened, for I knew he would say more.

“You could hardly believe how different things were back then. A mere 30 years ago in 1961, when I decided to try to become a priest, the Church was booming. There were many vocations to the priesthood, and yet they were always trying to drum up more, expecting a further great expansion of the Church. I went to Cathedral High, and I remember one of the priests there in particular, Father McCannahoon, was like a Marine recruiter for the priesthood. He practically came right out and said the top-notchers, the really first-rate young men, would go for the priesthood, and only the second-raters with less brains and less virtue would go for the married life.”

“Um, I never hear anyone saying that any more, all right,” I affirmed.

“No, and it might have been better if I’d never heard it either. Everyone was always saying I was one of the first-raters, and Father McCannahoon worked hard at recruiting me. I really didn’t want to be a priest, but I did want to be a good Catholic, and I

prayed like Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, ‘Father, let Thy will be done, not mine!’”

Father sighed again. “I’ve often wondered since then if Luther might have saved everyone a whole lot of trouble by simply getting married in the first place, rather than taking a disastrous detour through the priesthood. But he didn’t, and neither did I. I prayed about it, and I read a book called *Come Rack! Come Rope!* by Robert Hugh Benson, about a young man who’s in love with a young woman, but he dumps her to become a priest, because good priests are needed. God help me, I decided that was what I should do too.”

“Do you think you were wrong?” I dared to ask at last.

“I do,” he said without hesitation. “There was so much talk back then about the tragedy of lost vocations, young men getting married when God was calling them to become priests—but nobody ever talked about the opposite tragedy.”

The opposite tragedy, obviously, was young men becoming priests—or at least not getting married—when God was calling them to get married. I could see that readily enough. What I couldn’t yet see was what, if anything, this had to do with me sitting here next to Father in a Catholic schoolgirl uniform.

Or could I? Father was fixing his eyes on me again when he talked about the “opposite tragedy.” It was crazy, but I couldn’t help wondering if he wished he could ask me to marry him, even though he was a priest and I wasn’t really a girl. My erection had dwindled, but now it was rising again. *Oh, God! What if he did? I wondered. Would I do it, if I could?*

“Anyway, I entered the seminary,” Father interrupted my thoughts. “I tried to do the job as well as I could, but my self-control wasn’t always superb. I tried using the discipline, but I found—as you have also found—that it only made the problem worse. I was forced to resort to rationalizations; for example, I rationalized that it wasn’t really self-pollution when I just happened to ejaculate in the shower, because I had to touch myself down there to get clean, and I

couldn't help it if I had an involuntary erection and obtained involuntary release, as in a nocturnal emission. There were some nocturnal emissions when I wasn't fully asleep, too, but I rationalized that I wasn't masturbating so long as I didn't apply my hand. I always kept it strictly to myself, though, for six long years—until 1967, near the beginning of my final year in the seminary.”

Father closed his eyes and grimaced, as if at an unacceptable memory. “Starting in about the middle of the 1960s, you see,” he said, “there was a great influx of young men into the seminaries, not because they had genuine vocations to the priesthood, but because they wanted to avoid being drafted into the army and being killed in the Vietnam war. One of these was a beautiful, secretly effeminate youth.” He looked at me again, and his chest heaved. “This youth looked a great deal like you, Angela,” he said, “with soft, lovely brown eyes, full red lips, and long dark hair. At that time it was quite in style for young men to wear long hair, and it was easy for a seminarian to rationalize that he was harmlessly following the current style, when his real aim was to look like as much like a girl as he could get away with. This one did look and, in secret, did act so much like a girl that he successfully tempted me into what I rationalized as a secret ‘marriage’ with him—until I learned that the hot little slut was also secretly ‘married’ to several other men!” He stared away from me and clenched his fists for a moment, but then unclenched them and turned back to me.

*Is he going to try the same rationalization with me?* I wondered. I still couldn't understand how this could fit in with Father O'Binion's well-known hard-line conservatism—unless it was all a mask.

“After that, I was ashamed of myself,” he went on, “for indulging in what I then regarded as degrading sex perversion with an effeminate homosexual. I was ordained to the priesthood, and I struggled to be a good priest as well as I then knew how, despite my fairly frequent falls into fantasies of marriage. It was only later, much later, that I finally began to grasp God's plan for my life.”

Father was moving closer to me. He was very close now, almost touching me. My heart was beating harder. Was he really going to tell me God's plan for his life involved sex with me—and even a secret “marriage” with me? If so, what was I going to do?

“I knew I had lost my vocation to the married life, as commonly understood,” he said. “I was, as they say in Latin, *sacerdos in aeternum*—a priest forever. I didn't think it would be right to try to back out and throw away all I had accomplished. I had even become convinced that I could accomplish more, for the good of souls and of the Church, by remaining a priest. Still, I couldn't help thinking that God was calling me to participate in the good of marriage too, in an—an unusual and different way.” He gave me a longing glance, and then forced himself to look away. Beads of hot sweat were forming on his brow.

“How were you going to do that?” I asked. I gazed into his eyes and moved closer to him, until I was actually touching him. I still didn't know for sure if Father was going to propose a secret marriage to me—but I did know I had an erection and I wanted sex with him, if he wanted me and needed me. If he appealed to me to have mercy on him in that way, I would be all his—at least for tonight.

“Well, I set out to reason things through. Back when I was in the seminary, you know, we still studied St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Thomas greatly exalted the role of reason in human affairs. In fact, did you know that St. Thomas actually defined sin as what is not in accordance with reason?”

“Uh, yes, I did.” I also knew that St. Thomas didn't approve of “*concupitus masculorum*,” meaning men having sex with other men—but I didn't want to discuss that aspect of St. Thomas's thought at present, and I was pretty sure Father didn't either.

“That's very good. Well, I applied my reason to what I read in *Humanae Vitae* by Pope Paul VI. We read there that contraception, in any form, is wrong because it is an effort—and necessarily a failed effort—to retain the ‘unitive’ function of the marital act while rejecting the ‘procreative’ function. When a man and a woman unite with one another, but delib-

erately frustrate the God-given power of procreation, it is a sin.”

“Uh, yes, I remember,” I said.

“But, on the other hand, it is no sin for a couple to unite when they are infertile—either temporarily or permanently—even when they know it is *perfectly certain* that no procreation will occur. In that event, when there is no deliberate frustration, the unitive function of the matrimonial act *can* exist without the procreative function. You understand that, don’t you, Angela?”

“Yes, I do.” My eyes were wide with wonder. Could Father really be thinking what he seemed to be thinking? Surely no conservative, traditional-minded priest—no sincere one—could think such a thing! And yet, if not that, what on earth could he be thinking?

“This is in the Code of Canon Law as well,” he went on. “We read in Canon 1084 of the 1983 Code that sterility neither forbids nor invalidates a marriage. Well, my reason simply demanded that I accept the logical consequence of that principle: an infertile couple may marry, and may perform the marriage act in a virtuous and holy manner, *no matter what the reason for their infertility*. Do you understand that, Angela?”

“Oh! Oh, yes! I do understand, Father!” My heart was pounding. He was thinking such a thing indeed! I gazed into his eyes, trying to show him I was a virtuous and holy virgin who, if only such a thing were possible, would marry him and eagerly perform the marriage act with him.

“In other words, Angela”—he leaned close to me and touched my shoulder—“I learned that I had *not* been wrong in entering a secret marriage with an effeminate youth, *as such*.”

“Oh, Father!” I said. “That’s so fascinating—and so logical, too!” I admit I wasn’t perfectly sure about the logic, but I was about the fascination. He put his arm around me. I did not draw back.

“Angela, I’m so glad you can see it that way!” Father breathed a great sigh of relief. “And of course, you know, in a case of that kind—where it’s perfectly certain that the couple will be infertile—there’s no need for the extensive and time-consuming marriage preparation that young, fertile couples need. All that’s truly needed is the consent of the parties, in which the essence of marriage consists. In an unusual situation such as this, of course, the usual requirements can be dispensed with. Do you understand what I mean?”

“Yes, I do.” I did understand. Father wanted sex with me that very evening, under the pretext of marriage. I was sure the marriage would be bogus, and any promise I might make of perpetual fidelity to Father as my husband would be void—but I was shocked to realize I was still going to go ahead with it!

I drew very close to him and raised my lips to his. I was in his arms, and he was kissing me—purely, chastely, with no lewd tongue-insertion, but most distinctly kissing me full on the mouth.

“Oh, Angela!” Father cried. “Can this be? Are you ready?”

“Yes,” I assured him. “Yes, Father, I’m fully ready.”

“Then do you take me as your lawful wedded husband—for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part?”

“I do,” I assured him—sinning as I spoke, for I didn’t mean a word of it.

“And I take you as my lawful wedded wife, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part! Oh, Angela, this is my long-lost dream come true!”

Father kissed me on the mouth again, this time with his tongue. Before the kiss was done, his hands were on my big sissy buttocks, and I could feel his erection through the front of my skirt.

“We’ll perform the marriage act in the shower,” he informed me. “That will be the cleanest and most upright way to perform this holy and virtuous act.”

With his arm around me and his hand on my butt, he led me into the bathroom. I needed no prompting to strip. With my eyes cast down in a pose of maidenly modesty, I opened my blouse to let him see my bra. He reached around me, unhooked it, and stripped it off, revealing my dark brown nipples and my bud-like breasts. "Oh, Angela!" he murmured. "My dream, my desire, my only love!" He lowered his mouth to kiss my breasts, first on one hot, throbbing nipple and then the other. I held his head in my arms and moaned with delight, especially when he pulled my skirt and panties down with a single move.

My erection was showing. I turned away to try to maintain the girlish illusion. Meanwhile Father was stripping off his shoes, socks, black clothes, and white collar to stand nude before me with his massive erection unveiled, fully twice as long as mine.

He turned on the shower. I stepped into it first and quickly hid my coquette between my legs to look like a girl. Then Father got in, kissed me on the mouth, and rubbed my breasts. He pressed and squeezed both my breasts at once while facing me; then he kissed my nipples, giving them even hotter, harder little erections than they had had before. Wasting no time, he lathered up my loins with his soapy hand, slipping it between my thighs to caress my big clitoris, my four-inch coquette, between them. I

Now the marriage act began. Father stood before me, gripped my big sissy buttocks, and pressed his great erection between my thick thighs and my throbbing clitoris, making me shiver with excitement. I gripped his shoulders and thrust my head back with my mouth wide open; I squeezed his great cock tightly with my wet, soapy thighs and pumped my hips with all my might while standing up straight in the shower, making loud fuck noises and trying to give him maximum pleasure. I squeezed his hand tightly between my thighs and gasped with delight.

Now the marriage act began. Father stood before me, gripped my big sissy buttocks, and pressed his great erection between my thighs, rubbing it tightly against my clitoris. I squeezed his cock tightly with my thighs and pumped my hips with all my might while standing up straight in the shower. He was

clutching my buttocks hard and thrusting manfully, making me feel my orgasm coming on fast. “Oh, Angela, my love!” he moaned. “Thank you so much for loving me—for showing mercy to me in my need!” His thrusts reached maximum force, and he was groaning and gasping; I went wild with my hips. He could say no more, for orgasm was overcoming us both at once. I imagined him gushing deep into me, while in reality his sperm and mine were both spurt-ing out in unison beneath my quaking buttocks.

“Can you come again on Friday?” he begged to know, almost before our orgasm was complete.

“Yes, Father,” I said. I knew our so-called marriage was bogus, but I didn’t care. “I love you! I’m your wife now! Yes, I’ll come!”

“You said you had a nun’s habit. Will you bring it on Friday and wear it for me?”

“Yes! Oh, yes! I’d love to!”

## Chapter 4

“I’m married to a nun!” Father exclaimed when I showed up on Friday and put on my habit. “That gives me such a wonderful feeling! And, er, remind me what order you belong to, Sister.”

“The Sissies of Mercy, of course!” I actually giggled like a girl when I said it.

“Oh, yes, the Sissies of Mercy! That’s perfect! Of course you’ll keep your veil on when we perform the marriage act.”

“Yes, of course—but not the rest of my habit.” I opened my habit to let him see my flimsy negligee. I knew my hard nipples were showing through, and my erection was almost peeking out beneath the bot-tom. I even pulled the neckline down to show him my bare breasts, just as I had done for Jake at the club.

“Oh, no, of course not,” he said, with his eyes fixed on my breasts. Then he reached down and caressed my big sissy buttocks, making them start to move in

rhythm. I embraced him and kissed him on the mouth.

“You are all beautiful, my sister, my spouse,” he quoted from the Song of Songs when the kiss had ended. “This time we’ll perform the marriage act in bed.”

He led me into the bedroom and quickly stripped, while I hid my four-inch clitoris between my legs. With my veil and my negligee still on, he entered me between my thighs while standing up, as he had done yesterday in the shower, but then he pressed me down upon the bed and intertwined his legs with mine. With his feet still on the floor, he began thrusting and I responded with quick, hot hip-pumps. When his climax was approaching, he pressed my breasts with his hands through my negligee, and I clasped his hands to encourage him. Again our orgasms came together, and he cried out, “Oh, my God! My sister, my spouse, my love!”

Almost before he had stopped thrusting, he started talking about next time. I was a bit afraid he would want me to dress up like the Blessed Virgin Mary, but he didn’t. “Angela, my love,” he said, “please come again on Monday, and please dress as a young girl attending her Confirmation. Will you do that for me?”

“Oh, yes, Father!” I said. I had seen some girls wearing pretty sexy, low-cut dresses for Confirmation. I wondered if Father wanted to see me in one. I decided to do some serious shopping and find out. If he didn’t want to see me in it, I could easily get nude for him.

On Saturday, after hours of shopping at three different branches of the Movers and Shakers Thrift Shoppe, I had my prize: a royal blue Confirmation dress, with a neckline low enough to show off my pretty little cleavage for Father. I got an erection just looking at myself in it in the fitting-room mirror. Fortunately this store was in Queen’s Bluff, which was crawling with gays, lesbians, and transvestites, and it was deemed quite normal for a long-haired guy to buy girls’ clothes. I bought my dress, concealed it carefully, and started on the journey back to

Appledale, where I would bring the dress out for Father on Monday.

On Sunday I sat next to Kathy in church, on her right side, on the right side of the church. I had made sure to sit on the side that would put me in the Communion line after her, not before her. That way she wouldn't notice that I was crossing my arms to receive a blessing but no Communion. Father O'Binion might not think our so-called marriage acts were mortal sins—in fact, I was pretty sure he didn't—but I was afraid they were. If so, at least I didn't want to add on a sin of sacrilege by receiving Communion unworthily.

Father preached about sex yet again. Some members of the congregation, I could see, were getting mighty itchy. Father Goldsmith hadn't been obsessed with sex, but it was obvious that Father O'Binion was.

This time he preached about the sin of Onan, although Onan wasn't mentioned in the Scripture readings for the day. Onan, in case you don't recall, was the guy in the Old Testament who performed *coitus interruptus* because he didn't want his brother's ex-wife to have his babies after his brother died. Father used the story of Onan as a springboard for condemning every way in which men and women threw away the precious gift of fertility.

“Absurdly, some men,” he said at one point, “even think it's perfectly fine and decent to perform acts identical to the foulest, most degrading homosexual perversions, so long as they perform them with women, not with men. This is one of the most gravely sinful abuses of the gift of fertility.”

Murmuring, loud coughing, and even some retch-like noises broke out among the congregation. The murmuring and coughing appeared to be coming mainly from moms and dads who, I figured, were *not* looking forward to being asked, “Mommy, Daddy, what are the foulest, most degrading homosexual perversions?” The retching noises, I was pretty sure, were contributed by Eric Wojcylewicz. (That's pronounced “Voytsilevits,” in case you couldn't guess.)

I knew Eric from SIDU, where he was a freshman when I was a junior. He was a handsome blond guy who attracted gullible girls like flies to honey; he quickly made a reputation for himself as a bad Catholic from a big family of mostly good Catholics, who lived in a big house next door to the rectory. He still went to SIDU, lived at home, and went to church on Sundays—apparently to appease his parents, for it was rare to find him actually agreeing with the Church on any point of faith or, especially, morals. I was betting Eric would be ranting and raving about Father's sermon after Mass.

At Communion time, I crossed my arms and lowered my eyes, so I wouldn't see the expression on Father's face. He seemed to hesitate for a second, but then he gave me the blessing in a soft voice, just as if he had no idea why I wasn't receiving Communion.

When the Mass was over, I left Kathy inside the church praying. The Wojczonek family was still there too, except for Eric, who went out right away. I went out too, in hope of some entertainment from discreetly overhearing Eric spout off about how pissed he was at Father's homily.

He was *mighty* pissed. "God damn it!" he said to his friend and fellow bad Catholic Joe Eisenherz, while I stood nearby on the pretext of waiting for Kathy. "That's going too fucking far! Did you hear what he said? He was saying, basically, there's no difference between getting head from a *girl* and getting it from a *gay guy*! God damn it, I'm *proud* of getting my blow jobs from the cutest, sexiest *girls*, not from filthy, disgusting *gays with AIDS*! Nobody calls me identical to a fucking gay and gets away with it!"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Joe—a nerdy little history major with a massive fund of bizarre knowledge—"if it turned out he was *protesting too much*. You know what I mean? Back in the 16th century, the way to signal that you were a homo was to protest loud and long about what a dreadful crime and sin it was to be one. Sir Francis Bacon and his buddies did it, and they were all homoes. Father O'Binion might just be doing the same thing."

“God damn it!” Eric eagerly exclaimed. “I bet that’s right! I bet he’s a queer himself—and he needs to get exposed!”

Joe laughed. “You’re in the right place for it. Put the rectory under surveillance, and see if any homoes go in and out.”

“I will!” Eric laughed too. “That dreadful crime and sin has got to stop!”

The weather wasn’t chilly, but I felt a sharp chill. I was afraid Eric would really do it. Living right next to the rectory, he could. And then what would happen? Would Father be exposed and disgraced—and would I too? Would Kathy find out I’d been sinning—yes, surely *she* would say it was sinning, and mortally too—with Father O’Binion, of all people? And if she did, would my whole future life be the poorer without her?

The chill grew sharper, and yet a strange tingle of warmth now seemed to be mixed with it. *I want Kathy*, my heart was crying. *I need Kathy!* I knew my so-called secret marriage to Father was bogus, and I knew it couldn’t last, especially now that Eric was out to get Father. More than that, I knew I could never love Father as (I hoped) I could love Kathy. I could get incredibly excited and sexy for him, I could show mercy to him in his deep need, just as I had shown mercy to my men at Club Swank Wank—but that was all.

I went back into the church. Kathy was still praying. I knelt down next to her and prayed too, really prayed, for God to guide me in the way I should go.

When we got out of the church, we talked—she talked, mostly—about this and that for a couple of minutes; then she dropped the big bomb. “Say, Angelo,” she said, “I was wondering if maybe you’d like to come over to my place for dinner sometime.”

I tried not to act astounded that she was asking. I figured she knew as well as I did that, if a girl asked a guy to come to her apartment, it often meant she wanted to screw. I knew Kathy couldn’t mean *that*; all I could figure was that it meant she trusted me not to try to screw her. Well, I knew I could live up to her

trust about *that*, anyway. I could no more wish to screw Kathy, rather than wait to perform the marriage act with her, than I could have wished to screw the Blessed Virgin Mary, had she still been alive on earth.

“Uh, sure, that would be great,” I said. For a second I hesitated about the day—but I did have an appointment with Father tomorrow, and I wasn’t ready to break it without explanation. “How about on Tuesday?” I asked.

“Um . . . well, actually, how about on Thursday?”

“Uh, that’s OK too.” I remembered she had said she was a poor housekeeper; I wondered if she wanted more time to clean up her apartment for me.

“Good, I’ll see you then! Do you like lasagna?”

“Yeah, I love it—especially if it doesn’t have ground meat in it.”

“You’re hard to please, aren’t you?” She smiled. “Well, I’ll see what I can do.”

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*A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways!* I knew the quote from the Epistle of St. James all too well—from long, deep experience. Now my experience was getting deeper still. I was approaching the rectory, carrying my girl’s Confirmation dress in my gym bag, fearing Eric was secretly conducting surveillance upon me as I walked right past his house—and yet I did not flee, or even stop walking. I yearned for sex with Father as much as ever, more than ever, now that I knew how deeply he desired me. I had an erection already, and it grew harder as I knocked on the rectory door.

“Angela, my love, come in,” Father said. Crazy, I wondered if Eric was hiding in the bushes and hearing him say “my love.” I quickly came in so that, if Eric was there, he would hear and see no more.

“I’m ready for my Confirmation, Father,” I said with a smile.

“Wonderful! Please put your Confirmation dress on at once.”

I complied, first putting on my sexiest low-cut bra. When the gown was on, I adjusted it to show maximum cleavage for Father.

“Oh, that’s lovely!” Father said. “And fully authentic, too. That’s exactly how at least some of the young girls look at Confirmation nowadays.”

“I’ll bet they don’t look like *this*.” I slipped my dress down off my shoulders to let Father see my red bra, cut so low it almost showed my nipples.

Father’s eyes bulged; then, as if out of long habit, he quickly averted them. “Oh, certainly not! But as for *you*, my beloved wife . . .” Father’s eyes returned to me, and he completed the job, unzipping my dress and stripping it off, leaving me in only the red bra and pink panties. Then he turned me around to face away from him, and gripped my breasts through the bra.

“You understand, don’t you, Angela,” he said while unhooking my bra and then caressing my bare breasts, “that virtuous and holy marriage acts may be performed in a variety of positions? For example, the husband may lawfully enter the wife from the rear, so long as he enters her womanly entryway and not her rectum, which would be a gravely sinful abomination?”

“Uh, yes, I do,” I assured him. I could feel his massive erection pressing against my big sissy buttocks. I wanted him to “enter me” from the rear without delay. I rubbed my butt up and down against his cock to let him know.

“Very well,” he said. “Please come into the bedroom and let me enter you from the rear.”

In the bedroom, Father pulled my panties down from behind. I got on the bed and knelt facing away from him, supporting myself on one hand and reaching between my legs with the other to grasp his cock. He knelt behind me, reached beneath me to grip my breasts again, and began to thrust, slowly at first, with his cock in my “womanly entryway” formed by my hand, my forearm, and my abdomen.

“In this position,” he instructed me, “the husband has greater access to the wife’s clitoris, which can make the marriage act much more satisfactory.” He released my right breast and reached under me with his right hand to stroke my big clitoris. It was much more satisfactory indeed. I started bucking like a pony and moaning with delight at once. Father’s thrusts quickly became harder and more rapid. I clutched his cock as hard as I could with my “womanly entryway,” rubbed it feverishly, and brought him rapidly toward orgasm. Soon my forearm was smeared all over with Father’s semen, and he was crying out, “My God! Oh, Angela! My dearly beloved, my wife forever!” My own orgasm was not far behind, as Father masterfully handled my clitoris for maximum effect, but I said no such words as Father had said.

Again he started talking about next time, even before he had withdrawn from my womanly entryway. “On Wednesday, my dearest Angela,” he said, “I would like to see you as a young professional woman. You are familiar with what such women wear at work, are you not?”

“Yes, I’m a paralegal at a law firm, and a lot of the paralegals are women, plus some of the attorneys are too. I’m very familiar with what they wear.” I was already envisioning my outfit for next time: a sheer cream-colored blouse plainly displaying my sexy white bra beneath, and a short, tight skirt.

“Very well,” Father said. “And, after that, on Friday, please return to your schoolgirl uniform, one of my all-time favorites. The rhythmic return to this uniform of virginal purity will symbolize the purity and lifelong faithfulness of our marriage.”

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I felt sure Eric’s eyes were on me on Wednesday as I walked up to the rectory, but I saw and heard nothing of him. Father greeted me as his beloved wife. I kissed him deeply on the mouth even before I changed my clothes. I was all the more desperate for

sex with him now that I knew our bogus marriage was doomed.

“Oh, yes, that’s quite the thing,” he said on seeing me in my professional attire. “Those young professional ladies dress quite provocatively nowadays, don’t they?”

“They *undress* provocatively, too,” I said, “or—or so I’ve heard.” I unbuttoned my blouse to let him see my bra. At once he unhooked it, stripped it off, and kissed my breasts. I pulled my skirt and panties down while his mouth was still on my hard nipple.

“This evening, Angela,” he said when the kiss was done, “I’d like you to do something very special for me. As you know, and as I explained on Sunday, oral copulation is a grave abuse of the gift of fertility for a fertile couple—but, as I *didn’t* explain then, an infertile couple can be more lenient about different virtuous and holy ways of performing the marriage act, so long as they do have a true and faithful marriage, as we do. As a general rule, indeed, oral copulation between men is among the foulest and most degrading homosexual perversions—but *epikeia* may be used to make an exception to this general rule for a couple who are truly and faithfully married, though infertile. In that event, oral copulation may be a lawful marriage act, as clean and upright as any other. Do you understand?” I could feel the heat of his desire as he gripped my big sissy buttocks and gazed into my eyes.

“Yes, Father.” I understood, at least, that Father wanted a blow job very much, and that I wanted very much to give it to him. I had blown a few men at Club Swank Wank, and they had found it quite satisfactory. I knew Father would find it so too.

“Now, Angela,” he asked me, caressing my buttocks lovingly, “would you be willing to perform oral copulation upon me?”

“Yes, Father.”

He wasted no time. Almost at once his pants were down. I knelt before him with my mouth wide open to receive his massive bulb, meanwhile pressing my big clitoris down between my thighs. My lips were on his

tip; I slipped my tongue down into his vale of bliss, the cleft beneath his bulb; my mouth closed around his bulb, leaving almost no room inside. With my hands pointing upward in an attitude of prayer, I stroked his shaft back and forth to give him maximum pleasure.

He received maximum pleasure indeed. He gripped my head and rocked it forward and back while plunging as deep into my mouth as he could. I pumped my hips and squeezed my clitoris between my thighs, raising my own excitement toward orgasm as Father's was rising too. Now he was clutching my head with all his might and almost making me gag as he rammed his huge member in and out with full force and cried out, "Oh, Angela, my love, this is supreme bliss! Thank you! Thank you!"

He gushed into my mouth. I had to force him back to keep from choking. My nostrils were wide open to make sure I could still breathe. Discreetly I kept pumping my hips and squeezing my big clitoris between my thighs until I ejaculated.

"Oh, Angela, God has blessed our marriage abundantly!" Father assured me while caressing my head, still with his cock in my mouth. "I could never have dreamed of such bliss! May our life together be blessed with all the grace of marriage, now and for years to come!"

I said nothing, and not only because my mouth was chock-full of Father's penis and his semen. The part about "years to come" was making me gag now, without regard to what was in my mouth. I knew for sure now that I didn't want my bogus marriage to Father to endure for years to come, any more than I would have wanted to stay for years with one of my men from Club Swank Wank. I knew I would actually find it a relief if Eric broke us up—and, if he didn't, I would still find a way out sooner or later, no matter how hard it might be to confront Father. I was weak, far too weak, but not weak enough to stay in the bogus marriage for years to come.

"And, Angela," he added, without withdrawing his cock from my mouth, "I know you may have qualms about whether this activity is mortally sinful, as I too

had for many years, until I fully realized God's plan for my life." He had noticed me not receiving Communion, of course, and he wanted me to receive Communion without giving up the bogus marriage. "I learned at last," he informed me, "that, within the context of a virtuous and holy marriage—*any* virtuous and holy marriage—the marriage act not only is not sinful in the least, but is actually meritorious, just as St. Thomas teaches. I know you, too, will come to realize this fully, in God's good time." He stroked my head and gently moved his still-swollen cock in and out in my mouth. I knew, of course, that St. Thomas had never said blow jobs were meritorious—but I could not have said so now, even if I had wished.

## Chapter 5

"Hey, you're not such a bad housekeeper after all," I told Kathy upon entering her small, neat, clean apartment on Thursday after work. I looked around. It was not only neat and clean, but pretty, feminine-looking, and homelike, with flowers all around, both in reality and in images. There were also pictures of Jesus and Mary showing their hearts, and a statue of the Holy Family.

"Well, I cleaned it up a bit before you came," she admitted. "I wanted it to be extra nice for you." I figured it had taken her until today to get the job done.

"Well, thanks!" I told her. *She wants me to think she'd make a good wife!* I thought. *Would she actually agree to marry me, if I asked her?*

"The lasagna's all ready, and hot," she said. "Come on and have some." I did, of course saying grace with her before starting to eat. The lasagna turned out to be excellent, with plenty of cheese and sauce, and no ground meat. We each drank a single glass of red wine with dinner, and it was excellent too. If Kathy was trying to reach my heart by way of my stomach, she was succeeding—but not only by way of my stomach.

My eyes, too, were doing their part to draw me toward Kathy. She looked really pretty now, and actually beautiful when she smiled at me, which she was doing quite a lot. Her flower-printed white dress was totally modest, of course, and yet not too modest to keep me from seeing that her perfect little breasts and her stout but shapely legs were more attractive than I had ever noticed before. Most of all, her soft, moist brown eyes, looking often at me with what seemed to be undeserved attraction and affection, were making me wish I could look into them for life.

But what drew me most powerfully toward Kathy was my own heart. God had created me for marriage, I seemed to know—not a bogus secret marriage with a priest, but a real, unashamed, lifelong marriage with a woman. I was so desperate for marriage that I had even settled for the bogus one with Father O’Binion, and even for brief, totally fake “marriages” and lightning-fast, amicable “divorces” with a succession of men at Club Swank Wank—but they could never compare with the real thing.

Was Kathy, too, desperate for marriage—so desperate that she would even settle for marrying *me*? When we finished dinner and settled down to talk, it seemed to me that she was.

“Angelo, you know I could never play coy and hard to get,” she told me. “We’re not in college any more, and it’s time to think about our lives in the long run. Do you know what I mean?” I did, not only from her words, but from her blush.

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure I know what you mean,” I said. “You’re wondering if you and I might ever get married.”

She smiled and looked away. “Well, that’s one way to put it,” she admitted.

“Um, I guess it’s conceivable,” I said. “We should at least look at the pros and cons.” Even as I said it, the pros were starting to sweep away all the cons from my mind, even the worry that I would cheat on her with guys. Somehow, I knew, I would break free from the bogus marriage with Father O’Binion—even if I had to force myself to tell him to his face, “Father, our

so-called marriage has been bogus all along, and I'm going to marry a woman."

I was going to tell Kathy I loved her, and I did love her. All through the years of our friendship it had been silently growing, never acknowledged in words, but ever stronger. Now it was ready to break forth.

"Well, let's start with the pros," Kathy said. "What would you say are some of the pros?"

Here it came. I was ready, or I hoped I was. "Well, number one," I said, "I would say, is . . . I love you. I'd never want to lose you."

Kathy's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Oh, Angelo!" she said. "Is this really happening? Yes! Please say yes, it is!"

I grinned. "Yes, it's really happening," I said. "I think I've loved you for a long time, and I was just too stupid to say so, or to act like it, before."

Kathy laughed. "Well, don't be that stupid again! Oh, Angelo, I love you too! I was afraid you'd think I was throwing myself at you if I'd let you know!"

"If you'd thrown yourself at me, I would have caught you," I assured her, "and I wouldn't have let you go."

She laughed again. "Well, I guess it's time for me to throw myself at you so you can catch me."

She arose. I knew she wanted me to kiss her. I was ready. I arose to meet her. We entered each other's arms and our lips met—not our tongues, but our lips lingered long upon each other, while our hearts came as close as possible to touching each other. It was good that I had washed my mouth out very thoroughly since it had welcomed Father's penis and his semen.

After I left Kathy's apartment, with a promise to see her again soon, my mind was racing. I knew I was done with sex with Father—I *had* to be, right now—and the only question was how best to leave him behind. I hated one-to-one confrontations, and I was desperate to find a better way than that. At last, when I was almost home, I thought of one. As soon as

I entered my little house, I picked up the phone and called the Wojcylewicz family's number.

"Hi, this is Angelo Agnessi," I said to the girl who answered the phone. "Is Eric there?"

"I guess so," she said. "Eric? *Eric!*"

Eric came to the phone. "It's Angelo Agnessi," the girl said.

"Hey, what's going on?" Eric said. He didn't sound too friendly. I wasn't surprised.

"Hey, have you been keeping me under surveillance?" I asked.

"What? What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. I've been going to the rectory. You said you were going to keep the rectory under surveillance. So, have you seen me there?"

"Damn right. I'm glad you're not afraid of being caught. Just keep right on going, it's OK. I won't even ask what you've got in your gym bag."

"I'll tell you anyway. It's women's clothes." My voice was shaking, together with my heart. I knew full well that Eric would hold me in contempt, but I had to go on. "I've been going to the rectory for sex with Father, but it's over. I told him I'd go there again tomorrow evening. Would you like to be there and see what happens?"

"Wow! Damn right I would! What's the plan?" I told him the plan, and he said it sounded terrific. I didn't tell him not to tell Kathy, because he was the kind of guy who might well take that as a signal to tell Kathy. So long as I didn't tell him, he probably wouldn't even think of Kathy.

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I approached the rectory one more time, but I didn't have my gym bag with me. Instead, I was wearing my Catholic schoolgirl uniform, complete with slip,



bra, and panties underneath, in full view of anyone who might see me. This time I did feel almost like a good, pure virgin, and I almost skipped for joy. The only thing that clouded my joy, and kept me from skipping, was the fear that somehow Kathy might find out about all this. I didn't know how she might find out, but I knew there was no guarantee that she wouldn't, and that was enough to make me afraid.

I rang the doorbell, and Father answered almost at once. "Angela, my love!" he greeted me as before. The door was still open. Father had spoken softly, but plainly, seeming unafraid that anyone might overhear us.

His eyes darted down to my uniform, and he frowned. "You are all beautiful, my love," he quoted again, "but are you sure it was a good idea to wear that out in the open?"

"Oh, Father, I was just so excited I couldn't wait!" I didn't mean I was *sexually* excited, not now, but Father didn't need to know that.

I quickly entered the rectory and turned to pretend to lock the door. In reality, in accordance with the plan, I left the door unlocked and quickly moved around to distract Father from seeing that the deadbolt wasn't locked. "Oh, Father, I'm so glad to be here again!" I exclaimed, and threw myself into his arms for a kiss. He gave me one, long and lingering, with his hands fervently caressing my big sissy buttocks through my skirt and panties—giving Joe Eisenherz plenty of time to sneak in through the unlocked front door and take a picture of us kissing.

Father gave a tremendous jerk and let me go at once when he saw that we had been caught. "What are you doing here?" he cried. "This is an outrage! Give me that camera!"

"No, he won't give you that camera," said Eric, coming in after Joe. I saw why he hadn't said "Hell, no"—because his parents were with him. Mrs. Wojcylewicz, a fading beauty with graying blond hair, was looking at me with a terribly pained expression on her face; I suddenly feared I had made a terrible mistake, she would tell Kathy about this, and I

would be ruined for life. Mr. Wojczylewicz, a tall, stout gentleman with thinning brown hair and a big moustache, didn't look at me; he stared straight at Father O'Binion with a look of mingled incredulity and outrage.

"Mom and Dad, will you believe me *now*?" Eric asked.

Mrs. Wojczylewicz screamed and started to cry. Mr. Wojczylewicz said, in his deep voice with a strong Polish accent, "This is terrible, unimaginable. Father, I could never have believed this. You must go. You must tell the people, this Sunday, you will go."

"This is all a misunderstanding," Father said, obviously knowing no one would believe him.

"It's no misunderstanding," Eric said with a gleeful grin. "We've got the goods on you, Father. Angelo agreed to let us in. Angelo's admitted you've been indulging in the very same kinds of sins with him as you've been preaching against. Now you'll have to do your indulging and preaching somewhere else, if you get to do them at all."

"Angelo's *admitted*—!" He turned toward me. I quickly looked away from him. "Well, then, I'd like a chance to discuss this privately with Angelo."

I still didn't want a one-to-one confrontation with him, especially in private. "No," I said. "If you've got anything to say to me, you can say it so everyone can hear."

He was silent for a moment. Now I did look at him. I could see his facial expression rapidly changing from one of outrage, almost hatred, to one of deep sorrow. "Well, then," he said, "in that case, all I can say is that—Angela, I could never have imagined you would betray me like this." He reached out to me with his eyes, trying to hold me tight with them as he had done so recently with his hands. I frowned, looked away, and rolled my eyes.

"Our love was pure, holy, virtuous!" Father implored me in vain to believe, knowing I could hear him though not see him. "Angela, my dearest Angela, our marriage was true, no matter what anyone might

say, and it should have been lifelong! I—my heart is breaking to think you would ever be unfaithful to me, by revealing our secret marriage to those who had no right to know! That you would actually permit intruders to destroy our love—*that* is what is truly terrible and unimaginable!” He made a sound that seemed quite like a sob. Still I forced myself not to look at him.

“Oh, Angela!” he cried out. “If your conscience can find you not guilty of the most shameful ingratitude—of betraying me, and betraying our marriage, as viciously as Judas betrayed Our Lord—it is more than I can do!” He sobbed again. I had to look at him. He was actually shedding tears. I looked away. I could no longer question whether Father was sincere in believing that our so-called marriage was for real, but I still didn’t believe he was right in thinking so—or in comparing me to Judas either.

“Your *marriage!*” Mr. Wojczylewicz burst out. “Father, you cannot be saying this! There is no marriage between a man, especially a priest, and another man, even if the other man looks like a woman!”

“You are wrong,” Father told him. “I can only hope that someday the world, and even the Church, will recognize that you are wrong.”

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I didn’t know if the world would ever agree with Father O’Binion, but I was pretty sure the Church wouldn’t, and equally sure I needed to go to confession. Obviously I couldn’t go to St. Oliver’s—but where?

I figured it had to be St. Genesius Cathedral, right across the street from the Big Black Block. I had sometimes gone to confession there before work, especially when I had gone wild with men at the club the night before. It would be a long trip on the light-rail car, but it would give me plenty of time to think, and to examine my conscience.

I got on the rail car, sat down, and tried to think about my sins. It was easy to see what the big ones

were: I falsely agreed to marry Father O'Binion, knowing full well that the so-called marriage was bogus, and I had sex with him four times. What wasn't so easy to understand was *why* and *so what*. Fortunately I didn't need to answer those questions to go to confession, but I couldn't help wondering about them anyway.

Why did I ever do such things? Well, it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't gone to Club Swank Wank, which I then confessed to Father. And why did I go to the club? I dug deep into my memory, trying to understand.

I had long been lonely, never fitting in well at the sports-crazed, popularity-crazed, and just generally crazed Catholic schools I attended. I felt guilty and ashamed after I masturbated—especially when I did it like a sissy with my coquette hidden between my legs, which was by far the most exciting way—but it felt so good, and gave me such relief, that I couldn't keep from doing it for too long at a time. I was fascinated by the thought of revealing my sissiness to another guy—any other guy, as long as he was trustworthy—and getting sexy with him, but I never dared to do it in high school. I heard bad Catholic guys talking about going to Club Swank Wank, but I never went there back then.

Then I graduated, and had a summer job at the Premier Bank of Pacificum in downtown Pacific Heights. Within a week, in the evening after work, I dared to go to Club Swank Wank, and I found it more exciting than I had dreamed. I went there several more times that summer, spacing out my visits to try to insure maximum excitement.

After that I went to SIDU, and it was a long trip to the club from Appledale. I didn't go there during the school years—although I did sometimes fantasize about going there, and then I succumbed to the strong urge to masturbate—but in summers I did. Then, during the year since graduation, I went there quite a number of times. It was then that I got the nun's habit and began to regard myself as a sissy of mercy, going to the club as much for the sake of my dear, needy men as for my own sake.

*So what?* Why did I keep going to confession, almost as many times as I went to the club? Why didn't I just keep getting sexy with men with impunity, even gleefully, as Eric Wojcylewicz kept getting blow jobs from girls (though not from gay guys)?

That was the hardest thing to think about. At SIDU I admired at least some of the good Catholics, and I didn't admire the bad Catholics; I actually started wishing I could be a good Catholic, and even fairly feebly trying to be one, although I didn't succeed. I knew a good Catholic would go to confession after masturbating or having gay sex, so I did, but I didn't really understand what was so bad about these activities. The problem was that, the more I thought about them, the less I understood why there was anything wrong with them.

I tried to think about something else. God would have been ideal, no doubt, but it was a lot easier to think about Kathy than about God, so I did. Why did I think it was so important to make sure Kathy never found out about my sex acts with Father O'Binion and with the men at the club? Because they would offend her and probably kill off her love for me, of course. The analogy was easy enough to grasp. I couldn't hide my sex acts from God, as I could from Kathy. If I did the sex acts, especially if I then didn't confess them with a firm resolution not to do them again, it would offend God and—if possible—kill off His love for me. But why was *that*?

I failed to understand, all the way through Seaview Grove and beneath Farquhar Village. At last, as the rail car began to rush through the dark tunnel under Queen's Bluff, I thought I began to get a glimmer of understanding—with Kathy's help, although Kathy wasn't there.

That, I thought, was exactly the point: Kathy wasn't there. *Why not?* Why hadn't I fallen in love with her years ago? Why hadn't we gotten married right after graduation, and maybe even had a new baby by now? Why was I racing, even now away from Appledale, where my happiness might have lain all along, had I only realized it?

There was only one answer, and I had to face it. I hadn't killed off Kathy's love for me, but I had spent years almost killing off *my* love for *Kathy*—by fleeing to total strangers at the club, to fantasies of the same, and now at last to the bogus marriage with Father O'Binion. The more exciting and desirable the substitutes were, and the more nearly they satisfied my craving, the more they tended to kill off the true love I might have had all along. If I had gone along with Father's sincere belief that he and I were husband and wife for life, the killing would have been complete.

I felt sick, cold, and horrible, as if I had tried to kill Kathy herself while high on cocaine or some such drug. I had never really abused drugs, only sex, but it did the job at least as powerfully as any drug. I feared I was going to throw up right there in the rail car—but now, at last, I understood why I was going to confession.

When I entered the cathedral, I saw an extra-long line at one of the confessionals. I figured Bishop Bean was probably in that one. I went up to look at the nameplate; sure enough, it was him. He was always swamped at confession, partly because people knew he wouldn't give them too hard a time about even the worst sins.

That was exactly what I needed. I got in line for Bishop Bean, giving me plenty more time to be truly sorry for my sins. When I finally entered the confessional, I was ready.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," I said. "It's been two weeks"—could it really have been only two weeks?"—since my last confession. Since that time"—my voice was shaking, but I forged ahead—"I misled a priest into believing I agreed to marry him, knowing the marriage would be invalid because I was a male, and he was a priest. And I engaged in homosexual activity four—no, five times with the priest." I figured I'd better count the whipping-and-ejaculating episode. I was so nervous and ashamed that I forgot to include the usual dumb venial sins, but those were the only mortal ones I knew of. "I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life,

especially any sins against purity, and any sins of untruthfulness.”

I was still pretty sure no sin could render a priest speechless, but Bishop Bean did take a few seconds before he spoke. “Well, don’t tell me the name of the priest in confession,” he said, “but we need to know about such things. This is terrible, and we’ve got to get that priest out of there before he can do more damage. Part of your penance will be to report him to the chancery office. You’ll have to go there in person, so the conversation can be totally confidential. Can you do that on Monday?”

“Yes. I work in the Magnum Supreme Building, so I could go right over there.”

“All right. Now, is this affair with the priest over? You’re not going to go ahead and do it again, are you?”

“No, I’m not.” More things to say rushed through my mind—that we had been caught, that he accused me of betraying him—but I thought it best not to say them.

“Good. All right, for your penance, say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys, and don’t forget to make your report to the chancery office on Monday. Now make a good act of contrition.”

“O my God!” I began, with deeper sincerity than in my usual confession before now. “I am heartily sorry for having offended you!”

I finished the act of contrition, and Bishop Bean gave me absolution. When I emerged, I felt ready to begin the rest of my life—with Kathy.

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Kathy and I sat next to each other in church again on Sunday. We made the sign of the cross together; we sang together; we heard the Scripture readings and said the responses together. Then, still together, we waited to hear Father O’Binion’s homily—his last at St. Oliver’s.

Again he preached about something that wasn't in the Scripture readings for the day, but this time it wasn't sex. "Dearly beloved in Christ," he said, "the tongue, as St. James teaches us, is a fire, a world of iniquity—a restless evil, full of deadly poison, and set on fire by hell! With the tongue we bless God, and yet we curse men, who are made in the likeness of God! This ought not to be so, St. James assures us—and yet we know all too well that it *is* so."

He paused. All eyes and ears were fixed upon him, which hadn't happened during his sermons about sex.

"Sins of the tongue," he said, "have led me to ask for the termination of my assignment here at St. Oliver's. Scandalous rumors have been spread, making it impossible for me to continue. I am confident that I will be vindicated at last—in the eyes of God, even if not in the eyes of men. May God bless you all, and may God have mercy on those who have spread the scandalous rumors. That is all I have to say."

He left the pulpit and began the Creed, just as if this were any other Sunday. I didn't look at Kathy. I figured I would be looking at her, and hearing from her, soon enough.

"Angelo, this is an outrage!" Kathy said after we were done with Mass and prayers. "I bet the people who didn't like Father's preaching have been telling lies about him!"

I wasn't going to tell Kathy any lies, but I sure wasn't going to tell her the whole truth either. "Well, you don't know the whole story," I vaguely pointed out. "And just because he preached hard-hitting sermons against impurity, that doesn't mean he never succumbed to temptation. You know, sometimes people even talk that way as a cover-up for impurity." I didn't think it would add anything, and it probably would have distracted Kathy, to mention Sir Francis Bacon and his homo buddies.

Kathy's eyes opened wide in shock. "You can't imagine that *Father O'Binion*—!" She could say no more.

“I’m not imagining anything,” I told her, most truthfully. “I’m just saying it’s possible. You just don’t know.” *And you never will, until the Day of Judgment*, my heart earnestly added in deepest silence.

Kathy frowned. “I just can’t believe it,” she said. “Well, anyway, we need to pray for Father O’Binion.”

“We sure do,” I heartily agreed.

## Epilogue

I never heard from Father O’Binion, or found out what happened to him, for many years after that. Kathy and I did get married, and we lived more or less happily ever after. I didn’t even cheat on her with guys in reality, although occasionally I did in fantasy. Father O’Binion wasn’t one of the guys I cheated with in fantasy, though.

At long last, one day when I was looking at the *Pacific Heights Informer’s* website, I saw an article entitled “Former Catholic priest finds happiness in same-sex marriage.” Of course I had to see who the former Catholic priest was—and, sure enough, it was Father O’Binion. The article showed him, looking older but still vigorous, with a dark-eyed, middle-aged beauty called Angelina—a male in reality, but with a highly feminine appearance. Father O’Binion was now an Episcopalian curate, and he had married Angelina in an Episcopalian same-sex ceremony at St. Austin’s Church on Queen’s Bluff.

“I was secretly involved in same-sex relationships from time to time as a Catholic priest,” he disclosed, “but at last I couldn’t take the strain of secrecy. It was such a tremendous relief to come home to the Episcopal church, where I could be myself with the spouse of my own choosing, and let everybody know it.”

I had to let Kathy see, to relieve her at long last of her old outrage at how Father O’Binion had been treated. “Kathy,” I said, “please come here. I think you need to see this.”

She came. She saw. She could hardly believe it, and yet she had to believe it. “Oh, no!” she said. “I wonder if those old rumors were true after all.”

“Well, I guess they could have been. Maybe you’ll never know for sure until the Day of Judgment.”

She put her arm around me and kissed me on the cheek. “I’m so glad I don’t have to worry about that kind of thing with *you*,” she commended me.

It was true. I wasn’t going to cheat on her with any guys, at least in reality; much less was I going to try to supplant that Angelina person in Father O’Binion’s affections. Kathy didn’t need to know for sure that the old rumors were true, and she sure didn’t need to know anything about any of Father’s secret same-sex relationships.

“You sure don’t,” I assured her. I kissed her on the mouth and said nothing more about Father O’Binion, much less about his short-lived secret marriage with me long ago.

##

# DAISY’S CRAZES

## Chapter 1

I remember . . . I was girl-crazy from an incredibly early age. When I was five or six years old, in kindergarten way back in 1956 and 1957, I used to day-dream about what beauties the girls in my kindergarten class would be when they grew up. They would be tall and have lovely grown-up women’s figures, and yet their faces would be as sweet and fresh and almost as young-looking as when they were five or six. It would be heavenly to see them, I imagined—and even more heavenly to love and be loved by the loveliest of them all, whoever that might turn out to be.

Back then, I didn’t yet imagine what a desirable blonde beauty I myself might be when I grew up.

Maybe it was almost inevitable from the beginning, though, that my extreme fascination with girls would lead me to pretend I was a girl, to try to know the thoughts and feelings of a girl from within, to seek a good girl's grace and sweetness and loveliness for myself.

Soon my great interest in girls grew greater, but not because of grace or goodness. A girl named Becky let me see her going to the bathroom. I already had a vague idea that girls didn't have wieners like boys, but I didn't know exactly what they did have. Now I saw, and I had to see as much as I could. Instead of a wiener, Becky had a *cut*, right where her wiener would have been if she had been a boy.

My greedy eyes burned Becky's cut deep into my memory at once—and yet the sight was so strange, almost so unimaginable, that I began to wonder after a while if what seemed to be my memory of it had only been a dream. I had to see her cut again, to verify that such a thing could really exist. I asked her politely if I could please see her going to the bathroom again, but she refused to let me.

This was an outrage, in my view. Surely there was nothing wrong with letting me see her cut, especially if I let her see my wiener in return. She *would* let me see her cut, right now!

I pulled her skirt up and tried to pull her panties down. She screamed, kicked, fought me, and ran away to tell her mom about my vicious attack on her.

I was never allowed to visit Becky again, and no other girl would let me see her cut. Debarred from seeing girls' cuts, I daydreamed about loving girls and being loved by them, but harsh reality did not fulfill my dreams. At the age of eight, I gave a little blonde beauty named Wendy a valentine in school. My heart was pounding, my mind was running wild with fantasies of loving her and kissing her, as I awaited her response.

“Take that back!” she angrily demanded.

My eyes bulged in outrage. This was *wrong*, my heart cried out. At least she could have thanked me for it!

“No, I won’t,” I told her. She ripped it up and threw it in the trash—along with my heart.

*God damn it, you little fucker!* I thought—for already I knew many bad words, although I seldom said them out loud for fear of getting in trouble. *God damn it, I should strip you naked! I should rip your panties off and let everyone see your cut!*

I didn’t say it, much less do it; I just felt like it. Deep in my loneliness, I felt the first stirrings of desire to be girlish myself, to fulfill my own need for a good girl to love, as Wendy had refused to do—but still, for a little while longer, I indignantly refused.

The first time I ever really thought of being a girlish boy was when I saw a picture of a very pretty little sissy in Sunday school. The sissy, the girlish boy, was supposed to be Jesus as a little boy. He had a sweet, beautiful face and a cute girl’s hairdo, and he was wearing a dress, just like a girl. I got an erection, the first I can distinctly remember in my life, just from looking at him—and it grew harder when I thought of being like him, as we were supposed to sing that we wanted to do: “Lord, I want to be like Jesus, in-a my heart.”

*No! Not that!* I cried out within myself. I mustered up all my tough maleness to detest this girlish “Jesus,” to resist what I saw as a plot by women to “girlize” boys. All my tough maleness wasn’t quite enough, though. Despite myself, I began to wonder wildly what it would be like to be a girlish boy, to wear a dress, to be as sweet and pretty as a girl, to need the love of no girl but myself.

At last, right around my 10th birthday near the beginning of 1960, I succumbed; I turned girlish in strictest secrecy. I was looking at some of my mom’s old magazines to see if they contained anything of interest, like pictures of pretty young girls. I came upon a pretty young paper-doll girl named Betsy. She was supposed to be a good girl; no doubt she would never let a boy see her cut, and yet she was shamelessly letting everyone see her in her underwear. I got a boner looking at her. You were supposed to cut out her clothes and put them on her, to cover up her underwear, but I didn’t.

*I can look and feel like Betsy, I found myself thinking in total fascination. I can wear girls' underwear, if I can get it. I can hide my wiener between my legs, and look and feel just like a pretty girl!*

I had to. I didn't really have any girls' underwear, but I did have paper and pencils. That day, and often in the months to come, I hid my wiener between my legs and drew many pictures of myself as a paper-doll girl like Betsy—only I called my secret girl-self Daisy because my name was David Gaitherskill, and Daisy sounded almost like my nickname, Davy. My hair was blonde, not brown like Betsy's, but I wore it with cute hair ribbons or headbands as she did, and in the pictures it was longer than her hair.

In my pictures, I wore the prettiest, laciest little low-cut girl's undershirt with thin straps, and the prettiest, laciest little panties that ever concealed a good girl's cut. Sometimes I wore pretty dresses or blouses and skirts too, but then I often dared to take them off and let my imaginary viewers see me in my undies (never naked, for I was a good girl like Betsy, though sometimes I felt strong urges to let a good boy see my cut). I never had any thought that my girlish pretensions might be truly shameful or wrong, but I did know some people would insult me if they found out about them, which they must never do.

By the time I was going on 11, I had started to wear pretty little bras in my paper-doll pictures. Many girls in my class at school now wore bras, as my sharp eyes discerned. Most of the girls' bras were still small, but a few were so big I wondered if they were false. I was chubby and had girlish little buds, with sensitive pink nipples that stuck out as I imagined girls' nipples did—but I was fascinated by “falsies,” which could make my breasts look as big as any girl's breasts if only I could somehow acquire them. I started to wear falsies sometimes in my pictures.

I hid my wiener between my legs and pretended I was a girl in the shower, too. Even good girls had to get naked to take showers, of course, and surely they had to rub their little breasts with soap to get them clean. One day a month or so before my 11th birthday, my buds were becoming very clean indeed. It felt so good to rub them that I could hardly have stopped

even if I had wanted to, and I sure didn't want to. My mouth was open, my eyes were closed, my big chubby butt was clenched, my thighs were pressing tightly against my hidden wiener, and I was rubbing my breasts harder and harder. Suddenly my butt started to move back and forth on its own, my thighs to clench and unclench in rapid rhythm, and I was gasping for breath. I didn't know what was happening, unless it was what happened to boys when they "beat off"—but I hadn't been beating off, I hadn't done anything to bring this on, except to pretend I was a good girl getting clean.

No matter how good a girl I might be, though, I couldn't stop the trembling of my butt. I felt something spurting out of my wiener behind my thighs, gushing again and again, and I felt I had to pump my butt hard to make every drop of it come out. I didn't know what it was, but I was pretty sure it wasn't pee. I reached between my legs before I stopped gushing, to feel what was coming out. It was gooey and sticky, not like pee at all.

I groaned and washed my wiener and my hand. I wasn't at all sure anything like this would ever really happen to a good girl in the shower, but I didn't know how to stop it if it happened again. I hoped it wasn't a sign of some sickness. Even if it was, though, it wasn't going to get me to stop pretending to be a girl—far from it!

I had no interest in beating off as normal boys did, but I did get even more interested in girls and girlishness after my first gusher. By my 11th birthday, I was springing a gusher beneath my buttocks almost every day. Sometimes I did it in the shower in the morning, but that made me tired, so more often I did it in bed at night to help me sleep, lying on my side and gushing near the edge of the bed where I wasn't going to be sleeping. Weakly I tried to resist the temptation to pretend I was letting a boy put his wiener in my cut, for I was a good girl, and I knew good girls didn't let boys fuck them—but it was so exciting to pretend a boy was fucking me that I usually succumbed to the temptation.

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I had kept my girlishness secret for well over a year by early May 1961. Then our whole class at school had to go to a school camp called Camp Semakoboomish, where I had to sleep in bunk beds and let boys see me naked in the shower.

The first day there, on Monday evening, boys embarrassed me by pointing out that I was almost the only one with hair above my wiener. The only other one was a tall, strong guy named Rick Bourgeoin. Like all the other boys in my class, Rick was a year or so older than I was, because I had skipped a grade for being a “brain” and they hadn’t. I was very big for my age, though, and more “grown up” than almost all the other boys even though I was younger. I didn’t have a boner that day, but Rick did, and the boys wanted to see him beat off. He readily obliged them. I was shocked, but I couldn’t keep myself from watching, especially when he ejaculated.

On Tuesday I skipped the shower for fear of further embarrassment, but I figured I’d stink too much if I skipped it again on Wednesday. I was afraid I was going to get a boner because I hadn’t ejaculated for three days. Sure enough, as soon as I pulled down my pants in front of the boys and got into the shower, I had one, and the boys were demanding to see me beat off.

“I don’t beat off,” I told them—truthfully, for having an orgasm like a sexy girl every night wasn’t beating off. I wished I could hide my boner between my legs, but I knew they would whoop and wolf-whistle and call me a girl if I did.

“You’re lying,” Rick said. “I know you must beat off.” He had a boner again. His was bigger than mine; mine was only about four inches long back then, and his was already at least six.

“Look,” he said, “If you won’t beat off yourself, I’ll beat you off.” I could see that he meant it. He reached for my boner. I tried to back off. There was no way I could keep him from beating me off except to hide my boner between my legs. Most reluctantly, I did.

The boys did whoop and wolf-whistle. “Wow, look at that!” Rick cried. “Davy’s a girl! Hey, Davy-girl, can I fuck you?”

“No!” I insisted.

“Oh, come on, you’re so cute and sexy! Let’s do it!”

“No! God damn it! Stop it!” I begged him. Rick seemed to have no fear at all of being regarded as a queer—I guess because he knew he could beat up anyone who called him one—but I was terrified. He tried to put his arms around me. I pushed him away, but even in my terror I was so excited that I could feel myself ejaculating beneath my butt.

“Well, shit, I’m not going to *rape* you,” Rick said. “Have it your way. I bet you’d be a great girlfriend, though.” The boys whooped and laughed. I groaned and wondered how I was going to clean off my gushy thighs and wiener without being seen. I couldn’t. Rick saw me cleaning up, and I was pretty sure he knew I had gushed.

Somehow I got through that dreadful week, and through the last few weeks of sixth grade. Shortly before school was out for the summer, Rick cornered me alone. “Hey, Davy,” he said, “do you ever wear girls’ clothes? I bet my sister’s clothes would fit you, and you’d look really cute in them. Would you like to come over sometime after school’s out and try them on? I promise I won’t try to rape you!”

I had a boner at once. I could see that Rick’s pants were bulging too. I was still afraid, and I didn’t want to be a queer, but it would be so incredibly exciting to wear girls’ clothes in reality!

“I’ve never really worn girls’ clothes,” I said. I looked around to make extra sure no one else was listening. I could hardly breathe, and I feared I could hardly be heard over the thunder of my heart. “But—well, I’ve drawn pictures of myself wearing them.”

“Would you like to really wear some?”

I had to. I just couldn’t miss the chance, no matter what. “Well,” I whispered, “do you promise you won’t

tell anyone, and you won't try to beat me off or fuck me?"

"Wow, yeah, I promise!" Rick assured me.

He fulfilled his promise, for a while. On the very first weekday after school was out, I lied and told my mom I was going to the library. In reality, I went to Rick's house. He told me his dad was at work and his mom was out shopping. His sister was home, though, and she was sexy. I'd never met her before, but that didn't matter to Rick.

"Hey, Suzy," he said to her, "this is my friend Davy. He'd like to wear some of your clothes for a while, if that's OK with you."

Suzy grinned. She looked like the kind of girl who would let a boy fuck her. Her dark hair, dark eyes, and dark bushy eyebrows, her pert little breasts within her tight pink top, and her strong-looking legs revealed by her almost equally tight shorts, all made me wish—not that I could fuck her, but that I could be as sexy a girl as she was.

"Sure, Davy, you can wear my clothes any time you like," she said, "if I get to see you wearing them! I bet you'd make a really cute girl! Have you got a girl's name?"

"Uh, yeah, it's Daisy," I said.

"Daisy, wow, almost like Davy! That's great! Hey, try on one of my bras, and stuff some hankies in to make it fit!"

She got a little low-cut bra out of a drawer. "This is one of my favorites," she said. "Here, take off your shirt and I'll help you fasten it. I bet it will fit you pretty well."

I took off my shirt and undershirt. Rick was watching me intently. Suzy gave me the bra. Awkwardly I put my arms through the openings beneath the shoulder straps. Suzy fastened it in back for me. The band size was almost exactly right. Then she grabbed some handkerchiefs from another drawer, stuffed them into the cups, and molded them with her hands until the cups were the right shape.

“Hey, you don’t even need that much stuffing!” she exclaimed. “You’ve got a really cute figure; your butt looks like a girl’s butt, too! How about some of my panties and a skirt?”

I eagerly accepted them. I pulled my pants down, revealed my boner, and then pressed it down into hiding while Rick and Suzy watched. I was afraid I was going to gush in Suzy’s panties, but I pulled them up, pink lacy ones that fit me almost as well as the bra. Then she gave me a cute short skirt and a tight sweater, which I put on at once. I could hardly wait to see myself as a girl in the mirror.

“Wow, Daisy,” said Rick, “you’ve really got what it takes! If you just grew your hair out, I couldn’t tell you from a real girl!”

I waddled toward Suzy’s full-length mirror, exciting my hidden wiener more with every mincing, ultra-girlish step. When I saw myself, I knew what Rick was talking about. I imagined myself with long hair like Suzy’s, only blonde of course, not dark like hers. If I had it, I thought, I wouldn’t be able to tell myself from a real girl either. There was only one difference: real girls didn’t ejaculate in their panties. I couldn’t control myself. The urge to spurt sperm overcame me; I ejaculated backward despite my desperate efforts at self-control. Soon Suzy’s panties were wet and gooey all over beneath my butt.

“It’s too exciting,” I admitted. “I’m sorry. I’m afraid you’ll need to wash your panties.”

Suzy laughed out loud. “Wow!” she said. “It gets you that excited just to wear my clothes? You really do have what it takes, don’t you? Daisy, you were born to be a girlie-boy!”

I was even more sure I was born to be a girlie-boy when Suzy let me wear her bikini a few days later. At Rick and Suzy’s house they had a little swimming pool in their backyard, and they invited me over for a dip. I wore boys’ swim trunks, of course, and so did Rick. We both had boners, and mine was throbbing hard when I saw Suzy in her skimpy red bikini. Not only could I see her bare breasts almost down to her

nipples, but it was so flimsy that I could plainly see the shape of her big, pointy nipples.

“Would you like to wear my bikini?” Suzy asked me.

“Wow, would I ever!” I cried.

“OK, let’s trade,” she said. “Give me your trunks.” Right in front of me, she pulled down her bikini bottoms. I gulped and looked around frantically. They did have a high privacy fence, and I was pretty sure nobody would see. I was afraid something was going to go terribly wrong, but I couldn’t pass up this chance. I stripped off my wet trunks, letting Suzy and Rick see my boner. Suzy grabbed my trunks and put them on; then she handed me her equally wet bikini bottoms. I put them on; I hid my boner; I knew I was going to gush in them. All I could do was try to put it off as long as possible.

“Now my top,” she said. She reached around behind her neck and untied the thin strings that alone held the top up. My eyes bulged almost out of my head as she revealed her bare breasts to me, with erect brown nipples that begged me to ejaculate at the very sight of them. She waded around behind me and told me to raise my arms; then she pulled the stretchy bikini top down over my little breasts. It was so stretchy that it fit me like magic, with no need for stuffing.

I gasped for breath as she tied the strings behind my neck, pressing her bare breasts against my back as she did. She pressed her loins, clad only in my wet trunks, against my wet bikini-clad buttocks too. I knew my gusher was coming on. I groaned as my spurts emerged beneath my butt, so close to Suzy’s cut. She could tell I was gushing, I knew. She clasped my breasts with her hands and pumped her hips against my butt as I did.

Rick stripped off his trunks to reveal his long boner. “Daisy, are you ready?” he asked. “Can we do it now?”

“Rick, you promised you wouldn’t try,” I complained. I didn’t want to be a queer and do it with

him, especially since I had already finished ejaculating.

“I know I promised,” he said, “but I’ve just got to! Daisy, you’re too sexy to resist! I admit I’m a homo; you need to admit you’re a homo too.”

“I’m *not* a homo,” I insisted, though I feared it wasn’t true. He approached me. I pushed him away.

“God damn it,” he said. “All right, if you insist, I’ll beat off instead.” He did beat off, ejaculating right into the water in the swimming pool.

I didn’t go to Rick’s house again. I knew he would try again to queer me, and I didn’t want him to. Still, in the shower alone at home, I couldn’t help imagining Rick was watching me and getting excited while I pretended I was a naked girl. It was crazy, I thought: I didn’t want to be a queer, but why did I get so incredibly excited at the thought of being a sissy who was attractive to a queer?

When I entered seventh grade, I tried to put all such thoughts aside. Maybe now, at last, I fancied, I could be a manly boy, and win a good girl’s love. Many beautiful girls, some of them good, surrounded me now. All I needed was one.

I quickly fixed upon the one who seemed the best and loveliest. Her name was Wendy, like the name of the little blonde beauty who had spurned me when I was eight, but her looks were very different. She had dark shoulder-length hair, dark eyes, and fair skin with lots of freckles. Her breasts were growing, but still were only slightly bigger than my own at the beginning of seventh grade. She would never let a boy fuck her, of course, but she was sweet and kind and friendly, and eminently lovable. If only I could attract and win her loving heart, and embrace her and kiss her, and someday marry her—what beauty and joy would fill my life, and hers as well!

I had to dream about it, and to write about my dreams. I even wrote about them at school, crazily imagining I could keep my writing a secret. In reality, there wasn’t a chance. A bad boy named Bobby grabbed my story—a transparent wish-fulfillment fantasy about a boy named David and a girl named

Wendy falling in love with each other—and revealed it to the laughing, whooping world.

I was crushed. The real Wendy was horrified. She never spoke to me or looked at me again.

That night I cried alone, and I embraced myself. I would have to be my own “Wendy” now, I knew. Maybe, in total secrecy, I could even love a good boy and be his girlfriend—not love a hot, brazen homo like Rick, but a shy, tender-hearted boy like me. I dreamed, and my story began to come to life, a story about a sweet, good girl named Daisy and an admirable boy named Wendell. “Wendell, I love you,” I whispered. Soon my lips were meeting his, tenderly, chastely, with not even the slightest suggestion of any interest in fucking, and my heart was beating as close to his as possible.

## Chapter 2

The years trudged by, until my senior year in high school, and I never yet got a girlfriend; I only *was* a girlfriend, in my fantasies, for a series of lonely boys who needed love as much as I did. More and more often, though, I was no longer a good little virgin like Wendy in my dreams. Far from it, I was a sexy female impersonator for my secret, imaginary boyfriends, letting them strip off my girls’ clothes and fuck me any time they wished. I might even have let Rick queer me in reality if he had still been around, but his family had moved and he was at a different school.

I did still wish I could get a girlfriend, but I was pretty sure she would have to be as lonely as I was, and as unattractive to boys as I was to girls. I looked around at girls who were regarded as unattractive, to see if I could possibly be attracted to any of them. I wasn’t sure I could, but I kept trying.

The best bet, I thought after a lot of trial and error, was Patricia Rondeleigh, the daughter of Mr. Rondeleigh, who taught my Sunday-school class at the First Presbyterian Church of Seaview Grove. All boys, except me, thought Patricia was hideously ugly. Her breasts were tiny, distinctly smaller than

my embarrassingly big ones, and she was way too hairy for a girl. Not only her arms and her legs (which she didn't shave) were hairy, but she had dark hair on her upper lip and on the sides of her face. On the other hand, her hips were broad and sexy-looking; her legs were curvy and feminine-looking except for the hair; her curly brown hair was long and pretty; her lips were full and looked eminently kissable. Above all, her gray-green eyes, the color of the ocean as it usually looked from any vantage point in Greater Pacific Heights, looked as if they might well be windows into a sweet, kind, loving heart such as I had always longed for, but longed so far in vain.

Best of all, Patricia—almost alone among girls—was actually friendly to me. Mostly she just said “Hi, David, how are you?” when we met—but the little crumbs of kindness she gave me were precious to me, and I tried to show her kindness in return. Someday, I hoped, such tiny seeds of possible future friendship might ripen into something greater, far greater.

True, Patricia seemed to be a sincere Christian and I sure wasn't one myself, but I figured that might not be fatal. At Sunday school I had successfully pretended to be a Christian for years, figuring it wasn't worth the trouble to quit and then have to dispute with my parents about quitting. Maybe I could keep it up, if only Patricia would love me.

One Sunday, I actually began to imagine that maybe she would. The discussion in class was about Christian marriage. Patricia was listening intently. Every now and then I glanced at her. When I did, I sometimes found that she was looking at me. My heart began to beat hard with desire to love her faithfully for life, and even to enter her, to make her pregnant, to give her children.

Then came the shock. I don't even remember how it came about. All I remember is that Mr. Rondeleigh, out of nowhere, was making predictions about the future married life—or lack of it—of certain students, not including Patricia, but including me. For no reason at all, he insulted me by saying he thought I would be a confirmed bachelor!

I clenched my fists in silence. “Fuck you!” I thought of shouting at him. “Fuck you too, you fool!” I didn’t actually say it, not because Jesus said you could go to hell for calling a guy a fool, but because it would show that he had power to hurt my heart. I would not even get up and walk out in the middle of the class. I would simply leave as normal, in silence, and never, ever return.

I glanced at Patricia. A deep frown darkened her face. When she saw that I was looking at her, she looked straight at me and shook her head “No!” Then she lowered her eyes, as if ashamed of having revealed her heart to me and denied her father’s words.

I was going to carry out my plan of leaving and never returning directly after class, but I had to wonder if I might say a word to Patricia first. I didn’t get a chance to say one before she said more than one to me.

“David,” she said softly and quickly when we had left the room but her dad had not, “I’m sorry my dad said that to you, about, well, you know—being a confirmed bachelor. He had no reason to say it, I thought it was insulting, and—well, he didn’t really have any reason to think it was true.”

“I’ll prove it’s *not* true,” I said at once. I was so pissed off at her dad that I didn’t think about the implications of what I was saying, until I had already said it.

I could hear Patricia starting to gasp, and then forcing herself to stop. “I hope you will,” she whispered. I didn’t gasp myself, but I almost did. I knew that Patricia, unlike me, had thought about the implications. She was sharp, one of the smartest girls in the senior class. She must have thought about the implications, at top speed.

I thought about them now, also at top speed. Almost at once I made my decision. I couldn’t pass up a chance to see if Patricia might become my girlfriend, especially now that it would be a form of revenge against Mr. Rondeleigh. I didn’t care if her chest was as flat as the Great Plains and her whole body was as hairy as an ape, neither of which was quite true. It

was her heart that mattered, her heart that had led her to hope I would prove her dad wrong—and marry her? Still I could hardly believe it, but I could never forgive myself if I failed to find out!

“I wonder what your dad would think,” I said, “if I asked his daughter for a date.”

Patricia’s eyes opened wide in delight and not quite disbelief. “Well,” she said slowly, “there’s one way to find out for sure.” Before I could say anything, she went on. “Actually,” she said, “I think there are two ways to find out for sure. One would be to ask him ahead of time. The other would be—well—to tell him after the date already happened.”

I gazed into her deep ocean-eyes, and she did not look away. “That would avoid the risk that he’d refuse to let his daughter go out with a confirmed bachelor,” I said. “Why don’t we try that? Is that OK with you?”

“Yes,” she whispered to me. She wasn’t looking at me now, but she didn’t need to.

I glanced at the door and saw her dad coming through it. “We’ll talk about it at school,” I said. Then I turned away and didn’t look back at her dad.

We talked about it at school on Monday, and decided the date would happen on Tuesday after school at Blessing’s Buffet. “Hey, you’re looking even nicer than usual,” I told her when we met after school on Tuesday. It was true. She was wearing a form-fitting pink top that showed she did have breasts, however tiny they might be. With that and a full knee-length flower-printed skirt, she looked really pretty—especially since she was giving me a big, beautiful smile.

“Why, thank you,” she said. “That’s something I don’t hear very often.”

“You’ll hear it more often from *me*, if I get a chance to tell you.”

Blessing’s Buffet was only a few blocks down Sea-view Boulevard from the high school. We walked there largely in silence; Patricia strained to make small talk about school, and I responded in kind.

“Do you have any idea why your dad thought I was a confirmed bachelor?” I asked her when we had gotten our food and sat down at our table.

Patricia pursed her lips and was silent for a moment. “I’m afraid,” she said slowly, “it was because he thought you were a homosexual.”

I frowned and stared in outrage. “I’m not,” I said.

“No, I didn’t think you were—and I wouldn’t presume somebody was one if I didn’t know.”

“Actually, I hope I’ll get married when I get older,” I dared to say. “How about you?”

She smiled, but cast her eyes down. “Yes,” she said, “if it’s God’s will.”

There it was again. Patricia was a Christian through and through. I decided to study up on how best to pretend to be a good Christian, even if I couldn’t really bring myself to become one. It would be worth it, for Patricia.

As we talked and ate, I started desiring Patricia more deeply. Before the end of our first date, I was fantasizing ardently about caressing her tiny breasts, kissing her full lips, and even entering her deeply hidden cut. I was no homosexual, all right—and I was going to prove it!

“Of course you’re not the kind of girl who would kiss a guy on the first date,” I said, “so, uh, how about another date? What kinds of things do you like to do?”

“Oh, bowling, bike riding, swimming . . . you name it, within reason.” She didn’t say “kissing,” but she didn’t rule it out either.

I thought fast. It would be exciting to see her in a swimsuit, but it might not advance me quickly toward my goal. A bike ride to a secluded location where we could kiss, on the other hand, might be just the ticket.

“How about a bike ride to Farquhar Park this Saturday?” I asked. Farquhar Park was a well-known

make-out location, but I hoped Patricia wouldn't reject the proposal for that reason.

She didn't. "Oh, yes, that sounds very nice!" she said.

"I'll ride over to your house and get you on Saturday morning," I said, hoping her dad would see the "confirmed bachelor" taking his daughter away for a bike-riding date. "You'll tell your dad before Saturday that we went on a date and I'm not a confirmed bachelor after all, right?"

"Oh, yes! Of course!" She smiled. My heart was hers.

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"Hi, Mr. Rondeleigh," I said with a smile on Saturday morning, not even suggesting that I had ever loathed him and decided to quit his wretched Sunday-school class. Actually, I was thinking, maybe I could even stand to keep going, if it would help me win Patricia. "Is Patricia here?" I asked, although I was sure she was.

"Yes, I'm here," Patricia said, coming up fast behind him. "I told my dad we were going to ride bikes together, and he said it would be all right." Her dad didn't contradict her, although he didn't look thrilled at the prospect.

We rode. Patricia was strong, and easily kept up with me. It was mostly uphill to Farquhar Park, and we were sweating when we got there.

"How about sitting here and resting for a while?" I asked, pointing out a moderately secluded bench with a view of the ocean.

"Yes, I'd like that," she agreed.

We sat down. I didn't waste any time. "Well," I said, "I was wondering what you think a good Christian husband should be like."

She smiled, but closed her eyes. "I think he should be strong and tender," she said, "wise and kind, pro-

tective, a good provider, eager to have children and raise them well . . . and, above all, a man of deep faith, to lead his family in the right path and give them a good example.” I looked into her eyes and nodded “yes” to show her I would try to be that kind of man, although the deep faith wasn’t going to be easy.

“And now,” she said without looking at me, “what do you think a good Christian wife should be like?”

I was speechless. I couldn’t come up with a list of any good qualities as she had done. I could think of only one thing to say: “Oh, Patricia, I think she should be exactly like *you*.”

Now she had to look at me. Her mouth was quivering, seemingly unsure whether to break out into a big smile or not. I dared to bring my lips close to hers, then closer, until they were touching. She did not move away. I put my arm around her and kissed her full on the mouth, though withholding my tongue. She still did not move away. She even put her arm around me in return.

Why did I not rest satisfied with this tender triumph, and move gently toward marriage with her, which would surely come in due time, if only I could either acquire deep faith or successfully pretend to have it? Why did my craze drive me onward to raise my hand, to start to caress her breast?

“David!” she cried. “No! Please don’t!” She gripped my hand and tried to pull it away, although I wasn’t sure she was trying as hard as she could. For a second longer, even two seconds, I kept pressing and she kept pulling. Then I let go and apologized.

“I’m sorry, Patricia,” I told her. “I know I shouldn’t have done that. I’ll try not to get carried away any more.”

“Please try *hard*,” she admonished me. “Terrible things have happened to couples who—who got carried away. I don’t ever want such a thing to happen to us. I’ve read that every step down the road of petting makes it harder to resist the next one, and I think it’s best not to take even one step.”

“I *will* try hard,” I told her abjectly.

Still everything was not lost. I had only to refrain from touching her breasts until we were married; then I would surely touch them and more. Why, then, did my craze keep driving me onward?

I feared that Patricia, a Christian virgin, might be *frigid*. Her reference to what she had read about the “road of petting” strongly suggested to me that she had never yet taken even one step down the road of sexual excitement. To me, it would not have been good enough for her to surrender herself totally to me and allow me to enter her, out of deep love for me. No, I had to have some fervid assurance that Patricia, too, was subject to the sex craze, and would go wild in orgasm when we were married. I had to get at least far enough to see if she would show any unmistakable sign of sexual excitement.

I decided to enlist Patricia’s supreme authority, the Bible, on my side. I asked her to have a little Bible study session with me, in a study room at the library, the following Saturday. She readily agreed. When she found out what Bible verses I wanted to study, though, she wasn’t pleased, to say the least. They were all the sexiest ones in the Song of Solomon, about kissing, breasts, and all that—and I’m afraid I was grinning lewdly when I read them.

Patricia looked truly shocked and deeply saddened. “David, I don’t think that’s very funny at all,” she rebuked me. “I think you’re just abusing the Bible to try to get me involved in petting with you, when I already said I wasn’t going to. Why are you doing this?”

I said nothing. She began to cry. “I thought you were a good Christian!” she said. “I thought you might even make a—a good Christian husband! And now I see you’re not sincere at all; you’re treating the Word of God as just a joke, and a—a tool to gratify your lust!” Now she was sobbing and crying her heart out, right there in the library. There was nothing I could say, because it was all true.

That was the end. I didn’t go to Sunday school the next day. On Monday at school she told me, “David, I

had to tell my father about your so-called Bible study session. He was shocked, and horrified, and he told me I wasn't to see you any more. I'm terribly sorry this has happened, but this is how it has to be." She blinked, more than once, as if she might start to cry again. Then she turned away, saying nothing more.

I was pissed—pissed at Patricia, at her father, and at God (if there was a God), but not nearly pissed enough at myself. That very night I beat off like a normal boy for once, pretending I was fucking Patricia—not uniting with her in marriage, but fucking her without marriage. As time went on, I pretended I was fucking other girls and forgetting about Patricia.

By the time we graduated from high school, little seemed to remain in me from my brief love of Patricia, except for my grim determination to be a normal man, no sissy and no homosexual. I did start to let my hair grow long, but I insisted to myself that this was just a style, adopted nowadays by many men who were not sissies or homoes, and one that was said to be actually attractive to girls. It certainly did *not* mean that I had any lingering longing to be a girlish boy, as in my younger years so recently gone by.

## Chapter 3

Then I went to the U, Pacific Heights University. I tried to forget all about Patricia and be a normal male college student. That meant, among other things, putting up pictures of bare-breasted beauties from *Pumphouse* magazine on my dorm room walls, and beating off often, eschewing girlish masturbation and all other sissy behavior.

It also meant talking with the guys about certain girls as "screw products." The origin of this expression was the huge flashing sign of the Magnum Supreme Screw Products Division, visible from many vantage points on University Hill, including my dorm room. The sign displayed the words "MAGNUM," "SUPREME," "SCREW," AND "PRODUCTS" in rotating sequence; many photographs had been taken of it in the "SCREW" phase. From this sign, of course guys got the brilliant idea of calling a willing female a

“screw product.” I wanted to fuck a “screw product,” and I made out with a few girls, but I didn’t get a chance to fuck one until early in my sophomore year.

One bright September afternoon, I saw a blind girl with a white cane sitting by the pond on campus. She looked cute and sexy, with long straight dark brown hair and a round golden-brown face. She wore short red shorts and had no bra on beneath her white see-through blouse, which gave an almost perfectly clear view of her breasts. They were smaller than average, but quite a bit bigger than Patricia’s, with big dark nipples that held my eyes like magnets.

“Hi, do you mind if I sit here?” I asked. I said it very close to her ear, hoping she would know I was addressing her and no other.

She raised her eyebrows and turned toward me, but I could tell from looking at her eyes that they didn’t work. “Sure, be my guest,” she said with a smile, almost as if she had been expecting me. I sat down very close to her.

“Do you mind if I ask who you are?” she asked.

“My name’s David. What’s yours?”

“Connie. Connie Valvizar.” It wasn’t customary for college students to use last names without necessity, but evidently Connie didn’t care. “Now please proceed to answer standard questions, where are you from, what year are you, what’s your major, and (optional) your last name.”

I laughed. “Well, I’m from Seaview Grove.”

“Ooh, snooty, huh?” She smiled to let me know she was half joking.

“No. I can’t stand snooty people. Where are you from?”

“Quoheemish. Not a place to be snooty about, to say the least, so I’m glad you’re not snooty.”

“I promise, you can kick me in the butt if you ever see me being snooty. Anyway, I’m a sophomore, my last name is Gaitherskill, and my major’s librarian-ship.”

“Hmm. Well, that’s not a major for rapists, but they say it’s one for old maids and homoes.” Connie was thinking about sex. I could tell not only from her words, but from her plainly visible nipples, fully erect.

“Well, I’m sure not an old maid, and I’m not a homo either.”

“Can you *prove* you’re not a homo?” she challenged me.

I gave a short, sharp laugh. “Well, sure I can prove it, if I get a chance.”

“Do you want a chance?” She actually put her hand on my leg. Incredibly, it seemed, she wanted me to fuck her that very day.

“Uh, sure, I’d love a chance.” I put my hand on hers.

“Good,” she whispered in my ear. “I’m horny as hell. Let’s go to my apartment.” She held my hand, just as if we were lovers, and we arose.

“Oh, God, thank you so much, David; I’ve been waiting so long for this!” Connie said to me as soon as we entered her apartment on Pendragon Drive, known to all on University Hill as “the Drag.” “There are so many girlie-boys and homoes around these days, it’s hard to find a nice guy to make love with a girl!”

She embraced me and kissed me deeply on the mouth while squeezing my butt; I eagerly returned the favor, hoping I wouldn’t get so excited I’d ejaculate before I could fuck her. Soon I was opening her blouse, then pulling down her shorts, while she reciprocated. “Kiss my nipples,” she begged. I complied, though I knew it wouldn’t help me keep from ejaculating too soon, to say the very least. “Now rub my love-button,” she demanded, pressing my hand between her legs. I tried to find her clitoris, but it wasn’t easy; what was easy was to feel her hot, moist cut and to enter it with my finger, prefiguring what I would do with my erection—if only I could wait long enough!

“Let’s do it doggie style,” she said. She quickly ripped open a package and put a condom on my boner; then she knelt down on the living room floor and invited me to enter her cut from the rear. I was sweating with the effort of not ejaculating. She reached between her legs and guided my cock, now fully five inches long, up into her hot, tight cut with what seemed considerable expertise. Almost as soon as I was in her, I was overwhelmed by my most intense orgasm ever, uncontrollably shooting spurt after spurt of sperm into her, or rather into the condom.

“Oh, God, that’s too soon!” she complained. “Quick, grab my breast with one hand and rub my love-button with the other!” I complied while she bucked her hips rapidly, feverishly trying to attain orgasm before I turned limp and exited. She succeeded before I exited, though not before I started to turn limp.

“Oh, God,” she exclaimed again. “David, you’ve got a lot of promise, but you definitely need some training! You’ve got a lot to learn about how to wait for a woman’s orgasm!”

“Would you like to train me?” I asked, resting my head on her back and gripping her breasts with both hands.

“Oh, God, I’d love to! That would be so wonderful!”

She did train me well. In the weeks and months that ensued, I gradually became quite a skilled fucksman, well able to bring Connie up to orgasm together with myself. I saw Rick Bourgeois on campus every now and then, and he tried to be extremely friendly—but I politely resisted his thinly veiled homo entreaties or, as one was now supposed to say, his *gay* entreaties. I was no sissy and no homo; I was a normal guy with a highly desirable screw product in hand. I was achieving, so I thought, the supreme desire of every normal guy.

One afternoon in March, Connie showed me how supreme my desire really was. “Dave,” she said to me, “I think we’ve been getting along really well to-

gether, and—well, I think we need to talk about getting married.”

My mouth opened wide; then I slammed it shut and clenched my teeth. *That I, who have loved and lost Patricia, should settle for marrying this screw product is beyond belief!* The thought raced through my mind far faster than I could have formulated the words. I knew at once that my fuck relationship with Connie was a dead end, doomed to die. I had already felt twinges of boredom at the thought of fucking her as often as she wanted to be fucked. Now I had to break free—but how?

Going back to Patricia was out of the question. I did see her sometimes at the U, for she was a librarianship major too, but she hardly ever looked at me or spoke to me, and never, ever smiled at me. At most, she would briefly say, “Hello, David,” before moving on. She didn’t even ask how I was.

Then I thought of a plan. I would return to the girlish pretensions of my youth. Connie had often expressed disapproval of “homoes” and “girlie-boys,” starting on the day we met. Surely, I figured, she wouldn’t want to marry me if I was a homo *and* a girlie-boy.

Soon I seized an opportunity to try on one of her bras. (She did wear a bra most of the time, except when she was fucking or trying to attract guys to fuck her.) The band size was almost exactly right, and I soon found a chance to stuff the cups with handkerchiefs. It gave me an erection just to wear it. Already I was returning to those sexy girlish pretensions, and they were exciting me just as they had done before.

Then I put on a pair of her panties and emerged into the living room, where she awaited me. I pushed my erection down between my legs and spoke to her.

“Connie,” I said, “there’s something I think you need to know before you decide whether you really want to marry me.”

“What is it?”

“Well, come here and take a look.”

She came. I guided her hand to her bra on my breasts. “What the fuck is this?” she demanded to know.

“Connie, I know you can’t stand homoes and girlie-boys,” I explained, “and you need to know about this. I’ve secretly been a girlie-boy since I was 10 years old, and I’m bisexual too. I don’t think you really want to marry me, because I’d wear your clothes and cheat on you with guys. And that’s not all.” I guided her hand with mine, around to my butt, into her panties I was wearing, and down to my bulb, sticking out beneath my butt.

“Do you see what I’m doing?” I asked her. I began to pump my hips. “I’m masturbating like a girl.” I slipped my other hand down into the front of her panties and began to rub my cock like a girl’s clitoris. She tried to withdraw her hand from my bulb, but I held it there. “I’ve done this since I was 10 years old,” I said, “and it’s far more exciting to me than fucking.” That wasn’t quite true, but I figured it was OK to exaggerate a bit to make a point.

“Well, it’s not far more exciting to *me!*” she cried. “Let me go!” Those were exactly the words I was hoping to hear. I was thinking of holding her hand where it was until I ejaculated into it, but I decided I didn’t need to. Step one was to get out of there; step two was to ejaculate, later, somewhere else. I slipped my boner back out of hiding.

“God damn you!” she screamed. “Is this your idea of a fucking joke? Well, it isn’t mine!” She slapped me in the face, with the hand that would have been covered with my semen if I had ejaculated. “You can go to hell! I don’t need you! Get out of here!”

“Gladly!” I exulted. “I couldn’t stand the thought of marrying a mere *screw product!*” To the tune of a stream of additional profanity from Connie, I put my normal men’s clothes on and walked out of her life forever—but I kept her panties and her bra.

I was still wearing Connie’s bra under my shirt when I emerged onto the Drag, into the cool but springlike air. I felt a sudden shock of fear and looked around to see if anyone was watching. Then I caught

sight of my reflection in a shop window, and my fear began to vanish.

*I really look like a girl now*, I thought. My wavy blonde hair was falling to my shoulders, and my face could easily pass for a girl's face, especially my deep pink lips. My breasts looked just like Connie's fine ones in the bra; no one could see that the bra was stuffed with hankies. Sure, I was wearing guys' clothes, but so were a lot of the girls I saw around me. I did have an erection, but my pants were baggy enough that I hoped it wasn't too conspicuous.

And even if it was—I began to think—so what? The chances of getting beaten up for being gay on University Hill were slim, and I didn't need to care if girls thought I was gay. Patricia was done with me forever, and I didn't need any other girls, having just escaped from a dead-end fuck relationship with a screw product. I could be gay now, fully gay without fear—just like Rick Bourgeois.

The thought of Rick startled me with strange new excitement. I wondered if Rick would still want sex with me. I started to think about finding out. I knew how I could find him; he had an office in the SUB, the Student Union Building, since he was the president of the sophomore class. I could leave a message for him if he wasn't there—and I could do it tomorrow.

Fantasies of sex with Rick began to overwhelm me. Of course it would be a dead end, just as fucking Connie had been—but that was how gay sex *should* be, in my opinion: two guys freely, casually meeting, having orgasms, parting, and moving on. And it would be so terrifically exciting while it lasted!

## Chapter 4

Next day, I wondered if I should wear girls' clothes to Rick's office. I decided against it. I didn't know for sure yet if Rick would still be glad to see me in them.

I just went as a normal guy. In the office, the most striking thing I saw was a poster showing Rick surrounded by several beautiful girls, captioned "Vote for the BIG Man on Campus: RICK BOURGEOIN for

Student Body President.” I left a message for Rick to call me—*about Daisy*.

The phone in my dorm room didn’t have an answering machine; I hoped Rick would keep trying until he got a hold of me. He did.

“Hey, Daisy!” he said. “Is that really you? I’ve been trying to call you for hours!”

“Uh, yeah, it’s really me.” I was still shy about revealing my gay girlish self in my roommate’s hearing, and yet I had to find a way—or Rick had to find a way for me.

“So you’re still calling yourself Daisy!” he said. “That’s great! And I bet you still wear girls’ clothes, too, right?”

“Uh, that’s right. Would you like to see?”

“Wow, would I ever! Where? When?”

“Uh, how about this Saturday afternoon?” That would give me some time, I hoped, to shop for girls’ clothes at thrift shops, to complete my outfit.

“Excellent! Would you like to go for a ride in my car?”

“Sure, I’d love to.”

“Where shall we meet?”

“Uh, well, have you got an apartment?”

“I sure do.” He gave me the address, a few blocks uphill from the Drag. “Come on over on Saturday afternoon.”

Sure enough, on Saturday afternoon, I was ready. Over Connie’s stuffed bra, I was wearing a thin, tight pink sweater. Below, I wore a matching pink mini-skirt over white bikini-like panties, very tight with my bulging five-inch erection inside. My legs were bare, and I wore cheap flat-heeled girls’ shoes.

I hardly had time to notice what a tall, lean, powerful-looking man Rick had become. “Daisy! Wow!” he said, looking at me all over. “You look terrific! Do you want to go for a ride up to Summit Park?”

“Uh, sure,” I said. My miniskirt was already bulging in front. Summit Park was a well-known make-out location around the top of University Hill.

We got into Rick’s car, a red two-seat convertible; we sped up to the park and around the sharp curves to the hilltop, from which we could have seen a large part of Pacific Heights—if we had been looking.

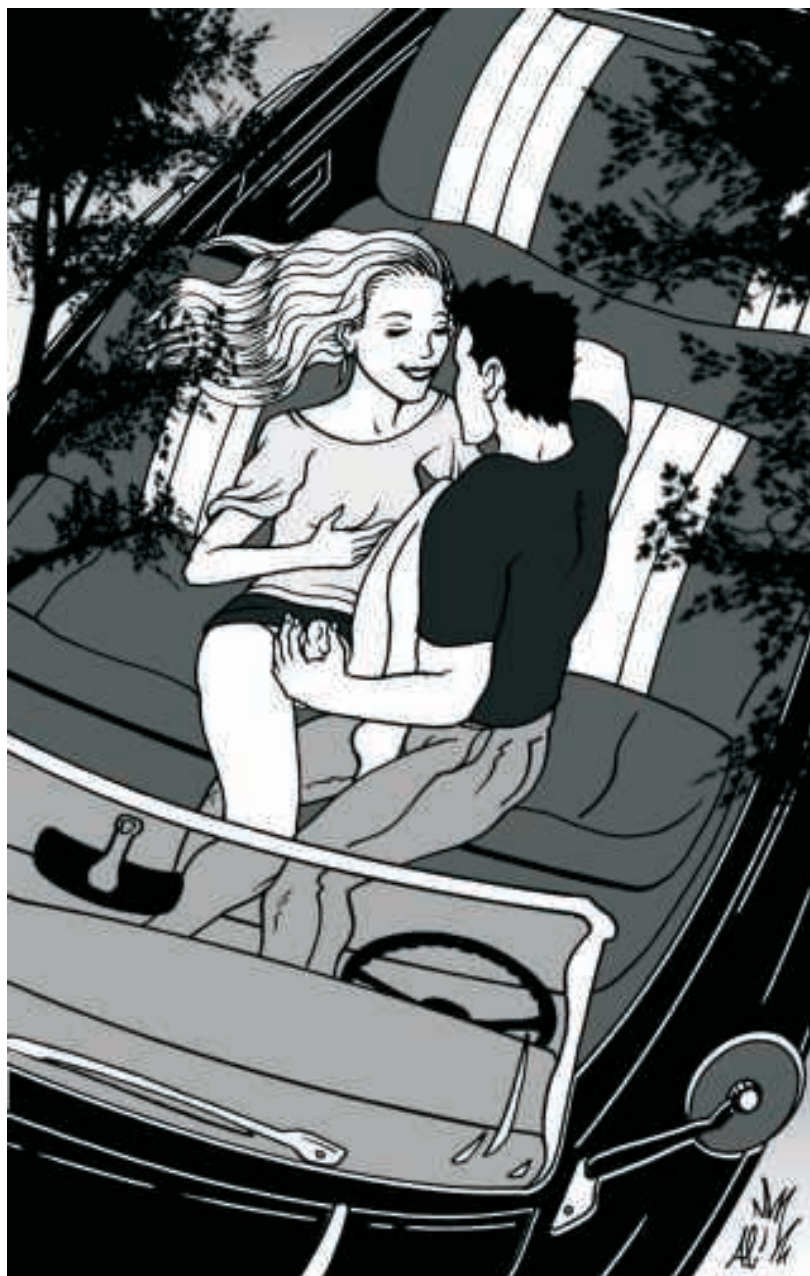
“Daisy, I’m thinking you’re not going to put me off any more, like when we were 12,” Rick said, putting his arm around me almost at once. I didn’t tell him I was only 11 when he thought I was 12. It didn’t make any difference now.

“No, I’m not.” My heart was pounding insanely. I raised my lips to his and started kissing him with my tongue at once. He wasted no time. He felt my fake breasts in Connie’s bra, and then my real cock in my panties under my miniskirt. Then he unhooked the bra to feel my real breasts. I was afraid my cock was going to rip my tight, flimsy panties, if I didn’t ejaculate first—or maybe it would rip them while I ejaculated.

“Oh, God, Daisy, let’s go back to my apartment quick,” he begged. “There’s too much chance of being discovered here.” Without waiting for me to answer, he started the car and drove fast downhill, screeching the tires on the curves.

We almost ran into the apartment when we got there. “Let’s do it in the shower,” he said. “I’ve wanted to ever since we were 12, when I saw you hiding your wiener between your legs and looking just like a girl with short hair in the shower at camp.”

We stripped and got into the shower; Rick turned on the water and got it pretty hot. I hid my wiener just like when I was 11, and struck a girlish pose for Rick. Almost at once his arm was around me and he was lathering me up between my legs, reaching deep in to stroke my hidden cock, now transformed into my giant clitoris. “Oh, Rick, yes! Yes! Come into me!” I begged. He came into me at once, pressing his big cock into my wet, hot, soapy “cut” between my hidden wiener and my thigh. I gripped his hard, lean butt and held him tight as he plunged me up toward



orgasm with my mouth wide open, making me far more crazed with excitement as a girl being fucked by him than I had ever been as a guy fucking Connie.

“Daisy, are you ready?” Rick demanded to know while plunging me furiously. “Please, are you ready right now?” He reached beneath my butt to pull my cock up into as tight a backward position as it could go while fully erect, rubbing his own cock against mine for almost its entire length. It hurt, but I was too wild to care.

“Yes! Yes! Rick, I’m ready! I’m coming! Oh, God, I’m coming right now!” Then we had no more words, only the sound of wet, soapy, fucking flesh, as we clutched each other with all our might and ascended together to astounding orgasm, mingling our semen together in the steaming water beneath my earth-shaking butt.

“Oh, babe! Oh, Daisy!” Rick moaned when he could speak again. “You’re the greatest! You’ve got to be one of my First Ladies!”

I was still gripping him tight with my hands and my thighs, but I had to ask, “Your *what?*”

“My First Ladies.” He caressed my butt and gazed into my eyes. “See, I’m running for student body president. My First Ladies are my female admirers who promote my campaign—and satisfy my needs, as you just did. Oh, babe, did you ever!”

I held him tight and pressed my cheek against his chest, feeling his still-pounding heart. I was eager to satisfy Rick’s needs again at the right time, but I still felt fear of public exposure as gay. “Are you sure you want me?” I asked. “What if someone finds out I’m—not a real girl?”

“Great! So much the better! See, I’m pioneering in what’s known as ‘sexual politics’ at the U. I’m bisexual and proud, and I say it out loud—and I *act* it out loud, too! My biggest platform plank is to get rid of all sexual taboos at the U, like the taboo against having guests for sex in dorms, taboos against sex between students and professors, and ultimately even taboos against having sex in public on campus. That fits right in with getting rid of all taboos in my personal

life. Having you as one of my First Ladies fits right in with *that*, because you've got the best of both male and female desirability. You'll give a terrific boost to my campaign!"

It sounded crazy, and I still felt a bit afraid—but I was also so excited, with Rick's cock still deep in my cut, that I couldn't say no. "Sure, Rick, I said, giving him a big smile and squeezing his cock again with my thighs. "I'd love to be one of your First Ladies."

I did love it, for a while. The other First Ladies didn't seem surprised or put off at all to find out that I was a girlie-boy, the only one among the 10 First Ladies. They gave me tips on beauty, which I needed, since I was so new to being girlish in public. The ones who helped me most were Julie, a Japanese-American girl with tiny breasts who didn't wear a bra; Michelle, a tall, lithe, light-skinned black girl with moderately big ones, who did; and Amanda, the only blonde beauty among the First Ladies other than me, who had medium-small ones and not only didn't wear a bra, but favored see-through blouses that gave delectable views of her big, pretty pink nipples. Rick, who seemed to have a lot of money to throw around, gave me pretty clothes including a low-cut red bra, much sexier than Connie's standard-issue white one.

I was wearing girls' clothes in public all the time now. Of course Patricia noticed, but she seemed to be trying to pretend she didn't, simply saying "Hello, David" and walking on as before, when she looked at me at all. I wondered what she thought of me now, but I guessed I would never find out—and of course it didn't matter anyway.

The First Ladies became terrifically well known on campus, appearing very often in the campus newspaper, the *Blazing Torch*, and even on occasion in the *Pacific Heights Informer*—but never, of course, in the stuffy *Times of Pacific Heights*. Finally, after Rick won the election, he reached the summit of glory for connoisseurs of all things sexual in Greater Pacific Heights: he was interviewed on his vision of sexual politics, and his First Ladies were photographed in various states of dress and undress, for *Pumphouse* magazine. I remember that Julie and Amanda had

bare breasts, and Michelle wore a skimpy bikini. As for me, I wore my shortest miniskirt, and I was opening my blouse to show off my little breasts in my red bra to all the world.

But the summit of sexual glory for me personally was still to come. Even *Pumphouse* had not shown Rick actually “doing it” with any of his First Ladies. Just after the semester ended, Rick invited me to Club Swank Wank.

“Daisy, I’d like you to see my vision of the future in real life,” he said, “a life of total sexual freedom. Are you up for it?”

“Uh, well, sure,” I said, hoping it was true.

“Great!” Rick said. “Meet me at my apartment in an hour, and wear your bikini under your clothes, OK?”

“OK!” I rushed to comply, and was at Rick’s apartment before the hour was up.

We sped downtown in Rick’s sports car; he turned the wheels toward the curb on the steep hill, yanked up the parking brake, and got out. I followed him across the narrow street and through a round-topped door next to a plaque that read “Club Swank Wank.”

“This is my guest, Daisy,” Rick said to the attendant, showing his club ID and paying the fee for both of us.

“Hey, cool guest, Rick,” said the attendant, eyeing me up and down.

Rick led me past the front desk to the locker room. “This is my private locker,” he said, producing a key and inserting it in a big locker. “It’s big enough for your clothes and mine.” He stripped nude, and I stripped down to my red bikini, a whole lot like Suzie’s bikini that I wore when I was 11. “Keep your bikini on,” he advised me. “It’s sexier that way.” I complied.

Stark nude, he showed me around the club in my bikini. “This is the open shower room,” he said, opening the door to a big, steamy room with showerheads all around. “It’s the ultimate in public sex, so far as

possible today. Everything is permitted here, except buttfucking. I envision places like this operating on campus, as soon as we can get away with it. Ultimately, we'll see students doing it in the open on the grass all around the pond."

I looked around the big room. I could readily believe it was the ultimate in public sex. I saw a long-haired young man blowing a man who looked about twice his age, and two other men giving each other soapy hand jobs. Then a third couple of men lay down on the shower-room floor, with the water pouring down on them, and did 69 for all to see.

"Down here are the private shower rooms, for those who prefer privacy," Rick said. He showed me an empty one. "See, plenty of room for two."

We turned a corner. "Over here are the stalls with mattresses in them, for those who want something more like the traditional bedroom environment," he said. "Then there are the sauna, the game room, TV room, and reading room, for those who aren't otherwise engaged. It's a total home away from home for the sex-crazed male—and the sex-crazed *female*, too, although you don't see too many of them here most of the time."

"I'm getting more sex-crazed just looking at it," I said. It was true. My erection was so hard that my bulb was peeking out of the low-slung waistband of my bikini bottoms.

"Me too," Rick said, putting his hand on my big butt. "Are you up for 69 on the shower-room floor?"

"Uh, wow, sure," I said. I had never actually done 69 before, but I figured it couldn't be too hard.

We re-entered the open shower room. The two other guys were still doing 69, and there were two new arrivals, a big black guy and a little white one. At first glance it looked like they were violating the rule against buttfucking, for the black guy was standing behind the white one and pumping slowly. When I looked closer, though, I could see the black guy's bulb beneath the white guy's balls, moving back and forth between his thighs, while the white guy reached

back to grip the black guys's hips and the black guy was beating the white guy off.

"OK, here we go," said Rick. He stripped off my bikini bottoms, but left the top on, although he could easily have untied the bow knot behind my neck and stripped my breasts. We kissed on the mouth and stroked each other's cocks. I could see guys watching us, and it only excited me more.

"Let's go down," he said, pulling me down toward the wet tile floor. We knelt, then lay down, and he reversed position so his head was pointing toward my feet. "OK, now," he said, kissing my bulb.

I kissed his cock in return. His was longer than mine, but his bulb was smaller, and it easily fit in my mouth. I tried licking it around the edge, and was rewarded with butt-pumps and moans of pleasure from Rick. Meanwhile he was doing the same to me, and my hips were quivering in response.

He grabbed my cock shaft with both hands and squeezed, while moving his head back and forth to plunge my bulb in and out within his mouth. I took this as a signal to do the same, so as to bring him up to orgasm while he brought me up. I was right. He was pumping harder and harder, and soon I felt his semen entering my mouth. I plunged his mouth frantically to catch up, and soon I was gushing into his mouth with full force. I didn't like the taste of his semen and spit it out, but he swallowed mine.

We arose, got clean, and washed out our mouths in the hot water. "Isn't this great?" Rick then asked me—rhetorically, for the obvious answer was "Yes."

"Wow, yeah!" I agreed, and I meant it. This was total sex, in total freedom, far more exciting than fucking a screw product in her apartment. This was total bliss, so far as the wildest sex in full view of all could confer it. I was going to do it again, I knew—and then again and again, whenever I felt the urge.

## Chapter 5

For me, that was the end of being a First Lady. Rick went down to San Francisco for the summer; I stayed in Pacific Heights, where I had a summer job shelving books at the main library. I quickly became a regular at Club Swank Wank, usually going at least a couple of times a week for sex with men I didn't know. To me, this was the ultimate fulfillment of my life with Rick, even though Rick wasn't there.

Why, then, was I not satisfied? Why did I keep having thoughts of chucking my whole way of life in the trash and finding something totally different—maybe even becoming a Christian at last, and seeing if there was any hope at long last that I might ever marry Patricia?

It was nuts, I told myself. If I did it, it would turn out to be just a crazier craze than anything that had gone before, and that would be *incredibly* crazy. I was bisexual to the core; I could never settle for a monogamous life with anyone, not even Patricia.

And yet, sometimes when my yearning heart got the better of my burning loins for a little while, I couldn't help dreaming of a faithful Christian marriage with Patricia. I read up on how to be a Christian; I read the New Testament, even the weirdest parts of the Book of Revelation, and I read everything I could find by C. S. Lewis, the most interesting Christian writer I knew of. I didn't actually believe it all, but at least I started to think maybe I *could* really believe it.

Even without fully believing it, I *imagined* it, and my imagination seemed to tell me a warm, worthy Christian home with Patricia would be better than even the most glorious fulfillment of my wildest desires for sex with men. I even started thinking of telling Patricia, when we returned to the U, that I was a Christian. Though not entirely true, at least not yet, it might be entirely true someday—like by the time I married Patricia, if I ever did.

I wasn't enough of a Christian to stay away from Club Swank Wank, though. I read about St. Augustine, who (before he became a saint) actually prayed

to God to help him stop screwing, *but not yet*. He was a whole lot like me, at least in that way. Maybe, if I ever did become a really good Christian and I also married Patricia, I could pull it off—but neither of those things had happened yet.

And so it came to pass that, yet again, I went to the club in the last week of summer vacation. I wore a white cami with thin straps, stuffed with hankies to make my breasts look bigger without wearing a bra, and a half slip with no panties underneath. I got admiring glances from men, just like many times before. Nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary, so far as I could see at first.

There was at least one woman in the club too, as my sharp eyes discerned from a distance. That, too, wasn't out of the ordinary—women did dare to enter the club, in small numbers—but I didn't think I had seen this one before. Like me, she was wearing her long hair in twin ponytails, but her hair was brown and curly—the same color as Patricia's hair, I thought. She wore a plain, loose, not very sexy nightgown such as an ordinary housewife might wear when she was not trying to get her husband excited. It didn't show her breasts, if she had any breasts. A woman that tall *must* have breasts, I figured; she was about as tall as Patricia.

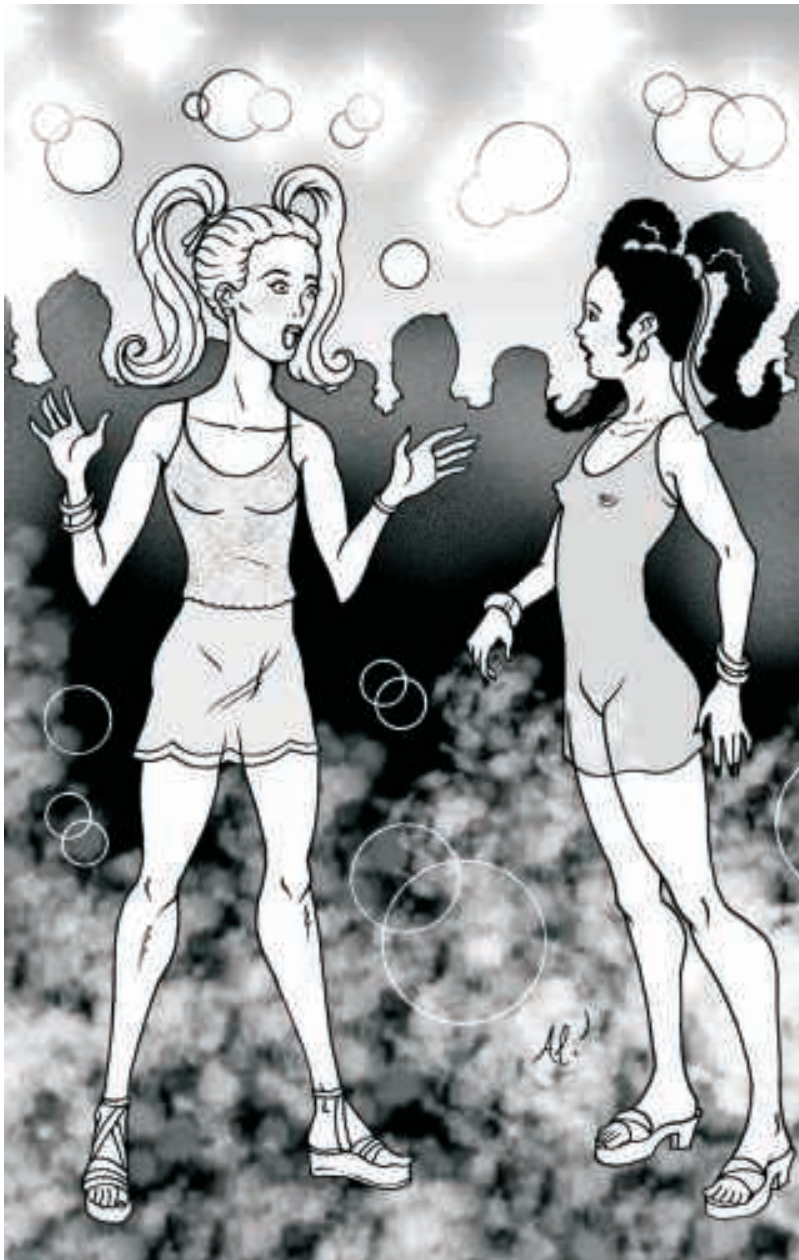
I decided to approach her, not to see if she was actually Patricia—that would be impossible—but just to see how much her face looked like Patricia's face, if it did. The closer I got, the more she looked exactly like Patricia. When I got very close, she finally turned to face me. My mouth dropped wide open, and so did hers.

“Patricia?” I said.

She looked at me with her great ocean-eyes, sadder if not wiser than when I had loved her and lost her. “Yes, here I am,” she said simply.

I had to ask: “But why? Why are *you* here—of all people?”

Patricia sighed. “Well, it all started,” she said, “when you kissed me and you—you touched my breast, and then you quoted the Song of Solomon at



me, trying to get me to let you kiss me and pet me more. I forced you away in reality, but—in my fantasies, I didn't."

"Oh." I could say nothing more.

She closed her eyes. "I pretended you were kissing me on the mouth and petting my breasts, and you were even—taking off my bra and kissing my breasts." My eyes darted down to see if I could discern anything of her breasts beneath the nightgown. I could. Her nipples were erect, and they were bigger than I had imagined.

"I tried to keep you from going all the way with me in my fantasies," she went on, "but before too long I wasn't succeeding. I had to pretend we were married, because I was afraid it would be a sin if we weren't."

*Is it too late? My heart cried out. Could we ever be married now, and not just in fantasy?* I yearned to speak, and yet I did not. If Patricia was now no more than a screw product like Connie, I would no more wish to marry her than I had wished to marry Connie.

"Well, it turned out," Patricia said, "that what I'd read about petting was true. Even though I only petted with myself, every step did make me want the next one more—and soon it made me want to go all the way with a man. I didn't believe the man was going to be *you*, so it had to be someone else. I wasn't in love with a man—unless I was still in love with you, and I just didn't know it or wouldn't admit it—so it had to be a man I wasn't in love with."

"Uh, I guess that makes sense, kind of," I said, though I dreaded to hear what must come next: Patricia, my once-beloved Patricia, had descended to being a screw product for total strangers at Club Swank Wank, just as I too had done.

"Well, I'd heard of this club," she said, "and I figured it would be a good place to meet a man to go all the way with, without having to be afraid he was going to follow me around or rape me or anything like that. I got on the Pill to make sure I wouldn't get pregnant. After that, it still took me quite a while to get up my courage, if it *was* courage, to go to the club, but I

finally did. I looked for a man who seemed nice, I found one, and—I went all the way with him. It hurt the first time, and I didn't go again for quite a while—but at last I did, and it didn't hurt any more after that."

I wondered how many total strangers Patricia had gone all the way with, but I didn't ask. I didn't really want to know. Instead I simply said, "and now you've come here to do it again."

"Yes, I have," she said. She seemed to be trying too hard to be perfectly matter-of-fact about it.

For a moment there was silence. Then Patricia asked me, "and what about *you*? You were certainly acting like a homosexual during Rick Bourgeois's campaign, from what I could see. Are you—are you really a homosexual?"

My heart leaped up, and then it crashed to the ground. Patricia must be asking if I was "really a homosexual" as a thinly veiled way of asking if I might be willing to go all the way with her. Was I willing? Or would I vomit during the act, if I were to treat Patricia as she now wished to be treated, as a mere screw product to be used and discarded?

"No, I'm bisexual," I told her truthfully, almost before I had time to think. The leaping and crashing continued, and each crash was harder than the one before. I was pretty sure I knew what was coming, but I didn't know what I was going to do when it came.

It came almost at once. "Well, then, would you like to go all the way with me?" she asked, almost as if she were asking me to go all the way to the corner store with her.

*No! my crashing heart cried out. I can't stand this! You were a good girl once, and a virgin, and I loved you then, even though I was too much of an idiot to make it work! I can't treat you like this! If you want to get fucked and go to hell, I can't stop you, but I won't have any part of it!*

So my heart was screaming, but my lips were silent. I couldn't say it. I had lost Patricia, the innocent

Patricia I had once known and loved—but at least, for a few bittersweet, fleeting moments, I could falsely pretend I hadn't lost her, if I didn't say those fatal words. I could even pretend we were married, and deeply in love with each other for life—and pretend my tears, now forcing themselves out of my eyes, were tears of joy!

“Yes,” I said. “Yes, I would.”

I looked into her eyes and raised both my hands to her face, caressing her as if I were her tender lifelong lover. Our lips met, and she embraced me. Our tongues were touching delicately, just as they would have done if she had been my virgin bride.

I touched her tiny breast, feeling her erect nipple through the nightgown. This time she did not repel me; she pressed her hand to mine. Her tongue delved deeper into my mouth.

“Let's go into the bedroom,” she whispered when the kiss was done, as if she meant a real bedroom belonging just to us, not merely one of the many assembly-line fucking stalls at the club. We entered a fucking stall, and I tried to forget that it wasn't our marital bedroom.

I embraced her and slowly stripped off her nightgown. In the dim light of the bedroom, her little bare breasts looked beautiful and perfectly formed, except that her protruding nipples looked almost too big for their surroundings. She stripped me too, and we lay down on the mattress on the floor.

My lips went straight to one of her nipples. I kissed it as tenderly as any husband, or any toothless baby, had ever kissed a wife's and mother's nipple. Patricia cradled my head in her arms and murmured, “Oh, yes! Oh, thank you so much!”

After what seemed a very long time, my mouth ascended to her own again, and my hand descended between her legs. She was very moist and hot already, and her clitoris was much bigger than Connie's tiny one, seeming almost an inch long. She moaned with pleasure as soon as I touched it, and pressed my hand against it with her own.

I was becoming crazed with desire to enter her. "Are you ready?" I whispered. "Yes!" she whispered back. "Oh, yes!"

She spread her legs and raised her knees for me. I pressed my cock against her vulva, lingering while she kissed me with her lower lips. Then I entered her tight, hot, quivering womanly opening, and her thighs closed tight upon me.

I raised myself on my hands to look at her. Her eyes were open, gazing straight at me. I gave her gentle thrusts and she responded in kind, keeping her eyes wide open. I wished I could tell her I loved her, but I feared it would have been too stupid.

Patricia didn't have the same fear. "I always tell my men I love them, while we're going all the way," she said. "It makes it seem more *real*, somehow. You don't mind, do you?"

I started to cry in earnest. I started thrusting harder, but it didn't make me stop crying. "No, I don't mind at all," I said, "if I can—tell you I love you too!" I didn't wait for her to tell me I could. I gave up all rational restraint. "Oh, Patricia, I do love you! I really do!" I assured her. "I've always loved you—and I always will!"

"David, I really love you too," Patricia murmured, gripping me hard and pumping her hips like a devoted wife. "I've never forgotten you. You're my heart's desire—and I'm sorry I didn't let you know that a long time ago!"

We could say no more. Our climax was fast approaching. I pressed myself into her as far as I could go, again and again, while she bucked for me and squeezed my swollen cock with her lithe and slippery sheath. I could restrain myself no longer, and I had no need, for Patricia was moaning and crying out in orgasm as I ejaculated deep into her.

Still we were silent for a long time, pressed close to each other and united just as if we were one flesh for life. I was crying still, and I seemed to detect that Patricia was crying too.

“Oh, Patricia,” I said at last, “I really meant that. Can’t we start over, and really love each other at last?”

“Yes,” Patricia assured me. Now my heart was leaping again, but there was no more crashing. “Yes, David. I’ve always loved you, and tried to force myself to forget you, but I never did.”

I sighed, more deeply than I had ever sighed in my life. “I was thinking you were still a Christian virgin,” I told her. “I was going to tell you I was a Christian too, when I saw you after school started.”

“Oh, were you really? I mean, are you really a *Christian*?” Under the circumstances, I could see why she was having a hard time believing it.

“Um, well, I don’t know for sure. Are *you* one any more?”

It was her turn to sigh. “I don’t know either,” she admitted.

“Maybe we can find out together whether we should be,” I said.

“Oh, yes!” she agreed. Then she caressed me up and down, and clasped me tighter with her thighs, and squeezed my cock again with her womanly opening—and then, despite her lingering tears, she laughed and said, “but not quite *yet!*”

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