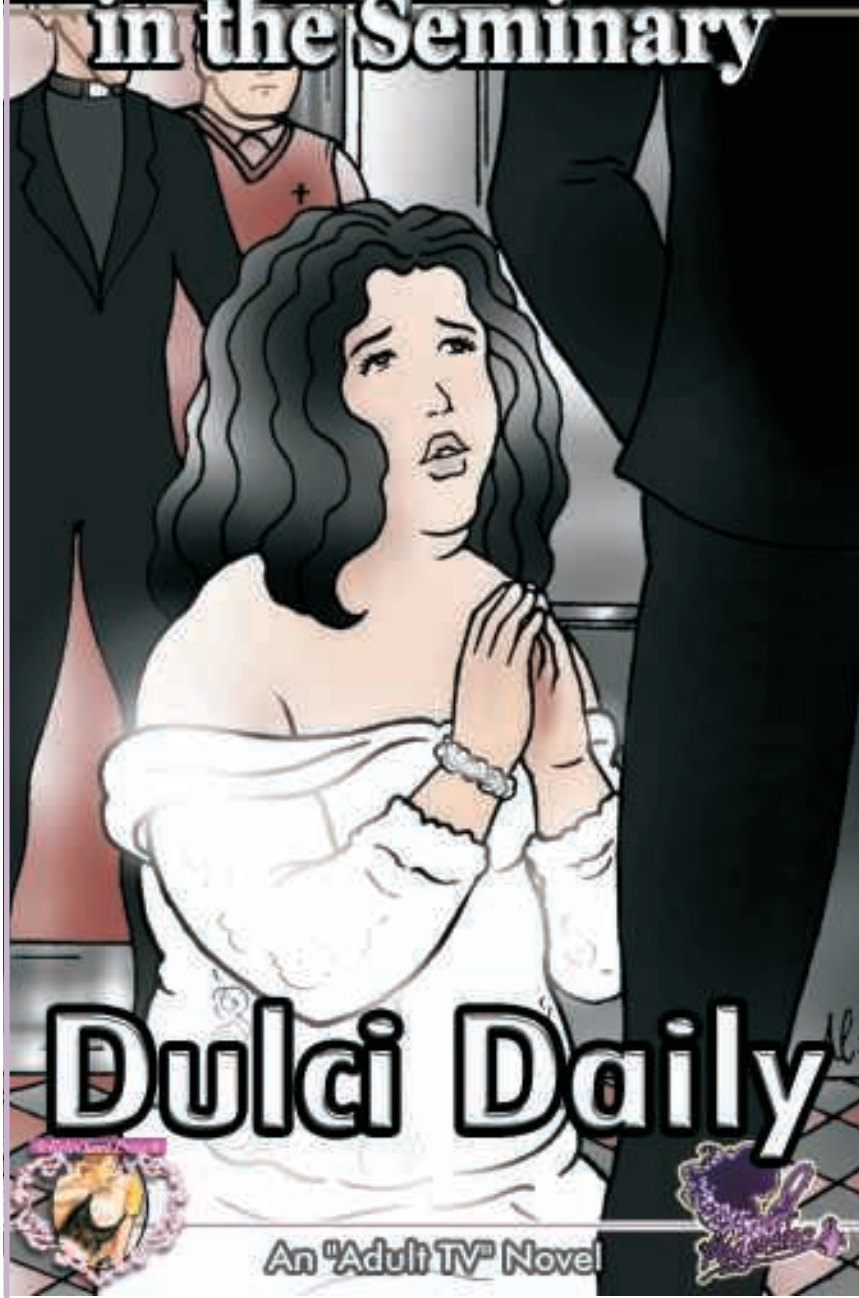


Secret Sweetheart in the Seminary



Dulci Daily

An "Adult TV" Novel

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Secret Sweetheart in the Seminary

by Dulci Daily

Chapter 1

“Oh, no! Please, dear God, help me!” I prayed. My hands were clenched tightly together over my heart, between my pretty little girlish breasts—but my heart itself, I feared, was too weak to stand firm against strong temptation. “Don’t let me commit *girlsturbation*,” I begged—“not *now!*”

I was trying hard to be pure for God, really I was. I *had* to be pure. I was going to be a priest. Of course I knew not all priests were pure, but I couldn’t stand the thought of being one of those who weren’t. Still, I feared, I was in dreadful danger of becoming one of them—just as Martin Luther had been, I fancied, before he decided to defy the Catholic Church.

I had been here in the seminary for a full month now—a full month without ejaculating even once. I feared I wasn't going to be able to put it off any longer. I was bursting with sperm, and my urgent need to spring a gusher was consuming me.

Supposedly guys could gain release through wet dreams, but it wasn't happening for me. Actually I had never had a wet dream in my life; I didn't even know if I *could* have one. Every time I had ever ejaculated in my life—except when I had played the red-hot shemale and sinned with random men at Club Swank Wank, years ago, before I became a Catholic—I had been indulging in “girlsturbation,” a solitary, shameful, but ultimately irresistible delight I had discovered at the age of 12.

I wasn't doing it now, at least not yet, but it was terribly hard to resist. My stout, lovely penis was swollen to its full five inches, and its big, hot, bulbous head was begging me to reach down and touch it, to press it down into hiding between my legs for intense girlish excitement. My chubby, unmanly breasts, as delectable in looks and (I fancied) in feel as a young girl's growing buds, were begging me to touch them too. Worse yet, I was imagining that a man could see me—that he was getting excited—that he wanted to make love with me, and I was far too weak to resist.

I should have known this would happen, I thought in shame. I had felt frightfully strong desires to play girlfriend for boys, to reveal myself nude to them and go all the way with them, ever since I was 12 years old. Only my fear and shyness had stopped me back then. Later on, when I really was nude or nearly nude among admiring men at the club, no fear or shyness had stopped me from playing the lovely shemale nymphomaniac for them; far from it.

Now, I feared, nothing would stop me here either, if a man were to discover my secret, and to desire me. I would cave in, I would make love, I would sin like a wild, wayward girl, and my weak little will would flap helplessly like a ripped flag in the hot wind of erotic passion. Even now my big, womanly hips were beginning to pump on their own, beyond my control, in overwhelmingly urgent need for sweet release, and I was powerless to stop them.

Deeply I sighed. I was overwhelmed indeed; I was beaten yet again by the unquenchable desires of my fervent flesh. I could do only one thing.

I lay on my back, breathing deeply. I raised my knees, pressed my beautiful erection down between them, and clutched it tightly between my thighs, as if it were a girl's clitoris, only much bigger. I pressed my bare breasts flat with both hands, except for my hard nipples which only stuck out more when I touched them. I tried to keep my hips motionless, hoping against hope that my penis might simply go limp and not ejaculate, though I could not believe it would. I tried *not* to imagine that a man was with me, that he was caressing and kissing me, that his penis was erect and throbbing with urgent desire. I failed, abysmally failed, to keep out the thoughts.

It was hopeless. I could feel my excitement building to an all-too-familiar climax. It was a warm night in early fall, and I was in bed alone in my little room with nothing but my underpants on. Swiftly I lifted my hips and pulled my underpants down, imagining they were girls' panties as I did so.

I was breathing hard. I shoved my arms down between my legs, imagining they were a man's body on top of me, while my erection was pressed down beneath my hands. Almost at once my hips were rising and falling on their own, my thighs were clenching

and unclenching in rapid rhythm, and great spurts of semen were rushing forth from my bloated bulb beneath them, as I failed to reject the thought that I was giving myself fully to a man.

Deeply I sighed again, in disgust and shame. “Girlsturbation” had defeated me again, as it had done so many times before I entered the seminary. Worse yet, I feared, it would defeat me again and again, and my sincere desire to be a faithful, holy priest would be powerless to stop it.

I wondered if this was anything like Martin Luther’s secret sins, when he was committing them every night and confessing them every day, before he gave up and stopped going to confession. I feared that it was all too much like them—and that I was in danger of ending up like him.

I had to go to confession. At the seminary there were confessions every day before morning Mass, on the understanding that guys who had committed sins—especially *you know what*—during the night would want to confess them right away.

Since I became a Catholic I had confessed masturbation quite a few times, but never admitted I had masturbated like a girl having sex with a guy, though I always had. I was afraid the girlishness was a circumstance that could aggravate the sin (except for a real girl who masturbated, of course), but I was too ashamed to admit it. Regular men’s-style masturbation wasn’t as bad—any priest would know guys found it hard to keep from beating off. So, regular manly beat-offs were what I implicitly confessed, though of course I didn’t *say* “regular manly beat-offs.”

I wasn't looking forward to this, to say the least. I decided to get in the line for Father Norbert Jickrippy, the rector of the seminary. I'd never yet gone to him for confession, but he was a really smart guy, and guys said he was pretty lenient in the confessional. There was always another priest available at the same time, because the Code of Canon Law said a seminary rector wasn't supposed to hear the students' confessions unless they specifically requested him—but they could specifically request Father Jickrippy just by getting in his line, and so I did.

Ahead of me was Joe Ardray, a fellow first-year seminarian. Joe had already become one of my few friends in the seminary so far; he was a really nice, honest guy who I thought would make an excellent priest. I wasn't sure what sins he could possibly have to confess—probably some pretty minor ones, although of course I wasn't going to ask. There would be plenty of time to hear about other people's sins when I became a priest, if I succeeded.

Joe didn't take too long in the confessional. Then it was my turn. I went in, knelt down, and said, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

This was it. I swallowed hard. "It's been about two weeks since my last confession," I said. "Since that time, on one occasion, I masturbated." Regular manly beat-off, of course, or so I implied yet again. Nothing out of the ordinary. I quickly went on to confess some diddly-squat venial sins, and ended up: "I also wish to include in this confession all the sins of my whole life, especially any sins against purity, and any sins of omission." I hoped my failure to admit I masturbated like a girl having sex with a guy would be covered by "sins of omission," if it was a sin.

“Very well,” said Father Jickrippy. “And were there any circumstances that might aggravate or diminish the gravity of the sin of masturbation?”

I flinched. I grimaced. No priest had ever asked me that before. I knew it would be a sin to lie and say there were not, when I was pretty sure there was one.

“Well,” I said, “there was one circumstance, which was that I masturbated—uh—like a girl.” I hesitated. I guessed I had to tell all, since he had asked. “I mean, like a girl having—uh—sex with a guy.”

“I see.” This he said at once; then he paused before saying more: “Has this happened before?”

“Uh—like a girl? Well—yes, it has.”

“Many times?”

I was doomed. “Yes,” I admitted. “Every time in my life I’ve ever masturbated, I was doing it like a girl.”

“And did you confess that?”

“I did confess the masturbations,” I said. “But I didn’t confess that I did it like a girl.”

“Why not?”

“Well—I guess I was too embarrassed.” Speaking of being embarrassed, I could feel myself blushing hotly, and sweat was dripping down my brow.

“I’m very sorry to hear it,” said Father Jickrippy. “You must *never* omit a—an extremely important circumstance like *that* in confession because of embarrassment!”

“I know, Father,” I said, hanging my head in shame. “I’m sorry.”

“Has this been a problem for you for a long time?” he asked. “I mean, pretending to be a—a girl who was engaging in—in sexual conduct with a boy?”

“Well, yes,” I admitted. “Ever since I was 12 years old.”

“Did you do other—uh—girlish things? Wear girls’ clothes, for example?”

“No, but only because I didn’t have any. I did draw pictures of myself wearing them.” Why was I saying this? Was this really suitable for confession? I didn’t know, and I was starting to feel afraid, but I didn’t think I should just get up and leave without finishing, without being absolved of my sins.

“And have you also had a problem with homosexuality?”

I gritted my teeth. “Yes,” I said, “before I became a Catholic, I did have a—a pretty big problem with homosexuality. But I haven’t had sex with any men since I became a Catholic.”

“How long ago was that?”

“Five and a half years.”

“Since that time, have you had homosexual thoughts that you did not carry out?”

“Well—yes, sometimes.”

“Very well, my child. For your penance, say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys. Now make a good act of contrition.”

“O my God!” I said, terrifically relieved that this painfully embarrassing ordeal was almost over. “I am heartily sorry for having offended you! I detest all my

sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend you, my God, who are all good and worthy of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of your grace, to sin no more, and to avoid the near occasions of sin.”

Father Jickrippy quickly said the words of absolution, and then said, “Go in peace.”

“Thank you, Father!” I said, almost tripping over myself in my haste to get out of the confessional.

My relief did not last long. That very evening I was summoned to appear in Father Jickrippy’s office. Of course I had to obey the summons; he was the *rector*, and I was a lowly first-year seminarian. Still, as I walked from the dorm toward the old hilltop mansion that now served as the seminary’s main building, I couldn’t help feeling a twinge of regret that I couldn’t just disregard his command.

“Good evening, Cecil,” said Father Jickrippy. He carefully locked the door after I entered. “Please sit down.”

I sat down, wondering what this was about. I couldn’t believe it would be about *that*—about what I had revealed in confession—but I couldn’t imagine what else it could be about.

“I’ve received information,” Father Jickrippy said, “that you’ve been having problems with a certain weakness.” His hands were pressed together as if he were praying, and his eyes were averted, almost as if it were as hard for him to speak of this as he knew it would be for me.

I was shocked. I felt myself blushing. Was this breaking the seal of the confessional? I supposed it was not, since he was only talking to *me* about what I had said there—and yet it seemed somehow deeply disturbing, like something a priest should never do.

“I guess you’re talking about, uh, the weakness I revealed in confession,” I said, with extreme reluctance. “You knew it was me, didn’t you?”

“I did,” he said. “This weakness is one that, if not properly addressed, could destroy your prospects as a future priest. On the other hand, if properly addressed, it could actually give you much stronger and brighter prospects. It would certainly not be fatal to your future—far from it.”

Now he was looking at me. He smiled broadly, seeming quite cool and calm. Why, then, was I struck with sudden wonder, imagining that his coolness and calmness might be merely a front for something very different?

I stared at him. Still smiling, he was staring at me through his little thin-rimmed glasses, his sky-blue eyes seemingly fixed on my innermost core—the core where my weakness dwelt, my weakness for erotic femininity that I had disclosed to him. His balding head seemed to be bulging with knowledge of what I had sought in vain to conceal, and his smile made it quite clear that he knew. I was ashamed to wonder, but I could not keep from wondering, whether something else was bulging too—something straight down from his white Roman collar, farther down than his heart, and concealed beneath the same black attire that concealed his heart.

I was afraid to ask, and yet I had to ask: “How could it—uh—be properly addressed?”

“It could be properly addressed by simply, and discreetly, facing *reality*,” he informed me. “Reality is known to include a great many weaknesses of this kind. It would be pointless to deny it. Some have addressed such weaknesses in a most improper manner, causing great scandal to the faithful. They have resorted to force, to abuse of young people, and even to abuse of young people by force—and they have been *found out*. Such things, of course, must never be permitted.”

“Uh—certainly not,” I agreed. I swallowed hard and waited in silence for him to say more.

“Only most discreetly, by fully consenting adults,” he went on, “can such weaknesses be properly addressed. I myself, I must admit, have a—a very distinct weakness for feminine or, shall we say, *quasi-feminine* companionship, and indeed for m—most *intimate love*, of a kind that could not decently be revealed to those who do not understand such things. But you, I am sure, *will* understand, for your weakness for—for *fully intimate union with a man* is precisely complementary to mine. You *do* understand, don’t you?”

His eyes were fixing me. His smile grew even greater. I was terribly afraid I did understand, though I feared he was proposing sin. I feared I understood too well that he wished me to play girlfriend for him, in the most “fully intimate” manner. And did I detect beads of sweat forming on his brow, as I could feel them doing on my own?

“Uh—are you suggesting—” Did I dare ask? Did I dare let him know I could not keep myself from beginning to have an erection, a rapidly burgeoning one, right here in front of him, at the thought of being his secret sweetheart?

He was a lean, handsome, manly man, as was plain to my shy but eager eyes, and it would be all too easy for me to desire him. And would it really be a sin, after all? Or would it rather be an act of great beauty, pleasing to the Author of all beauty, no matter what a few censorious or even bigoted people might say if they knew? I was afraid I did not really know—and I was not perfectly sure I wanted to find out.

“Are you suggesting,” I tried again, “that I might—er—discreetly give you feminine or, er, quasi-feminine companionship?” I was blushing and sweating hard, as I had done in the confessional—but I had not had a red-hot, rock-hard erection in the confessional, as I had now.

“You can see quite well what I am suggesting,” he said. “It would be—highly beneficial for both of us. You would simply need to appear before me in strict privacy, at an early opportunity, in—er—feminine attire.”

“Uh—but I don’t have any!” I said.

“That can easily be arranged,” he said. “It can be ordered on the Internet, and retrieved from my confidential post office box. You would only need to provide me with your—er—your measurements.”

This was terrible, I feared—I was getting totally carried away, my hidden erection was throbbing with desire, and I couldn’t stop myself! I actually wanted Father Jickrippy to see me nude and measure me for women’s clothes!

I took a deep breath and plunged ahead. “Well, all right,” I said, pulling off my shirt and then my undershirt to let him see my bare breasts. “You can start by—uh—measuring me for a bra.” Sweat was dripping down my brow, down my face, and even starting to drip upon my breasts. I tried, but failed, to keep

my eyes modestly cast down. I just had to see his reaction to my nudity above the waist.

His eyes were bulging when he saw my plump little breasts, and his sweat was dripping too, but he seemed to be prepared. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a tape measure. Then he got up and approached me. I glanced down at his black trousers. Sure enough, they were bulging even more than his eyes.

“First you measure my band size, right under my breasts,” I informed him. “Then you measure me around the biggest part of my breasts, to get my cup size.”

His hands were trembling, almost violently, as he stood behind me and wrapped the tape measure around me under my breasts. Somehow he managed to get the measurement for my band size and write it down.

Then he began to try to get the measurement for my cup size. This was trickier, because the tape measure kept slipping off my erect nipples and getting into the wrong position. At last he put his hands on my bare breasts to try to keep the tape measure in place—but then he could not remove them, and not only because I quickly pressed them to my breasts with my own hands.

His flimsy pretense that he was measuring me vanished at once. He was breathing hard and caressing my breasts. I could feel his erection behind me, through his black pants. “Cecilia!” he whispered. “You must be no longer Cecil, but Cecilia.”

“I am Cecilia,” I agreed, “*your* Cecilia.” I pressed his hands more firmly to my breasts. “May I call you Norbert?”

“Yes, of course—my dearest Cecilia,” he said. “And you must *look* fully like my dearest Cecilia, too. I happen to have something that will be of great assistance.”

He unlocked a walk-in closet on the far side of his office and went in. After a moment he emerged, and I was astounded to see what he was carrying: a beautiful, totally feminine-looking wig with fluffy, undulating waves of long dark hair, almost black. I couldn't imagine how he had managed to be so well prepared for this incredible, unforeseeable event—but I was too far gone with excitement to complain!

“I think this will fit you rather well,” he said. I carefully put it on. It did. At once I felt more feminine than I had ever felt before, even in my wildest nights at Club Swank Wank—and yet I still had my men's trousers on, with my erection sticking straight out in front inside them. I could hardly imagine how I would feel when I was fully nude before Norbert, with my erection hidden to make me look quite like a woman.

“Oh, I love it!” I said, and I meant it. “Now please measure my waist—and then my hips.”

Shamelessly I opened my pants and dropped them, then followed with my underpants, letting Norbert see my stout five-inch erection in the nude for a brief moment before I firmly pressed it down into hiding between my legs. It was so hard I could barely get it to stay between my legs, but I was determined, and I succeeded. Soon I could feel my big bulb peeking out beneath my butt, pressing hard against the backs of my plump thighs.

Norbert breathed deeply, seemingly trying to calm himself, while he measured my waist from the front. Then he lowered the tape measure to my hips—and he could not keep his hands off my big, girlish butt.

“Oh, Cecilia,” he murmured, caressing my butt. “I’m so glad you—you can understand my weakness, and my *need*.”

He looked deep into my eyes. His lips approached mine. I knew he wanted to kiss me on the mouth, and I was ready.

Our lips met. My tongue entered his mouth at once. My hands were gripping his lean, taut butt through his black pants. I could feel his erection pressing against me through them.

I was getting too excited to hold back for long. Warning spurts were emerging from my throbbing bulb beneath my butt. I had to stop kissing him and let him know what was happening.

“Oh, Norbert!” I said. “I—I’m *going to!* I can’t hold back!”

He grabbed some tissues from a box on his desk. Embracing me with his left hand and almost lifting me off the floor, he kissed me fervently on the neck, while he reached around beneath my butt and cupped my bulb with the tissues in his hand.

He was just in time. Almost as soon as the tissues touched my bulb, I was gushing into them, soaking them thoroughly, and getting my semen all over his hand. Clutching him desperately, rearing my wig-covered head back with my mouth wide open, I cried out to the heavens: “Oh, Norbert, yes! Yes! *Yes!!*”

“Cecilia, this is so beautiful!” he said while I was still gushing. “Help me, as I am helping you!”

I soon saw how he wanted me to help him. As soon as he had grabbed more tissues and wiped off his hand, he unzipped his black pants and revealed his



erection, a long thin one. “Please kneel before me,” he begged.

I knelt before him, still nude. “Please kiss me,” he said, bringing his erection close to my mouth.

I knew exactly what to do, for I had blown many men at the club years ago. I licked the underside of his bulb; then I surrounded his bulb with my mouth and bobbed my head, while stroking his shaft with both hands. “Yes, Cecilia, *yes!*” he softly moaned, clutching my head and thrusting in and out of my mouth. Soon he, too, was gushing.

“Norbert, was that a sin?” I shyly asked him after discreetly spitting out his semen into a tissue.

“No, Cecilia, it was not,” he assured me. “An act of such supreme beauty cannot be a sin, no matter what anyone may say.”

I hoped he was right, although I wasn’t sure about it. I *was* sure I was going to want to do another “act of such supreme beauty” with him when he had obtained my women’s clothes for me. “It certainly was very beautiful,” I agreed. “But you still need to measure my hips, if you’re going to get me some women’s clothes that fit.”

“I certainly am!” he said, grabbing the tape measure. “The sooner the better!”

Chapter 2

The routine of life in the seminary went on—classes, Masses, rosaries, the liturgy of the hours, recreation, meals, sleep—but not a day went by when I failed to think of what Norbert would soon have in store for me. Sometimes I worried that what we were going to do would be a sin, but I tried to tell

my worrying self to shut up. It would be beautiful—so beautiful, as Norbert had said, that it could not possibly be a sin. I imagined that Martin Luther must have started telling himself that *his* secret sins weren't sins either, and I still didn't want to end up like him—but I wasn't trying too hard to avoid ending up like him, either.

At last, one evening, Norbert summoned me again to his office in the main building—not to the rectory of the seminary, a smaller house separate from the main building, for that could arouse suspicion if I were seen. In the office, everything was strictly business—or so it seemed. I had done no “girlsturbation” since the day I was nude with Norbert, and again I was bursting with sperm.

“Cecilia, my love, at last, you will look fully like the woman you really are!” said Norbert after locking the door again. “Please waste no time!”

I did waste no time. “All right, here goes,” I said, unbuttoning my shirt. My eyes were modestly cast down, but I knew Norbert was watching me closely as I stripped. I bared my breasts for him, pulled my pants and underpants down, and concealed my erection between my legs; then I put on the wig and stood before him as a nude woman.

“Superbly lovely,” Norbert murmured. “Like Eve, when she was nude and not ashamed.” I was blushing, and not at all sure I wasn't ashamed, but I was too excited to care.

“Your clothing, my love,” he said, handing me boxes of clothing. I looked through them, removed a pair of lacy pink panties, and put them on, carefully keeping my erection from popping out into view. Then I found my bra, a little white one with a small amount of delicate padding to make my breasts look

a bit bigger. It was a front-hook one, I was glad to see, and easy to put on.

My top followed, a fuchsia-colored one that was tight enough to show the shape of my breasts as enhanced by the bra, but not low-cut enough to seem at all indecent. Finally I put on my skirt, a full knee-length one with a floral print design. My feet were bare, but I was sure Norbert didn't care, and I didn't either.

"Shall we have tea, Cecilia?" Norbert asked, retrieving a large teapot from an electric warmer near his desk.

"Why, certainly," I said. He poured a cup of tea and handed it to me, while motioning me to sit down in one of the chairs facing his desk. He poured himself a cup as well, and sat in the other chair, drawing near me to speak softly.

"Someday, Cecilia," he said to me, "we will no longer need to meet in secrecy. Life is changing at top speed, and the Church must change to meet the needs of people today as they are. Priests will be permitted to marry, and the concept of marriage will be suitably enlarged. The bizarre and, I dare say, bigoted notion that a love like ours is *sinful* will vanish like the bad dream it is."

Oh, I hope so! my heart and my hidden erection cried out together in silence—but almost at once my cool, sharp mind retorted: *This is bullshit. This isn't real love, it's a fleeting craze, like playing girlfriend for random guys at Club Swank Wank. After a few hot orgasms, it will vanish like the bad dream it is!*

I was afraid, afraid my mind might be right—and yet it must *not* be right! No, surely Norbert was right: what we had done, what we were doing, and what we were soon to do was far too beautiful to be a sin. I was

sure I looked like a very beautiful woman now, and Norbert was desiring my beauty. Surely there was truth in the young poet's old words, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know, and all ye need to know, O babe!"

Maybe those were not the exact words, but still I was sure—or I tried to be sure—that they had to be true. I had to admit to myself that I had never really understood why harmless, consensual, adult sexy sins were supposed to be sins. Perhaps, I thought, I had not understood because it could not be understood, because it was not true.

"Yes, it will vanish," I agreed, knowing at least that I heartily *wished* it would vanish. His eyes were fixed on mine, and mine on his. Sin or not, I knew we would make love soon.

"All will see the beauty of holiness," I assured him in a trembling voice, "in a love like ours." My mind, utterly shocked, cried out more loudly, "*Bullshit! Big lie! Unbelievable!*" I ignored it; my erection ignored it, and so did my fast-beating heart.

We did not finish our cups of tea. He took my hand in his. We arose and stood, strong together, with our two still-clothed erections drawing near and nearer to our mutual culmination. Our lips met; our tongues caressed; our hands were on each other's butts.

My lovely women's clothes, so recently put on, came off again. Norbert pulled my top off, temporarily dislodging my wig as he did so. My bra followed as soon as my wig was put back in place; Norbert stood behind me, unhooked my bra, and caressed my breasts as he had done before, with my hands pressing and guiding his, inciting them to greater fervor.