

# The Good Doctor 2

*Making the World a Better Place, One Girl at a Time*



**Julie Harris**

A *New Woman* Novel



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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# **The Good Doctor 2**

**Making the World a Better Place, One Girl at a Time**

**By Julie Harris**

## **Chapter 1: Trust in Me**

It had been a few weeks since my Dad had died. I was still in a rut. I was really a mess. I wasn't eating right. I couldn't sleep at night. I couldn't think straight. My life was in disarray. I had pushed all the people who cared about me away, including my Mom, my brothers and my sister. All of that self-confidence from my earlier days with dominating girlfriends who taught me how to be feminine seemed to have faded away. I needed something, or someone, to inspire me again.

I had lost a few pounds in my depressed state. I was still tall and thin, with shoulder-length black hair. My exercise routine had not changed. I would go for a three-mile run in the morning and then work

out on the elliptical machine in the afternoon. I kept myself in good physical shape.

My boyfriend Erik was very persistent. He called me every day until I answered his call. A few days later, I agreed to go out with Erik again. In a way, I was very lucky to have such a well-rounded all-star boyfriend.

Dr. Erik Smith was that perfect tall, dark, and handsome guy that everyone dreamed about. He seemed to really take a liking to me that day during my annual physical exam, after he saw my bikini tanning lines. Erik and I have been seeing each other for a few months now. He and I have ideal chemistry together and could talk about anything for hours on end. With all the heartache and pain of my Dad's passing, I had forgotten how much I had cared for this man. My Dad was the anchor in my life who always provided sound and logical advice. He understood where I was coming from and where I was going. While he disagreed with me at times, in the end he always wanted what was best for me.

As I walked out the front door, I looked into the mirror to assure myself that everything on me was flawless. My hair and makeup were done perfectly for an evening event. I wore a dress that I had purchased a few weeks ago at Nordstrom's, one of my favorite stores at the shopping mall. My dress fitted perfectly as if it was made specifically for my figure. The royal blue dress was ideal with my skin tone and the subtle rose print added just a touch of femininity. The fabric of the dress was soft and silky with just enough stretch to ensure that the dress would cling to every curve, from the low-cut off-the-shoulder bodice down to the hem of the skirt which ended just below my knees. The built-in breast support held up my little bosom nicely. My rounded hips were emphasized even more by the narrow skirt that hugged against

me. Topping off my outfit was my 4-inch black heels. I missed getting dressed up for nice dinners!

We got together at Aliotta's Italian Restaurant, one of our favorite restaurants in Torrance. Erik was waiting for me when I arrived. We were seated at a nice table in the back corner of the restaurant. Erik ordered a bottle of red wine and a few appetizers. The waiter brought us some fresh baked bread with whipped garlic butter. Mmmmm...I love freshly baked bread!

Erik was excited and started the conversation. "Randy, I know that you are going through a difficult time right now with the passing of your Dad. I want to help you. I want you to move in with me. I will take care of all your needs. You don't ever have to work," said a confident Erik. "All that I want is for you to be the best that you could possibly be. To be happy and to be your natural self," he continued. "Here's a key to my home. Please take it and honor me by moving in with me," he continued. "You make me happy and make me a better person," he said with a smile.

I was stunned and delighted at the same time. I finished the small piece of bread that I was eating and took a sip of my wine. How could one person love me so much? With the passing of my Dad, I was a complete mess. I did not have a job. I had a history of failures and unsuccessful relationships. Yet, Erik still loved me. My watery eyes showed that I was full of emotion. I took out a tissue to blot away the happy tears. "Of course, I will move in with you!" I said with excitement. With that, I gave him a big warm hug and a long passionate kiss. My day just got a lot better!

The movers came a few days later and helped to pack up all my personal belongings. It took most of the day to move out of my place and into Erik's home. Erik's home was nothing like my old house. I lived in

a shack in comparison. You could fit several of my houses into Erik's house. The 2-story 8000 square-foot home was in the hills of Palos Verdes on a 10-acre lot. It had 6 bedrooms and 8 bathrooms, 2 living rooms, a theater, a library, a tennis court, and a large swimming pool. The pool was huge, complete with waterfalls and fountains. It looked like one of the pools that you would see at a Las Vegas hotel! The waterfalls and fountains created a subtle soft sound of water flowing in the background. The pool area was very private with lush green hedges around the edge. There were lots of trees that made his yard look like a grand park. The pool area was perfect for me to lay out and work on my tan.

The kitchen was large and spacious with every professional grade appliance that you could imagine! The cabinets were a mahogany wood color with an oil-rubbed bronze finish on the hardware handles. The counter tops were a blue sapphire-colored granite that sparkled when the kitchen lights were on. I could see that the backsplash and the walls around the kitchen were decorated in a handsome stone mosaic pattern. The appliances were all stainless steel. I recognized the brand as one of those that you would see on television with Chef Gordon Ramsey. There were 3 sinks, 3 refrigerators and 2 ovens. A large island sat in the middle of the kitchen, allowing for guests to gather around during social functions. The floors were covered in tan-colored travertine stone slabs. It was interesting as the stone did not feel cold like normal stone floors. Instead, the floors felt warm, like the stones on a lake bed baking in the hot sun. I later found out that all the stone floors in the house have heating pads under them to warm them up for the comfort of their occupants.

The living room had 20-foot ceilings. There were 6 pairs of gorgeous French doors around the room. You could see the marvelous gardens and fountains

through the French doors. There were beautiful paintings all along the walls of various places in Europe. As you walked through the living room, you could see the two large fireplaces, each with exquisite marble mantles. The walls were finished with crown molding and intricate woodwork throughout. The first family room had a collection of elegant English and French style furniture around the room. As I marveled at this room, Erik told me that he would show me the other large family room later.

There were so many rooms in the house that you could get lost! The woodwork and molding along the walls were spectacular! We made our way up the grand staircase into a loft area on the second floor. From there, Erik showed me some of the rooms and then eventually the master bedroom. This room was huge! It was like a little apartment all by itself. The master bedroom had a closet that was bigger than my old living room. It seemed to be fully stocked with women's clothing, all styles, all colors. To my surprise, all the clothes and shoes in the closet were my size. Erik had a personal shopper go out and purchase a variety of clothes for me to try on. I could keep all that I wanted or get more if desired. To me, it was like winning the lottery!

We had pizza delivered that evening. Ham, mushrooms, and pineapple were my favorite toppings. Erik liked the meat special with sausage, pepperoni, and Canadian bacon...and extra cheese. A couple of ice-cold Cokes made our dinner especially delicious! Erik and I both ate just a few pieces of our pizza. Erik seemed excited and anxious that I was now there with him under the same roof. "It must have been lonely here, Erik, before I moved in," I remarked.

Erik moved over closer to me putting his arm around my shoulder. "Yes, dear. It was very lonely. But now all of that is resolved. This is your home

now, so please enjoy it,” he said with a smile. We finished our dinner, then moved out to the pool area. It was such a perfect night. The sun had just gone down and the air was still. It was warm and comfortable. The outdoor landscaping lights turned on illuminating the beautiful gardens, pool area, walkways, fountains, sculptures, and house. You could hear the water fountains in the background creating a relaxing atmosphere. It was relaxing and romantic with lots of beautiful background lights. It reminded me of my favorite place...Disneyland!

Erik held my hand and led me down a path around the pool closer to one of the fountains. We sat down on a beautiful gazebo area, next to one of the sculptures.

“Randy, I have some things that I’d like to discuss now that you are with me in my home,” he said as he held my hands. “You no longer have to work. I want you to go shopping and buy what makes you happy with my credit cards. I want you to be the best that you can possibly be. I’ve opened an account for you at the Burke Williams Spa in Torrance. All the spa and beauty services there for you are covered. Hair, nails, massages, facials, etc. covered. I want you to spend your time perfecting yourself. You deserve nothing but the best and I intend to provide that for you.”

“Erik, I really appreciate your kindness but I think I should work, for my own self-worth. I want to be able to continue my career,” I said with a concern look. “I want to have my own friends and identity.”

Erik thought about it for a while. “Okay, I understand honey,” he said. “I know someone at the Chase bank in Torrance. I’ll make some phone calls tomorrow and see if I can get you a position there. Would that be okay?” he said with a comforting tone.

“Yes. I think working at Chase Bank would be great. Thank you, Erik, you are the best!” I replied.

“There’s a few more things that I’d like to talk to you about,” said Erik. “I do not want to see you in any of your guy clothing anymore. You will need to give all your men’s clothes away.”

“All of it?” I replied.

“Yes, all of it,” responded Erik. “I wear the pants in the house!” he replied jokingly. “Furthermore, I do not want to see you in any shorts or pants. No more romper outfits. From now on, you will only wear skirts and dresses. I want you to always be dressed and acting like a girl. Being so naturally feminine, I want to encourage you and help you be all the girl that you can be.

“I want you to change the spelling of your first name to ‘Randi.’ Also, I want you to change your middle name to something that I selected and meant a lot to me. Your middle name will be Madison, named after my late mother. Is that okay? Is that clear? Can you respect my wishes?” he asked.

I thought about it for a second. Here is a guy that loves me so much that he is willing to let me live with him and treat me like a king, or more like a queen. I could have all the clothes I wanted; I could dress as a girl all that I wanted to any time that I wanted to. What’s the downside? All I had to do is agree to dress in girls’ clothes all the time and not wear any pants. This was a no-brainer. I couldn’t have asked for a better deal!

“Yes dear, I will get rid of all my male clothing right away and I promise you never to wear any pants, shorts or rompers. It’s only skirts and dresses for me from now on! I will be a full-time girl as you wish and

spell my name as R-a-n-d-i. And yes, I will gladly change my middle name to be Madison. I love that name, thank you,” I replied with a warm look on my face.

“With that, I have another question for you,” said a nervous Erik. Erik fumbled around as he moved closer to me.

Erik got down on one knee and held out a little box. He opened the box to reveal a diamond ring. “Randi, I am a much better person when I am around you. You make me so much more than my normal self. I can’t stop thinking about you every moment of every day,” said a romantic Erik. “Randi, will you marry me?” said an anxious Erik. My eyes swelled up in tears. Not only did I now have a beautiful home but an incredible husband to be as well!

“Yes, yes, yes I will marry you!” I said with joy! Erik stood up as I jumped into his arms hugging and kissing him. I didn’t want to let go! That day was the first time that we made love out by the swimming pool, under the stars as if we were the only people in the world!

“Wow, look at that ring!” I thought to myself. “It just sparkles!” I had diamond earrings, a diamond necklace and now a three-carat diamond ring. I would one day be Mrs. Randi Madison Smith, wife to the magnificent Dr. Erik Smith! “I am such a lucky girl,” I thought to myself.

## **Chapter 2: The Commitment**

My job at Chase bank was wonderfully comfortable. Everyone there was warm and friendly. People embraced me as a woman and did not make me feel uncomfortable. I could be myself, without any hesitation! As I got used to working there, so did my fellow



employees get used to my presence. I started to notice that some of the guys would always be “checking me out” as I walked by them. I was flattered by the attention! In the past when I dressed as a guy, no one really cared about me. I was invisible. Now that I dressed as a girl, I seemed to have some fans!

“Hi honey, I’m home,” called out Erik as he opened the front door and walked into the entryway. Erik hung up his coat and dropped off his office bag. He took off his shoes and walked further into the house, noticing the candles along the edge of the room. The lights were turned down low and candles flickered all around the living room.

“Hello there handsome, I missed you,” I replied as I walked up to kiss him in his favorite outfit. My diamonds on my ears, on my chest and around my fingers, sparkled in the candlelight. My tanning lines still visible got Erik’s groin firm and hard. Looking down, he saw that I had on my red bikini bottom and red heels. I looked up into his eyes with a big smile.

“Wow, you look so yummy! I know what I’m having for dinner!” he replied. Erik picked me up and carried me over to the living room sofa. I was his to enjoy after a long day at work!

After dinner, we sat out on the back patio next to a fire pit in the back. You could hear the crackling sound of the fire and see the bright stars above. I was in love. I couldn’t stop thinking about how lucky I was to find such a kind person. I would do anything for that man. Anything to make him happy.

A few days pasted and I got word that my name was now officially, “Randi Madison Morgan”. Randi Madison, I liked the sound of that name. I couldn’t wait until the day when I could have my name formally changed to ‘Mrs. Smith’ as well!

On Friday, Erik asked that I accompany him to his home in Northern California. I took off work after lunch to meet Erik at the airport. He and I boarded a private plane and flew up to San Francisco. Just like his home in Los Angeles, his San Francisco home was also fabulous! It was located in the Pacific Heights area of the city on the top of a hill. From his home, you had a clear panoramic view of the Golden Gate Bridge all the way past Alcatraz Island. His San Francisco home was smaller, only 5400 square feet, with 5 bedrooms and 6 bathrooms. We spent the day in the city with him showing me all the properties that his family owned. From apartment buildings to commercial buildings, to the local theater, it was endless. It was crazy to believe that one family had this much wealth.

Later that night, Erik took me to one of the seafood restaurants in San Francisco, right off of Fisherman's Wharf on the waterfront. We had a private dining room overlooking the harbor. Erik looked stunning in his black pin-striped suit. I was in a velvet red gown with my black overcoat. We looked like royalty! Erik told me that he wanted me to take a few self-improvement classes when we got back to Los Angeles. He said that he wanted me to take pride in who I was and would become, and to be proud of my body. When we arrive back to Los Angeles, he had arranged for me to take lessons to improve my posture (sitting, standing, walking), makeup, wardrobe, etiquette, wellness, and fitness.

I told him that I would gladly take these self-improvement lessons. They sounded similar to what I had already taken while in modeling school earlier in my life. I remember doing well in those modeling classes. "It would be a great refresher type of lesson," I thought to myself. It should be straightforward and easy, maybe fun too.

Erik kissed me passionately and said, “I want you to promise me that you will try your absolute best in these classes. Second place is not good enough.”

“Yes, dear, your future wife will be the top of her class and dazzle everyone around her,” I replied with confidence. “How hard can a few modeling classes be?” I said to myself thinking that it would be so easy.

“We will also make sure that your work schedule at the bank accommodates your new class schedule,” said Erik. “Your classes take priority over work.”

When we got back to Los Angeles, I found out that the courses were Monday through Friday, from 8:00 am to 3:00 pm. Classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays were somewhere in downtown Los Angeles. The other classes were all in my home with private instructors. My work schedule would be dropped to just 8 hours a week until my classes were completed.

Monday was just introductions. Each of my teachers were well-accomplished women in their respective fields. They were all genuinely nice but incredibly driven. By the way they conducted themselves, I could tell that they were profoundly serious about their subjects. I would be getting a letter grade in each class, with weekly status reports given to Erik. Each instructor was being heavily incentivized to make me into the perfect lady. Erik expected me to get straight A’s in all my classes. Since today was the first day, classes got out early and I was asked to go see Erik in his office at 3:00 pm.

I arrived at his medical suite on time and was let into his private office down the hall in the back. Erik was pleased to see me and asked how my day was going. He then told me that he thought it was best if I started taking vitamins to help with my training. I would be taking two types of vitamins daily in the

morning and come into the office for a shot once week. The result of these vitamins should give me more energy and a sharper memory.

I thought to myself, "More energy and more brain power, yes, I could certainly use that! Sign me up!" I opened the bottled water on the counter and swallowed down the first two pills.

Erik asked me to drop my skirt for the first shot. He cleaned the area with alcohol and then gave me my first injection of what would be many more to come.

We got home later in the afternoon. Erik had assembled all the people that helped to take care of his residence. The gardeners, the pool man, the house cleaners, the cook, the security guard and drivers were all there. Erik introduced me to everyone as the lady of the house. Anything that I said was to be followed as if it came from him. He then told me that all the help were there every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Other days of the week were only by exception.

I loved him even more for trusting me as the lady of the house. It showed that he really trusted me. It also reminded me that I had to double my efforts to do well in the self-improvement classes.

As the lady of the house, I now started putting a few of my own personal touches to things around the house. In the coming weeks, I got to work with the gardeners to create a special rose garden on the side of our swimming pool. There were red and pink roses all beautifully aligned to bring out the beauty in pool and neighboring courtyard. I also had a chance to work with the cook to make sure that Erik had his favorite meals prepared every day. After adding in my

unique ingredients to the recipes, it was now as if I had prepared the meals.

Tuesday came really fast. I got up at 5:00 am like I usually did. I took a shower and got dressed. I then went downstairs to make breakfast for Erik. “Good morning dear,” he said as he walked in the kitchen. “What time is your first class today?” he asked.

“I have a posture class today at 8:00 am with Rita, then a makeup and wardrobe class at 9:00 am with Cindy. I’m not sure what comes after that, but I know the entire day is full,” I replied. Erik ate his breakfast quickly, kissed me on the cheek, and said goodbye. He ran out to the office to get an early start with some administration items.

Posture Class: It was ten minutes before 8:00 am when the doorbell rang. Rita was standing there, eager to get started. Rita was a plain, average-looking woman who seemed very serious about her job. I let her in and we exchanged introductory remarks. Rita was pleased that I was dressed as she asked. I had on a black Guess minidress with 5” pumps. My hair was up in a bun and I had makeup on as if I were going out to a night club.

“Turn around and let me get a good look at you,” she said as we walked into the dining room area. “You wore what I asked. Good,” she said sternly. “We will start with sitting. Sit down on that chair,” she commanded as she pointed to the chair at the end of the table. I moved over there and sat down. “Sit up straight. Suck your tummy in. Stick out your chest. Pull your shoulders back. Maintain eye contact. Smile. Wow, you will need a lot of practice!” she remarked.

So that was my first lesson for the day. Moving between chairs on the table, trying to be perfect sitting

on a chair! Rita said, “Since practice makes perfect, we shall practice this repeatedly until you know of no other way to sit. Sitting as a lady with perfect posture shall become a natural muscle movement for you.”

Makeup and Wardrobe Class: Cindy also showed up early. We talked a bit but quickly moved into the topic of makeup. She told me to hold still while she plucked my eyebrows. In the end I had thin high arched eyebrows. My eyes looked bigger now with the cleaned-up eyebrows. They looked great! We talked about the proper ways to clean my face each day and what creams I should be putting on my face at night. There was a lot of information that I had to write down in my notes. I could see that these self-improvement classes were going to be really challenging. These instructors were teaching me much more than I had learned at my modeling classes earlier in my life. It took a lot of my concentration to keep up. I promised Erik that I would give it my best, so that’s what I would be doing!

The wardrobe part of my lessons were all about being able to identify which type of blouse or top goes with which type of skirt. And which colors or patterns go together to mix and match outfits. We also went over all the different types of shoes, from sandals, to sneakers, to wedges to high-heeled pumps, to boots. There were so many types of women’s shoes! Next was dresses, and the many different type of styles. Cindy told me that when she was done with me, I will be expected to dress in all the most stylish designer outfits. Every time I am seen in public, I am to look my best for Erik. I must match my outfit to the occasion. Whether it be a simple stroll in the park, to shopping in a mall, to a black-tie affair, I needed to be dressed appropriately.

Etiquette Class: My etiquette class began promptly at 10:00 am. Molly was an elderly lady who used to

own a catering business. She found that private tutoring for the wealthy was a lot more lucrative. Apparently, there are lots of women who want their daughters to learn etiquette. Molly went over the proper way to be a lady and told me that when she was done with me, I would be able to socialize with the best of them! From table settings, to drinking glasses, to bread versus salad plates, I had to learn it all. She told me that she expected me to remember all of this by tomorrow! So much to remember! I was glad that I had my notepad with me.

As part of our class, Molly wanted to see how I actually ate a meal. She presented me with a small salad for lunch with a side plate of fruits. I was taught how to properly eat my salad and fruits.

Wellness Class: This class was really different from the others. Martha was a very professional looking woman who was warm and nice when she wanted to be, but also cold and very businesslike at times. She had a Ph.D. in psychology and graduated top of her class at Yale. Her specialty was something called “hypnotherapy.” I’m not exactly sure what that means but I’m told that she is the best in the country in that field. We spent most of our time just talking about my feelings and my past. Martha asked about my upbringing in Hawaii, my parents, and my family. She asked about my past relationships and my feelings about being with men and women in an intimate setting. I opened up to Martha and began to really enjoy our conversations and time together. She became someone that I really trust with all my deepest feelings. Martha learned about all my likes, my fears, and my regrets.

I would often find myself dozing off in her sessions, only to wake up later feeling very energized and filled with purpose. After the first few sessions with Martha, I felt that I really had to do well in all of my

self-improvement classes to be the best me that I could possibly be. Erik must have wanted me to take these classes for a reason. This was my chance to really impress upon Erik that I loved him and was willing to do everything possible to please him. "I will be an A+ student in every one of my classes!" I said to myself. "Thank you, Martha, for another enlightening session," I said as she left the room. It was time now for my next class.

**Fitness Class:** It was 1:00 pm now, and sure enough, Alice was waiting there for me in the gym. "How are you doing Randi?" said an energetic Alice. It was nice that Alice was my fitness coach as she was in perfect physical shape. Thin, but strong with lots of energy.

We started off with Alice going over the things that this class was going to cover. It turns out that in addition to physical fitness, this class also covered diet, waist training, feminine movement, and body development. Alice told me that I should always be dressed in my training outfit for this class. She said to go over to the bench and put on my training outfit.

I did as I was told. On the bench was two black waist-sliming panties and a pair of 5" black heels. I took off my clothes and put on the first panty. It was a extra small and barely fit on me. I tucked my little penis tightly between my legs. The panty held things firmly in place. I pulled up the second waist-sliming panty. With the two panties in place, my private parts were out of sight, and out of mind. I put on the pumps and walked back out to see Alice. "I think there are parts of my fitness outfit missing," I remarked as I stood in front of her.

"No, nothings missing," said Alice. "Although you are not properly dressed yet", she said. Alice came over to me and told me to turn around. She took hold

of my panties from the back and pulled them up very hard. She almost lifted me up “There,” she said with a smile. “Your panties, when worn properly, should be wedgie tight. There should be no trace whatsoever of your male parts. Is that clear?” she said with a stern look.

“Yes, Alice. Very clear,” I responded.

“You are simply too fat,” Alice remarked. “You will have to go on a diet, work out, and do some waist training. Stand still while I put this corset on you,” she ordered. Alice took out a black corset, put it around me and hooked up all the hooks. She then started pulling the laces to tighten the corset. I felt like I was being squeezed by a big snake. It was difficult to breathe.

“Too tight, too tight,” I muttered to Alice.

“No, my dear. This is just the beginning level for you to get used to the snug and secure feel of the corset,” replied Alice. “We will make this tighter on you with each passing day until you have a cute tiny feminine waist,” replied Alice.

“Stand up straight and stick your chest out,” Alice commanded. “Let’s see what we have to work with.” Alice touched my nipples and massaged the tissue around them. She got some ointment out and rubbed some into my nipple areas. It felt cool and tingly.

“You need to rub this ointment on to your nipple area each night before you go to bed. This will help make your skin smoother. Is that clear?” she said sternly.

“Yes, Alice. I understand,” I replied. The ointment made my nipples sensitive to touch. I could detect the slightest breeze with my nipples now. It was a different sort of feeling that I’d have to get used to.