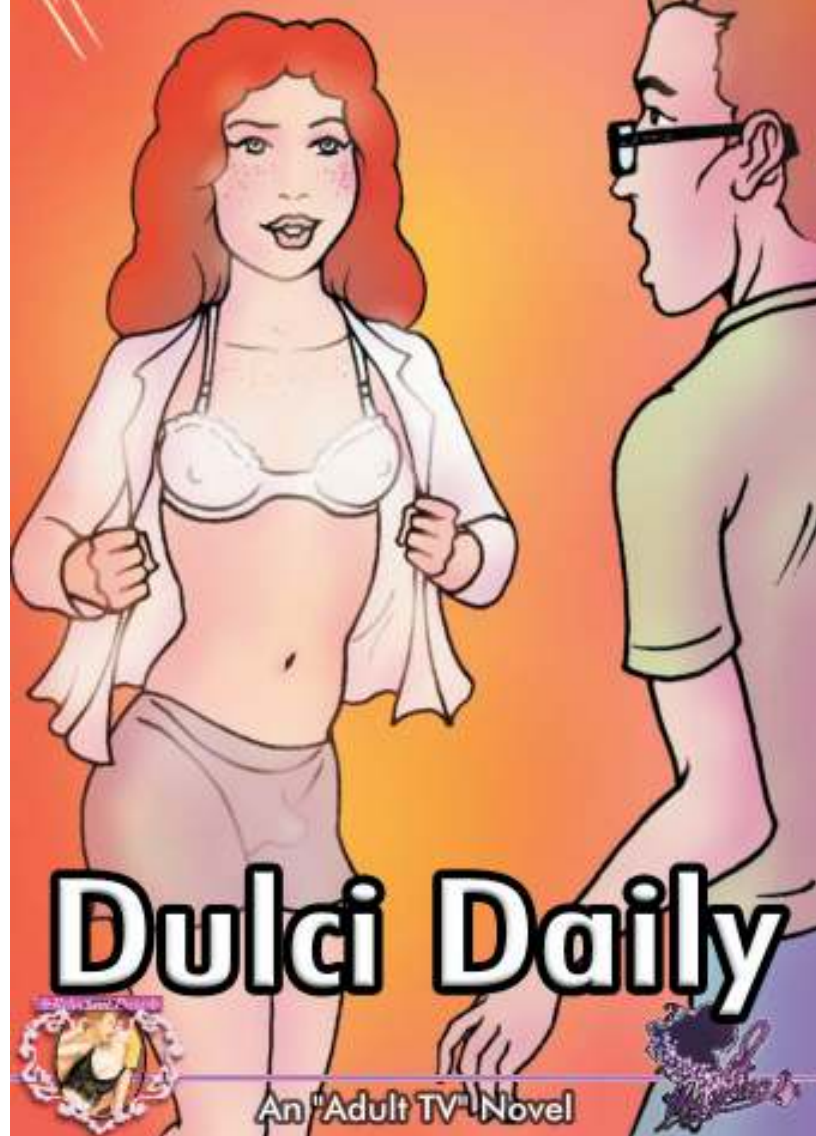


# A Perfect Wife

*And other stories*



# Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel

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# **A Perfect Wife**

## *and Other Stories*

by **Dulci Daily**

### **A Perfect Wife**

Veronica Carnargill, research librarian and shemale romance novelist, sat at her home computer typing. She had just pulled her panties down, leaving herself nude below the waist, with her petite three-inch “shemale clitoris” sticking straight up. On top she wore no bra, but only a flimsy spaghetti-strap camisole, which did approximately nothing to conceal her girlish little breasts and her erect nipples. She usually did wear more clothes while writing at home, and of course always while working at the library—but now she was starting to write the climactic sex scene of her new Regency shemale romance, *A Perfect Wife for the Parson*.

There was far too great a chance that she would ejaculate in her panties, if she were wearing panties, while writing this scene. After all, she vividly remembered, she had gotten so excited that she did uncontrollably ejaculate in her panties while writing the climactic sex scene of her first published shemale romance—*Hearts Erect and Strong*—which had now become rather popular.

This time, at least, she had written the previous portion of the book before commencing to write the big sex scene. (Last time, in her extreme excitement, she had leaped straight to the sex scene!) The plot, she hoped, was sufficiently original, despite its fairly loud echoes of the surreptitious rake Henry Crawford's efforts to seduce the shy and virtuous Fanny Price in Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*. The unlikely heroine of Veronica's new book was a saucy little harlot called Felicity Rutreeve—a red-headed shemale like Veronica, but very different from Veronica in character.

Bored with the illicit liaisons with lust-crazed men in which she had indulged since the tender age of 12, Felicity went all out to conceal her personal history and her shemaleness. She presented herself quite convincingly as a virtuous orphan maiden, for the purpose of seducing an earnest, honorable, and exceedingly handsome young village parson, Mr. Reginald Wokeham.

The character of Mr. Wokeham and the last name of Felicity, as Veronica was all too vividly aware, were inspired by the very attractive, openly gay young rector of St. Austin's Episcopal Church on Queen's Bluff, Dr. Grant Rimreeve. Not long ago, Dr. Rimreeve had replaced the venerable, now-retired Dr. Ethelred Greatorex. Veronica had too often indulged in fantasies of love, and of lovemaking, with Dr. Rimreeve—and the result was *A Perfect Wife for the*

*Parson.* Deep in her secret heart, Veronica hoped that Dr. Rimreeve would read the book and realize that Veronica herself would be a perfect wife for *this* parson—himself.

Veronica tried to return to her thoughts of the book. Felicity's original aim, a vicious one, was to unite with Mr. Wokeham under the guise of marriage—and then to laugh and leave him with impunity, for of course the marriage would be invalid since Felicity was a female impersonator, not a real female. But Felicity's plans went awry, and she found herself, on her wedding day, genuinely loving and admiring the good, high-minded Mr. Wokeham. Having falsely forsaken harlotry in appearance many months ago, she had now genuinely forsaken it in her heart, for love of Mr. Wokeham.

All in the village had been successfully deceived. Felicity had not disclosed her secret. The time when it must be disclosed, to Mr. Wokeham alone, was drawing very near.

The wedding had ended, and the newlyweds were alone in the bridal chamber, Mr. Wokeham's bedroom in his humble parsonage. Veronica had arrived at the point of writing about what happened next, and here is what she wrote—making sure to use British-style punctuation and old-fashioned spelling, as requested by her publisher.

*“Your maidenly modesty, my love, I fear, may—er—recoil at first from what must now be done,” said Mr Wokeham. “If so, I beg your forgiveness, your understanding, and your patience.”*

*“Far be it from me,” Felicity replied, “to imagine that you, my dear husband, could give me needless offence in any way.”*

*“I hope and pray that it may always be so,” said Mr Wokeham. “Very well. Adam and Eve, we know, were fully nude in their original state of innocence, yet without shame. The same may be equally true of every Christian married couple.” With that, he removed his clothing and stood before Felicity as Adam had stood before Eve—if Adam was then fully aroused with desire for intimate union with his wife!*

*The dim light of the single lamp left burning in the room sufficed for Felicity to view the great size of Mr Wokeham’s erect virile member. Felicity had viewed and felt many men’s members in her former life as an harlot, but seldom had she seen the equal, and hardly ever the superior, of this. Her own much smaller member—surely less than half the length of Mr Wokeham’s—would have stood at full attention, had she not taken the precaution of concealing it between her thighs, so as to defer its discovery for as long as possible.*

*“My dearest Adam!” Felicity exclaimed. “Maidenly modesty must here give way to full acknowledgment of the duties—and, I dare say, the joys—of married life! I shall shew myself your Eve without delay!”*

*This she proceeded to do, stripping herself nude with the utmost rapidity. She had thanked God many times for the extremely knowledgeable London apothecary, Mr Arcturus, who had given her a potion to enlarge her bosoms—but never before had she thanked God as earnestly as now. Her bosoms, though still rather petite in comparison to those of many women, were plump, well-formed, and fully womanly in appearance, with tips that sent thrills all through her when touched. Mr Wokeham viewed them with extreme interest.*

*Veronica’s own bosom-tips, too, could send thrills all through her when touched. She had to touch*

them now. They did send thrills, especially to her three-inch clitoris—even shorter than Felicity’s member, which she imagined to be about four inches long.

Veronica had needed no potion to make her bosoms plump and well-formed. They were so by nature, and now she could not resist caressing them—but only briefly!—through the flimsy fabric of her camisole. Her mouth was open, she was breathing hard, and her clitoris was fully erect, though she had not yet touched it. Visions of Dr. Rimreeve caressing her breasts were surging through her soul.

She must return to writing, she insisted to herself. Though she had foreseen that she might well become so excited while writing this scene that she would undergo orgasm, at least she wished to defer it until she had written as much of the scene as possible.

*Felicity seated herself on Mr Wokeham’s bed, and silently invited him to join her. This he did at once, putting his arm around her as he did. Almost at once his lips met hers, and his hand was caressing her bosom most ardently.*

*“God saw all that He had made, and it was very good,” said Mr Wokeham after the kiss. “Oh, my dearest Felicity! My love for you is boundless! My dearest wife—please permit me to touch your secret parts!”*

*Felicity took a deep breath, trying to make it not seem too much like a gasp. The time of her exposure was upon her. Would Mr Wokeham be shocked, sickened, horrified, outraged? Felicity did not know—but she had gone too far to turn back now. Already Mr Wokeham was slipping his hand between her thighs.*

Already Veronica, too, was slipping her hand between her own thighs, to press her clitoris down be-





tween them in imitation of Felicity. Her clitoris was giving her even stronger thrills than her bosom-tips had done. Vividly she imagined Mr. Wokeham's reaction upon discovering Felicity's member, impossibly large for a woman's clitoris, hidden between her thighs.

*Mr Wokeham gasped. "Oh!" he cried, seeming unable to say more. His fingertips were touching Felicity's member. Felicity waited in fear, in breathless anticipation, for Mr Wokeham's reaction to the astounding discovery.*

*It was not at all what she had imagined. Mr Wokeham's fingertips traversed the entire length of Felicity's member, from base to bulb and back. Then they repeated the process again, and yet again. At last, beyond belief, Mr Wokeham cried out, "Glory be to God!"*

Veronica's fingertips, too, traversed the entire length (or rather shortness) of her clitoris, from base to bulb and back. She tried to force herself not to repeat the process, lest she repeat it again and again—but she was too weak, and the pull of her hot, hard clitoris upon her fingertips was far too strong. Only after several repetitions did she succeed in ripping her hand away. Already she could feel the moisture of pre-ejaculation fluid between her thighs, and she had not nearly finished the scene.

*"Mr Wokeham! What are you saying?" Felicity cried, unable to restrain her astonishment. "You have discovered what I really am! Can this truly be an occasion for giving glory to God?"*

*"It can," Mr Wokeham assured her. "Indeed, it is. Felicity, my dearly beloved, this is the answer to my fervent prayers."*

*“How so?” Felicity had to ask. “I can scarce believe this! What on earth can you mean?” Mr Wokeham was silent for a moment, but he did not leave off stroking Felicity’s member with his fingertips, giving her stronger and stronger sensations of bliss.*

Veronica failed again to keep her hand off her clitoris. She squeezed her bulb, getting pre-ejaculation fluid on her fingers, and gave a gasp of pleasure. She pulled her hand away, quickly wiped it off, and kept typing, but it was far from easy.

*“Since my early youth,” Mr Wokeham explained, “I have earnestly wished I might follow St Paul’s advice that it is better for a man to remain unmarried—and I have believed that this advice is especially apt for a clergyman. His capacity to serve his flock, and to seek to increase in wisdom and knowledge, is far greater if the care of a large family does not weigh him down. The Romanists have enforced this as a rule; an Anglican, I believe, may at least accept it as an option.”*

Mr Wokeham sighed. *“But St Paul also says,” he went on, “that it is better to marry than to burn. I must admit that I have an exceedingly great need of the—the fleshly consolations of marriage. My passions are strong, and I—I simply must satisfy them in marriage. The obvious solution, then, was to marry a woman who was incapable of bearing children—but I could not see how this was to be ascertained in advance, unless the woman were far older than myself, which I found quite unacceptable. Feeling the strong need of marriage to a young and beautiful woman, I sought your hand, heedless of the belief I then held that you might well bear children.*

*“Can you imagine my delight when I found, just now, that God had given me my heart’s desire—the consolations of marriage, without the burden of a large family—in a most unexpected way?” Mr Wokeham ex-*

*tracted Felicity's member, pulsating with strong desire, from its hiding place and caressed it whole.*

Veronica whimpered and softly groaned with barely suppressed excitement. Her hand returned yet again to her clitoris, extracted it from between her thighs, and caressed it whole, as if she were Mr. Wokeham and Felicity rolled into one. She ripped her hand away, but she could feel that the time for ejaculation could not be far off. Desperately she wrote, typing as fast as she could, in hope of getting as much of the scene done as possible before her impending orgasm.

*"All that remains to be ascertained, before we unite in marital intimacy," Mr Wokeham went on, "is the manner of our union. Certainly, the abominable and detestable crime against nature, for which the Lord slew the men of Sodom, cannot be countenanced—whether in its form 'per os,' involving the connexion of member and mouth, or in its even filthier form 'per anum,' involving a connexion with—er—the rump."*

*"Most assuredly not!" Felicity agreed—although, in her former days as an harlot, she had excitedly countenanced connexions with men in both of those forms.*

*"On the other hand," said Mr Wokeham, still stroking Felicity's member, "innocent caresses, such as those I am now giving to you, bear no resemblance whatsoever to such horrid crimes against nature. Some would wrongly call such caresses 'onanism,' daring to compare them to the infamous crime for which the Lord slew Onan—but a careful and accurate study of the Scripture passage in question does not bear out that hostile interpretation."*

*“Does it not, indeed?” Felicity asked. “I have wondered about that, ever since I first heard the story of Onan invoked as prohibiting—er—self-stimulation.”*

*“It does not, indeed,” Mr Wokeham assured her. “Onan’s crime, you see, was to refuse to raise up children with his deceased brother’s wife, as was prescribed in the Old Law. For this reason alone, he interrupted his coition with that woman, and spilled his seed upon the ground. Thus, only interrupted coition with a woman, resulting from detestation of his brother—and not, by any means, such innocent caresses of his own or another’s member as you and I have undergone—was the sin of Onan.”*

*“How brilliant you are, Mr Wokeham!” Felicity cried, beginning to stroke his massive member as he was stroking her smaller one. “And such innocent caresses may be given with the thighs—and even with the members themselves—as well as with the hands, may they not?”*

*“They may indeed,” said Mr Wokeham, with a big smile. “All solid Scripture scholars agree that there is no sin of onanism in any intimacies of those kinds.”*

*“Then I propose,” Felicity said, “if it will not seem too forward of me—and surely it will not, for, after all, I am your wife—that we should unite all three of these forms of intimacy in one.” With that, she arose from her position beside Mr Wokeham on his bed, seated herself upon his lap facing away from him with his member clasped between her thighs, and stroked his member close against hers with both her hands.*

*“Oh, Felicity!” cried Mr Wokeham. “What bliss beyond belief! Had I not known that you were a virgin most pure at our marriage, I might almost have imagined that you had done such a thing before, so delightfully do you do it!” Felicity was glad that she was fac-*

ing away from Mr Wokeham, for she was blushing at the memory of having done quite such a thing before as an harlot.

“It seems to come naturally to me,” Felicity said—“because I love you so much, my dear husband, and I am so exceedingly eager to please you!”

“Felicity, my love!” Mr Wokeham exclaimed, caressing Felicity’s bosoms and moving his hips, with Felicity riding upon them, still stroking their members together. “We must now ascend together to the summit of connubial bliss!”

“Oh, my love, yes! I am yours, all yours!” Felicity cried, fervently caressing Mr Wokeham’s member with her thighs, her hands, and her own member, while riding him as if he were a horse—though riding him like a man, not side-saddle like a woman. Soon, while still clutching her bosoms, he was crying out: “The summit! The summit! I see it straight ahead! Oh, Felicity, my beauty, my only beloved, come ride with me rapidly up to the summit!!”

Felicity needed no such admonishment. Mounting rapidly toward the summit of connubial bliss, she clutched Mr Wokeham’s massive member even more strongly with her hands and thighs, riding him at a full gallop, until his great gushing spurts and his moans of intense delight gave her certainty that he had attained the summit. She herself, hardly a second behind, found her own smaller fountain mingling its spurts with those of his great one at the summit of bliss indeed, as she cried out again: “Yes, my love, yes! I am yours, all yours! O my dearly beloved, now and forever!!!”

Veronica had succeeded; she had brought Mr. Wokeham and Felicity to the summit of connubial bliss—barely in time! Her mouth was wide open, her

breathing heavy. If she were only to touch her erect clitoris again, however lightly, she knew that her climax would be upon her.

She did touch the swollen bulb of her clitoris, lightly stroking the vale of bliss on its underside with a single finger. It was enough. A shock of extreme pleasure rushed through her. She gripped her clitoris and stroked it without restraint. Her whole body trembled, her semen spurted, and she cried out, “Oh! Oh!! Oh!! OHHHH!!!!”

When the orgasm ended, Veronica’s semen was all over the tops of her thighs. She would have to get cleaned up pretty soon, of course, but she did not get up at once, nor did she even reach for a tissue yet. She simply sat in silence, and sighed.

Before long Veronica was beginning to feel tired and sad, as she often did after masturbating, though she had just been writing what she hoped was a funny, happy, exciting romance. What was worse, though she rarely *cried* after masturbating, now she could feel bitter tears beginning to well up from the depths of her lonely heart.

*Why?* Was she still feeling sorrow for the loss of her beloved Dan Rockridge, who had divorced her after a very short marriage in order to marry a woman who could give him children? She had loved Dan deeply, and had felt herself to be truly a widow after the death of her brief marriage to him—but she had masturbated many times since she lost Dan, and yet she had hardly ever cried.

What about the loss of Tom Brandrim, her first fantasy boyfriend when she was 12 years old—whom she had met again as an adult, and loved and lain with in real life after losing Dan? Tom had wanted to marry her! She could have been married to him right



now, but she had refused him—thinking, after the disaster with Dan, that there was no need for marriage between a male and a shemale who loved each other! Tom had gone along for a while, but then he had drifted away, and eventually found another shemale who did want to marry him—leaving Veronica alone, married only to her writing.

Yes, she had to admit, she was married to her writing now. Indeed, she had to admit, she had just had sexual intercourse with her writing! By means of her writing, she was probably having long-distance sex of a kind with her readers, too, by inducing them to masturbate.

That was all. It was not enough. Veronica was alone. She cried alone as she arose, washed her hands, and took a shower. After washing off every bit of her semen, she remained under the showerhead, mingling the clean warm water of the shower with the hot, bitter salt water of her tears.

*I must marry Dr. Rimreeve!* Veronica thought as she wept. Her heart still yearned for marriage, in spite of everything—and it yearned for marriage with Dr. Rimreeve, more than any man she knew. No doubt Dan and Tom had not been right for her—but perhaps, and more than perhaps, Dr. Rimreeve *was* right for her. If he was, then Veronica must marry him—and now, perhaps, she had found the perfect means of letting him know she must marry him.

If only Dr. Rimreeve were to read her book, he would know. He *must* read the book, and he surely would. Veronica was a well-known parishioner at St. Austin's. She had only to finish the book and await its publication; then previously unheard-of prospects of connubial bliss with the young, handsome Dr. Rimreeve might very well open up to her.