

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!

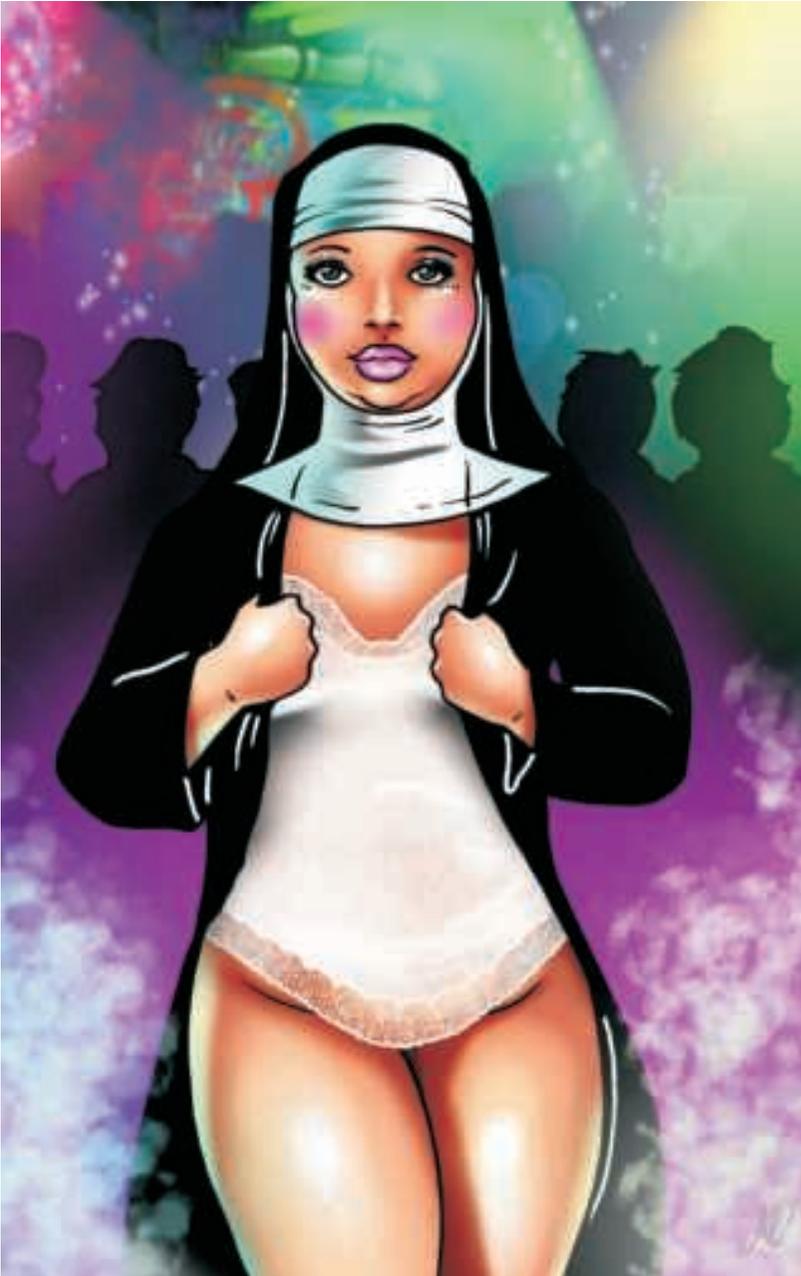
The rail car came; I got in and paid my fare. Few people were going downtown in the evening hours; the car was almost empty, and no one was sitting near the seat I selected. This was nothing like my ride home from work, only two hours earlier, when the car

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.

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.

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!