

I AM HERS



CLARE PENNE



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I Am Hers

LGBT Fiction from the Queen of the Genre

By

Clare Penne

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“I Am Her’s”

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Chapter 1

Fountain & Colter

Thank God for frosted glass windows, the boardroom of Fountain & Collter Public Relations duly equipped with them on the long wall facing the corridor.

It's a good-looking room for a corporate meeting or for wooing top clients, a modern glass table able to sit sixteen at it, swish swivel chairs, and views out over Hyde Park. Facilities are second to none in here and not just the communications equipment but also a side-room housing a state of the art kitchen for in-house dining and then the general décor and surrounding furniture giving a comfortable and stylish feel, sleek sofas and benches, a couple of David Linley masterpiece cabinets and that sort of thing.

There was also some lovely art in the room, most of it modern paintings and bought at auction or the Royal Academy annual exhibition but there was also some sculpture as well. This was quirky in nature it had to be said and, for example, a friendship bench with seven humanoid forms on it and constructed from bronze – or the large full-length plus mirror, the crimson red frame a plain one but beaded on the edges, the piece propped up against the wall rather than hanging off it.

It was the legacy of a past creative director that everyone loved and it had stayed in its place near the entrance to my office, adjoining the boardroom, from the day that it had been positioned there.

My husband's suite was off the other wall, the two of us having privileged access to the room and today, a Friday evening, the boardroom had been locked from

the inside so that we wouldn't be disturbed and probably just as well as things would be very embarrassing if a member of our staff had suddenly come in, our offices locked as well.

It was downtime for both of us, a little bit of play before a long weekend, the coming Monday a public holiday for all of us.

What was I doing here, particularly given the state I found myself in, my skirt and blouse discarded and back in my office, this backing onto Jo's?

I was standing in front of the mirror, topless that I was, my 36C breasts in front of me, my pale brown areola strident on top of them and my nipples stiff and aching as I kneaded them, occasionally tweaking one or the other in my hands.

I looked at myself in the mirror, more my breasts than my face, my long and thick mousy-blond hair coming off my neck and wrapping itself over my right shoulder, the rest over my left and right down my back.

A fine gold chain with small pearls hung down from neck towards the top of my cleavage. I kneaded my breasts a little more, my hands passing down my chest to pass over my nipples and then push from underneath, my teeth biting my lipsticked bottom lip, a subtle red Chanel colour applied, rich and creamy to the touch.

My body was swaying gently with my hand motion, my eyes down and concentrating my nipples, little nervous messages of anticipation beginning to start up and transmit them across my body.

I wanted to press my nipples against the cold of the mirror but I also wanted to play with my clitoris and labia, safely hidden behind my pale pink Triumph Brazilian tai briefs, a strip of soft, elasticated fabric making up the waist and a hint of floral-patterned lace on the front just above the gusset, and then a matching sheer lacy cover to the inner part of my derriere globes.

Over this, I had their matching suspender belt on, triangles of lace at the front and the back supporting the four long garters that were holding up my tan, lace-top stockings.

The bra for the ensemble was with my clothing.

My right hand migrated southwards, squeezing in between the belt and my panties waist-line. I needed to masturbate.

Hand in there – and I felt my love-bud, this responding to my touch as had my nipples, firm against my fingers, even more nervous messages spilling out from here.

Further down a little more and I felt my love-cleft. Yes, I was beginning to moisten up, that love nectar and natural lubricant flowing, my inner labia feeling ultra-sensitive as they always did when I started the climb up my sexual mountain.

My left hand came down and felt the soft polyamide and elastene fabric of my belt and down my garter straps.

I pulled my right hand out, sniffed the sexual juices on it and then let it join its mate massaging my bottom and front, before rubbing my vulva from the outside, using the texture of the panties to stimulate me even more.

This felt so good.

My hands continued to dance, my groin and then back up to my breasts, a bigger focus on the mirror now, this mid-thirties woman staring back at me, all woman with dewy brown eyes, arched eyebrows, my make-up hopefully professional and appropriate for the office environment that we were in.

I so wanted to kiss the girl in the mirror, tongue-to-tongue and lips-to-lips, this beautiful woman staring back at me.

I began to make love to her, my eyes wandering all over her, my fingers wanting to touch hers to interlock our hands, my mouth opening and closing provocatively, all the skills of a woman selling herself sexually to her partner.

Even my nipples and then my breasts pressed against her, the coldness of the glass between us further stimulating my nipples.

Slow and deliberate – all night if necessary, an orgasm, single or plural, in the waiting, once this girl gave me the permission to go over the top and cum. Back to the outside of my pink panties I went, my second and third fingers providing the stimulation that I was seeking, some of my love nectar now making its way beyond my gusset to moist it up and show my damp spot, a clear message that I

was becoming increasingly turned on and surrendering my body to sex.

Sex and not work.

‘This girl and permission’ – in fact, Jo was sitting there on a recliner and not that far away from me. Jo, once my wife and now my husband, a blue-purple Feeldoe extending upwards from her cunt, her right hand playing it and making the penis move to stimulate the bulbous end locked inside of her, deep in her cunt.

Jo was there ready to direct proceedings and then take me, exerting her influence and domination over me, her natural right as my Domme, my masculine-like ex-wife and now my husband – and the senior partner, the Fountain of Fountain and Collter, my surname now changed to Fountain as well, the Collter part the only thing left of my existence as a male and that was only because of the power of our brand name within the industry and the sectors in which we operate.

Jo was sitting there, short red hair that she had, partly shaven around her left ear, her hair sweeping over her forehead in a left to right manner, her bob cut along her neckline and beautifully styled, the cut very modern and I would describe it as feminine-but.

She too was in lingerie but plainer in nature, as was her want, a Myla black suspender belt that was strappy, no panties but with the matching bra still on, this covering her B cup breasts with their large pink nipples half showing through the thin supporting fabric, a legacy of her large breasts before she had been surgically reduced up there – from 36E back to a B cup.

She was watching me carefully as I put on this opening lewd show for her, trying

to get her to come across and take me, to give her the pleasure that she was seeking, be it by fucking my cunt or what had once been my boy-cunt, as she had called my anus.

I pushed my bottom out towards her, kissed the mirror and then back in to repeat the process – I could her eyes following me, every movement noted, Jo with her mouth a little open also in expectation of what was to come.

She allowed me to continue, my actions becoming more impassioned as we got deeper into this her right hand playing the corona of her cock as if it was real and her left hand feeling the edge of her cock and, no doubt, she would already be very wet down there, her altar that I had come to love and worship – to the point that there wasn't anything more important in my world, even Fountain & Collter secondary to this life priority.

Mentally, I was urging her to come across and release me, to feel that cock slide between my panties and take my cunt and then to have her fucking me, my vulva responding to every thrust and withdrawal, each cycle driving me madder, my lust higher and my want to explode intensifying.

Both hands were down the front of my panties now and I was seriously kissing the girl in the mirror – any camera on me would have shown me tonguing away and probably leaving behind marks that would have the cleaning company scratching their heads to what had happened here.

My bottom continued to thrust in and out, my hips swaying in time to my masturbation.

I became even more intimate with her, my nipples pushing into the glass and then I turned myself a little so that my bottom was more square on to Jo, my hands threatening to remove my panties so that I could really bring myself off.

Oh, to have her cock in me or to be able to take it in hand and use it to frig myself.

Jo continued to play with her penis, her own pleasure beginning to build as she watched me, her hands too exploring her body, her clitoris a target but unable to push lower because of her Feeldoe bulbous part occupying the love centre, the shaft rising upwards into a symbolic penile head.

Such artificial penises were the norm in our relationship now, my own offering gone and that had been at Jo's insistence. She had wanted me as a lesbian submissive woman and not as a man and, rightly or wrongly, sanely or insanely, that I had acquiesced to.

I continued to frot my front against the mirror, my left hand rubbing my anal area through my panties, a hope that this would goad incite Jo into action.

It did cause some reaction; I could hear and sense that she shuffled forward and was sitting up now, her eyes closely watching my hand playing my bottom, her own playing with her cock and maybe lubricating it up.

Suddenly, I heard a squelching noise. Jo was beginning to masturbate using the Feeldoe and, from the sound of it, she was very wet, the Feeldoe bouncing up and down as she levered it in and out, backwards and forwards, all that lovely creamy liquid in there being stirred up.

I could imagine its thick base frotting against her lips, moving them in and out as she played away, this providing extra enjoyment, as there were little dots set in to the toy to provide extra stimulation to her nerve ends down there.

Her hips would be gyrating, driving her on and upwards, bringing her to this largely visual climax – and did Jo like to watch me, or others having sex, be it as a single or with others, a definite voyeur interest on her part having been unlocked when we started on this long sexual expedition.

Here we were both masturbating, warm messages of sexual pleasure being sent out between us.

Jo moved off her chair and came up behind me, taking my long hair in hand and pulling my head back, an unspoken command to hold back and not cum, not yet anyway. Her right hand came over my bottom and stroked it, a small push back on my part to feel her pressing down on me.

Her hand came under mine and I allowed her in to feel the damp patch that was developing down there, both of my hands back onto the mirror, palms down on the glass and with them at head height, more of a position of submission to her, my bottom continuing to rock backwards and forwards as before.

I yielded to her want to finger me, her thumb pressing against my anus and even moving forward to my vaginal area, her left hand gripping my pony tail where a ribbon could be fixed just above my neck, her right hand playing with me in a rougher and more aggressive way than I had been using.

This helped take me to the next stage in my build, my mind now concentrating on one thing only and that was when I was going to cum and Jo was going to control this, as was the norm.

Her right arm and wrist began to pump me, quite aggressive as she was, Jo now pressing me into the mirror, my left hand dropping and trying to join hers, a small whisper to put it back up on the glass and let her frig my pussy through my panties.

This felt so good and even though I knew that I was wet, I had no idea of my state until Jo lifted her right hand and let my fingers and tongue loose over her, the aroma and taste of my sex covering hers, her fingers glistening with the amount of pre-cum smeared over them.

I suspect that she had her fair share of my nectar too.

Jo began to play with my mouth, her index finger hooking around my lips and pulling at them, two sticky fingers in my mouth and then letting me suck them.

Back to my bottom, more shafting with her arm as I rode it, her hand coming all the way under to embrace my naked mons – yes, she had had me depilated, permanently so after initial waxing sessions.

Now I was naked as a baby down there, just a small expression of my submission to her and as her wife, naked and waiting to be used sexually at any time that she so chose.

Up came her fingers again and there was another offering to taste my own sex, a

taste and smell that I knew well, just as I was hooked on Jo's and had been since we started dating as male and female.

Without any warning, Jo dropped to her knees and started to undo the clips holding my tan stockings up. All four of them were undone, my stockings starting to slip and there she was, playing at my panties by pushing them up into my bottom valley before taking hold of both my panties and suspender belt and pulling them downwards, more of a deliberate yank in fact.

Now Jo had me naked and still in front of the mirror, her hands back to wandering over my bottom but this time over my naked skin, a combination of stroking and kneading my buttocks before she suddenly spanked me on the right globe, followed by one to the left, two short and sharp stings as the pain reverberated through my tissue.

She carried on stroking me, her area of concentration being my bottom, the top of my thighs and down over where my stockings were now sitting, Jo sitting on her haunches and her hands roaming free, one minute around my back, the next over the insides of my thighs and then up my front, her second and fourth finger making a 'v' around the top of my clitoris and following the line of my groin to frame my mons.

This felt so good and I knew my juice was flowing even more freely now, the gusset of my panties having disappeared to catch my wetness.

Perhaps there were drops falling on the floor to leave their mark and more questions for any staff who came in to the boardroom later – however, they were there and certainly onto Jo's hands for her predilection.

Then Jo was behind me and I could sense the tip of her Feeldoe between my cheeks, a slight thrust and then a pull-back for her to kick at my ankles to push them outwards and into more of a spread-eagled position, the sort of stance that the police use for a body inspection, the palms of my hands flat on the mirror to provide the necessary grip and stabilise my body ready to receive her.

She man-handled the dildo into position, right into the entrance to my cunt and pushed to come home - no standing on ceremony here.

I gasped as she entered me, the presence of Jo's cock in me a thing that I revelled in and when it wasn't fucking me or keeping me high on her sex, I would crave it.

This want and craving was what she wanted, the continued pressure from her on me to turn me into her submissive sex-doll, ready to receive her advances and her demands for sex, even if it involved other people, mainly women but sometimes men, alpha men with proper penises that could fully service women, female or what I had been in being a gurl before I joined the ranks of womanhood.

Her hands dropped down to grip the outer sides of my thighs and she began to fuck me hard; this was literally a fast fuck, as that was what she was calling for and I had to yield to accept her accordingly or risk her wrath – and that I had had my fair share of in the past.

My bottom moved in response, finding the rhythm with her thrusting and withdrawing, my mind now melting, my nipples and clitoris on electrical fire and my eyes feeling like that they would turn one hundred and eighty degrees inside my head.

Such love and such physicality; it was what I needed too.

Her hands came up my body and took my hair in as she held each side of my throat, not a strangling but more a movement to put a little more downward pressure on me so as to make me push my bottom out a little further for her cock to take further control of me.

I was hers; Jo knew it and so did I.

This fucking was just one of those manifestations of how far we had come and the expectation and training that I knew my place as Jo's fuck machine, not as her ex-husband, now her current wife, or as her co-director in the company and ultimately responsible for Finance even though I had given up the daily responsibilities for my feminine role, whereas Jo held the Presidency and Chief Executive Officer's roles.

Her fucking of me continued, her thrusts becoming harder and harder, her breathing more pronounced whereas I melted emotionally and physically yielded to her power.

I bounced up and down in response and I was able to watch my face reddening in the mirror and the onset of my orgasm visually, all adding to the intensity of the occasion, the prospect of being spotted by our staff long since having ebbed.

I was moaning now, seriously moaning, a totally natural response to being royally fucked like this.

Jo had her hands on my hips now, lightly holding her balance, and I rocked back and forth, my breasts bouncing with the motion, everything replicated in front of me in the mirror.

It would have made for quite a sight for any voyeur duly looking in or a camera capturing the two of us making love for a blue movie.

I could even feel her suspender straps and stockings rapping against my backside on the rear thrust, that a lovely feeling, such lingerie an interest of mine be it on Jo, me or any woman and, sometimes, even a man from a visual perspective.

This was a long and slow fuck, Jo out to enjoy me, riding me towards both our climaxes, the slow rumble of the approaching orgasm in my body, the first of the session but not the first of the day, that being back in our bed before we rose.

Finally, I felt Jo shudder and cum, her body tensing up behind me and then she came forward, almost falling, onto my back, taking my hair in her hand and pulling it to one side to whisper in my ear, “Now you can come, Nikki, cum for me.”

She had voice-trained me and I released, an eruption from deep within, somewhere near my uterus and, at the same time, my clitoris and mind losing it and I felt the surge forward, the ejaculation around Jo’s cock, that still lodged inside me, filling my cunt up to my uterus, the pressure of it on my vaginal walls too, a feeling of immense satisfaction and the continuing explosion outwards, the pulsar waves ever so strong.

I heard her say, “That feels good, Nikki, keep it going and shall we go for the deep cervical and keep you high all weekend?”

Ninety seconds or so, may be two minutes, of feeling that Feeldoe very much inside me and only then did Jo slowly withdraw, sliding off me to one side and back onto the recliner, her head up and the Feeldoe standing proud, glistening with my cream and waiting for me to mount it.

This was one of her favourite positions, I think because of the erotic view that it afforded her as I rode her cock.

I stood back from the mirror, dishevelled from the first orgasm that I was, clothing-wise the only thing on me now being the dishevelled stockings, my bra and panties lost somewhere in the depths of the boardroom as we had worked our passion up to this moment.

I tried sliding the stockings back up my legs and thighs so at least they would make for a semblance of decency as I stepped over Jo, getting into position with my legs outside her body and ready to lower myself down on to her waiting cock, affording her the sight of my open cunt and the creamy, wet marks of my previous orgasm.

She always liked this, more of the visual erotica that I could give her and I was still running high sexually. So, in other words, I was still well up my sex mountain, high above the normal land below.

I lowered myself down on to my haunches, the two of us guiding the phallus home, my vaginal entrance opening up and puckering a bit with each ride up and down that natural lubricant.

Apart from the visual sight on offer, Jo also liked to play with my breasts, now bigger than hers and in between a C and D with perky brown nipples, these often sucked by her, by suction clamp or tweaked to give me pain and pleasure, particularly when I rode her in this cowgirl position – or reverse cowgirl when we tried that.

This position soon had us both moaning, the feel of the cock in me exquisite and each up-and-down cycle moving the bulbous end locked in Jo's cunt and stimulating her little love spot to generate pleasure for her.

This was hard exercise, my thighs having to take the brunt in powering my squats, Jo beneath me just laying back and enjoying the manner in which her bulb was bombarding her love tunnel, bringing her up to another climax.

This was what mattered, her pleasure, Jo moaning her way to her second explosion and release of cum that I so cherished.

Only then could I continue on to orgasming, Jo lifting her legs above her thighs to let me slide even deeper on to her cock and tip me over the edge.

However, she had other ideas and pulled back from me, withdrawing her penis. Instinctively, I knew what she wanted and that was perhaps her favourite position.

I rolled away and onto my tummy, then to lift my bottom upwards so that I was on my knees and elbows on the floor, effectively a variation on doggy-style and

planking, an odd angle of penetration for me as Jo crouched down and took me from a steep angle.

I didn't last that long, my mind blanking out and a surge of warm current through my body as I tensed up and came, a lovely eruption outwards and a heavy discharge of cum to add to the smell of our sex in the boardroom.

I collapsed forward on to the floor, Jo following me, her cock still in me and that I enjoyed, the warmth and thought of her drilling me like this, a sense of contentment coming over me.

A perverse thought came over me and that was what this last position and what it would have looked like in the mirror, my cunt fully exposed as Jo found my love spot and the sight of all that cum frothing up into foamy bubbles as it was agitated by her Feeldoe.

She lay there right across me, her breasts inside her bra pressing down into my back, her head to the right of my shoulder, her knees just above mine and on the outside, and her stockinged feet down touching the top of my feet around my ankles.

I was hers and I gave myself to her slow fucking, a very slow rhythm as Jo slid in and out of me, the two of us saying nothing and just enjoying the moments and the warmth between us, the feeling of an intense stickiness between our legs with both of us having cum profusely so, those love juices of two lesbians entwined in their intimacy.

She nibbled my ear and placed one or two kisses around my neck, my eyes

closing with the bliss of the moment, the thought of two very moist cunts taken by the same aid in my mind, the sound of the traffic out there in Hyde Park and beneath us now coming through, the message that we were coming back into reality.

Slowly the Feeldoe bulb slid out of Joe, leaving her part open and knowing that if I was able to see her now, I would see that bubbling centre of love full of white cum and waiting for my tongue.

Jo reached below and pulled the longer end of the Doe out of me, lots of lovely slimy and stringy cum smearing the shaft, a testament to how far that she had been in me, stimulating that nerve area just under my cervix into action and more cream to be added to the Bukakke that I possibly could be asked to perform to clean ourselves up.

She leaned over and whispered into my ear, “Well Mrs. Fountain, Board Finance Director, it’s the start of the long weekend and I suggest that we venture home and to bed there, as a long weekend it will be. Supernova rolling orgasm time, Honey?”

“I am yours, Jo, and I am there to serve you and be used as you see appropriate.”

“I know.”

Chapter 2

My Foundations

How had I ever got into such a position?

Here I was, a man who was the Finance Director of a reasonably-sized and successful public relations company and who had become a woman, out to all involved in terms of staff, customers and the industry at large, a man who was married to this beautiful red-head who was the President of Fountain Collter Public Relations, the creation of the company done when we were both single.

We had thought about changing the name to ‘Collter Communications’ after we were married but then we had come to the conclusion of not messing around with something that was working and the expense involved in letting customers and all and sundry know of the change.

Similarly so, the same logic applied to where we stood today, still married but using Mrs and Ms. Fountain, my name having changed from Nicholas Collter to Nikki Fountain and Joanna, back to her maiden surname, Fountain, she taking advantage of the re-titling to shorten her first name from Joanna to Jo, a more masculine slant that reflected how she now felt about our relationship.

The ‘Collter’ was now long gone when it came to the two of us.

What change had occurred.

I guess from a technical timing point of view that this had all started with a rather infamous party that the two of us were invited to some five years after we had established the company and three years after our marriage.

We had gone overboard with an invite to a swish fancy dress party that the Ethiopian Embassy had laid on, their parties well-known for their fun, entertainment, food and wine even outrageousness when it came to their off-the-wall shindigs.

However, in truth, it had begun long before this event.

In some ways, I had a fairly conventional upbringing and, in others, I didn't.

My parents owned a house out in the Wiltshire countryside, not far from Hungerford. My father was the finance director of a well-known lubricants and fuel company, he having 'retired' from a similar position in one of the world's majors, but it all meant that there were comfortable funds coming into the house for their lifestyle and their children's education and development.

We hardly ever saw him as he was travelling all the time, this meaning that my mother was largely responsible for bringing my two sisters and me up. She was, to say the least, artistic and with it, somewhat zany, quirky and certainly a character, the nickname, 'Fizz,' out of her name Felicity summing her character up quite brilliantly.

She loved alternative lifestyles – if she could have been a hippy, she would have been.

The three of us went to Marlborough College, the school the first one in England to allow girls into the sixth form and then becoming full coeducational in the later Eighties.

I took on both my parents from some genetic perspectives, certainly in the brains department, a wonderful mix of being able to excel in mathematics, economics and art and design. For a while, I had considered training for architecture but I ended up reading maths and economics at Oxford, to be paralleled with an accountancy degree, a legacy and acknowledgement perhaps to my old man.

The artistic side was never that far away and I managed to win a place on the Ruskin programme to add a second degree in what's termed BFA, a Bachelor of Fine Arts, a prestigious course combining critique, fine art history and design elements leading to me gaining a job in finance with the Tate.

It was then a short step to Public Relations, particularly when I met Joanna, a mutual friend introducing us at one of her dinner parties, Joanna a rapid star-ascendant in the world of public relations and communications, having begun her career in advertising and then making the jump to corporate PR within her agency, her CEO making the suggestion and clearing the pathway for even more success and rapid promotion.

Apart from my art and design interests and I loved to create things, my mother's other gift to me was a rather feminine body that appalled my father. This came with thick hair, female eyebrows, pert brown nipples on their areola and a girly shape to my body, particularly my waist-line into my hips and my bottom the low-slung type.

The only thing properly masculine was positioned between my legs and, at least, of a reasonable size even if it wasn't a penis that would set the world on fire and

certainly not of alpha-size.

With my mother, as she was, anything went and her lack of organisation, so infuriating for my father with his neat accountancy-driven mind – yes, they were two polar extremes attracting each other, meant that I found that there were times that I was dressed in female underwear, dresses and skirts and blouses, much to the amusement of my sisters and they too, took to playing with me as a girl and applying make-up.

I guess that the seeds of gender dysphoria were already there, as I didn't exactly object to this neo-feminisation that I had been subjected to.

I say this as when puberty came, a little late it must be said and when I was fifteen, the hook had been well-implanted and I would spend holiday times jumping between being male and then days spent dressed as a girl.

My mother and sisters just accepted it; my old man alternating between going ballistic or accepting it with reservation or that was just the way that I had become.

To him, I did not reveal my early sex experiences; that would have been a step too far.

Marlborough College did manage to separate the sex confusion, if it was that.

As such, I lived term times as a boy and somehow got through my time there, despite my femininely-shaped body without a young woman's breasts but certainly with girly nipples to add to any potential ragging material for my

schoolmates to jump on.

How I avoided serious teasing in being like this and in being already submissive. I could put it down to a mixture of being intellectually bright, being ready to coach my peers in solving maths problems, and then a quick wit and tomfoolery – mainly practical jokes like packing raw eggs into air vents and boxes of detergent in the main fountain with foam being sprayed everywhere.

I was also useful at cricket, hockey, rackets, squash, table-tennis and fives, so that gave me some credibility as a boy.

Why my girlfriends had gone for me in the first place, I'm not so sure – it certainly wasn't because of my sex equipment and probably more for my mind. However, I'll let Jo tell you about that when she relates her background.

Sexually, I guess that I would be classified as bisexual given my experiences pre and post operational change, a preference for serving women though. However, I had my fair share of men's cocks, particularly after the fateful Ethiopian party night and duly arranged and controlled by Jo.

My male to male virginity went in my lower sixth form, another younger boy taking a fancy to me and, after some cock play at school, I ended up visiting his home during the Easter vacation, in theory to keep him company while his parents were away.

In short, John had me dress in his sister's lingerie and, suddenly, everything felt more natural and I ceded to his advances, he taking me in my boy cunt and I rather enjoyed the experience of being fucked like this, as well as the chance to

give him long and slow, succulent blow-jobs, his semen filling my mouth before I swallowed him. By the end of the five days, I had become a cock-whore and even had worn his sister's outer clothing.

I became his girlfriend and, until the end of my Upper Sixth year, we shared a double study-cubicle that allowed us to play in relative peace and confidentially so.

It was University that I lost my other virginity, a girlfriend in the first year called Elizabeth who took to me, dominated me and then, when it came to sex, preferred to penetrate me or have me ride her cock as she lay on her back, or vice-versa. Sex in more conventional positions such as the missionary was not that common an event, Liz preferring to press hard against my cock's base and extract what she could from me.

Jo(anne) and I duly met at this mutual friend's dinner party and hit it off straight away, this in terms of sense of humour, our interest in communications and interests at large, such as in contemporary art and design, or food and wine.

Sex to me wasn't that important at that time, my feminine side by now possibly repressed by the need to conform and, in being in this vestigial state, suppressing my drive. Friendship with Joanna was far more important but I'll let her explain from her side in a few minutes.

One of the things that we realised early on and came to dominate our thinking process was that we had the bare essentials for a public relations company working with art, design and branding issues and risk management associated with the latter and how to minimise exposure.

We started to consider a start-up and worked in the evenings and weekends to

put together a business plan and a breakdown of the financing needed to support it., some early selling by both us to potential customers and investors.

The launch was frenetic, as were the early days with growth way beyond our expectations and targets and giving us a range of challenges to handle that we hadn't expected, mainly in talent recruitment. However, in short, we ended up moving to better offices and, after six years, into the swish facilities that we enjoy today and with a staff of some one hundred and thirty people working for us.

At the same time, we had made enough money to be able to invest in a mews house within walking distance of the office, a huge bonus for both of us to be able to cut the travel time down to a few minutes stroll and with the delights of the leafy park to enjoy as well as an added bonus.

The other major event was our wedding, just over two years after establishing Fountain and Collter, and a wonderful occasion that was as we became spliced as husband and wife, even if we already living as husband and wife.

I think that I am being fair in saying that our sex-life was, at best, okay.

We weren't a pair of rabbits at it all the time, partly as we were exhausted with work a lot of the time and that we were too comfortable with each other.

One could say that we were best friends, important that this is for any marriage, the sex mundane and not that creative, partly because we hadn't really taken any time out in our time together to explore each other's backgrounds and wants – or to inspire each other to be creative, a dire situation perhaps for two people supposedly up to their necks in finding creative solutions for their clients.

Apart from my financial responsibilities, I too played an active role in client support, needs identification and in working through strategy and tactics for them, interjecting financial perspectives when needed and I thoroughly enjoyed this aspect of my work. However, Jo was the principal force in this, a considerable percentage of her job taken with client interfacing, both for existing and new accounts, an account in hand being worth seven in the bush, as she said.

So sexually, think of a couple engaging occasionally at the weekends and more likely on breaks away out of London or on the occasional longer holiday, some oral sex and then the actual fucking process involving Joanna straddling me, a little face-sitting being perhaps our most 'perverse' activity, something that I really enjoyed.

I have to say that I also enjoyed her aroma in her panties, not that I told her this. It was more of a surreptitious activity, rifling through the laundry basket and taking her panties and sniffing them, in my hand or the gusset of them pulled over my nose, and then in jacking myself off. Truthfully, I was too embarrassed to tell her about this and she never questioned me to why her underwear had been moved, disturbed or missing.

I also had some fantasies about being dressed in her underwear and clothing – or any woman's lingerie and wear, a hangover from my youth. However, until that event with the Embassy, I had not put my crazy thoughts into action, partly in not having the space for a major dress-up and I certainly was not going to use escorts to sate my interest.

The invitation to the Ethiopian Embassy party had come through a month before the do, giving the invitees time to prepare and go to town, some couples taking it seriously, others less so. However, previous experience had said that the more the invitees threw themselves into the deep end, the more fun that there was.

It was to be held on a Friday evening and, coincidentally, the date fell in with Thanksgiving in the States. It was some two weeks before when Joanna and I were out for supper when she asked me about the event, pointing out that the theme was based around gender reversal for the evening.

I nearly gagged on the noodles that I had in my mouth when she mentioned this. I think that the conversation went something like this; Jo can correct this later if she wishes.

“You said what, Joanna? The theme is what?”

“You heard me – gender reversal as it says here, men to come dressed as women and we women to go dressed as men.”

“Oh my God – are we really going to do that? In fact, are we really going to go to such an event?”

“Why not? It should be a lot of fun and there will be others from the Ad and PR world there, so safety in numbers, I would say.”

I swallowed hard. Yes, it was an occasion to make a sex change for once and how long had it been since I had been able to do this. However, there was our reputation to think of and, of course, I would be doing this in front of Joanna – and, to be fair, it was the same for her.

It was almost as if Joanna read my mind.

“Well, Nick, we are doing it as I want to and, as I said, it will be fun. So, no argument about this, please; in fact, I think that we ought to do it properly and try to win one of the prizes that will be going. They always have great prizes if you remember?”

I did – boxes of good wine from Berry Brothers, luxury weekends away, longer holidays and makeovers to start with, even the occasional car for the main lottery draw.

My head was spinning now and I had to ask the obvious question.

“So, what are you going to have me wear to this bash? I guess a trouser suit may work and keep some semblance of normality to me?”

It was as if she was prepared for this one and had given the subject some considerable thought ahead of our supper.

“Oh no – we are going the whole way and I want to see you as Nikki, ‘Nikki Fountain ‘for the evening. Nope, I want to see you in a black cocktail dress as something like this would be de rigueur for such an event, along with stockings and high heels, at least three-inch spikes and preferably five – and Nikki, that means wearing nice lingerie as well, as you would expect of me.”

“Gawd – you can’t be serious.”

“Oh yes I am – and you aren’t going to wear anything of mine. I want you to go and shop for all your wear and I’m also going to suggest that we get you properly waxed, manicure and pedicures done and also your hair fixed, either as is or a wig to be fitted. Not only that, I suggest a make-up service and in part to teach you what is involved. This way you’ll have a better idea of what we women put ourselves through so as to be able to be preened up and accompany you men out and about.”

“Surely you must be jesting, Joanna.”

“Jo, as in our new relationship if we follow this though, Nikki. Jo, as I am going to be called and as your Domme in this, whatever happens. I am taking on the male role between us from now on - if this is a success.”

I swallowed hard.

“I expect you to do your best, this to be an introductory test and we’ll see how you get on and also how realistic you can look. There will be no direct assistance from me but I don’t mind you asking me advice about clothing, shoes, shops, salons and services but I expect you to experience this alone and keep a diary of your thoughts and emotions during this. It should be fun.”

“You have been thinking about this for some time, haven’t you?”

“Yes, I admit I have – on a number of levels actually, but let’s see how you do and then we will explore what I have been thinking about.”

“So what if I say no and that I am not going.”

“You are going. Suffice to say that I am aware that you have interests in this area.”

“Proof to that statement?”

“Well, let’s say I am more aware than your feminisation when you were young. Okay, your mum was always a bit bizarre in her lifestyle but you could have objected and stopped her when you were a teenager – no, you liked it and I could ask you when was the last time that you put panties on?”

I blushed.

“And Nikki, I know that you have a weakness for my scent as I’ve been tracking my lingerie – and a search of your computer was quite revealing. Now do I let the board know about this, as the consequences may be a little drastic and very embarrassing. No, you are going and no questions or objections permitted – I want to see how realistic you can be, as you still maintain quite a girly form.”

This had me cringing.

“And the photos of you when you were younger were very revealing and encouraging to what you may achieve. Angie (my younger sister) was also very revealing to what went on and how you enjoyed dressing back then.”

I was beaten for now; Jo realised it. It was time for diversionary tactics.

“So what will you be wearing?”

“A male-styled, black trouser suit, shirt and tie, Oxfords and for lingerie - female wear cut in a male style – there’s a fair amount of it out there with the likes of Hanro, Calvin Klein and Spanx to name just three brands. I already have bought the suit.”

“Wow – you really do want to go then?”

“Yes; as I said, I am not going to say too much at this moment but I am thinking that we need some lifestyle changes and now that we are successful as a business, we can afford to let the brake off a little and go and explore ourselves and be a little more creative about life at large.”

“So no clues then?”

“No - not at this time. Let’s see what happens and I am sure you will look amazing on the evening.”

“What sort of dress do you think that I should go for?”

“Your choice, Nikki, but we’ll go through a couple of mags and some websites when we get home and I’ll give you some ideas to think about – ultimately though, you should look to surprise me on the evening of the bash.”

I wasn’t going to get much further and questions skirting the dressing subject and what Joanna knew were duly stone-walled, to the point that I knew not to go there. Joanna, in this mood, was one of those women that the French describe as ‘une dame formidable,’ all part of the attributes of her being President of Fountain & Collter.

Chapter 3

Jo's Foundations

I guess that I too should give some insight to my background and how I came to be what I am today, a dominant bisexual woman, a definite preference for women as I find them more attentive in and out of bed - but if there is a good alpha man on hand with an appropriately sized penis and if he knows how to make love to a woman, and not just a 'wham-bang, thank you mam' merchant, then I am interested.

I grew up in East Anglia, my family living in a village close to Bury St. Edmunds and on the edge of horse-racing country. I had what many would consider to be a fairly conventional background,, my father a doctor and my mother an ex-ballerina, two elder sisters and I guess that they were the ones that shaped me to some extent, a need to be able to fight for what I wanted. Competitive, some would call it.

I attended a nearby independent school, Culford, a mixed school, and excelled at languages and art with solid results in side-subjects like maths, history, music and the rest. I managed to land a place at Girton College, Cambridge to read French and Art and with a first from there, it was onto London Business School after two years of working in advertising with a boutique agency.

An MBA behind me with an emphasis on marketing and business strategy and I decided to stick to my knitting and went back into the Ad business, choosing to work for one of the majors as a Group strategy manager and then a rapid promotion to a global director's role.

It was a hectic life both professionally and socially and it was at this time, I met Nikki, then Nick, a friend of mine, Samantha, introducing the two of us over dinner at her house. I wasn't in the market for a boyfriend but we hit it off and I guess after two or three dinners, we became an item.

With a man, I have already said that I prefer a considerate alpha-man with the requisite technique in bed – and also outside the bed. Nikki wasn't that though – with him, I was at ease with him as a person, smart – in fact very smart – and very quick with numbers and their strategical implications but also so well-read across the board and with a mind for useless information. He also had a good sense of humour and listened well.

In many ways, he was very feminine, more so as I was to discover later, and by this I mean not just his demeanour, body-language and the way he handled himself but also his physique – and something about this appealed to me. Yes, perhaps it was my lesbian side talking to me and Nick represented a crossover between the two sexes.

I had been interested in girls since I was fourteen. I tended to socialise with older girls as, without sounding arrogant, I felt that they had more experience of life and I could communicate better with them than my peer group. Perhaps it was also a factor of being the youngest of the family too and back to that need to compete to be heard. However, my introduction to sex came with Linda Cheeseman.

Linda was the one who bedded me, in her own bed, the two of us kissing with teenager passion as we undressed, or rather she undressed me. I remember that evening ever so well and how I responded to her exploring hands and my mouth and then the manner in which I had arched my back, lifted my hips up and the tidal wave of pleasure that came with my first ever proper orgasm as it tore through me.

Before then, they had been small ones, mainly brought on by stimulating my clitoris and some naughty thoughts about Linda and other girls playing in my mind.

Was I embarrassed about this?

The answer to that being a negative as my Mum had also had an intense lesbian relationships at her Parisian ballet school and more recently at the time with one of my father's female partners, probably with full knowledge of my Dad. I could talk freely about it with her – and also my sisters - and Linda was more than welcome in my bed at home too.

However, Linda didn't go on to Cambridge and even though we saw each other occasionally during holiday times, we drifted apart – and in the depths of Girton College, I discovered the joys of domination and submission as well as some of the aspects of BDSM, mainly bondage and punishment.

I became my tutor's submissive, the older woman with her young play-thing, an eighteen year old girl with very full breasts topped with large pink-purple areola and nipples, a reflection of her long strawberry long hair that cascaded down to the small of her back, her paleness and pinkness taken through to her vulva.

I wanted to learn as well, every aspect of female domination and love-making.

I also offered a strong and magnetic pussy odour and taste, a thing that goes with being a redhead, I was told. I was also copious in my production of my love-cream and Camilla knew how to push my sex buttons and get me into a lovely squelchy state, sometimes gushing when I was highly, or continuously,

turned on.

Camilla was in her early fifties, still attractive and indeed youthful, her breasts reasonably firm and only her bottom and thighs a little fuller and showing her age and these were ideal for locking me under her for worship of her sex. Her hair was greying, her eyes steely and she was a hell of a tutor and, by this, I don't necessarily mean sex. She knew how to coax the best out of her charges and expected a high percentage of us to return with first class degrees and prizes in addition to becoming skilled lesbian lovers.

If I thought Linda had been fun and eye-opening, Camilla was in another league.

I can clearly remember the first time that she had me strapped over her leather horse, arms pulled down and tied off, the same for my legs and leaving my sex totally exposed to her play, my breasts too. My head was slightly raised, the horse with a built in head-cushion to provide comfort for the sub and more endurance in tonguing for the dominant.

Camilla then straddled me, right over my face, demanding that I lick, kiss and suck her to an orgasm and that she would unload over me – and that's what she precisely did, filling my mouth with her love-cum and then pressing the rest over my face and into my hair. She called this 'Marking,' so I ended up 'marked,' well and truly.

She wasn't finished though.

Her panties went into my mouth to gag me and the next thing she was back with a cut-throat razor, a pair of scissors, shaving cream, a brush, hot towels and a

bottle of softening lotion.

A hot towel went over my mons.

I was to be shaved and Camilla told me that while I was with her then I was to present myself freshly depilated, either razored, waxed or permanent removal – my choice, it was, but she would pay for either of the last two options.

I went for waxing; the pain of my hair roots being removed reminding me of my devotion to her and knowing that she would shortly be taking her mouth to my slit and bring me to an exquisite orgasm before a prolonged fuck session, possibly accompanied by restraint, punishment, pain and then pleasure.

In being gagged as I was, I couldn't say anything.

The bench's head cushion meant that I could see the top of what was going on, my view a little limited by my substantial breasts too. A second hot towel was used on me, Camilla explaining that as I was wiry down there, the heat would help loosen up my pubic hair and that she could shave me closer to attain the smooth finish that she wanted for me and that's how I was to stay, as smooth as a pre-pubescent girl.

Five minutes of this and on went the cream and brushed into quite a lather and then came the moment when I would say goodbye to my triangle and this I had owned since I was eleven, red and wiry that it was and capable of holding my cum in it. Now my clitoris and labia really would be exposed.

She took some twenty or thirty swipes of the blade, obviously knowing what she was doing, pinching or stretching the area to be razored and a short, sharp pass and my red hair was there in the towel with the remnants of the shaving foam.

Camilla worked quickly and was just as accurate and careful with her preparation and pass of the blade when it came to my clitoral hood area and labia.

She didn't stop there, moving on to the underside of my cunt entrance and even down around my anus, stripping me of everything down there and, when eventually I got to inspect her handiwork, I was as naked and smooth as I had been when I was nine or ten years old, my pale skin translucent and glistening with the lotion – and the cum to arrive.

When her tongue came in contact with my hairless clit and lips, I went bananas, the feeling exquisite and how she knew to take me orally. I was putty within minutes and creaming up heavily, buzzes all over my body and a want to curl everything up, toes and fingers included. I came and I came, thinking that this was the apogee of my life so far.

If it was, it didn't last very long, as Camilla mounted me, a heavy gold belt wrapped around her waist and groin and hanging from her mons shield a very substantial dildo, also gold in colour and shaped and veined like the real thing.

With her fucking me deep into my vulva, nearly into my uterus or so it felt, I was screaming into her panties and I just went bang inside, everything seeming to turn into jelly and an explosion in me outwards, a gush of womanly cum for Camilla to enjoy.

This was the best orgasm of my life at that point and the one thing that Camilla did was to push the right buttons on me to encourage even more over the time that we were together and we continued to see each other when I went onto first job and then my postgraduate in London.

She was pivotal to my development for two reasons.

Firstly, she introduced me to men and other women in Cambridge and London – there was quite a BDSM circle established around the University and hi-tech companies based in the city and, very much under controlled conditions, I experienced all sorts of sex from group to short sessions with individuals and onto being loaned out for periods of time, something that I was going to build on at business school.

The dominants, both male and female, were much older than me – I would have said thirty-five upwards, the oldest that had used me being a near-eighty-year-old man who still had an amazing dong. I learned that technique and then size mattered but when the two came together, that was the ideal man for me – forget the age.

If my peer group came into play, they were submissive, many of them genuinely so, but all of us learning our craft, so to speak, a Bachelors in Submission, (B.S.) to be awarded alongside our M.A. should have been in order. However, one thing that I did learn was that I was fascinated by the transgender gurls that occasionally came along – a fascinating mix of both sexes and I became good friends with one of them to understand them better, though we were not permitted to intertwine.

As to short sessions, I would often get a message to go to a staff office or even a lecture theatre and to offer my mouth, cunt or breasts for their use – the number

of times that I took a load down my throat, well.

Longer sessions inevitably would involve elements of bondage and punishment and though I learned to enjoy the balance of submission, pain and then high-level pleasure, I had inklings that a life of submission was not for me. Yes, I could probably switch but it was topping that was more appealing and tended to infiltrate my fantasies if I was allowed to masturbate freestyle – i.e. not being presented with a scenario in my mind or visually so.

I discussed this with Camilla and she accepted this, saying it was a perfectly natural development and I should look to encourage and develop my feelings in this direction.

Furthermore, my leadership qualities or want to lead a business or whatever were rumbling away inside me and wanting to break out in the near future.

However, to her, I will always remain her submissive and I take this role each time that we have met since, though with Fountain & Collter taking off, these occasions became few and far between. Sessions with Camilla serve to balance my dominant side and make me more attentive to women's needs.

Onto business school I went, the reason for attending to give me a broad base of theory and short, sharp practicals on which to launch the next phase of my career as a top-level strategic planner and then to lead on to creating my own agency. Well, this was my five-year goal at that time – and one that I achieved.

There were few students that I was interested in sexually and, frankly, we were having to live so closely as a professional community that it wouldn't have been

that appropriate. Only in my second year, I took an American-Swedish girl under my wing, Maria, and, every so often, we would have sex together, mainly ending in tribbing, and more of a stress relief for both of us.

However, Maria and I have remained really good friends and she was one of my bridesmaids at my wedding to Nikki. We also had a lovely sex encounter the night before the wedding – and that involved penetration both ways.

The second thing that Camilla helped me with was one that I kept quiet to until things developed with Nikki as they have done. It wasn't that I was embarrassed about it as, again, I got a lot of learning out of it and also the chance to dominate my partners from time to time. No, if he had realised what I had experienced, it may have cost me my marriage and I rather liked him – the old saying that 'sometimes it is best to let sleeping animals lie.'

Time at London Business School was not cheap and then there were living costs to factor on top.

At the end of the first term and I realised that my outgoings were considerably more than my income and I was rapidly cutting into what savings that I had accrued from working. I felt that I couldn't approach my parents as going to the School was quite a step out to anything that they had imagined for me and my siblings needed their support to.

There was also a limit to the number of bursaries and scholarships that I could take on to. Yes, there were projects that generated fees but these tended to come with the summer vacation jobs and into the second year.

I had dinner with Camilla in London, the chance to take some advice and, my, how she surprised me.

I remember the conversation clearly. I outlined that, ideally, I needed to source another five thousand pounds, and ten would be more useful in maintaining my lifestyle. I didn't get any hassle from her about paring my costs back or in having been a bit of a spendthrift.

“Joanna, I know you well and there's no way that you are going to cut back your spend, though you can be a little too generous with folk. There is one easy situation if you are up for it, and that is escorting.”

I looked at her to see if she was being serious or just teasing me.

“Escorting to wealthy lesbians, Joanna. Think of the times that I have loaned you out, it's just the same as that, except that you would get paid a decent sum for it. You'll command a pretty good fee in the market that I am thinking of, even after your pimp, a woman that I know, takes her cut on you. A couple of thou a night would leave you with some twelve-fifty – ten nights of that in the year and you are clear. Twenty nights and you are nicely in liquids.”

“True – who are the clients?”

“I wouldn't put you with the middle of the market, Joanna, not with what you offer. It will be largely middle-aged women, those seriously and successful wealthy business professionals and good for your networking, or the wealthy bored princesses or wives and, maybe, some of their daughters. You may or may not know about it but there's an international circle of dominant women who love to trade submissives to build their harems but, at times, they love the individual one-off, particularly when they travel to London or Paris.”

“Mmmm, it could be interesting and I do need the cash.”

“Yes, they know their way around you subs, so you will have to be on your game. Sometimes, you may be called on to switch into a domme role but, all in all, it will also widen your experience of women at large.”

“So how does this happen?”

“I know a lawyer here who handles a lot of the general issues with the women and in clearing submissive contracts and all the rest, health checks, financing and things like that, even sexual reassignment if there is a particularly beautiful gurl to be had and her Domme wants her to have the surgery. I will get in contact with her on your part. Bryony Trott is her name – she’s a very nice girl by the way and really knows her stuff. Don’t underestimate her though, as many do. She’s a very small woman, almost girly, but she has one of the sharpest brains on a woman that I have ever seen. She’s also quite dominant.”

It was then a case of “thank you, Camilla,” and then patience in waiting to hear from this Bryony Trott or Camilla, the one thing that Camilla suggesting being that I should prepare a resumé as if a curriculum vitae covering my academic and professional side, as well as my sexual experience and get that e-mailed over to her.

In short, I ended up meeting Bryony and was duly signed up to escort this circle in which she operated, two women a week or a maximum of three nights the agreement between us, as I had my studies to consider. Holiday times, I could afford to take this up and take on more international assignments on an extended basis.

More on Bryony later, as she became a good friend and influential in the creation of Nikki.

Turning up at a hotel room door or a house front door, knowing that you are going to be used and fucked by the woman inside was certainly a damp vaginal thrill and I loved it – most of the clientele fair in how they used me for their pleasure, occasionally the roles switched and on one occasion, a holiday booking of four days in Madrid and I ended up with three daughters of the client to break them in sexually, the last night with three of their girlfriends as well and really a bit of an eye-opener, if not a little uncomfortable for the age span. However, I was being paid excellent money for this now and most of the clients were of the age groups promised by Camilla.

In eighteen months, I had made a lot of money, enough to cover the hole and then for a generous deposit on my flat and even money to put into creating my future company. In largely enjoying the work and Bryony's management of me, I carried on with it in a reduced capacity when I graduated and started my new senior strategic planning job with a major agency in London, part of the Sorrell empire.

So, in practice for the two academic years at the school and up to the point I met Nick/Nikki, sex-wise I was with women of all ages from the bare minimum of the country I was in and possibly a little offset though I wasn't to know to distinguished female pensioners in their seventies, a strong bell curve around the age of median age of forty though and increasingly I thought of myself as a committed lesbian, no men at all in my beds in this time, professionally or inside the School or my flat – or even on the horizon.

Nicky, or as I should term her now, Nikki, was a serious curve-ball in my life; that I will admit. I can't exactly deny this, can I?

We met at a dinner party that was hosted by a good friend of mine from work, Tina Jameson, who was also red-headed, very pretty but with not quite the curvaceous body as I had, but not bad, her boobs more pendulous than mine but then she had a magnificent bottom, worthy for any sub to succumb to.

She was a senior client manager with my agency and could attract any man or woman on the strength of her brooding, understated personality. Somehow, we were good friends but had never wrapped our bodies together – platonic in its truest state, perhaps. However, we got on like a house on fire, despite never having talked in depth about our respective sex lives, unusual that this may seem, I realise.

Tina was also an amazing cook and dinner at her place in Little Venice was always a treat and her choice and mix of guests interesting, part communications, part client and other friends largely drawn from the acting and dance fraternity.

The evening in question saw me meeting with Nick for the first time. Here was a man working in what I would describe as a sector not too far from public relations being with the Tate Gallery and holding a job down in finance. He was obviously a finance man, a training in that, but he was far from the boring perception of an accountant having this creative side to him and a love of arts and design. I guess it is there that our two worlds came together in common interest. His knowledge of art was and still is outstanding and he could have been a wonderful curator for a gallery in having his skill base rounded off with his considerable skill in client interfacing and schmoozing.

In short, it was a welding of the minds, Nick, that night and on our first dates very inquisitive and naturally curious as to me and as if he was a naturally skilled salesman in his ability to listen and adjust his comments accordingly.

Physically, he certainly was not alpha, far from it – not that tall and, dare I say it, he was rather feminine in shape with soft skin to go with it, his eyebrow arches set like a woman's, small hands and rather a cute nose that turned up a little. In short, he could mince it and often did.

My immediate thoughts turned to him sexually being a gurl or in making for one but it was to be a while before we broached that subject, the Ethiopian party being the catalyst for this. It was this strong feminine side of his that appealed to me, maternal feelings perhaps surfacing.

What happened is that we dated and really got on well, this extending and leading to the creation of Fountain & Collter Public Relations. This came to dominate our lives, challenging and fun that it was – and I would do it all over again. We ended up living together and then moved twice in quick time as our earnings went through the roof and the second house here, just off Hyde Park, now our base.

We married two years on, over a long holiday weekend and with four days off, the longest that we had been away from our business. With our downtime, we needed the rest and energy build; sex was more perfunctory than creative, mainly oral and then some basic positions and nothing to set the world on fire.

Nikki was at least considerate and, with that, I began to realise that he was, underneath, compliant and excellent material to force into submission when we got the time and space. Given his body shape too, I was still having fantasies of what he could look like if he was dressed as a woman. There were latent signs that he had interest in feminisation, a love of lingerie on me and on other women too, be it a shop setting or in a magazine, an unhealthy interest in shopping and when I went clothes shopping and then in taking on the lion's share of household duties, including hand-washing my lingerie.

I had a suspicion that he had a weakness for my smell and taste and a few lingerie traps with used panties in the laundry basket confirmed that – I could imagine him sniffing my panties and masturbating – that, in itself, is harmless and indeed rather flattering. I also had seen a picture or two of him dressed as a child girl and a conversation over tea in Harrods with his middle sister confirmed what had happened back then – all rather revealing, especially the comment that he had dressed as a girl when a teenager and not just once or twice.

Equipment size-wise, he wasn't what I wanted of a man though he wasn't small, just a little under six inches but good girth to him, ideal for anal - but, alas, we didn't really practice that.

The question was how to broach the issue and the invite to the Ethiopian party was a godsend in more ways than one. Let me explain.

We had managed another excellent year with forty percent revenue growth, the opening of a Paris office just completed, and all of this tripling our dividends. Plans were afoot for a New York base and perhaps a Montreal or Toronto one as we had a number of Canadian accounts to manage in the UK and Europe.

All this got me thinking – but then there was also the issue that we had some great staff and time was approaching to consider the next level of pushing accountability and decision making further into resource base. Experience has taught me that you know everything that goes on in the company up to twenty-five to thirty people and then you release the lead to the first layer of managers between this number and about one hundred to one twenty staff, the challenge for Nikki and me to take on a more strategic and our own PR platform with our clients, potential clients and outside – yet being there to 'mirror the customer's organisation hierarchically' to support our sales and account managers

accordingly.

In essence, what we were shedding was our 'execution' and leaving that for others. In Nikki's case, it was to set in place a Group Controller and Treasurer.

This would help create more personal time and a better work-life balance for the two of us.

The bedroom had become fairly sterile and certainly needed a kick-in-the-pants and I had realised that if it was going to improve then I had to initiate it and express my dominant side. I also was having yearnings about a lesbian affair or even to go back into my escorting game, yes more prostitution.

I also recognised that we needed to use our downtime more constructively and what better than exploring our sexuality and dominant to submissive side. I started to think about Nikki and his submission both in a social and professional context and potentially if I was to push my feminine dominant side.

I want to give you a flavour of my thinking and I will summarise my notes that I captured, an annoying trait for some as it always gave me an upper hand in negotiation to what exactly was said or done and then to development of thoughts and action plans and targets.

A submissive person is someone who willingly submits to the authority of another.

A submissive person enjoys in a service-oriented mindset and finds peace of mind in taking orders from those he or she has placed in positions of power. This can be at home, in the workplace, among friends or in community relationships.

Nikki certainly fell into this character, as it had always been me who was responsible for the big decisions – consultation yes and in that he/she was/is wonderful, decision-making all mine.

Our relationship if it was to be submissive should be one that was conscious in all aspects and consensual.

In other words, I needed to get Nikki to agree that I held more overt power of one kind or another and that he/she agreed to submit. This was already a non-spoken thing but we needed to formalise it. This underpinned the trust between us but to proceed without putting the foundations in could have been potentially harmful to the future of our marriage.

The evidence that underpinned all of this was there, Nikki happy with his work and the environment that he operated in, a wise decision to work with me and compatibility achieved. He would submit willingly to my decision making and very rarely challenged me, once that decision was made, a very healthy trait for both of us and clear delineation of our relationship.

This extended into our romance and we were comfortable in an unspoken way with me as the dominant and wearing the pants. Thinking about it, we had it at work too. Employees submit to the authority of supervisors. Even in companies that practice more egalitarian management methods must, at some point, be clear about who has the final decision-making power and for us that was easy. It

was me.

Healthy subordinates choose their workplaces wisely, when possible, and submit willingly, even when they don't necessarily agree with deal.

We had already gone a long way in experience, wisdom and build both between us and with friends, Nikki's submission showing through here. It just needed affirmation, further commitment and a coming-out process to be put in place, respecting that Nikki was my partner and equal on that basis, even though I wanted to maximise both our needs and take him into showing his commitment by worshipping me sexually or non-sexually.

When it came to his submission, Nikki showed some amazing traits that underpinned my suspicion that he may want to take this further and succumb to me.

What I am talking about are areas such as him having a deep awareness of who he was, how aware of trust he was in the way he respected me and others and, with that, our needs and how to meet them.

He was certainly hard-working and ready to commit and also loved clear boundaries. That was perhaps a little of the problem to tackle and that was to change our personal boundaries – we had become too comfortable with them, a spiral downwards because of the pressures of work. Maybe I ought to have considered a contract with him over this, an addendum to our marriage and I listed an action point to talk to Bryony Trott about this; she could draw something up making the relationship between us more formal and binding, an expression of my dominance over her as well.

All of this would add to Nikki's high achievement goals, esteem and ultimately his peace of mind.

A plan for his submission was needed, starting with the invite for the Ethiopian Embassy and building to that event – and beyond. How far would Nikki go and would he accept the change implied?

Chapter 4

To Ethiopia

This party, well the concept of it, was actually quite exciting.

I had never discussed my early dressing habits with Joanna and how it had been forced on me in my childhood – and also how I had continued it into my teenage but not really beyond. This wasn't because of any hormonal thing but rather I guess that I tried to repress it from emerging and then other things like financing Fountain & Collter took over and kept it hidden.

By the time that we married, I was too embarrassed to discuss such an 'activity' with her, the fear of losing her coming to the fore. I had my suspicions that she liked alpha-men, magazines, favourite actors or sportsmen, comments and even a couple of our clients underpinning that.

Why she was going out with me, other than our relationship chemistry, I had no idea and to start a discussion with, "Oh by the way, Honey, I used to cross-dress," could have sunk the marriage. Once we had been down the aisle, it was even more difficult – one of those past subjects like old girlfriends and boyfriends to be swept under the carpet.

Now I had a chance to express myself again and surface my female side and perhaps Joanna would respond. After all, she wanted excellence from me and, on her part, I expected the same thing of her, to come out looking like a masculine girl or clean-cut, feminine male.

The first week, with Joanna's assistance, I took time out to research what I would wear, the salons that I needed to use for preparation and how to slot them in as to timing before the event.

I admit that I may have demonstrated a little too much enthusiasm and not enough protest to confirm Joanna's suspicions about my feminine side and, as I was to find out later, proof that I had indulged in the past.

Joanna took me through the sizes that I needed to look at, a size 12 to 14 on dresses, bras at 36C, panties a medium size and the same for my suspender belt, my shoe size to go to a seven as women's shoes tended to cramp at the equivalent size to a man's.

I looked at possibilities for cocktail dresses and quickly alighted on a Dolce & Gabbana sleeveless midi-dress crafted from black tulle with eyelash-lace panels. It had a softly curved neckline and was finished with ruffled tiers of contrasting lace at the hem. Even better it was nicely discounted in the Harvey Nichols' sale.

With it, I had it paired with Rossi ankle-tie sandals, these sporting silver-tone metal stiletto heels in the shape of twisting drinks stirrers. The minimalist front strap was complemented by leather laces that would criss-cross around my ankles. Daring, yes, but glamorous, Joanna giving me lessons and practice on how to walk in four inch heels.

She also promised to lend me one of her black clutch bags, one covered in sequins to continue the sparkle that would come off my heels.

What came out was an inquisition to the experience and how I felt about it.

The answer to that was mixed, in taking on the stores as a man in a woman's shop but then I began to realise that my money was good as any female's and that mention of the Ethiopian party, wry smiles but genuinely nice assistance and they allowed me to try it on – in a private booth.

With a little time, I began to relax into this shopping process, possibly adding to my demise, as I found it quite natural to be shopping for female clothing. To add to my clothing, I added an evening coat, more of a drape than a classic design.

It was a relief to get this out of the way.

The lingerie shop would be easier, as a lot of men shop for female lingerie, including me for Joanna and we have a passion for it, the prospect of seeing our beloved partner dressed erotically.

However, the nails, hair and waxing probably would pose another level of potential embarrassment and this would come in the three days before the big event. For the lingerie, I would shop at Selfridges during the weekend before the event so, at least, the clothing groundwork would have been covered in advance.

First up on the programme for my latest foray into feminisation was the waxing session and, for this, Joanna recommended using a fairly local facility that she used, over in Walton Street, the White Room salon.

She also gave me a strange 'warning' in that if our play was to go anywhere, she would expect me to be permanently depilated and waxing wouldn't be enough. I

would have to undergo laser or electrolysis treatment for removal of all my hair beneath my lower eye-lashes.

Again this had me thinking that there was more to this than just the party.

The experience of being waxed was quite something and this was booked in for two days out so as to let my skin rest a bit after the aggressive treatment that I was to undergo.

Fortunately, with my feminine form, I was also reasonably light on body hair.

However, it still hurt as out came the roots on Mandy's wax strips, not so much abject pain but more like a sharp tugging with the root embedded in the sticky, orange wax. My legs, arms and even my bottom valley did not hurt at all; it was more my neck and shoulders followed by my pubic triangle.

The other pain came with her insistent use of ice to calm my skin down and this was more torture than the wax itself and, single handily, the case for having my roots treated permanently.

Within two and a half hours, I was reduced to the nude, young skin, state that Jo wanted, leaving the salon to walk back feeling naked on my legs, warm and smelling of the cleansing lotion that she had used.

From the feel of my trousers on my legs and thighs, I had a funny suspicion that stockings would feel sensational - and that I was looking forward to.

My lingerie shop had happened earlier, a successful raid on the Selfridges woman's third floor. I ended up with a lovely soft, silky pink set for my evening wear, Triumph, bra, suspender and panties from their 'Essence Luxe' range and then paired with black Falke stockings.

One big surprise that I had had over breakfast that morning was from Jo. She handed me a 36C cotton bra, a card announcing that she had arranged a fitting for me at the chemists in Wigmore Street, the purpose to be fitted with silicon false breasts, the brand being Amoena.

This was a lot more heart-thumping than the lingerie-buying later.

I walked into John Croyden & Bell, my nerves really going as I showed the name that Joanna had given me, the girl asking me for the purpose of visit, my response having to be "I'm here to be fitted for breasts."

Once the process got going, my nerves eased and we went through different models, a pair of their contact 3S breasts that would adhere directly on my chest – and stay there.

They were designed to be symmetrical and also with overhangs to replicate tissue that extends over the chest and towards the armpits but, at the same time to offer me a full cleavage in my bra.

My reaction was what weight there was on my chest, some extra three kilos of soft tissue added and I would have to work quickly on getting my balance.

Thank goodness for Jo's bra as a means to learning to adjust by pulling my chest back and then shortening my walk, Joanna giving me advice in this direction.

This was essentially all about swinging my hips through to my walk line and the shorter length of the stride.

Unknown to Joanna, I bought one little supplementary to my lingerie and that was for later in the evening. My surprise was an ash-rose, mid-to-full length night-dress.

This was designed with a double-string waistband to nip my figure in a bit, and flowing pleats to add visual length, the brand from 'Three Graces London.'

Its semi-sheer cotton fabric would give me a feminine billowy silhouette, some lace highlights adding effect to the prettiness of the piece and it could be interesting to see Joanna's reaction to it – after the party, of course.

I came back to the house with a quiet sense of satisfaction; it was now all systems go; my hair, nails and toes, eyelashes and then my make-up to be tackled on the day. I would also have a full massage, a good skin softener to be used in the process.

I have to say that the work week into the event seemed to drag but eventually Friday came around, a day off for me so as to prepare myself, one salon to be attended before a cosmetics artist came over to the house at six o'clock.

My choice of salon was 'michaeljohn's' in the Brompton Road, again a recommendation from Joanna as all their services were in house, including spa facilities.

This was going to be a test, if not a test and a half as to my ability to go red and my nerves standing on end.

Looking back, it was probably this appointment that served to confirm to Joanna my candidature to be feminised. She was questioning how I took to it and the E-factor – whether I was overtly embarrassed or accepted what was happening.

Everything then spun out from this.

They began with my eyebrows to thin and arch them a bit more, the comment coming my way on how feminine they were to begin with and all they needed was tidying up by a little trimming and shaping and then some colour matching to balance off my hair.

My manicure and pedicure followed, everything cleaned out and polished before the final coat, my fingernails Frenched though. How was I going to explain this to my staff, family and friends, never mind my toenails in their Chanel burgundy lacquer coats?

The massage was a welcome relief, my body worked over to the point that I needed a shower to finish and much refreshed, along with a cup of tea, I went back for the final session and the one that I was most worried about, my hair.

It was Dominique that went to work on me, a shampoo and very deep conditioning before she started on the design.

She commented on how rich a burr my hair was, a combination of blonde with a hint of ash-brown to it and how, when combined with its thickness, it was a very unusual package for a male.

Slowly she shaped it into more of a feminine cut, lots of layers and long bangs at the front sweeping down to my eyes, some blonde highlighting going in to add further contrast and to make it definitely female, not unlike the way that Holly Sweeney wore her hair, Holly the ex of the Irish golfer, Rory McIlroy.

Over ninety minutes, it came together and I was quite staggered by the effect when Dominique had finished. What would it look like when the war-paint went on?

Dominique was also thrilled and out came the cameras to record my hair for posterity.

The question of what I would do post the event didn't even surface; that was how far I was besotted with the cut. Only later would that happen and by then it was too late.

Somehow, I made it back to home without too many heads turning though I felt like all the world was watching me and making comment about a man with a woman's haircut aboard.

I didn't see Joanna – we had agreed to try and stay apart until we were ready with me taking the guest suite and Joanna using our main one.

In fact, I had already brought through my female purchases ready for their use later and welcome to this new lady-owner, Nikki.

I called Joanna, who was still at work, to say that I was home and she said that Jackie, my make-up artist, would be with me in twenty minutes to start her work. She also began questioning me to how things had gone – that was to be expected, I guess, what with her interest in the whole process.

She also said that she had left some jewellery and her evening clutch bag on the bed with a small present and that I should get to this before Jackie saw it.

Naturally, I was intrigued by not only the present but what she had left, so up to the bedroom it was. There on the bed, laid out on a black towel was a silver chain necklace, heavy links, not quite a choker in size but one that would clearly show.

Next to it were two Tiffany bangles, also in silver and a pair of their twisted knot earrings – with clips on. Next to them, a bottle of Estée Lauder's Private Collection perfume, strong that this was and one that I had bought Joanna, a scent that she occasionally used for going out. It certainly had 'presence' when one was wearing it.

Finally, there was the present, in a small purple paper-wrap and a ribbon, a card attached with 'Good luck tonight, Nikki. I'm really looking forward to seeing you and well done for your acceptance and enthusiasm for tonight. It augurs well. My love, Jo'

Underneath her signature there was a quote from Anaïs Nin ‘And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was more painful than the risk it took to blossom.’

Inside the small parcel and inside that, there was a ziplock bag.

The blood drained from my face; it became obvious that Joanna knew about my little fetish of sniffing her panties for there, inside the bag, were a pair of her black panties, the Ellen Tracy ones that she wore for workdays, nothing exciting design-wise but she found them comfortable for wearing over long hours.

I took them out and immediately I could tell that they were well-stained, the scent pouring off them hanging in the air and, when I saw inside her gusset there was the cause, a very heavy presence of white staining.

Joanna had been wearing these for more than a day to tease me.

I took a sniff and could feel my cock stiffening at the prospect of being in these at some point tonight. I took a second draught and my hand migrated down towards ‘His Stiffness’ - I realised that I had to stop. Jackie would be ringing the intercom any second.

‘Oh well’ and I folded them up, put them in the bag and, for some bizarre reason, I put them in Jo’s clutch bag that she had lent me.

I had just snapped the bag shut when the door intercom and buzzer went, Jackie saying that she had arrived.

A little flummoxed, I shot downstairs, opened the door and there she was, a very pretty long black-haired girl in a white tunic carrying two large boxes of her tricks and cream – and beautifully made up, a strong focus on her green eyes.

I needed a white wine to calm myself and I offered Jackie a glass before we retired to the guest room and she began her chemistry, having me sit down in front of a mirror and dressing area that we had in the room.

Smoky eyes, false eyelashes fixed and darkened up, my cheekbones highlighted by subtle application of blush after her foundation, Jackie really went to town on me. I don't mean that she overdid it as many transvestites often do and ending up with a make-up cake effect on their faces – or in the wrong make-up for the situation that they are taking on.

No, what Jackie did was remarkable in bringing my feminine features out – after all, she had done this for many celebrities for social events and even films and, as such, she was highly regarded in her field.

My lipstick was the last cosmetic on, before my perfume, and she chose a burgundy red to match my toes, my finger nails with their Frenching already highly polished with the lacquer that had been applied, the length of the nail already causing me to pause and think as it interfered with the most mundane tasks – putting my stockings on and doing up my sandal straps was going to prove to be particularly onerous and it had me wondering how women managed to do this on a daily basis, practice and coordination being the answer to that one.

Jackie was even amazed at how I transformed from a slightly camp man into a full-on woman, here remarks quite complimentary to how little I would need surgically to enhance my image. There was, of course, the question of my voice and as she worked her magic on me, she took me through some acting exercises to lift my tone by a few degrees so that I sounded more like a mezzo-soprano than a tenor, my natural voice pitch if I was to sing.

With my make-up and perfume on, her last thing that she turned to were my breasts.

She had me fix them on, no glue needed on these ones, the breasts making me crouch forward for a few seconds before I ‘stood up’ and straightened my shoulders rather than sag into them. Quickly, she used a filler-tonal cosmetic to conceal the line between my skin and the breasts so that the ‘seam’ was indistinguishable – and then she positioned my nipples that I had bought into a natural, high, position and fixed them down.

On went my bra to hold my newest female transformation acquisition and things felt ever so much more secure.

It was true that I could even shower in these breasts with no risk of them falling off, as I was to discover next morning, but for me as a semi-virginal woman, my Triumph bra gave me a sense of security and what was there certainly looked rather good.

I thought that Jackie would leave me and go and fix up Joanna – I had heard her coming home but she went straight to our bedroom so as not to disturb us and, as she had requested, she wanted to see the final product and not the half-stage,

fascinating though that this had been.

No, Jackie wanted to see me dressed properly and, saying that she had seen it all before.

She took my suspender belt and wrapped it around me, fixing the hooks and eye closure together at my back and then watched me struggle a little in rolling my stockings on before stepping in and helping me with the final bit to fix them onto the metal and hard rubber clips, adjusting the straps so that there was the right tension on them to hold my stockings up continuously.

My panties were the last item and I stepped into them, pulling them into position, the feel of the soft silk on my newly naked skin so wonderful and adding to the effect of the stockings on my legs, taut on their straps.

How I didn't spring into a full-on hard on there and then, I do not know but somehow I managed to stay reasonably flaccid.

Even Jackie's hand smoothing out the fabric behind me and on the front didn't get me to stiffen – maybe it was the chance to intake Joanna's pussy aroma earlier that evening, that having a tempering effect on me and the realisation that I needed to pace myself if I was to get through this evening without an 'accident.'

My panties on, it was now time to slip into my dress – even though I was in it, I knew it looked good but how vulnerable I felt, the air coming in under the hem and it wasn't far to find my boy-pussy and clitoris area.

This was just so unnatural to the usual safety that trousers afford to the bits.

Then came my shoes and, once I had my laces done up, I couldn't believe the effect on my stockings and suspender straps, there being an amazing feel as even more tension came on and also the touch of the denier on my naked skin beneath.

Furthermore, there was a secondary effect of the weight of my breasts pushing me forward, the only thing being to use my heels and the balls of my toes to better effect.

It was a question of remember what Joanna had said when I had trained in them a little, to keep good posture, shorten my stride and swing my hips, a glorious sensation as my stockings and lingerie swished and my breasts jiggled.

This was an OMG moment if there ever was one and one that confirmed how I had missed dressing like this for so many years, not that I had ever been subjected or gone to this degree of femininity before.

I looked in the mirror and Nikki, not Nick, stood before me, Jackie also taking the advantage of taking some pictures for her portfolio, that realistic I had become in a relatively short time. 'Amazing,' she kept saying and the flash bulb would go off again.

I was signed off and ready – the only thing for it was to take my coat and clutch bag and go back downstairs and replenish my wine glass. Yes, this was a little bit

of Dutch courage for the evening ahead and also the main question, 'What will Joanna think?'

Chapter 5

To Ethiopia, Jo

I was looking forward to seeing Nikki and what he/she had done to her, the daytime before the party one of preparation and feminisation.

From what I could tell at the time, he had really taken to the concept of wearing false breasts inside his bra for me and, apparently, had a good shop in the lingerie department of Selfridges, one of the biggest outlets of its kind in London and always fun to visit.

He had taken well to training as to his heels.

Fortunately, he was the same foot-size as me and that allowed him to start with a pair of old flats and work the heels upwards to shorten his step and swing his hips. He would need that when he got to wear his breasts that I ordered for him, a wing and a prayer that this want to become a woman would continue post the party and that I could really get going in dominating him and turning him into a lesbian partner.

I spent half a day out of the office over at my latest hairdressers, Andreas, on Pavilion Street.

This allowed me to have a quick massage and then a tidy up of my nails, just a low-polish lacquer applied and more for a protection layer as I wanted to keep them au natural and more masculine in nature.

After the rub-down and a quick shower, I also had my pubic hair trimmed back and shaped into more of a runway than the triangle of red hair that it had become, ever so different to when I was regularly waxed in being prepared for Camilla or her friends and my escorts. Maybe I should have removed it all together but then I was to be the Dominant, not Nick/Nikki and a little pubic hair suggested I was the prima in this relationship.

The other thing that my regular treatment girl, Flora, helped me with was in binding my breasts to reduce them as much as we could without making me gasp for air and with some reasonable comfort.

I then put on what is known as a binder top in the world of FtM, Female to Male Transsexuality.

I had found a great site on the web for such wear and other transformation accessories. Made in Taiwan, 'Esha' had a lovely range of constricting tops for women going across to being men and I had invested in a couple of them, the appearance more like tank tops that had built-in constriction. The full one that I was using for the evening served to flatten me out considerably and, sure, I was 'booby' by nature, true redhead mammaries and, in my book, far too large for my comfort or want.

In fact, this exercise was serving to confirm to me that I should go in for a breast reduction and come down from my 36DD to something like an A or B cup. My breasts were far too big and, not least, caused me back ache from time to time, as well as getting in the way, the pair of them topped by large pinkish-purple nipples that became very erect when teased or sucked.

I could cum on good breast play but worship of them had been far and few, Nikki not exactly the most eager in thinking that they should be handled delicately

whereas it was anything but. A 36B would be more practical, as long as I could keep my sensitivity there – and I would train her accordingly.

It may sound daft, but I had some designs on being more masculine in my visual appearance but without a full on sex-change, this going with my increasing need to express my natural dominance and leadership within the bedroom – perhaps even a lifestyle change, if I could get Nick to evolve into becoming Nikki.

I had even gone to the extent of contacting a Dutch company, Danaë, again a web find, who specialised in males to females and vice versa, buying from them a harness and what was termed a packer, a penile prosthesis, so as to create a bulge in my trousers and shock Nikki when she removed my trousers and underpants.

Back down in the hair salon, Flora went to work on my hair – I was going for a really drastic cut, reducing my ample strawberry curls back to a short male cut, layered of course so as to keep some thickness, otherwise I risked it becoming spiky and too brutal.

Flora couldn't believe what I was doing and kept changing. However, as the first locks fell to the floor, I knew that it was right, just like a house's spirit and personality change when the first picture or item of furniture comes away in a house move.

An hour or so later, a new girl got out of the chair – Jo had definitely been created. This was going to be great in seeing and listening to people's reaction.

This started when I went back to work, quite a lot of chatter and a surprising number of the staff coming around to see their new-look boss and I suspect taken-aback by what they saw – and I hadn't even gone for a more masculine

style of dress. That could wait for after the weekend.

Surprisingly, very little was said about my chest, reduced in size that it was, only my secretary making a remark. Maybe the staff was too tactful or that they put it down to the cut of what I was wearing and all knew that we were off to this party and that it involved sex-changing as a theme.

Nikki called me to say that she was on the way home from michaeljohn's.

I reminded her that Jackie would be on the way round and that she needed to get to the bedroom to open and enjoy the small deviant present that I had left in a zipback to preserve the aroma and then put in a little wrapping and with a card to entice him for the evening.

In fact, I left it with some jewellery that I thought would enhance her image, placing everything out on a black towel on the bed, silver to go with the black of her dress starting with a chain-link necklace that I had, a hint of bondage and that Nikki was my possession.

I had also put out two silver bangles from Tiffany's to signify wrist-cuffs and also a pair of their knot earrings, these on clips as I hadn't yet raised the subject of having his ears pierced.

This could come later – if I had suggested the idea before the party, I thought that there was a risk that Nick would have done a runner as to the idea of becoming female. I may well have been wrong but I had to make the judgement and also to get the pacing of this properly pitched.

I also included a strong perfume for him – I wanted her to be recognised, a woman's scent saying everything, this one being Estée Lauder's 'Private Collection' and a perfume that he had given me. I only used it occasionally.

However, it was the ziplock bag that was perhaps the most important thing. I wanted to give him a heads up that I knew about his little fetish, a love of my scent. Later I would test him if it was just mine or others that he responded to – and really I didn't mind. After all, with my lurid background, I could hardly object, only build on it.

I had chosen a black pair of mine deliberately, the reason being that black gusset in the panties picked up my aroma and turned white on contact, evidence that my pussy had ridden in there for sometime. In fact, that was for nearly two days so as to strengthen the intensity of what I had to offer him and to see if it would draw him, a route to control as well if I could use Mother Nature to control him.

On the walk home, it was fun and stimulating to think that he may have had them over his head to ingest me, maybe even a quick wank but then Jackie was due over, the great Jackie who could probably have turned Medusa into a woman of beauty.

We had promised each other not to reveal ourselves until we were both ready, so into the house, then to my study and onto our bedroom, which was to be my base for preparation.

A freshen up and I began my change, starting with putting the harness on, followed by the penile prosthesis that was held by the whole in the brace and my mons beneath and then a new pair of black Hanro men's bikini underpants that I

had bought for this occasion.

I must admit that I could feel a bit of a power surge running through me and it was with some excitement that I put on my evening shirt, remembering that men's buttons are on the other side of the shirt seam and then borrowing gold golf club cufflinks that I had given Nick as part of our wedding.

This on, there was the question of the bow tie and this I left for Jackie or even Nikki to help me with – the first time putting such a ribbon on around your neck is not that easy, as I found out.

For my outer wear, I had an evening suit, classic black with satin lapels on a double-breasted jacket, the trousers with braces beneath, or what the Americans call suspenders, these green in colour.

I had just finished putting my trousers on when Jackie came in, a big smile on her face, a clear message though of “I am not saying anything – we need to finish you so that you can go and see. Nikki is off downstairs to find a glass of wine. I think she needs it as she's probably in a state of shock.”

She looked at me, “I know that you want to minimise make-up but there's a couple of tricks that we can pull off to up your masculinity. The first is your eyebrows.”

Within three of four minutes and using some water-colour paint, mascara and a brush, Jackie effectively lowered my brows and from an arch into more of a straight line, giving the impression that there was a sharp-angled junction with my nose and that my hair there was denser and more uneven – this was clever

film-set work.

Jackie moved on to dulling down my lips using lip balm, nude lipstick and a sealant and then onto my cheeks. Using a big brush and some bronzer, she darkened the skin under my cheekbones, the sides of my nose and under the angle of my jaw, diffusing the colour to make it look more like a natural shadow.

The same was done with my eyes, the visual effect to narrow their width and set them back more into my sockets and then, something that I could hardly believe, in a couple of minutes she had given me an Adam's Apple, a small brush quickly turned creating this.

I couldn't thank her enough and shoes on, a couple of splashes of Nick's Hermès after-shave, and the jacket and I too was there and quite thrilled with the male effect that I wanted to see.

Here I was, woman – yes, but much more of a masculine one, ready to dominate my girlfriend and lead her into the public glare for the first time in her life as a woman, a submissive one too.

Dressed and ready to go, though in need of a glass of confidence wine too, my thought focused around the fact that the next five minutes and then five hours could determine the future of my relationship with Nick, or Nikki if I had my way.

I wasn't sure who came out with the quote, 'You don't get into something to test the waters, you go into things to make waves' and this very much applied here.

So, off we went downstairs to see my new wife and share a glass of cold wine before we headed out to the Embassy, just up the road from us and within easy walking distance, even for Nikki and given her lack of wearing women's shoes.

I was not prepared for what I saw.

Jackie and I came down the stairs, down the corridor and into the kitchen area – my mouth dropped open when I saw Nikki.

Standing before me was a gorgeous woman dressed in a very stylish black mid-length cocktail dress and black stockings.

The heels, I had seen before; it was definitely him but he was very much a she now, the masculine features suppressed in favour of a softer face, the eyebrows lifted, feminine cheeks and beautifully made up. Even her hair was thick and layered, relatively short but, my goodness, Flora had done her work in feminising it, a hint of ash tints added to it to give her hair more vibrancy.

Then there was her shape, breasts showing on her chest under her dress and the signs of a feminine form around the waist and into the hips, all 'au naturel' but how this could be worked on with a little bit of corsetry training?

My mind immediately thought 'hormones' and what they could do to this young lady.

Suddenly it clicked in who she looked a lot like, the American socialite, model and ex The City actress, Olivia Palermo, with whom I had spent an evening at a function in New York, she dining on the same table with me.

Yes, this was a good likeness and hair colour, Nikki though with much shorter hair than Olivia's beautiful tresses.

Yes, the impact was such as I wanted Nikki to live like this, permanently, my lesbian wife and if we arranged the sex surgery with a vagina to enjoy. I could always get a full and decent-sized cock elsewhere – in fact, both of us could.

“My, you are definitely Nikki now. Do you know but you look extraordinary? I would go as far to say that you hardly need any facial surgery and your body - well you are just sooo cute.”

She smiled, looked me up and down, “You’ve undergone some transformation yourself, Jo. Very different and quite convincing.” Nick had very rarely referred to me as Jo, his perhaps outdated view that names should not be shortened.

She approached me and we kissed. Yes, he had on the ‘Private Collection’ scent.

Even close up, one could hardly tell that underneath his exterior, there was a man with a penis and balls, that convincing that he was and very much an affirmation of his body having a much higher percentage of female genes than the normal man and way more than an alpha.

“Need another wine, Nikki and what about you, Jackie?”

Nikki declined, I poured a wine and toasted Jackie, “Jackie, thank you for all

you have done, your make-up on both of us is stellar.”

“Let me get photos of you both, for my record and yours.”

This done, a little chat about the salon process and what Nikki thought of it, we put our coats on. Fortuitously, Nikki was a similar size to me, except in the breast department, so I let her use one of mine for the evening. It wasn't cold out there but we would feel it when we came back.

Having said our thanks again and goodbye the Jackie, we closed up and set off for the Ethiopian Embassy with me holding Nikki's hand and not the other way around, a wee reminder to her that I was in charge tonight and would lead as the principal in our relationship, she to be my wife and act accordingly.

There was no objection to this, a little surprising perhaps but one that gave me a wry smile inside.

Perhaps, just perhaps, she would be up for feminisation.

Up the steps to the main door, we went, 17 Prince's Gate, where the party was, the door open and one of the Embassy staff checking us in, treating us as husband and wife or boyfriend – girlfriend, the comments more to me.

There we were on the list and we were shown through to the rooms where the party was being hosted. Mr. & Mrs. Jo Fountain.

We had been to two previous events and this was even better than those events, wonderful food, plenty of wine and drinks, good music and excellent company, the standard of cross-dressing for those of us who had made the effort largely pretty high.

It was to our amazement when his Excellency, Berhanu Kebede presented us with the 'Best Couple' Prize, a rather surprising prize of a return business class trip for us to Paphos in Cyprus, sponsored by the Government there, and to include eight nights at the luxurious Anassa Hotel, officially in Polis Chrysochous on the Akamas peninsular on the western tip of the island, the pretty town of Latchi closer to the hotel though and stunning historical sites such as the Holy Monastery of Chrysorrogiatissa.

A request was made that we went out there as we were now – this was something that I definitely approved of, permission as well for more publicity and the chance to exert my dominance over Nikki.

It wasn't our only prize though, Nikki winning 'Best Dressed Woman,' his reward a double kiss on each cheek from the Ambassador and a five hundred pound spend in Rigby & Peller, near Harrods, and an Agent Provocateur corset – to be fitted on to him, so as to get the sizing right.

Apart from the chance to have a chat with His Excellency about advance sustainable development and robust ties between Ethiopia and engaged business partners, the photographers were out in force and pictures of Nikki would shortly appear in the likes of Tatler and Hello magazines, a natural 'coming out' about his transvestism to family, friends, clients and colleagues and what better way of telling them about this and preparing the ground for moving Nikki to full-on transsexualism.

Also, we were referred to as Mr. & Mrs. Jo Fountain – and I rather liked that.

An identity change would be in order as we made the changes. This was also underpinned by the way folk addressed us during the party, Mr and Mrs or Jo and Nikki – and I was pleased with this too. As to crossdressing comments, virtually all of them were positive and along the lines, ‘we can’t believe it’ or ‘congratulations – I would keep Nikki as a girl if I was you.’

There were some questions of whether we practised cross-dressing on a regular basis, the answer of ‘Nope, we have never done this together before,’ some incredulous looks and remarks at that. There was even an offer for a pornographic shoot involving both of us, turned down for the moment, for obvious reasons though I did indicate that a live act to a limited fetish audience and event, such as an after-dinner show, with no cameras, could be considered.

One amusing question came with ‘what toilet booth is Nikki going to use when dressed?’ the response so easy in ‘if she is dressed, then in the women’s. Where else should she go or, put it this way, where would you go if you were dressed like her? Oh, by the way, with panties duly lowered down her legs and sitting on the seat of course, I won’t tolerate male practices with Nikki’s behaviour. Once a woman, always a woman and all that.’

Eventually, we left arm in arm to walk home, a long kiss from me to Nikki on the corner of Ennismore Gardens, my tongue probing her mouth, making it known that I was very much in charge tonight, not that I had any objection.

Another kiss on our doorstep, a couple just kissing in the evening air and then we went inside, a welcome pre-bed drink with two Armagnacs as we sat down and relaxed in one of our sofas. Nikki with her heels kicked off, a comment from me, “Now you can understand why I do this, even on two or three-inch heels and

a day's work," a more knowledgeable smile the answer following.

So, all in all, have you enjoyed your foray into womanhood, Nikki?"

"Yes, very much so and not as frightening as I thought it would be and actually, as the processes for preparing me and the event itself got going, the more natural that it felt."

I leaned over and gave her a kiss, "I want you to stay as a woman all night, Nikki and that also is a euphemism that I want to make love to you – with you as a woman beneath me. Understand?"

The response was exactly what I wanted to hear.

"Yes, I would like that too."

The opening battle of our own Civil War, my personal Edgehill, had been won; however, winning of the war would take much longer."

Chapter 6

To Ethiopia and Bed

Well, that was quite an evening what with pretending to be a woman and having invested in the time to make the bridge across to the fairer sex - and one who was the wife of my beloved wife.

Never mind the prizes, though winning the lingerie prize was rather interesting for what it would entail and then there was the potential trip to Cyprus. If we went as we had attended the party, Jo and Nikki. No, for me, it was just so natural to be carrying this masquerade off, a very strong flashback to my early life and I felt ever so comfortable in this skin – this surprised me.

The truth is I wanted more but how could I tell Joanna about this nascent but powerful emotion and want inside me?

How would Joanna feel about this, her hubby wanting to spend time as a woman?

After all, we were venturing onto new territory in our marriage and, if anything, this was unnerving me, even if the earlier signals had been good.

We needed to have a heart-to-heart about this but, for the immediate future, Joanna wanted sex – and sex in the masculine role as Jo and this she had been portraying in dominant spades all night, if not for the past few days.

It was not as if I wasn't ready.

Even the walk back from the Embassy had enthused Jo's want for controlling me, the way that she took me into her arms and kissed me. It had been a long time since she had exuded such sexuality, such need to make love.

It was almost as if I could smell her raw sexuality on the air, the suspicion that she was already turned on and oozing cream into those panties of hers beneath her man-pants, all part of the evening suit that she had been wearing.

Also, I had to admit, she looked really good and rather cute in her male dress - and to the point that she would have had my vulva, if I had a real one, oozing girly cream and anticipating her releasing her sperm or whatever deep into me - all fantasy of course.

Once back home, Jo suggested that we have a nightcap to help us both unwind after the earlier excitement. I was fine with this and I was more than ready to let her lead me this evening; after all, I was her moll now.

She went to pour the drinks and I slumped into a sofa, kicking off my shoes, appreciating the chance to release my feet from the bondage of the leather straps. Comfortable they had been to wear but time had taken their toll on somebody who was inexperienced at this.

My stockings felt great too, the stretch of the hose over my toes and its presence on my naked legs and thighs and then there was the feel of the tautness against the suspender straps.

Walking and dancing had felt great all night and now I was here as a sex siren, flashing my legs from underneath my cocktail dress.

Then there was the soft, silky pink between my legs and not that much resistance to my boy-clitoris. Somehow, I had kept her under reasonable check during the evening but now the prospect of sex with my newly-created husband, Jo, was more than appealing.

Jo came back in with two balloons of Armagnac and sat down on the sofa to allow me to snuggle into her, rather than the usual other way around and we enjoyed a couple of sips before she leaned over and kissed me.

“You enjoyed tonight, didn’t you, Nikki? I can say that I did and quite liberating it was too. How do you like being dressed as a woman?”

“Yes, I did – a lot of fun and we did rather well together. And yes, living as a woman for a lot of the day has been rather good.”

“Enlightening perhaps?”

“Not too bad, once I got over the nerves but really your present of my breasts got me over this. With my nails and hair earlier today, I wasn’t as nervous as I thought I was going to be, mainly because of Flora – she’s a nice girl and she said that she has handled a few of my genre before.”

“So, if I let you, would you like to live as a woman again?”

I didn't want to sound too enthusiastic but I think that my voice gave me away,
"Yes, I suppose so."

"And if I asked you or ordered you to stay as a woman for the whole weekend,
would you object?"

I gave the impression of thinking about this, "Mmmmm, I guess so but there's
some logistical problems as I don't have the lingerie or the clothing."

"I'll lend you some of mine to be going on with but we could go shopping to
start your wardrobe tomorrow."

That took me a little by surprise as it became evident that Joanna was being
pretty enthusiastic and wanting to continue this.

"Okay, problem resolved. I guess that you want to continue as Jo too?"

She blushed, "Yes, I enjoyed it too. Can I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"Have you done this before, the cross-dressing I am talking about?"

“Yes, I have – but not while we have been married. I’ll explain more in the morning if you wish, as it’s quite a story.”

“I had an inkling that you have and that you enjoyed being a woman this evening – you didn’t object at all and seemed to find it all rather natural, apart from being eager to learn. Okay, I’ll wait and that may be a good idea as there are some issues that we should cover at the same time, issues that could well strengthen our marriage, a sort of all cards on the table session, perhaps?”

“Sounds sensible to me, coffee to waken and sober us up, as well as in the cold light of morning.”

With this, she leaned over and kissed me again.

I could smell her aftershave, my Hermès, but I could also smell her sex and Jo was turned on, that heady red-head aroma to her that I had taken in from time to time during our marriage, not as often as I would have liked but the occasional passionate sex session that usually resulted in her orgasming hard, the lift of her bottom off the sheets type of cumming.

“So how’s my little moll, my sexy girl and, yes, I do like seeing you dressed like this and I’m still taken aback on how pretty and real you come across as. You could sweep many a man or girl off their feet looking like you do.”

Her hands began to roam, feeling my breast-line and then wandering southwards towards the lower part of my dress, her kissing becoming more passionate and should I say, male-like, in wanting to explore my mouth.

“Mmmmm, Nikki, do you have my present with you?”

“You mean your perfume? It’s in my clutch bag.”

“No, my numpty, that little bag that I left you as I want you taking me in as I begin to undress you and take you in.”

I went slightly red at this.

“So, you know about my little weakness, then?”

“Yes, I have no real problem with it – it’s all about you worshipping my cunt and I rather like this idea – in fact, I want to make you my pussy-slave.”

“I left them hidden in the bedroom – I didn’t want Jackie to find them and have to explain what they were doing here. Also, they were quite aromatic, should we say, so I put them in the blanket drawer to not only conceal them but to hold your scent in.”

“Now I do know that you have done this before – come on, I want to see you in them and then we’ll go through to our room.”

Jo rose from the sofa, taking a large slug of the remaining amber liquid and held her hand out for me to rise and follow her.

In fact, I went up the stairs first, Jo adding, “I want to look at your girly bottom swishing away and the thought of those suspenders moving on your stockings, well. And imagine your cunt getting wet, Nikki, and wanting me to fuck you.”

We went to the guest room and into the drawer, Jo taking the bag out and then removing the panties to stretch their waist-line elastic slightly, making sure that she had the bottom side of the panties pointing away from her and where her cunt would sit to her.

Suddenly, over my head they went and here I was, standing there, looking at my wife from this feminine veil, the smell of her sex and pee coming strongly through and really stiffening my clitoris up.

I was being turned on and in a way that Joanna had never practised on me too.

She took me by my hand and led me into the bedroom, black sheets laid out on our king-sized bed, the duvet pulled back.

One more kiss right on the gusset of her panties over me that released even more of her scent into me and a deft hand undid the solitary button of the dress behind my neck and then lowered the zipper, ready for me to lower it and then step out of it and duly reveal my lingerie and false breasts for the first time to her.

I heard the gasp of air when she saw what I was wearing.

“Like what you see?”

“Gorgeous, Nikki, gorgeous and it’s your girly shape too.”

Her hands stroked me, over my breast cups and straps, over my suspender upper part and then a casual caress of the fabric covering my bottom and then the front, my clitoris increasingly erect as I felt her soft touch.

“I want your mouth and nose on me in a minute – to give me a blow-job and then worship my cunt and anus, Nikki, and I mean really to worship it, as a woman should do to another woman.”

I didn’t miss the lesbian reference. Interesting that it was, it would be next morning when she spilled the beans on this front and came out to me, not that I didn’t have my suspicions to start with.

She removed her bowtie and shirt, my gold cufflinks out and then unbuttoning it to reveal that she had a tight tank on and underneath this binding around her breasts – so this was how she had flattened herself out and, pretty impressively, hidden that she was well-endowed and with large redhead nipples.

I wanted to give them some attention.

However, what surprised me was what she had on underneath her evening trousers, black Hanro undershorts and with quite a bulge in there.

I had been suspicious that she had done something down there from seeing what I thought was the outline of a cock and in feeling a fairly hard object when we had danced together.

“Yes, my little moll, I am wearing what’s called a packer inside a harness and, guess what, you are going to suck it before you pay me homage beneath.”

I found myself on my knees and taking her cock into my mouth, symbolic that this was and probably to both of us, the cock sliding in and out of my rouged lips frotting against the hem of Jo’s panties tight over my head so that I was being infused by her and, looking back, the start of my conversion with Joanna, perhaps.

My suspicions were confirmed, my Nikki probably wouldn’t mind sucking on a real cock. What about taking one anally in her boy-cunt? I would shortly find out about her initial acceptance in that if she took to my other larger and more erect penis that I had waiting in the drawer.

She played the shaft of the prosthesis quite sluttily – lasciviously, I would say, this preparing both of us for what was to come.

I wanted more though as in I needed to feel her tongue and nose against my cunt and anus – time for some face-sitting, an activity that I had done with her before but not that often. I knew that she enjoyed it though it took me a while to realise that she was besotted with my natural perfume and, in time, other women’s – this was something that I could use and exploit in training her to be my submissive.

I had her get off her knees and onto the bed – I needed some bonds, ropes or

chains to restrain her, mental note made, but for now the weight of my bottom would suffice.

Nikki laid down on her back and I climbed onto the bed to stand over her head and I slowly removed the penile packer and my harness to expose my cleaner cunt to her, a small gasp of appreciation when she saw that I had been all-but-stripped, a thin line of my red pubic wire leading up from my clitoris for a few inches.

Like many a redhead, I had been hirsute, the hair effectively trapping my scent between its strands.

I could feel myself dripping, little drops of pre-cum to fall on my new girlfriend and toy and I squatted down on my haunches to allow her a closer look and also for the whole environment down there to become impregnated in my scent.

Only then did I remove my panties from Nikki's head and, immediately, I dropped into position to smother her.

I wanted to cum but not yet, Jo, make her work for it and then I would release – and in a more intense and liquid way.

This was incredible and now my panties were straining as my clitoris was hard and erect, my head pushing out to try and release itself. The sight of Jo with her cunt trimmed back into this 'airport landing-strip' was amazing, the pale pinkness of her mons showing through on the sides going through to her groin.

Jo removed her panties from me and a wave of her intense aroma hit me, signs that she was also very turned on, lots of precum bubbling up and some of it having turned to flecks of white foam at the edges where it had been frothed.

Eventually, she released the pressure on her thighs and lowered herself onto me, my eyesight blacked out and this emphasised that my focus should be my tongue and nose on her cunt and anus and the delivery of 'Her' pleasure.

I lapped away in abandonment, some would say gay abandonment given our sexual confusion this evening and perhaps underlying both of our make-ups, a need to surface them and take our relationship onward.

Now this, as to the overall comment, I agreed with the comment; for the moment, however, Nikki's tongue felt wonderful as she ran it along my labia, over my clitoris, down my wet vestibule in between my lips and then into my vagina rather than going back to play further with my vulva – and I needed the buzz and freeze of an orgasm, a short-term need to release and over my little submissive.

I needed to measure myself, not so much the sexual side as that I could manage, drawing Nikki in and make her earn her release but only after I had my satisfaction. However, in the intermediate, I also had to ensure that she was comfortable to take me in.

Particularly so, I was thinking of breath control, some experience in that built up in the way that I had used my clients for their worship of me; an assessment of their capacity to take breath in, use it and then repeat, sometimes pushing them to the limit as orgasms approached, the key thing in making them work.

After all, I had all that experience from my time on the submissive side.

Exactly the same principles applied here and, occasionally, I rocked forward for a few seconds to allow Nikki to take in air and then back over her, a psychological extolling her to do more with her tongue and then to enjoy the feeling of her nose up against me.

She felt good and I could feel my clitoris and nerves responding to her efforts, the buzz and warmth in my body, especially deep in my cunt, my walls hot down there – and very moist indeed.

My mind gradually began to freeze out as it was catapulted into its higher state.

In my case, this was high in the sky, white clouds floating pass until release was achieved and then a descent, hopefully brief before I began to soar again and ride another climax through, the early ones clitoral but, with time, becoming increasing vulval and then, if time and circumstance allowed, onto the hallow, elevated grounds of cervical orgasms.

Jo rode me hard.

At this time it was, perhaps, harder than any time during our courting and marriage, an animalistic lust seemingly having overtaken her, not that I was complaining. Somehow, she remembered to let me breathe, each pass under her bottom and into her love valley taking longer before she surfaced, a subliminal message passing between us that I was her submissive this evening, the lesbian around here and I needed to prove that I worshipped her cunny – and her tighter rear love entrance.

Her aroma and taste was delicious, that mustiness that her cum was permeated in. They say the taste of a redhead is very different to other women – maybe it is but Jo offered me a rich creamy taste heightened with a slightly mushroomy, perhaps umami taste, and hence its appeal.

I lapped her up, her taste to infuse my mouth and smear my face, the hope that she would leave me in this state all night as a testament to the power that she had over me.

I would; this was exactly my plan and then she could have another session in the morning taking on my mature vagina with all its vestigial remnants of cumming the night before, strong that they were and off-putting to some lovers but, for me, a chance to say, 'You are my submissive, Nikki, and you will.'

I could feel Jo tighten on me, the tensing of her muscles in her bottom and her thighs, her toes and fingers beginning to curl as her orgasm really began its spread around her body. She slumped right over me and, suddenly, I felt the rush, Jo spurting her cum into my mouth and catching me by surprise to some extent, her liquid rapidly filling my mouth and making me swallow her.

I took her in, lapping away, my own mind wandering into its own sexual ecstasy.

She was there and she was demonstrating her love, a rather sticky and stringy residual flowing out of her cunt towards the end, the stringy parts so delicious to take in, their scent being so Joanna.

She slumped forward, her open cunt right in front of me, the space allowing me to take my breath in and enjoy the sight of her sex pulsating, her little anal area puckering and her cunt a little too, oozing her cum and inviting me to lean forward and, leisurely, enjoy her love syrup a little more, my cheeks pressing against the globes of her bottom.

This was an incredibly powerful position; here I was hardly able to move, looking at a sight so memorable that it would be powerfully imprinted on my mind, such as the views off Helvellyn in the Lakes or Aonach Eagach in the Cairngorms on a beautiful day.

In Jo's case, this was a newly naked and subtly pink anus, her sphincter muscles lined inwards to the dartboard bull and inviting me to explore in there, or her gorgeous pink cunt, open, and not a red pubic hair in sight, so much more conducive for oral sex and to enjoy that luscious cream her little glands down there had a habit of producing.

This was exactly what I wanted to happen, all part of the adoration of my sex. I should have done this much earlier in our married life – if we had had the time as a semi-normal married couple, I could have had Nikki fully feminised, even to the point of becoming a woman with a cunt so that I would be married to my submissive lesbian.

It was now time to reinforce the message and I leaned over to my bedside drawer where I had put some accessories earlier, ready for this take this evening. Out came a newly-acquired face-cock, a leather strap that held a nicely-sized replica of a man's penis made of compressed rubber, a real dong in fact, and a second smaller one on the inside for the wearer to grip on and hold the cock rigid in his or her mouth.

It even came with a lock and key but I wouldn't be needing that tonight.

I pulled away from Nikki, turned around and strapped it onto her, thrilled that there was no resistance and all part of the overall submissive character that I was seeking, noting that for the morning if I needed evidence of just how compliant she could be and that I should transport her over to being a woman more often and for longer each time, the goal to be to see her living permanently as a woman, a necessity for a couple of years that she kept her penis before we could take her over the whole way.

I found myself still on my back and a large black penis extending from my mouth, a smaller one on my side that was wedged between my teeth and allowed me to hold Jo's cock stable as it fucked her.

What a sight this was, her soaking-wet cut now riding up and down the black shaft, the head just appearing at the entrance until she started her next down-stroke and setting off even more white cum to dribble down it, the love-juice coursing its way via the veins which were all part of its moulding – destination, my mouth and chin.

This time, Jo didn't last as long, her next major orgasm following on from where the first one had left off. As Jo later explained, she had only come down off her first peak a short distance, the thought of fucking my face like this taking her higher up into the clouds and really fusing her mind, the cock also going in far deeper than my tongue could ever achieve and her g-spot duly taken out by it.

The result was inevitable and I was subjected to a second tightening of her midriff and a semi-face-sitting as the eruption followed, her cummy geyser not far behind, hot and sticky as she unloaded once again into my mouth, her cum also spraying my face and even into my hair and down over my bra and breasts.

I was hers – ‘use me as you wish, Jo.’

I intended to; this orgasm was so satisfying, the sort that gets the body all warm and tingling, a radiant glow or karma breaking out inside me.

I enjoyed it; gentle sliding up and down Nikki’s prosthetic mouth penis to keep me bubbling away and giving me time to think about taking her, her boy cunt to be invaded, something that I had never done before.

Why not, I do not know but she was going to lose her virginity to me, at least as a woman taking her, as I had no clue at that point whether she had ever experienced a man inside her.

I also noted that I needed to question her about this – maybe she should experience a proper man’s cock fucking her and to see just how true a woman that she was.

At the same time that I had bought the mouth-cock, I had bought a harness with a lovely dildo on it, flesh coloured with a defined penile head, beautifully shaped with the indication that its foreskin was rolled back, detailed veining on the decent-sized shaft, some eight inches long so visually impressive and, I guess about seven inches available to take Nikki’s boy cunt.

This had been the main purchase and reason for the shopping expedition, the mouth-cock, a black Feeldoe and some bondage items all secondary items but that would have their use if this scenario was to develop.

Once again, I dipped into the bedside table drawer and pulled out the harness, the penis hanging from it, the inside with a smaller cock for me to insert in my cunt and to act as an anchor for the main shaft.

Jo moved off me a little, still keeping her cunt in full view to reach across to her bedside table. I couldn't see what she was doing until she decided to stand up above me, that position of ultimate dominance as I looked upwards to her sex and beyond, the underside of her considerable breasts showing, even though she was still bound.

A rather large pink penis swung into sight and there, with me beneath, she stepped into the harness and pulled it up into place.

A little bit of fiddling around and I saw her slide home her end of the dildo, much smaller but still with a good girth that it was, for her then to adjust the side straps so that the whole harness was tight around her and the penis staring erect in front of her.

Another OMG moment it was; she was going to take me with it. I really was going to be taken as a woman and expected to accommodate my female husband's penis, a major step for us and the empowerment of her sex and a cementation of dominance over me.

I heard her for me to roll over and place a pillow under my lower stomach, the purpose of this to elevate my bottom and open me up for a better angle of penetration when she drilled into me.

Just as she gave the order, she poured a little lubricant onto the shaft and started

to wank it, spreading the oil around to help her ease into me – and ‘thank goodness’ was my immediate thought.

She dropped down onto me, covering my back and kissed and nibbled my neck as if she was mother cat with one of her kittens, the tip of her hard penis pressing between my bottom valley, my balls beginning to turn blue in anticipation of what was to come, my erect clitoris trapped between my body and the sheet beneath and unable to move or to be stroked, it being definitely more of a clitoris than a penis in this tight position.

Then I felt the penis at the entrance to my boy-cunt and ready for entry, Joanna to break me in as to use by her and make me her woman. Our minds were thinking alike it turned out to be as she uttered the memorable words, “Nikki, I want you as my girl and I’m going to take you now as my girl. In fact, I want you always as a girl.”

Memories of John taking me for the first time came flashing back as she prepared her penetration.

There I was right on edge wondering whether she was going to inch her way into me or go for the forceful route, the quick entry and break through my pain barrier, as if a token recognition of breaking my hymen and entering my virginal pink love channel.

I’ll recount what happened as Jo asked me about my how I lost my virginity to a man the next morning and, on from that, something about other men in my life.

Coincidentally, and allowing for my memory, Joanna’s cock was about the same length and thickness as John’s, gorgeous that it was.

When we were younger, he was also one of those effeminate boys, as I was, with a lovely bubble-butt that seemed to attract many boys, more alpha than the two of us were, there being a lot more hot air being spouted than action.

I was a year ahead of him but, in fact, we were the same age, the difference being caused a little by my brains but more by my birthday falling during the summer months and that I began primary school when I was four.

We got on well, sharing time, a passion for sport and he was also a very useful cricketer and that gave us a tighter bond.

We had been out kicking rugby balls around, came back to the house that we were based in, and shared a bath, nothing unusual about that, as we were first into the suite where they were, six for the younger house members and four for the seniors.

Somehow, we got onto other boys and who had approached us and those who expressed interest as to the two of us being femmes or what could be better described as 'bottoms.'

Whatever, we ended upstairs in the actual changing room and John came around the corner to my area, sat down next to me and the next thing was that we were kissing and his hand migrated under my towel and he began to wank me.

I pulled away, not in protest, but dropped to my knees, pulled his towel off and there before me was this lovely olive-shaded penis hard and rampant in front of me.

Here was the young boy that I had first known and who had a small weeny and no hair, now more of a man with a throbbing cock and a light black covering of pubic hair – and I took him into my mouth and sucked him to completion, his jism filling my mouth.

I rather liked the taste and I swallowed him, John then tossing me off.

We engaged in oral and masturbatory sex a number of times until we got to the holidays and then he invited me to spend time at his house with his parents away, his elder sister too, the parents happy to leave him behind in the company of a friend and a house-keeper who came in during the day.

This meant the evenings were free and the long and short of it was that, on the second evening, John asked me to put his sister's white lingerie on with black stockings, Warner the brand if I remember correctly so, and I loved the feel of being a girl in front of my boyfriend, behaving like one and offering him my cunt to use – which he did to good effect.

That was it, I was converted and we spent the rest of the time engaged sexually like this as we did back at school, John moving into my double-study/bedroom, nothing untoward suspected and it duly allowing us to be able to have male-on-girl sex whenever we wanted to – which, being teenagers with hormones running rampant, was frequent.

I found Nikki's account rather interesting and indeed erotic - more on this and Nikki's gay side later.

So with Jo covering my back and her cock's head beginning to push at my sphincter, memories were warm and I relaxed, this enabling to make things easier for Jo, as she pushed into me.

A little pain and she let me relax before she pushed on.

Soon she was inside me, my natural rings opening up and allowing Jo to take control of them. Now she was free to fuck me or slowly frot away, my gurl g-spot up there taking a hammering and my bottom arching upwards to receive her, a signal for her that I was enjoying this and becoming the woman that she wanted.

It just felt so good and natural to have my wife fucking me – and I wished that I had suggested this early in our relationship. How much fun and pleasure had both of us missed out on over the years in the name of work?

However, our efforts had freed us for now and being that more mature and comfortable with each other, perhaps we had developed the fertility of our sexual soil to enable the changes coming to take root and then quickly grow.

I came strongly, more of a brain fusion coupled with an oozing of my cum, the orgasm running through as a nervous peak than in my sperm erupting out in a pressurised fountain, the signs of a milking and draining of the prostate happening.

Jo came too, her bottom tightening up as she lunged into me, her kegels giving her pleasure as her vaginal wall clamped around the cock inside her. I heard the moan; deep and guttural that it was, this then accompanied by a leakage of cum

as she was still pretty fluid inside there.

Satisfaction achieved – and for both of us.

Mr Jo Fountain and his wife, Nikki Fountain. Husband-female and Wife-male for the moment but how that would change in the future months to come.

Chapter 7

The Discussion

Gosh, I was taken back by our sex that evening of the Ethiopian Embassy party, the intensity of it being at a level that I had never experienced during my marriage and up there with one or two client experiences when I was an escort as well as with Camilla – and she frequently had such sex with me.

Not only was it the intensity that appealed but also the strong aroma of sex and the manner in which both of us had come, more explosive when it involved ejaculation and strong in the mind when our orgasms switched to being driven off our nervous systems.

Then throw on top of that just how submissive, compliant and the beauty of the pseudo-woman that Nikki had made for and, indeed, it was a heady and memorable mix.

I couldn't believe just how easy it had been and, if I dare use the word, 'accepting' that she had been. There was a definite history here and I wanted to get to the bottom of that as some clues as to my strategy and even my objectives, intermediate goals and timing could become clearer as well as the resources that I would need to put into play.

The one thing that I did know as a 'take-away' from the whole process from the discussion over the invitation to seeing Nikki for the first time, and then our sex, was that we were definitely on for some form of feminisation.

The fundamental question was what would be the depth of transformation and then, following from that, the timing and all the changes involved, mainly in her presentation and communication to the world.

In many ways, it was classic change management.

Our sex continued on beyond what Nikki wrote about, not least me mounting her with her on her back, clitoris stiff and giving me the chance to tease and berate her about the uselessness of it but that I would have to make do as there wasn't an alpha-man's penis around.

It also gave me a chance to demonstrate my authority as I fucked her, bottom towards her toes and my pussy and clitoris on full show to Nikki, allowing her to watch how the entrance to my cunt moved in and out in response to the way that I rode her clitoral shaft.

I don't think that she had ever witnessed anything like this, the reason that I say that being the manner in which she exploded inside me, a puissance that I had rarely felt emerge from her cock when Nikki had been in male mode.

Eventually, sleep started to take us over but, even then, Nikki managed to surprise me and it added to the overall image and information that I had on her want to live as a woman and transform – she went and pulled out a nightie that she had bought when she had gone shopping for her lingerie for this evening, a rather nice 'Three Graces' nightie in a soft, feminine pink that matched her bra, belt and panties, the dress giving the image of sleepwear with its semi-sheer cotton fabric, its billowy silhouette form and laced details.

Quite frankly, it would look just as dreamy worn on the beach at dusk.

I couldn't believe that she had bought it but it was a case of 'well done, you, Nikki' and I had no problem in her putting it on and cuddling in next to me – once my panties had gone over her head to take me in for the rest of the night.

Control of her had to begin straight away if I was going to cement in these foundations that we had started this evening.

Come the morning, I couldn't afford to let her off the hook.

As Nikki woke, I rolled over her, bottom over her face to make her give me some good oral sex, my valley still impregnated with the scents and cum-crusts of the previous evening. What better way was there to remind her that worship of my sex was going to become paramount in our future life.

Only after she had made me cum twice did I lift myself off her, put my hands under her nightie and wank her off, not using my hand directly on her but through her soft, pink panties.

This was deliberately done as I wanted to begin the messaging that if sex was on the cards, then it was going to be with Nikki and not Nick and that I was very much in control.

Jo Fountain with her subbie wife, Nikki would come into play, the question was how quickly?

A quick clean-up in the bathroom, a request that Nikki stayed in her lingerie and breasts and we went downstairs to make some basic breakfast, coffee, cereal, grapefruit and orange juice, some croissants, that sort of thing. I let her borrow one of her robes to go over her rather nice nightie, my thinking that if she was still in female mode, she would be more compliant and open to chatting, my logic being that back as a male, Nikki would become more male-defensive and less likely to tell me about her history and what she wanted from this.

I started the discussion with a review of the previous day.

“So, what did you enjoy about yesterday – and what didn’t you like?”

“Oh – well, most things actually. It was rather fun to go out as a woman, the first time that I have ever gone out as dressed as I was. The event was fun, I thought, and didn’t we do well – and then I have to admit the sex last night was sensational. I have never seen you so turned on.”

“Yes, I was. I more than enjoyed it too and I would love to keep our sex at that level of passion.”

“What I didn’t like was the time I spent in my heels – my feet were sore last night and I was glad to take them off when we got home last night, though the feel of the stockings on my legs and taut on my suspender straps was one heck of a compensation for it.”

“That’s just practice and wearing different shoes during the old day. It’s well

known that having two or three pair of shoes in the office or on an exhibition stand gives much more comfort to the feet.”

“I guess so. That’s my lack of experience.”

“One thing that I did notice is that you seemed to enjoy it and there was little resistance to any of my suggestions - and not just yesterday – it’s been from the very start when we agreed to go to this in a role-reversal. Have you dressed before, Nikki? I’m not being judgemental at all, I just want to know so that we can take this forward perhaps – if you have interest to do so, of course. I’ll say that I do and want to explore this new male side of me to your female side?”

“I’m being totally honest with you when I say that I haven’t cross-dressed since we were married, the fear that I would upset and lose you and I didn’t want that to happen. In fact, the whole idea and want had receded deep into my brain and largely forgotten until this renewed things. No, Joanna....”

“Jo please, when you are dressed as a girl.”

“I think you know that I was dressed by my cavalier and sometime nutty mother with whatever was to hand and that meant that I was frequently in my sisters’ wear, both girls’ underwear and things like dresses, skirts and blouses. Yes, I admit that I became a little addicted to it and I carried on when I should have stopped, as in my teenage years. In many ways, if this makes sense, Jo, I felt more comfortable dressed in panties, cami or training bra and then putting the clothes on.”

“I can understand that. Go on, please.”

“I can’t remember the first time that it became sexual but I guess it was around thirteen or fourteen when I found wearing lingerie exciting, my penis stiffening behind the soft fabric. You girls are so lucky in being able to wear nice and soft things and I kept fantasising that I wanted to become a girl and live like one.”

“Interesting. So as a dressed-up girl, have you had sex with a man?”

“Again, not while we have been married or even going out with each other, but yes as to men before. I lost my virginity to a boy at school who dressed me in his older sister’s Warner lingerie, white it was with black stockings and, if my memory is right, very much like your cock last night.”

“So you were thinking about it? Was I him taking you?”

“I did, but only fleetingly because of the comparison. You are you and not John – that was his name. John and Jo, well maybe that’s a little coincidental but it was you across my back and bottom and I enjoyed being penetrated by you.”

“Would you like to be taken like that again?”

“Yes, I think so – in fact, I know so.”

“If I gave you permission and we screen the man, would you like to have a man take you? I’m serious about this question and there may be consequences as to me taking a more endowed man from time to time – or another woman. I’ll tell

you why in a few minutes – so, conceptually, you could have a male lover as a woman, or lovers, ones that I have selected for you as I want to control you if you are going to live in girl mode?”

I thought about this, wow being the reaction and also as to what she had just said about what was, effectively, an open marriage being put on the table, one with a strong element of dominance and submission to it. A measured response, “Yes, I do think so but tell me more.”

“Before I do that, tell me how much would you like to live as a woman, to be able to go through what you have these last few days and build a wardrobe of clothes, lingerie and experience salons. I would demand you to be very feminine and to keep pushing yourself, even to the point of growing breasts and maybe more – all safely and constructed of course and with open dialogue about it between us?”

“You are wanting me to live as a woman? Is that what you are saying?”

“Nikki – in simple words, yes. You would take my surname and live as Nikki Fountain, my wife and lesbian partner. I would want Nick Collter to recede into the background.”

“And the office?”

“Yes, there too but in time when we are ready. Fountain & Fountain perhaps. Nikki, everything would be taken in a measured manner. So you know, I do have one or two contacts that could help us if we go forward, one of whom became a good friend of mine and was at our marriage, Bryony Trott, a lawyer, who has

some specialist knowledge of sex changes and all the legal issues that go with that, never mind other resources.”

“Goodness me, you are a river that runs deep. Yes, I remember her, very small, pretty, blonde-haired, about our age and, intellectually, a bit of a fire-cracker.”

“Yes, that’s her, a woman not to be trifled with. Many have tried and in thinking that she is a mere slip of a girl, only for them to be sliced and diced. Before I tell you about our linkage, have you had other men?”

“Three, one not worth mentioning except that he made me drink my own sperm out of a wineglass in his want to control me, someone at Uni who was quite cute and then Jonathan, a lawyer as well – in employment and he loved to see me dressed and then service his cock, one that was quite long and thin – and amazingly curved. And, as I said, nothing since we started going out.”

“I believe you and I have no issue – let’s look forward and see how we can splice this into our future relationship and sex-life. As I said before, you can have a male lover, maybe another female one, if I approve and that you allow me to take lovers as well – but that will be my choice as we move into a world of feminine lesbian dominance with me being your Domme. I also know about your scent fetish and we’ll exploit that too. By the way, as I mentioned before, your youngest sis spilled quite a few beans about you recently. Don’t admonish her next time you two talk but rather thank her on both our parts.”

I smiled at that – yes, Jo had me sussed well and truly – at least the platform for coming out was being laid. But what about her?

“Well, can I understand where you are coming from on this, Jo? There’s a deeper side to you that needs to surface, I suspect?”

“Yes. Let me start at the end first. I think that we need to redefine our relationship and the run into yesterday and last night has shown us the direction perhaps. I’m not blaming you and I’m not blaming myself but our marriage, sex-wise, has been somewhat subsumed by our Company. I’m not being critical but tell me, it has taken its toll in establishing it and managing the change both in terms of clients and resourcing. Something had to give and it was sex – in short, we need to make more time together and go on an exploratory trip that involves confidence and trust as we go forward.”

“I agree with you; however it has given us a platform for further growth and the wealth and house that we enjoy today, so there are upsides to what has happened. I hear you though, as to the cost and agree wholeheartedly about needing to make time and being a bit more creative – and have fun and perhaps more sexual satisfaction like last night.”

“Like you, I have my gay side. In fact, most of my sex before I met you was with women. I’m bi though and back in my late teens and early twenties, I enjoyed proper cocks from men who knew how to use them – that’s few though. Women on the other hand...”

I had my suspicions but this was the first time that she had mentioned it outright. She carried on,

“You may be appalled at what you are going to hear but it has happened and I have to live with it. However, there are elements of my past that I would love to continue and explore more deeply. My first experience of sex came with a girl at school called Linda and, like a lot of female teenagers, we enjoyed exploring each other and had some good sex, my mother more than okay with it as she had various girlfriends when she was a ballerina. However, it was Girton College

that really developed my lesbian side and my want for alternative sex.”

I probably raised my eyebrows.

“You may find this hard to believe but my tutor took to me – and she was dominant, teaching me all about the joys of lesbian sex and many aspects of BDSM while I was there. Do you remember Camilla?”

“I do. She was at our wedding too.”

“Well, I have consulted her from time to time but she did see the change in me and the want to dominate. Being her submissive was a very good foundation and she really brought home the message in the way that she had me denuded underneath my eyes, a full body wax at her expense every three weeks, the way she had me dress both in terms of outfits and lingerie, including her used wear, and the adoration sex that she had me practice on her – and her friends. She lent me out from time to time and largely I enjoyed it.”

“I think that I can understand.”

“I mention it as because when I went to Business School, money was pretty tight to say the least, London not exactly the cheapest place for students to live. I asked Camilla and she put me in touch with Bryony. Nikki, there’s a rather exclusive global club out there for dominant lesbians, the really wealthy, royal princesses, Queens, and even various female celebs and when I mean wealth, we aren’t talking a million or two, probably more like fifty and above. Bryony provides services to these women, legal issues solved and then things like submissive management, permits, employment contract, marriage contracts,

visas, work permits and even identification changes.”

“Interesting but I am not sure where you are going?”

“Firstly, she has coordinated a few gurls through sex transformation and she has her contacts on the medical and training front, so she could be a super resource for us if you want to go the feminisation route and, frankly, I would love you to do so as you are a natural and I would prefer having you as a lesbian partner and not a man. Secondly, she helped me out by getting me some highly-paid dates with dominants in town and, in the holiday times, in Europe that more than paid my way. With some of them, I got to switch, as I was changing too, and even responsible for introducing and training some of their daughters, a fun avenue.”

“So, if I am reading you right, you were an escort?”

“Yes, I’m partly ashamed by this. It certainly sorted me out financially and gave me the resources to get through school, set up my first place and the capital for F&C. I admit that I worked quite regularly when I joined my agency post degree. And dare I say, it was also enjoyable work for the most part, really enjoyable and illuminating at times.”

“So have you continued this at all?”

“While we were going out, a few times with Camilla and, at her insistence, special clients – and Maria, she on the night before our wedding but no-one since, I can assure you, though I missed our sessions early on.”

“Would you like to return to it now?”

“Well, not for the money – not for being a submissive either unless there was something special to learn. However, I wouldn’t mind having a friend like Maria, along with you and perhaps our own live-in submissive – and then a boyfriend for a real cock, something that we could both share perhaps.”

“I still don’t know what you saw in me, Jo, given what you have told me and your love of alpha-men. I certainly don’t qualify on that front.”

“I married you for your brain, your consideration, your diligence, manners and that you have quite a portfolio of feminine qualities, never mind your girlish body and yesterday affirmed that you are, in many ways, a woman trapped in a man’s body”

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I was blushing now.

“And I want to release that side of you and come along for the ride to steer and coach you and, when needed, to order, push and punish you.”

From blushing to gulping in five seconds, only Jo could do that to me.

“So how do we move this on, then?”

“In your time, to some extent and you need to talk to me about any concerns,

questions and all the rest. I want to understand your emotional ride too and bring this out as one of your female qualities. So a promise on that, please.”

I nodded my consent.

“I would suggest that we arrange to keep Fridays clear for your preparation and any feminine advancement or shopping and then we can live as a pair of lesbians from Friday through to Monday morning. Then see how this goes and take it from there as to full-time living and telling the staff.”

With a wry smile, Jo added, “Maybe we should elevate you to just an Emeritus Board Director and make you my secretary.”

Laughter followed but was Jo being serious?

“Nope, let’s go and get you dressed and then we can go and have a good shop for some basics, lingerie, a few outfits and shoes, enough to get your wardrobe going.”

Having cleared up, we went upstairs and forty-five minutes later, I emerged to go shopping dressed in Joanna’s panties from yesterday, and rather thrilling that it was to have her cunt up against my clitoris.

I also had on my bra that I had worn for the evening, my breasts still secure on my chest and then, for outerwear, a silk blue jumpsuit that I paired with white bobby socks and boating shoes that looked like plimsolls.

Jo helped me with my make-up and hair and, once again, it was hard to tell that I wasn't a woman, she suggesting that I needed to get some lessons so that I could master this, a key essential in women's daily preparation.

Off we went, our first stop being Harvey Nichols for lingerie shopping and forty-five minutes later, I had a fair selection of Macpherson, Lejaby, Simone Perele, Wacoal and Welford, as well as two gorgeous Adina Reay balcony bras that looked like basques with suspender straps when combined with their knickers and so simple with their transparent-tulle and the hint of stays, enough to have Jo saying that she wanted to see me in them.

Harrods saw my lingerie drawers even fuller with Fantasie, I.D. Sarrieri, Eberjey and Chantelle, a small fortune spent.

We also added in a couple of dresses from each store.

Over lunch in the Harrods Urban Retreat Café, up by the spa on the fifth floor, Jo started to lay out the future.

“Nikki, I think that we need to get you out of male underwear and pyjamas soonest, so I’m strongly suggesting that we discard it all this weekend so that you can live in women’s lingerie twenty-four seven. I suggest tomorrow that we go up to Oxford Street and blitz Selfridges and John Lewis for what I would call more normal lingerie. The other thing is that I have some panties, stockings and hose that will fit you but bras and tops, well. All you need do is look.”

I laughed; it was a case of stating the obvious.

“While we are up there, we can also look at M&S as they carry a range of tops, blouses, pants and leggings that may be interest to you as they are quite androgynous in look but at least you would be wearing female wear without the entire world knowing about it. I’m thinking about the office too. Ditto Selfridges and Lewis for our raid too.”

“So you see me living full-time as a woman?”

“Maybe not this week or next but I would hope that we could do. As I said at breakfast, I want to see you living as Nikki and condemn Nick to the archives of our lives. I think your sisters would welcome it from what I gleaned from Angie – and I mean not as a man living in women’s clothes but as a woman. So, if it isn’t clear or if you haven’t already done so, you do need to think about making the leap to being a full woman – and, okay, we need to do some research work as to how far we can travel with this and when and where.”

“I think I know the answer but what do you get from this if we go ahead?”

“I suspect you know – but, basically, I get you as a woman and that I like, the combination of you personally and then combined with more of a female body and in mind too probably as you warp through – and, then, a more creative and open relationship that allows both of us to explore different people and, in my case, to renew my lesbianism from my earlier life and all that entailed in developing my dominant side. However, for both of us, I think it is a win-win. Well, I hope it is.”

“And if I was to say no to this?”

“Well, Nikki, if it was now and you haven’t really tried, I would be really disappointed and we have put things on the line as to improving our marital relationship outside work, so you maybe closing off options as I know deep within that I need to sate my burning sexual desire to have more sex, mainly with women, and that isn’t going away. So, to be blunt, it’s with you or elsewhere and if you don’t want to come along for the ride, then we may have to live with the consequences of that. If down the road, then that is a fairer request and we would have to manage accordingly.”

I swallowed hard.

“No, I wasn’t talking about backing out now – just look at how I am dressed now.”

“I could blackmail you, you know; what with Angie what has told me and the pictures that I now have in my possession but I don’t really want to put Fountain & Collter at risk. So fair enough, if you are prepared to work with me and listen to instructions, then we will proceed. Sure we will discuss things but if there is going to be leadership and progress around here, that has to be in my court, as we know. A brilliant finance man or woman you may be, but ‘Miss Decisive’ you are not, as we know. You just get the extra dimension with my want for dominating you.”

“So what are you thinking of as to how we progress beyond this weekend and when?”

“I’ve been giving this some thought, Nikki – apart from carrying on extending your wardrobe and taking your male clothing and underwear out as we go on and then starting to add to our sex toys and equipment to get ready to dominate you, I think that we should have a meeting with Bryony. As I have mentioned, she has a lot of experience around dominance and submission and I know that she has handled a few gurls like you, usually more advanced but I bet she will have

some useful advice and access to resources.”

“I guess that makes sense as it would be non-committal.”

“No, it will be committal; I am not going to mess her around, otherwise. No, we will get her to meet you over dinner perhaps. What nights are you free this coming week – I’m okay for Wednesday on – and, if you have forgotten, we’re both out at the Adcon event in Paris on Tuesday evening.”

“I’m okay, I think.”

“Okay, let me contact Bryony when we get back home. Let’s go and do some more shopping, Gurl.”

The rest of the afternoon was spent cruising Beauchamp Place, Wilton Street and then Sloane Street, ending in the King’s Road.

You name it, we seem to be carrying it, three skirts, five blouses, three jumpers, hosiery, some more lingerie in Rigby & Peller, Triumph, Elomi and Barbara, and then hosiery and shoes. Throw in cosmetics, a one-piece swimming suit, two nighties and a robe and we had to taxi it back the relatively short distance from Sloane Square – and we had a nice hole in one of our savings accounts coming to clear the credit cards that we had used. Thank goodness that we were flush with cash.

Becoming a woman certainly is not cheap.

I was exhausted – what women have to go through to look good though, I have to accept, all of this was a bit of a commando raid to the normal purchasing habits of an average woman.

I had Nikki take a long bath to recover – keeping her breasts on – she was pretty tired from the distance that we had covered but probably it was also a product of mental exhaustion in making the switch to being a woman, both physically and mentally. I had to cut her some slack because as she flagged, she began to forget to shorten her stride and wiggle her hips through her walk and she had to watch her voice too.

However, we had achieved a lot, an awful lot and I had found it quite rewarding to watch her and see how she responded to this softer and sensual world of femininity – and, my goodness, it was like watching a duck finding a beautiful lake.

As she soaked away her aches and pains and digested what she had experienced with all this shopping and female service, I phoned Bryony to say what I had done, how things had progressed and whether we could meet with her to ask her for some advice.

I was at pains to point out that even though she had experience of dressing as a child and a young adult, she was new back to the scene, however what was evident was how she had gone straight into the deep end, recognising that she wasn't the normal 'advanced' gurl that Bryony normally handled.

Bryony was marvellous, her comment to put me at ease, "Joanna, I can tell within a few minutes, first impressions and all that plus the way that the girl

responds to questions, to just how girly they are and their positioning on the cross-dressing to transsexuality spectrum that we are looking at. I can remember her from your wedding of course and I came away with the impression of her being a very nice and accommodating man and probably with a very strong feminine side to her, plus her body shape, and so what you have told me, doesn't surprise me, not at all."

We ended up making a date for dinner – the coming Friday night, the idea being that Nikki could use Friday for some salon work, shopping and then her preparation and another make-up session from the gorgeous Jackie.

We would meet at our house and then go on to dinner from there, so Bryony could see Nikki in both private and public situations and conduct her assessment accordingly.

I went upstairs, joined Nikki in the bathroom, stripped down, saving my panties for later by putting them in a ziplock bag and got into the bath.

"I've been on the phone to Bryony, Nikki. We've got a date or rather you have in terms of your preparation. Friday and we meet here and then we'll go on and eat outside. Knowing Bryony, can I suggest 'Murano,' as she loves Italian food?"

"Fine by me."

"You'll have the opportunity to explore anything on transformation and feminine domination with her. It could be legal as in changing your name, transsexual surgery be it reassignment or cosmetic, mental assessments, slave or service contracts – and I would be interested in the latter, even additional training like

posture and voice. You name it, she'll know about it."

Jo had me dress in new lingerie, an Ejaby pink and white set, tan stockings, matching sandals and then a floral dress that we had got from Nichols, an Alice + Olivia embroidered lace and sleeveless dress, fully lined, mid-weight and much shorter in the hem than my cocktail dress for the Embassy, an even more sense of exposure to my panties and the tops of my stockings riding their white suspender straps.

We went off towards Covent Garden, Jo wanting to visit a shop at Coco de Mer, an upmarket sex shop.

She wasn't done yet warping the credit card and we came away with two of their brand 'Egretta' silk and lace nighties-cum-slips for me and a couple of more masculine-looking but still female chemises for her.

Alongside this went a black and flesh bodysuit, two spreaders, cuffs, a choker and a lead, and a rather bizarre 'Sylph' long-line bra, black in colour, that had no cup and would expose our breasts.

Immediately, I could imagine Jo's breasts and nipples being presented to me as she wore this, an open knicker also in black and nothing left to the imagination underneath. Throw in a crop, a flogger and two canes – one of which, their Delrin, was ultra-thin and two feet of future pain coming my way.

Once again, we were loaded with black and gold Coco de Mer bags, imprinted with their nut logo, when we left the shop and needed a taxi, Jo having booked a table at the original Hakkasan in Hanway Place, perhaps London's best Chinese

restaurant and carrying a Michelin star for several years.

She knew that I enjoyed this restaurant, its food sensational and its décor very Chinese contemporary, as if it was almost inside an industrial warehouse, with a lot of use of black and blue.

What I hadn't realised was that there was some madness to her reasoning and choice as my white background floral dress stood out under the down-spotlights.

It was one of those moments when one feels really small, the feeling that everybody was watching us as we walked in, the bags deposited safely with their receptionist, a swish of the hips and clutching a tan bag in my hands, Jo dressed in a black trouser suit meaning that all eyes migrated to me.

God, would I get used to being stared at, Jo telling me once we were sat down that I had better get used to it, men and some women wanting to have their hands inside my panties to feel and tease me. If only they knew.

I was glad to get to the relative safety of the table, Jo starting by saying that I was lucky. Camilla had often taken her into restaurants with a collar around her neck and leading her in with a leash on and that I needed to experience this, an excellent public manifestation and lesson that I was her submissive and that sexual domination of me was on the cards later.

We looked through the menu as a bottle of cold white Rioja came to the table, our choices then har gau, scallop shumai, Chinese chive dumplings, and duck and yam bean dumpling. Some fabulous Wagyu beef Szechuan puffs, stir-fry Chilean sea-bass in truffle sauce, Australian spicy lobster in black bean sauce

and prawn and squid noodles saw us more than sated.

Jo started telling me more about some of the details of what Camilla got up to as her tutor and Domme, the lesson coming home that we weren't talking necessarily about sex but more about a life-style where Jo was totally immersed in service to her dominant, and very much twenty-four seven.

Having got Nikki to a point that she seemed pretty compliant and accepting of her situation of being feminised and also that she hadn't objected to dinner with Bryony, it was now time to push home on my dominance and the world of submission that she would be entering at the same time.

Deliberately, I started recounting some of my history with Camilla, starting with that first serious session with her. I began as I did earlier in this script with a descriptor of her and how she was a beautiful woman and in a fit condition for someone in her fifties, the impression being that she was in her early forties and not fifty-three.

She lured me over dinner in her tutor's quarters, plenty of wine and lots of personal questions and effectively teasing it out of me that I had a lesbian tendency and my relationship with Linda. She had then revealed that she was a dominant lesbian and fancied developing something with me. That evening, I found myself on my knees and under her skirt, paying her vaginal homage, a short but rewarding session and a promise for me to consider a committal to her and, if I was up for it, to present myself in a short white dress with white lingerie on underneath as in the traditional full bra, suspender belt and bikini panties and then tan stockings, and on my knees at her front door the next evening.

She also added her 'bribe' in telling me that with us being close and linked sexually would lead to me gaining a first, as it had with past girls and because of

the intensity of what we would go through, very much a personal guidance in more ways than one, and a relationship for life.

I presented myself as instructed and I was collared and led in, a glass of red wine as Camilla outlined what she wanted and expected of me, her approach as if she was authoritative but maternal, some questioning of me to ensure that I fully understood what I was committing myself to and that submitting to her was very much my decision.

I described Camilla's take of me in the way that she had me strapped over her leather horse, my arms pulled down and tied off and the same for my legs, this leaving my sex totally exposed to her play, my breasts too.

My head was slightly raised, the horse with a built-in head-cushion to provide comfort for me and therefore hopefully more endurance in tonguing her as I worshipped her sopping middle-aged cunt.

Truth be told, I wanted to do this to Nikki, not least as Camilla saw this as a form of marking me as belonging to her, a form of induction ceremony between the two of us.

I described how Camilla had straddled me, right over my face, demanding that I lick, kiss and suck her to an orgasm and that she would unload over me and then the moment when she did, her, filling of my mouth with her nectar before smearing the rest of it over my face and into my hair.

I have to admit that I had a small problem as Jo recounted this to me and it wasn't the food.

I had quite a clitoral stiffy going on inside my panties and I so wanted to masturbate it and cum, not that this would have been appreciated by most in Hakkasan that evening.

Of course, I went on to tell Nikki about her redolent panties went into my mouth so as to gag me and then how she returned with a cut-throat razor, a pair of scissors, shaving cream, a brush, hot towels and a bottle of softening lotion.

Poor old Nikki was in quite a state when I started recounting how the hot towel went over my mons and Camilla going on about that while I was with her then I was to present myself freshly depilated, either razored, waxed or permanent removal – and that it was my choice with her paying for either of the last two options.

As we know, I went for waxing; the pain of my hair roots being removed reminding me of my devotion to her and knowing that she would shortly be taking her mouth to my slit and bring me to an exquisite orgasm before a prolonged fuck session.

I described the intimacy of the shave and Camilla's attention to detail, particularly around my vaginal entrance and anus, the result being to strip me so that I looked like a young pubeless girl again but with over-developed labia and my clitoris enlarged and then how I was ready to submit to her straddling my face or in licking my slit – and it was the latter route that she went, the feeling of being eaten out when restrained a heavenly one and how intense my resulting orgasm was, a climax to stop the world for.

She didn't finish with me there and then, instead she slipped a gold harness on with a very large dildo mounted through it and I realised that she was going to mount me and make me hers, forever. The feel of her inside me was amazing as if

she was uniting with me and making us one, my pussy walls bursting with the pressure of that gold cock riding them, my uterus her next target surely.

I told Nikki that I screamed into her panties, a cry of pure lust and ecstasy and when I came, it was so powerful and embracing, my body amazingly wrecked with nervous energy flowing around it. I also told Nikki that she said that I would always be her property, to be used, whatever happened and wherever and when in our lives, a lesbian unification and that she still has that hold over me though we have not intertwined for a few years now.

Maybe we should?

Maybe I should pass back into service to her to improve my ability to dominate Nikki or any other girl we secure – and, yes, I liked the idea of a troilistic relationship with me in charge of my two girls.

In addition to Bryony, Camilla could be useful for widening our sex contacts and I quite fancied serving her sixty-year-old pussy, anus and nipples and it could be good training for Nikki.

Jo's description of her time with Camilla certainly had me going. I had met her a couple of times, the wedding included. I knew that they were close but put this down to the tutor-student relationship; after all I had kept in touch with my tutor, by Christmas card exchange mainly.

I had no idea that Jo had been her submissive and, to some extent, still was.

The idea of a middle-aged woman face-sitting Joanna or licking her into a frenzy before fucking her, and with her pubic hair all waxed off, was highly erotic. And then to think it was Camilla who got her to meet Bryony and into what was effectively niche and highly premium escorting, well. I sensed that we were on the edge of something incredibly intriguing, exciting and perhaps even outright dangerous, in the sense of if this highly powerful circle of dominant women were transgressed, I would hate to think of the repercussions.

Over Hakkasan's coconut 'semifreddo' and a Jivara 'bomb', Jo carried on describing some of her antics as an escort, more with an emphasis of switching and how she enjoyed developing the dominant side of her personality – something easy to understand in the way that it dovetailed into her strong leadership qualities.

This had been so alluring in attracting her to me and in making her the lead, the Chairman and President of Fountain & Collter.

I 'enjoyed' her account of developing two of her Middle Eastern client's daughters and committing them to the Sapphic world that their mother played in, the recognition that they could get far more sexual satisfaction in their lives from woman-to-woman sex and love than with any Sheikh or Muslim tribal leader.

'Accommodate a good cock and leave it at that – you know the men will play, so don't become besotted with your man. Let him fuck you, blank it out and go back to your female lovers and enjoy good sex with them, either as a submissive or dominant to them.' That had been her sanguine advice.

Her description of sex with Pavia and Hettie, two young-looking Persian teenagers was particularly interesting, the meets occurring in Paris and Tehran during holiday times.

She told me how she had them permanently depilated and then taught them the joys of giving oral sex using each other, as well as in using harness cocks, Feeldoes, and other sex toys and introducing other fetishes and BDSM to them, as well as piercing that was arranged by their mother.

This was all about imparting and widening their girl-on-girl experience before they were shipped to intensive training in the middle of France in some château to prepare them for their life on the Domme circuit, their mother's objective being this route and that Pavia and Hettie were kept away from men.

Given their background, their destiny was probably to enter the closeted environment of a sheikha's or royal princess's harem, their focus to be their older dominant mistress.

The thought of two such girls, stripped back and now having no body hair at all, hardly any breasts, dark brown nipples and those lovely wide, brown and doey eyes that Persians have, was sexually appealing and it did make me wonder how she wanted to handle me.

What took me aback was that she introduced them to toilet management. Jo owned up to enjoying watersports, an activity that Camilla had introduced to her and even take her into the world of menstrual and number two service, her comment being that this was 'something you should learn in due time, Nikki – and you will, if I have my way.'

Yes to this and, when I said that to Nikki, I meant it.

I was still in quite a state when we left the restaurant, a prayer and a hope that nobody would notice what was under my dress, my clitoris straining inside my panties. Jo knew this but nothing said though.

A taxi ride home and she led me upstairs, our bags in hand.

In our bedroom, Jo soon had my dress off and down to my lingerie and then an instruction to get on to the bed and lie down.

A quick foraging in the bags and her side-drawer and out came the mouth dildo one more time, a blindfold, one of the spreaders and two cuffs and chains to spread-eagle my arms, rendering me pretty useless when it came to movement, other than bucking my hips.

Once I was securely tied down, Jo fitted the blindfold on and then her mouth dildo, my imagination now running rampant as I heard her undress and climb back onto the bed to lower her wet cunt onto the cock sticking up from my mouth

I enjoyed the feeling of Nikki's cock entering me – and also the sense of control that I had over her – how complicit and obedient could she be?

Slowly, I moved up and down the shaft, exercising my thighs and kegels, the pleasure waves starting to run outwards. As to Nikki, I knew what it was like to be blindfolded and under a woman's cunt – actually one of my favourite things as a submissive, the mind running rampant at the mental image of your Domme's vaginal lips opening and closing down with each cycle and the way her pre-cum would appear and bubble away.

Not only this but her aroma could be even sweeter to take in – they always say that other senses sharpen in compensation when one is lost and, as to sex, I couldn't agree more, smell, taste, hearing and touch all heightened when I was blindfolded. I hoped that this would be the same for Nikki.

It was – and incredibly powerful too in a want to service her and yield anything she wanted up to her.

The second thing was what was running through my mind and that was a sense of satisfaction was Nikki's continuing compliance – given a little time, challenges and discipline, I knew that I could shape her into something ultra-submissive, a warmth about this coming over me. Maybe it was my age, maturity, success and comfort in life – I also needed the challenge and what better one was there than feminising my husband, teach him how to live as a woman and dominate his life in every single aspect that it became 'her' life, even answerable to other girls and women.

My orgasm hit me hard and I went for a second one at Nikki's expense – his could wait and, in fact, it was there and then that I realised some orgasm discipline on her part was necessary; nay, it was essential, as was restricted access to my cunt.

Then I took him in his boy-cunt, even more receptive and cumming on my fucking of him than the previous evening.

It was heaven when I ejaculated; that very different orgasm to the night before, more womanly in the way my mind came into play. I became Her's.

Chapter 8

Ms. Trott

I also found out the power of that thin cane before Jo took me in my boy-cunt, the swish as it cut through the air and then impact time and how it stung.

However, it was bizarre, very bizarre, as this pain started to turn to warmth and pleasure, as if I was really alive and standing on the edge of a nervous cliff, a buzz that was converted into an exquisite orgasm and more in the mind than my penis or anus when Jo fucked me with her cock.

God, this sex was different, more impassioned and a lot more energy and satisfaction spewing out from it, a higher degree of trust involved in it, I would say too.

The whole weekend was spent dressed and living as a woman, as Jo had suggested, and with lots of tips and advice on a range of feminine issues and care.

I have to say that I enjoyed it, the woman in our relationship as such. Jo even went to the extent of buying herself some tank tops and Hanro plain panties, her stated want to reduce her female wear, or 'frivolous lacy panties' and pass them over to me, her bras, tops and camis pretty useless because of her cup size.

The purge of our closets had begun.

The weekend passed ever so quickly with me living as a woman for the whole time, dressed properly for the daytime, nighties for the evening time, Jo giving me tips and advice mainly of a behavioural nature but also some cosmetic work too.

I must say that I quite enjoyed it – and a secession of overall responsibility to her.

Monday came around too quickly but, even then, Jo insisted that I went to work dressed in lingerie, a floral bra and matching panties, a deep white suspender belt from the collection that we had assembled and tan stockings on my naked legs.

What a feeling this was under my suit – and, as such, I felt quite nervous and exposed about this.

I noticed a change in Jo's wear too, more of an austere cut to her underwear and clothes, Hanro briefs and one of their ultra-light tank tops, and then a white shirt with a narrow wing-collar and a black work suit, albeit silk but what the City would term 'professional' and quite androgynous in nature.

On our walk over to the office, Jo told me, "Nikki, I think that you should look to wearing lingerie all the time from now on – it should remind you of what you want to become and what you are already in mind and that is one of us."

"No male underwear at all."

“No – and eventually no male socks either. Imagine the day that you can walk into the office in a lovely dress or a woman’s linen suit, your stockings riding on their suspenders as your heels click along, short strides mind you.”

“Mmmmm, surely that would be quite a time?”

“Not necessarily; it’s up to you and me, isn’t it?”

“So what about the doctor? Surely I would need men’s shorts for a visit?”

“Why, there are perfectly good plain white and black or even grey panties out there. M&S, Ellen Tracey, you name it – even like the ones that I am wearing today, Hanro. Who could tell the difference and, frankly, who cares if you are in panties? It’s a question of your confidence and this will come in time.”

How I got through the day, who knows? My penis, or clitoris as Jo kept calling it, had a habit of stiffening behind my panties, the stockings also making their contribution and my mind drifting off back to the silken onslaught of the weekend and the feel of Jo deep inside me and fucking me just like a man.

And how she had cum. I had never seen her like this and her scent of sex was so intense and pervading, not only our bedroom and bathroom doused in it, but the main living room too.

Not that I was complaining.

We left for Paris and there was no way that Jo was letting me relax, lingerie again but no bra for flying, just a cami with spaghetti straps, coffee coloured on the way out with a pair of Wacoal hi-side panties that were ultra-soft to the touch and with some rather delicious lace over the leg hems.

What surprised me was that we had time to visit the Galeries Lafayette in Boulevard Haussman and a small raid on their incredible lingerie department that seemed to dwarf that of Selfridges. Sets of Barbara, Lise Charmel and Princesse Tam Tam made their way back to the hotel and this before we went around the corner from the hotel, Le Meurice, into Rue Cambon.

I remembered that there was a rather sumptuous lingerie boutique in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré area of the town but not its name, not a large shop but that they carried a limited range of prêt-à-porter but were better known for their custom work. On Sunday, I had called Bryony and she mentioned ‘Alice Cadolle’ and that, if I was interested, she would call them and get an appointment at short notice and pave the way given Nikki’s inexperience, the appointment to be at the end of the commercial day.

“Get him measured so that you are prepared for advanced corsetry pieces down the line and perhaps a set of their ready-to-wear, perhaps. I would love to see him in it on Friday evening at some point, white perhaps to contrast against you in black. What do you think?”

I thought it was an excellent idea and it certainly would add a little more frisson to both Paris and then Friday night.

We had checked into the hotel nicely on time, everything travel-wise so smooth from our house to Heathrow and over to Paris. We then visited our new offices, a couple of meetings and then I made the excuse that we had an outside investor meeting, a guise for getting Nikki out and along to Galeries Lafayette as a first stop – quite successful that this was.

Back to the Hotel Le Meurice to drop off our bags and a quick cup of tea, a little interval that we both needed and a chance to talk about women's stuff, lingerie and periods the topics if I remember right.

Tea over, I took her hand and said that we had one more appointment, a 'nice' surprise for her and a suggestion of Bryony's that must be experienced when in Paris -, and within an easy three hundred metre walk of the hotel – 'and you are not even in heels this evening, Nikki.'

I must add that this was a surprise; I thought that we had some time for a nice leisurely bath and shower together and a chance for me to worship Jo's vagina and anus.

Off we went, hand-in-hand, Jo leading, a hold-all in her other hand, and we strolled down the Rue de Rivoli in the direction of the Place de la Concorde and then turned right into Rue Cambon, as if we were going to the Faubourg.

A short distance and suddenly we were in front of what I could only describe as a lush shop front, crimson and gold the colours and, in the window, the most exotic lingerie on six torso female mannequins.

Jo pulled me slightly; my goodness she was going in. Surely this was for her.

A young girl, about twenty-six or seven appeared, a typical French girl in so much that she was black-haired, quite pasty in her skin-tone, dark eyes and appearing very demure. Jo spoke to her in French, her command of the language

better than mine, but soon I paled, I was to be the model here.

« Mon dieu, - il ne peut pas être possible. »

It was though – delicious in every sense. Nikki's face was priceless – a deathly shade of white coming over her when she realised that she was going to be measured for custom corsetry and lingerie. There he was standing in his suit, this to be removed to expose her lingerie underneath. Thank you, Bryony, this was inspirational.

I was quaking now, the prospect of having to strip off in this shop and in front of the Cadolle's salesgirl really quite frightening.

She turned to me, speaking in English with a rich French burr to it, "Good afternoon, Monsieur ou Mademoiselle, I am Adele. I have seen this all before to put you at ease. We have the occasional how do you day it, 'Transsexuelle' in from time to time and quite a few of you English, thanks to Mademoiselle Trott in London.

Bryony's doing – given what Jo had told me about her, why was I not surprised?

This Adele continued.

"However, it's not often we get a man coming in through the front door, unless it is to buy a cadeaux for his girlfriend, wife, or partner. Mademoiselle Trott did tell us that you are just starting out on your conversion and may be nervous. So

don't worry, it is the end of the afternoon and we probably won't have any other clients come in and, anyway, you will be in one of our measuring and try-on rooms."

Well, this was something; I let a long breath out, one of some relief, a nice smile on Adele's face.

I could see the change in Nikki's demeanour instantly as Adele put her at some ease – a visible relaxation of the shoulders and the tension easing from her body. Adele was very cute in the way that she handled Nikki, what the French would call 'mignon.'

Adele directed us into one of her dressing rooms and, my, was it a French boudoir, Empire furniture, brocades, heavy drapes and more of the burgundy and gold. In the centre of the room was a low dais, around the side two cabinets with various items of the couturier's trade and the two ornate chairs.

She asked us if we wanted a drink, Jo taking a black tea and I mentioned that I needed a stiff X.O. cognac for this. Giggles all around as Adele disappeared to brew the tea.

With her kettle on, she returned and asked me to strip down but that I could leave my underwear on, an aside that she had seen it all before.

Naturally, I baulked.

Jo intervened, “She said that she has seen it all before and that includes men in women’s lingerie, Nikki. I could have had you dress before you came in here, so come on, lets get you down to your bra and panties.”

Turning to Adele, she asked, “Do you want him out of anything – she’s wearing stockings and a suspender belt too.”

“Non, Madame, I am ok, though I will have her take off her bra and panties when I need my measurements. One question though, do you have her wearing false breasts and if so what size?”

“Even better, Adele, I have brought them with me and they’re in the holdall. I’ll get her to put them on while you get the tea.”

“Parfait, that will allow things to be more accurate. If you get her onto hormones, we can always measure her progress and even adapt some of our cups and waistlines; that is part of our service.”

“Excellent, Bryony did say that you offer such an excellent service for the community and her clients.”

I thought the world was going to end.

I took my holdall and pulled out Nikki’s breasts and handed them over to her, telling her to remove her bra and put them on, Adele needing to measure her chest, the middle and upper lines of her breasts and even her nipple size as well

as under the arms and shoulders.

This was not a normal bra or basque that we would be buying and haute couture allows for adaption as the body changes, particularly important with Nikki's type.

Inside, I was chuckling away, Nikki squirming with what was to come. Oh such dominance, but an important message that I expected my submissive to do the necessary to become a beautiful woman for me and no half-hearted measures were going to be the norm.

And, if it wasn't already evident, I wanted a transsexual woman as my partner and lesbian wife and not a man who was a transvestite. I was also aware that I had to tip her over the cliff and that meant triggering her sexual want as a woman, not as a man. I sensed that Bryony would be looking at this and could advise accordingly. Until Friday – let it roll on, I couldn't wait.

Adele returned with my tea and she picked up her notepad and tape measure. "Could you help me, Madame, and write down Mademoiselle's measurements as I call them out? It will help us as to time."

Though I was tempted to make Nikki squirm some more; however, to be fair to Adele, we were at the end of the day.

Adele began with my breasts, her hands whizzing around me as she quickly positioned her tape, took the measurement and gave Jo a descriptor like 'lower bust' or 'armpit to nipple' and the length in metric.

Here I was, standing on the dais and feeling unbelievably vulnerable, hardly believing that Jo had the audacity to put me through this.

Adele was certainly professional and started discussing my physique and how it would change, her point being how fine-boned and feminine I was to begin with, “so delicate like a French Jules Steiner porcelain doll.”

Jo giggled at that, “Yes, she is already rather feminine, physically and in mind, the latter being one of her enduring features and why we married. Now, Adele, I want change and to see her as my woman in life.”

« Je comprends ce que vous pensez, madame, je comprends très bien. »

Adele continued on, my waist being her next target, three measurements taken around it and also the distance from my bra line to the small of my back and then my belly button up to where the ribbon or adornment on the bra would sit, as well as the first of the embarrassing ones, from my button down to the top of my clitoris.

“I can tell that you have been depilated, Mademoiselle. It’s a nice feeling isn’t it, n’est pas?”

Sudden visions of this girl naked in front of me, her mons and labia stripped filled my mine, my want for an erection removed by her next instruction, “Now take your panties off, please, Madame.”

I just wished that the ground beneath me would open up and swallow me, dais and all.

One glance from Jo suggested that diplomacy would be to obey the order and, sheepishly, I lowered my panties down my thighs and legs to discard them on the dais.

Adele set about measuring me down there, all sorts of lengths taken, including my clitoris. “We have to ensure that your clitoris sits comfortably behind your panties, culottes, tanga or whatever Madame wants you to wear.”

This was so humiliating, another woman calling my penis a clitoris, a reminder of what I was, a girl in training, Jo very much my Mistress and in control of me.

“As I said before, I have seen quite a lot of your gurly clitorises; the commonality is that they are never big, not like proper men but then, I guess that this is no surprise. Yours is on the smaller side but not the smallest, Mademoiselle – that would go to a girl who had less than an inch and a half even when hard.”

Jo was almost laughing.

Yes, I was – this was near-perfection as an exercise in forced humility. Really, Bryony couldn't have chosen better and Adele was divine.

Adele was almost finished but not before taking measurements of my bottom, gaining I guess an idea of my curvature and even down to the width of my bottom valley passing underneath where my vagina would lay, as well as my perineum, anus and up to that little triangle at the back.

Honestly, was all this necessary.

Finally, I heard what I had been waiting for, “You can get dressed now, Mademoiselle, both your lingerie and clothing. I have all that I need for today and Madame and I can discuss what we shall begin to fabricate for you. Meanwhile, there is a question of some prêt-à-porter, je crois? I have some very nice pieces for Mademoiselle.”

Off she went to retrieve the offending items and I got myself dressed, the shame of all this probably still in my face as to redness.

“Well done, Nikki. This shows just how much you are prepared to take to become a woman. If you really had objected, then it would have been a case of ‘c’est dommage’ and we would have left. However, I’m proud of you and so will Bryony be.”

I guess that, inadvertently, I had condemned myself.

Adele emerged with a handful of items, her comment that these would be ideal for Nikki given her sizes and body-shape.

I appreciated that she discussed the selection with me, Nikki only secondary to the process.

In short, we walked out of Alice Cadolle’s with a rather gorgeous mini-top in

stretchy sheer tulle and ultra-smooth to the touch, a lace band making up the under-bust and then finished with a delicate bow in the centre of the décolleté.

With it, she paired one of their classic waist-cinchers – this made of satin and structured very much like one of their corsets, Adele explaining that this would give Nikki extra form but how amazed was she with the delta between her hips and waist that she already had.

This came with suspenders for stockings and the cincher was finished with a pair of boyshorts that had been cut in super, smooth, stretch fabric and capable of being matched with any bra – everything in white as Bryony had requested – and to which we added a black set, both panties in the sets finished with delicate lace trimming around the waist and leg bands.

We also added a ‘money’ cone-bra, an open triangular bra what was quite exciting as it would expose Nikki’s breasts, a zipper, very high-waist panties and a lace body, not that I went product free in opting for one of their off-the shelf Medici bustiers and all but a corset.

In addition, out came a pair of plain Gina high-waist panties both items in black, that, to me, fitted with my control image that I wanted in front of Nikki, ideal for Friday night.

Wow was my reaction, now for the evening ahead.

The sense of relief in clearing Cadolle’s was immense.

We were in the store for about an hour and a quarter, every minute seeming to last five.

However, I was through, allowing for what Jo and Adele were cooking up for me as custom wear. In fact, Adele had said that I would need to visit for a final fitting and then they would finish off the detailing.

To the hotel and the welcome sanctuary of our room and bathroom, the shower where I wanted to be.

Even there, I could see and feel the call of being feminine – no hair on my body, none at all, my skin super-soft from the wax depilation that I had and the water just splashing off it and running down my contours, a very different feel that it was to being hirsute and the water trapping in my hair before running away.

The feeling was then replicated to the towels in the way they glided over or hugged me. No wonder was it that women wrapped themselves up in towels, especially when they were large and fluffy like the ones in Le Meurice.

I emerged from the bathroom to find that Jo had laid out what she wanted me in. Yes, there was my evening suit, shirt and bowtie, classic event wear that it was.

However, underneath, I was to wear Myla black silk lingerie, once again a bra, suspender belt and black stockings, little panties and a cami, my body to be enveloped in softness as we sat there at dinner.

Things were further exacerbated by a black silk nightie laid out, a pair of black silk pyjamas on the other side – and those weren't mine.

Externally, this evening, I was to be male and the Collter of Fountain & Collter but, underneath, I would be living it out as a girl, Jo's woman and, as she said, wife - one Nikki Fountain.

It had its impact too, the thought there at the back of my mind all evening, as we ate and entertained, that Jo would be taking me in my boy-cunt somehow, probably after a session of worshipping her body – this time to be on my front, the bed's bolster underneath my belly button, my hands pulled backwards and in handcuffs, my ankles in a pair of cuffs with soft, velvet rope that Joe secured to the bed frame and pulling my legs out, and my head in the panties that Jo had been wearing all day.

And I was fucked with Jo wearing a Feeldoe, she cumming before I did.

All of this lingerie and smaller bondage kit that she had picked and brought out to Paris, a thing that was to become a norm in our lives when we travelled together – and sometimes when single.

Back to London and the rest of the week was that weird sort of time when things seemed to drag but the days morphed into each other – in other words, it was Friday before I had even realised it, even though work-wise it had been a grind, as series of tedious finance and pension meetings on my agenda.

It was also my first week anniversary as such of being imprisoned in female undergarments and Jo's gradual warping of my mind to think more in a feminine

mode and then duly advance things towards her longer-term goal.

In fact, I had to remind Nikki that it was Friday and not a weekday for her – and that she had to dress en femme for the next three days, starting with a visit to ‘michaeljohn,’ my suggestion and planning that they check her as to any spot waxing around the chest and pubic area, a massage and shower and then a touch up of hair and nails.

Jackie was booked for later as to make-up and under a request to start teaching Nikki some of the basics.

I went off to work – there was an element of trust here in ensuring that Nikki went off to her appointment, this the second time but, the previous week, I had been stewarding her to a large extent. I would also leave her to choose her own clothing and lingerie, not that she had much choice on the latter.

There was also a strong element of confidence building as well, that I admit. Also, I was going to have to refrain from calling her from the office and then see the results when I returned home.

I have to add that I was looking forward to seeing the results – and a little nervous about it, truth be told.

Jo went off to work – a dress-down day in the office or did that embrace lingerie for the boys, perhaps?

I have to say that it was a little odd in dressing me as a woman.

Okay, I already had my lingerie on, just a simple bra and panties set from Triumph my choice, as I knew that my body would be inspected for hair and that I was also booked in for a massage – so why go for stockings and the rest?

In fact, clothing-wise, I went for a loose top, a soft wool jumper that I had bought in Wilton Street and leggings, M&S ones.

I opted for flat, tan sandals, female shoes, otherwise Jo would have killed me – and I assumed that all the staff of ‘michaeljohn’ was in cahoots with her.

If I was worried beforehand, there was no need to be.

Dominique and her team were great from the moment that I walked in. There was steaming coffee on the go, some lovely homemade biscuits wherever they had found them or who had taken the time to bake a batch and then I was asked to undress and they went over my body meticulously.

The hot wax and strip pads were spared, thank goodness. The tweezers weren't though, as any rogue hairs were savagely plucked out of their little homes. Actually, it was half the pain of a wax strip being applied to my tougher areas like southwards of my clavicles, around my nipples and the underneath of my bra-line.

There was also the natural line of hair showing some growth southwards from my belly button – but not for long, as it was more than extracted. Overall though, it was less than ten percent of the previous ‘introductory’ week and more than

good reason to keep up the inspections and cleansing work.

I laughed at myself, memories coming back of the weekly shave of parental lawns versus leaving it for two or three weeks – the point more than reinforced by this experience.

The massage was sensational, a lovely shower to recuperate and, in many ways the first stage to the evening ahead, an enema quietly taken to clean me out, my lunch the simplest of salad and no roughage to add to any potential problems later.

My nails and hair were taken on and freshened up, Dominique commenting that my hair was that little longer and thicker and that this was just one week and, consequently, that little easier to work with. “Honey, keep this up for, say, ten weeks and we can work real magic with you, to the point of getting the cameras out.”

In comparison to the previous week, I managed to exit a couple of hours ahead of time and was able to tidy the house up, prepare a few canapés and even take on a few work e-mails and all this before Jo arrived home and, for the first time, laying out her black Cadolle lingerie for the evening ahead.

The same thing happened to my purchases, it having been obvious what Jo wanted me to wear; Jackie was due to ring the doorbell and take me on again with her war-paint and the rest of her magic trick boxes.

Suddenly, I was quite excited at the possibility of meeting Bryony again and an evening out with her - and all the advice that she could give.

Perhaps there was something to what she could offer as to assisting us with regenerating our relationship with this role reversal?

I should and ought to remain open to all ideas. After all, it was what Joanna was after.

I half-remembered Bryony from the wedding, a very petite woman, very girly like with tiny breasts and an adolescent body shape, hardly anything to her at all, except that she was very sharp, mentally, a firecracker of a woman and, I suspected, good entertainment value at any dinner.

Her eyes were dazzling and very much one of her most attractive features, her dark-blond hair piled on high or down her back. She was one of those girls who were subtly attractive and aided or hindered by her legal excellence.

She was Jo's friend and I gathered that they had met when Jo was at business school, though Bryony was a practising lawyer setting out on her career at that time. I understood that they had become quite close for a while, just as friends and nothing sexually between them.

The contact between them had become less since we had married and got Fountain & Collter going but, from time to time, they would chat on the phone and occasionally meet up for lunch or dinner, more of a tête-à-tête that would go on, rather than Bryony coming over for dinner or vice versa.

So be it – I wasn't one to deny Jo access to her friends, particularly pre-marriage

ones.

There had been one or two occasions that Jo had consulted Bryony, more about a couple of employment law issues but, as far as I knew, nothing on a personal front recently, though Jo had hinted that Bryony had been influential in helping her into the world of exclusive lesbian escorting and that she was involved in some sort of influential circle of dominant women around the world and she provided a lot of services for them as to legal issues around submissives and transsexuals that they had in their portfolio.

What Nikki did not realise was that Bryony had been my pimp, arranging the dates and also sharing in the take that I took, the money usually transacted straight to her and then onto my bank account rather than a stack of cash being handed over to me to hand back to her. Occasionally this could happen and it was rather more common as regards tips – actually, I found it quite exciting to be standing outside a client's front door or hotel door, not knowing what she would look like, and to be handed a small fortune in cash for my companionship, albeit a euphemism for lesbian sex between us. My cunt would begin to dampen up in expectation of what was to come.

How many girls Bryony had access to, that I did not know and I didn't really care – she is a lovely, friendly girl and when one is with her, then you become the centre of her universe.

I was with Jackie having my make-up done when Jo got home.

She popped her head into the guest room to say hello to both of us, thanking me for my prep work around the house, telling me that there weren't any weekend challenges at work that had come up as they had a tendency to do so on Friday afternoons – and then saying that she would give me a kiss later once I was made

up.

For this evening ahead, Jackie used a lighter colour palette than the last Friday, use of greys and a hint of blue around my eyes, false lashes sure and then a pinker finish to my cheeks and lipstick, all in all a glamorous look that wasn't too over-the-top for me.

Jo headed off to our room to go and get changed for the evening and Jackie finished her work and tuition off, largely in how to prepare the interface between my breasts and my chest, before helping me with my lingerie, the chance, she said, to handle and see gorgeous couture wear and, with Alice Cadolle's offerings in front of us, it was certainly that, the two of us exchanging a lot of girly talk about the gorgeous and subby underwear that I was to put on.

We started with the waist-cincher and, my, how it pulled me in and gave me a little more of the desired hour-glass image, the cincher comfortable to wear but making its presence known through its stays. It was, after all, a piece of Cadolle corsetry, so some body pressure to shape me was to be expected.

On went my Maison Close stockings, tan in essence but with a very fine line of black to them as to the seams and the top hem, no lace to these.

Putting them on was tricky, given that my French nails had been lengthened by the salon girls – and, indeed, I was finding a lot of basic tasks tricky with these pink talons that I now possessed. However, the way the stockings rode on my cincher suspender-straps was sensational and I didn't even have my heels on – yet.

My white panties followed and then the odd bra that Jo had chosen. An open triangle bra that supported the underneath and sides of my falsies but let the largesse of my breasts and nipples showing, these then covered with the mini-top in stretchy sheet tulle that we had bought.

This was an odd top but so be it; this was the way that Jo wanted me to present myself to her later and who was I to argue?

“Even I could eat you out, Nikki,” was Jackie’s comment, partly in jest but also seriously so, given the glint in her eyes and her smile.

My dress was one that we had got in Paris, a grey-layered lace Rodin, quite short on the leg and sleeves, a scoop neck to it and a nipped-in waist that went well with my cincher on underneath in giving me a girly shape.

This dress, I had to say, was very feminine and young looking, too young in my book but Joanna was insistent that we take it as it would be an ideal dress to present me to Bryony.

A pair of grey leather sandals went well with the dress, a grey clutch bag given to me by Jo to finish the outfit and, for outer-wear, a black Burberry’s of hers. I also had my silver jewellery on that I had worn the previous week.

Once again, Jackie wanted photos.

A spritz of perfume from a black bottle of ‘Diptyque Essences Insensées Eau de

Parfum' that we had got in Paris, the perfume a rather heady mix of May roses, berries and honey, and we were there – I was ready. We went downstairs for a glass of wine, final set-up, and to wait for Jo. Bryony was due in thirty minutes.

I came downstairs about a quarter of an hour before Bryony was to arrive – she was usually pretty punctual, the traffic being the major variable for her.

I have to say that I was taken aback when I saw Nikki, a revelation and hard to imagine that underneath that gorgeous grey dress of hers there were her white panties and behind that French fabric, a cock and balls, even if she did carry a lot of femininity to her shape and demeanour.

“You look gorgeous, Honey, I’m so impressed and I am sure Bryony will be too. And thanks for the hard work in getting everything ready for her and for me.

I had been impressed on how she had prepared everything. Never mind the house, the wine and the sumptuous, mouth-watering canapés that were emerging, it was how she had laid out my clothing and underwear.

Yes, I was wearing my new Medici bustier, black opaque Maison stockings attached to it and that pair of Gina high-waist zipper panties that I too had bought off Adele. They looked rather splendid on and now were under a black jumpsuit, this from Le Kasha and made of cashmere, not cheap but I adored it because it was plain but beautifully tailored on me, a wrap finish and a draw-waist with a long ribbon to tie into a bow.

What Nikki did not know was that Bryony would be in a jumpsuit as well; this designed to make her stand out and see how she handled it, especially as we had

a surprise for her.

We had been in discussion as to how best present ourselves to her and the sort of test that Bryony wanted to conduct, her request being that I lower the coaching and prompting to see how she behaved ‘au naturel’ so to speak.

Jackie excused herself and I took the opportunity to give Nikki a kiss and assurance that everything would be alright tonight. She would have no issues if she watched her feet, focused on swinging her hips and in keeping her voice well-pitched.

Well, I had to say that I was nervous; here I was about to meet one of Jo’s old confidantes and advisors and she carried this odd experience of legal work for this lesbian group that we were, possibly, on the edge of, never mind the influence that she had over Jo when Jo went into escorting to various Dommes across the UK, France and even the Middle East.

I think that it was a reasonable assumption that Bryony probably knew more about Jo’s sexual mores than I did.

The doorbell rang – ‘here we go,’ and Jo dispatched me to welcome Bryony.

In she swept, still as petite as ever, a wonderful sense of confidence and presence to her. God help anybody on the wrong side of her in a court, be it Crown or Family.

“It’s Nikki, isn’t it?”

“Yes; it’s great to see you again and I must say that you look fantastic – incredible, in fact.”

She gave me one of those continental kisses on either cheek and then stepped back.

“Wow, Joanna really has done a good job with you and in such a short time too. Well done, you two. I have to say outright that you are so unbelievably girly and I well know that this isn’t easy to achieve – and in such a short time and I am not exaggerating about what I am seeing in front of me.”

She handed me her coat and a large holdall bag - straight away, I couldn’t help but notice that she too was wearing a nice, black jumpsuit. Christ, these two had been in cahoots, surely.

“So where’s Joanna? It’s been too long since we saw each other.”

We went through to our main living room, Jo greeting Bryony as a long last friend, not only kisses but a hug too.

I poured the two of them a glass of wine each, Bryony watching me carefully, remarks about how amazed that she was and that she had no idea that Jo was sitting on such potential – truth be told, all of this was a little embarrassing in knowing that I was their centre of attention.

I brought out the canapés, the discussion now more about the feminisation processes that I had been recently put through and Jo's objectives in having me as her partner and wife as we moved forward. And then came the first dreaded question,

“Do you enjoy this, Nikki? Tell me more about you're your childhood and teenage days and then in returning to this girly world after such a time away from it?”

Poor Nikki – she had been put on the spot and drinks were spent going through her early history and the rather cavalier or open manner in which her mother and sisters had treated her, this not an unusual thing in Bryony's experience, especially when coupled with effeminate boys as Nikki had been and still was physically.

As she had done so with me, Nikki admitted that she felt at home dressed as a woman and had discovered this late in her teens when she had dressed and had her first boyfriends.

Bryony's incisive question was “So why didn't you make the switch then, Nikki, full time dressing and perhaps becoming a wife to a man – there are plenty out there into the concept of their partner being a gurl or tranny – the best of both worlds for them, I guess?”

Confession time but not in the sanctuary of the priest's box but rather our living room.

“I guess that externally was male and, after all, I had been brought up like that

and so went about trying to satisfy expectations of those near to me. Then came along Joanna and as we know the rest is history in that we had the company to occupy most of our waking time and an active sex-life went down the tubes at that point. I would also add that I prefer women though I wouldn't be averse to enjoying a nice man's cock, preferably of good size."

"Well, that makes sense – so you are a lesbian living in a man's body then, a bisexual more accurately, and a submissive one at that?"

"Yes, I guess I am."

This was just so toe-curling – here I was spilling my emotional beans to someone that I barely knew. It was just so uncomfortable. I could also feel her eyes watching my every movement and reaction as if she was ticking off some assessment board that she was carrying in her brain.

"So what if we could liberate you from your male side, possibly completely so but certainly that you become a transsexual woman - would you welcome that?"
The changes involved in body, mind and lifestyle are, of course, a magnitude away from where you are today."

"Jo has implied that I would or should go this route as well and I am coming to terms with it. It's only been in the past few days that this has all surfaced after this time but I'll say a qualified yes."

"What's the qualification?"

“Err. I don’t know. Me perhaps, it’s just me coming to terms with it and I know that I have Jo to help bulldoze it into me – ultra-decisive like her, I am not. Can I ask you a question?”

“Yes, of course.”

“You mentioned that whether I would be interested in your words, ‘liberate you from your male side, possibly completely so but certainly that you become a transsexual woman.’ What did you mean by completely so?”

“I’ll explain over dinner but there have been huge strides forward in transgender reassignment to the cusp of uterine and vulvar surgery and I am more than aware of one client who has been through it, not that long ago and successfully too. She was a bit like you physically from what I can see at this time and, by that, I mean you have a very feminine physique to begin with.”

It was the first time that I had heard of this too, highly interesting that this was. More though for the dinner table as we needed to start thinking about leaving for the restaurant.

“We should be leaving soon, Bryony, and isn’t there a little test that we want to conduct.”

“Of course, yes let’s do it. Can you bring me my bag, Nikki, please?”

Nikki disappeared for a few seconds, Bryony saying, “Well, Joanna, I can see

what you mean – from first impressions, she is certainly a candidate to become a full-time woman and for the two of you entering the world of dominant-to-submissive sex and access to the Group. Let's see how she accepts the collar and I also have a present that I want to give her first to soften her up."

Bryony came back in and carrying a bag and a silver-wrapped present, handing the latter to Nikki. She opened it, delicately undoing the ribbon as she thanked Bryony. I knew nothing about this, only part two.

This was so unexpected and kind of Bryony and, eagerly, I opened her present to reveal a box. I opened it.

Inside there were two jumpsuits, the sort for wearing to bed or as lounge wear, both made of soft jersey and lined with sateen, the latter making up the shoestring straps that would go over my shoulders. One suit was grey with a pink lining and the other navy-blue with a pale blue trim.

With them were two oversized panties for me, the upper half finished in a thick lace and that would stretch up beyond my belly button, the lower front a soft sateen finish and looking more like a thong as the leg sides were high.

"This is about first stage chastity, Nikki, and getting you to think about your clitoris being that, a clitoris and not a penis. The panties will envelope it and suck it in to the soft satin there and it will feel like you are already inside a cunt, Jo's cunt perhaps. However, the jumpsuits prevent you from easily touching yourself with your fingers. If you must, it will be with the combination of the satin and jersey over you s o you can't go skin to skin directly. And, ultimately, what we are after is that we get you thinking about clitoral and vaginal worship all the time and how you are going to please Jo, as your partner, Domme and lover, not yourself."

It was one of those ‘Oh My God’ moments; Jo was smiling and I thanked Bryony for her gift and leaned over to give her a peck on the cheek.

“Now for the more serious part, Nikki. Jo and I want you kneeling on the floor to receive this, hands behind your back and clasped together, your head bowed in honour to us.”

The good thing was that Nikki slipped into position without being told a second time; she was now looking like a woman in prayer or on the communion step.

Bryony went into her bag again and came out with a black jewellery box, opening it to take out a silver collar, rolled and shaped to fit around her neck and collarbone, a German design called ‘Axsmar Talena,’ its beauty in the simplicity and that there was a hex-lock mechanism which concealed the lock.

Hanging off the front edge there was a good-sized ring, also in silver where a leash or chain could be easily attached.

With commensurate ease, Bryony opened it and snapped it onto Nikki’s neck.

“There we are, Nikki, it’s a slave collar and you are going to borrow this one until the identical one that Jo has ordered on your behalf is being made. This belonged to one of my past girlfriends, Kylie, and she is about the same size as you, neck-wise. Joanna will be your key guardian but it ought not to come off until your new one arrives, other than for airport security or for an emergency.”

This left me speechless; the click of the lock being snapped together really stunned me.

Suddenly, I had been locked in to this admittedly rather beautiful piece of jewellery and I guessed that I was now at Jo's behest, a clear mark of her domination over me, the slide-on ring, in front, to carry a name bar later but shortly to be used to attach a chain and leash-handle to. Bryony too had a handle over me.

This ring and its bar were also made of sterling silver, the bar to be engraved with my name and some registration number imprinted in to create a bar code.

This would, in theory, give any other dominant a chance to see my file details in a central repository and also served as a 'submissive lost' recovery system – and how humiliating was that.

I tried tugging at the collar-cum-necklace but there was no way that it would come off – I was caught in this and only Jo could release me, Bryony passing her the key mechanism.

OMG.

I loved it – the collar looked really good on her and it was exactly what I needed to start bringing some discipline into play with Nikki and what better way to show that I was serious about future dominance and bondage.

The one thing that I would permit for the moment would be that he wouldn't have to wear it in the office but the moment work was over, it would be de rigeur and an integral part of his dressing.

I had to thank Bryony for her generous loan of her girlfriend's collar and it was true that I already had placed an order for a set.

Bryony gave me the leash that she had brought along, a silver-linked chain some three feet long and finishing in a lovely black woven leather handle with a beautiful solid silver finial. I attached it to the ring, knowing that Nikki was wincing at this.

How humiliating this was – surely, I wasn't going to be exhibited in public like this, as if I was some form of slave or animal?

Unfortunately, the answer to this was a resounding yes, as Jo took the chain and led me out to our hall to retrieve our coats and then opened the front door to step out and call for a cab.

Nikki didn't yet know our destination – she hadn't asked.

I had booked us into the Michelin one star restaurant, La Trompette, out there in deepest Chiswick, on Devonshire Road; this would give her some reflective time before Bryony and I walked her through the restaurant to our table. It was going to be something that she was going to have to get used to – and quickly so, as well.

We made our way out down the A4 once we had cut down to it from Hyde Park and the Albert Road, onto Hammersmith and then past the Fuller's Brewery and into the Chiswick.

I knew that Nikki was crapping it mentally - but so what. She had to learn that I was going to be her dominant and not pussy-foot around with her. I had my goals and, if she played her part, well then we could go forward.

We arrived in front of the restaurant, descended from the taxi and I paid the cabbie off, Nikki waiting for me on the chain, head down. A little tug and we went through the front door to meet the Maître-d' with Nikki following her two women for the evening.

This was truly awful and it felt like that everyone was watching this cinema and that the police would be called any minute as to such exhibitionist and perverted behaviour.

Yes, we may run a public relations company but that didn't mean that we had to be in the public spotlight. I was wondering if Jo actually realised this.

I could guess what her answer would be – “We're small fry, Nikki. How often have you seen us in 'Hello' or 'Ok!' magazines? Or how often have you see Bryony in them? And we both represent clients who would fill tens of pages, if the two magazines were to seize on a story. Don't over-estimate yourself – or us.”

Jo had her silver leash in hand and tugged me quite hard, wanting me to get out of the cab behind her, as I did, but to minimise just how much the driver could see of me as she settled the fare.

Another tug and the three of us walked into La Trompette, the Maître d' greeting us and then looking at me rather indifferently, a cringe-worthy moment that it was and just imagine his reaction if he realised what I was underneath.

We were shown to a quiet table in the roomy and restaurant, Jo and I sitting on the banquette so that she could continue to manage my chain.

The restaurant had a seventies bistro feel to it with use of a lot of beech wood as to the floor and the chairs, some colourful modern art on the walls and large windows looking out to the street outside but partly masked by those roll-down curtains that looked like they had been sourced in Japan, the street reflected in large square mirrors on the counter-wall.

I breathed a sigh of relief; at least we were seated now and folk had given up on looking at us, not that I could blame them, three thirty-something women walking in, one holding a chain that was connected to her submissive's collar.

“Good, Nikki, well done. You'll get used to being presented in public like this, or in other bondage, the message to the outside world that you are mine and I expect devotion from you. Now let's have a look at the wine list and menu.”

Well, we couldn't help but try their aperitif, Yorkshire rhubarb gin and tonic, and then onto selecting the food, the restaurant a sister property of two other starred establishments, 'The Glasshouse' and 'Chez Bruce. La Trompette represented

completing the triangle for both Bryony and me.

Cornish mackerel, smoked eel, kohlrabi, pickled rhubarb and sorrel, and two plates of Devon scallops, salsify, hispi cabbage, lardo di colonnata and miso butter sounded ideal for starters, to be followed by three 'Barbecued côtes de boeuf, served with potato gratin and Italian spring leaf salad went in as an order. To this we added a bottle of Rioja Reserva, Viña Tondonia, to be followed by a Château Poujeaux, Moulis en Médoc for the beef.

We were duly set.

Bryony didn't waste any time in getting down to the business end of the chat.

"Now, Nikki, I have to say that I am very impressed with what I have seen of you so far. You are amazingly pretty, so girly-like and no hormones or surgery yet and to the point it's incredible. Kylie came to me as a candidate, future property for one of my Domme clients and there was also Carole-Anne, a gurl of half-Chinese and English heritage and both of them were incredibly feminine as men, from a physical perspective. Kylie became a full tranny whereas Carole-Anne has gone on to be a full woman, one of the first successful transplants in the word and her operation was out there in China. You are a cut above them in terms of your raw material, I have to say."

This had me blushing and doing the Princess Di thing, the lowering of my head and the little glance upwards, a submissive look if there ever was one.

"Though I am in no position to say whether you would qualify for this or not. What I would say at the moment is that the three of us should research your candidature and how far we can go in positioning you as a woman and wife for Jo and, for this, I have contacts to make the assessments needed from both the

physical and mental angles. Putting a condition on tonight, as I have no idea how you behave as a woman sexually, what would you think to becoming a woman?”

“Well, I have obviously thought about it, Bryony and I have to say, rather embarrassingly perhaps, that I probably would go this route. In truth, I am finding that there is a natural comfort factor to being in the female role and I don’t necessarily mean being in lingerie and clothing – it’s more the mind set that I am finding intriguing and it’s bringing back recall from my younger life.”

Bryony had a quiet reflective smile on her face as she then asked, “That’s understandable – can I ask whether you twin this with your compliance and submission. It’s pretty obvious that you are this way inclined but I’ll get an idea later as I want to see how you serve Jo?”

Oh, my goodness, were we really going to have Bryony in our bedroom – we had never done anything like this, as to having a third person in bed with us, though I had often had many fantasies about seeing Jo with another girl and engaged in a sixty-nine or whatever. I nearly had to pinch myself when Jo commented, “I’m looking forward to this, Bryony, and Nikki will submit to you as she does to me.”

My clitoris was beginning to stir behind my panties at the prospect of seeing this cute and pretty girl without any clothing on, this jumpsuit of hers removed to expose her girly underwear.

I was wondering what her nipples would look like, large or small, pink or brown? Did she have pubic hair down there, if so how much - and then how ‘mature’ her cunt was, given how doll-like that she came across in the flesh?

And here she was sitting across from me, looking like the wee siren or nymph that she was – and she was coming to bed with us. This was unbelievable. However, her question had to be answered.

“Superficially, they may be linked but, in practice, my want to be a woman is separate. It has always been like that. I could have been submissive as a male, I guess.”

“Bryony, that’s a good answer. Personally, I think that she has always been like that. Decision-making is not our strongest point – analysis and strategy recommendations and things like that, even in a domestic capacity are very powerful but given a two-horse race, one of them with three legs, and Nikki would struggle.”

“That’s not fair.”

“Point her in the right direction as in dominating her, and Nikki is brilliant; that’s the point that I am making.”

The starters had arrived and, interestingly so, Bryony changed direction a little. Between mouthfuls of the delicious food, she turned to Nikki.

“I don’t know how much Jo has told you, Nikki, but I provide legal and other advice to a circle of dominant women across planet Earth. Apart from being dominant and lesbian, they have one other thing in common and that is that they are very wealthy, many of them having stables or harems of submissive women

and, in a few cases, even transsexual women.”

A little pause and she continued on.

“I’m not one of them – I don’t have that sort of wealth, yet.”

Bryony giggled at that.

“So what services do you offer?”

“Legal advice on contracts, slave and marriage contracts, commercial activities in selling and buying, immigration and key papers, sex change documentation, and then I can pass candidates on to various medical resources for anything from an inspection to full-on surgery and this could involve body modification, piercing, castration and feminine castration, chastity, you name it whatever.”

“My!”

“I’ve placed some women with others, and I think you know that I did this for Jo, starting when she was at Uni, an introduction to me coming from her Cambridge tutor – this is not common but it does help both of us pay the rent.”

“I wasn’t aware of that until recently but I am now. It’s not for me to comment as this is Jo’s domain – what I wasn’t au fait with though was just how strong her want for another woman is. For both of us, it has been a cost of getting going

and then sucked in by our work.”

“Yes perhaps. However, at least you both have discovered something fundamental and you can build on it, going forward.”

“Can I ask what you get out of all of this?”

“No problem. Well of course there is the money as my services also bring in a lot of other revenue to my partnership, more in their business affairs issues and that can involve many aspects of commercial, intellectual and family law. However, from time to time, I meet a prospective girl and can help develop and nourish her for others – and, yes, we become close but then things move on, usually on a good footing and we can meet from time to time. Kylie was like this, by the way, so it’s both girls and gurls with an emphasis on the ‘ur.’ This can be for several reasons; in Kylie’s case, her Domme is pretty well known, so we wanted a ‘fait accompli’ in that she was all-woman before she was seen out and about with the Domme, otherwise the Press could have had a field-day with the story.”

Bryony let us digest this, another forkful of food and a sip of her Bordeaux.

“Now, what I can do, Jo and Nikki, is be there for you with any advice and resourcing. For instance, I can point you in the right direction for medicals as to getting you on hormones, Nikki, any cosmetic surgery, castration and then between Imelda and me, contact with advanced sex reassignment surgery, depending on which way they decide to go on you. Add in things like psychiatric reports, getting personal documentation changed to your feminine persona, bank accounts, legal structures such as trusts, as many Dommies take charge of their subs’ financial lives, house rents and all the rest and you can see why I am kept busy in this field.”

I asked, “Bryony – so in my shoes, where would you start?”

“Very easy; it’s about getting Nikki into meet Imelda for a physical and mental assessment to provide the mid-term planning map and, at the same time, get her kick-started on hormones. Imelda is a bona-fide Harley Street doctor by the way and she specialises in endocrinology.”

I possibly caught both girls unawares with my next question, “And, Bryony, how quick could this be arranged?”

I was thinking months, being Harley Street, so I was surprised when she came back with, “As early as the week after next, Nikki. She would want to see you dressed, naturally. The sooner that you start living as a woman, the better and this would be a prerequisite of continuing towards reassignment, particularly if any surgery was conducted in the UK or Europe, such as Sweden. They need you living one or two years in female form.”

“I see.”

Then came another kicker and I remember her words well. I quote, “Jo and Nikki, we could circumvent this by using an old contact of mine in Shanghai, one Professor Wu and, to give you some comfort, he is one hell of a surgeon and a leading global proponent of uterine transplants. He is to women and transsexuals what Doctor Christian Barnard is to heart-surgery and he was the one who, not that long ago, successfully operated on Bryony’s Carole-Anne for her Chinese Domme.”

I certainly didn't realise it that evening but how this remark came home to change my life – and, very much, irreversibly.

The rest of the dinner focused more on stories of different Dommies and girls that Bryony had met and, for Jo, some of her clients that Bryony had set her up with, both of them prudent in keeping their women confidential, Jo pointing out later that 'idle gossip can cost' and all it would require is one of the neighbouring tables to pick up on a name and listen in.

This had happened to an uncle of hers who was selling his business, the buyer stupid enough to meet in a local hostelry prior to visiting her uncle and then, over the lunch table, started dismissing him as a country bumpkin, unaware that his sister, her aunt, was sitting on the next table. 'Welcome to the land of bumpkins,' had been his greeting when the buyers walked in to the meeting room.

There was also some girl clothes talk, Bryony quizzing both of us to the extent of my wardrobe and the timing for turfing my male wear out, a wry smile and 'well done' when Jo mentioned that my boy underwear had already been disposed of.

It was one of those examples or gestures that showed her just how serious that we were with this life-style change.

However, I also suspect it came down to Bryony knowing just how steely-determined that Jo could be and, once her mind was set on achieving something, that was it – it would be achieved and Project Nikki was no different.

Desserts were sensational, the three of us unable to resist La Trompette's 'Bitter chocolate, golden raisin, white coffee ice cream,' a little Riesling, a German Auslese, Marienburg Rothenpfad, Clemens-Busch, helping us to slide the desserts down.

The combination also served towards starting to prepare us for later, sweetening the girls' pussy juices for me.

It was time to settle the bill and then be led out of the restaurant and take a cab back to the house – the three of us.

Back at base, I was led in and made to kneel down in the living room until Jo and Bryony returned, balloons of Armagnac in hand, possibly some planning going on out there in the kitchen.

Bryony disappeared as if heading for the downstairs loo, Jo getting up and parking herself right over my head, demanding that I take her aroma in while Bryony was out of the room.

God, she was already sexually aroused.

Never mind her panties, I could smell her through her silk crotch of her jumpsuit, a hint of some moisture beginning to seep through.

As she rode me, her pussy grinding into my nose and mouth, her warning or, if one sees it like this, her advice came, "Nikki, I want you to obey Bryony

implicitly. If you don't, I'll set her loose on you and she's quite a specialist in the art of flagellation – you should see her sex room as it is quite a temple to the arts of inflicting pain and pleasure.”

Bryony came back into the room, rather a nonchalant look as she gazed at the two of us.

She had seen this sort of thing many times and that was more than evident by her rather non-plus attitude to me taking my Domme right in front of her, no nakedness involved yet, mind you.

To my astonishment, they switched positions, Jo passing her chain over to Bryony to keep control of me and I suddenly found myself confronted with a muskier aroma as she straddled my face, her pussy pressing down on my nose and mouth, Bryony nearly on her tiptoes to cover me.

Gosh, she was so different in smell and I loved the way that she pressed her girl-like bubble bottom down on me, a natural exertion of her dominance being shown from the ‘get-go.’

I guess that only a few minutes passed but I was away with this, the chance to take in two perfumes and the fact that Jo had no issue with me enjoying her friend and pimp's sex. I was turned on and, whilst hidden from sight at the moment, I was as stiff as any time I had been behind my own panties.

I heard Joanna return to the room and Bryony stepped back from me, still holding onto my chain.

She had gone and changed her outfit and what she was in now, she looked the part of my Domme, a plain white blouse with silk button cuffs, the shirt then tucked into her Cadolle bustier and her bottom and vaginal area covered by a very short leather skirt, this in black to match her corsetry.

She still had on her Maison stockings and they hung taut on her suspender straps, a lovely curve to the top of them, her hose plunging into footwear that I had never seen before, a pair of mid-calf leather boots, in black, with what seemed sharp ridges to them, these layered up her lower legs.

Jo had also flattened her hair down and was standing there holding a pair of her panties, the feminine fabric hanging provocatively downwards so that her gusset showed, presumably the black ones that she had gone out in to dinner earlier.

With it, she had a thin black crop, one that I hadn't seen before either, black and with another silver finial to it. Was she going to use this on me?

“I want you on all fours, Nikki, and now.”

The tone of her voice more than suggested that I should obey her and I dropped forward, the palm of my hands on the floor in front of me, my knees touching the wood too and my dress riding upwards almost exposing my panties and stocking tops beneath.

“Kiss Bryony's shoes and pay them worship. Now.”

Bryony slumped back into the sofa near where I was kneeling and presented me with her sandals, the heels angled off the vertical now and I leaned forward to kiss the tip of the first shoe, her stockinged toes beneath.

“Kiss it again – and think of her shoes as cocks taking your mouth.”

Once again, I obeyed, rather surprised at not only myself but at Jo making me do this.

Slowly I worked Bryony’s shoes over with my tongue and mouth, the smell now one of leather.

However, this was to change as she kicked her heels off and now presented me with her feet, the smell of her stockings coming through with a strong mustiness from the sweat that had been trapped in her nylons, this coupled with her natural smell and a hint of perfume, all in all making for a heady and intoxicating perfume.

Joanna had never pulled this one on me; I have to say that I rather enjoyed taking Bryony’s shoes and stockinged feet in and I knew that things were being mentally noted. Even more than that, Jo also sunk into the sofa and presented me with boots.

“Enjoy - and please me, Nikki.”

I stayed on my knees to shuffle across to my wife, as Bryony passed her my

lead, the taste of leather filling my mouth again, the position in doing this rather humiliating – at least it wasn't in public but it was in front of Bryony, this domineering lawyer and slip of a thing that I hardly knew.

Up and down each boot, I went with Jo pushing my head back down when I looked up at her, her thin skirt and her stockings on view – and a glimpse of her suspender straps, her vagina and the gusset of her panties obscured from view for the moment.

At the top of the boots, I got a whiff of her sex smell, one that I was more than familiar with, that ginger-impregnated essence that was all hers.

Finally, she stood up and inched forward, locking my head between her legs, as I looked downward.

She used her crop to tease my bottom, pushing the hem of my dress up and stroking my white panties with it, her leash in her left hand now. “There we are, Bryony, I’ve got her in couture white panties for your pleasure. Shall we head upstairs now?”

“Yes, why not?”

“Could you take my panties and put them over her head and then we’ll make her crawl up the stairs as a token of recognising what she is to us.”

“No problem,” and Bryony took the French ‘slip’ and over my head they went,

she checking that the gusset was properly in position, the little area where her vagina had sat, tell-tale white stains probably there and certainly indicated by the moist Jo pussy aroma that came through.

My knees were weak at the thought of this form of being controlled and my clitoris became that little bit harder.

I was enjoying this, the opportunity to dominate Nikki like this and very much at the start of a long road towards her total subjugation when she would sign up to becoming my wife and lesbian partner, and as I was hoping, as a woman destined to worship me and to be compliant in whatever way.

What a fun experiment and time this was going to be, the early signs very encouraging and now the chance to test her out in front of another woman, Bryony so much better versed in what domination entailed and a wonderful teacher it seemed.

I stepped off her and tugged on her leash for Nikki to follow the two of us upstairs – but on her fours rather than standing up, shameful that this would be for her and the chance to ingest my pussy crud from the evening as we went up the stairs. This was total control by smell and I thought what a way to keep her under my thumb. I was realising the power of my vagina and anus – and later on my bra cups and nipples came into play as well, not forgetting my arm-pits.

Up the stairs we went, Nikki making a little hard work of it and quite a sight with the way her lingerie was showing and also the veil that she had over her.

My mind was running ahead to what Bryony and I had planned, the skeleton to bringing Nikki to heel and giving her a flavour of true femme-domination and see how she would respond to us. From that, we could shape an immersion

strategy and goals on both the submission and feminisation front, bringing her two wants together – and mine.

Once in the bedroom, I brought her to a halt in front of a sofa that we had in there, and not too far from the bed. I told her to hold her position, Bryony taking a seat on our bed, this turned back and also equipped with chains and cuffs, ready for some restraint later.

I gripped her head between my legs again, this time with me facing her bottom and flicked the hem of her dress again, revealing those gorgeous panties of hers and the neat Maison stockings that she was wearing.

Up above, I knew that my stockings and suspender straps were showing and, at some point, she would discover that I wasn't wearing any panties – the ones that I had worn now were over her and infusing her nose and brain, hopefully weakening her resilience and to accept what Bryony and I were going to do.

I ran my nails up and down her back and then over her bottom and stockings. I could sense Nikki bobbing her head beneath me, her eyes probably closed as she took this in. Her hands began to stroke my legs – I let this go as I was rather enjoying it.

I stepped back from her, leaned down and put my hand under her chin to lift her head up, her eyes staring at me upwards from behind my black panties.

Nikki hadn't yet noticed that I was pantieless, largely because the hem of my leather skirt was lowest at the front.

I took her by her collar, unclipped the leash and pressed under her chin, pushing Nikki back onto her haunches and opening her eyes.

I stepped forward, legs apart and lifted my skirt slightly, nothing said but an unspoken invitation to feel my stockings and, perhaps, to move up and discover my nudity under there.

I couldn't believe that she was letting me do this. Here she was in a dominant pose right in front of me and non-verbally suggesting that I should caress her stockinged legs.

I leaned forward a little and began to stroke her.

Then I realised it; Jo was wearing no panties and her cunt was on full show in all its glory. She had even had her pubic hair cut back further, now just a thin line of red-hair greeting me, the rest of her skin on full show now and more palatable to the tongue.

I began stroking those stockings of hers and pushed my hands upwards, following the lines of their black suspender straps, lifting her skirt and definitely confirming that she was without panties and what she had done.

Suddenly the intensity of her sex seemed to fill my nose even further – or maybe it was the situation. Jo's perfume was almost over-powering me and I wanted to be between her lips tasting her. I couldn't be that presumptuous though, I had to be invited.

Jo's right hand, her masturbation hand, made its way southwards and over her mons, down to her cunt, her second finger the main one in pushing between her lips to tease her self – and me.

She kept this up, pushing deeper with each little stroke, my objective to watch her and take it all in, my hands continuing to caress her stocking tops and straps. Her skirt seemed to ride higher up her thighs to clear them and be wrapped around her bottom.

Her left hand began to stroke her nipple. It was almost like being her pupil with me sitting at the feet of my teacher and looking upwards to be greeted by her smile or the centre of her universe as I was going to learn, that area to which I should become devoted, even if she lent me out to other women on a short or long-term basis – such as Bryony.

What a sight she was; I was spellbound by what I was seeing. Never had she teased me quite like this.

Things were becoming more intense and not just her aroma as Jo continued to finger herself.

Meanwhile, Bryony was rubbing herself through the soft silk of her jumpsuit, then to climb off the bed and slip out of it to reveal that she was wearing a simple black bra, panties and suspender belt, Myla her brand of choice, and how good it looked on that young girl's body-shape of hers.

My collar seemed to be getting heavier and my mind was wandering; I wanted to be in there, serving her with my mouth and tongue, Jo making things worse by

fleetingly let me taste her middle two fingers, the ones that she had been frotting away with.

She dropped onto her haunches and stared into my eyes before bringing her own hand up to my face and slipping it behind her panties, offering her fingers for me to clean – and within the restraints of the black panties over me. God, was I erect now.

Her fingers were tracing my lips, a new lipstick to cover them, the offering of a Domme to her submissive, and the expectations of what was to come slowly building.

And then she made me suck them, pushing her three main fingers deep into my mouth, as if it was a cock – and then one by one, I had to lick them clean, the taste of Jo everywhere.

Off came her panties so that I could concentrate better on my task at hand – and so that she could push her fingers in deeper.

She took hold of my collar by its silver ring and pulled it upwards; this to kiss me, a true Domme's kiss taking in her love-juice, forceful and in control in the way she probed me with her tongue and pressed her lips on me.

In short, I let her kiss me like this, revelling in being her submissive and responding to what she wanted of me. On she went, kissing me, little lippy kisses, nipping them, a push with her tongue and I was in seventh heaven, my eyes closed and imagining that I was her girl and about to give my cunt up to her.

Without warning, Jo pulled away, raised her left leg with her spiky boot to my right shoulder and pushed me backwards so that I was arched over the sofa seat, my head down on the cushion.

Jo sat down next to my head and then she began to shuffle into position, stretching her left leg over my head and moving me in between her legs, my head looking up at her and her naked pussy up against my hair, another novel way of gripping me between her powerful thighs.

Her sex streamed down over me, scent-wise, to weaken my resolve further, to take me closer to the feminine state that she wanted with me acting as her lesbian lover.

Her stockinged legs moved up, down and over my body, her thighs keeping my head in place and I was allowed to stroke the hose.

I thought that knew what was to happen – it did, but not quite as I expected, Jo quietly full of surprises and enjoying her new role with me.

I had Nikki where I wanted her, trapped between my legs and taking in the power that I had over her, able to put pressure on her head and neck with a squeeze of my thighs.

I had a pretty good idea that she thought that I was going to face-sit her next, so I decided to change tack and I released the pressure on her and ordered her to roll over onto her front and lick me.

I also wanted to feel her tongue between my very wet lips.

This would also serve to start to give Bryony an idea of Nikki's tongue skills. I could see Bryony now and she was happily masturbating herself in front of me, enjoying the show that we were putting on, not intentionally so but very much a side-benefit for all of us.

She began by bringing her head up and kissing my pubic strip, freshly prepared and thinned down even more from the previous weekend.

Maybe I should have it removed altogether and go back to the state that Camilla kept me in, a naked mons and cunt much more acceptable for being eaten out and for Dommies or whoever to fuck me, a rather nice feeling when bare skin played on bare skin.

Nikki moved down to my clitoris and took my engorged love-point into her mouth, gentle sucking and then tonguing the order of the day and a rather nice feeling that had me gripping her by my thighs to hold her in that position.

Goodness me, this was sensational.

It got even better when she started to envelop my vulva with her mouth and then use the flat of her tongue. I could feel the thunderbolts of sparking beginning to spray out around my body, and especially my clitoral area. I held her head now by using my legs to wrap around the back of her collar.

I needed more though, so I got her back to where she was, her head on the sofa seat cushion, her bottom on the floor and I climbed onto her face, my body

facing to the back of the sofa and away from Bryony – she would have a view of my bottom thrusting away as I face-fucked my wife-to-be.

I could feel her hands on my corset, helping to balance me and I just rocked backwards and forwards, using her tongue as a mini-dildo to fuck me.

This was, for me, what domination of Nikki was all about and I imagined enjoying this day and out in the months and years to come, enslaving her further and making her dependent on me – and any other woman or sub that I introduced her to.

Goodness me - did I cum, Nikki taking quite a mouthful and a face-smearing as I released over her but what a sense of warmth and satisfaction it provided.

I wasn't finished with her yet – and things now took a ratchet up, a way of having girly sex that I had never thought of.

I had Nikki remove her dress and, then to her surprise, I made her put a pair of thin Dior tights on, her stockings still visible through them. I admired her falsies, these staring out from the Cadolle triangular bra that we had bought in Paris.

What would she make of mine?

Her destination was now the bed – and on her back with what was to come, a couple of pillows under her bottom and one under her head to angle her upwards for some oral service.

I really didn't know what all this was about and I was still recovering from the soaking that I had received, her cum that had been watery to begin with and then increasingly stringy as it rolled down from the upper echelons of where Jo's sensitive cervix lay.

I found myself on the bed, my bottom and clitoral area pushed upwards by the pillows down there and my head at a slight angle as if I was crashing out to read a book or magazine.

As planned, Bryony came into play, with our facial cock and this she buckled onto Nikki's head and clambered over her, her panties off as she skewered the penis, giving Nikki a full view of what she had to offer and I knew that Nikki would find this quite erotic.

Indeed, I did. I couldn't believe the sight when Bryony removed her little black panties, the most gorgeous, naked vagina right above me, defined labia and a clitoris but everything so tiny, to the point that I felt that my facial penis would split her in half.

She was hairless, not one in sight and no sign of any shadow that suggested to me, at some point, that she had been permanently depilated.

Once Bryony had buckled the strap on, she pushed me back onto the bed, face up and receptive for her cunt.

She stood over me; even her height, no more than four eleven or may be just five

feet, she dominated me.

There was something highly erotic at seeing her flat chest, lovely nipples, her teenage form and small bottom, all leading into this naked mons and what she offered underneath.

Slowly she lowered herself down onto her haunches and then guided her cunt onto my oral penis, her lips absorbing that and her sex odour cascading downwards to engulf me, Joanna now out of sight, possibly cleaning up after that first Noah's flood of an orgasm.

I was rock hard now and when Bryony started to bob up and down on her sex shaft, I nearly came, the way her vaginal entrance was turning in and out with each stroke nigh on magnetic in its beauty and attraction.

If there was ever a visual reason for considering to become a woman, this was it.

I left Bryony squatted over Nikki and teasing her in mounting our mouth-cock, her bottom right above the head of the artificial dick, one that was bigger than she was in the clitoris department.

The sight of her bottom was very attractive for me, as well – incredibly so, in fact.

Never mind, Nikki, I too could imagine her riding my face as I took her with my nose, mouth and tongue – it was her tininess and alabaster beauty that made her

attractive, a vulnerability perhaps but certainly not when it came to her mind. Perhaps it was even a blast back to my own days as a submissive with her Domme clients?

I slipped out of the bedroom and into the bathroom taking my new Feeldoe with me, a flesh one with about eight inches of length, the cock doubling up into a bulb that would sit in my vulva, the shape of balls on the underside and this housing a rather intense vibrator.

I also took a pair of Dior tights, ultra-thin and transparent, similar to the ones that Bryony was wearing.

Being wet already, inserting the bulbous end was no problem and it nicely filled me, the purpose of it to anchor my cock as I took Nikki. Here it was sitting up nicely, running from my cunt and curving around my mons in the direction of my belly button.

I flicked it, a little message passing through my G-spot.

I sat down and opened the packet of tights; it was a shame that they were to be sacrificed but so be it, they were an old pair. I took them out, ravelled them up and slid them onto my already stocking legs and, once on, worked them up my legs and thighs and over my bottom and to my waist, the nylon gauze now covering my suspender straps, lower corsetry and my penis, the feeling rather sensual, a Bryony had said that it would be.

I had never experienced this before; lesbian sex wrapped up in hosiery,

Bryony told me that it was particularly sensual when both Domme and submissive were in total body stockings, covering the head as well. Apparently, she had a close friend who was committed to a Qatari princess who was seriously into body-stocking or stockings at large and did anything to get her Domme to take her like in this mode.

I walked back into the bedroom, Bryony smiling at the sight of me. She was obviously enjoying Nikki's oral service, her bottom bobbing and up and down over Nikki's face and in rather a sexy manner, quick on the withdrawal and slow on the penetration and I could already see signs that there was plenty of cum flowing.

I walked over to where they were and took hold of Nikki's legs and pulled them back, using the cuffs and chains. She was now ready – well almost, as I repositioned one of the pillows under her bottom to raise her sex area, access to her boy-cunt being what I was after.

I took hold of my hose and ripped a small hole in it, sufficient to get the cock through, this pulling it down into a better angle of penetration.

I felt Jo near me, the first sign being that she opened my legs as I lay there servicing Bryony, my thoughts of servile sex nicely away in my cranial clouds in being made to fuck her with my mouth dildo. And did she taste good and so easy to take it being that much smaller and lighter than any girl that I had known.

The sight of her pussy lips moving in and out and her foamy cum was also very appealing. God, I was wishing that I could get my mouth over her and my tongue replacing that now wet and slimy penis.

Suddenly, I felt her buckling the cuffs on to my legs, just above my ankles, first my left shin and then my right, my legs now splayed out, the hosiery on me being stretched now.

Bryony kept plying her wares on me, my hands on her bottom and my visibility restricted so as to focus on her sex and distract me away from whatever Jo was up to.

However, this was shattered when I felt Jo grab my tights and rip into them, just under my clitoris. What on earth was going on? What was she doing?

Then I felt her, her weight coming over me and her penis making its way through the hole and up to my anus.

I tried to say something but the dildo and Bryony's weight over me soon prevented that. I was gagged, well and truly.

The head was now pushing into my rectum, trying to squeeze past my sphincter muscles, coaxing them to relax, open and allow him in.

I had no idea how much lubricant, if any, that she had used but her force was quite strong and suddenly I felt her hosiery pressing against mine; she too was wearing tights and they were pressing down on mine, my stockings still tugging at their garter-belt straps beneath this nylon festival that we were wrapped in.

She pushed home, her shaft splitting me and the head taking in my prostate

gland.

To no avail or effect, I grunted, Bryony at the bottom of her down-stroke, some extra foamy cum dripping off the black shaft and around the back of the mouth-plate and into my mouth, her aroma really filling my nose now and with all the power that this had on fine-tuning my sensory system and mind.

God, I just wanted to explode now.

This was brilliant – I knew that Nikki was seriously turned on by this scenario and how she was responding to having we two dominants taking her, Bryony more than getting her satisfaction from the mouth fucking, In fact, my suspicion was that she was well into her second orgasm building and then there was me, the power of what I was doing now so narcotic in effect and exactly what I wanted.

I drilled her, my thrusting set into a steady rhythm, as I rode her ass, my penis sliding in and out of her easily, the hosiery between us adding a ‘je ne sais quoi’ to the overall sensation, the likes of which I had not experienced before. And it was marvellous, my lower body on fire and even my breasts.

I kept dipping forward, Bryony in front of me, my breasts over Nikki, the chance to give Bryony some little kisses to her back and neck.

She responded and surprised me, swivelling over Nikki and putting her bottom more than square over her face now, a true Queening position as she subjected Nikki’s eyes to her bottom valley, Nikki’s nose to her anus and then her epicentre, well and truly on that mouth cock.

Not that Nikki was complaining.

I certainly wasn't as both of us leaned forward and kissed each other, Domme to Domme. It was a case of enjoy each other and take pleasure from the submissive serving us both from beneath.

This was heaven.

When the next explosion occurred, it was, I think, a question of the Universe taking off, the most intense radiation outwards from somewhere near my solar plexus.

Can you imagine your cervix on fire, your clitoris similarly, your nipples imploding, your toes and fingers curling in, your vagina demanding more or even your anus twitching to be filled? And I haven't mentioned my mind; the fuse-box up there going off and making me throw my head backwards in pure lust and ecstasy. Well, I can say that it happened – and big time, a vortex of pleasure overtaking me, everything sucked into the black hole up there in the middle of my body.

And I exploded again.

Chapter 9

The Start to becoming a Woman

That evening and sex session with Bryony and Jo seemed to roll on and on, four times they took me, two times each, two breast and nipple worshipping and four queening sessions before Jo took Bryony's panties and put them over my head and bound them off at the back of my head, using an old stocking.

This left me taking her scent in all night, Jo's own panties around my clitoris to add to the sensual bombardment.

Over coffee and croissants next morning, I got Bryony's full verdict, Jo happy with what she heard, my own reaction being more of 'Oh my God – surely not' one though I could understand what and why she said what she did.

"Jo and Nikki – well, what can I say. I'm very impressed with what I have seen. I'm going to divide what I am going to say into two parts, starting with your feminine side."

"Shoot, Bryony, I am all ears and I am sure Nikki is as well."

"In short, you are one of the most naturally feminine men that I have ever seen, Nikki and it's the way your waist nips in, your hips splay out and the shape of what will be your mons and down into your vulva in the future. What is remarkable is the space down there behind your clitoral area and leading into your perineum. That will be encouraging for Imelda and whoever we bring into

play as to any future reassignment or transplant surgery as we move you over to becoming the woman that you should have been.”

“Yes, you mentioned Imelda last night. What’s the way forward with her?”

“I’ll give her a call on Monday for you and I’ll see if she can squeeze you in shortly, knowing that Friday works well for Nikki. She’ll expect to see you en femme and, quite frankly, the sooner we can get you into living as a woman full-time, the better for you and the quicker we can accelerate your transformation, though I can think of one way to cut through the European red-tape. Imelda will also work on getting your hormones going so as to take on more feminine form and mental changes that goes with oestrogen rich diets, one of the benefits being in growing your own breasts.”

“I’m not sure that I totally understand that last remark, Bryony. Breasts yes though.”

That remark of mine, well I knew the implications and that would indeed mean having to make the shift over once I started budding. There would come a time when I had to wear bras and show my true form but for the moment it would be a case of continuing to wear my falsies.

“Hormones change more than your breasts, Nikki. First, you will find your waist nip in more, secondly your bottom and hips will fill out; thirdly, there’s a very substantial change in the distribution of your fat and fourthly your hair will change – thicker and softer, though body hair growth will slow and thin. The same is true for your skin as to softness and also thinness - and you will lose muscle power. However, your body frame won’t change that much, hand and feet size, rib cage and spine, that sort of thing, though Imelda will assess and manage you if there is a risk of osteoporosis, as she does with your liver and

kidney functions.”

“That’s some list.”

“Well, there maybe some change to your hips and pelvis in that your pelvic outlet and inlet could open slightly. The femora also widen, because they are connected to the pelvis. As such, the pelvis retains some masculine characteristics, but the end result of your HRT may be wider hips than a cisgender man and closer to those of a cisgender woman and given the shape that you are, I wouldn’t be surprised. However, remember that I am no specialist – Imelda is and she’s better place to advise you.”

“I see. What about my voice?”

“No luck there; we didn’t catch your before puberty, so it’s voice training or surgery to tighten your vocal cords.”

“Mmmm. Training would be better – and I hardly have an Adam’s Apple.”

“True on that. However, it doesn’t finish there. Your sperm count will go down and maybe, possibly hopefully, to zero and your libido may drop. Your clitoris will get smaller and so will your testicles as we’ll be suppressing your testosterone production. Your body odour will become more womanly as well and there’s less chance of things like acne and excess skin oil. And that’s not all – there’s the mental side too.”

“Wow – how?” Bryony had my interest level engaged now.

“A huge change potentially, Nikki. You will think and behave more like a woman, calmer in crises and arguments perhaps but more emotional to relationship issues and tear-jerking scenarios. Changes in your hormonal levels can affect your moods and feelings both positively and negatively. However, during hormonal therapy, I do know that it is difficult to tell which mood variations are due to chemical changes and which are due to other factors. For example, your happiness could result from bringing the body more in line with the mind.”

“What about sexuality, Bryony?”

“No guarantee there, you may come out of this with a change in preference – you are bi at the moment so I suspect that this is unlikely. However, who knows? I’m of the belief that if Jo, as your Domme, ups the intensity of her dominance and love for you, then this holds you to what you are and I’ll come back to that in a second.”

“Okay.”

“I wanted to add at this point that there are things we can do to negate your male traits and boost female behaviour. Things like voice training, sure, but also deportment, social graces, feminine skill sets – and with a couple of places that I know, this can be accompanied by dominance of you, In other words, we can regress you further into submission and the tie to your Domme and all part of the mental change you will be undergoing with the hormones.”

“Is this true, Bryony? Now I, as Nikki’s Domme, would be interested in such a programme for her.”

“I thought that you may be.”

“You probably don’t know but the Domme ring that I am associated with have various training centres around the world. There’s two here in the UK, one in Yorkshire and the other in the Scottish Highlands, between Inverness and Elgin. Then there’s one that I know quite well in the middle of France – towards the Champagne-Ardenne, one in France and another in Greece. Think of them as finishing schools with an emphasis on submission, each with their own specialities when it comes to the likes of fetish and BDSM.”

“Interesting; so what are the qualifications needed?”

“If it’s whether Nikki qualifies – not yet, Jo. Get her living as a submissive woman and then this will prepare her – I’m thinking that France may be good for her, as the Count there has a thing for gurls and medical challenges, a combination of him and a Chinese professor who did the surgery on this Carole-Anne that I referred to last night. Let’s see what Imelda comes up with as to her analysis and route forward.”

“Okay.”

“Good then, and I think that you should seriously consider the short-term training – if you need resources for voice, ballet, cosmetics, and deportment, let me know and we can arrange something.”

“I will.”

“There’s one more thing that I’ll chuck into the pot and that’s whether Nikki should be castrated. Imelda and I can arrange this as well, the benefits being that it helps with her hormones and womanhood, as the testosterone is removed completely and it lowers risk too, the costs being that she can lose libido and obviously she becomes sterile. However, erection-wise that can still happen if she is suitably stimulated.”

“Yes, indeed, that may be a good idea to consider.”

God, I was going to be in for it and it started far sooner than I thought it would.

I was really pleased with the way the evening and morning had gone and what Bryony had to say – so much new information that I needed to digest and then shape Nikki. Yes, she may get some constructive input but she needed guidance, feminine guidance.

We spent a good weekend, two women in London, a little clothes and food shopping, art galleries, another meal out, less formal than La Trompette, and housework, the opportunity taken to show Nikki how to hand-wash lingerie so that she could do both of ours/

It was also a chance to subject her to my sexual odours, both panties and bras, my bras making for quite a useful blindfold as well.

Bryony surprised me, a call coming through to my office on Monday afternoon. She began by thanking me for the dinner and evening at large, repeating how much she had enjoyed meeting Nikki. Then came her surprise, “Jo, I phoned Imelda this morning and she promised to look at her diary and see what she can

do. Anyway, how would ten on Friday do for you two?”

“That would be great.”

“Nikki should be fully female, but leave her breasts and genital area fairly free – I would suggest a bra, suspenders and panties, maybe a cami but stay clear of corsetry because of its lacing and anything with lots of buttons. I would also suggest flats for footwear.”

“No problem there.”

“Could you also arrange with your doctor, assuming that you have the same one, to send Nikki’s records over and anything on the last medical perhaps. It’s all about bloods and vital markers like cancer, liver and kidneys that really matter for Imelda, assuming that there is no history of osteoporosis in the family.”

“Yes, I can do that – fortunately, Judith is a close friend and, from her past comments to me, I think that she has had her suspicions about Nikki’s orientation and feminine side.”

“Good, I’d also like you to meet two others as well, if your diaries allow it. Firstly, there’s a voice trainer, Christella Antoni over at Gender Care, as she may be able to achieve feminine pitch for you without surgery. She could see you at home on Thursday evening for an initial assessment to what she can do with Nikki’s pitch and timbre.”

“That would be fine – what sort of time?”

“Say about seven fifteen to thirty for about half an hour?”

“Done – who is the second then?”

“I think that you ought to meet Marianne, my submissive friend who has spent a fair amount of time living as a submissive to a Qatari woman – in practice, she lives in London most of the time in rather a lovely apartment off Lowndes Square. She’s a Scot by origin and was picked up by the classic route of becoming orphaned, sponsored by a relative and then sold. She trained at the French château that I mentioned the other night. Okay, she’s not a transsexual but I thought her experience as a submissive would be interesting for you both to hear, the message being that it is so integrated into her life. So if you are interested, I could arrange something for you three to meet this weekend.”

“I was intending to take Nikki away for the weekend to say thanks and have a hotel booked out in the Cotswolds.”

“How about she came out to you? I know that she is at a loose end this weekend – say Saturday night. And you will really like her; she’s also seriously into hosiery play. If you thought I am bad, wait until you and Nikki have met Marianne.”

In short, we struck a deal and I decided to keep this from Nikki until we were well down the M4 or even for the Saturday and surprise her.

More pantyhose would be needed, but so what, and Bryony recommended a

website to buy total body stockings, 'Bondara' being one of her suggestions – other than that, to make a visit to the Honour shop near Waterloo Station. We also discussed one or two other little treats that Marianne could help arrange, Bryony too with a couple of more phone calls.

The first that I heard of the appointment with Doctor Imelda was on the walk home, Joanna telling me that Bryony had called and that things had been arranged, a nine-thirty appointment on Friday morning and that I had to be in women's wear, the examination to take about two hours and then for us to have a quick lunch with Bryony before we left for this out-of-town weekend that she had arranged.

There was hardly time to think about it and then things were further complicated by some woman voice called Christella Antoni of Gender Care coming over to the house to test me.

I left work a little earlier than normal that Thursday evening to dress so that I was in female form, Jo thinking that this would be advisable and I may as well stay in it with Friday and the weekend approaching.

She arrived on time, took me into our living-room and then started on a series of exercises to gauge my pitch, at one time even hitting the grand piano that we had in there to get me to sing.

I had always been pretty highly pitched in tone and I was able to sing a counter-tenor at school, if called on, much to the amusement of my school-kid friends, jokes that I was really a girl underneath. In retrospect, if only they knew.

Her conclusion was simple, Jo having got home by now so she heard it too, “Nikki, eight lessons and exercises and we can get you to above a mezzo-soprano, the pitch of a low soprano. I don’t think that I can create a Renée Fleming out of you as to high-Cs owing to where you start from and you don’t have the chest bulk that she has but I bet that I can get you a high A and maybe even a high B for singing purposes. You have a nice singing voice by the way; you should use it more.”

Jo was beaming at this news, her question being, “When then for the appointments.”

Friday midday was to be my allotted slot, starting the coming week. To Jo, I was now on my way to improvement and the inevitable in having to make the ‘Big Leap’ at some point.

We had supper and then packed; how different this was, as I was packing solely as a woman for the weekend. Jo, to her credit, made sure that I had everything that I needed and more, a lot more required than in being a male and a bit of a salutary lesson.

I looked across at Jo’s bag, so much simpler, as she was taking mainly male-style clothing, all her lingerie also plain in nature. She too was making a bit of a jump in distinguishing the sexual lines between us.

Ominously so, she packed a very large hold all with various sexual accessories and I did pick up on some new bags from a shop called Honour – and she ducked under the question of what was in there, saying that I would find out soon enough.

To bed, Jo in silk jammies and a Feeldoe inserted in her cunt and with me in a short nightie and panties, these pulled to one side as she took in my boy-cunt, a rather nice warm feeling with her deep inside me and covering my back, even my breasts tingling with anticipation.

Surprisingly, little was said about the next day; maybe we were too engrossed in the packing.

However, I did wonder what I was in for as to tests and appraisals, the indication being that some of it would be physical and a part more psychiatric. Jo had said that, in theory, I had to have the support of two psychiatrists to go ahead with any reassignment surgery, if the operation was to be in Europe or North America.

Jo was up early; she wanted to slip into the office for a couple of things so that she was, in principle, work-free for the weekend.

She left me in my nightie, panties on, and a negligee to have breakfast, shower – with an enema taken as she believed that Imelda would give me an anal examination, and then start my make-up and dressing.

She would be back to give me a hand with the make-up and then we would be off, the car packed for a quick escape from ‘Ponky Town.’ I still only knew that we were heading west but not the specific hotel that she had booked for this long weekend away.

I pottered around and went through my morning rituals, the shave, my deep enema, a lovely warm shower and all the rest involved in getting myself ready.

On the bed, I had laid out my lingerie for the day and clothing, female but with some hint of being androgynous. After all, Jo had suggested that I kept things simple as I would have to undress and re-dress relatively quickly.

I have to admit that my nerves were beginning to get to me. This was going to be a paradigm shift in my life.

I knew it but I still had lots of doubts and uncertainty – with my finance background, I guess that I had an innate conservatism to risk and change but now I was the central driver, allowing for the female bulldozer called Jo.

I wasn't averse to change but, from what I understood, there was quite a lot of risk here, marriage, company and the staff, customers, press, and reputation to begin with, and perhaps even family.

Hence my internal conservatism to what was happening and, also, I wasn't in full control.

I suspected, that by the end of the day, I would be even deeper in this transformation mode and that worried me. Straight up, this was such a huge step and was I being bludgeoned in to change and, hence, the risk involved.

I couldn't say anything to Jo – maybe later though. This weekend could be a chance to discuss things and pivotal it could be.

Jo returned, pleased that all was settled at the office, such days off for us both

having been rare but, at the same time, it was a chance for our managers to step up to the plate and earn their keep and for us to see their potential for further promotion.

She looked at my make-up and made one or two little adjustments, nothing major and I got dressed, a cami and panties from Triumph, cream in colour, hold-up stockings in tan and then over them, cream slacks, a grey cashmere top, and then natural ballet-flats, all of this to go with a Burberry's coat that Jo had, a deep red in colour, my handbag tan as well. It was a case of simple and practical given that I would have to be taking things off.

And yes, my breasts were affixed to me, this being the first time that I had gone outside without a bra on to support their weight – an odd feeling indeed, not even my Cadolle bra which exposed the boobs but did provide a semblance of support to their undersides and wings.

And another yes, Jo put on my collar, saying that it would only come off me if Imelda asked for it to be released. Otherwise, I was in it for all the weekend.

She would have the hex-key with her and then leave it in the house before we left for the weekend.

Jo threw a few things into her bag too and off we went, a taxi up to the address that Bryony had given, the Queen Anne Medical Centre in the street of the same name, one Doctor Imelda Billiton.

Apparently, the centre was close to Bryony's offices in Welbeck Street – and we would be seeing her afterwards for a light lunch, Bryony interested to hear about

Imelda's views, verdict and advice.

We checked in; a receptionist showing us to a waiting room, the doctor running ten minutes late, and a coffee or tea duly offered.

Now I was nervous and really questioning my sanity. My collar was suddenly feeling heavy on me and I started to fidget with it, my nerves getting the better of me.

Perhaps I should have gone outside and up into Harley Street to find a shrink to commit me to the folk with white straight-jackets?

Jo sensed what I was feeling and put her hand over my right one to calm me down. "Nikki, it's only an examination and assessment – and Imelda can be the possible gateway to liberating the real woman inside you."

Finally, she appeared.

A woman in her late forties and very much looking like the mental image of a female doctor in this speciality that I had; a slightly butch with short, black hair that was greying, quite tall and authoritative in appearance, her clothing hidden by her pale blue doctor's smock and pants, not sexy at all unless one had a medical fetish.

She greeted us, a firm handshake, and a reference to Bryony in being our interlocutor, and we were shown through to her suite, very much what one expects of a private facility, scrupulously clean and medical, one or two tokens to guest comfort though such as a carpeted seating area for interviews and that's

where we began.

From the beginning, I felt as if her eyes were probing me, the assessment already under way.

She began softly, an explanation of her services, how she had worked with Bryony over several cases of gurl modification or enhancement of submissives for Bryony's 'group.' These were her words and not mine, and then general questions about my background and medical history, all very thorough and professional.

Jo had told me that our GP, Doctor Jill Clements, had already sent over my reports, so that allowed for a concentrated analysis of how my body could respond to what she was intending and an appropriate risk assessment.

"How far are you into becoming a woman, Nikki?"

"Not that long, Doctor, though I was often kept as a girl when I was growing up and was quite comfortable with it when a late teenager and at University."

I went on to explain my history in some depth, nothing now new for Jo, and she too added some points and prompted me.

"So why now? Perhaps Jo may want to respond to that?"

This took me by surprise. “Well, Imelda, we have to confess that our sexual side hasn’t been intense to recently. I could use the excuse that creating Fountain & Collter and then managing its growth has been the reason that we haven’t explored Nikki’s want to become a woman and a continuation of my bi and lesbian past as the main reason but, I think that this isn’t the whole truth. It’s certainly a factor though.”

Nikki was nodding her head in support.

“The deeper reason is that, sexually, we haven’t been fully open with each other until recently, a reluctance to divulge what makes us tick, perhaps embarrassment and fear of loss of the other being the driving forces to this.”

“I’ve heard this before; communication is really key and particularly when it comes to sexual matters.”

“However, we have also been very comfortable with each other, professionally and at home, a meeting of the minds. If I wanted a man, as for breeding, his profile and physique would be very different to what Nikki offers, that I admit – and, yes, the business took over as we were frequently knackered by the time downtime and sex came around.”

“So, what has changed?”

“Two things, Imelda, I believe. Firstly, we have got to the point where we can sit back a little and enjoy some of the rewards of our success, this coupled with a recognition that life is more than just a PR agency and client networking. We are also learning to pass the executive buck down the line to our key staff when it

comes to delegation as well. For example, for today and this weekend, it's going to be a long weekend off for us. Secondly, we have discussed our wants in our relationship and, even though it is wider than what I am saying here, I want more involvement with a girlfriend and not a husband – hence with Nikki and not Nick therefore. My wish is to take her transformation forward and meet her expectations in this area as well and that is most important as Nikki really has to be onside about this.”

“I’ll be frank, both of you. Normally, I wouldn’t get involved with you until Nikki has proven herself as a woman and is comfortable with life as such – and then we would take her, enhance her body and mind, and onto full surgery in some form. However, I trust Bryony’s judgement and recommendation as to Nikki’s candidature and I have to say that, physically and at first sight, there is something very attractive and appealing with you, Nikki. I shall have a closer look in a few moments but first impressions are very powerful.”

Nikki thanked Imelda.

My nerves were playing up now – what was this all coming to? A rejection or come back in a year or so?

I was on edge as well.

“Can I ask you before you remove your clothes are you depilated, Nikki?”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Permanently so?”

“No – not yet, a weekly waxing if needed.”

“Thank you for being honest. I can tell which depilation has been used though. My advice is to let your hair grow for about ten days, probably towards the end of next week, if you had one last week and then start a course of permanent depilation by laser, letting them know, and booking in fifteen daily successions as they can only do so much per sitting and then they need to check back to ensure that all is covered and rework anything missed or rogue, hair-wise.”

“Thank you – my salon does offer a service in that.”

“Personally, Nikki, if I was you, I’d come out as soon as possible and live your new life. I appreciate that you have family, friends, staff, clients and those who influence your business to think about but I’d like you to have done this by the next time that we meet for a first check-up – in fact, I’d make this a prerequisite to continuing further as what I am likely to give you today won’t make the wholesale changes that come with time – so the risk is low medically. However, mentally, it’s about proving to yourself, Jo and others, that you are serious about transition.”

This is what I wanted to hear – I added, “That’s reasonable, Imelda. We’ll find a way of nicely breaking the news that Nick will become Nikki and live her dream out.”

I gulped; this is what I thought was coming.

On one hand, a big yes to having a go but, on the other, all that went with being nervous, even scared, about such an announcement. What would be the way out of this so that we could announce?

I was the classic ‘Doubting Thomas,’ I needed Jo’s creative input here. However, Imelda soon brought me back to reality.

“Well, before I say anything final, we need to have a look at you and what I am going to propose is a blood analysis, then have you strip down for a MRI to look at your internal structure and tissues, and finally I need a sex examination, sperm from your clitoris, more for health and count, and a rectum check as to your prostate. With that, Nikki, and in any hormone treatment that I put you on, safety of your parts exposed to cancer and other conditions is our ongoing priority. This gives you an assurance that all is being looked after and that this is an ongoing thing; let’s be clear about that.”

That was good to hear and I succumbed to the ignominy of the tests ahead.

Blood tests are blood tests, one needle and off went my Bordeaux to be examined by an assistant in the Queen Anne laboratory.

An X-ray is just that as a MRI is a MRI; all of this rather tedious and a little claustrophobic in being constrained in the scanner, my collar removed for this, the objective being clear pictures from my chest down to my thighs for Imelda to see what was going on inside me. What this had to do with hormones, I wasn’t so sure.

Forty odd minutes plus the prep and needle time and all was over in just over an hour as to the scanners. However, what was to occur next; well, I don't think that I have ever been so embarrassed.

Jo was allowed in – somehow, that made it worse.

In short, Jo went into her bag and produced a pair of our oversized hi-sides, my wank-panties as she called them, and she told me to get into them, this pair pink in colour with the upper band on my waist made of lace and the lower part in the softest satin-like material, the front of the gusset and into my mons wrapping around my clitoris.

All Imelda said was, “I need a sperm sample for you to gauge your overall health and to make a count so we can watch your progress as you move towards being female and sterile. Into the chair with you.”

I had to climb into a gynaecological chair, sit back in it and have my legs fixed into the stirrups, naked as I was but for the masturbation panties.

This was bad enough as one of Imelda's nurses came through the room, looking for some accessory.

Imelda approached me and before I knew it, and right in front of Jo, she slipped latex gloves on and began to stroke my panties, a rubbing that became harder and harder. This was incredible; it left me open-mouthed at her audacity but rather than show my objection through my clitoris going limp on her.

I responded by hardening up on her touch, the satin front of my panties enclosing me, the sensation so soft and embracing and my mind started to zoom in on what she was doing.

It didn't take long and here I was, my cock turning limp, wet and stocky, Imelda taking the sample that she needed before pulling down my panties to expose me in my entirety.

Imelda took hold of a heavy, chrome speculum and, to my horror, began to work it into me. Jo was smiling and then disappeared back to the front-office for a coffee.

Imelda slowly twisted the screws and I felt the plates widening out, my anus and rectum increasingly stretched apart, the pain increasing with each turn of the screw and then she left it there, my rectum wide open now.

I couldn't exactly see what she was doing but I could feel some insertion of probes and I guess measurement devices going in there – as well as my prostate responding to being massaged by them, as if it was a man's cock in there.

Finally, she was done. "You're healthy in there. I guess that's the good news as to taking Jo's dildos or even a real cock."

"Phew, that's a relief."

"Okay, you can dress now, but overall you are in excellent condition. Outside, and we'll take things forward."

Imelda let me dress in my own time, not that it took long.

However, I needed to gain some composure from what I had been through, cold beads of sweat on my brow and I suspect inside too. Even before she gave me her summary, and back in the front lounge, the embarrassment factor, fairly minor now, was gradually diminishing, except for another of her assistants seeing me in my lingerie, my breasts so evidently false.

I loved that moment – note to self, ‘more accidentally-driven humiliation perhaps. Nikki will need to learn to handle this.’

Nikki sat down next to me and taking my hand and I could sense that she was still on edge, a combination of what she had been through and wondering what the conclusions were to be.

I decided to add to the moment, “One thing first, Nikki. On your knees to have your collar put back on.” This moment was delicious.

Imelda was non-plussed by this and looked over her results again. I knew from Bryony that she had seen many submissives come through and most of them more along the gurl transition scale than Nikki at the moment.

“Okay girls. It’s encouraging news. Firstly, as to your hormones, your vitals are all sound, so there’s little upper risk to you, Nikki, though we will closely monitor you, so I am going to start you on a programme to begin to encourage your body and mind changes. However, I am repeating that your side of the deal

is that you must come out and switch over to living as a woman within four weeks of today. Agree?"

Nikki committed in front of us. Yes, we were shortly to be well on our way.

"Good – then we will start you on a course of the hormone 'Estrace' – your natural oestrogen level is quite elevated for a male but nothing unusual there and it help explains your current shape so what we are going to do is accelerate your body into further reshaping of you and, at the same time, work on making your penis and testicles smaller and softening your skin - and your mind too."

I was almost gagging at this, Jo taking in the first sentence of what she was saying, the implications enormous.

Imelda carried on, "It may be a surprise but we're not going to use a progestagen at this time, as we don't think you will need it and your nipple development should be normal without it. As to a testosterone anti-androgen, we are going to use Spironolactone and that will help thicken your hair and reduce body and facial hair though I have noted that you should really start your depilation programme asap. This hormone will also likely stop spontaneous morning erections. It also reduces male physical traits and has a feminising effect on your brain to help supplement the Estrace. Got all that?"

"I think so."

"So, the Estrace, we're going to start you at four milligrams a day as you already have a richness of it in you rather than one or two milligrams and the Spironolactone, one hundred milligrams a day. Okay – now are you clear about

the effects and risks?”

“I’m aware of you needing to watch my liver and kidneys, blood clots too. One thing though, I’ve never been a smoker so I am guessing that reduces diabetes, gallstones, blood pressure, nausea and vomiting, as well as headaches and possibly breast cancer.”

“Correct. Now let’s get the hormones and we’ll have you out of here – once I have given you a booster injection to help kick-start change in you. Next time, it will be into your proto-breasts for more direct acceleration.”

I grimaced but then took the needle, Jo watching me and very pleased with what she was witnessing. God, we were underway and I couldn’t yet believe that this had happened.

“One other important thing as to your hormones, Nikki, an appointment for a month today, please, as it’s important that we keep on top of any side reactions and, yes, for your info, I will masturbate you again as we need to monitor the decay and condition of what will be your declining male cum in favour of a much more womanly one, and pleasant that this will be for you both.”

“Count it as a date then.”

“Lastly, there is one thing that I want to say and this is that I want to explore you further. I had one client in here who had a very similar body structure to you and she’s been operated on and now carries a woman’s uterus and fallopians – and, today, she’s experiencing natural femininely cycles and full-on menstruation. I’m not saying that you can but I think that you could have a good chance. To

advance this, I want to share your results with a couple of specialists and then we'll call you in, though probably the meeting in a month will be a good time to take this further and it may be that my contacts want a closer examination of you before we decide what's the best way forward to turning you into a woman."

Nikki's response was a little shock to me.

"To be honest, I'm not that surprised. I've always had this dilemma of having two sides to me, my male and female ones and they have to compete against each other. If you are telling me that I could be a full-on woman – then yes – I believe that I would be more at home with it. Tell me what's brought you to this conclusion then?"

"It's three or four things coming together, Nikki, your hip alignment, the width of your pelvis and gap, your body-shape before we even begin with your hormones, particularly your shoulders through to your hips, and your natural hormone count. I could say your nipples too but there are also secondary things like your facial structure, no real Adams Apple, and the softness of your skin.

All I can say is that a massive sense of relief came over me as we stepped away from the Centre, never had I been glad to be out in the London air.

A sense of warmth came over me as to the hormones that were now coursing around inside me, a strange feeling as this implied such change and I wondered how long it would be before I started feeling things, either physically or mentally. For some bizarre reason, tranquillity had descended whereas I would have thought it would be one of trepidation, even panic.

Truth be told, it was recognising that there truly was a feminine side to me and that it wasn't purely mental or some form of deviancy. The question was how to live and develop as a woman from this base – and the short-term issue of coming out to all and sundry in my life.

Jo would also have to keep close tabs on me, as I knew that she would – in fact, she would revel in it.

We came out of the Centre, with me holding Nikki's hand, her mood quite odd as she was more jovial than I had expected. I had also thought that I would have had to deal with a lot more protest to what Imelda had done, not least the jacking off for her jism sample and the speculum up his boy-cunt but, no, he had acceded, even willingly it seemed.

Yes, I was surprised but maybe it was her deeper brain talking to her unconsciously, 'Thank you for liberating me, Jo, thank you.'

We walked the short distance to Welbeck Street, entered the hallowed doors of 'Coulson, Stoppard, Troughtman & Foot' and asked for Bryony, saying that she was expecting us.

Down she came and off we went to a local hostelry, two minutes from the office, the Ivy Café, a more informal sister to its eponymous restaurant.

For speed of service, we all ended up ordering the Wasabi prawns with salt and pepper squid to be followed by salmon and haddock fish cakes served with a hollandaise sauce, three glasses of white wine to accompany the food.

Sitting there in the airy bistro with its blue and grey surroundings, burgundy banquettes, wood chairs and seemingly glasses everywhere with some unusual art on the walls, a mix of what appeared as naïve art combined with Indian influences, Bryony was itching to hear how the examination had gone.

I let Nikki summarise the proceedings, again to gauge her enthusiasm or not about what had gone on or to surface any issues. Her opening comments again surprised me, “If it was evening time, I would have suggested ordering some champagne to celebrate what has happened – in that I now have a wedge of female hormones circulating around inside me.”

“Congratulations, Nikki, so you are on course to being one of us, then? So tell me about what Imelda put you through.”

Nikki gave her chapter and verse, seemingly accepting what had happened as to Imelda’s masturbation. Bryony had heard it before of course, responding,

“Well, Imelda’s masturbation is par for the course with you submissive gurls. Nikki, I suggest that you enjoy it, as one thing that you need to learn, going forward, is that Jo may well enjoy letting you being used by others of either sex. It’s about visual, your development and control for her but, in it, you may well get a lot of pleasure, as well as learning, some humiliation and pain from time to time and, perhaps the most important thing, the increasing dependence, trust and satisfaction between you two.”

Thanks Bryony; go for it, girl. That’s exactly what I wanted to say – well just about and we had to add some pragmatics into our relationship now; the time had never been better.

I added, "There are some things along those lines that I want to discuss with you this weekend, Nikki, and we may just begin this long journey. Thank you, Bryony."

As I settled the bill, Bryony added, "All set for this weekend then, have a good one. I've also sent something over from my home for you and I suggest you stop in Hungerford this afternoon; they have the thing that we were talking about in stock and could get it over to you by tomorrow and then back on Monday afternoon when the van brings mine back."

The girls were now talking in riddles.

We parted on Bryony's office steps; kisses all around, Jo hailing down a cab back to the house, a quick stop and we would be on our way, just beating the Friday rush out of London.

I still hadn't told Nikki where we were going.

Twenty minutes after getting back home, we were on our way, the two of us with a feeling of warm satisfaction to the way the day had gone, Nikki commenting in the Cromwell Road just how natural that she felt this afternoon, a serene calmness coming over her.

Surely the hormones weren't working that quickly already?

For a Friday afternoon, we were out of London quickly; one and a half hours

out to Hungerford.

Up the High Street and I parked up near my antique shop of choice, rather splendid Jacobean and Tudor furniture in its bay windows. I was watching Nikki closely and I could see that, inside, she was questioning why I had stopped here.

If only she knew; Bryony and I had been plotting this all week, Bryony having told me that she had bought a set of antique stocks here and that the owner had another one in stock for us to see. I had seen pictures of it already and had had it reserved for this moment.

We walked into the store, the owner coming out. “Mr. Jameson, I presume. I’m Jo Fountain, Fountain & Collter.”

I could see Nikki’s eyes bulging now, realising that this was all pre-arranged.

“Ah, yes, Ms. Fountain, I’m pleased to meet you. If you come this way, I have what you are interested in, set up in the back room for your inspection.”

Jo had hold of my hand – why were we in here?

I had no idea, just as I didn’t know where we were going to spend the weekend, all a bit of a magical mystery tour that she had put together.

We followed this Mr. Jameson into his back room, nothing mentioned about introducing me to him, I noted.

I was totally taken back when I saw what she had reserved. In front of me stood what I can only describe as an antique set of stocks, if they were real. The wood was a rich brown, a well-polished elm it seemed, a deep burr and patina to it, even the arm and leg sockets showing wear from the number of people who had been forced to use it.

“Ms. Fountain, as mentioned, it’s a real one and comes from a small village not far from Castle Cary, estimated to be early seventeenth century. It’s a one-person pillory as the village really was small; most of them usually come in twos or threes, so a single one is rarer and quite popular for sale when we find them. It’s made of elm and the metal fittings are cast iron. It works too - if you want to use it for charity events, company sports and even, should I say, personal use, it is ideal. We’ve also got some antique padlocks if you are interested?”

“Do you know which village exactly?”

“Lovington – and the piece even comes with a few pages of the court records showing who was punished and why, a lot of women for various sexual escapades and affairs are in there, all rather juicy, I would say, including a number of lesbian ones too.”

We had a closer look at it.

I knew what Jo was thinking; I was going to be in this and probably shortly so. This was taking our bondage equipment to a new level. Jo had said something about Bryony having a very substantial sex room in addition to her bedroom and it appeared that she now wanted to follow her.

The pillory was nearly four feet high and made of sturdy wood, the principle very easy with a fixed lower plank with three hemispheres cut into it, two smaller ones for my arms and wrists and a much larger one for my neck. A second plank with a triangular apex to it and with similar cut-outs to the lower locking-plank, but of smaller width, dropped into slots that provided the top half, two cast iron attachments on either side of the planks with swivel hooks and rings, and ready for the padlocks to be inserted and locked off.

Around the base, there was a similar wooden structure set at ankle height to provide a secondary lock-down mechanism to the padlocks and, thereby, ensure that there was no way of escaping the punishment meted out, be it a whipping, flogging, stoning, eggs or perhaps rotten fruit and vegetables being thrown at the victim, – or what other devious penalty that the ‘court’ had doled out.

Jo stroked it lovingly, looked at me, smiled and then turned to Mr. Jameson,

“As agreed then as to price and if you can have it delivered tomorrow to the address that I gave you. It’ll be moved early next week to our house in London. I’ll release the funds from my account to yours in a minute or so.”

Turning to me, she asked, “Nikki would you go and buy me a tea please, maybe an éclair to spoil me?”

So, she wanted me out of the way as to what price she had paid for this ‘antique.’

We met up at the car and I passed her the tea and cake that she had requested, a big smile on her face.

“I’m pleased with that little purchase – I rather like it. How about you?”

“It’s a bit different and why am I getting nervous about it?”

“I’m sure that we will have plenty of pleasure from it, Nikki. Bryony has one; it’s not quite the same but equally effective for her playtimes with girlfriends. She’s had a lot of pleasure from it and that gives me heart indeed. Now for where we are staying.”

“Which is where?” came the question.

“Wait and see, it’s not that far away, about three quarters of an hour north of here.”

“So, in the Cotswolds towards Cirencester and Stroud?”

We got back on to the M4 and went westward to swing off it on the eastern side of Swindon. Up the road towards Cirencester and Jo pulled off just before Cricklade to the northwest, the lovely villages of Kempsford and Whelford passing by.

Four miles on and we came to the village of Southrop and a couple of minutes later, we were there, a beautiful country property in front of us that I had never heard of, called ‘Thyme,’ duly deemed a luxury hotel.

We scrunched our way up the gravel drive and checked in, the place quite sumptuous on first impressions.

The property was a renovation of a series of centres around a historic group of buildings with the country house at the heart of it, the setting ideal with views of the Cotswold-Thames countryside and massive cedar trees around the estate, all designed to be relaxing, a mixture of formal gardens, working farmland, water-meadows alongside by the Leach River and woodland and easily accessible.

Throw in a 'half-spa' and a cookery school as well, for those who wanted to be more ambitious or wanting pampering.

To my surprise, Jo had taken one of their cottages back in the picture-postcard village, probably just as well with what happened, a two bedroom and bathroom facility in a beautiful Cotswold limestone cottage in Southrop and close to one of their dining outlets, The Swan.

It was really comfortable and along with the bedrooms and bathrooms, there was a cosy sitting room with a wood-burning stove, a pretty galley kitchen and even a conservatory for dining, all a bit excessive given that there were only to be two of us.

Little did Nikki know but certainly the honey-hued Old Walls Cottage more than met my expectations and an ideal space with privacy with the pillory and Bryony's offering turning up during the following day.

First, there was a chance to thank Nikki for being so open and taking on this massive change in our lives – hopefully a good dinner and evening to come.

The luggage unpacked and how much did we need for a weekend away, we settled in, undressed and took a bath together, my breasts still affixed to my chest.

Sure, I had thoughts about what would be starting underneath my falsies, the liberation of all those ducts, lobules, ampullae and the subcutaneous tissue and fat to support them, the growth of my areola and nipples.

Would they ever function as milk reservoirs if duly stimulated by Imelda?

Oh God, was this exciting, a long voyage into the unknown but I was sort-of-ready for this.

“Your choice of clothing tonight, Nikki, though your collar isn’t coming off, rest assured – that’s the cost of your submission this weekend.”

I opted for a pink Italian Sarrieri ‘La Ballerine’ bra and matching panties, a plain but matching colour suspender belt to take my new tan stockings and over everything a rather nice dove-grey cocktail dress that I had bought, off the rack of the Serbian designer, Roksanda, Ilincic, and similar to the one that the Duchess of Cambridge had worn for the Royal Society of Arts cocktail party for Creative Industries.

Jo and I were there and I had been taken with the design, so when the chance came up to buy this outfit, I was thrilled, and it was one of my first purchases without Jo there alongside me.

My tan heels were my shoes of choice, once again matching that with the clutch bag that Jo had given me.

Jo went for her tank top and Hanro panties, black in colour, no surprise there.

I knew instantly that this could well be a harness-cock night later.

Over her underwear, and I won't use the term 'lingerie,' went a dark sapphire-blue jump-suit from Ted Baker.

This was an elegant option for evening cocktail-wear and had been designed with culottes-style trousers, a high neckline to it and then a traditional elasticised waistband without a ribbon that gave her a flattering silhouette.

It really was a chic alternative to a dress, simple in cut and she mirrored it with pumps and her own clutch bag, both in the sapphire colour.

The evening was warm enough so we didn't need coats or anything like that – and the distance was negligible, an excuse for a cuddle if one of us was feeling cold.

We two out-of-town Londoner 'lesbians' to all that saw us strolled the short distance between the Old Walls cottage and The Swan, two women very much in love. If only any one in the lovely but sleepy village watching us was in on the know, how shocked that they may have been.

The Swan was quintessentially English countryside, the huge kitchen gardens adjacent to the water-meadows. Inside it was flagstone floors, bleached wood panelling, creams, greys and teal blues, and very chic in presentation, yet retaining its atmosphere and heritage.

Two glasses of champagne and we sat down at a lovely old table, Jo clinking glasses, “To you, Nikki, I didn’t think that you would go with this but I’m so pleased that you have some extra women’s hormones in you and starting to do their work.”

Over English asparagus and watercress risotto times two for our starters and then Guinea fowl breast, morels, garden greens, asparagus, tarragon, served with crème fraiche for me, and Jo opting for a main of Salcombe Cock Crab, hand cut tagliatelle with ginger, garlic, chilli and leaf spinach, we dissected the day.

A Venetian Amarone was our compromise on a wine that both of us could enjoy.

As to our natter, out came my humiliation at the hands of Doctor Imelda, “I don’t think anyone has ever wanked me off like that, Jo, and it really was a weird experience. I should have been limp but there I was rampant hard as her latexed hand tossed me off.”

“Maybe you have a weakness in that direction as well as wearing hosiery; you enjoyed that session with Bryony and perhaps we ought to get you clad in rubber so that it presses in on you and then we can abuse you accordingly.”

Little did I know about what was to happen the next night as an affirmation of sex in hosiery, a lesson from a leading practitioner in it, Marianne.

Back to the dinner though.

I brought the conversation around to some things that I wanted to cover with Nikki, part of the definition of going forward with her.

“I guess that the key thing for us is when you transition over, Nikki. From that, a whole suite of things will follow.”

“Such as?”

“The change in your wardrobe, your submission, perhaps even work and me too,”

“You too? Tell me more.”

“Yes, I’m not going to turn into a man or anything like that but I do want to change my image and go more towards androgynous or male-like clothing, simpler underwear, less dresses and skirts and that sort of thing, I want clear distinction in our relationship that you are very much the femme of the two of us and that should pervade everything that we do and be seen as.”

“So, you want to change the rules of the game as to dress then? Do I understand you right?”

“Not such the rules but I do want you to dress in a girly manner and always be ready for sex with me or whom I may put you with – and I will, Nikki, as you need your horizons and experience widening. This marriage should survive on becoming more pluralistic in what sex we practice and with whom and, at the same time, build the innate trust between us, as well as an openness in communication. Christ, we’re supposed to be professionals in this field.”

We laughed at that – Nikki saying that often that was the case in what get practices in the office doesn’t necessary get followed at home - take doctors and hygiene for example, their practices away from the medical centre often quite shambolic and I am being polite. “But I get your point,” Nikki’s conclusion.

“And, to be clear, that means that I am free to choose your partners though you may nominate candidates for your lovers and that there will be no such rights with whom I choose to take.”

Nikki turned her eyes down, not in anger or anything but more in submission, “Yes, I understand, Jo.”

“Good and, yes, it is Jo from now on please. For the record, when we get back, I think that we should start going through both our closets as to what goes and how and also that I will be passing you a lot of my more girly wear, never mind panties, some nighties and suspender belts – I don’t think that my bras will be any good, except some for bondage with you.”

“I guess to be prepared for the transition day?”

“Exactly, I have been thinking about that and it may work with an account that

we are pitching for, The Swish Agency, a new concept store and they are going to be focusing on women's clothes and lingerie for men and vica versa, part sex-change and part androgynous – metro sexual, as such."

"I haven't heard of them."

"We've only just landed the chance to pitch for the account but they are looking at a roll out of fifty stores over the next year."

"I see. Interesting."

"Not huge but it could be fun."

"So, what's your idea then?"

"That we designate a day for cross-dressing in the office and encourage a gender-friendly environment, not only for the account pitch but also to allow any of the staff to express themselves and perhaps come out, and we are members of staff so it's a chance for Nikki to emerge – do a good job at it and you, or we, are preparing the ground for the announcement about your future sex, 'I am delighted to announce that, following the Transition Day last week, Nick is ready to come out and, effective Monday, he will make the full transition to becoming a woman. He will be known as Nikki from now on and should be addressed in feminine terms, as in 'she.'"

She duly blushed.

Yes, I did – big time.

“In fact, we could let it be known in the run-in to the event that there will be a follow-up announcement for anyone wishing to transition and that, as of that day, full equality and rights of LGBTs must and will be respected in the office and in our dealings with clients.”

“It could work, I guess.”

“It will, as it’s all in the preparation to make the event work. Anyway, I want to give you something but a few more things first.”

“Such as?”

“You’ll get most of my jewellery, including my engagement ring – you will be my wife, remember. And on that one, we need to get your ears pierced as soon as possible, small studs to be worn at first, I expect it to be worn too and it’s all part of your new identity. I also expect any bondage jewellery, such as your collar, to be worn all the time, the only exceptions being airport travel and illness.”

“Okay, I can understand that and wearing things like this collar isn’t really an issue. It was – but I am more settled with it now and what it represents between us.”

“Good then – now for the next one. I want you to think about relinquishing the

Finance job in favour of another, leaving you on the board but, more importantly, as my assistant. Your main focus in life will be me and especially down here.

At this point, Jo was pointing downwards to her breasts and crotch – her body language strong and incisive without coming out with what she wanted to say directly.

“Yes, everything to do with me, my mind and body and worship thereof, especially you know where. And by the way, you will be the only person to handle my smalls from now on. A Personal Assistant in more than the obvious sense, Nikki, but that’s what I want you for.”

There were other guests sitting near us, a little too close for comfort.

I leaned across the table, “And especially down there. There’s another thing as well.” This was one of the most important things that I wanted to convey.

“And what’s that, Jo?”

“Sex, Nikki, sex. From now on, I don’t want you entering me full on – you’re a woman not a man and, after all, it’s not exactly large down there, is it?”

Nikki blanched in front of me.

“I don’t mean that you won’t penetrate me but it must be with an extension dong between us so that you would be sheathed. That would be fine and it will give you extra length and girth and it’s preparing you to become my femme girlfriend, isn’t it? The positive for you, Nikki, is that there will be a lot more sex between us and playing off your fetishes as well – and my wants too. And there’s nothing I like more than feeling a woman’s tongue underneath me either in bed, on a specially designed queening-seat or even in using you as my toilet. So expect a lot more as to kinkiness as we go ahead with this and you transform.”

“Shush Jo, – just saying that we could be overheard.”

This was true. However, in my opinion, there was no argument to this and, yes, Jo was playing off one of my major weaknesses, my love of scent and her cunt aroma in particular.

I was, at best, what a woman would call adequate and nothing more – no alpha male here to boast an appropriately sized priapus. I had to accept what I had been given and then there was what I was to become.

It was also time for desserts. A scan of the menu and we settled on two sticky toffee puddings with vanilla ice-cream and a half-bottle of dessert wine, a Château Peybrun, from the Cadillac area of France.

As we finished this, she went into her bag, speaking at the same time, “Nikki, I mentioned giving you my jewellery and my engagement ring when you pass over; however, I want to give you this to be worn first.”

She passed across a long, thin box in black and I opened it up.

Inside, there was a platinum chain with two diamonds and a heart hanging off it, small drop-chains holding those, the heart engraved across both sides with ‘Nikki is mine, Jo.’

“As I said, I expect it to be worn all the time from tomorrow morning, Nikki; indeed, it’s a token that you are mine.”

With this, we kissed, a long and sultry one, a celebratory one at that and recognising that I was into transition now.

It carried on into the bedroom, a lovely airy but comfy room with earth tones from cream through taupe, silver-grey curtains, rug and throws and the king-sized bed nicely sprung and ready for us to cuddle up in, once we were finished. I have to say that this was beautifully luxurious with a homely feel.

A kissing session ensued with Jo leading, her very much in affirmative mode, and then I found myself pushed on my back and my head wedged under her bottom and thighs, my mouth over her lower vagina and my nose embedded into her anus, Jo taking the opportunity to not only grind herself against me but in moving from a near-sixty-nine position up into a full face-sitting position.

She really was after exploiting my mouth, tongue and nose to her complete satisfaction – and so be it.

How I loved this position and in being smeared by Jo’s love juices, as well as the chance to explore the little folds of her intimate area, the whole area heightened in its erotic intensity by the paleness of her skin, her pink sex area a lovely contrast.

It was the way that she kept lifting her thighs against me, each position giving me something new in taste and smell and these were like honey to me, meaning that I could spend hours in that nectar.

Oral sex like this wasn't enough, her pleasure to come first and whilst pinned in this position, I felt her hands over my clitoris and fiddling with it.

I hadn't seen what she had bought, somewhere like Honour having been visited or perhaps through an online shop and she was fitting an extension that she had got.

It felt odd and when she pulled away from my face to mount me, it looked odd too. I had grown a good six inches and I must have put two or three on my girth too, yet it felt like my clitoris was tight in its sleeve. The penis even had amazing life-like detail and an uncanny feel when touched or sucked, some soft silica giving that little give when stroked and a warmth derived off my body heat from inside.

Before she mounted me, Jo starting by facing me and her large breasts and pink nipples bouncing in front of me, she took the Hanro panties that she had been wearing and covered me, her scent immediately appealing and making me stiff inside the sleeve to give it even more rigidity when she began to fuck herself on me.

I tried to return the honour by pushing upwards but she was in control, her hands pressing down on my breasts, everything driven from her hips and how she bounced up and down against me. I could even feel her pussy walls clamping against the extra girth she was taking in.

I could see her orgasm arriving in her face and across her breasts. With her pale skin, Jo had a habit of turning red across her chest and up her neck, a little blotchy under her jaw-line.

She had watched me closely, eye-to-eye contact as we began, her head thrown back as she took in more air and her eyes closed or glazed as we took her up 'orgasmic mountain.'

I loved I when she came; it was just as well that we were in our own cottage, as she could have been heard two or three doors down the corridor or up and under by a couple of floors if it had been the main hotel.

The waves hit her hard and now she was arched backwards on me, her clitoris on end as the cock pushed into the underside of it, helping to wind her up electrically down there and add to the pleasure that she was taking deeper into her vagina.

Short sharp movements followed quickly and then slower, deeper ones and, suddenly, I felt her cum, a little splash emerging as she ejaculated.

A pass of her finger through her sticky offering and she pushed it behind her panties over me for me to taste her, my own personal lollipop being given, an exertion of her dominance over me and so heavenly delicious it was too that it could have rivalled the dessert and wine that we both had enjoyed.

Without losing control of me, Jo turned around and proceeded to enjoy me the

other way, her back to me as she faced down the bed and, in doing so, giving me an exquisite sight of how my extension was sliding in and out of her from behind, her frothy cum spewing out quite profusely now.

Once again, it was so odd to be taking her with this extension – I could feel her vaginal walls contracting in and out but it was at a distance, this plastic and silicone barrier between our tissue preventing direct feeling, my clitoris or penis stiff in its new home.

Jo told me that she didn't want me cumming – not yet anyway, and I had to learn that her satisfaction was paramount and only then, after she was sated, would she see to me.

I was aching to explode inside, the visual providing such a turn-on for me, my nerves on end. Mind you, Jo's nerves were too, her fingers and toes curling up as the pleasure waves went through her.

I don't know how I did it but I managed to hold off from adding my cum to the mix, Jo's next orgasm arriving, redness appearing around the small of her back, the smell of her sex intensifying, even though I was still taking her panties contents in, and then her trembling and arching of her back, as she rode me hard, her head finishing up next to mine and her back pressing down on my breasts, another guttural scream as she hit her plateau, her brain freezing out up there.

I held her as she slowly came off her peak – but not for long, Jo rolling off me, looking at me intently and her hand feeling the stiffness of my new, longer cock, my clitoris embedded inside it.

Pushing her panties over me to one side for a few minutes, she kissed me again, a long dominant probe of my mouth and she told me to roll over onto my

tummy.

A pillow was placed under me and I knew what was to happen, my bottom and anus twitching at the prospect of being taken by her, my boy-cunt to be stimulated and my gurl G-spot to be pummelled into releasing my love fluid with that different sensation to a full-on ejaculation.

Into position with my extension still on and pressing against the pillow, her panties replaced, I felt Jo climbing between my legs, lean over and then mounting me, her own penis, this one a Feeldoe, pushing its way home into me, splitting me apart and then as if it was swelling inside.

This had me gasping for air as she took me, Jo adding to my mental image by whispering, “This is how I want to enjoy you, Nikki, my own girl, my penis deep inside you and making you mine. You really are well on the way to becoming my real woman and the thought that you now have a woman’s hormones bouncing around inside you, well that is just so erotic.”

And then I came and came, my love juice literally milked out of me.

I was on my way and we still had the rest of the weekend to come – and, though I didn’t know it yet, Marianne.

Chapter 10

Marianne Arrives

Saturday morning dawned, more oral worship of Jo the first order of the morning and then into the bathroom, Jo making me get into the bath, lie down and with no water in it. She then surprised me by also getting in to stand over me, half leaning forward to open her legs and expose her sex, her large breasts dangling in front of her and ever so enticing, the combination visually stiffening me up, the remnants of our sex beforehand still all over her and its scent diffusing out.

Jo knew how I was turned on by her aroma and, to tease me, she squatted slightly, everything opening up even further and her scent becoming even more intense. Did she know what she was doing to my mind?

A little lower, the fullness of her rear now right above me, captivating as it was, her nipples within touching distance – or with a little more contortion on my part ready to take them into my mouth and suckle and lick her love-points to help bring her pleasure through her mammaries.

I was taken aback when I realised that she had begun to pee over me – never had she done such a thing during our marriage or even our courtship, never had this been discussed or an interest in water-sports expressed.

I put it down to what was proving to be her façade of sexual conservatism and in not wanting to push the boat out.

None of this, no restraint play, no domination or submission, no use of her natural scent charms, no punishment, how moribund had our sex-lives been – and how things had changed.

Maybe, we should have christened that night in the Ethiopian Embassy as ‘Liberation Day.’

Unbelievably, I could see her golden drops form, just ahead of her vaginal entrance, those drops then becoming a stream and, quite frankly, Jo didn’t mind where it sprayed, as long as it was over me.

Down it streamed, some of it into my mouth, Jo uttering something about me swallowing it, an homage to what she could offer me and to let my mouth take its fill of her before taking it down in one go. Meanwhile more of her fluid was flowing over my face, my breasts and chest, and even into my hair.

“Marking, Nikki, marking of you as mine and you’ll learn to take me in my entirety so that I can happily use the toilet when we are out and about and without a Ladies facility, just your mouth as you worship my pee – and, in time, even more.”

To my surprise, I found it highly erotic, her taste a little tart to begin with but then seemingly sweetening up as she emptied more of her bladder.

Finally, the flow ceased, as quickly as it had begun, and what did Jo do – she dropped her bottom right over my face, the order coming forth, ‘Clean me up, my subby wife, my new morning toilet paper.’

I extended my tongue, her lower area soaking wet in her urine and, to my surprise, I quite enjoyed it, particularly as her waste became sweeter and sweeter as her love-nectar began to bubble and come through, the whole session ending with Jo ejaculating over my face, another mouthful to take in and add the dessert to what I had just ingested.

In fact, I was getting to the point of fantasy where wouldn't it be wonderful if I could be intensely smothered in her cum, perhaps within some sort of bag that allowed for breathing but to live for a day in her love-juice.

However, Jo wanted me in the shower, hot water streaming down and for me to soap, wash and rinse her down, a special emphasis on her sex, this being of no objection though, water everywhere. Indeed, the bathroom was becoming quite a mess.

A towel-down in their luxurious bathroom linen, Jo first, commenting that this should become the norm, and we dressed for breakfast, nothing difficult to button up, Jo wearing a bandeau bra to flatten her out, a white cotton tank top followed by a checked shirt and beige pants, whereas I dressed in pink Wacoal bra and panties with a soft-grey cashmere top, a cream skirt and white bobby-socks – with white ballet flats.

My collar was on and so was my ankle-bracelet, the feel of the two diamonds and pendant hanging down giving me a sense of being Jo's property, even her slave.

Given the simplicity of our dress, it was as if our clothing could come off very quickly if needed and that happened after lunch.

The morning was spent locally and then a short car ride up to Stow-on-the Wold to walk around the antique shops there, nothing like what we had seen in Hungerford the day before. A little sandwich for lunch and we idled back to Southrop, the cottage and for a stroll in the water-meadows before the spa beckoned.

Walking back into the cottage was a little shock; there in the bedroom was the antique stock that Jo had bought the day before, resplendent in the bedroom we were using, the ottoman at the bottom of our king-sized bed moved to the side so to allow space and prominence for it.

I knew that I would end up in this at some point during the rest of the day to come – it wasn't quite to happen as I thought it would.

We went for the stroll through the kitchen gardens and out the meadows by the raging torrents of the River Leach – it wasn't quite that as, in fact, it was all rather soporific.

Down on the bank, Jo found a quiet spot just off the track, the view of the river in front of us and reeds around the back to afford some privacy.

We nestled down for a little rest and a kiss or three.

Ten minutes later, I was down to my bra and panties and Jo had removed her pants and underwear and was squat across my face as I paid her an outside tribute, the fresh air intensifying her scent and, wow, was she delicious, her pre-

cum seeming extra thick and with a little bit of stringy cum in there – my favourite.

I rolled and flicked her clitoris, finding her favourite spot down there on the underside of her little man, my mouth then passing down over her now-naked labia towards the entrance to that hallowed corridor that was now oozing her nectar.

This was all about my tongue, my hands kneading her breasts through her top, her nipples erect in response to what was going on underneath, her bottom popping up and down on my face as she enjoyed my ministrations and not forgetting her breath control over me.

This was rather exciting, not only the risk of being seen and outside sex at large but also the combination of the setting, the fresh air and Jo's scent all coming together.

Her orgasm arrived, the familiar redness, pressure on me, trembling and a distinct scream that could have scared the nesting kingfishers off or that there was some dark crime being committed.

Jo wasn't finished though and she went into her bag and pulled out her extension and slipped it over my clitoris, my panties pushed to one side, Jo moving forward to mount the cock and bring herself to a second climax as I tried to stay in rhythm by thrusting up and down.

Two slightly red-faced female lovers made their way back to the house and to the spa, possibly with a distinct perfume to us pervading the air, as well.

I enjoyed what we had been up to, the trip up to Stow-on-the-Wold, our walk and then our little river exercise, two lovely orgasms draining me nicely, Nikki's tongue and mouth quite skilled on my sex. Things were coming on nicely – and she looked cute as well - when dressed.

In addition, the pillory had been delivered and I was looking forward to trying it out on Nikki later, that and with what Marianne was bringing down from Bryony and anything that she wanted to add to our lesbian troilistic session ahead.

Ninety minutes of pure bliss with an 'Aurelia' massage for both of us, the theme being 'peacefulness' and most apropos for the environment that we were in, Nikki's transgenderism accepted with no questions asked and a good tip left.

Appropriately relaxed and warmed up, we wandered back to the cottage for a shower and then to dress for dinner. I knew what lay inside and was quite thrilled about it, the challenge having been to suppress my excitement, a question of 'keep your je ne sais quoi about you, Jo.'

Jo opened the door to the Old Walls Cottage, surprisingly easily as I thought that we had double-locked it.

She let me step inside.

My reaction was 'God, there is someone in here, no cleaning trolley outside though – so , pray, what is going on here?'

Gingerly. I opened the door and then this woman appears around the corner from the galley, a rather stunning one, I must say.

“Hi, want some tea?”

“Who are you?”

“Oh sorry, I’m Marianne, a close friend of Bryony’s and Jo here, along with Bryony’s arrangements, has invited me down here for tonight and tomorrow. Now, by your surprised look, I’m assuming that you are Nikki?”

The look on Nikki’s face was priceless, complete shock. She turned to me, nothing said but her eyes questioning whether this was true.

“Yes, Nikki, Marianne has kindly agreed to come down for the weekend and mentor you. Even though she isn’t one of your kind of woman, she has loads of experience as a submissive and you may benefit enormously from meeting her. She knows that we are feminising you and, at the same time, looking to take you deeper into submission.”

I swallowed hard, very hard, as I had no idea that Jo had been setting this up.

Here before me was this rather gorgeous woman.

My guess was that she was a similar age to us, maybe a little younger, but by no more than five years or so. She was taller than me, about Jo's height, shoulder length mousy-blond hair with a little streaking and that was then turned inwards to her neck.

Her best feature was her face, incredibly pale eyes and translucent skin, a suggestion that she had some Scandinavian inheritance.

Her figure, from what I could see, was a little pear shaped, a thirty-four or five B cup and a little larger in her bottom – immediately I could see myself under her, her rear all-enveloping, as I succumbed to her feminine ways.

Indeed, it was hard to believe that she was of the same genre as me in being a submissive.

I hadn't met Marianne either, we had talked on the phone a couple of times and my impression was that here was a very nice and pretty girl, a warm Scottish lilt to her voice, more Edinburgh or Inverness than the harsher Glasgow or Kirkcaldy dialects. Indeed, she was as pretty as I imagined and I suspect that I was in agreement with Nikki that it was hard to imagine her being ultra-submissive.

She was also beautifully presented, lovely hair, make-up – and not too much of that, and a rather stylish outfit that made me chuckle, her image being straight out of 'The Railway Children' in that she had on a white smock-blouse with a reverse Peter Pan collar and, over this, a dark navy-blue velvet dress that buttoned up the back, matching stockings or tights and, now, black flat shoes.

Her jewellery, well that comprised of a collar similar to Nikki's and from what I could see matching wrist cuffs.

She turned to me, "Hi, Jo, I have checked in and they gave me a key so I have unpacked in the second room and, by the way, I have what we talked about, courtesy of Bryony as well. The main toy, I have set up in your room – and, my, I like what I saw in there."

"Thank you for this, Marianne. So, we are all set for later."

"I think so; the stock by is very much like the one Bryony bought."

"Same shop in Hungerford in fact."

"That doesn't surprise me – fancy a pot of tea? And I love what I have seen of the hotel and this cottage; it's so twee and comfortable."

Over tea, we began to get to know each other.

She had been born in the Lowlands and grew up near Hawick before going to Edinburgh University to read Art and Fine Art, thinking that a career was looming in a gallery. Tragedy had struck when she was fifteen, her parents killed in an American air crash – with a substantial payout made.

She had passed into the guardianship of a spinster Aunt who lived out in North Berwick and who had introduced her to lesbian sex with an old friend of hers, the two women training her as their submissive, a natural state for her,

apparently.

A peculiar comment that she made was that Bryony and her dome circle tended to gravitate towards young women who had experienced tragedy like she had, the domes able to provide financial support and more in grooming their future submissives and luring them into full-time service.

I was appalled when I heard that, on graduation, she had been sold by her Aunt to a distant relative in France, the Count Henri d'Orsayville, but actually it was more his wife, the Countess Brigitte, who kept, effectively, a modern-day version of a harem, the purpose of which was not only her pleasure but in training submissive girls who would then be sold on to the dominants, or had been sponsored by them and, for the more marginal ones, to be escorted out to women only.

I got the sense that it was some form of training school but part finishing school as well and a major resource for exclusive prostitution and, probably, its legality all rather dubious but, no doubt, quite a protective curtain put around it to ensure that things were hidden from the outside world – more of a ‘need to know’ basis and if one didn’t need to know, it remained very much below the horizon, authorities and all.

I had heard of that name before, from Bryony. This was fascinating and what a background, the story very much fitting in with what Bryony had told me about her circle or what I had gleaned over the years.

Marianne said that she would tell us more about this château over dinner but, in finishing her top-line story that she had ‘graduated,’ or rather had been auctioned off at some event in Luxembourg to a Qatari domme – and that was who she was with now.

This was just mind-blowing; it was as if there was a modern version of the slave-trade in operation, albeit with the submissives agreeing to their position – well, that was my guess at what was going on and how to legitimise this.

I must also add that, at first impressions, Marianne had a comfortable life, her Qatari known as Noor Al-Taher, a high-value and prestigious family within the State.

Her main base was in London, Noor having a luxurious apartment in Lowndes Square where she lived, with secondary bases in Paris and Provence, the occasional trip out to Qatar when Noor had no other submissives to call on.

This gave her plenty of space and, from what she was saying, all seemed very logical and presentable, a side-reference that sex between them was, in her words, ‘fairly extreme.’

Wow, this was all very rich and, to someone in my position and experience, was bordering on the edge of a fantasy world. It was incredible to think that there was a circle, a ring, of lesbians out there enjoying the delights of mainly younger women out there, girls who were prepared to submit to them, but this sort of lifestyle and what Marianne seemed to be representing was in another league altogether.

What was going to come out in these next two days and, more importantly, what did Jo expect of me?

I could see that Nikki was intrigued – even I was bemused and amazed at the extent of her story and we were only at a superficial level at this point. Wow, this was going to be a lot of fun and, hopefully, learning as well – for both of us.

It was time to think about preparing for dinner though there was plenty of time, my idea a leisurely soak and it would be nice to see the two subbies in the bath together – and, for later, the sooner that they saw each other's bodies, the better.

We ventured upstairs and into the bedroom that Jo and I were using.

My mouth opened up again, and not for the first time this trip, when I saw what had joined the pillory, a snap together bench positioned on the far side of the stock, dark tubular steel holding black leather pads and with a number of rings and chains hanging off it ready to receive our bodies – and presumably coming my way at some point.

There, in the entrance to the bathroom and on the floor, was what looked like a Perspex toilet, set at about the same height as a real one with a seat and underneath an entrance with a ledge in it, this adjustable in height and designed to move up and down according to the size of the submissive or how close the Domme wanted her slave to be in terms of providing oral surface or to be used as a toilet.

I had heard of these Queening stools; this was the first time that I had ever seen one close up and, instantly, I knew that I was going to see it even closer.

“Bryony has lent us these, Nikki. She has a whole sex room that is stuffed full of equipment and it's there that you will find her antique pillory. Marianne has

kindly transported them down.”

“It’s back down in her bedroom now. I’ve also bought along some accessories too, mainly used on me but should provide us plenty of options to use on Nikki.”

There, on the bed, lay a sizeable black case, Jo telling me not to open it as I could sample its contents after we had eaten.

Evidently, this was going to be a hard evening.

“Let’s have you two naked and in the bath.”

I was gobsmacked; surely a woman who we had just met and had a twenty-minute chat over a pot of tea was not going to remove her clothing straight away.

I was seriously wrong and I had my first lesson in what serious submission meant, the willingness to obey an order without questioning it.

Marianne approached me and began to help me undress and then turned her back to me so that I could undo the buttons of her velvety dress.

“I’ve seen it all, Nikki, when it comes to you gurls. I was very close to one of you in a gurl called Carole-Anne. It all started with me coaching her and we became intimate. Also, I was good friends with Bryony’s gurl, Kylie, so when it comes to seeing you, you don’t need to fret. By the way, are you on hormones

yet?”

“Yes, as of yesterday.”

“Wow – you’ll see a lot of change shortly. However, I thought that you were fairly advanced given your shape. This gives you a head–start, I bet.”

By now, we were down to our lingerie, Marianne wearing a very neat cream Lise Charmel set in a taupe colour, their Seychelles set, my eye always on the lookout for nice wear and her wear certainly qualified.

She was wearing a triangular bra and neat fancy briefs, ones that had a triangle covering her mons and a hint of her the deliciousness of her bottom beneath the rear fabric, a slight see-through effect to it, the connecting parts of the panties in a lacy tulle material with a suggestion of a floral pattern and small stripes to its transparency.

“One of the advantages that I have in being a girlfriend to my Qatari domme, Nikki, is a virtually limitless budget for my clothing and lingerie so you see it fits my lifestyle.”

We laughed and slowly any reservation, mainly on my part, was dissipating away.

I undid her bra, her breasts small but beautifully shaped, her flesh topped by lovely pert nipples that seemed to sit on top of her breasts rather than at the end

and ever-so inviting they were too.

Off came mine to reveal my falsies, still secure in position without the support of a bra. I had got used to this but, a strange sensation it was, my breasts suddenly felt heavy. We were down to our panties now.

Thumbs and fingers in our waistlines and down they slid, the diaphanous fabric removed to expose what we had, a small clitoris in my case and fortunately she was behaving and not yet stiffening up though I knew any minute that she could.

It was Nikki's mouth that dropped open and I have to admit that mine did as well as Marianne revealed her nakedness down under.

It started with Marianne being completely nude down there, not a hair in sight to give her that girly look.

However, it was what lay right in the centre of her mons that stunned us, a coat of arms shield and under it lettering that was legible close up, 'Noor Al-Taheer' etched in Arabic script. God, all of this had been burned into her and was unbelievably deep and what was amazing was just how neat and clear it was in its presentation, not a scar mark in sight, the burn dark-brown in colour to give it more depth.

Bryony had said nothing about this.

Nikki was completely mesmerised.

Marianne probably knew that we were surprised, even shocked, to see this but she arched her back to push her mons out a little further – and I could see that she had been heavily pierced down under. More on that in a few seconds.

I broke this ice, “Who did this to you?”

“The Count d’Orsayville, Jo, on Noor’s instructions. Not all subs of the Dommes’ ring have it done but a fair percentage does; most are completely and permanently depilated as well.”

“Well complete depilation is something that I want for Nikki. However, how did he get it so neat and without scarring?”

“It comes of knowing what you are doing, my body rigidly strapped down so that I couldn’t move, a fine silver branding iron used, the metal not needing the heat of iron and more pliable as to shaping the design and lettering, and speed – along with use of umber and henna in the wound to darken it up. And then careful follow-up to ensure that there was no infection and to encourage rapid healing.”

Nikki snapped back into reality, “Surely it must have really hurt, Marianne; in fact, it must have been excruciating agony.

“I am not denying it wasn’t. It was but it was weird as it was searing but then quickly abated. The Count used some oil to arrest the burn and followed it up with a Middle-Eastern balm to lock it in, the pain dissolving very quickly.

However, it was sensitive and then scratchy for about three weeks, soft cotton panties the order of the day. To stop me screaming too much, The Count's team had put a tight ball gag in my mouth and I could also bite down on that – so I made it through.”

“God; that's almost mediaeval, Marianne. I can't imagine it.”

I replied, knowing that I would be putting fear into her, “He won't help you, Nikki. Actually, I think it would be rather good to you – I'll have to look up my coat of arms.”

She blanched.

For the record and from a heraldic perspective, my arms entail having the simplicity of a roundel depicted as a ‘roundel barry wavy in argent and azure,’ that is, containing alternating horizontal wavy bands of blue and silver – however it could be shaped in black and white through the way it would be engraved.

I could use the family motto above the roundel, ‘Vix ea nostra voco’ meaning, ‘I scarce call these things our own,’ but perhaps I could adapt it to, ‘Voco illam meum, meae’ that translates to ‘I call her mine, my own.’

Yes, I did baulk when I saw and heard this and when Jo expressed her interest, well – what could I say except I couldn't even think that she wanted to contemplate this as a route that she wanted to pursue. An OMG moment if there ever was one.

However, as Marianne arched herself, I couldn't help but notice that she had been pierced and unbelievably so as it turned out to be, Marianne then showing us what had been done to her as she clambered into the bath.

Her labia had been extensively pierced; three tungsten grommets a side showing, quite a gauge to the holes that could then be laced with leather or wire. There was also a matching ring through her clitoris and one tucked back in her perineum, these giving potential anchor points for any locking mechanism.

I followed Marianne into the water, the only thing sexual so far that just before she lowered herself in, she ran a finger up her vaginal area, it emerging with a little glistening to it and she offered me her finger to smell and taste, a flavour very different to that of Jo. Jo was musky and strong, the marker of a red-head, whereas this was much lighter and fragrant, more vanilla based in fact – and rather tasty.

‘To this evening,’ was my thought – ‘and I’ll be hooked on both of them.’

If Jo was a Private Collection perfume, then Marianne was more Cacharel, that big a difference between them.

One look from Jo suggested that I should get on with the bathing, one more question to ask of Marianne though, “I’m presuming that your piercings were done by The Count as well?”

“Yes; he’s unbelievably rigorous and precise in his work. It goes with him being

a leading surgeon in gynaecology and plastic surgery but everything is done to the Countess's command or through her with instructions from her lesbian colleagues. Would you believe it, there's even a facility to operate on in his suite out in the yard of the château that they have their school based in."

"Where is it?"

"Near Troyes, Nikki, but very secluded and private in a vast estate, the buildings very old and beautiful and within a double moat that surrounds the inner property for extra security in keeping outsiders out and the submissives in. It's a privilege to be allowed out when you are there. However, it does happen and some of us went down to the Countess's Portuguese home from time to time."

"It must cost a fortune to operate the place?"

"Well, there is a lot of family money there, what with property investments all over Europe, plus the paying dommes and then The Count's not inconsiderable income as a top French surgeon. But yes, you are right and also given that the Countess has some four to six submissives as her staff and lovers."

We began soaping each other up, Jo acting as voyeur as she sat there in the bathroom.

Her breasts felt wonderful as my hands glided over them, her nipples so erect and cute.

I knew that Jo was salivating at the prospect of having Marianne in bed with her – she was the exact sort of girlfriend that she would ogle at and fantasise about taking.

I know that I degrade myself when I say that, at this point, I was a poor substitute, the main reason in not having a proper vagina for her to use and no breasts as such. Though to some extent, this was my own fantasy and also a driving ambition to switch my sex over, it helped to provide the momentum to chase what I wanted and that was to become Jo's lesbian partner and her wife, even though there were several hurdles to cross and, obviously, much to learn.

Jo was saving us both for later, an order that we should just wash and not engage sexually, not yet anyway, and then we had a duty to perform and that was to wash her.

Drying off, a little tidying of our hair and make-up, and we proceeded to dress, my own outfit chosen by Jo I felt being a little risqué for the setting here.

I found myself in my Cadolle waist-cincher, the bra that supported the sides and undersides of my breasts but leaving most of my falsies exposed including my nipples, then back stockings on the garters and tanga panties.

In went my sides with the cincher and my stockings took up their familiar pull on the straps, a feeling that I always have enjoyed.

That was fine, except my nipples would be showing; it was what Jo had me wear, a crochet hem trapeze dress in angora wool, the crochet lace giving suggestion to what lay beneath, my bottom only just covered before the crochet

took over with this finishing short of half way down my thigh.

There were two things that I realised that I was exposed on when in public.

Firstly, I would be struggling to hide my stocking tops and Jo well knew that. Secondly, my nipped in waist led to the dress suggesting my body form not only down the sides but also into my panties area. And it was almost as if the outline of my suspenders could be seen as well as my groin.

Up top, it was more conservative, the dark grey dress finishing in an A-line and my sleeves two thirds-long, a deliberate choice by Jo as I was to find out.

Jo turned to Marianne, “Did Bryony pass you the you-know-what that I am going to borrow until Nikki’s come through?”

“Yes, they are in the black bag – I’ll get them.”

Marianne returned with a pair of wide bracelets, quite similar to my collar – this showing clearly around my neck and I knew that there was no way that Jo was going to cover it with something like a silk-scarf or wrap around my neck.

Then I realised that they weren’t bracelets per se but wrist-cuffs that Jo was going to lock on me, each cuff with two sturdy D-rings set at one hundred and eighty degrees from each other.

“Yes, Nikki, I’ve borrowed these from Bryony; they are identical to your collar and there’s a pair on order from Axsmar along with ankle cuffs as well.”

She slipped one over my left wrist, closed it and used a hex-key to lock it home and then my right one, the weight on them immediately evident.

Out came her leash, the silver chain one with a black leather that she used on my neck collar and not something that one could exactly hide.

Jo clipped it on.

God, I was going to be presented as the sub, Marianne not wearing any real indication but just dressed in a darker grey dress, beautifully tailored and a string of pearls around her neck and looking tremendously elegant, black lingerie as well, Elomi her brand of choice, I think.

She was also wearing a most unusual ring, what appeared to be an iron one with a sapphire cabochon, Marianne telling us that it was a replica of a Roman slave ring apparently given to her by this Noor, the stone being dark blue, Ceylonese and at least four carats, size-wise.

Apparently, this was almost iconic that a girl was part of the submissive ring, the stones either mounted as Marianne’s was, others with a very short chain to the cabochon so that it bounced off the fingers, thereby continually reminding, if not annoying, the submissive of her Domme, a silent version of wearing bells from one’s nipple rings or even from the clitoral or perineum one, the bells tinkling away to announce the subby’s presence.

Jo was in one of her silk black jumpsuits, also in her Cadolle wear – whether she was packing one of her cocks under it, that I didn't know.

A spray of perfume, ironically Jo using the Private Collection that served to bring even more attention to me with its intense nose, mainly lilies, and then shoes on, just my ballet flats, and we locked the cottage to go for dinner, this to be held in the Tithe Barn, a splendid relic from probably Mediaeval times.

Drinks in their bar, perversely called the 'Baa' with life-sized models of lambs and sheep around the room, we ended up dining on salmon and dill with crème fraîche, and then onto guinea fowl with morels and asparagus, this a set meal in the rather unusual surroundings.

I was on edge though in being shown off like this and one can imagine the thoughts of others, three young women dining together, one of them on a leash as if she was a pet – and perhaps I was that.

At one point, one of our fellow diners asked us why I was leashed, my face going beetroot red with the humiliation, the question coming from a woman around her late forties, I would say.

Jo was quick of mind though, a little white lie in responding, "We're all friends and Nikki here is out on a pre-wedding dinner with us, prior to her hen night so we'd thought that we would show her what marriage could entail."

The woman had giggled and off she went to share that with her table.

However, my thought was more along the lines of ‘My God, Jo, Southrop is not the centre of London – even there, I would stand out being on a chain like this so here, this must look so bizarre.’

I still had a lot to learn about submission, Marianne telling me that she was usually led around the place like this by her Noor and that I would get used to it.

It also signified a warning message to anybody with desires on me in that I was definitely off-limits to such advances – and that could be quite a good thing.

Marianne told us more about her life, starting with her Aunt and her friend and how she had been lured into the bedroom to be stripped by them and forced and strapped over an arch so that her head was down one side, her toes the other, and then her breasts and pussy exposed for use.

Her Aunt’s friend had then mounted her face, demanding that Marianne lick her to an orgasm while her Aunt, Aunt Kirsty, also began teasing her vulva, sending all sorts of messages into her body and giving her a very first orgasm before taking her virginity as the friend continued to enjoy oral sex, the sexual use of her carrying on for orgasm after orgasm, particularly as Marianne had proven to be highly sensitive and ejaculatory.

Then they had reversed positions.

Though some what shaken by the experience, Marianne said that it was more because she had enjoyed submitting to older women like this and it was probably

these two older Domes that had set her on this course – and she had always needed an older woman in her life, Noor being fifty-three, age-wise.

Jo and I were fascinated with what we were hearing, Marianne moving onto describe life as a submissive in France, dispatched by Aunt Kirsty after Marianne had graduated with a joint-First, the ‘promise’ from Kirsty that she was being sent to a special finishing school.

Marianne described the château in some detail and that, despite its privacy and security, it was incredibly comfortable and with wonderful food.

The first three months were like a boot camp in the sense that every aspect and technique of woman-to-woman sex was covered, and most fetishes too, a combination of immersion and in building experience and technique, the test being the girls’ commitment to become a real submissive and proponent of the art of sexual giving.

At this point, we had an interlude, desserts to be chosen and there was only one thing that really stood out, the Thyme’s dark chocolate mousse, served with crème fraîche and freshly-made cantuccini, a double-baked almond biscotti, often served with Italian coffee.

A bottle of dessert wine, Château Laville duly appeared.

When Marianne mentioned fetishes, she listed things that I had never heard of, socks, pregnant women, needles, asphyxiation, exoticism, handicap, horseback sex, pseudo ‘being eaten alive’ known as ‘vorarephilia,’ skirts and even xenophilia, and many more, the objective of this learning to broaden their horizons, become more open to yield and not to be shocked by their Domme’s wants.

As she finished her list, she looked at me and, with a wide smile on her face, she said, “And Bryony and Jo have already briefed me about your love of women’s aromas and particularly from their panties. I’m used to it and don’t mind it myself and most of Bryony’s girlfriends seem to share this interest.”

I could feel myself blushing.

“One of the things that you would like, Nikki, is there is even a unit of the course about lingerie and clothes care. Sniffing of your Domme’s panties, bras and whatever is encouraged and the Countess is not amiss in making you sleep, taking in her scent, all part of her control in return of respect to her.”

“I probably would, Marianne.”

“Well, if you behave yourself, and Jo approves, you may get to scent and taste me later. I’ve brought my recent ones out of my laundry basket and well-bagged to hold my aroma – and I warn you, they are intense; I do know how to prepare my panties.”

Jo smiled.

I could feel myself stiffen at that proposition.

From what Marianne told us, the second part of the course was more like a finishing school, allowing for the lingerie and laundry management and care elective, it focused on a wide range of domestic skills, as well as personal

deportment and conduct, the objective being that the girls were well-versed in the domestic arts as well sexually.

Essentially, things were tailored to each girl, her background and what her Domme required of her, Marianne for example having taken courses outside the college in cooking various Arabic foods from Persian through to Moroccan.

The wider general studies seemed to fit with those girls without Dommess, going to auction to be sold, Luxembourg the main venue for this, an annual sale attracting dominant women from across the world, Marianne sold to Noor this way.

It was either this or girls that were being earmarked for upscale lesbian escorting – largely within the circle.

We retired to the Baa for coffee and the last of the Sauterne before taking a pousse-café, Marianne telling us about her relationship with Noor.

Once again, it was embarrassing to be led out between Jo and Marianne, my lead clearly showing, the struggle to prevent up-skirting with my dress and its high hem.

Fortunately, we found a relatively quiet place in ‘The Baa,’ the place pretty full and noisy post dinner.

“I have been lucky, as Noor respects me and my submission to her; she gives me

space and keeps me in a luxurious life-style. I inform of her of everything, so she knows that I am down here with you. Bryony would possibly tell her if I didn't. Really, and I think it's important; it's about implicit trust between you both. I know that she meets others and there is the harem in Doha; that's really no issue to me, as it's her right, just as if Jo was to explore, Nikki. You will have to learn to put this to one side and the other thing is that this is not a two-way channel, as she controls you in everything you do or the space that she gives you. It's both sexual and non-sexual so it becomes a life-style and it's not the perception of a Domme keeping his submissives below ground and caged for the rest of their lives – well, I seriously hope not.”

She took a sip from her balloon; Cointreau it was.

“My other advice is that you both need to understand the needs of each other and I mean that – you, Nikki, ought to get to a stage where you can almost pre-empt what Jo is thinking. I'm not talking controlling her but being able to read what is to happen and what she needs, again both sexually and non-sexually. By the way, that can give you a lot of power but not control. That should and will remain in Jo's remit.”

It was sensible advice but the noise in the bar was getting a bit loud so Jo proposed that we went back to the Old Walls cottage and that's what we did, Jo holding my hand with the chain draped down between us, Marianne holding my other hand.

They walked around the corner as if heading for the Swan Inn, a casual evening stroll it seemed and it was warm enough that coats weren't needed.

Just out about halfway there, the two girls sandwiched me, Jo kissing me square on the mouth, Marianne on the back of my neck, little nips, her hands dropping

down to my bottom and finding the hem of my skirt, lifting it.

Meanwhile, Jo's hands found the front and she lifted it too, stroking my clitoris behind my panties and feeling my stockings and straps coming down from the waist-cincher.

Oh God, the sex assault on me had already begun, passion starting to flow, my clitoris becoming erect behind its soft fabric; this really wasn't fair.

However, I hadn't reckoned on what they intended. Whose idea was this?

Suddenly, they lifted my dress up, lightweight wool as it was up and over my shoulders, exposing my breasts and its support bra, my waist-cincher and panties. Here I was half-naked and on a chain.

We carried on walking and not in the direction of the cottage. I started to object.

"Time to quieten her down, Marianne. Are you ready?"

"Yes Jo."

Before I knew it, Marianne was in her bag and pulled out a short silver-linked chain and then two pairs of black panties and a rubber mouth-gag, identical to the one Jo had me use on her.

Perhaps it was ours to begin with.

Within seconds, they had the chain between the wrist-cuffs that I had been put in earlier and this was followed by one of the pairs of Marianne's panties in my mouth and the other over my head, her gusset pulled over my nose, and then the gag buckled on and, in doing this, the penis on the inside pushed her panties even tighter across me for taking her smell in.

Suddenly I was infused in Marianne, that lighter and more floral smell pouring in and reflected in her taste as well.

I couldn't believe that this was done. My God, if anyone saw this and reported us to the police, I would find myself arrested and the key chucked away.

To my horror, they carried on walking and nearer to the pub now, fortunately turning right and away. Then it happened, a car came down the lane, dipped lights on.

Quickly, the two girls embraced me and prevented the driver from seeing me – however, was it a fright and a half and I think it got to Jo and Marianne as well, the two of them turning me around to begin the walk back to the cottage.

It probably wasn't much more than one hundred and fifty metres but it felt like an eternity, a second cover-up required as we turned onto the edge of the Thyme Hotel estate.

I thanked Him above when we made the sanctuary of the cottage, Jo leading me upstairs and straight into our bedroom, the pillory opened up, my wrists undone to be put in the sockets along with my head and the top beam lowered into position and locked off, my feet following suit.

Talk about being bound in, my breasts hanging down and my legs splayed. I was beginning to fear what was to happen but, in fact, I was left to my own devices, or rather Marianne's taste and odour to contemplate on, while the two girls went downstairs for a nightcap and, no doubt, some scheming about what was to happen.

I guess it was some twenty minutes later that they appeared – both of them now looking very strange as they were in body-stockings, Jo in a tan one and Marianne in a paler 'ash'-coloured one, their heads covered in the nylon mesh too, both looking like that they were about to bust the Southrop post-office or bank, if there was one.

I recalled Jo, or was it Bryony, mentioning that Marianne had a bit of a fetish in this direction.

Marianne was carrying another stocking, the same colour that she was wearing.

They came up to me, their hands wandering over my back and bottom, my rump still in my Cadolle panties.

“Do you know, Marianne, Nikki hasn't got into her stocking; this is disgraceful. If she wants to be fucked by us, this is going to cost her a punishment and more than just time in the stocks, what do you think?”

“A bit of both and we could start opening her cunt up, couldn’t we?”

Marianne went over to the box and returned carrying two paddles, two crops and a rather large metal-coloured dildo.

She put the two crops and one of the paddles down on the bedroom vanity unit and then tugged at my panties, pulling them over my thighs until they were stretching and then she went in, taking the dildo and working it into my anus, no lubricant involved and to my amazement.

Basically, she used a technique that Jo had never seen, short stabs and gentle twisting of the dildo, more of a rotation and in ‘he’ went and more than filling my boy-cunt and putting pressure on my prostate.

Indeed, this was fascinating to see. Just because I had experience, it didn’t mean that I couldn’t learn.

I grunted, that my only reaction, no pain coming screaming in – not at this point.

My panties were pulled back up to the top of my thighs, enough to act as a barrier to stop the dildo from sliding out but leaving my rump exposed to their chastisement.

I braced myself, Jo putting the first swat in just as Marianne took her hand away, Marianne then taking the second paddle and joining in, my poor backside getting royally pummelled, not so much a heavy spanking or a whip lash but more of a

thud, the heat gradually building down there.

I couldn't even move; however, the thudding into my rear was juddering through my body and, somehow, releasing more of Marianne into me. I was weakening fast and, perversely so perhaps, I could feel my clitoris stiffening.

This didn't go unnoticed, I bet.

With me hard now, Jo commenting on it and rubbing my penile head through the roughness of the panties' fabric, they switched to the crops, the pair of them just under three feet long, brown tails a woven brown shaft as in a genuine riding crop and finishing with quite a long handle, both of them laced as in the shaft but using wider leather strips and finishing in two shiny metal finials.

And the pair of crops certainly hurt, the lashes applied not only to my bottom but up my back as well, a couple of strokes down on my thighs but largely neutralised by my scrunched-up panties down there.

Yes, I was enjoying this, my love of restraint and punishment, serious punishment coming to the fore, the knowledge in the back of my head that the pleasure would come later, a natural balance to this form of sex. It was essential and it was delicious to participate in this.

Meanwhile, my gag continued to do its double-work, first of all in preventing my screaming from being heard, my voice reduced to low-pitched grunting, and then in releasing even more of Marianne, this providing the sweet to the sour sauce, as such. God, they were driving me mad.

Just as I was about to erupt in a torrent of tears, they pulled back, releasing me from my immediate bondage, only to have me step into the third body-stocking and covering me in it, the feeling of being smothered in denial rather odd and especially as I had my stockings still on – as did Jo and Marianne.

A small hole was punched in the nylon covering my black mouth-penis jutting out, a second hole more formally placed where my bottom crack was exposed, giving the girls full access to my boy-cunt, the panties still drawn down and holding the dildo in – and how heavy was this now, the messages of being drilled like this beginning to get to me, my libido, passion and want to cum on the way up.

Marianne was alert to this and barked out, “Now hold it, Nikki, we don’t want you cumming, not yet. You have us two to please first.”

With this, she climbed over me and the next thing was that I was under her cunt and what a sight that this was too, her labia apart with their grommets in them, her whole area denuded and looking ever so inviting, and the entrance to her cunt nicely open now and wet with pre-cum.

She didn’t let me look at her for long, her thighs descending and giving me a sight that I will never forget as her cunt embraced the pleasures of the cock standing up from my mouth.

Simultaneously, I could feel Jo fitting my extension on, the top edge of the stocking pressing against it, my penis now back into its shrouded cave and unable to please the girls directly.

Once again, my male-hood suppressed and probably for the better – I was to be a woman, plain and simple, so why should I have the pleasure of putting my male member into their gaping and wanting cunt.

And, as before, Jo also got a better-girthed cock to ride – I guess that it was very much a win-win all-around.

With Marianne beginning to move up and down on my mouth-cock, her labia moving sharply in and out on themselves and her love-juice already starting to run and drip quickly southwards, Jo mounted my penis-clitoris combination, pushing my sore bottom against the cotton sheet beneath me, reminding me of the punishment that I had just received.

Two women using me like this, the sort of thing that dreams are made of and they fell into a rhythm, not least in kissing each other and playing with their breasts, my function being their sex toy and to be enjoyed accordingly.

I knew it when they came, Marianne soaking my face and some of Jo's love cum dripping down under the extension and over my mons – how I didn't cum, I do not know as Marianne's aroma and taste was really getting to me, that vanilla now tinged with a little honey and was it lavender that I detected there on her creamy egg-white?

They weren't finished, a switch of position and yet more of their luscious love juice made its way onto or into me, everything in me now focused on the two of them and as if I wanted to be used, the stocking over me seeming to capture and hold everything close to me – to the point that I could hardly see anything with all their cum trapped in the fine mesh.

There was such an intensity to being in the hosiery, never mind the visual effect, it was the way it helped focus me to serve them, to let the pair of them use and fuck me as they washed, possibly even a depersonalisation that added to being more of a fuck-toy than Nikki, Jo's husband or wife, depending on how one looked at it.

The taking came afterwards, Jo and Marianne rolling me over on the arch, my bottom the highest point of me and they both used Feeldoes one me, both black and extending out from their mons using the 'bottom' aperture set into their stockings.

Whatever, the feeling of them in me and across my back, nylon to nylon, was divine, long and deliberate strokes used to build me up, the angle of my prostate such that they could fuck it rigid on their down-stroke.

Soon I was moaning into my gag and I didn't last long, my milking to drain me commencing, my orgasm just about separating from the cum emerging in that my brain went off at a different pace.

I can't say that I exploded but I kept on coming and coming, Marianne replacing Jo at some point, my mind away in fairy-land and I'm not sure if they managed to turn me over for another time – I was that far gone.

At some point, the bondage was undone and the body-stocking removed to be replaced by another pair of Marianne's panties, these tied off at the back of my neck to ensure that they didn't move whilst I slept, her cunt continuing to infuse and brainwash me.

I didn't stay awake that long, exhaustion and the spent feeling of having been so milked taking over.

I slept well, Marianne between Jo and me, her arm draped across me.

I woke to 'morning service,' the use of the Perspex toilet that Marianne had brought along with her, my head placed on the bottom tray, the height of the tray then moved up to being my mouth and nose closer to their genitals when they sat down on the seat, their bottoms pushing through and ready to receive my morning worship.

In position, my wrist cuffs were locked onto the sides of the furniture, as if I was holding the bowl up for extra stability, my body stretched out on the bathroom floor, my only comfort being a towel, Marianne suggesting to Jo that we invest in a thin, rubber support pad, rubber so that it could be washed if there were pee spills.

Indeed, on that front, Marianne started by releasing herself and making me drink her in – 'slow and let her fill my mouth and then swallow; repeat until she is drained, and enjoy it and don't panic.'

Being in this bowl and close up to her vagina and urethra made it easier, room to breathe in there and not smothered, the job afterwards in cleaning Marianne, and then Jo, up also a lot more straightforward and I could cover more of their sex areas and, with the extra fresh air passing through, the taste of them transiting from the tartness of their urinary offering to their cum was exquisite.

How I was going to become attached to this piece of bathroom furniture from this introduction, Jo having ordered a similar one to be custom-made in Austria and shipped to our house, Bryony lending Jo one of hers to use until ours came

through.

Eventually, we were all showered and dressed, and then breakfasted, rather well I hasten to say, the day to be a leisurely one with plenty of oral sex to be given, the one surprise coming after lunch when we went clay-pigeon shooting and then a horse ride, the surprise being that, before we started, I found myself as the recipient of the chrome dildo that had invaded my boy-cunt the night before, this bouncing around inside my panties as I moved around, particularly during the horse-ride, the feeling as if I was being continually being fucked.

Jo took it up a notch by stopping when we were out of sight of the estate and the village, dismounting from her horse and producing the panties that she had been wearing from the night before.

“Put them on, Nikki, and take my scent in as we ride along.”

Here I was, on horseback, the cock inside me doing its worst, and now I was being bombarded by Jo’s Alice Cadolle gusset riding up and down on my nose as we bobbed along, never mind the fear that we could easily be undone if, unexpectedly, someone came into sight.

I was a nose-bag of nerves all the way back until we got very close to the estate, finally being allowed to remove her panties, a large privet hedge in front of us the only thing preventing me from being seen.

Thank goodness no one came into sight though there was a couple on the other side of the river, Jo and Marianne providing a screen from them being able to see me clearly.

The exercise had its effect and I found myself on my back once more with both girls moving from sixty-nines into face-sitting positions over me, once again it being my task to bring them to healthy climaxes.

How we made it to supper, I do not know, this laid on in The Tithe barn again, The Swan closed for the evening, a wonderful array of dishes, charcuterie, cheese and salads from their kitchen garden laid on, a range of yummy desserts to finish with.

I was exhausted from the day's antics.

In fact, there had been talk at the table that I needed to up my ante and stamina and the suggestion from Marianne was that I could take up gymnastics or dance and, on the latter, she used a school on the border of Kensington and Notting Hill as they were gender-friendly, Bryony's girlfriend having trained there, as well as Marianne continuing to use the facility.

Jo and Marianne disappeared into the bathroom, leaving me to undress and change into a nightie and fresh panties. I couldn't help but watch though.

The two of us were still on a high, sex-wise, the way in which we had introduced Nikki to some of the joys of her future life as a submissive woman seemingly having worked. There had been very little objection to any of our antics and equipment and she had complied with the little outdoor scenarios that we had put her through, nothing too humiliating yet but enough to make her uncomfortable.

Even better, she had turned out to be a bit of a pain slut and had taken more than I had expected her to do so – we had agreed to give her a rest this evening but before we left Southrop tomorrow, she would be put over the arch once more and thoroughly spanked.

We ‘retired’ to the shower and this gave me the chance to lean into Marianne as the warm water flowed around us, our breasts pressed together. I knew that Nikki would likely be watching but so what, she needed to learn that I loved being a lesbian and that it was my right, not hers, to bed who I wanted to – and that this was going to be more of a norm in our lives now.

Marianne probably thought the same thing about Nikki watching and there was no way that she was going to be put off in having a voyeur this evening. After all, her training had taught her to take this all in her stride.

Marianne closed her eyes as the warm water pounded her and she kissed my neck as she began running her hands over my increasingly wet and soapy body.

I needed to touch her, the feel of another woman next to me, so beautiful as well. I slid my hands down her back and pulled her closer in to me.

I held her bottom, so cute that it was, a woman’s bottom and not a man’s, the feel so different and the one I preferred, feminine and soft. Nikki’s wasn’t bad but she needed for her hormones to do their work in re-sculpting her and softening the flesh further.

Marianne kissed me, neck first and then up to my lips, our tongues then touching and then dancing around, a want on my behalf to be in her mouth to explore the

softness of her cavity and express my need to take her, to be intimate with her and even dominate her – as well as to give Nikki a live lesson in what it means to be involved in woman-to-woman sex.

For the moment, she has the edge in pushing me back against the shower glass, the hot water streaming down and splattering both of us, the Amazon shower-head providing that embracing feeling of being soaked in wet warmth, the likes of which were beginning to stir inside me as well.

Marianne dipped down a little and began kissing the underside my neck and around my breasts, full as they were, my aching nipples now demanding her interest.

God, she was teasing me, kissing the undersides of them and her hands running over my abdomen and along the top of my mons – ‘either take me out down there or go for my nipples, Marianne.’

I pushed my body forward, arching my back and, in doing so, presented my breasts to her mouth. Marianne knew exactly what effect she was having on me and she was playing me like a violin. So be it.

She teased me further; her kissing and little sucks ever closer to my large nipples but steering around them – back and forth – until her lips enveloped my left one, the feeling of the warmth of her mouth sensational, little shocks of pleasure passing into me, a combination of her tongue and the shower water now taking me up my mountain.

Simply, this was incredible – nipple worship like this.

She goes back to her circling, now right up against my nipple, extra time spend on my sensitive underside, her strokes long and languid and sending sparks into me. I tried thrusting forward again for even more but she placed her hand on my abdomen and pushed me back.

However, this was a precursor to it migrating southwards, downwards to my love grotto, probably very wet down there, my clitoris alive now and I knew that I was already sticky between my lips, ready for Marianne to enjoy herself in there and please me.

She came down over the remnants of my red hair down there; maybe I should have it removed altogether leaving me barren as Marianne – and this was how I liked to take my girls and as Nikki would be, permanently depilated and eventually with a vagina to resemble a young girl's and that much easier to enjoy and fuck.

Her fingers parted as she approached her destiny, then to rub down the sides of my labia, her hand continuing to press until she takes it down there and cups my vulva, the pressure feeling so good on me.

I'm now leaning back on the shower wall again and I close my eyes, just revelling in the moment. Here was a woman worshipping me, so unbelievably beautiful and pure sex that she was.

Marianne inserted her finger into my cunt, surprising me for a second or so and, little tease that she was, she kept it in there while massaging my labia up and down; now this was ever so delicate and it melted my inners down, once my sex was wax and now I was being reduced to a sticky, emotional pool.

Marianne was still kissing my breasts; a quick look upwards, a warming smile

and she went back to exploring my nipples, her free hand rubbing my breasts – in which order she teased them, I had no idea.

This was all serving to start building me towards a body and mind-shattering climax, the joy of having another woman, a pretty one at that, serving me and hitting me on my weakness areas.

In short, I could feel an orgasm beginning to build – a really intense one, my inner electricity sparking out from both my nipples and my clitoris, even somewhere up and beyond my cervix also starting to stir. Up went my breathing, even more intense do the electrical messages become, my want to tighten my muscles grows and my mind began imploding on itself.

Marianne stepped out of the water's flow. A quick glance at her suggests that she doesn't want me taking on my high notes, not quite yet. Who was in control here? Wasn't she supposed to be the submissive and me the dominant? However, I realised that I had left her off the hook to some extent, what with Nikki to take as well and waiting patiently for us.

I decided to take over – pushing her to the shower wall with the flat of my hand and how I loved feeling her in the way that she had done me, the pure pleasure of having another woman's body to play with, lesbian to lesbian, as such.

I just wanted her, a woman and not a man. I had taken the right decision as to transforming Nikki but this was for the longer term; now I needed something more immediate and with the intimacy that only a woman can deliver.

I looked at Marianne, gorgeous as she was and what she represented, pure

pleasure coming up, the chance to use a woman in pleasing me and not just my imagination, mouth and fingers and even more than a dildo or vibrator – or at least we would be on the end of them in some format.

I began to kiss her down her stomach, the question which way to go, southwards to that love haven of hers or to head towards her pert brown nipples sitting there on those tight little areola and flattish breasts.

I decided to take the southern route, the shower water bouncing off my back as I bent over.

Her hands found my hair, gripping hold of it as if she was going to slide over the gunwales of a boat, fortuitously pushing it out of my face to give me the space to take her.

I was now looking at her sex and what a sight it was, what with her nakedness down there and the manner in which she had been pierced, the grommets in her labia looking perfectly at home as they nestled there, all six of them distending those lips of hers, her clitoral and perineum ones adding to the effect; no wonder Nikki had been besotted by her.

I could tell that Marianne was already wet and this was more than the teeming water that we were sharing. However, the thought that I was here was getting to me, the intimate parts of a submissive girl, in fact any girl opening up in front of me – it had been too long and it wasn't going to be like this in the future. I wanted to put making love to women back centre-stage in my life, as it once had been.

God, Marianne was beautiful and here she was going to be all mine, the infinite possibilities of endless sex, her folds showing her anticipation and reinforced by

her engorged clitoris, her whole vulva wanting to be played with – and I wasn't going to resist.

I leaned forward and licked her; everything seemed to concentrate on that moment of feminine love, her muskiness and delicious floral scent, a very different aroma and taste to my own, hit me square on.

Is there anything else better in the world than in doing this?

There were now two things that mattered in my world and this was my mouth and her cunt and, yes, forget Nikki for the moment. Marianne responded by keeping her hands on my head and pressing me into her for even a deeper contact, the first time in too long a while that I had enjoyed another woman.

I was mad to have been missing this for so long – so many gorgeous girls out there in the communications game that I could have helped myself to.

I began to lick here from just above her perineum ring, up over the join of where her labia met and all the way up her pussy to her clitoris and the titanium ring that she was bearing there.

If she was mine, I would keep her laced up, a little padlock making her mine, only to be released when I wanted this kind of pleasure with her – otherwise she could wait for me.

I would have to explore this subject of chastity for Nikki. Denial and the control

of a submissive, I found interesting – driving their desire and mine.

How she responded to me, everything that I wanted as I glided my tongue over those vaginal folds and allowed my chin or nose to push in between her lips.

My tongue teased her clitoris and that lovely delicate area under it, that centre where her cunt taste and smell is the strongest. I use the flat of my tongue on her and I curl it too, wanting to slide my tongue into her, as if it was a mini-penis taking her.

With my face in there, I was where I wanted to be, my own want and passion continuing to build, my orgasm beginning to approach, a sense of warmth and immense energy in me though I was the one set on pleasuring her, the love of two women coming together to engage in intense sex.

At one point, I look up as I continued looking, Marianne away in her own world. I want to make her cum, an earth-shattering orgasm. I focus on her clitoris now to drive everything from there – a deeper G-spot or cervical one could come as the next stage, the affirmation of what we felt for each other.

She began to respond with little twitches and vibrations as her climax built, her eyes rolling and closing – then opening to watch me take her, a sense of pleasure for both of us.

Suddenly, she began to moan, this overtaking the sound of the falling water; her climax was on her. Mine was approaching too, the familiar sparks inside me and quickly intensifying like a small tropical storm becoming a powerful hurricane.

They ripped through us, Marianne convulsing on me as her tsunami crashed in. I struggled to keep my tongue on her, my own orgasm not helping me maintain contact as well.

I kept trying to suck away and I was breathing Marianne in. No wonder Nikki had this fetish for a woman's aroma, addictive that it was – in fact, at this stage, it was almost as if we were trying to make them become one, one and one becoming three with the synergy involved.

God, I was cumming and what was even more amazing was that there was a second even more concentrated one right behind it, this one ripping through me and turning everything, sense-wise, white – a fuse-out from my mind to my toes, the shower water all forgotten about, the only thing that was important being Marianne's vaginal area.

Her legs were writhing around me, her hands were roaming in my hair and I could hear and feel her moaning and fighting to control her breath, a second orgasm for her taking her to the beyond and screaming the shower down.

Marianne had lost control and I knew that when she gushed over my face, coating me in her cum, a considerable volume making my mouth and throat before the stream was washed away from me.

She slipped down to the shower floor, pulling me with her, taking my head in her hands and deep-kisses me. I kissed her back, my body quivering from what was happening, Marianne then admitting that was a hell of an orgasm, well two orgasms.

I sit there, gasping too, but I opened my legs, revealing my soaking wet gash, still covered in my cream.

Marianne moved forward, her lust evident in her eyes and she moves so that her face is now inches away from my cunt. She looks at in awe – I know that she has seen many vaginas before, not least her Domme's and Bryony's, but she then looks up at me with her gorgeous eyes, her will gone and replaced by a rich seam of lust. She's now mine and I can see it.

This was one heck of a spectacle to have been witnessing, an intensity between two people that I hadn't seen before and here, in the bathroom, it was Jo and Marianne who had been making out in such a passionate manner.

If this was what it meant to be a lesbian, then sign me up and make the transition, the whole transition while we are at it.

Their orgasms had been so marked and rarely had I seen Jo quivering like this; she admitted afterwards that the scene had been ripe to develop and what a beautiful girl Marianne was – and how she had missed going woman-to-woman. I also realised that I needed to let this side of her flourish and if I got to witness scenes like what had happened in the shower, well, I would be lucky.

As they lay there on the floor, the water still teeming down, Marianne submitting to Jo's cunt, I prepared the towels for them so I could dry them off quickly as soon as they stepped outside.

I also went and got Jo's harness, fitting her largest double cock to it and I took care to lubricate both penile ends, my suspicion being that Jo would want to take

her as soon as possible and, ideally, towards a deeper cervical orgasm.

And that was what happened, my own pleasure levels beginning to stir and then further intensified when the girls came out of the shower to order me to take in Jo's scent with Marianne's reversed and put over me as a veil to limit my sight of watching the two of them entwine together and rely just on their sounds and aroma to bring me to another intense orgasm of my own.

The evening was to be a long one.

Chapter 11

The Test of Submission

Southrop was quite a weekend for the experiences shared and I came away wiser from it and more aware of what Jo was after as we went forward and in terms of both of us.

The sessions with Marianne were most revealing, the Monday morning involving not only more toilet service to both of them but a bare-handed spanking on my bottom, my body back in the stocking that she so liked, this one with an exposed bottom and a detachable head piece.

This resulted in two things; firstly, Jo taking me in my boy-cunt again to finish off her dominance of me for the weekend's activities and then she produced my masturbatory knickers, the oversized black ones and Marianne brought me to an oozing cum.

Sitting there at breakfast and then, post lunch, driving back to London was quite an experience, the heat radiating out from my backside, a continual reminder of what Marianne had done.

Back in London, we settled into our normal life, the week dominated by the business, the only surprise being the Friday when Jo announced in the form of a stylised e-mail, a little out of the blue to me, that we were proceeding with the LGBT awareness day in three weeks' time, this to occur on the Friday before I was due to go back to Imelda for a check-over as to my hormones, now part of my daily diet.

Cross-dressing was more than covered and a number of prizes were up for grabs, including makeovers and lingerie spends, some of our clients pitching in as well.

The initial surprise was quite positive, a lot of staff commenting that this would be fun.

Other than this, I began my deportment and ballet classes. Marianne having helped to set these up, more on that in a minute.

The biggest short-term event occurred two weeks after we returned from the Cotswolds and quite a Friday it turned out to be.

Firstly, Imelda surprised me on the Monday by asking me to come in ahead of time and we organised it that I should visit her on my usual day off for my conversion over to being a woman for the weekend.

‘A quick intermediate check and it could be very useful for you,’ was the way that she put it as, apparently, she wanted a read of my hormonal progression and the question being whether she could increase it with, naturally, my safety taken into account.

Jo came over to me and I found myself on familiar turf being asked to undress down to just my panties and stockings.

I was cringing a little at the prospect of Imelda using her latex-gloved hand to wank me off – I still couldn’t believe that she had done that.

I don't know whether it was that we were due to visit but, on the Tuesday evening, I had the first dull ache behind both my nipples – nothing too uncomfortable and certainly not requiring any painkiller like Ibuprofen but I knew it was there.

This would have to be reported and, actually, it stayed there all week, a little up and down and I discovered that my bra mattered. A little more support and it was better, my silicones positioned over my own nipples making little difference in whether they were on or off.

Imelda smiled when I told her about it. “You’re experiencing growth, Nikki, it’s nothing to be worry about but let’s be having a look at you.”

With that, and in front of Jo, she measured my areola and nipples, then squeezed them, another smile appearing.

With this, she then took a tape to my waist and hips, panties and all still on and took measurements from top to bottom as if assessing my bottom. She even took a sample of my hair and a small enchantillon of my skin, a little painful that this was.

“Jo, how has she been emotionally – have you noticed any changes there yet?”

“A little, a bit tearier to situations, nothing serious but it’s there, Imelda.”

I was delighted to be spared the speculum and her hand and, on completion of

her analysis, she had us wait in her office, while she took a microscope to my skin and hair and then mounted my skin sample onto a glass plate that then sat in a machine that looked like a small mass-spectrometer.

I had to sit there still in the semi-nude, the positives being that the room was sufficiently warm and a cup of tea emerged.

This analytical work and wait for the results gave her a chance to ask about aspects of my development, Jo telling her about the event a week ahead and how I would be starting permanent depilation on Monday, an intense daily course each day to strip me – and how I had started my deportment lessons and ballet to tone me up.

As she added, “Your voice is coming on as well, Nikki, I can hear a difference already – keep at it and you’ll have to come out as it is, anyway. How else does a high tenor become a soprano in tone?”

I hadn’t even thought about the changes there, Jo having said very little about it but, if this was the case that I was starting to climb the vocal staircase to becoming a mezzo and then soprano in pitch, then I had to agree with her.

Nothing about it had been said in the office though.

She even asked about my libido and ability to stiffen in a sexual situation, the answer coming from Jo, “There’s not been too much change yet, Imelda, perhaps some tiring and lack of strength starting to come through and part of what I want to do is to push Nikki’s overall fitness and stamina.

“Ballet will certainly help with that – and it can bring a nice, natural grace to her poise as well.”

“Indeed.”

Eventually the verdict came in.

“I won’t bore you with all the numbers as to the quant side of things, Nikki, unless you have some deep-seated medical fetish. However, I am delighted to say that you are coming on nicely. Your nipples and areola have started to increase and I can feel new duct tissue being formed in there – yes it will ache from time-to-time but there is really no cause for concern. I will say though, at some point, you will need to be thinking about discarding your falsies and go ‘au naturel’ – probably as you push out in to a heavy A towards a B cup.”

Jo added, “That sounds good.”

“There’s some change to your hips and through your bottom and this is to be expected as well. Your skin is softening up very quickly – I was measuring its oil content and your hair is definitely becoming thicker. So it’s well done and keep it going. In fact, I’m going to give each areola a wee push with an injection. It won’t be a humongous dosage but one to keep things cracking along.”

With this out came her needles and, three minutes later, I had taken the two short and sharp pricks and then squeezes as the hormonal fluid was squirted into me.

“Good, we are done and next time, as promised, then we’ll be much more thorough and put you through it. I’ll also be after some more scans, this time from the other side so that I can pass these on up the line to my reassignment specialists.”

Imelda disposed of her needle, a last remark added, “And don’t worry about a little emotion over all of this, Nikki. It’s a tricky time that your mind and body is going through so some tears and ups and downs are to be expected. See you at the next appointment.”

With this, we were out and about, a quick visit to Bryony and the second surprise in that Jo said to her as we were leaving, “See you later – anything special as to wine that I can bring?”

Outside, I asked her, “What was that all about as I didn’t know that we had dinner with Bryony this evening?”

“I do, Nikki, not you. I’ve got Marianne coming around to girl-sit you. Bryony has some one special that she wants to introduce me too, so I may be very well late back tonight, if at all. And before you object, it was only yesterday evening that the supper was confirmed. Anyway, you can start your cuckolding duties this evening and prepare me for this date with Bryony and her friend.”

I was a little taken aback by the short notice on this but my logic kicked in Jo had said repeatedly that she would take her own course in life but, at the same time, she would be controlling who I went with – and at least Marianne was coming around.

“Do Marianne and I eat in or out tonight, Jo?”

“Your choice, Nikki, you could always take her to Ametsa; I suspect that she may like the place, if she hasn’t been before, it’s very much her style. Anyway, let’s have a quick shop in South Moulton Street for you and then I need to get back and you have your appointment with Christella.”

She turned to me and kissed me, “Sorry, but it was Bryony that insisted – and, by the way, well done on the voice. I hadn’t really taken in your more feminine tones until Imelda mentioned it but it’s definitely true, your pitch is increasing. It’s very clever of Christella to do this without surgery, you know.”

We went our separate ways after our shop, a lovely charcoal-coloured ‘Ellery’ dress found for me and at a reasonable price, one that I could even wear later.

It was gone six-thirty when Jo got back to the house and, in anticipation, I had run her a bath and went to the length of laying out her clothing for her, also a touch of make-up and perfume at the ready, lingerie too in the form of one of her bandeaus and a new pair of black, plain Hanro panties, their ‘Smooth Touch’ ones that really were soft, full and plain, the way she liked them.

By now, we had made the lingerie and clothing transition and there was a clear distinction between what we wore beneath and over – and I had benefited from a quite a number of her panties, nighties and camis, all the feminine-oriented wear coming my way, some of my ex-male wear making its way back the other way.

I still enjoyed wearing her panties after she had, a thrill each morning when she handed yesterday’s to be worn accordingly, the thought of her sometimes-damp gusset right under me quite a turn-on.

This evening, she looked at what I had prepared for her, undressed and had me sit on my knees in front of her in our bathroom, her panties to be lowered by my mouth.

By now, I had had some practice at this and, in time-honoured mode, down they came to be around her ankles.

However, she pulled a new stunt on me.

“I’m going to step out of them, Nikki. What you are going to do is to kiss me three times up and down my pussy and take my scent in and then you are going to assume the prone position while I take my bath – and you are going to put your head in my discarded panties and enjoy the fresh smell of my cunt, fresh from today and, dare I say it, probably a little intense from all that zipping around town earlier.”

I looked at her, a little in amazement.

“Come on do it. I want you to remember this and my scent when Marianne and you get up to naughties later and you can go and think of my cunt being serviced by another woman, an unknown girl at that. I bet that you would like to watch her as I take her, but that’s not going to be tonight.”

I obeyed.

Jo stepped out of her panties and they lay there on the white-tiled floor between us. I looked up, the underside of Jo's substantial breasts above me, she looking down at me from a naturally dominant position, the underneath of her chin and nose showing, just her eyes and the bangs of her hair.

I edged forward and lifted my head upwards to engage with Jo's cunt, her little strip of quite red pubic hair sweeping up towards her belly button. She moved forward and hovered right above me, her naked lips looking ever so inviting to lick and suck – but, no, the order was just kissing only, three kisses and no more.

To think that another woman that I had no idea of who she was would be enjoying my wife later; that was quite mind-blowing.

Seeing her with Marianne when we were at the Thyme had been highly erotic but there was something unnerving about this one, the fact that it was anonymous sex.

Effectively, I was being cuckolded and a woman having sex with Jo was not really that different to the thought of some alpha-man fucking her, his large endowment sliding in and out of her cunt, taking her and rising her up her mountain, Jo willingly let him do this and enjoying it. And now it could be a woman having sex with her, even Bryony, the cock an artificial one but still capable of sending her into a state of sexual bliss.

I kissed her; one to her clitoris, one to the centre of her labia above her urethra and the final one right over her entrance that, most likely, would be well-stretched, used and become incredibly wet with her sticky cum later.

I lowered my head into her panties, the visual probably looking like that I was a Muslim woman in prayer, my bottom the highest point of me and my nose buried in the indeed damp gusset of Jo's panties, the ones that she had been wearing all day.

Jo stepped away and into the bath to soak and wash herself whilst I stayed in position, her natural, musky aroma filling my nostrils and the mental image of her with another filling my mind.

This was sexual meditation of the highest order and I so wanted her on the edge of the bed, the bath, the table, a sex bench or wherever to take her with my tongue and then, later, for her to fuck me or mount my extension cock to ride up and down on it.

It wasn't to be and that was the frustrating thing.

Jo took her time, giving me plenty as well to reflect on and then I heard her, "I'm getting out now and you can dry me down."

Here I was, with the fluffy towels, dabbing down Jo, my thoughts all centred on this woman touching her intimately and particularly when I dried between her legs.

Jo teased me to make it worse as well, "Enjoying this, Nikki. I bet you are thinking of her dancing her fingers over me and then using her tongue to taste me for the first time and become addicted to my musky offerings."

I grunted, I think.

“Time to dress me – and thank you for choosing my outfit and lingerie – I will wear what you have put out. A touch of make-up first though.”

Back in the bedroom, she stood there as I put the bandeau of a bra on, black in colour and then we worked her black panties on – nothing ultra-sexy about these, that was my privilege to be in the girly-wear being her subby and, from our perspective, Jo’s wife.

I smoothed the soft fabric down, the outline of her vulva area showing through it, no sign of her pubic hair at all.

I imagined just how much of Jo’s cunt cream would be deposited in them by the time that she got home later or in the morning – and would there be any of the other girl’s?

However, dressed like this, Jo still oozed passion and want, this being so natural to go with her dominance.

I helped her into the black silk jumpsuit that I had selected, adjusting the spaghetti straps for her so that she was comfortable – and then my last task of dressing her in sliding her sandals on and then buckling the straps.

The final touch was Jo’s perfume, one that I knew that she liked to wear, a more masculine tone to what was a woman’s scent, a ‘Byredo Super Cedar’ that had

the woody smell at it's heart and then top notes of rose petals and bottom ones of silk musk and vetiver.

She changed her ear-studs out for simple silver button ones and slipped a silver bangle on, this on the other wrist to her Tiffany watch.

Jo was ready.

“I’m going to be off, Nikki, so I’ll see you later or sometime tomorrow. Where you end up tonight, think of me and, for now, I suggest that you get dressed in that pink basque of yours, grey stockings and wear something very flirty and girly for Marianne. You’ve got your wrist-cuffs and collar on, so that’s good as Marianne will have control of you tonight and can use you how she wishes – no penis in her cunt or anus directly though. You know where I am if there is any crisis or whatever and I’ll be on my mobile as well.”

With this, she gave me a kiss and bounded off to go downstairs and out to find a taxi to take her to Bryony’s place.

I must say that I was left a little open-mouthed by this, the manner in which she had dominated me and left.

The phone rang; it was Marianne and she would be over in forty minutes, the restaurant discussed and, when she had come off, I made a reservation for the two of us, preferably for a quiet table.

What shocked me a little was when she told me to bring my over-sized masturbatory panties – “just in case, we end up going back to my place – or I could always bring you off in the restaurant’s Ladies, couldn’t I?”

I took a quick shower and dressed as Jo had instructed, new Falke stockings embracing my legs, my new “Ellery” dress on as well.

I loved the feel of this on me, the satin-silky feel over my body adding to the stockings, this sleeveless charcoal-grey dress featuring spaghetti straps, a V-neck, and a scoop back.

Some of my Private Collection perfume sprayed on, a dark-grey Alice band in my hair – yes, it was that thick now, a wriggle of my wrist-cuffs and a fingering of my neck collar, and I slipped on a black blazer for warmth and paired it up with my cylindrical handbag, checking that I had all my essentials in there – a wry smile, as I realised that this was such a womanly thing to do.

Marianne turned up at the door, the taxi waiting for us behind her. A quick kiss and we were on our way to Mayfair, an evening out on the tiles for us two submissives.

Marianne was wearing a lovely Moschino couture dress, a stellar red colour, black stockings and sandal heels.

It was only a short distance, literally four minutes by foot to the Halkin Hotel where Ametsa was located within, the nice thing being that here was one of London’s up and coming female chefs, Elena Arzak who, along with her father and others had opened this neo-Basque restaurant, a sister of its three Michelin

star elder sister in San Sebastian.

The interior was spectacular, inspiration coming from Sebastian too, the centre point being a wave-like ceiling, constructed from over seven thousand glass receptacles and, unusually, filled with spices. Against this drama, there was an oak floor laid at a thirty degree angle and lacquered walls to create an amazing, calm, light-filled interior, further enhanced by the use of white everywhere.

I had eaten here before, Marianne not, the philosophy of the restaurant bringing together earthy flavours and techniques from the Basque and then using surprising twists and modern cooking to feature locally sourced organic produce.

We joked about the Basque association, both of us admitting that we were appropriately dressed then, me with my pink one on and Marianne sporting a black one.

We dined well – who couldn't, on scallop with hemp seeds or langoustine 'crunchy-crepe' for starters, and then Iberico Pork 'Presa' and 'Clumsy' peach or Turbot amongst blackberries, glasses of Tierra Blanco Rioja and a bottle of Finca Villacreces from the Ribera del Duero to support the food.

Marianne was surprised to hear of my hormone acceleration, a little warning or heads-up coming out, "Nikki, it sounds like things may be up, Bryony behind Jo on this one and that they are preparing you for something, maybe not the direction that you thought that you would follow but then may be not. The one thing that they will do, rest assured, is to make sure that you aren't compromised medically. Imelda will see to that, as well."

“So, what do you think it is?”

“Two things – firstly, the Count d’Orsayville would love to land the first European full woman reassignment, though he would have to work in cahoots with the pioneers in this area. The first girl, Carole-Anne was half-English and half-Chinese and is in service to a Shanghainese Domme.”

“Wow, you may be right as there’s been a lot of interest in my anatomy, as you know, and Imelda wants to run a second scan from the other side this time.”

“You see – and it would have to be offshore to get around UK and European legislation to minim times living as a woman.”

“Indeed, perhaps. What would the second one be?”

“Well, you and I know that Jo used to escort for Bryony and her Aunt and friend. Maybe, they want to put you into that for a while, transgender women being pretty popular with the Domme lesbian community that Bryony and the Countess mix with. That wouldn’t surprise me at all and it would be a way of recuperating the extensive costs of your medical treatment while expanding your repertoire.”

I grimaced at that.

“Seriously, it’s as not as bad as you may think. I did it for a while to widen my experience; that was of the Countess’s doing before I was sold. This was based out of Paris.”

Looking at me intently, she added, “After all it is between women and strictly no men are allowed to touch us.”

“True – I seem to underestimate the power of this circle of women that Bryony plays along with. Is she a member of it?”

“Only on the outside, Nikki. These women are unbelievably wealthy and usually or royalty or nobility or incredibly successful, one commonality apart from a like of submissive and younger girls being a need for confidentiality and discretion. With your background, you should realise that.”

“So, what’s it like?”

“It depends on the Domme and what they are into. Some can be quite sadistic, others less so and you see quite a spectrum of fetishes when you do this. Usually the women are beautifully presented and their hygiene is fab but not all the time, more so on the younger side of the clientele, girls for example in their teenage years who are daughters or even granddaughters of their charges and being introduced to the pleasures of a Sapphic lifestyle. They can be a bit raw, should we say?”

“So, what’s the age spread?”

“All ages, though I guess seventy percent fall in the thirty-five to seventy-five range, the oldest I have seen being eighty-one, most women European, some Arabic, a number from the Far East and a few North Americans – surprisingly,

there have been few Africans or South Americans.”

“My, you sound experienced. How many dates did you have?”

Marianne laughed and shrugged her shoulders, “I would think around sixty to seventy in two plus years – they came more in bursts than an even flow but, overall, I enjoyed being confronted with their vaginas to worship and some of the bondage and punishment sessions; latex and hooding too, I quite like that as well as rope work. Long term caging and being kept locked in a prison, well it has to be endured but it doesn’t do much for me, I must say.”

The food was really excellent and beautifully presented, the langoustine ‘crunchy-crepe’ being truly outstanding.

We carried on discussing the pleasures of being an escort, lifestyle, the nerves and thrill of being in front of a hotel bedroom or front door and not knowing what the woman about to greet you looks like, as well as her personality, other than that she would be gravitating to the dominant, the question being how much.

The one variant was the occasional submissive, usually the younger girls, virginity breaking and occasionally to aid the Domme in luring their future partner into their spider’s web.

Marianne told me about one schoolgirl she had taken to, an orphan, and very much the target for a Scottish dowager who owned the most enormous estate up near Tain, north of Inverness, the said lady having rented Marianne when visiting London or Paris.

The dowager, one Lady Glenburn, had been tipped off about the girl, Emma by her headmistress to that she was a possible candidate for true submission, the question was to what extent and would she be a good candidate to be taken in and trained up, the Countess of Orsayville's château to provide the all-round finishing school training, her costs to be met by Lady Glenburn.

Marianne had been drafted in by both Dommies to provide the assessment and, with all of them working with the headmistress, it was arranged that Marianne and Emma would meet for dinner at a nearby hotel and then Marianne to lure her into bed and assess her – little did everyone know that a virginity would be taken that evening.

I was quite turned on by what I was hearing and this would certainly be a scenario worth exploring and in being paid for it too.

Marianne picked up on this, astute that she was – and she hadn't even begun describing the actual act of submission except to say that she was classically dressed as a schoolgirl, white panties, school blouse, awful tie and all that.

Then Marianne surprised me.

“Tell you what, Nikki. I am going to propose a little game based around what happened. You and I are going shopping tomorrow for schoolgirl wear; it's always a useful addition for a sub's wardrobe and I bet Jo will love the look, and then I will walk you around how I tested her.”

“I’m not sure what Jo has planned, Marianne?”

“It could give her more time for what she and Bryony are up to. Why don’t I text her and see – and I quite fancy seeing and having you dressed as a schoolgirl and under my influence. I may even cane you.”

I gulped – and hard; Marianne was serious about this.

“Right, you go to the Ladies and I’ll text her about it and see if we get a response.”

So that was it, the plot was set and off to the restrooms I went, Marianne tapping away furiously.

Jo replied nearly instantaneously apparently, a message of ‘Great idea, Marianne, go for it – just get pictures and, even better, make Nikki come home dressed as a schoolgirl. Thanks, Bryony is okay with me taking India for an extra day.’

Who was this India, was my first reaction?

Marianne shrugged her shoulders and brought me back onto topic, “I’m looking forward to this; we’ll get you fully kitted out, down to the blazer, pinafore dress, ribbons, soft white bra, school shoes and all the rest and you are going to serve me and replicate what Emma did or had done to her.”

I shivered at the prospect.

We chose our desserts and shared them, a sumptuous 'Esmeraldas de Chocolate y 'Flysch' de Anís' and a mango and orange tart, Marianne now saving the subject of how she lured this girl into removing her school uniform for her.

We returned to Marianne's home just off Lowndes place, Noor's apartment one of the most opulent that I had ever seen, beautifully furnished and decorated if not quite my place, Marianne with her own suite joining on to her Dommes via the first sex room that I had ever seen, my eyes agog to what was in there and, no doubt, waiting for use on me at some point, Marianne teasing me that Jo would also be using Bryony's similar parlour this evening on a young girl that we hadn't yet seen, not as young as Emma though.

Sex this evening was all about oral, Marianne pulling out another Perpsex toilet-like stool, this one more designed for queening in that my head fitted comfortably in the box, resting on a thin rubber mat and Marianne's sex came down close to me.

Whereas the other one could be adjusted for oral or pee play, this box was designed more for vaginal worship, with Marianne's cheeks and bottom valley very close to my nose and mouth, a clear view of her cunt and anus given, and a very long chance to indulge in her, Marianne experiencing three orgasms before asking me if I had brought along my 'masturbatory' panties.

I found myself down to my basque and stockings, my panties removed in favour of the black oversized hi-sides, the wide band of elastic high up my waist and above my belly button and that strip of soft polyamide completely covering my erect clitoris.

Marianne teased me mercilessly, her delicate hand just about wanking me off through the material –well, probably more of a stroking of the length of my boy-clitoris than a full-on wank that a man would normally experience.

God, she felt good and with all that had passed during the evening, more a sequence of mental images about this Emma, I was hard and ready to explode, Marianne's aroma and taste from her face-sitting adding to my elevated state.

At the back of my mind, I wondered what Jo would be thinking but, then, she was probably preoccupied with other matters, from what she had implied and the acceptance that Marianne could steer me into this sexual play as a younger school girl.

I released and I released hard, the black, soft fabric catching all of my cum, just as if it was some form of lingerie condom.

I couldn't believe that she had me trapped like this but here I was, in her panties over me now, and sleeping with her, just the two of us in her massive, king-sized bed, no bondage at this time other than my chain still around her neck and the other end wrapped around her hand – it was easy to escape but I didn't want to – and, as I dozed off, I realised that this was the first time since I was married that I was sleeping in another woman's bed without Jo present.

For a few short moments, I had visions of Jo taking this new 'girlfriend' of hers – a lithe, young and fresh body, completely depilated, underneath her, Jo's cock ploughing her fresh and creamy cunt, her own bottom bouncing up and down and her large breasts pushing into those of this India or over her back, the air full of the sex aroma of both women, the natural red-headed muskiness of Jo co-

mingling with the freshness of youth.

The question was what role Bryony was playing? Or was it a case that she would have her own 'young thing' to take as well, no clue having been given to the *raison d'être* of this meeting-cum-dinner and the short notice in which it had seemingly been put together?

Getting up in the morning, a little decadently late truth be told, I gave Marianne a morning 'welcome service' and then we showered, Marianne putting me into a pair of her panties, nothing scenario-wise yet about this Emma, nothing mentioned.

We went back to the house to allow me to collect a few toiletries and were only there for ten minutes maximum as there was no sign of Jo. She was probably still in bed or had this new girl of hers in a cage, spread-eagled on a St. Andrew's cross or in a cage.

It was then that we set out, Marianne hailing a taxi to take us out to the netherlands of Harrow, a place that I hadn't been in years.

In the cab, she told me that there was a wonderful school outfitters out there that was set up to provide the boys of the school all the necessary for their school uniforms and some of the odd accessories that they required, anything from black braces to boaters, waistcoats to tailcoats and striped trousers – all to a Harrow design and colour, winged collars to their own archaic football shirts, largely in gaudy colours.

From this account, the shop had diversified to provide some fifty schools around

west and central London with their clothing and bits and pieces, boys and girls and ranging from three to four up to eighteen years of age.

Marianne knew one of the managers and it was her that we would see for my very own fitting, the all-embracing schoolgirl that she wanted me to become.

The trip out took over forty-five minutes, the shop located in the High Street and very close to Harrow School, the shop at the nicer end of the street, older buildings making the road more of a lane, the whole area looking quite well-to-do and helped by the trees fully out and giving shade and colour.

We got out of the taxi right opposite the shop and went in, Marianne holding my leash, this hooked off one of my wrist cuffs.

“Emma wasn’t on collar or cuffs – well, to begin with.”

We entered the shop, a woman of about our age approaching, quite pretty and neatly dressed, a pale blue floral dress on.

She smiled as soon as she saw that it was Marianne and they greeted each other with a kiss before they turned to me, Marianne introducing us, “TJ, Nikki and Nikki, TJ.”

“So still up to your games, then Marianne – sometimes, I think that you should be a dominant.”

“You know me.”

I learned that this TJ and Marianne had known each other for some time, both of them having studied at Edinburgh, TJ specialising in fashion and design at a Bachelor’s level, the two of them having partied and even TJ meeting Marianne’s now notorious Aunt Kirsty. This was all about ‘wheels within wheels.’

I had to admit that it had been an awfully long time that I had ever been near such a shop as this, the last

The shop was full of stock, categorised by major school and then what I would describe as a general goods area for the more generic product like white and pale blue blouses – or shirts for the boys – underwear too and even down to socks, each category tagged for the schools who would accept the model.

Then there were the specific colours of the schools, mainly in blazers, ties and cravats and headwear, some of which nearly defied imagination in their colour combinations.

Once we had a quick coffee together, TJ went through the girls’ outfits, taking time to point out the options that could be had by each school, most of the designs very traditional, one or two contemporary pieces appearing with the more progressive schools, such as baseball-style caps.

Then came the question, “So, Marianne, which school are you interested in having your new girl dressed in?”

I almost baulked when Marianne said, “Well, I can’t get a replica of the Glenalmond uniform but I can get reasonably close with The Oratory one and, with its green and gold, it will mean that Nikki will stand out. Now let’s have a look at what we will have her dress in, the more classic schoolgirl-look, the better.”

“So, what are Nikki’s sizes, Marianne?”

“Surely I am too big to wear girl’s school clothing? You would need one of those specialist fetish outlets, Marianne.”

It was TJ who replied, “Sorry to disappoint you but size-wise, we have blouses up to a forty-eight and most of our blazer and pinafore ranges go up to a forty, so we’ll be able to kit you out.”

My thought was an ‘Oh my goodness, there is no way out of this.’

TJ directed me into the back, a dressing room facility in there.

Marianne unclipped me, “Okay, Nikki, I need you naked as you are even going to wear a schoolgirl’s bra and panties, this being key to how I will play with you – and then tights. However, your cuffs and collar, as well as your ankle bracelet, will stay on as Jo hasn’t given me permission to remove those but let’s be having the rest, panties, bra and all.”

I heard TJ’s voice, “Let’s have you ready to be dressed in a couple of minutes –

and pass me your clothes and I'll put them in a bag for you.”

This was ridiculous; imagine being made to change into such wear in daytime and it was becoming increasingly obvious that I would be leaving the shop dressed as a seventeen or eighteen-year-old schoolgirl.

However, what could I do?

Protest would not work as I could imagine the repercussions if such disobedience would not be on with Jo, never mind embarrassing Marianne and, this, I did not want to do.

But then I thought – at the same time, perhaps even as I was standing here, Jo was off with this unknown girl, a bizarre form of cuckolding the order of the day and it was she that had given Marianne permission to do this, not some random act of dominance by Marianne over me and without Jo's knowledge.

After all, Jo had even said to send me back to her dressed like this so that she could see Marianne's handiwork and, I guessed, to have her fair share of the sight of this adult schoolgirl.

I started to undress, a feeling of slight humiliation washing over me.

Marianne put her head inside the curtain, “Good, Nikki, I'm pleased to see you are obeying. Now here's your underwear.

She passed across a white bra, a soft training one that wouldn't give me the

support of an under-wire, my breasts would be more mobile under any blouse.

Next came Marianne's panties – a pair of white full briefs made of quite a heavy material, polyamide, spandex and elastene in the mix, the waist and hems quite pronounced and stitched in a zigzag finish, the gusset wide and cottony.

These would be more than figure hugging, my clitoris to be held hard against me if it was to respond – which, at the moment, she was staying reasonable well-controlled, even though I knew Marianne's scenario was now into the green light phase.

I adjusted the straps and slipped the bra on, then manoeuvred my falsies so that they were comfortably placed – and then the panties.

They came up to nearly my belly button and, to say the least, held all firmly in – but they were comfortable, a little shiny visually when I looked in the mirror, my bottom also coming across as more of a bubble-butt and reducing my age.

At this point, Marianne entered the room, some make-up in hand; a few swipes and wipes and I was stripped of what I had been wearing.

It was then a question of applying a little foundation, blush and a lip balm and that was it - she wanting me 'back to basics,' as such, and as if I was still sixteen, or seventeen?

A pair of bottle-green tights appeared through the curtain. I sat down and rolled them onto my legs, the denier quite coarse and feeling like it on my soft skin and particularly that of my thighs. It was harsh enough in texture that my panties

were still clearly visible; a glance of my covered bottom in the mirror confirmed that.

Next up was my blouse, really a school one in its 'reusable and easily washable' polyester and cotton mix, the percentage definitely more to the former. It was a button-up high collar one, the collar curved into a Peter Pan line, and then the sleeves with elastic cuffs, this being something that no self-respecting woman would ever wear.

Sure enough, I could feel my false breasts inside this white encapsulation and it did make me wonder what Marianne had planned for me later.

Blouse on and in came the tie, resembling the wear that Australian sportsmen come to the ground with – alternate diagonal stripes of green and yellow, a matching Alice band arriving too and just to add to my image.

God, I wasn't looking forward to going out dressed like this and I was sure that this was going to happen later.

The first of the two pieces de resistance arrived, namely the boxed-pleated pinafore dress, again in The Oratory bottle green colour, buttons high up the shoulder on each shoulder-strap, the skirt very much the box with its pleats and the whole dress looking more like something appropriate for a young teenage girl in her science lessons.

Oh God.

Then came the second piece, the wool blazer with the school logo, three large front buttons and really quite sexless, the jacket designed for the unisex market.

Completing my outfit were a pair of ‘Hush Puppies’ flat shoes, black and with a single strap across each ankle, along with a bottle-green duffle-coat, which at least had some general use beyond this scenario play.

And I forget the school scarf, again The Oratory yellow and green to go around my neck.

I emerged from the dressing room appropriately cowed, my head down, not believing that I, a finance director of a decent public relations company, was dressed like this, not that an outsider could spot that.

Indeed, stripped back of any adult clothing and make-up and given my small physique, I could pass as a late-teenage girl in her school outfit, and exactly what Marianne wanted.

TJ drew up the invoice and Marianne signed it, the bill apparently to go over to Bryony for her due treatment.

Who was paying here, as Marianne wasn’t answering that one?

Much to my embarrassment, TJ took photographs of me – and, unfortunately, they came out rather well, too well in my opinion.

We said goodbye and left.

There I was out on the street as we sought a cab to take us back into town – and feeling incredibly exposed as I stood there like a bit of a schoolgirl lemon, nervous that we may be rumbled and exposed.

Pedestrians and cars were passing us and there was no reaction at all from them. I was passing this masquerade but still, it was going to take a lot more to get me to relax.

The cab found, Marianne ordered it to go to Seagrave Road.

I racked my brain as to where this was in London but to no joy, her answer to my question being, “You’ll see and we are going to have lunch nearby and I’ll start to explain my date with this Emma, once we have ordered.”

The cabbie came back towards town via Wembley and White City, dropping down through Shepherds Bush and picking up the A-road leading towards Chelsea. Though back on more familiar territory, I still couldn’t mentally locate where we were going.

Across the Cromwell Road and then we swung west to pass West Brompton Underground and then we turned left into Seagrave Road and suddenly I saw where we were going. Marianne had brought me to The Oratory School, right at the back of the Chelsea Football Club.

What on earth were we doing here?

“I want some more photos of you, Nikki, dressed like this in front of the front gate area.”

The taxi put us down and Marianne had me pose for her camera in front of the school sign and some of the buildings overlooking the road.

The worse thing was that there were a few pupils around, some in their uniforms and I felt so humiliated that I was here like this. However, and it may be fortuitously so, we weren't challenged.

Finally, we moved off, Marianne taking me by the hand and leading me around the corner into Weavers Terrace and then Micklethwaite Road and there, on the junction with Walham Grove, I realised where we were for lunch, the Harwood Arms, one of the best gastro-pubs in London, no doubt a frequent destination for parents and their charges.

I had been here before a few times, but certainly not in this context. It did pass my mind that I may be recognised but who was I kidding in being dressed as a schoolgirl and not as a male finance director.

We were shown to our table, my duffle-coat removed and taken to be hung up, the place an updated and chic version of a Victorian pub, taupe and cream walls, a lot of wood in use, and the rooms light and airy.

We were shown to a quiet table, no comments or opinions made, not even when Marianne ordered two glasses of a Sancerre wine as an aperitif.

We dined on roasted breast of quail served with a confit-leg and a gorgeous black pudding Scotch egg, carrots and mushroom ketchup. Also, we went for charred Cornish mackerel on a fennel bed and with grapefruit and elderflower pickle alongside, the third offering some Berkshire fallow deer served with damsons, girolles and Swiss chard.

And even better, the service was friendly and discreet, thereby keeping me out of being in the public eye too much.

Food ordered, we sat back and I relaxed a little, Marianne saying that she could see it in my face and the way my blazer shoulders eased.

She began to tell me about Emma, “I told you about this Lady Glenburn, a very wealthy Scottish socialite who was a domme and part of the circle in which my Countess and Noor move and how she had her eye on a schoolgirl in her final year, Emma.”

“Yes.”

“Well, the school in question was quite a wee bit south of Tain, much nearer Perth in fact, and it was near there that we met, Emma’s headmistress acting as the interlocutor to Lady Glenburn and then me, as the meeting or interview if you could call it that, was set up. The school has colours not too far away from what you are wearing, their green a little darker, gold used and a touch of purple. So, this explains why I want you in the colours that you are now dressed in.”

“I can sort of see why.”

“I’ll show you a picture of Emma later. Anyway, I stayed at Gleneagles, which wasn’t too far from Emma’s school and on the appointed evening, her headmistress brought her over and introduced her. In short, it was that there was a very wealthy woman in the background who was out to sponsor female orphans and help launch them into life but, in being who she was and the publicity involved, I had been appointed as her intermediary to screen candidates and put forward a shortlist between zero and a maximum of three, ideally one candidate if she really stood out.”

“And did she know beforehand that she was to end up in your bed?”

“Nope, though her headmistress knew that this was a likely development and we had planned her return accordingly, just the one call from me to her needed later that evening.”

“So she arrived with her headmistress?”

“Yes, we met in the spacious foyer of the hotel, her headmistress introducing her and after about five minutes of chat, she left us. To be honest, I was surprised when I saw her, not because of her looks as she was very pretty but as she was wearing her school uniform – I thought that she would have been in civvies given her age.”

“Which was?”

“Just short of seventeen, sitting Scottish Highers.”

“So, what did she look like?”

“Not unlike you actually, in the sense of being of a similar height, similar hair colour, maybe a little lighter than yours, and its length down to her shoulders. Thick it was too, with an Alice band highlighting it, a little streaking to her hair adding some contrast. She had big doey grey-blue eyes, quite a Roman nose and a lovely smile. Body wise, again very similar but bigger in the breast department not that you won’t fill your blouse out in time – and she had a gorgeous bottom clad in white panties, as I was to find out later, these identical to the ones that she wore that night – in fact, she sent me a couple of pairs of hers on request and you are now wearing a pair that have been nestled against her cunt.”

“Oh, my goodness.” Immediately, I started to stiffen down there, the fabric of those panties stretching tight across me.

“And one of her bras too.”

I nearly choked.

“I took Emma by the hand and we walked through to the restaurant, the Andrew Fairlie one, with me cracking that she wouldn’t be eating school-food tonight. Andrew is Scotland’s only two star Michelin holder. The restaurant is quite sumptuous if a little OTT, decorated in black and a colour that borders on fawn and gold in the down-spotlights. We were sat in a quiet corner, a banquette and

chair, an oil painting of the chef above us.”

“So not much like here?”

“Except for their commonality in using game and superb shellfish and in sourcing products as fresh and local as possible – here, the roof above a veg garden to the kitchen. Anyway, we chatted away about school, her academics, her hope to consider University, in Fine Arts like me, and this leading onto more intense questions like where she spent her holidays, the answer being ‘usually with girlfriends.’ I asked her outright whether she meant just friends or true girlfriends with whom she was intimately involved. And, to put her at ease, I added, ‘I’m a lesbian, Emma, and I have had a similar background to yours; believe me, so there’s nothing to be embarrassed or shamed about – anything but.’”

“And she bought this?”

“Well, after dropping her head in a little submissive act, as you tend to do so as well, yes – and she talked freely about her girlfriends and her lesbian activities, admitting that she was very much on the submissive side of the equation, my ears perking up at this, as her candidacy was becoming interesting and Lady Glenburn would definitely have interest in meeting her, perhaps in signing her up to be then trained in the finer arts of female-to-female service.”

“At the château in the Ardennes?”

“Correct – and she appeared to be an ideal candidate, a compliant, soft nature to her, a bit like me.”

I burst out laughing at that, “And here you are switching.”

“Be careful, young girl, as remember who you are. You just may pay for that.”

The food was amazing and to think that this was just lunchtime.

Marianne continued with the relationships that Emma had experienced, her first ventures into girl sex as a twelve-year-old and continuing on through her teens, some four liaisons and then the one that really interested Marianne, an affair with her French teacher, the older woman and all that.

“She told me how she had loved being with an older woman, the touch, the feel, a sense of security and the passion that flowed between them. This had me excited that maybe she could be lured to visit Lady Glenburn at the very least, the question being did her character reflect through to her bedroom performance.”

“Interesting then?”

“Yes. So, I decide to tackle the subject square on and ask her how she knew that she was submissive and what she felt, her response now showing that we were past the embarrassment stage as she described to me how she liked a woman to lead and guide her, how she enjoyed oral sex as a means of worshipping her girlfriend – her words by the way – and that she had even enjoyed being tied up and smacked. So, yes, now I was really interested in that we had a candidate for potential development.”

At this point, the waiting staff came out to clear our plates.

Our dessert orders weren't far behind - well these had already gone in for the cooking time required and the choice had been an easy one, two raspberry soufflés that turned out to be superb, cooked evenly with a fluffy texture and light on the outside, the soufflés served with a home-made lemon curd ice-cream.

Marianne said that we had reached a natural break, the question was what happened next and, for this, she needed the two of us back in her bedroom so we remained 'neutral' on this subject for the moment, other than two or three tactical kisses on the way back to express Marianne's interest or rather the interest that she and Emma had for each other that evening.

Indeed, it was very much all controlled by her – and I didn't mind. Once out of the Harwood Arms, there was just the taxi back to get through as to this outfit that I was dressed in and then it would be between the two of us.

Back in through the front door of her London home now, Marianne was all over me but, somehow, we made it up to her bedroom with her leading me on my chain and then Marianne just about ordering me to remove her skirt and undo her blouse.

“This is what I got Emma to do, a little gentler perhaps as I needed to build her trust in me that I wasn't some sort of pervert interested in a schoolgirl lesbian. I led her into the room that I had and we kissed, kissed as only women can – or those on hormones too.”

I smiled as she kissed me and then set about my task, a glorious sight that she was as her skirt came off and as I undid the buttons on her blouse, she was wearing black underneath, Agent Provocateur it was, I kissed her.

The bra was a 'solid' one with a deep cleavage, the shoulder straps being spaghetti and then dividing into two strands to each cup, a small ring acting as an anchor for the straps.

My eyes took in her suspender belt, a hint of corsetry to this with it made in the same style as the bra, the actual garters made in a similar manner to the bra straps but with the ring replaced by the adjustments for the final strap holding her plain, fine denier stockings taut on her legs.

However, it was the side of the deep suspender belt that was intriguing, little eyelets set into two seams and laces woven across the holes and then hanging down her thigh.

"I wore this set the night that I took Emma, Nikki. I could see her ogling it and it may have been the first time that she had seen such bondage-themed lingerie – immediately, she was hooked on it, no pun meant. Now take off my panties."

I helped her out of the matching panties and she took them in hand and put her gusset under my nose and let me take a deep draw of air through them and fill me with her essence.

"I did the same thing to Emma, her eyes wide open now as she reacted to my

scent, just as you are. However, remember that this was her first scent of me and what I offered and, essentially, I was letting my pheromones get to her and tell her that she was going to make love with me – and hopefully we would gel together.”

I gasped a little, the scenario filling my mind, Marianne here with a schoolgirl that was barely of legal age and taking her further into the spiral of feminine domination and eventually use as a full submissive.

Was this typical of how the Dommies lured and captured their little ones? What was the term that I was looking for?

Yes, it was lesbian grooming, pure and simple, but above board though Emma’s headmistress and French teacher could have had questions to answer to as to their ‘loco parentis’ duties but Emma had complied, even volunteered to come along, and was now consenting to what was going on.

“Nikki, as she knelt there taking my aroma in, I asked her, ‘Is this what you want, Emma, an older woman, not me, to take charge of you, look after you and make love to you twenty-four hours a day in return for your complete obedience, trust, submission and love? If it is, then I’m going to see how you handle me taking you tonight as part of assessing your suitability for such a role and that means I am going to fuck you, perhaps like you have never been fucked before. Is this what you want, as if you proceed you’ll be committed to this life, a life of complete submission but with its immense rewards? Think hard as this is probably your last chance to escape to a life of normality and devoid of such intense love that we can offer you.”

“God, Marianne, you are even getting to me.”

“I could ask the same of you, Nikki, on behalf of your Domme? Are you prepared to accept this lifestyle and completely submit to becoming a woman and to experience such major shifts in your life, some of which you may find mentally painful but all part of your acceptance of what Jo and others will require of you?”

This took me by surprise but, I guess not surprisingly, I yielded to her request, “Oh very much so, Marianne. I am ready to become Jo’s subby and to be developed and used as she wishes me to.”

“Good then, as with Emma, I’m going to climb onto the back of the sofa and open my legs. I want you to sit between them and think about this last question some more before you finally affirm. After that, there is no going back; you know this already and, if you don’t, you will quickly discover it.”

This is what she did, sitting centre of the black kid-leather sofa on the back, her legs splayed out and everything on view.

“My, Marianne, what did Emma say when she saw your piercings and branding; they aren’t exactly understated?”

“I admit that she was intrigued, possibly even shocked. My comment to her was, ‘I’ll let you in on a secret in that I am a submissive but having had a lot of training and experience, there are occasions when I am permitted to switch, such as this evening. I have a dominant partner who is from Qatar. She knows that I am here and helping a friend out – I’ll tell you more about that soon.’ Her response was ‘Did it hurt?’ To which, ‘A little when it was done but it was done

professionally and the medical care was superb. Now, I have my Domme's marks on me, showing that I am 'Hers' and she loves to use my piercings; for example, to lace up the grommets here in my labia and thereby put me in chastity. This could happen to you if you take up the lifestyle – I love it, if you haven't realised.'"

"So, I guess she asked how it was done, particularly the branding? That fascinates me too, I must admit and I can't imagine being strapped down and taking the Count's red-hot silver iron like you did."

"Absolutely – now Emma moved in, her back to me and nestled in front of my cunt, a chance to reflect perhaps and slowly let the pheromones work on her, with me letting her take draughts of me, as if she was inhaling chloroform or some amyl nitrate."

With this, I got into position and that's exactly what Marianne did to me, her other hand beginning to stroke my hair and the right side of my face, my left cheek up against her stockinged left thigh.

I knew that Marianne was replicating what she had done with this girl.

This soft caressing felt wonderful, gentle comments coming from Marianne, 'Your hair is so alike Emma's, Nikki, just as thick, the same length, the Alice band in it. It's maybe a tad darker and less naturally streaked, but so similar. Think, you could be her age – would you like that?'

I closed my eyes, smiled to myself and, yes, my mind was wandering – as, without realising it, so did my right hand in seeking out what was under my skirt

starting by hitching it up and holding it, as my head moved in Mariannne's crotch and my eyes looking up towards hers.

I was in love. I wonder if Emma felt the same way when she was put through this?

Marianne's fingers were sensational, a combination of her pads and her manicured nails running their way through my hair and over my skin, now down to include my chin, jaw-line and neck.

I had no idea how long it was that she continued stroking me and, frankly, I didn't care.

Never mind this, the aroma of her sex was thick in there as I rested against her thigh and then she would reinforce it by presenting me with those panties that she had been wearing, duly reducing me to 'OMG' moments.

I was biting my bottom lip now in anticipation of what was to come.

I adjusted my position slightly, apparently as Emma had done, my pinafore skirt running up my thighs even more, my bottle-green tights on show and, through them, the outline and some of the whiteness of those tight panties.

My breasts felt as if they were aching, my nipples expanding and I now wanted to be taken by her – or at least to be honouring her with my mouth and nose.

I wanted to be her woman, her submissive, to be used as she wished. I suspect that Emma went through this phase as well.

My right hand was dancing now, my fingers pulling the hemline of the pinafore even higher and skirting over the tautness of my girly underwear, even a little push at the entrance to my boy-cunt.

I was becoming seriously turned on.

I wondered if Marianne had noticed this.

I was sure she had as not only were my fingers caressing the bottom of my pinafore dress but across where my panties lay, a want to have her fingers and even more inside them.

Gradually my fingers slipped inside my tights to feel those panties and, all the time, that ascent upwards to my sex plateau, my new feminine high and my ability to stay up there, began. The only way down was to explode in orgasm – but only after Marianne had ridden through her orgasms.

The stretch on my panties felt wonderful, the gusset too, this being tripled layered and hemmed into the edges of where my legs were, yet another but closer touch of my boy-cunt through them.

I imagined what it would be like to be touching both my love orifices like this, under Marianne's control, a 'genuine' girl inside the panties in which she had been placed, ready to answer to her and give her full access and command over me – and how would her cock feel in both love holes and what differences that there would be.

The hosiery felt quite coarse, not the satin-like smoothness of the tights that Marianne liked to wear when she indulged in her own little fetish, the feel of them smooth on the legs and easily tearable or designed to take a harness-cock through them. My fingers roamed around inside, Marianne watching me as I did this – and continuing to caress me.

I looked up at her, closed my eyes and her fingers stroked around my mouth, this ever so erotic as it triggered thoughts of what was to come, the smell of her sex definitely on the air now.

I could imagine the innocent youngster under her control – where would she take her next?

I was soon to find out.

Her fingers explored my mouth and then up to my hair, my eyes looking wantonly into hers. Suddenly, she grabbed my hair, pulled me upwards a little bit, rolled me over so that I was more on my front now and slid forward a few inches to splay her vulva out in front of me – and there I was, my mouth and nose pushed into her wet sex.

Marianne mentioned something that Emma loved this, the feeling of being used

and controlled, the taste of Marianne's cunt now in her mouth and how enthusiastic her tongue and nose were.

All I could and wanted to do was to emulate her, to go where her young protégé had been, and I too lapped away with a lot of energy, thoroughly enjoying the taste, smell and feel of my temporary domme.

Marianne continued to half-stroke my hair but also added a controlling element in steering me around her sex, the initial focus on her clitoris, ring and hood and then that sensuous area that I knew she had, right underneath the hood.

From there, she guided me down her thick and pierced labia, making sure that I took the folds in between, all that lovely pre-cum emerging and rising to the fore – and my rampant tongue and nose.

Her hands began to pass up and down her legs and over her suspender straps, her own level of excitement rising, given away by moans and sighs that indicated that I was doing something right, the amount of her always-copious cum also suggesting this, as well.

Her mouth began to open and close and she was now biting her bottom lip.

I dropped to my knees for better comfort and pushed my bottom out and up, my pinafore dress riding up my thighs to expose to her my pantied and hosiery rear and thighs, hopefully such a turn-on for her. My right hand migrated southwards to feel my love-orifice and clitoris, the latter now quite hard bend my panties.

Her right hand re-grabbed my hair and now Marianne began to use me more aggressively – probably just as with Emma, she was beginning to exert her control and use me as her personal sex doll, one with a warm tongue and rigid nose so that she could masturbate against, my reward, as Emma's, being the worship of her cunt.

Did my autonomous system kick in, as I began to rock back and forward to add to the pressure on her sex, my right hand still dancing away and teasing my boy-clitoris into stiffness?

Marianne started to guide me up and down in a rapid motion as she began to rise, my licking becoming harder and harder.

She suddenly rose from the sofa to stand in front of it, swivelling me around, even though I was still on my knees. She lifted her left leg onto the nearby coffee table and guided me back in, my angle of oral delivery much more upwards now, a position of reverence in front of her.

I hooked my arm around her bottom to pull her in on me, Marianne thrusting forward as well, my tongue diving in and out of her cunt now, reducing me to being a toy penis with it, the angle allowing me to look up and watch her.

For some bizarre reason, I could feel my blouse on me now, stretching over my breasts, high up my collar and taut on my tummy and arms – perhaps it was the heat being generated, the polyester in it unable to disperse the humidity in there.

It made me feel alive though, recalling those sweaty days at school when we mucked around like this or when my sisters' friends had played with me, as a

young girl in service to them.

I lapped away at her, my tongue in random fall now, one second her clitoris, the next her perineum and onto her cunt, no rhyme or reason to where it was going, perhaps reflecting Emma's raw enthusiasm and lack of experience in cunt-lapping, even suction coming into play. Whatever, Marianne was becoming very excited – and so was I.

I could spend hours doing this, dominance over submission, the sense of ownership and being controlled along every step of the way, my current dress reflecting my position to Marianne, a sense of youth, want to serve and sluttiness coming together.

How I wish that I had been a schoolgirl able to enjoy such unabandoned sex and to be a lesbian at the same time, committing myself, as Emma had done, to Marianne's and Bryony's ring, one that Jo seemed to be in the throes of joining as well.

Increasingly so, I tried to get underneath her, my hands on her legs for stability and I needed to worship even further under, from her cunt to her anus.

Marianne duly let me do this.

Five minutes of this, ten and maybe twenty, on we went until Marianne decided to remove her blouse in its entirety, revealing all her form. She reached under the coffee table and pulled out a substantial Feeldoe.

“Yes, Nikki, this has been up Emma’s cunt and ass and it’s going to go up your boy-cunt as well. Two innocents committing themselves to a life of submission and the training and body modification to go with it – I love it.”

She wrestled with it, deliberately so I think, in placing the vulva end into her, the grooves on the topside to ride her clitoral area, her ring and all, her labia pushed apart. It would have been interesting to have had all of this filmed but I could imagine a camera angle of Marianne from behind, her tight bottom and the back of her suspender belt holding up her stockings, her legs apart and with her inserting the cock.

Both Emma and I would be there, on our haunches, staring intently on as we watched her, the anticipation and pure sexual energy growing by the minute, Marianne flaunting this by using the vulva cock to masturbate herself, the male end of it moving up and down in her hands, both of them on the substantial shaft now, that eight inches of hard penis and defined with a male head at the end, a real and alpha replica of the little heads that we enjoyed on our clitorises.

I could even see her cum beginning to drip, the base of the shaft already glistening with it in the light.

My lips began to moisten in anticipation, this was becoming almost meditative as she slowly manoeuvred the cock, her left hand running behind her bottom to caress her left cheek and down to her stocking from time to time.

Then Marianne gripped the shaft by both hands, pushed the Feeldoe into position and pointed it downwards, her eyes suggesting that I needed to take it orally, she saying in a soft voice, “Just as Emma did, Nikki, a girl who has never tasted a man’s penis – and that is so good, as it makes her even more valuable to the ring of Dommies.”

I melted and leaned forward to take her into my now-feminine mouth – or was I gay?

I was certainly bisexual; my past having shown that up but here I was as a lesbian committing myself as a schoolgirl one to a life of submission. How much did Jo know about this?

Eagerly, perhaps too eagerly, I demonstrated my skills as a cock-sucker – after all, I had had a lot of practice on Jo's different penis-substitutes.

It was a question of tease the head, then the shaft and onto Marianne fucking my throat, the penis moving around and, in doing so, sending vibrations to the inside of her cunt to keep her high and take her further up her mountain, her left hand keeping her penis at an ideal angle for my oral worship.

Marianne's hips began to thrust the cock into my mouth.

God, she was mouth-fucking me and I had to take her just as this Emma had done.

I yielded to her, my mouth belonging to her now, my lips and nose moving up and down accordingly.

I assumed the position of submission, my pinafore dress splayed out over my knees and thighs, my feet under me and behind and my overlapped-hands laid out flat on the skirt part, and I let her fuck me.

My orifices were hers and I wanted to give her my cunt, as Emma had no doubt done so, a reason to have the transformation surgery if there ever was one.

Marianne rested both her hands now on my head, as well – total usage and I could see the pleasure in her eyes and the redness of her face as I looked up at her, a little grunting as she continued to slide in and out of my mouth and her hair moving backwards and forwards too.

Oh, goodness me, this was just so erotic, even sexy in the way that she was moving. And yes, I was increasingly in love.

I had to be patient – and frankly, just as I had worshipped her cunt, she could do this for hours as I spiralled downwards in submission to her.

I felt her cum, not a massive orgasm but one that had her shaking a fair bit, a build up to the bigger event, the achievement of a base-station on the ascent of her sex mountain.

Marianne was ready, taking me by my green and yellow striped tie and pulling me upwards and half onto my feet, making me step back two or three paces and almost throwing me over the arm of the sofa, so that my breasts would be down and my bottom upwards – and ready for her.

Half-over I went, her hands pushing my pinafore dress and blouse up my back, caresses of my panties and tights over my bottom and then she moved in behind me, little touches of her cock against my gusset, my mind knowing that I was going to be taken as a woman by a woman – a fucked submissive that I was to become for the rest of my time with her and a strong message about my acceptance of what the girls, Jo, Bryony, Imelda and Marianne, wanted to do to me in shaping my future.

Marianne's touches became stronger, her tip pushing against my panties and the tights covering it, the feel of her cock passing up and down my bottom valley rather exquisite and duly driving me into white fusion country.

I don't know whether it was a natural reaction but I began to lower my body over the back of the sofa, leaving my bottom as the highest point and naturally lined up to receive Marianne's penis.

Her hands thoroughly explored my bottom and then pulled down my bottle-green hosiery, duly ripping it and not the first time that she had done this.

What was it that turned her on about tights but then who was I to question it, especially when I had my own fetish and that she was about to address.

In true Marianne fashion and detail, from out of nowhere it seemed, her planning ahead being as such, she produced another white pair of panties that matched the pair that I was wearing.

Over my head, they went and, instantaneously, I knew whose they were, the first question being was how had she managed to acquire a pair so fresh in their

pussy scent, even to the point of almost being damp, the third or fourth draw of breath through them liberating what was in there.

I knew that they were Emma's.

"Enjoy them, Nikki, enjoy them," was all she said, the gusset of the panties gripping my nose, mouth and the front of my face as tight as the pair that I was wearing.

I almost exploded on the spot.

Marianne's cock managed to make its way through the torn nylon and then past the solidly stitched leg hems of the panties that she had put me in, my boy-cunt so wet that I didn't need any lubrication at all.

Things were intensified in my mind by the way that she continued to caress my bottom and pushing me down, her control of me taking over, the point that I wanted her to take me long ago – now I was lusting after her penetration, punishment and however that she wanted to use me.

How vulnerable was I in this position?

Marianne's dominance of me was assured when she pulled the left side of my panties covering my boy cunt aside and sliding her penis in to me, its head firstly up against my natural barrier but that didn't offer much resistance, so much sex-lubricant and lust flying around between us now.

Then it came, Marianne sliding that cock ever so provocatively under my clitoral undercarriage before placing it once against my weakening anal rings before thrusting into me – a couple of grunts, the minimal of entry pain, no artificial lubricant or poppers to soften the invasion, and she was in, controlling my anal cunt, nothing less or nothing more.

God, Marianne felt good, so natural in being in there, what should have been an unnatural position to many but not for us. Still, it was exquisite as her head passed the front barrier and her shaft squeezed my walls, the first time in this crystal scenario that we were playing to.

She began to thrust in and out of me, fucking me rigid that they call it. However, my, did it feel good as she took me, perhaps the best that she had done so far, effortlessly taking me, sending me into a state of relative delirium. What more could a girl want?

For some bizarre reasons, I reached back and held my tights apart, these now well shredded in my anal area.

I was enjoying this and I think Marianne was as well, murmurs of appreciation coming from her as she took me, the other end of the Feeldoe doing its work inside her, preparing her for one of her really wet, ejaculatory orgasms.

She took me ever so slowly to begin with, making me feel every inch of her dong play along my boy-cunt, stimulating my own g-spot, this beginning to shrink no doubt, as my feminine hormones took their hold on me.

With me bent forward and my bottom up high, I could feel her every thrust and even the front of her suspender straps rapping me as she came forward on the thrust stroke. My mind was starting to freeze up and it did briefly pass me what Emma would have been thinking and feeling at this stage.

My back began to arch and I was struggling to get air now, my nose taken out with this young girl's aroma, not that different from Jo's – perhaps a little less musky filling my nostrils to add mental stimulus from there, Marianne knowing full well how to get me turned on.

Yes, I was beginning to succumb and my body was letting me know about it, not in male mode with everything concentrated on my cock but all around my body, my nerves setting up their little fires and ready to erupt into something bigger, not amiss to a human forest fire sweeping through me.

My muscles were also beginning to tense up, my toes curling and my fingers also, those gripping the sofa beneath me.

It was getting to the point that I didn't think that could take any more, my mind and body so tense as Marianne continued to fuck me. I nearly went into a snail-like position in trying to curl up, the focus all about my bottom that was now high in the air.

Marianne upped her rate, her hands on my lower back and near my neck, holding me in position, a little downward pressure to intensify the sensation of her cock ploughing my cunt. Next, I found her pulling my head back and putting her fingers in my mouth, pressing the gusset of Emma's panties into me, a little flood of the taste of her candidate schoolgirl taken in.

I was so close now and I suspect Marianne was as well, a lot of wetness down there, pre-cum everywhere and I knew that, between us, we were dripping it down on to the sofa and floor beneath.

The thing that sent me over the top was when suddenly a vibrator was switched on by her, the button at the base of the Feeldoe, Marianne's hand passing behind her to push the button on and trigger the intense buzzing. She also adjusted her position somewhat, lifting her left leg up onto the sofa and bring her cock in more horizontally.

My left fingers found my clitoris, this still under the panties and what remained of my tights. I rubbed hard, unable to grip it and wank myself off.

It was all that needed and, suddenly, I felt Marianne come.

Her orgasm was here, the trembling of her body running straight through me, her thrusting becoming slower but more forceful as if she was going to push me over a cliff, a gasp and a deep moan coming from Marianne and I followed suit, almost a full on ejaculation but then quickly slowing to an ooze, my body right on the edge and numbing up, particularly upstairs in the grey cells.

Then she withdrew, a playful smack to my bottom left cheek and out of the room she walked, the bathroom her destination, leaving me as an orgasmic wreck slumped across the corner of the sofa – and still in my school uniform.

I leaned over and felt the stickiness left down there, a lovely feel, before I snapped my panties back into place.

I lowered my head back onto the top part of the sofa, a sense of warmth and satisfaction coming over me, Marianne leaving me in this contemplative state for some five minutes before returning, a smile on her face.

“There’s more to come, Nikki, just as there was with Emma. I had warmed her up at this point, the same with you and, yes, she committed.”

“Did you bring up the subject of Lady Glenburn?”

“Yes, but I went one stage further as I knew who she would have true value for and that was the Countess of d’Orsayville. Lady Glenburn would act as the initial lure but then it was a question of turn Emma around and snare her into the Countess’s team and that is where she is now.”

“How did you do that?”

“I was completely open with her, telling her about how I had been taken in by my Aunt and discovered what Emma just had, her introduction to this dominant and submissive lifestyle with a lot of role play and hints of the BDSM world. I explained how I had been traded onto the Countess and what her training involved, well some of it, and then things like my piercings and branding – and, of course, how I was then sold to Noor.”

“And her reaction, Marianne?”

“Well, all very positive and very much ‘I would love to do that too.’ It was then a question of how to take things forward and I promised that I would engineer a meeting with Lady Glenburn and let the Countess know and that she could be available if Lady Glenburn only wanted her short term.”

“So today, she is at the Château?”

“Yes, she is and doing well. Lady Glenburn made a tidy profit, the Countess is happy and so is Emma. What’s in for her as to her future, I’m not sure. I haven’t seen her for a couple of months. Now come on, Nikki, my little schoolgirl, I want you back underneath me and I want to feel your tongue on me – otherwise, you will be spanked or whipped.”

Back to service it was and back into the role-play of being Marianne’s schoolgirl – and very submissive and educational it was indeed – and a lot of fun.

Chapter 12

Acceleration and Change Unite

I made my way back home, still dressed in my uniform, looking somewhat dishevelled, the shredded tights discarded in favour of bottle-green socks, my clothes in a bag along with two souvenirs in Marianne's and Emma's panties.

Jo was home – without her young lady, she having already heard a report out from the session from Marianne, a smile on her face when I walked in.

“So, here we are, with you succumbing to being a submissive and the influence of me over you as your Domme – well done is what I have to say.”

I smiled, “Thank you.”

“However, I hope you appreciate the scale of change that this will imply and the impact on your life, positively and, at times, you may think negatively but hopefully always for your longer-term benefit.”

I looked at her curiously.

“I'll explain a little more – now go and change and, firstly, I want to hear what happened from your perspective. I'll get supper ready – just a chicken pie and salad, so I hope that is okay, and a bottle of St Clair to celebrate.”

I went upstairs and had a long shower; I was exhausted and the hot water teeming down on my muscles and where Marianne had cropped her schoolgirl more than welcome. I hasten to add that this she did not do to Emma, just some light spanking, Emma being new to this life-style and Marianne did not want to lose her trust or want to submit.

Dried off, a little make-up, just a clean pair of white, lacy Chantelle panties and then a jersey, mauve jump-suit on, and I ventured back down stairs, a little hungry and curious to hear what Jo had been up to – and what she had in mind as to planning for the future.

Jo greeted me with a kiss and a cold glass of the New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc nectar, saying that the pie would be ready in fifteen minutes, some new potatoes on the go as well, and that I should use this time to give her an idea of what went on with Marianne.

I proceeded to tell her all and in some detail, Jo fascinated by my shopping experience and what it was like to be paraded around town dressed as an Oratory girl – and then how Marianne had taken me. At heart though, was my acquiescence to Marianne's request, not once but twice.

With the food ready to serve, her conclusion was simple, "Well, it strikes me that you rather enjoyed yourself and trust you to take to a new scent from a schoolgirl, fetishist that you are. Anyway, it's your acceptance twice to Marianne's questioning of your submission and our control over you that is the important thing – twice, I say, so it wasn't in the heat of the moment, was it?"

I mumbled a “No – and, yes, I rather enjoyed Emma’s scent, quite magnetic that it is. Marianne let me keep the panties, by the way, as well as hers.”

“That doesn’t surprise me but thank you for telling me. As you may have realised, Marianne and I had discussed and set this up, Bryony agreeing to the scene, as Noor also did in letting Marianne act as your interlocutor, as she did with Emma and Lady Glenburn.”

“I presumed that you had been involved.”

“Whatever, there’s going to be a few changes – the first is that we have Imelda’s appointment and that could well trigger a detailed look at you by potential specialists as to your transformation surgery and which route we go. Bryony and I want to move this up in terms of the time horizon.”

“Don’t I have to live as a woman for at least a year, preferably two?”

“There may be an easy way around that.”

“I can’t see how. Does it involve Marianne’s mentors, the Count and Countess of d’Orsayville?”

“Yep – the Count is one of those who are interested to see you. However, he is kosher and not going to break European regulations on transsexual surgery, not even for you. We have someone else in mind, this Professor Wu, who did the surgery on this other transsexual, Kylie, but he will only perform the operation if

you are a strong candidate for his type of operation and that isn't just the build of an artificial vagina for you."

I was really getting to the nub of where I wanted Nikki long-term, her acceptance of her womanhood was so promising – she would soon be my sexual lesbian slave with a bit of luck and confirmation of the diagnosis that we all suspected.

"When are you thinking?"

"That I genuinely can not answer at this time; Step-by-step and let's start with Imelda."

Jo went and got the pie, potatoes and salad and it was a good one, all homemade, or perhaps I was appreciating being back home after my time with Marianne, my body still required from the exertions that I had been through.

"We've also got transformation day coming up as well and, from that, I want to be in a position to announce your switch. Also, Nikki, I think that we ought to begin consider finding a replacement for you as our finance director?"

"You what?"

"I said there would be changes, some of which will be unpalatable but hear me out."

I was ready to explode but managed to hold back.

“In short, I want you as my wife and not as my finance director. That doesn’t mean that you won’t be on the board; that remains intact and no change there in terms of your responsibilities as I appreciate the wisdom that you bring to the table. I would also suggest that we have you head up our remuneration committee too. No, I want you as my wife in supporting me and being available to worship me and be used at any time, not only this but also in maintaining our daily lives and even secretarial work to me, a P.A., for want of a better term. So, I want you as mine. Now before you react, I want you to think about this.”

This was fair enough, some contemplation time may be good and I knew that I was tired enough to make the wrong comment, one that I would regret later.

“It would also free up time to put plenty of challenges to you so as to develop your submissiveness and the depth of understanding to serve me as I wish. Not only that, but I have other ideas too, one major one that I have hinted at in the past.”

“And what is that?”

“I’ve mentioned that I want to keep a small stable of you submissives and, in addition to you, we have the room for another one or two, and allowing that we need to install a sex room, maybe similar to the one Bryony has, a dedicated facility in addition to what she has in her bedroom suite.”

“I haven’t seen that yet.”

“You will, in time. Anyway, I think that I have a candidate for this first sub to join us. India is what she is called and rather beautiful and attractive she is. I’m really quite taken with her.”

This took me back somewhat, “Are you sure that she is the right one for you, Jo, for us I could add – that’s all I ask. Tell me about her.”

“She’s younger than we are, so maybe there’s something maternal playing out. She’s twenty-one.”

“Not that much older than Emma.”

“She’s a law graduate from Cambridge and about to start work with Bryony’s team – as you probably have guessed, it was Bryony that introduced us, Bryony having known that I was in the market and rightly guessing that there would be a magic between us. She doesn’t have the experience of Marianne but that I like as it should be a voyage of discovery for all of us. She came to Bryony’s attention through one of her academic friends looking to place her, India a classic submissive and clear of family responsibilities as most subs in this circle are, her parents having passed away at an early age.”

“I’m sorry to hear that – Marianne had that happen to her, as well.”

“I know; it’s one of those things that mean that you become more dependent on us for life at large, more loyal in other words. Off her inheritance and trust funds, she went through private school, Beneden, won a scholarship to Gonville &

Caius, and came to the attention of her tutor and the rest is history. Anyway, I haven't committed yet, as I want you two to meet and I've yet to work out things like how we divide responsibilities in the house. There will be prep work involved so we aren't quite ready to have her move in, not yet but, hopefully it won't take too long."

"Physically what's she like?"

"Taller than you, very slender but a gorgeous body shape, blonde hair that's frizzled in its lower half, her hair falling to her shoulders, her eyes wide open and sparkling, a very pale light-bluish, a lovely turned-up nose and small mouth. She has lovely C-cup breasts, her pink nipples turning upwards and down beneath she is delicious, and a lovely tight bottom to her. She's vibrant, bright and, on that score, will be quite an addition to our team for her legal skills, especially if we bring her up to speed in communications law. She also has a lovely compliant and kind personality but not lacking a sense of humour either. Oh and does she orgasm."

"So, can I ask you what she has that I don't?"

"Well, at the moment, I would have thought that this was obvious and I have wanted to get back to an all-female relationship for a while as you well know. However, I think you two will work well together, both in and out of bed. India brings a different sort of exactness to what she does, a sense of precision. She's quite creative but in a different way to you, cooking versus your wine knowledge, a share of loving food though, ceramics and glassware versus your love of paintings – and I can imagine you both in bed serving me at the same time and I'd rather like this to develop."

"So, when do I get to meet her?"

“Next week some time as India’s slipping back up to Cambridge to close-down finally up there and Bryony is putting her up for the interim. At some point, I’ll send her across to France for some skills enhancement.”

“To the Countess d’Orsayville?”

“Yes, and you too at some point, not least being that I want you skilfully pierced and branded as well, the reference to be my coat of arms and that I own you or with a laser code embedded on you, maybe both, the former on your mons when you have a proper one and the ownership register on your lower back, shoulder or outer thigh.”

I shivered at that, the very idea hurt even without any sight of a silver branding iron, if it was anything like what Marianne had told me.

We gravitated off the topic and Jo let me take in my thoughts, not only this India person, but also what she proposed as to Fountain & Collter and my future as her personal assistant and in more ways than just secretarial.

I would get to keep my equity stake with no dilution there and also my board position. We always had our pre-positions agreed locked down ready for board meetings so there wouldn’t be much change there.

Dessert, a cherry clafoutis, was also delicious, Jo having excelled herself – which she was capable of, if and when let loose in the kitchen.

I also knew that there would be a service session in our bedroom to take on before we turned in.

As it happened, my 'date' with Imelda took place the day before 'Transition Day' in the office. I switched my days over so as to be in the office on the Friday, Jo in complete agreement with that.

Jo accompanied me over to Imelda's office and in we went, some trepidation on my part as I knew what was coming, certainly the latex glove and masturbation treatment as she would want a sperm sample off me, perhaps even the dreaded speculum.

Imelda was as thorough as usual, questions about how I was feeling, taking of my vitals and a sample of blood to go off for a quick analysis and then on to measuring my breasts, nipples and then my waist and hips.

It was only then that she had me strip, this in front of them both and she felt my breasts, there being definite budding of them now, the announcement that Jo wanted to hear, "Yes, she has moved into an A cup now, Jo, no disguising her from now on and, if I was you, I would discard the silicon breasts and move her into bras to bring her on. I think you'll find that she's going to end up with at least C-cups and nice-looking nipples."

"That's really great, Imelda. The timing is perfect as tomorrow we have a transition day in the company to encourage transgenderism, the platform being that we have an account that focuses on this. From the day's fun, over the weekend, I'll announce that Nikki is going to switch to being a woman, so this will be the start of the end of her male days altogether."

“That’s excellent and we need that for the next stage. However, back to this, what I am proposing is to inject Nikki’s nipples with a derivative of a product called collagen and related to ‘Artefill.’ The beauty of this one is that it really isn’t a dermal filler but it will help enlarge her nipples, her areola perhaps even to being a little oversized and the nipples certainly more prominent and, given her skin colour, a tone or so browner. It’s also biocompatible with you, Nikki, and immunologically inert and it resists degradation in vivo.”

“So, the risks are minimal.”

“Yes, mainly a risk of duct blocks but that’s about it. I will have to give you two injections for each nipple, either side as such.”

“And growth?”

“The nipple, anything from three to five millimetres extra on what she would normally have and the areola from point five to two centimetres larger in diameter. They also should be deliciously puffy. I hope you like them like this, Jo?”

My response was easy, “Go for it, Doctor, I would like to see her areola and nipples like this, covering the end of her breasts and, I am hoping, mounted towards the top and out-turned a little. They are more enticing like this and they would be better for eventual piercing for horizontal rings to hang down. Not least, her nipples will become a continual reminder of what she has become and her purpose in my life.”

She injected me then and there – my hormone intake staying at the same level,

Imelda happy with my progress and the way my body was adapting in terms of re-shaping, hair thickness and skin softness.

Then came the moment that I wasn't looking forward to.

She led me into her examination room and to the gynaecological chair, my legs put into the stirrups and I lay back as she snapped on the latex gloves.

She came across and firstly measured my cock-cum-clitoris and my balls beneath.

“Some good shrinkage here, just on half a centimetre, the hormones are kicking in nicely. Any loss of libido yet?”

“Well not noticeable, Imelda; we keep her active though.”

“I'm not surprised, let's see her dimensions when erect,” and with this, she started to feel and wank me.

I wasn't up for it and remained flaccid – no joy whatsoever until Jo stepped in. “I thought that this may happen, here are my panties from yesterday, Nikki. Take me in.”

Sure enough, I responded, Imelda impressed on how quickly my fetish worked and she got her measurements, thirty millimetres off essentially, and then she

began to frig me.

What a sight I must have made for, naked and on the seat, my clitoris hard and my eyes staring out from behind a pair of white panties, Jo's scent infusing me from that stained crotch that I would later wash for her, this one of my household duties and would remain so when India joined the household, hers to be washed as well.

I closed my eyes and had visions of both Jo's and Marianne's sex riding across my face, that grinding motion that I so loved when they pressed down on me, mouth and nose contact and worship of their whole areas down there.

With Imelda pumping me, Jo nearby and watching on, I came hard, Imelda pleased with the results and my sperm count down by just over seventy percent, her prognosis that my male side would be reduced to zero within the next quarter.

On that front, my cum would be no more than what Jo, Marianne and any other woman could produce, my male-hood and ability to reproduce removed, a de facto chemical castration.

Truth be told, I was waiting for that moment when Jo would demand that, the removal of my testicles, perhaps even a penectomy but then I would need its flesh for the body-sculpture associated with reassignment surgery.

My cum inside a test-tube or wiped away, Imelda had me roll over and just fingered my prostate this time, no speculum used and that I was happy to go along with.

This part of the check-up was over but, as she had promised at the previous get-together, she wanted another scan of me so, once again, I had to endure the rigmarole of being pushed through the Magnetic Resonance Scanner, the exercise all rather tedious and I was pleased when I could finally move, the scan taken with me lying down on my stomach, bottom to the air.

Back in the office, I could dress again, Imelda summarising the results that she had amassed, her conclusion being that I was in excellent shape and my transformation was coming along nicely.

“And that brings me to the reason why I took the scan today, Nikki. We want another look at your abdomen down to the base of your pelvis and the alignment of your hips too and, by that, I mean the way your femur balls are set into your pelvis as well as the width of your gap.”

“And?”

It’s because two transformation and gynaecological specialists who want to see. Joanna knows about this and the meeting with one of them will be in Frances, near Troyes.”

Immediately I twigged; Marianne had already told me enough and I knew it was the Count d’Orsayville; after all, he was a well-known European specialist in the field of gynaecology and transformation and I believed that it was the University of Rheims to whom he was affiliated.

I gulped hard.

“Yes, it was his name. Imelda carried on, “So, Joanna and you have a trip to France coming up; once at his château, he’ll hook up a link with Professor Wu so that, in real time, they can both have a look at you. What’s intriguing them, Nikki, is that you have the abdominal anatomy that resembles a woman’s and it’s not just your skeletal structure but your nervous and blood systems and the way that they are laid out. It’s almost as if you are showing hermaphroditism but you have no evidence of a uterus, vagina or fallopians. However, you do have the space potentially for transplant surgery.”

“What?”

“The science of transplanting is coming on leaps and bounds, Nikki. The major proponents have been the Swedish and the Americans and the Swedes are successfully switching the female reproduction system from woman to woman and able to get the systems working. Professor Wu is one of the leading Asian proponents – he’s Chinese and based out of Shanghai and he has taken it one stage further and able to transform men like you into women.”

“Wow – and the Count?”

“He’s more than interested it, as you can well imagine – and that’s how the hook-up has occurred, partly because of the linkage between the Countess and some of the incredibly wealthy women in the Far East, who are also intrigued by women such as yourself. As you can imagine, candidates such as yourself aren’t exactly found in a supermarket and the probability of finding candidates is something like one in half a million at the moment.”

Nikki's face was priceless now, a wonderful mix of curiosity and in being plain scared at the prospect that was facing her. Imelda brought her back to earth.

"Nikki, it's only exploratory at the moment and I have to warn you that you may not be deemed appropriate as both of them want little risk for you and there's a call on them to succeed, as they have in the past. Indeed, Bryony and I have already had one half-Chinese and Brit candidate go through successfully and she's to bear a child shortly."

Nikki shook her head, as in disbelief.

"I can show you photographs if you wish. However, this route enables us to operate much quicker on you if they say yes to you. As you see, this is transplant surgery not sexual reassignment, so the regulations on psychological support and time living as a woman do not hold. If you aren't accepted, then we fall back to the reassignment and we'll work through the qualifications, so it's a win-win."

"My, I'll have a hundred and one questions about this. When's this set up for?"

I answered that one, "Nikki, as early as next weekend. We'll fly on Wednesday morning to Paris, make a visit to the office and then we'll drive down to Troyes, stay with the Count and Countess and the meeting and hook-up will occur on Friday morning, there being six hours' time difference between Shanghai and Paris, so it's been set up for nine-thirty."

"Oh, my goodness. And the operation?"

Imelda came back in, more realism given, “Step by step, Nikki. Let’s get through this but I will say if it is via the transplant route that we make you into a woman, then sooner than later. So fingers crossed and it’s so exciting to the point that I want to be part of the surgical team supporting you as well.”

I was just about in shock and I was still dazed when I stepped out into Queen Anne Street. Things were about to take another turn, as we went over to Bryony’s office, a short wait in the reception room before she appeared.

Kisses all around, followed by a quick summary of what had just happened from Jo, as I was still like a deer in a Range Rover’s headlights. Then there was mention of a late snack lunch and a glass of wine and I thought that we were on the move.

However, the door opened and in stepped this slender and very pretty blonde, conservatively dressed; immediately, I knew it was India and talk about being hit with a massive right and then left by Imelda and Jo.

I guessed that there was no time like the present.

Why not, we were in the area and this needed to be done. Yes, I knew it would be another shock but Nikki was capable of handling this – and safety in numbers for the first meet, as such, just in case there was any clash of personalities, even though I had thought that there wouldn’t be. Each of them was compliant and naturally friendly. However, there was always the risk of a clash.

She was gorgeous, her sparkling eyes immediately grabbing my attention – and a lovely smile too.

She came over to Jo, kissed her and then looked at me and stepped in for a kiss, “You are Nikki – not only have I heard a lot about you, I’ve seen your photographs so it is lovely to meet the real woman, and hopefully you’ll be my sister compliant.”

We exchanged kisses, “You’ll have to excuse me India, I’ve just had a shock over in the Queen Anne Centre, so give me ten minutes and I’ll be over it, I am sure.”

“Something about which way the doctors want to handle your transformation?”

So, this India even knew about this.

“Yes – the quacks want to give me another going over to see if I am a candidate to become a full woman.”

Bryony chimed in, “That’s brilliant, Nikki. Carole-Anne went through this and it’s been so successful that her Domme has had her seeded and she’s now in early pregnancy and carrying a girl. So, my fingers crossed for you.”

Off to lunch we went, my mind really still back in Queen Anne Street and Imelda’s office. Fortunately, the others were talking about some structuring of the relationship that Jo would enjoy with India, trusts for her investments, family inheritance and property rent as well, as Jo was going to assume control over her salary and finances to free her up from service, the distraction from my thoughts being in responding to a few details on trust construction and the minimisation of tax.

India did chat to me about some of her early history, fascinating that it was and I couldn't help but compare it with Marianne and it had been her who had told me that Bryony's dommes tended to gravitate to such girls; in short, orphans, brains, University, lesbians and sponsors, and then developed for finishing and servitude skills.

I had a quiet chuckle and wondered my angle of offering to Jo – husband, femininity, transformation and a wife-to-be, perhaps fully so from what I had just heard.

Yes, Nikki was quite distant, but this I could understand. After all, it isn't every day one hears that you possibly can become a woman. I also had a sneaking suspicion that she was looking forward to visiting Troyes, Marianne having passed her a lot of stories about her time at the place.

There was one other factor – thank you, Marianne, for managing to extract those wants to become a woman from Nikki. Without such commitment and Marianne's word that it had happened, Bryony had told me that there would be no way that we would be invited to the Château Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia Petronilla or have any engagement with Professor Wu.

However, we were now on, first the office day – and even I was shocked by events, particularly at the end of the day, the occasion being an end-of-day cocktail party that we had put together, client sponsored.

Essentially, the day was fairly normal, certainly work-wise. A lot of folk had made an effort to cross-dress, some more successful than others but I, for one, appreciated the effort that all who participated went to in crossing over.

As to Nikki, apart from her lingerie that culminated in black stockings, she wore a high-waisted pencil skirt with a ruffle effect, nothing over the top as we had a professional image to uphold and, as I pointed out, beauty often came in simplicity of line.

She also went without her false breasts. It was time to let mother nature speak, a pair of small bumps behind the cups of one of the bras that we had bought in Selfridges on the way back from lunch with Bryony and India, a matching pair of white panties along with a nice, deep suspender belt.

With her skirt, she wore a white ruffle blouse, very simple with a crew-neckline, a small keyhole in front and the folded ruffles in the top of the arms, a black jacket to accompany it and black heels, simple ones with two-and-a-half-inch height at the back.

We didn't want to go overboard as to designer-wear, so we kept it nice and neat, Nikki's outfit being from Next, shoes, lingerie and hose excepted.

To her credit and, for me, one of the best things about her femininity that she provided was her own make-up, the lesson that she had seemingly taken aboard being that less was more and, for that, I realised that she was learning fast, too much make-up being the downfall of many a potentially good-looking gurl.

As to me, I went to work that Friday morning dressed in my Hanro lingerie, a simple grey cashmere roll-top along with high-waist, black pants, Oxford styled shoes and with my hair pulled back – not actually that much different to my daily wear, perhaps a tad more severe in look.

Our staff supported the event amazingly, many making huge efforts to dress in the other sex's clothing and, I hasten to say, with considerable talent and results, this leading to a lot of fun, ribaldry and comment in the office during the day and especially, I guess all natural and certainly nothing accusatory, during the first hour when they arrived.

To that end, we had client sponsorship to putting on a lovely breakfast and then tea mid afternoon and finishing with a small rewards ceremony at the end of the day, one of our drink clients along with a food brand putting on a reception and it was at this that some small awards were handed out – actually some very nice ones ranging from spa days to wine vouchers, clothing, cosmetics and even some good restaurants chipping in prizes for meals and wine.

Imagine my delight when Nikki was awarded the 'Best & Most Realistic Male-to-Female' award. I was more than thrilled.

Nikki went up to receive her award from our HR manager and she took the microphone to thank every one present.

However, she continued on, "I do have an announcement to make though, seriously. Over the weekend Joanna is going to send out a circular note to the effect of 'Owing to the success of the day on Friday, I wish to announce that Nick will be switching his sex to living as a female, Nikki, and this is as of Monday. I'm sure we all wish her luck and happiness in her lifestyle and much more at ease in her personality having discovered her true sex, some of this driven by her physical characteristics as well."

She paused for a couple of seconds, as if allowing this message to sink home, and then continued, "At Fountain & Collter, we would encourage any member of staff wishing to come out in this manner to feel confident and secure in making

the transition from male-to-female or female-to-male. No, seriously thank you and a special thanks to Jo here for having encouraged and supported me in taking this step. Have a good weekend, all of you.”

I was staggered that she had done this but it certainly worked, her confidence as a woman seeming to grow by the day. I would still send a circular out so as to encourage others and there was the need to let our other offices know as well. However, I took the microphone to congratulate and thank her and then reiterate the message that the company was a safe haven for coming out and that we wanted to take a lead on transgenderism not only because of our client but as it should be a core value in our business ethics and positioning, particularly with society becoming much more open to bisexuality and the emergence of the third sex, the Hijra to borrow the Indian expression, and the new markets that this offered.

In short, the timing had worked out well, Nikki was now ready for the next stage though, no doubt, she would be having the heebie-jeebies about what it would entail and, I was hoping, this would all come about sooner than later.

I was looking forward to travelling to France and seeing the Count and Countess d’Orsayville. This was not only about Nikki but also to discuss India’s candidature.

We left for Paris just before eight, the first part of the journey a taxi ride to Kings Pancras and then the Eurostar to whisk us off to the City of Lights, our trip uneventful and we were in the Hotel Le Meurice by noon-thirty and ready for a light lunch before the office.

This timing gave us the afternoon in our Paris office, quite a shock and stir created when I walked in, even allowing for the announcement that I was in

transition, my outfit a stylish 'Preppy Jain' dress by the French designer Agnès B, a crepe outfit in black and white with a Peter Pan collar.

We even managed a visit to Alice Cadolle's, Adele in, and apart from buying and ordering a couple of pieces, we were able to leave my bras and a bustier with her for adjustment to the cups, the pitch to be a C-cup.

The encouraging thing was that Adele was highly taken with my changes and a lovely remark to how much more feminine and pretty that I was now.

A client dinner and a quiet drink in the hotel before we retired at a reasonable hour, Jo saying that tomorrow could be a long day and it was nice to have a bath with her and slip into a new nightie that I had, a mocha and champagne 'Madeleine' one that I had bought, the nightie beautifully accentuated by the lined contrasting lace of the bodice section that partially continued at the back and the waist emphasised by sophisticated gathers.

It came with a low V-neckline and then had a full swing skirt made of flowing jersey and could almost be worn as a dress.

A little cuddle and a twenty-minute face-sit under Jo to bring her to a nice, wet climax and we fell asleep, dreams of being locked in this château filling my mind, perverse BDSM then taking place and resulting in my branding and piercing – and I now had a cunt, my male parts long gone from me. Was it a nightmare? – well almost.

It was post-lunch time when we set out for the Troyes area, a rather nice Mercedes rented from the office, the car parked at the hotel and Nikki and I having had an early lunch in rather a nice little restaurant, a recommendation from our Paris manager, Le Soufflé, one of those lovely simple and unassuming

Parisian interiors to it and super food, their green and white asparagus soufflé a small pre-taste of heaven.

Getting out of Paris at that time was going to be a lot easier than navigating the streets at rush hour, particularly as we had never driven on the east side of the city before. We eased out on the A4 with me driving as I thought that Nikki would be distracted with her thoughts of what was to come; indeed, I wanted her to begin thinking about her impending womanhood and how she would become mine, my lesbian wife.

Indeed, I did; this was all about the meeting with the Count and this division between transformation and transplant.

I chatted away with Jo and we were at one – even though there was more risk associated with the latter, it was the route that we would take if I passed the observations and any other test that the Count would throw at me.

In short, I would be a full woman and not an artificial one, one with a vagina, cervix and uterus and that was so appealing for Jo. We could live as full-on lesbians and not some make-belief in a half state, even if we had India living with us.

If I could become pregnant, that would be a bonus but it really was about the two of us and, by the way, Jo teased me in saying that she wouldn't allow me to experience a man's penis in me, only replica ones would be permitted, and if I was to be inseminated, it would be done artificially.

Jo was fabulous in that she put me at ease, "Whatever, Nikki, whatever the

results are, I'll love you as a transgurl and we'll make the best of it, so no fretting if the Count says no to us proceeding with a transplant."

We found the N4 easily and this took us towards the south-east and even closer to our destination, the countryside subtle before we headed off the main road into all these D roads, Jo relying on the GPS to guide us in, the land now a lot more wooded and becoming more austere as we travelled east and deeper into the Champagne-Ardenne.

I was beginning to become a little nervous about finding this place, the roads becoming even smaller and narrower – no wonder, it wasn't that well known and ideal to be running some form of finishing school for lesbian girls. Escape would be difficult, starting with the isolation of the place, not unlike the natural defences surrounding Dartmoor prison and preventing Napoleon's troops from easily escaping.

Eventually, we came over a scarp and down into a very green and wooded valley – and suddenly we were there, the house not marked per se on the GPS but the instructions that I had been given coming through, a bridge and a small corridor of poplars part of the give-away.

I turned off the road and some two metres up the lane, we found ourselves in front of these enormous French 'palace' gates, highly ornate with two huge towers to them and substantial walls running away from them with some serious wrought iron on the top of them. Getting over the wall, either to escape or break-in would not be that easy.

Finally, we had arrived at the Château Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia Petronilla.

Wow, this was obviously some place and talk about being buried away. If there was an axeman murder on the loose, he wouldn't even make it up here.

Jo punched in a code to a terminal keypad at the gates and a woman's voice came over the intercom speaker, « Bienvenue, s'il vous plaît venir et conduire jusqu'à la porte de douves, utilisez le second code et il va ouvrir. La maison principale est sur la gauche que vous entrez dans le quadrilatère. »

This translated to “Welcome, please come in and drive up to the moat-gate, use the second code and it will open and lower itself. The main house is on the left as you enter the courtyard.”

The first set of gates duly opened.

I had to say that the drive up to the house was absolutely stunning; we passed through an avenue of trees, the woods behind on either side and then a swathe of pastureland, deer grazing idly around the open expanses, the estate evidently impeccably kept and offset by an immaculate American-style white fence on either side of the drive, the lane up to the house some two kilometres from the main gate. This was impressive.

As we neared, we came over a small hill, more woodland beneath us but there, in the distance, lay the château and on its own moated island, a rectangular structure with the gatehouse facing us, a classic seventeenth to eighteenth house to the right sitting in the so-called quadrangle of outer houses and stabling.

This was an amazing property and truly beautiful in this near-baronial setting. Nikki wondered who had owned this place back in history and surely it had been

the estate of someone close to the old French royalty, someone of senior nobility.

I was speechless as well, the beauty of the place jaw-dropping.

The road took us right up to the moat gatehouse with its wood and cast-iron drawbridge pulled up.

There were huge studs on it for protection and making it seem even more private, definitely a strong defensive mechanism to the castle beyond. On our side of the green water, landscaping had shaped some lovely formal gardens, a tease of what was to lie behind the gate.

Jo entered a second code into the keypad, one that was located short of the water's edge, so no danger of falling in, and we watched the bridge lower itself, quite a sight that it was.

If I had been a youngster, I would have been thrilled by all of this – now, my nerves were beginning to act up, seriously so, there was so much riding on this.

We crept across the ancient bridge. Could this really take the weight of a German car?

To the left was one of the main house's wings and splendid in its presentation, my thoughts that it looked like a seventeenth century structure, mainly built of a beautiful white limestone, two floors of high windows and then topped with a third floor up in the slate roof.

Off to the right of the bridge, there was a five-windowed building that looked much older with its mediaeval-style post and beams, a warm honey-coloured brick filling in between the wood and a small landing area set into the base, a large and heavy wood door down there, probably for the provision of goods at one time.

To the right of that, the moat walls continued in the form of yet another house, this in not quite the same condition of the main building and the windows covered in strong metal grills that gave the impression of a prison or secure area.

However, it was all stunning and we boggled at just how much had been spent on this place, everything so far meticulous.

We went over the moat, a bit of bumping underneath as the car passed over the ancient planks and then we were under the main building, a massive door to our left where, in the past, horses with their carriages would have stopped to let their wealthy patrons descend and enter the house.

Beyond us and where we were now parked was a splendid sight of what lay beyond, this all adding to our first impressions.

I had to agree with Nikki; it was truly spellbinding and it easily could have been a film set that we were looking at, visions of the Four Musketeers riding at full gallop up to the drawbridge and over, dusty and sweaty after their time in the saddle, Nikki probably wanting to sniff the leather that they had ridden on.

Beyond where we had parked, there were formal seventeenth and eighteenth century design gardens in good colour, miniature poplars edging the small green

rectangular lawns, neat border beds and three massive oak trees, the whole area surrounded by outbuildings and another drawbridge to the right that, we were to find out, led off into the classic French estate gardens, not the size of Versailles or Chantilly but still plenty impressive enough, all this belonging to a French Count and his prominent Countess – as we were about to discover, even though I had had a couple of chats with the Countess d’Orsayville in the run into this visit and , thankfully, partly catalysed by Bryony and Marianne.

My goodness, this place was impressive, certainly from the visual perspective, the property beautiful and so well restored and maintained. Its security, with the moats, walls and outer window grills on show, was second to none and we assumed that there was a lot of hidden cameras and sensors, this a presumption coming from what Marianne had told me about the d’Orsayville near-paranoia in keeping this place out of public sight – and here we were, two principals of a London agency.

Having said that, old criminals can make for the best police.

A young girl, around seventeen or eighteen, came out of the large double doors and down the steps.

She was wearing a cream blouse that left nothing to the imagination with her pert brown nipples on full show. She was also wearing a pair of rather neat, brown leather pants and matching shoes, nothing with a major spike to them.

Around her neck was a collar similar to mine – and then I noted that she was in cuffs too.

She spoke in French, “Welcome to the château, Mme Fountain and Nikki. I’ll take you through to meet the Countess d’Orsayville. As to your luggage, we’ll unload the car and take it up to your suite. I’m Petra by the way.”

A ‘thank you’ from Jo and we went up the steps and inside to be greeted by another young woman, a little older and taller than the one who had greeted us, very pretty and with a tight bottom and lovely nubs, the sort of girl that Jo liked and I could see touches of India in her.

She spoke in Franglais, an accented voice, “Bienvenue, I am Amélie and the Countess’s Personal Assistant. I’m assuming vous êtes Joanna – and then to me, and your fille en la transformation, Nikki.” I could feel her eyeing me up, making that initial assessment of just how feminine I was.

“Very pretty, you are, Nikki. I’m pleased to meet you both, particularly you, Mme Fountain – Bryony has sent across briefing notes, as well as Doctor Imelda. Anyway, this way to the Countess’s suite.”

The hall was stunning, everything one would expect of a French country house, a high ceiling beamed in oak, an old tiled floor in black and white, the walls a shade of pale blue that was almost medieval in colour- tone and then there were heavy plasterwork mortice friezes on the join with the ceiling.

There were two massive fireplaces, typical French ones with substantial balustrades to them, limestone the material of construction and very large fire-baskets inside of them.

We went around a large circular Empire table, this adorned with lilies, and down a corridor, the high windows looking out over the inner bailey towards the gardens, the corridor reflecting the excellent taste on show in the reception area,

family portraits, collector displays of what was antique French ceramics – probably Meissen, and then scattered armchairs, hall tables and large lamps, all beautifully coordinated.

We were showed into an equally impressive drawing room that was quite intimate and with a lived-in atmosphere, Amélie explaining that this was the Countess's personal salon, the room panelled and with impressive-looking oils on the walls, each one lit.

Then there three sofas in front of the fireplace, a large desk towards the window with a brass desk-lamp on, papers strewn across it and I noticed the magazines and other papers on the coffee table and books set into the recesses either side of the fire. Across the room was a rather splendid clavier and yet another picture table, this one covered in photographs.

There was one commonality to the pictures other than a large photo of a man on the desk and I presumed this to be the Count, rather distinguished that he came across as. The things that all the pictures, the oils and photographs, shared was that they were of beautiful naked women, each one denuded of any pubic hair, all pierced and more than just their nipples – in fact like Marianne, several with a shield etched or branded into their mons, their cunt lips carrying all sorts of jewellery from grommets to thick rings, studs, small bells and even fishing-weights dangling down, each piercing of a heavy gauge and the jewellery significant and noticeable.

The age range of the girls on show was probably fourteen or fifteen to thirty, though there were two or three women pushing towards forty, their bodies 'impeccable' as the French say.

One or two photos showed the girls making love – and quite an eye opener they

were, no holds barred as such.

My God was my reaction – is this all real? Jo was fascinated and, as she said later, she would love to live like this, a Domme in such a private and secluded castle as this, my flippant comment being “Warwick Castle, here we come.”

Amélie invited us to sit down and then she pulled on a service bell, telling us that she was ordering some tea for us.

It was only a couple of minutes and a door to the right of the room, close to one of the windows and in walked this elegant looking woman, probably in her mid to late forties, taller than any of us, her grey-blond hair swept up, classically dressed in what appeared to be a Chanel black and white woman’s suit – a cream blouse under the black and white jacket, the skirt matching, and with a rather gorgeous double-string of pearls draped around her neck and tumbling down between the jacket lapels.

She was accompanied by another girl dressed like Petra and Amélie, the girl also with bondage items on and pushing a tea-trolley laden down with cakes, sandwiches and a silver service for the tea.

Out of respect, her presence immediately commanding, I rose to greet her.

I noticed that she was wearing one of those Chanel pearl-string watches on her right wrist, additionally serving to tie her outfit together, and my assumption was that she was left-handed.

Also, here was a woman with a neat poitrine and still-tight bottom to her, she probably being a woman who ate sparingly and took plenty of energy-sapping exercise with her girls to maintain her trim.

She spoke, her English unbelievably good. We found out later that she had been educated at the Sorbonne and then Oxford, St Hugh's College her tie-in, and anthropology and human behaviour her areas of speciality.

“Joanna and Nikki, nice to meet you both – and for such different reasons. Anyway, welcome to the Château and we look forward to having you here this weekend. I hope you will be comfortable and I know Amélie and the girls will look after you.”

“Thank you for inviting us, Countess, and especially as Nikki here is relatively new to transformation. I know from Bryony that normally your gurls have to be a lot more advanced in their process to be able to come here, so it is a privilege to be here.”

“Brigitte to you, the girls call me Countess, Amélie the exception to that. What you say is right but what Bryony and Imelda have indicated is that The Count will definitely be interested in Nikki and already he is. He'll be back very late this evening and I know that he's looking forward to meeting her tomorrow and the hook-up with Professor Wu, as this could be a great leap forward for him and the science of uterine transplants. Anyway, let's have some tea?”

The Countess's girl, not yet introduced to us, duly served us the tea and, between Jo and I, we answered her questions about my transition to date, the Countess agreeing that if I hadn't responded as I did to Marianne's questioning about my commitment, then I wouldn't be here.

In return, we learned that the Count, Henri, was a medical consultant specialising in psychology and reproductive surgery, operating out of Reims Sébastopol hospital and affiliated with the local university – and that he had taken on this interest in transforming gurls in completing their surgery to feed into the Countess's team and, we suspected, her strong lesbian and domination desires.

What was amazing was that, apparently, there was a full medical facility on site allowing him to operate and conduct his research, mainly into body modification and it was him that conducted all the piercing work and branding on the girls.

Apart from his medical side, it was from his family that he had inherited the means to be able to buy, modify and sustain the château, all part of a wider property and business portfolio in France and Benelux.

The Countess's activities in offering a lesbian finishing school also sustained the estate and, as I had learned from Marianne, but confirmed by Brigitte, through fees from girls sponsored by Dommies, sales of particularly beautiful and trained orphans, either private or through auction, or even through very high-end and selective escorting, mainly across Europe.

They had been in business approaching seventeen years after putting in place the first phase of restoration and modernisation, an emphasis on security and seclusion all part of the equation.

There was laughter at us, two communication specialists being present in such an environment, however the Countess being a little more serious, "I can probably use you as there are occasions when we do need to face the world in

marketing our services and in issue management – after all, we aren't the only facility in the world, smaller ones in the UK and Switzerland for example, our differentiation that we are more rigorous and demanding with our girls taken to a deeper level of submission.

“I wanted to talk to you about that, Brigitte, as I am thinking of taking on a young girl, India, and a spell with you may be a great way of accelerating her submission to me.”

“Let's cover that later – now we should get you settled in. Agnès, who served you tea, will show you your rooms and I suggest we convene at seven-fifteen for apéritifs and then dinner, all cooked on site by my wonderful team.”

We thanked the Countess and rose, Agnès entering the salon and suggesting that we should come with her. We followed her.

She was very pretty, somewhere around the mid-twenties, a brunette with a little red undertone and, height-wise between Nikki and me.

Even better, she was my taste hip-wise and breast-wise. Her nipples were lovely, pert, large and dark and they had been pierced. Her blouse left nothing to the imagination as to showing them off, large titanium rings hanging down off horizontal piercings – and her nose had been studded on the left nostril with a ring hanging down from her septum. Note – for Nikki perhaps?

Outside the study, we introduced ourselves, Agnès preferring to talk in French.

Off we went, a brief sighting of the main rooms such as the Count's study, two

more reception rooms, the dining room and, off it, a salon where we to meet later for drinks. The décor continued on in being beautifully assembled, a mixture of restoration and modern, the furniture mainly traditional, the lighting so subtle and highlighted by their extensive porcelain collection and the paintings, the collectibles reflecting the modern as well as antique ones.

We reached a second entrance hall, this one with what appeared to be the main staircase and upstairs we went, following Agnès, her little bottom teasing me as we went up and then along a long corridor back from where we had come.

We turned into a shorter corridor down to the end and Agnès opened the door to a large suite that was stellar with its high windows out over the moat and gardens, white curtains, a massive triple king-sized antique bed with a canopy, a sitting area in front of a pale grey limestone fireplace, so typically French, and a replica of downstairs.

To my amazement and certainly the same for Nikki, there was a heavy looking wooden stock set to one side of the bed and then a second frame structure, close to the floor, and designed to take a body across it. I could have fun with Nikki on this.

However, that wasn't all; two other BDSM items came into view, the first an ultra-modern padded bench with different levels to it on a brass frame and lots of leather straps hanging off it and similar to one Bryony had in her bedroom, the second being a grid above the canopy bed with hooks and chains hanging off it, many of these copied along the lower base of the bed.

Yes, this would be fun and it certainly was not your average guest or hotel room.

I agreed with that; this was all so out of the ordinary that I had been left speechless long before.

We went through the door behind the other side of the stock and were immediately into a secondary corridor, the first room a small but comfortable panelled study full of erotica and more pictures of nude women. I wasn't surprised by this now.

Next door to this was our bathroom, spacious, well-appointed with huge fluffy towels and the walls and floor made of white marble, excepting that all the ultra-modern fixtures were made of glass, the bath enormous, and, oh my God, anyone would be presented fully in the nude while toileting or bathing – Jo would love this.

There was one more room at the end of the short corridor and Agnès opened the panelled oak door and my mouth dropped open.

I'll start with the bedroom, for that was what it was.

Smaller and more austere in presentation, still a king-sized bed in the room but one set up for all sorts of bondage, a RSJ traversing the room under the beams with all sorts of chains hanging off it, a dais towards the window and a selection of cages and even a cross anchored off the far wall, the windows to the outside having been frosted.

It wasn't this that made me gasp, it was the fact that a girl was hanging there hooded, her arms above her with the chain passing from her wrists to the beam, she on her tiptoes, completely naked with her piercings showing, her black hood

covered with a pair of black panties and a ball-gag holding the lower gusset in her mouth.

Jo turned to me, “Her panties are a pair of yours, I gave them to Amélie on the way in – she’s taking you in.”

It was Agnès who then provided the second shock.

Speaking in English now, she turned to me and said, “I am here for any services you both may wish and I am free to sleep with Jo. This is Emma and she’s going to spend the night with you, Nikki; here are her panties that she was wearing earlier.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing and seeing – Emma, surely not? - the schoolgirl who had been taken in by Marianne and I had followed in emulating her in a role play, and I was now to sleep with her, her vaginal aroma second to none, and I include Jo on my list too.

This was mind-blowing, truly fuse-out time.

I guess that she knew some folk were in the room if not necessarily the two of us, her hood looking like it was made of thick rubber and her eyes closed off, her hearing too was probably significantly restricted and all she would be experiencing would be the pressure of the hood around her head and my sex scent making its way up her nostrils, as well as the uncomfortableness of the position that she was suspended in.

Her body was certainly beautiful and as Marianne had described to me, slender with smallish breasts but perfectly formed topped with pale brown and very pert nipples, made even more prominent by the rings attached to them, thin chains running down from her nipples on either side of the ring where they were hooked to the grommets on her labia, her cunt duly splayed out as a result and looking open, and with some indication of pre-cum or cum on the wooden dais beneath her feet.

It was Jo who spoke, “Go on, taste her, Nikki. Give her the pleasure that she is seeking, lick her cunt and bring her to orgasm. I’m going back to the bedroom with Agnès here.”

Agnès followed up, “We have about an hour and then we need to bathe you for dinner and prepare you, Nikki, as you won’t be going to dinner in a normal dress; it’s the tradition for new submissives in the château and designed to make you realise what you are. Emma will match your dress, or rather lack of it, too.”

They stepped out of the bedroom, leaving me with this suspended doll in front of me.

I watched her for a few minutes and then stepped forward to touch her, short and then increasingly longer strokes over her body – everywhere. Frankly, I was intrigued with what I was seeing and feeling, wondering what it felt like for her, a bit of a bond forming though Marianne probably had triggered that.

She responded by moving on the chain. I could see no way of lowering her, be it a pulley mechanism, a control unit or even to be able to reach up and undo her wrists stretched high above her.

I could smell Emma's sex as well, a familiar scent now from having been trained on her panties and what their gussets offered.

Now the real thing was in front of me.

My nerves were on end when I decided to take her pussy, leaning forwards and slightly upwards, her labia perfectly placed to take in my mouth and feel those grommets, similar to the ones that Marianne was adorned with, and then worship her intimate folds, up to her erect clitoris, also pierced like Marianne's, and then down to her open cunt and its ring protruding from her perineum.

I heard her groan against her ball-gag as my tongue and nose came in contact with her, an appreciation with what she was taking in. Okay, this was a little extreme but I could recall how it felt to be restrained like this, teased and taking in one of my girls' scent like she was taking mine in.

I held her bottom, pulling her close into me and prevent any risk of her spinning on the chain – I also wanted more of her taste and aroma – yes, I was being greedy but I was also taken in, by her, by the location that we were and what it represented and by the reason that we were here, privileged guests of the Count and Countess as we were.

Not only did I use my mouth but my fingers came into play as well, the chance to explore her love orifices, smearing them in her cum and then taking her into my mouth to take her stringy offerings off my skin, and she tasted delicious whichever way I chose.

She didn't take long to cum, a very healthy and wanted flow of her love-nectar,

the stream making its way into my hungry mouth and I took it all, just as Marianne and Jo had trained me to handle such emissions or her pee.

That I would get to enjoy later on.

From her motions and grunts, I worked out that I should go to the chest of drawers between the two windows and, on opening it, I found an incredible cache of sex toys and accessories, and there was also a great selection of harnesses and dildos in the middle drawer, more than a girl could ever want.

Jo had warned me that I should take care and no direct fucking permitted, even allowing for Imelda's sperm analysis showing that I was all but sterile now – a harness and cock sitting across my mons would be ideal, so on a good one went, a gold one with its dildo penile head turned up and therefore able to run right across Emma's G-spot if I got my entry angle correct.

If I thought that she came hard the first time, then I was mistaken as this time the dam was released and I had her squirting, a wonderful sight and also taste that it was – liquid Emma for me to enjoy.

One of the staff appeared – I have no idea whoever it was, a girl dressed in the uniform and Middle Eastern in appearance, her nipples just about black and easily visible in their entirety.

She was the one who released Emma, followed by undoing her ball-gag but not her hood.

That remained in place until Agnès and Jo came back in but at least it allowed us to chat, kiss and indulge in a little soixante-neuf and finished by Emma face-sitting me.

They released her and here in front of me was this lovely, fresh looking, light-brunette, her thick hair cascading down onto her shoulders and curled under and with gorgeous eyes that were grey-blue in colour and huge and soft in nature.

She also had high cheekbones and though her make-up was smudged after the time spent in the confines of her hood, she was stunning.

Soon the four of us were in the bath, washing each other down and just one of those memorable moments happening as I think that this was the first four-way splash for Jo and me.

In between time, I could hear feet outside, probably preparing us for the dinner ahead.

Both Emma and Agnès said nothing about what I would be wearing.

I soon found out.

Out of the bath and a drying-down, the two girls went to work on making us both up, Emma going for a smoky and sultry look for me, my eyes picked out in greys, browns and just the slightest hint of dark blue, my eyelashes - which had thickened up considerably with my hormones – darkened up with lush mascara,

and my cheeks highlighted like hers, both of us wearing a burgundy coloured lipstick.

We split again, Jo and Agnès to the main bedroom, Emma and I returning to what was our room. Once again, I was to be challenged with what lay there on the bed.

Now I wasn't so innocent and knew what it was, though I had never seen one to this point. A steel harness waited for me.

“House rules, Nikki. Any gurl amongst us in public company and when the Count is around too must wear a chastity-belt. In other words, your cock and, yes I know that you probably call it your clitoris, needs to be hidden, so hence the belt. Sorry but I can go without as I have to. If you were a newbie girl, you would be presented naked underneath as long as you had been depilated. Only the Countess has pubic hair and, for all of us, it is permanently removed.”

“So, upstairs, what happens?”

“Just a thin chemise, even more transparent than the team blouses; everything will be on show I am afraid. Really the only clothing of note is this plain pink suspender belt and tan stockings, our shoes these matching pink ballet flats.”

“So, is this just for this dinner or how long would I have to wear it?”

“That's simple – it carries on until you are inducted and that involves the

Countess taking you on; this signified by putting her dark skirt over your head and have you take her aroma in and tongue her as she passes on the house rules. For example, these include no men, no contemplation of men, no escape and all the rest. Yes, I know you are a man but you have been rendered sterile and lost a lot of your maleness now, so gurls, as in transgender ones, are duly permitted to reside with us, with your chastity-belts on of course, unless you have been castrated or had the reassignment surgery.”

She paused.

“You know that the Count has the capability to do that on-site here; the medical facilities are amazing and he even has an operating theatre and an intensive care unit out there in the Bailey, over on the back side of the garden.”

“It’s why I am here – for his assessment to me undergoing reassignment surgery or being taken in for a uterine transplant.”

“Yes, he has a rather perverse interest in such matters and female body modification too, as well as things like piercing and branding. Mind you, the Countess likes that too.”

“Yes, I already have a pretty good idea and, as I think you know, Marianne has told me an awful lot about the place. Some of it intrigues me, some of it scares me.”

Emma laughed at that, “Yes, I felt the same way when I came; however, it’s about giving yourself and having a try at a discipline or fetish – then, if after a few tries, you still dislike something, then say it. The Countess and others, as

good dominants, will listen to reason. However, point blank refusal is very much a no-go and can soon result in shipping off to be an escort or whatever. Now let's get dressed."

She handed me one of the two suspender belts; these were more of a waspie and plain in design, their straps quite long. Tan stockings came across and we put those on and then Emma had me step into the chastity-belt, pulled up the front, its panel shaped like a vagina and snapped it home, locking me in with my clitoris and balls totally hidden.

This was definitely a step-out from the norm and I knew that I was in new territory, my first experience of what true premium lesbian training entailed.

Nothing was held back here, any fetish catered for, everything about how we submissives could satisfy our Dommies.

The question was whether I would end up being trained here once I had been transposed over, allowing for which way Jo and the surgeons wanted to take me across. I knew Jo's choice ahead of the meeting tomorrow – subject to the risks involved, then it would be by transplant.

On went the pink ballet slippers and the gossamer-thin chemise and that was it, everything showing, including our bondage wear as well.

We were ready, bar a spritz of a musky perfume of which I had no idea whose brand it was, except that it smelt very sexual as if composed of vetiver, musk and female extracts, powerful that it was. And, of course, a leash from my right wrist, this available for Jo.

“One more thing, Nikki, I’m going to slip my panties over your head and take yours in myself, we have to wear them at all time until permission is given to lower them to eat and, even then, they should be around our necks as an expression of our position. I’m taking the lead on this in using mine on you but Jo has every right to replace them with hers, obviously.”

Once again, Emma filled my nostrils and I could feel my clit trying to stiffen behind its metal tomb.

She led me next door, Jo dressed in one of her jumpsuits that so suited her looks, haircut and personality, her curves showing through, and Agnès back in her château uniform, her nipples looking like that they were still wet from perhaps an appreciative tongue.

Jo took our leads, Emma with one on as well, and we were led back downstairs to the cocktail pre-dinner salon, Amélie and two other girls present, to whom we were introduced.

The fact that I was dressed like this, if one can call it that, well the other girls didn’t bat an eyelid, confirming that this was standard practice around here.

Was it odd to be having drinks like this, Emma’s panties taut over my nose, Jo giving me permission from time to time to push them aside so that I could enjoy a sip of the excellent Chablis on offer.

I also could feel that I was out of place here. After all, I was a male with a once-fully-functioning penis and balls. Okay, this was locked away and it underpinned why we were down here in France, but still. Then I was dressed like this, with

my small breasts now fully on show as well and everything coming together with some embarrassment too.

It was the first time that I had been really conscious of my new breasts.

I tried to distract my thoughts by taking in the environment that I was seeing from behind this pantied veil that I was wearing, the room smaller than the studies-cum-drawing rooms that we had seen, quite snug in fact.

It was dominated by a beautiful old Provencal fireplace in limestone, a small fire simmering away in its hearth as it was a little chilly, the signs of continual usage over the years shown in the sooting of the stone and duly adding to its character.

Otherwise, the room was comfortably furnished, two large and deep sofas in a pale blue and white pattern, various armchairs, two more display cabinets full of porcelain and then a long Dutch antique table with various ornaments and photos of their girls in silver frames, the pictures in black and white, and all of them on their hands and knees, bottoms in the air and their sex revealed in full glory, all of them devoid of any pubic hair and many pierced. Jo would be drooling if she saw these.

I knew that Nikki was feeling uncomfortable; to some extent, this was understandable with the way that she was presented. I noted that a little more presentation like this would be good for her, the chance to have India and her identically dressed like this, 'mmmm' being my wicked thought.

Anyway, I snapped her back to attention in chatting with Amélie and the troops, explaining how she was what I described as a 'half-and-half,' not a

hermaphrodite but, a male exhibiting strong female characteristics and all that we were looking to achieve was to liberate her female side and take her into her natural submissive state at the same time.

Brigitte then appeared.

She was wearing an elegant cocktail dress, black and made of a silk crepe and that spoke Chanel all over, black hosiery and sandals and then a thick gold rope chain around her neck and two lovely square diamond earrings.

She came in to the room with another girl who brought in another drinks trolley, crystal flute glasses on it and two bottles of champagne in a silver cooler.

“We ought to greet our guests with a glass of something more appropriate.”

The appropriate turned out to be vintage Charles Heidsieck champagne and delicious it was, Brigitte adding, “To the success of Henri’s appraisal tomorrow and that Jo becomes a customer of our Château and training establishment.”

We discussed the general parameters of Nikki’s results and both of sensed her discomfort, the Countess turning to her, “There’s no need to be embarrassed by how you are dressed for dinner tonight. New girls, like you, are dressed like this until induction in front of me and then, following that, the uniform that you see on the girls is fairly standard for girls dining at the table; some high holidays and we relax the rules.”

She smiled and eyed Nikki up and down. “Yes, and transsexuals get the same treatment. I must say that for someone fairly new to the game, you are very pretty and I am sure that Henri will be enamoured with you and that you are going to be a delicious project for him.”

I had a quiet chuckle to myself. Tomorrow was going to be interesting.

The Countess proposed dinner; one of the girls in attendance, on command, opening the doors to the dining room to reveal it in all its glory, and this was just a supper to greet us two. It was as if we were looking at a set for the film ‘Howard’s End’ or ‘Eight Women.’

The room continued on the elegance of the public spaces that we had seen - again the high ceilings and walls decorated in the palest of blues, the floor tiled like a chessboard in black and white, a huge green-coloured rug beneath the table, a colossal marble buffetière on one wall and yet another fireplace on the other, this one having been lit earlier and with a stunning oil painting of the château by Adélaïde Dufrénoy, a female French master from Brittany, at the turn of the 18th into 19th century above it.

The table was a classic French one, subtly rounded into an oval, set up for six of us, a simple white cloth, silver candelabra, Christofle wineglasses and cutlery and large pewter sous-plats laid out.

We sat either side of the Countess, Agnès next to me and Emma escorting Nikki, Amélie and the others filling in and then three of their colleagues providing the service and, my, was the food excellent.

Naturally it was classic French, a beautiful vegetable terrine, a fish bouillabaisse followed by a local Joute stew. Then came the cheese, some of the nicest Brie de Meaux, again local, that Nikki and I had ever tasted, and strawberries that were served fresh and macerated with small macaroons, the Burgundian wines including a Chevalier-Montrachet followed by a Domaine Tawse from Chambolle-Musigny.

The chat around the table was nice and informal; mainly the Countess and Amélie questioning us about our backgrounds, likes and dislikes.

Questions even became personal and that was fine, the topics including what sexual experience we both had, and what we thought of making love to other women, and then even Nikki put on the spot by a question from the Countess about what sexual activities that she had with boys, all fascinating and both of us knew that lying was out.

Little was said at dinner about the school's activities; this, I would discuss later with Brigitte, as it wasn't for Nikki's ears, not at this time.

She was taking snippets in but I wanted her to have the full experience if I sent her here with or without India, probably not as that would leave me short of enjoying at least one of them.

Well, if they ate like this, how on earth did they stay so thin?

I asked the question and then realised what a numpty that I had been. Laughter around the table and then we retired to the salon that we had drinks in before hand, coffee and Brigitte, Jo and Amélie having a X.O. Armagnac with it and, for the rest of us, a local marc or Cointreau.

It was then that the Countess suggested that Emma took me off to bed, a long medical session expected the next day, and that she wasn't to leave any marks on me.

“Emma has a thing about little love bites – who taught her that, who knows?”

She led me back upstairs to our suite, with me once more taking her scent in and we were joined by Petra, the girl who had greeted us at the front door accompanying us. Into the main bedroom and there, on the bed, was an arched cushion, some ten inches high at the top of its curvature, and with four chains laid out.

A wry smile as I knew who that was for.

We walked up the short corridor and into the smaller and more austere bedroom – and there, in front of us, was a replica of what we had just seen, my thought being an emphatic, ‘Oh and I have my suspicion who is going where.’

Sure enough, I quickly found my shoes, chemise and chastity-belt discarded and being laid over the arch, my tummy the highest point, my head though flat to the bed with a pillow under it, and then I was spread-eagled, ready to be used as the girls wished.

In short, I ceded to Emma, the two girls intent on oral servitude first, no touching of my clitoris by either of them except during putting a harness around me, this with quite a large penis on it, one that far dwarfed mine in terms of length,

diameter and penile head even when it had been pre-hormones, the same concerning the balls on it.

The two girls were soon naked but for their stockings and suspender belts and over me, firstly with a body massage to tease me, then kissing my mouth and working down my neck towards my nipples, both of these pert and erect now.

It was Emma who swung her rear over me, leaving me there in her love valley, my nose up against her naked perineum and then her anus, my tongue diving underneath to find her distended labia and her vaginal entrance, the chance to take in her pre-cum.

Emma was looking to smear it across me as well, a gentle rocking of her bottom against me coupled with her breath control, her position now a queening one over me, Petra sitting over my breasts to kiss and stroke her play-mate before moving down to my artificial cock and slide onto it and enjoy riding it up and down – and with no risk of me coming into direct contact with her cunt.

I was helpless – there on the bed, my arms and legs stretched out tightly so and with very little slack, my back arched over and unable to respond to them except with my mouth or when they touched me.

We worked away in pleasing each other, the smell of female sex beginning to fill the room, little moans and sighs of pleasure, the other bedroom responding in a similar way too, the bedroom doors leading into the corridor both open.

Emma was the first to cum and, quickly so, she swapped out for Petra to take her satisfaction as well – and then the cycle repeated, this alternation between my

mouth and the artificial cock that I was wearing.

Demanding and exhausting it was, I guess for over an hour, each girl riding me three times, I think it was, my mouth left full of their taste and residue. I slept with them, not with Jo, the girls attaching my leash to a ring on the bed-head.

I nodded off okay but, at some point, thoughts about what would happen later on crept in and the rest of the night was sporadic sleep and waking up, dreams intermittent too, surprisingly ones of what would happen if I remained as I was now, a half-and-half, somewhat a freak with this in-between body that I now had.

The last two hours, I guess that I dozed off, the best night's sleep of the night, the first that I knew of morning being Petra waking us, saying that I had to have an enema and be scrupulously clean for my medical and best to avoid food until the examination was over, as that could cloud the scans that the Count would be taking of me.

I raised my eyebrow at that comment in that, surely, he didn't have scanning facilities on-site out here in the woods but, sure enough, Petra wasn't lying, as I found out when I got across there.

I was permitted coffee though; thank goodness, as I needed it.

However, here I was being fed some awful cleansing solution, pico-sulfate based with an attempt at a lemon flavour to help mask it, two passages through the systems to be conducted, the sort of enema that one has before an operation and really quite gross.

A shower and then a long bath ensued and then, after drying off, I was clad in a long white nightie with a pair of tie-sides for panties – my ballet flats and that was it, no make-up but my hair rigorously brushed through and dried.

Jo appeared briefly and suggested that I stayed up in the suite to avoid any temptation of food and that one of the girls would come up when the Count was ready to begin.

Petra went down with her, Emma staying behind, though there was little that she could do as to all the butterflies beginning to float around inside me and a nagging doubt of whether this was the right thing to be doing, a bit of an ear-worm developing with the tune to Ella Fitzgerald's, 'You say either and I say either, You say neither and I say neither – Either, either, neither, neither - Let's call the whole thing off.'

I guess that it was nearly an hour and a half later when Petra appeared.

"They are ready for you now. The Count has been discussing your medical records with Jo. He'll begin with some questions for you, nothing to be worried about, and then they'll go from there. So, let's get going, the sooner over there and the sooner back here."

Emma led me out, once again on my chain, this attached to my right wrist-cuff this time, no dressing gown or anything like that, not that it was cold, anything but, in fact.

We walked downstairs and out of a set of doors on the bailey-yard side of the building, down another flight and over to the left, walking through the neatly laid out and traditional garden.

I could see the security around me, cameras recording every move – my thought that this place was probably even tighter than Colditz and that was escapable; this French equivalent was not.

The entrance to his medical suite was impressive, an arched and classic French double door and probably associated with an old stable block, as that was what I suspected the building had been.

Inside it was very different to its roots.

First up in the old outbuilding was a modern and chic office set in amongst the wooden beams and posts, the room dominated by a glass trestle table and black leather sofas, a coffee table matching the desk. One wall was taken with books and the others with modern art.

Off this, I espied a small kitchen, presumably for light repasts and coffee or tea breaks.

From the reception room, we entered what was a spacious consulting room, the typical doctor's office with its padded bench to invite patients on to so as to be analysed.

There was also a gleaming gynaecological chair sitting there, rather ominously so, I thought. After all, the whole château seemed to be focused on BDSM, in addition to its core activities with girls-on-girls.

The décor reflected the previous room and, like that, there was another kitchen area that turned out to be reserved for sterilisation and laboratory work. There was even a room with analytical equipment in it was here that I saw the magnetic resonance scanner and a x-ray unit – the facilities here would have graced any Imelda’s facility or indeed any top Harley Street establishment and, my, what sort of money had been invested in here?

However, the most shocking room was to come and lay beyond the consultation area.

I knew that I was open-mouthed when I saw it.

There before me in stark medical-white, chrome and pale blue lay an operating table and with all the accoutrements that one would expect to see in such a room, computers and monitors, electro-surgical equipment, surgical suction units, lighting, magnifying glasses, pendants for x-rays and notes and waste and sanitisation control.

Beyond there was a room for sterilisation and anaesthetics and then a recovery room coupled with facilities for intensive care for four people, each room with air-conditioning and temperature regulation.

“Goodness me, Emma, all of this would be impressive in any major European or American hospital theatre. Why here though?” I knew the answer from Marianne but I asked it anyway to confirm what I had heard.

“Nikki, it allows the Count to be able to cover all of us on site here as to illness and injury, as well as it gives him a second and private facility away from his hospital in Reims. He specialises in reproduction bringing together the physical side with his field of psychology and he’s a leading practitioner in complex births such as with Siamese or multiples.”

Emma looked at me with those eyes of hers, “And I happen to know that he has an interest in you gurls, as in turning men into females and females into men.”

We didn’t get much more of a chance to chatter. Fortunately, we had wandered back into the door between the reception and the consultancy room, as The Count appeared with Jo alongside, Amélie and two of the girls behind them.

The Count was all what a mental map of such a French noble could be.

Here was a fifty-year old man, quite handsome in his looks, salt-and-pepper hair and all there, a rugged-face and about five-foot ten high, quite broad-shouldered and nicely dressed and groomed.

He was dressed in cream slacks with a faint checked-print to them, probably tailored, highly polished brown brogue shoes and then a rather English looking country shirt, the Vyella type, and with a darker jacket, this probably of French design such as Rodin.

His English was good, albeit with a French accent to it, “Aah, Nikki, I presume. It is good to have you here. Amélie, I think you know but can I present you to two of my nursing staff, Annemieke and Elica – we’ll be joined by another shortly, Tallula. So, tell you what, let’s get going with some questions from me. We are ready for the link with Professor Wu, so when we have him on screen,

we'll begin."

Amélie turned on the computer and a couple of minutes later, there was a Chinese man in medical whites, about the same age as the Count at first glance but then they can be quite incorrigible when it comes to getting their age spot on.

The Count had told me that Professor Wu and he would begin the communication in Mandarin and then switch back to English, Nikki's face was priceless when she realised that the Count's Chinese was impeccable and, on the sound of it, fluent. The initial discourse over, they switched into English and introductions were made, all rather relaxed, it must be said.

The questioning of Nikki began, requests for background on her parents and childhood, siblings and then the roots of her ability and want to switch sex. They included her illnesses, basic ones like MMR, chickenpox, whooping cough, pneumonia and even asked whether she had scarlet fever or 'strep' throat.

They then went onto her puberty and teenage years, new information for me as I hadn't realised that she was late into puberty and had maintained a girly look that brought about a lot of teasing at school. However, the good thing was that she was speaking freely about things, including how her sex life had developed, the balance between men and women in her life and her leaning towards women, not only that but detailed questions about how she orgasmed, their interest in whether she came as a woman with a total body and mind climax and, from that, how often this happened and how it had changed with the hormones that Imelda had put her on.

There was over an hour of question; this was worse than my viva voce at University and, by the end of the grilling, I was mentally exhausted.

I was led into the main consultancy room and over to the gynaecological chair area, everything as spotless as an operating room around the area and with it resembling one with the powerful lights from above, air-conditioning helping to keep things cool.

The girls removed the little clothing that I had on and to strap me into the chair, heavy-duty plastic strap-ties on my legs in the stirrups, belts across my waist, under my breasts and then around my thighs and even my arms neutralised by attaching short chains to my wrist cuffs and securing them up and behind my head.

I was completely exposed now be it for this analysis or any deviancy that they wished to practice on me.

There was a lot of equipment around the chair, some of it for cameras and what I think was an endoscopic camera of some sort, others that I had no idea what it was for and then two computers and their monitors, two medical cabinets, a tray of syringes with scalpels and forceps in their packets at the ready on one of them, along with a chrome speculum and what looked like black tubes, each one about three inches long and very thin, also wrapped in cellophane packs.

The chair was lowered back like a dental one does.

However, it was taken further and I found myself with my waist and genital area the highest point of my body, my body arched in a manner as the previous night.

I was beginning to become somewhat disconcerted on what was to happen – it was the sight of the needles and scalpels that was getting to me.

On went various monitors and I felt a sharp ‘ouch’ as my wrist was punctured for fluid control and if they needed to inject anything into me rapidly. This was almost like having an operation and my mind panicked a little.

Surely I wasn’t going to have something like a castration performed?

If so, it would be without my consent and even though I had, from time to time, thought about it, I hadn’t discussed this with Jo. No surely not; however, the doubt was there.

The last thing in terms of preparation came with a black ball-gag and Emma’s panties, ones that she had brought in, these ones black and lacy and with the gusset well-impregnated in her natural juices.

God, they offered what could only be described as a soporific effect on me.

The Count came into the room dressed in operational blue, a mask over his face and one of those cameras-cum-lights strapped to his forehead, a medical miner my first thought.

“Good, Nikki, what we are going to do today is have a look around inside you, Professor Wu watching and able to converse with me as we do. There’s going to

be four areas that we want to have a look at internally – you’ll hardly feel a thing as we shall sedate and anaesthetise you accordingly. The first area of inspection will be up your rectum to your colon and on with a good examination of your prostate and we’ll be using an endoscopic camera for that. It will feel a little uncomfortable but for that we’ll sedate you down and then we’ll run through to the second area, an analysis of your penis, testicles and up into your prostate and also your bladder and, for this, we’ll be using a very small camera system, brand new and world class that it is. Again, we’ll minimise any discomfort for you – your eyes and grunting will give it away. Enjoy Emma though.”

I lay there, absolutely rigid; never mind the bonds, it was the prospect of this work and my urethra being subjected to such probing. I was almost shivering, certainly from within. Why had I put myself through this? Why couldn’t I have remained as a slightly effete man? Why couldn’t he just knock me out?

Amélie worked on getting the link to Shanghai over to the cameras and one of the computer monitor’s, Annemieke and Elica on preparing me, ensuring that I was swabbed clean and that the sedative was pumped into my wrist.

Then came the moment as in went the speculum and the petals spread to push on my anal rings, forcing them wider and wider so as to be able to incorporate the endoscope, Henri taking one of the black, tubular cameras, fixing it onto the mass of cable and then testing to ensure that the lighting was working.

My sense of time was a little thrown by the sedative – I was half in and out on this, the camera pushed up into me, the Count and Professor Wu taking their time to inspect my prostate, the thickness of my intestinal walls and also to check that there was no evidence of pre-cancerous polyps up there. I think that they were inside me for some forty minutes before a small interval, a change of cameras and my urethra taken on, a local anaesthetic applied with an injection in to my mons just above what I called my clitoris, The Count and the Professor

referring to it as my penis.

Again a string of medical terms came out that went over my head, partly because of my lack of detailed medical knowledge and that I was in this 'fuzzy' state.

I gathered that they were looking at how my bladder was positioned, the tubing and then the state of my penis as to future material for the sculpture of my vulva, be it a transplant or sex reassignment as core to all of this.

A second interval was taken and then, to a little bit of horror, the Count opened up a small cut on my perineum and fed another camera and light system in, the cable exploring my pelvic area, looking at the room and the architecture that they would have to work with. I guess it was some thirty minutes that they were in there.

Then my arch was lowered and I found myself still restrained but at least on my back, and, after a second local injection, a scalpel then taken to open up what seemed like two inch cuts, one for the micro-camera and the other for an airline, my stomach partly blown up as if it was a party balloon.

Watching this happen, not feeling anything and then seeing what the camera was looking at on screen was very odd indeed, almost surreal and it was probably just as well that they kept me in this sedated state, a new girl having joined us for this, Tallula, who was, apparently, the Count's principal nursing resource.

The Count and the Professor went through and around my key organs in there, my liver, kidneys, around my stomach, over my bladder and between my intestine, even looking at things like my pancreas and gall bladder, everything

pointed out as it appeared. Even my blood vessel network and the location of some of my major nerve centres, such as the solar plexus were duly looked at. I couldn't see anything there, but apparently, the magnetic resonances taken gave them the images that they needed.

I actually had some sympathy for Nikki and what she was being put through in the name of science. However, I also had appreciation for the thoroughness of the Count and Professor Wu and I have to say that everything looked professional and no stones left unturned, though that may be an awful pun.

How much she knew, I didn't find out until after, what with being gagged and veiled in Emma's panties, a mild chuckle on that one in how often was a woman's vaginal aroma used as a replacement for a sedative and how beautifully bizarre it was to see her restrained like this and with her eyes staring out through Emma's leg holes. She just couldn't get enough of her panties fetish. So be it, I would use it to good effect and whenever possible.

The Count finished up by withdrawing his equipment, deflating Nikki's tummy and then a couple of simple and small sutures to close the wounds, just as he had done with her perineum.

Once everything was disconnected and her bonds removed, though the gag and panties stayed in place, he turned to Nikki and me, "Well done, young lady, we are through. What I am going to propose is that I'll have another chat with Professor Wu in two hours and then we'll share the results tomorrow when you have rested up. This will be a better time as the procedures will have taken more out of you than you realise, so you'll probably sleep a lot for the rest of the day."

That made sense, the Count adding, "So what I would say is that we get you back to your suite, then Emma spend the time with you and Jo and she can

decide with you whether you have supper in the suite or make it down to dinner. I would advocate the former as it's one of those things, the more rest now and the better you will feel tomorrow and the quicker you will heal. So, shall we say ten tomorrow – however, Jo, you can sit in on the session with Professor Wu, if you wish."

Amélie and Elica moved Nikki into a wheelchair and pushed her out of the reception, Agnès squeezed my hand.

I don't remember that much of the next three hours, a vague recall of being moved into the wheelchair, blankets wrapped around me and across to the main house, somewhere near the kitchen and into an elevator.

Back in the suite, Emma put me in my new Madeleine nightie, probably the best thing that she could have done as the jersey was so comfortable against my skin.

I felt a little groggy but then I was gone, well and truly out of it in the 'Land of Nod.'

My awakening was rather different and, I have to say, rather welcoming. How long I had been asleep, I had no idea but it must have been late afternoon when I came to, the sight of Emma's pert and naked bottom coming towards me.

Long and languished strokes of her wet valley from her top orifice down to her clitoris were the order of day and delicious that she was – perhaps, what the doctor ordered.

I so enjoyed the intimacy of this and in bringing her up towards her orgasm, her

bottom gripping my face as she approached the very top and duly came, a nice and generous offering unloaded into my mouth and a lovely medicine to take in after the efforts of the day that had passed.

We lay there and relaxed, a close cuddle as I surfaced even more, a strong need for water and then I began to realise that I was hungry.

I had returned to the suite after the call and enjoyed a lovely session with Agnès, she giving her body up for some hand-slapping of her bottom and cropping whilst in the stock, her legs splayed out and ready for my tongue and then a Feeldoe as I took her.

Emma and Nikki were in the bath when we walked in, a massive mountain of foam bubbles greeting us, a quick decision reached that the two of them would take dinner in the suite and then to bed for an early night – but probably with a more intense sex session to come.

Nikki was definitely enamoured with this young girl.

Dinner in the suite, almost naked, was perfect, asparagus with scrambled egg followed by a chicken volaille and steamed greens, a little cheese and a tarte framboise hit the mark, two glasses of a Sancerre to accompany it permitted by Emma.

My appetite had been restored and, already, I felt so much better and ready to enjoy another session in bed or near it.

As to what we talked about, Emma gave me an idea of the regime that she had lived since arriving in the château, finishing school skills in many ways interwoven with the joys of being a lesbian and taken into the world of BDSM.

“In many ways, Nikki, I have found my metier. There’s so much that I have enjoyed – obviously some things that I haven’t but I have found that I have quite a pain threshold and how to turn that into pleasure – and along the way, I have picked up a few things that I adore, some of which I think that you would too.”

“Such as?”

“Even better than telling you, let me show you a couple of them combined together. Give me a couple of minutes and I’ll be back as I need some accessories and they aren’t here in the room.”

She slipped a light robe on and left the room – true to her word, she was back quickly, leaving me little time to contemplate. In she came and I was taken back with what she was carrying,

In her hand was a black, rubber gas mask, a long coiled and corrugated pipe and, apparently, a rubber breathing tube that resembled one of those Slinky toys and, on the end of it, with a grey connector flange, a large, black penis and this with a bit of difference as it had significant perforated holes in it.

“Okay, here we go, Nikki.”

Emma took the gasmask, disconnected the breathing tube temporarily from it, and pulled the mask over me, the rubber of it pressing down on my head, my sight partly restricted and my breathing a little limited too.

“It was the Countess who first introduced me to this and I love being on your end of this. Just as you are into pussy smells, this is another league and, since then, Amélie and others like Petra and Bea have regularly put me through it, not that I have been complaining about this treatment. Now you are going to have a little soupçonne, as the

French would say.”

With the mask in place and me comfortable with it, Emma snapped on the breathing tube, turning it through quarter of a turn to lock it on and then uncoiled the corrugated pipe, about a metre and a half of it from my mask down to the other end, the black penis waiting there, this she called a sniffing penis and she held it up for me to see.

It was roughly six and a half inches long, a good girth to it and six holes set into it in two lines of three; ‘air metering’ being the term that she used.

She stood in front of me, even though we were on the bed, and splayed her legs followed by those perforated labia of hers to expose her vagina and then she took the rubber cock and slowly began to work it home, moving it and out to pick up her own lubricant so as to push it in a little deeper on her next thrust.

Slowly the mask filled with Emma’s aroma.

God, I was breathing via her cunt and she was now in control of me, literally managing my breathing through the inner of her vagina. Instantly, I was sold on this and, of course, Emma, and my reaction was my clitoris stiffening up, no flaccidity there.

Emma dropped to her knees and down onto the bed next to me, her hand holding the dildo in her cunt and gently masturbating herself with it, the black rubber becoming shiny with her cum as it slid in and out, a big smile on her face as she checked on me.

It was hot and steamy in there, the whole experience a little claustrophobic but lifted by Emma's intense cunt aroma coming pouring through; this was beyond gussets out of panties and we would have to tell Jo about this.

God, this was exquisite – and my brain began to freeze out, seriously, so and I arched my back, just as if I had been back on the Count's gynaecological chair. Yes, I came.

Before the cheese course, Agnès and I slipped off from the dining room to check on Nikki and for a quick kiss, I admit.

Into the suite, around the corner and up the corridor to the second bedroom and I was stunned with what I saw. There was Nikki on the bed, in her nightie but with a gas mask on, a long rubber pipe draped over her midriff running from the mask to between Emma's legs, evidence that Nikki had recently cum by the large damp spot on her mocha jersey around where her clitoris sat.

Wow, this was quite a sight and had Emma turned her on. I would need to get

hold of one of these sets and I would have to ask the Countess where she got hers. I decided to leave them alone, Nikki no doubt would be falling back to sleep pretty soon – ‘just keep her inhaling from your pussy, Emma.’

I don't know what time it was but I woke in the middle of the night, Emma removing the gas mask and I was back to sleep and gone again, a deep and heavy sleep for the rest of the night.

Light filled the room when I woke, the sun diffused by the frosted glass that prevented any outsiders from looking in, not that anyone would see given the security around the château, Emma had let me sleep in.

A leisurely clean-up that also involved Emma laid across me as I tongued her in the bath,, a check of my puncture wounds, just the slightest hint of bruising to the abdomen camera snick, and I dressed, still relatively lightly with my breasts exposed, like all the girls around here, excepting the Countess and Jo – house rules for the submissive community apparently.

Breakfast was wonderful, downstairs in the great room next to the kitchen and far more than what one normally associates with a French breakfast, this perhaps reflecting the international community here. Yes, there were the wonderful home-baked Boulanger breads, croissants and pastries – and Ethiopian Sidamo bean coffee - but it was the amazing selection of fruits, cereals and even freshly made omelettes and Eggs Benedict that came out that were dazzling, the Count and Countess's chef, Claire, along with her team, outstanding and worthy of a two star Michelin establishment.

I had to agree with that assessment. A dream of mine would be to live with such services and cuisine provided across each day and week like this. However, would I look like a barrel within three months? Perhaps – but then there was the

sex to provide the counter-balance and if Agnès was anything to go by, well then perhaps it was feasible to keep a slim figure.

The leisurely breakfast over, Emma and Agnès gave us a guided tour of the facilities, the girls quarters, the staff ones, and then onto the sex room, a resource that was truly jaw-dropping and beat anything that I had seen before, essentially part of an old coaching block given over to it and over two floors.

It was time to meet with the Count and we made our way to his outer office for the verdict.

By now, my nerves were beginning to play up.

My destiny as a woman was on the line; all this effort and discipline in moving from being a male to a female and to become Jo's submissive play thing, more to come of course but this was really the major step that I was facing, the question of whether I was to become another tranny woman with an 'artificial' cunt or a full-on woman with a uterus, fallopians and a cervix as well as a vagina as the entry to taking me.

Here I was at the moment, technically with a penis and two balls, these becoming less functional and smaller by the day, the vestiges of my previous life as Nick Collter, founder and financial director of Fountain & Collter – and, everything being equal, to become Fountain and Fountain as I assumed the name Nikki Madison Jane Fountain, Jo wanting my John third name feminised as well.

The Count walked in, casually dressed for the weekend, beige slacks and a nice twill-effect shirt, no tie on, and brown brogues, motioning for us to remain

sitting, Tallula with him, she offering to get us all a coffee.

“So, how are we feeling this morning, Nikki? Sleep well?”

“Yes, I was out for it.”

“So I hear – anyway, the stitches are they okay? Not itching or weeping?”

“Emma checked them carefully and all seems well.”

“Good, let’s go through what we looked at yesterday and then we’ll draw the conclusion from it.”

With this, the Count turned to a computer monitor and brought a series of pictures up, mainly of my internals. He launched into a description of what was what and how they were looking for space and where my nerves and blood vessels lay, the surprising thing for Professor Wu and him being my lower abdominal area and particularly my femur and pelvis, the Count focusing on the resonance results for this, his point being that, here, I was more female than male – and as were the locations of my lungs and kidneys and the smaller size of my liver.

The second half of his discourse covered my genitalia and that there was ample room for a full-on vulva, my perineum wider than a normal male’s and that there was sufficient tissue for making a vagina and all the trimmings, as he put it. This provided a lighter moment, the insinuation that I was a female hen in the

making.

Then came the moment that we had been waiting for.

I held Jo's hand.

“Alors, Nikki and Jo, our conclusion is that, subject to a stress test and that I can do today, this afternoon in fact, we should accept you for a transplant. In many ways, you exhibit many elements of being a hermaphrodite, Nikki, but without the reproduction confusion that goes with the territory. Essentially, what we will have to do is find the ideal donor for you and then when that happens, you will need to get yourself to Reims very quickly as, despite all that you have seen here, it isn't the ideal set-up for such a major operation. Professor Wu will be flying in from Shanghai too so as to join me and help lead your surgery.”

I hardly heard the second part of what he said; it was the news that Jo and I had been waiting for and I wanted to jump for joy. This wasn't quite the place to do that and the fun could come back in the suite.

The Count carried on about what he wanted me to do as to preparation, things such as hormone management, supplements, keeping my fitness levels up and my blood pressure down, as well as sleep and a healthy diet.

The nice touch was that a bottle of champagne emerged, already chilled down, and a little 'coupe' was enjoyed before we wandered back inside, lunch not that far off by the time that we left the medical centre, a sense of elation it had to be said.

My days as a man were numbered – and it was exactly what Jo wanted.

She even had a sex room beyond her imagination to play with for the rest of the weekend. And I had Emma to keep me company and on the straight and narrow.

Chapter 13

Conversion

The call from Count Henri came surprisingly quickly; fourteen weeks on actually, the message that a donor had been found and for Jo and me to scramble and get over to Reims as quickly as possible to begin preparation for the transplant operation.

Seventy-two hours was our window of opportunity.

I was shocked when it came through, the Count calling Jo in the office.

I was a mixed bag of emotions when we walked back to the house, overall elation but this was now reality, the prospect of the massive change to come, the complete emasculation and in really yielding to Jo, the 'I am Hers' factor as such.

However, in the short-term, there was the fear of the Count's and Professor Wu's knives as to the risk of the transplant, organ rejection and even more to counter.

We hadn't been back to the Château Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia since the announcement.

Time in London had been fairly hectic in fact.

I was now living as a woman full-time, going to work and continuing with my finance responsibilities as we looked for a manager to take over my portfolio and release me for board duties, some development work but, more importantly, to take over as Jo's personal assistant and wife at home.

For this, we had employed a recruitment consultant, one of the leading companies in the field charged with this, Russell Reynolds the chosen resource.

The timing was impeccable as we had found a candidate and, though pressed, we managed to have a hand-over prior to the call coming through.

Then we had taken on a new office in Rotterdam, work coming in from a food brand based out of there and allowing us expansion of services for other clients in Benelux.

Throw in what was going on at the house, to say that this was 'change churn' was an understatement. Firstly, Jo had the guest flat, on the top floor that we had, renovated and this was finishing and one of the two bedrooms would allow India to move in. In practice, this would happen while we were away.

The second build was underneath our building and we had taken on changing the basement into our sex cell so that involved more renovation, decoration, mess and then the start of the fitting out, Bryony and, when in town, Marianne giving us advice on set-up so that Jo could 'exert her influence.'

The consequence was that this all needed arranging and invoices to be paid as well.

I had seen Marianne a couple of times when she was in London but, for most of the quarter, she was out in Doha at home-base, Amman or Paris, only returning a few days before the call came through and she was one of the first people that I contacted.

Sex between us had been limited but then the friendship between us thrived on more than just the physical – as it did with Jo.

Meanwhile, what about the others?

Emma and I hadn't seen each other what with her incarcerated in the château.

We had been in contact though through e-mails and I learned that Lady Glenburn was thinking of trading her on or sending her off to be one of the Countess's highly selective and paid escorts for other women. Given that I told Jo everything, I showed her the e-mail trail after I had mentioned it over supper one evening.

Talking of Emma, there was Agnès too.

Jo flew out to Paris for meetings a couple of times and, as she told me about it, Agnès came on up to stay with her, Jo also taking India one time, a three-way lesbian evening duly assured, something that Jo thoroughly enjoyed in having two servile women to please her in and out of bed.

As to Bryony, Jo was seeing more of her what with India staying over there until the guest suites were ready, their sex together largely in Notting Hill than the house, Jo wanting to keep us apart until I had my operation and then bringing us together as the start of her harem.

I saw a fair amount of Bryony too but mainly in a legal capacity as Jo charged her with all the procedural work for moving over to being a woman, namely things like my birth certificate, passport, driving licence, credit agencies and that sort of thing, the tax and social services for National Insurance too, all part of the Gender Recognition Certificate that she had applied for.

This was also to lead to the generation of a new marriage certificate that would embrace me as being Jo's wife, any reference to being her husband and a male obliterated, apart from our memories and the wedding photo albums.

In fact, Jo was already talking about having an expression of vows where, publicly, I would submit to her through expressing my oath of obedience to her – and also to be dressed as her bride.

Indeed, I was looking forward to this; a chance to announce to all that we were taking on this new life-style, the crystallisation of a lot of hard work and emotion all around, never mind the physical pain and discomfort, as well as change of mindsets.

Our wills were to be adapted to and Jo also wanted to see a restructuring of trusts and income to leave her firmly as the leader of the house, even though it would be me who be providing the investment advice.

It was discussions around this that led to our meetings as we worked through the structures, also including conditions and finances for the harem as well, and all rather illuminating if not too emotional as here I was ceding nearly all my previous manly rights to become dependent on Jo.

Whether Jo and Bryony had sex together, I do not actually know.

I think it was rather more the two of them being in the same room as dominants with their play-girls and the other area that I did not know about but had my suspicions was in Jo going back to be an escort for a couple of nights, something that she talked about quite fondly, hard that it was to believe for me.

I saw Imelda three times for screening, all part of the run in to the unknown date, checks on my hormone levels and body progression, checks on my stress levels too, Imelda at pains to ensure that I was calm and emotionally stable, there for counselling if I needed it, she explaining some of the stresses and symptoms that could come my way pre and post the surgery.

She also went through my diet to up the healthy percentage of it and tests were done to monitor my metal levels, things like zinc and iron, as well as other functionals such as my sugar levels, vein condition, and my liver and kidney markers. ECGs, urine and blood tests became the order of the day.

The one thing that she also did was to lower my hormones to more of a background level and once we came to the three-month time, she cut them back to the bare minimum so as to be in good shape for the operation, the oestrogen levels to be restored post surgery and, of course, there would be no need for the anti-androgens.

In short, the risks were being minimised before the operation, my body as fit as it could be and my defences built to help prevent organ rejection, allowing for the match between the woman who was to make the donation and myself.

Otherwise, it was a waiting exercise and it was probably just as well that I was kept busy. If not involved in any the previous activities, there was always housework and clothing and lingerie care to do, this very much an excuse to enjoy Jo – and India and Bryony's bras and panties too, Emma even sending over some nicely used pairs, something that I thoroughly enjoyed.

The call came in to me at ten o'clock in the morning, a Wednesday, and apparently Professor Wu was en route for Paris already, the operation to happen early on Friday morning, the day being a long one and the reason for the Friday being to let him have a little jet-lag recovery time as well as to transfer the donor from Switzerland to Reims.

It was a question of a relatively quick scramble, things in the office quickly resolved, actions handed over, the team ready our phone numbers if there were any other things that needed our input and then we were out of the door, tickets for the Channel Tunnel in hand.

Back home, we had our bags largely prepared but there was still last-minute packing to be completed, the house closed up, instructions to India to monitor the renovation and a bite of early lunch, around the corner to the Koi restaurant for a sushi lunch, the chance to enjoy my favourite unagi and otoro amongst others.

The dash to Reims then began, five hours away via the Tunnel, our destination the Château Les Crayères, a Relais et Château establishment on the south-east side of the city and just across from the Domaine Vranken Pommery; this was,

after all, in the heart of champagne country.

It was a tired couple that arrived in the lap of luxury – actually, Nikki was rather shell-shocked, the rapidity and imminence of the process hitting home.

The hotel wasn't that big, only twenty rooms but finished to a very high standard and reflecting the family that once owned it, the de Polignacs. It had been revived by the interior architect, Pierre-Yves Rochon and was stuffed full of antiques and all rather sumptuous in that classic French style from the late nineteenth century, duly updated where necessary.

Our room was lovely, the view out over the park a large double-king set in white, some colour coming from the oil paintings and mirrors in their gold-frames, the curtains slightly patterned and the highly-polished furniture.

However, this was going to be little compensation with what I was facing.

Jo wanted to stay here for the first five nights to see me through the worst – and then she would decamp to the Countess and the Château Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia Petronilla, just under an hour away given the location of the hospital where my surgery would be conducted, the Hôpital Robert Debré, on the south-east side of Reims.

As Jo had explained on the way down, the Countess had given permission for Emma, Agnès and Amélie to help share room duties and keep me accompanied, especially after the second day as I would largely be kept under for that time in intensive care, this the crucial time for healing and getting everything bedded in.

Tallula and the other nurses would also be there as part of the Count's retinue.

Rather than dwell on the room though, we had a quick refreshment as we wanted to get down to dinner. The restaurant carrying over six hundred champagnes, so this would be a real treat.

If I was going down then it would be on a sea of wine bubbles.

After all, this would be my last supper for, as of lunch tomorrow, this would be my last good meal, probably for the better part of ten days to two weeks – and I wouldn't be taking much in for the first week to begin with.

We were treated to a rich dinner, champagne coupes to begin with and our choice of the hallowed nectar from across the road.

The food was beautifully presented by Chef Philippe Mille, gamberi red prawns from Spain and prepared at the tableside, served with fennel and baby potatoes, over which was poured a smooth and creamy haddock velouté.

We then lobster served with green peas, pigeon with turnips and tiny beetroots with an amazing demi-glacé reduction for a sauce, each plate decorated to an amazing standard – and then classic local cheeses followed by a stunning almond soufflé, served with a lemon sorbet, a dish that I wanted to have an attempt at recreating back in London.

Put in all the canapés and inter-course tasters such as a pre-dessert of white chocolate sorbet, red currant emulsion and crispy rice and we were both more than replete.

The wine list was staggering – twenty-nine pages of champagne alone but then we found some gems of wines being sold at prices less than those in retail shops and a Coche Dury Mersault '05 went down well and given it was a third of the price it should have been.

That would have to wait for a few weeks though.

The bar afterwards saw us enjoy a couple of balloons of XO Armagnac, this following dark and rich coffee and petit fours comprising cherry lollipop, miniature lemon meringue pies and pistachio.

All of this, with the two of us reminiscing about our lives to date, the transfer over to my feminine side and the end of an era obviously with my male days to finish in thirty-six hours; indeed, it was quite a mountain.

Overall, I had no regrets, not even in siring a child – bearing one, a girl hopefully, would be sensational but this was a dream at this stage, perhaps pure fantasy.

I can't add much more to this – I too was excited.

My change process was really working and now I was shortly to get what I had

been after – a woman for my wife, my legal wife too and I was thinking about her repeating her marriage vows but this time to an adaption of Ephesians 5:22-24, ‘Nikki, submit and obey to your own Jo, as to the Lord. For She is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the church, his body, and is himself its Saviour. Now as the church submits to Christ, so also Nikki should submit and obey in everything to Jo.’

I led her up to bed.

Tomorrow, her bondage would have to come off for probably at least a month, though I would get her to wear her ankle bracelet as soon as possible. Maybe I should mark the event with a sapphire and iron ring, similar to the one Marianne wore and a symbol of being a submissive within the global Domme ring that Bryony was part of. No, that would be better presented with the renewal of vows.

She looked gorgeous, even if we hadn’t changed for dinner, everything having been a bit of a dash since we had got the call and left London, the only downtime being the Sushi restaurant and the time in the Channel Tunnel.

However, it had been a clean drive including escaping ‘Ponky Town.’

Nikki was wearing a medium-short dress, an Italian designed one, dark olive in colour, long sleeved and ruffled in the lower arm, ribbed around her waist and knitted with a white, almost matronly, Peter Pan collar to finish and offset it – she had a thing for these collars, not that I minded as they were girly and young looking and, this, I liked.

Whatever, off it came to reveal her lingerie, a soft Playtex wireless two-toned bra in antique white edged in a soft-beige satin-effect that was slightly iridescent, the bra made of shimmering microfibre, the design enhancing the little that she had

at the moment, her breasts now showing a good A-cup, her nipples outstanding though – Imelda’s injection of those had really bought them on, her areola larger than normal and her love points really quite prominent.

With the bra, she had a lovely matching pair of panties, the brief structured to enhance her developing silhouette, a little light gathering at the back enhancing her curves. One of the advantages of Nikki’s panties fetish was that she was very particular in matching her sets for visual and sensual effect.

She had added a deep suspender belt in white that were supporting dark tan stockings, her shoes a pair of dark olive sandals that she had swapped out for when we had arrived.

Throw in the metal of her cuffs and collar and she looked ravishing.

I slipped off my jumpsuit and helped Nikki out of her dress. I wanted her flat on the bed, one of our penile gags on so that she could worship me with it and watch my cunt slide up and down on her oral ‘manhood’ and my anal love orifice following so that visually and scent-wise she could take me in.

I knew that this was one of her favourite positions, a full-on queening but with the cock providing some air space between us so that my control of her as to her breathing didn’t have to be quite as exact as having my bottom all the way down to ‘suffocate her,’ subdue her and immerse her in my smell and taste.

In return, she also got the visual effect and I had a lovely worshipping take of my cunt, the chosen cock nicely filling me and putting pressure on my G-spot as well as driving in towards my cervix.

I could also hear her whimpering in pleasure as I began to fuck her face.

I leaned forward and slipped my left hand inside her panties, her clitoris hard now – how this had shrunk since Nikki had begun hormones and I much preferred it now. It was a good thing for her as her nearly three inches when erect now, some forty percent of the size that she had been when she started out, kept her in her place – and her girth had correspondingly reduced as well.

Nikki was not a man in my eyes, and never really had been. It was her mind and personality that I adored, her feminine nature and consideration, warmth and sensitivity her redeeming characteristics, ones that underpinned what we were looking to do with her transplant over to full womanhood.

Even though I much preferred women to have relationships and sex with, I wasn't denying men – however, they had to have proper penises. By that, I was only really interested in alpha men with substantial length and, even better, girth, the sort of cock that fills one up, either in the vagina, the mouth or stretches the anus.

I mentioned to her that my rule of not taking her penis inside me still stood, even tonight, this the last evening that we could have sex as man and wife. After all, I didn't think that this would be possible once we had checked Nikki in for her operation.

However, I would permit her a little feel and, once this was done, I bent over and took her cock in my mouth and brought her to completion, more of an ooze now than an ejaculation and this confirming that she had had more of a female orgasm than a male one – this event, well she was incapable of now and that

pleased me no end.

I also came as well – a good release from me that nicely smeared her face and filled her mouth, reminding Nikki that she was mine and to be used for my pleasure, just as I expected of India as well. I hadn't brought them together in the bedroom yet and this was intentionally so.

I wanted to save that as a welcome to the world of being a woman for the time when Nikki had recovered from her operation and the day for this was probably some distance off.

At least I had India for this absence of Nikki sexually, if not in presence or companionship.

I also had access to other women, courtesy of Bryony and mainly for escorting submissives when they were visiting London and I was hoping that the Countess would take me on to trial potential candidates for her training school, the ones without a sponsoring Domme but who needed development as they sunk into their new life and would be sold on either privately or at one of the auctions around the world, Lichtenstein being one of the top European events for this and allowing the Countess to cash in her investments.

Perhaps I should also become an investor in such girls; this could become a lot of fun as well as the magnitude of the rewards for an exceptional girl and the Countess did not deal in second-class girls, this being very much part of her success and the building of her reputation with her peer group.

I stayed over Nikki for, I guess, about another ten minutes so as to enjoy the feel of her mouth-cock in me, just the occasional up-and-down on it for a little extra stimulation and riding through those post-orgasm tremors that I so enjoyed.

It also passed a message onto Nikki that it was me who was in charge of her and that I would dictate the pace – even the question of more sex or pulling off her for sleep.

The poor thing probably wanted to crash after the exertions of sprinting over here, the reason being that the Count wanted to see her first thing in the morning for a final check on her vitals and then we were to check in to the hospital mid afternoon, allowing us to enjoy Reims and with that a final lunch for Nikki and, perhaps, a couple of glasses of champagne.

She wasn't going to go to sleep quite yet and I slipped off her, picked up a Feeldoe and fitted it into me, my vulva quite wet and open from the previous action. With my black cock protruding from me, I stood in front of her, took her legs in hand and pulled her back to the edge of the bed so that her boy-cunt was over the edge of the mattress. Once in position, I pushed her legs back so that they were pointing upwards, even past the vertical, and I brought my black cock up to her entrance.

“Nikki, the next time that you will feel my little penis will be in your new cunt – imagine this, my penis drilling you, filling your vagina, rubbing against your nerve ends and its head somewhere up near your cervix. Imagine having a second dildo in you, riding up where I am going to go now, the two penises working in tandem together and imagine how your body will respond when you have this first massive orgasm, your virginity well and truly taken by me, confirming that you are indeed my wife.”

It was a rare event but Nikki exploded a second time, a stream of spermless cum and not the real thing when it came to being a man; this capability had long gone and a good thing that this had been, a real milestone along her journey to becoming a woman.

We collapsed into bed, dreamland not too far off and this was probably also a good thing. I didn't want her brooding about what was to happen the day after next, after she had been wheeled down into the operating theatre. Tiredness took over.

My, I was well and truly out, the combination of the trip over, the sex and perhaps the pressure of what was to happen deflected in soporific form.

We woke to a nice morning and a leisurely start, making our way down for le petit déjeuner in the Brasserie Le Jardin and a great way to tee up the day.

First up was the trip to the hospital, the distance from the hotel to it a couple of miles and some ten minutes, time-wise.

We were to meet the Count at his offices in the Clinique de Champagne on Rue d'Université, a facility where the psychologists and therapy teams were based, the building not too large. The Hôpital Sébastopol was one of those large campus facilities that were spread out across the northern city, and then the south-eastern quarter.

Nothing out of the ordinary was the order of the day until just before we left, some basic pre-operation checks made, a meeting with the anaesthetist and that was it, we were in and out of the place within the hour and free to visit Reims, my next check-in to be at the Hôpital Robert Debré, the centre for surgery other than gynaecology, which was housed at the nearby Maison Blanche, the reason for this being that the Count could call on a wide range of services such as the vascular department, urology, haematology and various laboratory-testing facilities to support the operational team, the Maison Blanche providing

supplementary gynaecological resources, if required.

The surprise was meeting Professor Wu just as we were about to leave, a man of about five feet seven and quite stocky, classic Chinese in coming across as incorrigible, pleasant enough, good English but a man of few words other than wishing both of us the best for the morrow and not to worry – ‘too much.’

It was hard to put an age on him but we agreed somewhere around fifty to fifty-five, so the compromise was fifty-three.

As to his experience, that was without with experience from two leading hospitals in China in the Peking and Shanghai Jiao Tong Universities and then the John Hopkins in the States where he fine-tuned his transformation experience.

However, the number of hospitals that he had worked in on case work was legendary, including Stockholm, Gothenburg, London Bridge and Berlin, all engaged in transformation surgery, reproduction and now the challenge of taking this through to men with female characteristics, such as what I had been and was about to change.

He asked a couple of questions, nothing earth-shattering and more about how I had responded to the hormones and the condition of my blood, not that Jo or I could really answer that – all that we knew was that Imelda and the Count seemed to be happy about its make-up and hadn’t flagged anything like viscosity issues, anaemia, or other such conditions.

His final words were, “See you tomorrow before you go down. Now go and

enjoy Reims for a few hours.”

Having taken a taxi over to the office, we caught another into the centre of the City, the splendours of the 13th C Notre Dame and its coronation history to be seen along with the Musée des Beaux Arts and then, my favourite, the Maison Champagne Tattinger, a chance to see the cavernous cellars that were once part of the Abbaye Saint-Nicaise and that had been one more example of a soaring religious pile that was destroyed during the French Revolution.

The tour ended with a tasting session and that I enjoyed, the Count saying that champagne was fine up to three pm but nothing afterwards as I had to purge my system.

Lunch beckoned and my last meal was taken at the Brasserie Flo, a traditional establishment located on the Place Drouet d'Erlon, a classic chateaubriand with béarnaise the order of the day, French fries and sautéed green beans as accompaniments and a bottle of local red wine, the Coteaux Champenois from Mareuil-sur-Aÿ.

Just as good was the dessert, a Champaignissime, a light mix with a base of 'Biscuits Roses de Reims soaked in champagne and then sublimated by raspberry compote and fromage blanc to make for a sensational treat to finish our repas.

The time to enter hospital was approaching and we wound our way back to the hotel for last minute packing, not that I needed a great deal, everything pre-packed in a special bag.

We left the hotel just before four, a short drive over to the Robert Droupt, my nerves now beginning to play up – I had long known that this wasn't a small operation but now it was more than imminent.

It was like how I felt before my final examinations for my Bachelors degree at Uni – but three times worse.

Checking in was routine enough; what was evident that our French would soon be up to scratch, even if it wasn't too bad to begin with. Up came everything associated with a normal pre-operation routine, various forms to fill in and then the infamous surgical socks to be donned.

An intravenous drip was duly attached and then the cleaning of my system began, along with the starvation regime as to denial of food for the evening and night, the only thing permitted being water – and, of course, the enema agent some Picolax derivative.

It worked though. However, give me a champagne flavour any time and the lunch at Brasserie Flo was starting to become a distant memory.

What could I say of my room? It was just like any decent room that one would expect to see in a good hospital in the UK or States, one person occupancy with plenty of space, a modern bed with all its hydraulics and connection points, a sofa, two armchairs and round coffee table for visitors and for when I could make it out of bed and 'relax.'

The bathroom was exceptional, not only in cleanliness, but also allowing for all the lifting aids, many of which could have been easily converted into our new

sex room and, with a little modification, allowed for some interesting bondage.

Other than the nurses and, of course, Jo, visitors were restricted, just a couple of junior doctors checking in.

This, in part, was driven by our earlier meeting with the Count and the chance first direct contact with the Professor. The one exception was Tallula appearing, she up in Reims as the Count's right-hand woman and, as we learned, she would be leading my recovery, particularly after I had left the hospital, a fairly long recuperation time forecasted and this to be at the Château and not at Les Crayères – shame as to the champagnes on offer.

Truth be told, it was all rather tedious, French hospitals being no different to their English counterparts in the patient having to wait for the next thing to happen, akin to being in the Army, perhaps. Jo was asked to leave around eight – and she needed to eat, whatever she thought, a quick kiss and she was gone.

Agnès was also arriving to keep me company for the next few days, thanks to the Countess releasing her, a lovely supper to distract me, back in the Brasserie Jardin, and then an entwinement in bed in the suite. I'm not sure that Nikki realised this.

My sleep was aided, I have to admit, thoughts beginning to fill my mind so I asked if some form of sleeping pill or solution was available and any dreams that I may have had were soon nipped in the bud.

I was out until six and then it was all systems go as we moved towards the rocket launch out of Cape Canaveral. Talk about nurses being all over me, even brief

visits from the Count, Professor Wu and the anaesthetist on the run in to the starting line.

Jo appeared in my room about half an hour before I was put on the trolley and wheeled down to the surgical area, first stop the anaesthetic room to be put under.

There was very little time to sit back and reflect on what had happened and how I had come to this point.

The chance for this had long gone as, for now, it was all about the future and the impending procedure that was awaiting me, my mind now a little numb with the prospect if I am to be honest, living brought down to the immediate and the prospect of what would life be like in a week, a month, a year or beyond, really quite a ludicrous concept.

Yes, it was that short-term in thinking, odd that this may be.

The final moments came too quickly and it was in a flash that I was being wired up and wheeled down, the last thing before the pale-blue double doors with their round and frosted portholes being Jo giving me a tender kiss and letting me go through, some words of encouragement though, truthfully, I can't remember what she said.

I can remember some idle chat with the anaesthetist and her colleague and then I was well and truly put under.

There wasn't much that I could do now, a last kiss and in wishing Nikki all the

best, the only thing that I could do was to return to the hotel, this the advice of the Count as we could expect that the operation could take anything from eight to twelve hours to complete, two teams of surgeons and assistants to see it through, the Count and Professor Wu to get breaks and rests whenever they felt that they had reached stages that their deputies could easily handle. At least Agnès was there – and Marianne was to join us around lunch time - a long Friday it was to be.

To be fair to the Count and Professor Wu, I got two progression reports by phone during the operation, everything proceeding satisfactorily apparently, the second one some ninety minutes before expected operation completion and the three of us went up to the hospital, more to see that Nikki was out of surgery and alive, though we knew that she may not be pretty and that any visit would only be very brief, what with her being in intensive care and probably kept in a controlled coma.

She was under the gun for some ten and a half hours and we got into see her for two minutes an hour afterwards when she had been moved into the intensive care unit, just a morass of equipment, piping, bottles and cables everywhere, beeping and flashing lights too, Nikki still asleep.

Some of the tube contents were not what one wanted to see but I guess all part of the healing process that she was taking on now, a long haul it was to be.

Henri and Professor Wu looked absolutely drained when they came out to see me, almost white with fatigue but then with tempered smiles across their faces that suggested that things had gone well. That was so encouraging and nothing more needed to be said.

From now on, it would be a question of the next week as Nikki emerged from her

operation and then how she took to her new organs inside her and she still wouldn't be totally clear of the woods, as to infection, for a few more weeks and months, the risk diminishing, with time almost exponentially though. Time the saviour and in calming us all down and all that.

Of course, this had me on edge, all of us and, quite frankly, I wouldn't want to go through that again, such an emotional up-and-down that it was.

I can't remember much except being woken up, a French female voice talking to me, and then back to sleep as the morphine kicked in to counter the ache that seemed to run through my body from my breasts downwards, an acute one emanating from my mons area. I certainly couldn't think about it.

I hadn't been expecting this.

In fact, I can't recall anything for over sixty hours though, apparently, I did surface twice for brief periods. It was then that I started to surface, Jo and Marianne there for the first 'up' and the two of them along with Emma for the second.

It was Jo and Tallula who told me that all had gone well and that the Count and the Professor were happy with the initial results, the transplant having gone well and the various internal hook-ups having gone well and, ultimately, beyond their expectations.

I got what I would now call a high-level understanding of it and probably it was thank goodness that I had no idea of the battle ahead, as I had to ride three dodgy moments as to organ acceptance and avoiding bacterial infection.

That aside, it was day five that things started to come together and I was finally stepped down from Intensive and back into my private room.

I couldn't believe the discomfort though – just unbelievable that it felt, gas being my problem.

It wasn't pain per se though there was some of that from time to time, the nurses quickly into manage it though – drugs like this and I could be quite happy, my mind floating from time to time.

No, it was more in feeling like a pig about to explode, itchiness, a persistent ache and a feeling that I was auditioning to become a Zeppelin balloon, so inflated with gas that I was.

Jo and Marianne appeared in my room, Jo quite ecstatic having just seen the Count after his check on me. “Well Mrs. Fountain, it looks like that you are now a woman with a working vagina and uterus, so well done. So far so good, but I am proud of you and love you. Henri and Song are very happy with your progress, the proof in the pudding to come tomorrow when they will give you a full analysis and scan.”

“So how long did they take?”

“Over ten hours and you've largely been asleep since – this, they wanted to allow your body to start accepting the donor organs in there.”

“You are telling me that I now am all-woman down there and inside too?”

“Yes, Honey, and I can’t wait to make love to you.”

I smiled weakly, “I guess that this will be some time, though. You’ve got Marianne here.”

“We’ve also got India and Emma – and the rest of the girls at the Château. We’re down there now. It’s about an hour’s run from here but we’ll have someone up here with you during the daytime and early evenings.”

“Thank you. I don’t want to put any one out though.”

“And have this woman of mine, the first European to be operated on like this, successfully so far, without someone to look after her and keep the baying minions in check. No way.”

I tried laughing at that – but it hurt.

“Seriously though, there are folk from the company wanting to come and see you, as well. They have sent the most enormous bunch of flowers here.”

I looked over and sure, a mass of pink, white and cream flowers greeted my eyes. “Thank them if you will – however, a bottle of that Charles Heidsieck that the Count sits on would be more welcome.”

I was tiring again and really wanted to nod off - this set the pattern for the next three days – short, sharp but lucid conversations, five minutes or so but then starting to lengthen.

Later I was to learn that there had been two operations running in parallel, one to extract the reproductive organs of my young donor – she had died of an aggressive form of Motor Neurone's and had wanted to donate them to science, especially in reproduction, the thought of potential life through them being a driving factor.

Later on in my recovery, I began to think about here and how tragic that this was.

Grateful I was to her immense generosity to a person that she didn't know but, really, I wished that she had recovered and lived, but how brave of her to give her body to science.

Yes, I admit that I had guilt pangs but as Jo and the Count pointed out, she wanted someone to go forward, give pleasure to the recipient's life and partner and hopefully to bear children, and if a girl, would they consider including Fiona in her names, Finn for a boy and this in consideration for her mother.

I was in tears over that but, as both of them added, this was more impetus for me to fight and keep what I had been given.

So far so good, despite the early rough ride and fight when I was still in a

comatose state – apparently, it had been close, platelet transfusions combined with an immunosuppressant called Privigen turning the tide around and getting me on the right track to acceptance and healing, the other issue being to stem blood flow from my liver, this having been reduced to accommodate my new organs.

However, for me, the biggest shock was seeing what was down there for the first time. I understood that Jo - and only her, other than the medical team supporting me, had seen what was down there.

Honestly, this was like the ribbon-cutting at the open of a major facility like an airport terminal or bridge or, perhaps, a country fair, not that we weren't unaccustomed to arranging such events for clients, the last a luxury hotel in London and what a palaver that had been, what with the dignitaries and the expression of what the hotel was all about, laid on for dignitaries, corporate guests and staff, this done during the soft launch.

The Count and Professor Wu came into my room, three of the hospital's nursing team, Tallula and then Jo, Marianne and even the Countess, she intrigued with what had happened and, naturally, well-briefed on my progress from her husband.

“Okay, Nikki, we're going to have a good look down under today. I don't want you being scared as it's still going to be somewhat messy down there but, I can say, not as bad as the day before. Once we have had a visual inspection and cleaned you up some more, what we want to do is to get a scan of you, on your back as you are at the moment, so we'll get you over for a little excursion to radiography. This will take it out of you, by the way. So just say if it is getting a little too much and we can monitor accordingly. Okay?”

“Yes, that’s fine.”

The nursing team, assisted by Tallula, began their work, cutting quickly through the mountains of bandages and gauze; these became increasingly bloody and grungy the deeper they cut through.

It was quite disgusting in fact and put that alongside some of the drains and bottles that were coming out of me, well.

Yes, it was pretty grim. However, I had seen this before so I was well conditioned – it was Marianne that I was thinking of, this her first time to see the actual results, though fascinating and encouraging I had found it before. What would Nikki’s reaction be? I had no idea.

Slowly, everything from my breasts to my thighs was unwrapped, some light manoeuvring of me to get the undercarriage extracted and some fairly gross material pulled away.

Given the angle that I was at, slightly inclined with my head at the high point, the first thing that I could see was that my stomach had been seriously operated on and, indeed, quite a mess it was, the sutures clear, a lot of blue and purple bruising around as well.

In terms of sensitivity, this was perhaps the worst bit pain-wise and where my painkillers were being targeted.

The Count and Professor Wu set about looking at me, reverting to Mandarin and medical terms to leave me confused and ill-informed but, overall, their body

language suggested that there were no major concerns, a final comment about the coming scan would definitely be revealing and fingers crossed as, superficially progress and healing was on schedule.

My vitals were also improving and the signs were that the immunosuppressants were working well.

Thank goodness for that – and a tick in my mind to that one.

However, it was the next sight that nearly had me retching, one of the nurses producing an oval mirror, a large version of one of those hair-mirrors found on a vanity dresser but with much clearer optics, almost too clear given what was on show.

She held it between my legs and I got my first glimpse of nirvana.

It really was a mess, one hell of a mess, signs of spent blood and bruising everywhere – and stitches, big ones and little sutures, single and double lines all part of the engineering.

However beneath it all, my penis or old boy-clitoris was no more and now there was the outline of a new clitoral hood and, beneath it, what appeared to be generous labial lips leading down to my vagina, a plug sitting in there for the moment, stitches all around, double stitching up either side of my groin.

Professor Wu spoke, “So this is the Count’s work, Nikki, and it looks great and

it's healing well. What we are going to do is leave your plug in your vagina for a few more days as this will help support the tissue joining into your inner vagina and cervix and we want to see a good bond there, for obvious reasons. As to the double lines of your groin sutures, Nikki, these will fade with time and the inner band will naturally tuck themselves into your groin and become virtually invisible. No G-strings for a wee while though, please, they may cut into you a little too much."

I was nearly in tears, the emotions beginning to swell, the stress of it all starting to surface.

"I'm happy with your progress but let's see if we really stand a chance of having turned you into a woman with a fully functional vagina, uterus and, we hope, working fallopians. Now this will be thrilling as you would be our first European girl to take this on. In short, Nikki, I can say that you will be a real girl."

I think that I muttered 'Oh my God' and then burst into tears.

Tallula came forward, held my hand, and comforted me, "Look Nikki, let yourself go – this is normal as all the stress of the months and weeks before is coming out. It happens all the time in this surgery and with transgender ops too. It is a bit of a shock, isn't it?"

I nodded my head and added, "Yes it is that; my vagina looks so beautiful already and way beyond what I expected, even allowing for all the war wounds, blood and swelling. Thank you, all of you, from the bottom of my heart."

Cue more tears; this was becoming a little too emotional.

During the wait for the scanner, the Count explained that they had transplanted the uterus, cervix and vagina in, connected up the major blood vessels and nerves and then brought across the fallopians, along with an awful lot of vascular and nerve hook-up work to be painstakingly put in place.

Professor Wu was even more specific, explaining to me, “What we have done, Carole Anne, is to lift a flap to expose your abdomen and once we had you open, peeled back like a tangerine, was to then rearrange your organs, some shaping and reduction of your liver especially and pushing things like your pancreas and bladder back so as to accommodate the transplanted parts – and what we brought across was your new uterus and fornix, the cervix and then the fallopians, arranging this so you now have a kegel floor to your vagina.”

The other part was my castration and then creating my clitoris, labia, folds and vaginal meatus and lower part to stitch than on to the transplant, the other key thing being a slight repositioning of my bladder and the connection of my urethra to the outside world, everything worked with my sub-perineal muscular construction.

“In short, Nikki, you should have a fully-functioning vagina and one that feels penises or whatever you insert in there and the use of dildos I would encourage so as to strengthen your internal tissues in there, otherwise there is no need for dilation, as in a transgender reassignment.”

Professor Wu added. “I’m also hoping that you will be able to experience menstrual cycles as well, Nikki.”

“Oh my God. I don’t believe that.”

The Count then added “And to some extent, I don’t either, Nikki, even though Professor Wu and I have been talking about achieving this, all these months. For me, this is realising a dream in being able to take someone like you and change them into a full and functioning woman. For him, it’s yet further affirmation of his brilliance and leadership in this form of surgery.”

The scan went well and, though I was shattered as the doctors had advised and needed my sleep, it was also a time for a little elation and some more tears when they said that all was looking good. I was able to see the monitor pictures, the outline of my uterus and cervix clearly on show.

This was truly earth-shattering.

To see that my body now had feminine organs in it, well. I certainly wasn’t a male any more and that was out of this world and almost difficult to get my mind around, even though I had known that this would be my future before I went into the operation.

As I lay there, when awake, thoughts of what all this meant came to mind and, at heart, it was all about my submission to Jo.

It looked like that I had given her what she wanted, at least physically, the question now being how this would play out. I lay there, rather bemused with this and then what had been said about my half male and female physique.

Would I work though? Would I be like a normal woman with her monthlies once

this had all settled down?

Imagine coming to, from having been unconscious for ten plus hours and then seeing all the double stitching across you and knowing that you now have a woman's reproduction and sex organs inside you.

Surely, it was natural to having the question about whether I would be sterile or would my system actually work.

However, sleep took over once again.

Slowly, I began to recover.

The direction was mainly upwards but with the occasional setback, a day with some more fever and, thereby, running the risk of rejection, something that I learned was more of a call to adjust my medication levels.

Each time that my dressings were changed, I winced at the sight in front of me, the mirror less used as time went on - however, the message was clear, slowly I was transforming, the butterfly was emerging from the red and purple chrysalis, the bruising and swelling starting to recede and my attention span increasing.

Getting out of bed for the first time wasn't fun; this was for an attempt on the bathroom to go to the toilet and I found myself flat on the floor as I fainted; this was all rather embarrassing in that I was so dependent on other people.

The second trip wasn't any better either; this time it was my urinary system being put to the test and this was even worse than fainting, not least because Emma was present.

I sat there, no chance to use my penis now, and I sprayed the room as if it was a garden under the watering-can, except that I would have had more control with the latter.

This was awful and I hasten to add that it resulted in more tears.

This happened because I had no training yet over my muscles and it happened with virtually every reassignment surgery and, of course, this was part of the reconstructive surgery that the Count had led. In this sense, I was no different to a trans-patient.

Tallula said that she had seen it before and that accuracy would come with time and practice.

However, it was all a bit embarrassing and rather levelling, and, as I said, Emma would have happened to be there and witness it.

This all sounds a bit like being on a downer and that was anything but, as there were wins too, all little milestones to be achieved on the route to full recovery, things like my nerves beginning to tingle, my vulva alive and functioning, my clitoris beginning to let its presence known.

Indeed, this was thrilling and, yes, tear inducing too but tears of pleasure this time.

Who had come out with that rubbish about being more serene than when I had been male, my emotional tunnel of highs and lows in life seem to be that much more sensitive now and also in the ability to ride the mountains and troughs?

Slowly it was dawning on me that I really was a woman and Nick Collter was long gone, this also reinforced by Jo appearing one day to tell me that Bryony had received notification that all the paperwork was complete and I was now officially Mrs Nikki Fountain and very much her wife. Perhaps, short of losing my virginity to her so that our new relationship was consummated, this was one of the major peaks in my emasculation coming home.

My passport and driving licence came through, photos of a woman on them, my feminine name and the word 'sex' followed by an 'F' – I stared at them in some bemusement.

One major hurdle overcome was the removal of my vaginal plug, the Count supervising this and Professor Wu on hook-up from Shanghai, having returned home, satisfied that all was under control. He would want to see me the next time that he came to London.

There was a little pain when out it came but the nurses soon had me cleaned up and, to my astonishment, pushed what looked like a cream dildo up there, a 'dilator' they called it, my vagina responding to this insertion as it slipped in.

Out it came and they went for a slightly longer and larger one, this one sitting snug in me and, God, I felt like a woman, nothing behind in my boy-cunt, I hasten to add though I am sure that Jo would have loved that.

However, what it meant was that my reconstruction and transplant were becoming one and that it was now my cunt and ready to start functioning though, in a sexual sense, I would have to wait for that to happen so as to ensure no risk of tearing or fistulas.

This time I had to say what a thrill it was. I could feel the dilator and my clitoris seemed to be working, more and more nerves sending their little messages around me as the rest of my nerve-ends started to grow and respond, the next thing would be my vaginal juices starting to flow, my own pre-cum, no different to that of Jo's or the other girls.

This was definitely all about being a woman and in being able to give myself to them, my lesbian role in life to take over, my male life with a penis and two testicles condemned to some incinerator deep in the bowels of the hospital.

I knew that I would need assistance to get going on the sex front and the girls would have to be liberal in lubricant use; this not to risk damage while everything bedded in.

The other thing that was happening was that my breasts seemed to be surging, the two of them a handful now and pushing towards a B cup, my large areola puffy and topped with two pert nipples – and, as Jo said, exactly what she had ordered – and that was pleasing, though there was talk about them being pierced as would my clitoris and labia be.

She wanted both India and me to be identical down there, and like Marianne or Emma. In other words, we would be submissive of this global Domme circle and very much indicative of her stable, or was it a neo-harem?

Of course, it was a slow war to recover and at times rather frustrating with plenty of other challenges to take on, basic things like having a shower and then a bath or in walking up a staircase. It was very much a case of two steps up and one back but, looking back at the experience, I guess that this was normal for a patient such as me.

The word 'patient' really did have a double meaning.

Two massive positives leading up to the hospital kicking me out – sorry discharging me – were firstly the pace of how my bruising settled back and receded.

Between Tallula and Professor Wu, they put me on to a complementary alternative programme by using balms, a nut extract, a zinc rich diet and Manuka honey and, once I made it to the Château, a course of massage around my mons that started to have the desired effect and me beginning to arch my back in response; no finger insertion though.

Early on, I did bounce between pain and pleasure, the Count explaining that this was all part of my healing as my nerve system was regenerating, a bit like a plant that had been potted and then spreading its fibres out, the same with my blood system.

Finally, the day to leave came around and I was really looking forward to getting out of the hospital, a long stay, too long in my book, that it had been.

I completely underestimated the effect, despite the warning from Tallula and the medical staff. Ideally, I would have gone straight to the château but I guess that

Jo listened, as we made the jump back to Les Crayères.

By the time I had dressed, Jo paid the bill balance, my bits and pieces packed and then the transfer down stairs and into our car to be followed by the short trip to the hotel and the transfer up to the suite, I was creased and I mean seriously taken out to the point that it felt like a step backwards.

Thank God, we hadn't made the leap straight to Droupt.

Sleep and pampering were the order of the day, Agnès and India keeping Jo sexually satisfied and I didn't mind – I enjoyed watching India and Jo making love on the third evening, rather beautiful that she was and I could see why Jo wanted her as our live-in.

Indeed, in my absence from London, she had done that and moved in, as the guest suites were now ready, Jo having been there and back in the day to sign off the work and also check on the office.

Day Four ex the Robert Debré and we made the jump to the Château, the exhaustion and need to sleep repeating itself – how was I ever going to make it back to London?

However, there was a fillip in being within the sanctuary of the house and the indulgence that came my way, countless warnings not to over do it, some of which I listened to and others not. I had more than the support that I needed what with the girls treating me as if I was made of china and then access to the Count's medical facilities.

I would be helped into the bath and have two of them, such as Amélie and Emma, in there to wash then dry me, a lot of distracting time in making me up, nail treatment, hair arrangement and brushing and all the rest.

In fact, one thing that I began to notice was that, other than Tallula and the Count, Jo limited touching my mons and vulva to Emma only.

Actually, I appreciated this – and it was Emma that started to sleep with me in bed – no sex mind you.

At least I was out of hospital, warm, safe and cared for.

My life as a full-on woman, a submissive one at that, was just beginning, my life as one of Jo's women and this I had to accept and it wasn't going to be just India and me.

Chapter 14

Oral Virginity and Submission

I recovered quickly, a month of utter indulgence it has to be said, as I rested, was massaged and brought up the curve towards feminine normality – full normality, as in my ability to menstruate would only be known after three to six months. That was the advice of the Count and Professor Wu.

However, to help occupy my time and keep me intellectually switched on as nothing much was coming through from the office, Jo reporting back that all was ticking along nicely in the Agency, I began to provide some financial work for the Countess, a little payback for camping on her facilities and her team's support.

This was all about reviewing a project to expand into another stable block on the old farm for the Château, effectively doubling the number of girls in training at any one point, so the work covered not only the construction costs, tax situation but also projections on revenue and operational costs.

It was the least that I could do.

Emma continued to act as my main attendee, Jo going back and forth to London for the working week, even taking a helicopter at one point to cut the travel time.

Emma was also my sleep partner, the furthest that she would go would be to massage me, Jo and the Countess having made it clear that I was off limits for

the moment and that Jo would give the word when I could be taken.

Recovery was nice and rapid now and it was amazing how quickly the dilation and then the stitch marks started to disappear, the balms, honey and exotics used by Tallula imparting their healing properties.

However, it surprised me at the end of the third week when Jo said that oral sex was now back on the cards but no finger or toy penetration just yet – and my nipples were fair game, these bursting to be used, almost an itch developing in them and I was sure that they were still getting bigger.

It was Jo who had first use of me – this wasn't virginity-breaking but still it was heaven.

It was quite an evening all around.

Earlier in the day, the Count had examined me, including a scan, not really saying anything except that he was very happy with my progress and to keep up the good work in not overdoing things physically.

It was before dinner that the fun began, Emma having helped me into a Cadolle corset, matching tanga panties, stockings and sandals, then my dress a dark grey, Hobbs cotton and wool one with a nipped waist, a 'buttoned' texture effect and then an upturned detachable collar that sat beneath my own bondage collar, my identification tag hanging down off that.

It was she that led me out on my lead and over to the stables close to the Count's medical quarters.

As soon as I saw some of the other girls there, a medical drawer with a piercing gun on top of it, a brazier burning away, and what appeared to be a free-standing St-Andrew style cross; I knew what this was all about.

I was going to witness my first branding and piercing session.

Other girls came outdoors from different parts of the Estate, this and public punishment being a big thing for the commune, most of them dressed in the Château uniform, their breasts enticingly on view, most of them with their titanium rings hanging down from their nipples, a couple of girls with barbells in and one with small bells attached to her rings, blessed things that they would be to wear.

Last out before the Count, Tallula and Amélie and the three girls to be 'treated' were The Countess and Jo, they the only two women fully dressed in the community as such – other than me tonight but then I wasn't a resident - yet.

Emma handed my chain over to Jo. I was back in her control and I was 'Her's.'

The branding team arrived, Amélie carrying two silver branding irons.

These were about twenty inches long and the actual iron was gently curved so as to fit the sub's mons and it was made of the finest silver imaginable and

appearing almost as filigree lattice work, one the Countess's mark and the other a Germanic coat of arms with the inscription 'Ich gehöre zur Baronin Sofia,' translating to 'I belong to the Baroness Sofia.'

The Countess's was her family shield showing the three clear gryphon heads with an embossment of a three-rose chevron dividing them, two gryphons above and one below. Underneath there was the inscription that I had seen before and set in two lines and clearly legible, 'Prop. de la Comtesse Brigitte.'

It was hard to believe that I was going to witness this near-mediaeval ritual, updated for hygiene of course and, with that, the clarity and finesses of the brand inflicted on the girl.

The two girls were strapped down to their own gurneys, presumably so to stop them moving during the process, and a third one, a Greek girl with long black hair, bronzed skin and very dark nipples, she was strapped to the cross, legs and hands splayed, her breasts hanging there freely.

It was the Greek girl, Andrina, who went first, three piercings executed by the Count, the site prepared and clean so that it was sterile, the loading of the bolt and then the puncture.

The Count would then fit the ring in, the gauge one that was quite thick for a first-time insertion but, with his top-of-the-line equipment, it allowed for a quicker penetration and I had heard from Marianne and the girls that the pain was short, searing and sharp but abated incredibly quickly.

After this, it was a question of keeping the wounds clean and healthy – and use

of some of those potions that the Count's nursing team liked to use.

Andrina certainly yelped on the second piercing, that through her left nipple but then she soon recovered and had the titanium ring hanging there proudly so.

What amazed me was her third one; this through the septum of her nose, the ring there and right across her philtrum and this must have been so annoying for her.

Frankly, this was nothing in comparison to the branding.

Both girls, Mia and Ebba, German and Swedish respectively, were firmly strapped down to their trolleys, four bands up each leg with wide belts going across at the top of the thighs and then another wide belt across the belly button, one more under their breasts and even across the top of their chests and neck.

Their bottoms were slightly elevated so as to push their depilated mons upwards and their vaginal piercings on full show, similar to those that Marianne and Emma carried.

Jo turned to me, "We are going to get you pierced, Nikki. I really would like to see you with grommets like those in your labia. However, obviously, we can't do it straight away but, before we go, maybe we should get piercings in your ears and your nipples done."

I winced at the prospect; just imagining the pain was bad enough but then, after the operation that I had been through, I should be able to bear this easily so.

My attention came back to what was happening near the brazier, Tallula and Amélie cleaning the girls target area, ethanol or something similar being used.

Meanwhile, the Count had started heating his irons up. I knew from Marianne that he liked to use silver rather than iron. Silver didn't need as much heat to become red hot and it made for a much neater mark, as long as the Count's hand was steady – but then he was a surgeon and had operated on me.

Iron was more for punishment or the old slave trade and, with its higher temperatures; it tended to cause more damage.

Mia and Ebba were then gagged, ball-gags used so that they could bite down on them and to stifle their screams as the irons hit them.

Back and forth the Count went with the first iron, regular checks to see how the temperature was coming up. This took about seven minutes and then we were there.

With a duplicate iron shape of the outside of the coat of arms and motto, he placed that against Mia's skin and marked off some alignment points to bring the branding in on. He then sprinkled a henna and umber mix on; this was for helping to make the scar browner and more consistent in colour, just as I had seen with the others brands, the shock being the first time that I had seen Marianne's mark, so beautifully clear and legible that this was.

This must have been awful for Mia, feeling the coldness of the silver against her

and knowing that huge pain was imminent. I would have been scared witless by this.

Then the Count was ready; one last check and he didn't mess around, a few seconds more in the brazier and he withdrew the iron to plunge it down onto Mia's mons.

There was a short and sharp sizzling sound and quite a bit of smoke, the smell of burning skin, as if pork belly being put under a blow torch hitting the air.

It really was an 'Oh God – Poor Mia' moment.

One could still hear her scream against her gag, the noise muffled and she tried to buck her hips upwards but to no avail, the tight straps preventing this.

Emma told me, as Marianne had done, that the pain subdued very quickly and it was now about dedicated care to ensure that there was no infection of the wound.

A voice next to me said, "We definitely need this done as well, but it won't be for some months, will it?"

I couldn't even contemplate the very thought.

Ebba was next and the process was the same – I could hardly watch the second time around, knowing what I was watching now.

The event quickly wound down with the girls taken inside for their first treatment, everyone dissipating back to their quarters, a group of us to the pre-dinner salon for a choice of an aniseed aperitif or a glass of a welcome Sancerre.

The Count joined us for a quick Pernod and a splash of water and we went through to dinner, twelve of us around the table, the Count talking about the pleasures of branding and how the ceremony that he had conducted had gone, a question to Jo about when she would put me forward and that he would be more than happy to pierce and brand me, once he had a final set of how my 'bits' looked when everything had settled down.

Dinner was superb, as usual, the quality of the cooking in the Château not far short of a Michelin restaurant, one of the interesting things being how diverse it was, culinary-wise, depending on the profiles of the girls that came through its portals. While I was staying there, we were treated to Scandinavian cuisine, Persian, Mexican and Japanese, some dishes better than others but, overall, a wonderful diversity to it and all of a high standard, as well as being nutritionally balanced.

However, tonight, it was all about French, the upper Burgundy and Beaujolais in cooking styles if not the full ingredients the focus.

We were treated to shelled scallops and truffles, sautéed frog's legs in tamarind (an awesome combination), shredded hare and slices of it too, served with a dauphinoise, local cheeses and then onto the choice of two tartes de tatin and, even better, a hint of the Japanese girl on site's influence, Kayako as she was called, a chocolate and saké soufflé and that dessert was seriously out of this world. Indeed, it was perhaps the dish of the evening.

The wines came out of the Count's cellar, oenophile that he was – all French, naturally, with an unusual Simonnet-Febvre Saint-Bris Sauvignon Blanc, then a stunning Clos de la Perrière Fixin 2005 for the hare main course and the cheese and, following these stellar choices, a superb Thevenet Cuveé Botrytis served for our desserts.

Coffee, petit fours and liqueurs saw us off and, after a rather delicious vintage Cointreau, bottled in 1955, Jo suggested to Emma and Agnès that they lead me upstairs and prepare me for her.

I was led up on the chain, Emma yet again in charge of me, and down the corridors to the suite that had seemed to become our second home.

This time, it was not our second bedroom that we went to or Emma's and my normal bed that we ended up in, but the more spacious room and bed Jo and Agnès used - or India too, if she was visiting us.

Emma got me out of my dress and I found myself strapped down to Jo's bed, my cuffs all used to spread-eagle me, a position that I hadn't been in for quite a while. In addition, she slid a bolster under the meat of my bottom that served to push my mons up in the air, meaning that my vulva area was completely exposed and ready for any play.

My thoughts turned to how far Jo would go. Surely it was too early to lose my virginity. Yes, I had experienced activity down there, my clitoris and labia seeming to become increasingly sensitive and demanding satisfaction, a completely different sensation to what I had experienced as a man.

In short, there was more ability all around to send nervous electrical messages off around the body, even my toes and fingers wanting to curl up – actually, it may be better described as the sensations emitted now were more holistic in nature, not just my sex area and nipples but across the whole body and my mind, whereas a man's feeling is all about his cock and sometimes a little bit of brain-freeze.

I ended up with my almost-forgotten mouth-cock strapped on, the two girls then stripping down themselves and waiting by the side of the bed for Jo to appear.

This felt really odd; a period for contemplation for me added to by Emma finding a pair of Jo's panties and dropping them across my nose, the gusset turned outwards and then the two girls kneeling there like a pair of nuns or those ceramic Chinese lions usually in an azure-blue colour.

I could feel myself wetting up at the prospect of sex, my vagina so alive and wanting sex. If it could have spoken, I am sure that I would be screaming my demands now.

Jo walked in, undressed and strode across to me on the bed to climb on it to stand there rather imperiously and domineeringly so. It was a sight in looking up at her and her ravenous body, those gorgeous breasts and nipples of hers and, further down, the sight of her vagina beginning to wet itself naturally, her juice soon to flood my waiting mouth.

Finally, she lowered herself down and literally slithered her way up my body, pushing her open bottom towards my face and then onto the cock to rise and queen me.

How I had been missing this and I eagerly used the cock on her cunt, letting it slide in and out and almost spell-bound by the way that she was releasing her pre-cum, her aroma filling the air.

Meanwhile Emma and Agnès continued to kneel there, heads bowed down, dutifully subservient to this our Mistress, permanently so in my case, temporarily for them.

With Jo firmly impaled on my mouth-cock now and thoroughly enjoying it from the little mews and appreciative comments being made, she lowered her head and body forward and, suddenly, I found that she had moved into a sixty-nine variant as my head came up a few degrees to ensure that I stayed inside her.

I felt her warm breath over my mons, taking my aroma in, and then she was on me, her mouth over my clitoris and upper vulva. Oh God, this was sensational and I admit that I was a little selfish in closing my eyes to take all of this in.

Then I felt her tongue and all I can say was that this was out of this world, a veritable electrical storm breaking out from my clitoral area and followed by lower down and my nipples, tingles across my shoulders, then my arms and hands and the same for my legs, the buzzing charging down my thighs and onto my feet and toes.

I felt so alive and, surprise, nothing like this had ever occurred before, a want to thrust my cunt up towards her mouth and have her press deeper into me.

Meanwhile, my head continued to bounce, driving that black and slimy cock in and out of her, getting her creamy wet too, wanting her to hit her high notes

before I did, and becoming one with her.

Slowly we both came towards our peaks, things inside me wanting to erupt or explode. I was so totally alive, any tiredness from the day long gone and I needed even more of Jo, her tongue and mouth so heavenly as she played on me, my clitoris taken in and then she began to work lower down, making me work even harder with my mouth-cock to keep inside her.

She ran the inside of my labia, my little folds and all the way down to my cunt entrance.

This was just so different to oral sex as a man and I far preferred this lesbian sex experience, Jo becoming increasingly satisfied as I took her up her mountain – she said afterwards just how thrilled and more drive that she was with the two of us making love as complete women and how far, far better it was than being woman to man, even woman to pre-op transsexual.

Yes, my penis and balls were more than physically consigned to the bin, it was mental as well.

Suddenly, I erupted, an explosion within my clitoris and spreading like a blue petrol flame across the floor inside my body, my vagina and all my nerve ends down there and beyond rapidly engulfed in orgasm mode, my brain on freeze out and spinning upwards to the clouds.

I was cumming and I felt my release, the target being Jo's mouth so that she could take me in, Jo also releasing now with her as-usual flood of cream over my face, the cock steering it down on to me, every so welcome after all this time.

I was, simply, ecstatic.

Emma and Agnès continued to kneel there, taking in what was going on as Jo and I thrashed around in pleasing each other.

However, things didn't finish there, as Jo rolled off me to lie next to me over my right hand tethers and she invited the two girls on to the bed, the two of them eager to do so and as if they had been wound up as dolls, ready to take the two of us again, a clean-up of our first orgasm cum and leading to even more as we went on our walk up the sexual mountain range towards even higher altitudes.

Emma was amazing – to have her licking away at my cunt, well I couldn't really believe it. I wanted to hold her head down there as she took me but I couldn't, my body arched upwards and there for her teasing and pleasure.

I threw my head back and let Emma use me as she saw fit, her tongue and mouth working away, little kisses, licks and then there were her small sucks, my clitoris her focus and, guess what, a second orgasm came crashing through.

I had just experienced my first oral sex – and I was going to love this, the combination of giving and receiving, no invasion of my vagina yet allowed by Jo, no fingers, dildos, vibrators whatever, not just yet.

This evening lead to a lovely, full onslaught for the rest of my time at the Château on my sex by the girls, the Countess included, no fingers or toys permitted as requested by Jo.

However, my, the amount of kissing, licking and slurping all associated with oral sex was fabulous, my system being tested four or five times a day, orgasms sought and largely given, some enormous ones and lots of small ones, secondary ones included. It was almost as if I was making up for lost time.

Emma was the main beneficiary or donor but she didn't have an exclusivity on me and I found myself being used by the Countess and Amélie as a teaching aide for a batch of new girls to improve their oral technique, largely under supervision.

Frequently, I would be stretched out over a bench or table, my arms and legs rendered useless and, in this sense, it was like being a sex doll, a live one at that.

Again, it was a form of payback for the Countess's and the girls' immense generosity in letting me stay with them, even if I had provided a teaching experience and model to help catapult the Count to the fore of his medical science, the photographs and videos made largely hiding my head and, hence, my identity.

I had no need for any Press interest given my background, as I knew any leakage would leak a storm in the trash newspapers and magazines and do nothing for my reputation in the PR world. Okay, Jo had had me step back from the war front in the name of my emasculation but I was still on the Fountain board, even if the Collter part was being dropped from the brand name.

We came to the end of my stay, Jo coming back to the Château for a long holiday weekend, India in tow, as gorgeous and suave as ever, a nice confidence to her driven by her legal excellence and, no doubt, Bryony's guidance.

I didn't see much of her the Friday night, other than at dinner, Jo keeping her in the suite main bedroom with Agnès while she took me, once more orally.

Apparently, I wasn't yet ready for penetration and, in fact, I was getting quite nervous about that as I didn't want to damage anything internally.

I was also a long way from menstruating but I had warned about this so as not to build my expectations and that, if it was to occur, it would at least six to nine months, my first period likely to be a heavy one – and a shock to my system, the true indication that I was a functioning woman and the final goodbye to Nick Collter.

Not that I was complaining; in fact, I was having a blast with all this oral sex and discovering the pleasures of being under all these different women and in taking in their aroma. 'Pussies Galore and Panties Galore,' a fetish's musical perhaps in the making?

Having both gone into orgasmic bliss on our mouths, Jo disappeared back to her room for the rest of the night for something more physical with her girls, Emma crawling in alongside me and immediately disappearing down my body to begin taking me with her tongue – this time, my arms free and I was able to hold her tight against me.

I hadn't reckoned on the next day and everything was normal until after tea, a small get together in the Countess's room, she announcing that Count Henri would be conducting another piercing and branding session before dinner, this from the batch of girls for whom I had been a model for oral sex.

I looked at India and smiled; how would she react to seeing the branding, shocking that it was to witness for the first time.

I wouldn't be surprised if she had questions about the legality of this but any protest, even as to morality, could conflict with the role that she shared with Jo and Bryony.

And how far Jo had come as a Domme, my opinion was that she had really advanced in this role since we had embarked on this long road, pushing our relationship into new areas and beyond our previous boundaries of comfort, rich in reward that it had been.

I wasn't ready and I was certainly taken aback when Jo spoke up, "Nikki and India, the Countess and I have agreed that you will be included in the party tonight, not for branding but for piercing. India, I want you pierced like Marianne or the girls like Agnès here. Nikki, as you aren't ready yet for vulva grommets or rings, it will be as case for you of extra piercing in your ears and I want your nipples done too and you too, India. They are ready for some nice large and thick rings and I want them hanging down from horizontal piercings. Emma and Agnès will get you ready for this, less than an hour from now. Now go."

I can't speak for India but I was taken aback; shocked would have been too strong a word. Emma and Agnès had the two of us out of the salon before we realised, Amélie following on behind.

We were taken upstairs by the girls and they undressed us, a four-way bath to be taken so as to clean us up, no chance for any play now.

I had the chance to admire India though, her slender and taller form than me, her fullish C-cup breasts topped with nice, large pink nipples, her cute bottom that was so tight and above all her pretty face with her wide-open, pale-blue eyes, a cute turned-up nose and small mouth, this perhaps somewhat cherubic.

Her chin was a little understated, perhaps, but then alpha, we were not.

Above all, she had a sharp intellect and a vibrant, sparkling personality. Superficially, one wouldn't identify her as being submissive. Perhaps, it was a case that professionally in the office and court, she performed and needed the balance in life through her submission to more dominant women – and, as I was to understand, this started at school with an older teacher and then ran through University.

Soap suds and hands, a little massage too, a feel of India's breasts and nipples, and we got out to be dried down, the two of us then made up a little and to put on a diaphanous nightie that really was transparent, our bodies to be clearly visible to all concerned.

Our hair was then pinned back so as to allow for piercing of the ears and, after that, it was a question of a little perfume and putting on ballet slippers, before our leads went on for us to be taken back downstairs again and cross the Bailey to the medical facilities.

Outside the offices were the now-familiar accoutrements, two crosses though, the medical cabinet with the piercing gun and accessories on, and then the brazier, which was already lit and heating up, the branding irons in a bundle on the cabinet.

I could see India cringe when she saw this and I whispered to her, “Yes, it’s shocking to see but it’s not to be us, not today. Ours is just the piercing and that, supposedly, is not too bad.”

We went inside and there were five girls there. This wasn’t going to be a short affair.

Amélia ordered us to remove our chemises and she and Tallula went about further cleaning of the areas that were to be treated, a wash and then two coats and wipes of some sterilising fluid that felt cold as it hit my nipples, Amélia very attentive to ensuring that both my puffy areolas were properly cleaned before turning on the top part of my ears and then, to my horror, she focused on my right nostril.

Tallula had far more work with India in that her clitoral hood, labia and perineum had to be prepared; she was going to take two rings and six grommets, the poor thing but then she would be a replica of, say, Marianne or Emma and how that ethanol-based substance must have felt as it her parts.

We were asked to put the chemises back on and wait until the Count appeared – just as last time, the piercing would be done first and then we would get to watch the branding and two of the girls were to be pierced ahead of us.

About twenty minutes before the Count showed, three gurneys appeared and the girls were strapped in, naked, partly spread-eagled and, lastly gagged with ball gags to help them fight against screaming the yard down.

The Count made his way inside, checking first on the gurney girls, an inspection

of their mons by placing their respective silver iron against it, a little bending of the filigree to ensure that there would be a high match between their curvature and the iron as it came into make the burn, this finished with a first and second coating of the umber and henna.

Amélia took the irons outside to put them in the hot brazier and start the heating process before returning inside.

Meanwhile, the Count inspected the two other girls, Natashja and Aiko, for their piercings, their hands behind their backs, legs splayed as he looked at their labia for thickness and placement as well as the other sites where the piercings would be made and sit, particular attention to the shape and size of their clitoral hoods.

I guess it made sense to do this so as to get the perfect positioning and angle, so that the ring would hang down naturally.

Amélie and Elica took them outside to fix them to the two crosses, whilst the rest of us waited inside, Annemieke and Tallula being there as well, presumably to handle the post-treatment after the irons had made their mark and that was evidently so important for ensuring the sharpness of the brand as it duly healed over the days and weeks to come.

The Count re-emerged and we went outside, he first, the trolleys pushed out and then India and me, ready to confront the challenge.

Just as before, the community was there at large, and the Countess and Jo strolled across the yard and, to my surprise, Bryony was there too.

The Count prepared his gun, the needle-bolt and the first of the fittings, rings first, apparently. At the same time, Tallula performed another pass with the sterilising fluid and things were ready.

With our 'fate' imminent, the ring-rite seemed to take no time, nipples, ears, nostrils and then down under duly sporting titanium rings of different sizes.

The Count moved onto the grommets, this causing Natashja and Aiko to wince and shout out when the gun went through their delicate lips. A little fiddling with the edges of the grommets so that they comfortably accommodated the rings and he was done and it was over all too quickly, especially as we were next.

I say this as, for one, I could feel the nerves growing inside me, the anticipation of pain and being publicly taken into submission.

Natashja and Aiko were unstrapped and allowed to put their chemises back on.

It was our turn now and we unrobed and stepped forward, our arms were lifted up to be strapped onto the upper timbers of the cross and our legs to the lower ones.

The result of this was to leave our genital areas exposed and also our breasts, our necks braced off with a leather straps attached to our collars and their other ends on the lower upper timbers.

The Count tackled our ears first, an extra stud added to each ear above the first one in the soft lobe and then a top stud about three-quarters of the way up, the ring taken straight through the cartilage up there.

Then it was our noses, the single piercing hardly hurting as the Count punched the hole and connecting rod home and then to fix the rest of the ring on so that it was tight on the skin.

The moment had come.

Tallula coated my nipples and their areola with more of the freezing liquid and the Count approached my left nipple, his gun in hand.

I can remember his words, “Nikki, it would be lovely to pierce your clitoris and labia to prepare you for easy chastity but, as we know, this won’t be today – maybe in six months to a year when your skin has thickened up. We’ll get there.”

Up came his gun to touch the side of my nipple; a sharp ‘woosh’ followed and a screeching and searing pain shot through my breast, the connecting rod of the ring passing through my tissue in there with relative ease.

The Count then fiddled around with the ring connecting it around the bolt.

This took just a few seconds and he stepped away to reveal that I was now sporting a silver coloured ring, about one-and-a-half-centimetre diameter and of quite a thick gauge, the pain abating with the passing minute.

My second one, the right nipple, went the same way; this one not quite as painful or I had become more accustomed and relaxed in receiving it.

He was done and I looked down to see two matching rings hanging there, his last words over this being “Keep them clean, Tallula will tell you how.”

I was released from my bonds and glad to put on my flimsy chemise, not that it offered much in terms of warmth or in its ability to hide what I had to offer. I had become used to being like this, I guess being one of the pleasures of living within this community designed for sex and improving our talents to deliver pleasure to our controlling women.

Finally came India’s final piercings, she following the same route as Natashja and Aiko, again little screams of pain as the grommets found their future home in those lovely thick labia that she offered, the grommets designed to carry weights and distend her lips if Jo so wished to go that route.

We were done and it was a case of step to one side to witness the branding, India becoming white as a sheet when she saw what was happening.

I don’t think she had any idea of what this form of branding entailed and it struck me that she hadn’t met Marianne yet, otherwise she would have had an idea, Marianne having been liberal in telling me all about it so why not India as well?

She gripped my arm, aghast at what she was witnessing, the smell of burning

flesh on the air, and I had to whisper to her to say that it wasn't as painful as one would think, owing to the speed, the lower temperatures involved in using silver branding irons and the treatment that would come into immediate effect once the girls were back in the Count's medical facility.

She calmed down but was more than open-eyed, watching carefully as the third girl, Sadira, an Iranian, underwent the treatment, possibly as it had dawned on her that Jo may go this far in the future, Jo really quite comfortable with watching this.

The branding over and the girls back inside, Emma and Agnès took us back for drinks and dinner.

The choice of food that night was Chinese, two of the girls handling this and directing the kitchen, one of them from Hong Kong and the other Fujian, and a wide selection of Cantonese and other southern food laid on for a family-style meal.

Dinner over, Emma led me upstairs and to the suite, Bryony to join us later but more in a voyeur mode to begin with, or so I was told.

Why Bryony wanted to do this, other than being one of those women turned on by the sight of others making love in front of her, I did not know?

I had my suspicions though. Yes, I was wondering if Jo was going to have me escorting at some point, Bryony to be my pimp in this world of exotic and wealthy Domination that seemed to be very active and that we were now on the fringe of entering.

Emma stopped briefly at an old oak cupboard on the corridor down to the suite and pulled out a packet, one that looked like it was hosiery, stockings or tights I could not see. My thoughts were wow to having such access like this to new stockings but then the Château probably went through a lot of them, hosiery being all part of the uniforms. Could I have the contact – and especially that one for the lingerie and all those panties?

Emma was dressed in the standard uniform of the Château, a variant on the brown- tan leather pants being a mid-length skirt in the same material, the softest kid used in its making and the form beautifully tailored.

We went into the suite, through the room where Jo would be with India and maybe Agnès, Bryony staying in the suite just before us, ours at the end of the corridor with its views out over the moat to the estate beyond, she with a view of the inside garden as well as part of the moat.

Emma took me in her arms and kissed me, a long French kiss, her tongue roaming around and exploring me.

She leaned back, “I guess that this may be the last time that we are together as you’ll be heading back either tomorrow or the day after and certainly it will be for quite a while, as there is chat that I am to be sold to a new Domme.”

“Oh, my goodness; any idea who it is?”

“Not yet, Nikki.”

“So how do you know?”

“I heard the Countess and Amélie talking about preparing me for a possible departure shortly, that defined as in roughly six weeks, when Amélie asked how long that she had.”

“Oh God. I guess that we had better enjoy our time.”

“Yes, I wish I could take you, but then I can’t and I’m not going to risk a public flogging and being sent into escorting for that – and, more importantly, as I love you.”

I held her tight – she needed the hug.

She was still young and I could understand her uncertainty and, given her background, her nerves about the future. Was I in love with her? Well, perhaps but in a very different way to the love that I had for Jo – that was very deep and simmering. However, I do believe that one can love others, often in a different way to the core relationship – so.

I kissed her and Emma pressed her hands on my shoulder for me to lower myself onto my knees and worship her under her skirt, just as the Countess would do with the girls, often brazenly so and in front of others, a demonstration of her authority in many ways.

She stepped over me and there above me was her cream Eres suspender belt and

the fine gossamer fabric of the panties over her cunt, the grommets in her labia showing through.

Emma closed off the light to me by stepping forward and dropping the skirt over my head, bringing me into more intimate contact with her, the smell of her sex now beginning to fill my nostrils, her aroma so familiar now, different to Jo's in not being as musky but definitely all-female and her nectar loaded with the pheromones that turned me on and had my own new cunt-juice bubbling in anticipation.

I guess I was under her for some four to five minutes drinking her scent in, my body beginning to build, a few of those now-familiar nervous stimulant messages bouncing around me, preparing me for what was to happen.

Emma stepped away from me, pulled me up and removed my chemise, taking care not to touch my nipple piercings.

She then began to undress down to her lingerie but, instead of taking her stockings and suspender belt off, she took the hosiery packet to reveal that she had tights, starting to roll them onto her stockinged legs.

I smiled to myself – I had seen this before – Marianne, the first to do this to me. Was it a thing of this school, their own special fetish of the House and maybe I could come up with some advertising strap based around Château Collants Aromatiquements or using a made-up word like 'Fetishiquement.'

She made me lie down, careful to ensure that my nipples weren't going to hurt and she mounted me and began to rub and buck against me, as if she was

fucking me with an imaginary penis.

I felt Bryony's presence – she entered the bedroom and sat down to enjoy our escapades, Emma continuing to thrust her body over me, wonderful that it felt.

I tried to help her by raising my foot and letting her place it between her bottom valley and ride it, her two layers of stockings rubbing against each other, an attempt to bring her off and have that gorgeous cream seeping through the denier.

She continued with this frotting for nearly ten minutes, mixing in some welcome massage too, my shoulder muscles yielding to her efforts, a lovely deep kneading of my muscles up there and onto my neck as well, her fingers probing away under my hair.

Then Emma had me roll over onto my back, my breasts upwards and she leaned forward and kissed me before shuffling up over my body, taking care to lift herself over my newly-ringed nipples and finishing right over my mouth, pausing there to let me take the sight of her cunt in, her labia, clitoris and vagina showing underneath their gauze, the glint of her grommets and piercings showing as well.

I wanted to have her smother me and that is precisely what she did, lowering her love area right down onto my mouth and tongue, her inner thighs gripping my cheeks and holding me in there.

God, I loved this.

Slowly she began to rock her thighs back and forth over my tongue, using the stiffness of it as her own sex toy, the combination of the warmth and the double-layered nylon playing against her, especially between those lips, her little folds now fully exposed and demanding my worship.

I held her waist and then my hands dropped down her sides and over her thighs, almost as if I was pulling her legs a little further out so as to get even more access.

Her sex scent was cascading downwards now as well, a total immersion for me nasally and I began to pick up the taste of her cunt on my tongue – even better than those Chinese mango cream jellies that the Chinese girls had served earlier.

Her thrusts against me became slower but with more pressure, the encouragement for me to go in even deeper and squeeze some more pre-cum through her personal muslin.

Any close-up camera on us would have shown Emma's cunt behind its translucent black hose and me now with my mouth wide open and really enjoying what I was tasting with my tongue as she rode me, this rather special girl starting to soak my face and I wasn't objecting – Bryony, of course, in the role of the invisible cameraman as she sat there and took this scenario in, and for what ever perverse reason that she had in mind.

And then Emma was suddenly lifting herself up to stand up against the bed-head, face to the wall and pulling me up against head too so that I was just about in a sitting position and ready to take her squat.

She covered my mouth again as if she was an incoming space shuttle that was latching onto its international station, mouth to cunt being where the seal was made, the two of us becoming one and our air and fluids to be shared.

Once again, she began to thrust over me, the difference this time being that I was a lot more under her, more access to her anal and vaginal entrances and, therefore, a lot of rich cum to take in, savour and enjoy.

My tongue stayed out of my mouth, replicating the mini-penis that I had lost – or perhaps a large and erect clitoris. It really was a question of keeping it solid in front of me, some kisses of her vaginal area in its nylon tomb from time to time to get that little bit of rest that was needed.

The great thing about this position was that I could see Emma above me and how she was enjoying herself, her gorgeous breasts above me, the vista from the underside rather special to be watching, and then her chin, mouth and nose above.

I just wanted to be inside her. Perhaps I could wear a harness with a cock – to think that I had given up my penis for what I was now - just perhaps I could have fucked her, given half the chance, Jo's permission and my limited equipment. Come on, Nikki, get real here, you are losing it, as this was exactly what Jo did not want.

It happened. It wasn't unexpected as I had seen it before with Marianne.

Emma put her two hands between her legs and slowly found and developed a hole, her manicured fingernails going to work to make the perforation and then a

gentle pulling of the hose to open it up to expose her cunt for my one-one-one contact and pleasure.

This was all about exposing the length of her sex, from her anus to her clitoris, the fabric running up the length of her labia and framing what she had to offer – if I had been wearing similar hosiery, it would have been hiding the remnants of my suture scarring. Okay, it was receding but what an idea that had ceded for the future.

Also, I was finding it unbelievably erotic and I was being transported into yet another facet of lesbian love and sex.

Now this was better, as Emma turned herself around, propping her bottom off the bed-head and continuing her frotting of me to the front, Bryony now afforded a full-on view of my taking her now-naked slit, tongue to bare flesh, saliva and cum falling from both of us, Bryony's fingers disappearing under her own panties from the side, her dress hitched up to facilitate this.

Emma was becoming worked up; I could hear her starting to pant and sigh, She wasn't that far from an orgasm now – and, admittedly, I was becoming seriously turned on, my hands actually wanting to massage my breasts even if I couldn't tweak my nipples. It didn't stop me feeling the side of them, little sparks of energy and electricity beginning to flow around me, my nerves standing on edge.

Yes, I had been here before with Emma but not quite like this. Maybe it was Bryony's presence that was adding to the occasion – but then, perhaps, it was that it could be our last chance to make love like this.

I would have loved to see any video of the two of us making love – imagine a side shot of my head, almost rigid, my tongue offered out and as stiff as I could hold it, and Emma rocking forwards and backwards, all the motion in her hips, her bottom driving to and fro as a result and, I would guess, a horizontal distance of about ten inches covered in each of her cycles – and then the moisture that was beginning to flow between us.

For me, this was amazing, to be able to work her went cunt directly so, my tongue feeling the inside of her grommets, all the flow and smell of her cum and that she was using me one-on-one and that we were now in direct contact.

God, I was approaching a healthy orgasm myself.

Emma suddenly came off me; it was almost as if she had come, rather odd in fact but I then realised that she didn't want to come to orgasm quite yet, other pleasure for her in the back of her mind that had been happily bubbling away.

Back down onto the mattress I came again as she pushed me into position and, once again, I was subjected to a pressurised face-rub, the direct contact with her cunt continuing, her movement more now one of short and sharp 'up and downs' of her bottom over me and less of the hip thrusting.

In fact, it didn't take much and she erupted into my mouth, Emma leaning forward from the position that she was in on her knees and arched over my nipples.

She went straight for home-base, my cunt now to feel her tongue as well – and it was I needed, a good tonguing if I couldn't receive her fingers or cock in me yet.

This was what it was all about, my life now all about giving my fellow women sex and I was in seventh heaven with this, my concentration totally focused on her pussy riding my tongue and her aroma to the point that I felt as if we were one and I was to pass the rest of my life in this intimate position.

The thought had me going and I could feel my own climax beginning to bubble away – forget anything else in life, it was all about pleasing Emma and, in doing so, myself too.

Having teased with me with her tongue, Emma was moving to stage two and she began to lift her body on me, moving into a full-on face-sitting, reaching behind and grabbing my hair to pull and hold me in her valley, the ride through to an even wetter cumming that I had to take in its entirety, Bryony saying afterwards that she found this highly erotic in the way I was used and accepted Emma's sticky offerings.

I came too, a thrust of my pelvis, the lifting of my thighs and I was there, a light fingering of my clit from Emma adding to the intensity of the explosion inside me.

Emma turned around on me and moved back to long, lush kisses of my mouth, our lips locked together, our cum co-mingling into one and exchanged, a lovely taste filling my mouth, our kissing passionate indeed – and more than just two lesbians having sex for the physical pleasure of it, a connection between us, one that hadn't often been there when I was male.

This was just so much more intimate and deep as an ocean in intensity.

I held her hair, keeping her closer to me.

She rolled over me and onto her side, her breasts and pussy now on full show to Bryony. I snuggled into her, leaning over and kissing her lightly, my hands in her hair to begin with and then my right one beginning to explore her breasts and nipples as I moved down her shoulders to kiss the top of her arm and up to her neckline.

Her nipples felt wonderful and nice and erect to my touch, her breasts full in my hand, and both of our hands began to work together in exploring her boobs and waistline, a migration of our hands slowly south and we both knew what that would entail.

She leaned over to me and kissed my breasts, staying clear of my nipples but, frankly, I wouldn't have mind if she had taken my rings orally and sucked my love-points.

I felt Emma's love area and, my, was she wet, her cunt shimmering with a veneer of cum, some residue beginning to form, that nectar to me and how I loved to taste and smell it.

She was ready to be fucked.

I got off the bed and went to the drawer where the harnesses, cocks and things like that, such as anal plugs were kept, all sorts of materials on offer.

A little thought to myself and I chuckled inside – there was no need for an extension shaft now; I may not be able to use a double dildo quite yet but I could go for a nice, solid penis inside a belt and that's what I opted for, the belt a black one and the cock flesh coloured and sculpted, the veins on it standing out and a lovely mushroom head to it to work on Emma's G-spot.

I pulled out a second one, a black Feeldoe, also of an impressive girth and length, and gave that to Bryony, who had her fingers still well inside of her panties, the fabric stretched to one side to reveal her naked baby-like cunt, the girl never having really had any pubic hair as I understood.

Bryony smiled, mouthed 'thanks' and, as she slipped her Feeldoe home, I put the belt on, having positioned my cock in the harness's socket, the penis hanging down from me being far more impressive and sized than anything that I ever had naturally, even when on full erection.

In fact, why Jo had ever stayed with me, given her want for feeling large penises and toys inside and stretching her, who knows?

However, the attraction of the overall package and the chance to dominate a man and emasculate him had outweighed my masculine deficiencies in her mind; this, I knew, and the challenge to take me into a lesbian coterie had also been quite a driving force too.

I neared the bed and climbed on it, Emma beneath me and I brought her closer to me and my penis, she arching her back to receive me.

I opened her legs, still covered in her now-gusset-split tights, and I pulled her

onto me letting my penis run up and down her slit a few times to tease her and then I went for it.

Her wet and open cunt quickly absorbed me, Emma lifting her legs up and holding the back of her knees for comfort – no need for any extra lubricant here, just the hint of a grunt as I buried my cock all the way into her, a slight redness already to her cheeks and face, the anticipation of being taken building by the minute.

“Mmmm, take me, Nikki, take me.”

I did; my hips thrusting into the special girl, my cock soon glimmering with her cum, her lips unfold in and out in time with my rhythm. We kissed – I wasn't flat down on her, move a hovering position and wanting Emma to feel every centimetre that I had to offer.

My bottom began to bounce, not as a male but as a female, my body down there having transformed so much with Imelda's hormones, my bottom rounder and lower slung and how I had a waist now, this allowing me to thrust in short jabs, just as a boxer does with his arms and fists, nice and quick but with a steady pace, the idea being to let her feel every detail of my cock.

Emma threw her neck back and I kissed and nibbled it – and then she wrapped her legs around me to tighten the gap between us and become one as we moved together in sexual harmony.

I watched her carefully, looking for the signs of her impending blast, her mouth going between being open and taking air in and then tight-lipped, almost biting

her lower lip, this indicating that the pressure was building inside.

Emma began to moan in ecstasy and I adjusted my position, once again reverting to pulling her legs upright and penetrating her with a deeper angle, my want to tease her cervix and really get her to cum hard.

I covered her mouth with my hand and continued on with the harder fuck, our breasts moving in time of the stroking, our nipples as hard as anything, any discomfiture with my new rings and the wounds where they passed through me now removed.

Emma's redness in her face and over her chest was increasing, a lovely smile of contentment spreading across her face, her eyes now closed and she began to buck, trying to lift herself and arch her spine.

I knew that she was on the edge and thrust away even harder now and then I felt her muscles tighten.

It was here; the surge overtaking her, her brain fusing out, her mouth open to begin gasping for more air and she came, a lovely ooze of cum rising to the surface, white and foamy that it was, a lot of liquid – which was one of Emma's trademarks.

A muttering of "Oh God, Nikki" and she turned from being a human into a wet doll, her body relaxing against me and then spasming as her personal tsunami washed through her, even more cum emerging from her love well.

I felt someone behind me; a quick glance confirmed that it was Bryony, her cock

ready to ride Emma to a second wave, Bryony motioning that I should move off and face-sit my girlfriend while she fucked her.

I obeyed, Emma's eyes following me as I withdrew and swung over into position to wrap her head in my bottom and then come to the vertical to swallow her up, remembering that I needed to rock to allow her to breathe and take in a mix of air and my own cum.

Now in front of me was Bryony, her petite nubile form, her girly shape with her small breasts topped by her delicious nipples and her petite bottom, her Feeldoe looking over-sized as it protruded from her and began the taking of Emma a second time, Emma's tongue now beginning to work me over.

Emma played my clitoris and then moved up and down my labia, the feeling heavenly as she did this.

How many times had I done this to my women; not that many, mind you. Jo, Marianne, and Emma, the key ones, a number of the girls, the Countess and Bryony to add to the list, India really to join it shortly.

This was sensational and Bryony and I began to kiss, the want for all of us to share in the next moment, a nigh-on simultaneous three-way cum – and we just about achieved it, Emma coming first, followed by Bryony and then me and, surprisingly, a small stream of my cum shooting out to enter her mouth so that she could swallow it – and smear her face to leave my first cummy mark on her.

I could hear Emma moaning with the waves of pleasure that she was taking in – I felt good too, a sense of warmness and serenity descending over me, my mons

area absolutely alive as my own tremors continued, the very personal thought in my mind that I am a woman now, not a man, and a woman engaged in pure lesbian sex – a Domme with me, a favourite sub and I as the in-between.

In sexual terms, if this wasn't heaven, it was close to it.

Chapter 15

My Virginity Goes West – I am a Woman

From that glorious sexual evening, we found ourselves back in London the following evening, a little too quickly for my liking, as I could have stayed at the Château for another week or so, or rather with Emma, I should say, but it was not to be.

Jo and Bryony needed to get back for work purposes, India and me following in tow – though there were things that I needed to address.

We flew private from Troyes Barberey to London City, the trip amazingly quick, the advantage of such flying being the waits at either end taken out – three hours from leaving the Château Droupt and we were back home on the edge of Hyde Park, a complete change of life, it had to be said, and that being in terms of location, environment and indeed even socially – we were back in normal society and not living the life of comfort in an all-female residence that was on offer out there on the edge of the Ardennes and the Champagne.

To be truthful, it was a bit of a shock to my system, my life as a woman post Reims dedicated to living in seclusion and now, suddenly from my perspective, I was back in the hubris called London.

Yes, the parting from Emma was a little painful emotionally.

I wouldn't deny that; the circumstances of her youth, Marianne and her

interviewing, Emma's training at the hands of the Countess, what was happening to her as to her future beyond the Château, and my step-up from Reims, all of them coming into play to make for quite an emotional mix and, when it came to the two of us leaving each other, some tears, the emotions getting the better part of us.

I guess that was to be expected.

It was odd to get back to the house in London, two main reasons behind that.

Firstly, the house had been finished, the guest suites looking great and my eyes popping open I saw what Jo called our 'Erga,' our sex room, with all its caging and restraint in there – India was of course resident now.

Secondly though, I had left the house technically still a man, even if I was living life as a woman and now I was returning as a woman through and through, Jo's wife and very much now under her dominance, not that I was objecting to that.

The trip back had been fine as regards fatigue; thank goodness there weren't the effects like I had experienced after leaving the hospital and then the hotel in Reims.

My sojourn at the Château had been so beneficial and I was nicely on the road to recovery.

In fact, on that score, I visited Imelda during the first week back, she being curious to see my surgery as well as ensure that all was ticking away nicely, the risk of rejection lowering as time passed and then we would see if I went into

menstruation; that would come later.

Jo let me visit the office once during the first week to satisfy folk's curiosity and also for a quick check that everything was running smoothly on the financial front, an agreement struck with our new Finance EVP to prepare monthly summaries for me and outlines of key projects, my role here now to be at board level.

It was a month before I started as Jo's personal assistant, half-days in the office when in London, accompanying her as we travelled around for client meetings or to office reviews, a very different role to my previous life and all designed to reinforce her domination and my servitude and worship to her, India there too for the same thing, the two of us core to her *raison d'être* as a lesbian now.

My role also embraced the house in being Jo's wife, management, cleaning and organisation, feeding and all the rest, including household budgets and settlement of bills.

India was largely excused duties in that field, except at weekends, her job in the house then to ensure that the Erga was kept clean, tidy and well-stocked, her main job in taking on in-house legal counsel for Jo and also involvement in client cases where there were PR issues associated with legal aspects of their business, the hours for her as long as Jo's.

This meant that I faced long hours by myself, so my programme of ballet lessons continued on, the advantage of this in keeping me well-toned and my energy levels up ready to worship Jo at any time that she wished to use me accordingly.

Behind scenes, I kept myself busy in looking after Jo and India's clothing and, with that, there was the matter of keeping their lingerie in pristine condition, so plenty of washing, drying and pressing, as well as the chance to enjoy their scents, no change there in the level of intensity of my fetish.

Of course, Jo and India were fully au fait to my predilections in this direction, times being taken when they would hood me in their panties for 'contemplation sessions' as they were termed, my nose in their gussets, sometimes just a single pair veil, sometimes where a second pair was reversed and used as a blindfold and other times when I was fully hooded with their panties up against my nose beneath the rubber, leather or whatever material they chose.

Jo's logic for this was all about my priority now being a woman for her – and to support India or whoever she would eventually bring into the house to live with us and extend the 'family,' and by this in putting them all above me and keeping them sexually warm ready for Jo's usage and love.

We settled into this lifestyle, my sex life really driven by lingerie, restraint, punishment and oral, Jo still avoiding direct penetrative sex with me, waiting for the instructions that all was okay and that was dependent on my trips to Imelda and then the results and pictures being conveyed to the Count in France and Professor Wu, over in Shanghai.

The surprise began with Jo announcing that we were going to go and spend a long weekend in Troyes, a visit to the Château and that this would be an opportunity for the Count to check me out in person.

I knew that Nikki would welcome this; she had developed strong ties to Emma and the other girls such as Amélie and in seeing how they lived was a good model for how I wanted her to behave and that what I was looking to set up was

a miniature version of what the Countess had achieved – without the medical side or the ability to inflict serious punishment. I could always call on the Countess and Count for that and, as such, I was looking to become a satellite of the Château Droupt if the Countess would agree.

We had had various chats over the phone and e-mail about this and I had India working on a draft contract to define all this and the areas of activity we could take on, acting as a training centre for the UK as to culture and sex in the UK, finding and screening potential girls and things like that and in working with Bryony's activities.

I also knew that the Count would want to give Nikki a medical and that maybe, maybe, he would sign her off as to starting full sex with her. I was looking forward to that and, possibly, the doors would open for taking her virginity while we were in the Château.

I was thrilled by the prospect of going back.

From what I could determine, Emma was still there, her last message to me indicating that 'negotiations over the purchase of me to go to my new Domme are proceeding well apparently. I still do not know who or where it is – I just hope that it will be based in Europe as I certainly do not fancy living in a harem in the Middle East, definitely not Africa and, quite frankly, the Far East doesn't appeal. Imagine somewhere like the Philippines – yeuck. When are you coming out here again, the sooner the better, as I don't know when the transaction will be completed? Love and kisses, Emma.'

I couldn't wait to go, the rest of the week up to the Thursday spent preparing Jo's outfits and lingerie, and then minimal coverage for India and me, my assumption that we would be kept pretty well naked or in parts of the Countess's uniforms

that she kept the girls in, some of our better lingerie such as my Cadolle and other French brands and, of course, a selection of stockings and tights included – even with the massive supply that was housed around the Estate.

Thursday came around and we left early in the morning, a commercial flight to Paris, a short and sharp visit to the office there and, early afternoon, we took a car down to the Château Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia Petronilla, the route much more familiar now.

The last twenty-five kilometres was as pretty as the first time that we had visited, the countryside becoming more dramatic and wooded as we neared our destination – and then there was the fabulous drive up from the gates, once the code to open them had been punched in by Jo.

Amélie greeted us as we arrived and, as we went to see the Countess in her salon-cum-study, Emma appeared, a smile on her as wide as a mile.

French greeting kisses all round and we were shuffled through for a welcoming tea, Emma then taking me up to the suite, the same one that we had used before, Jo and India wishing to discuss contractual matters over the Droupt satellite deal.

We all but ripped each other's clothes off and fell into each other, more kisses and within seconds, we were into a sixty-nine and bringing each other to a shuddering climax – to be smeared in Emma's juices was wonderful.

We were in each other's arms in the bath when Jo came in with India and Agnès in tow, Jo looking at us and smiling, "Now you two, not too much sex tonight as you, Nikki, need to see the Count in the morning and to be in reasonable shape

when you do and not exhausted or with a dilated pussy from having had too much oral. Anyway, we have dinner with the Count and Countess tonight, so let's have you getting ready; I think that you should wear the house outfit, Nikki, perhaps a testament to the future Hyde Park one. You too, India – I am sure that Agnès will get you fitted out – also, I want you double-penetrated at dinner, preparing you for some play with me later.”

With my breasts naked and in one of the Château's brown leather skirts and their stockings on, clipped to the cream suspender belt that I had brought, we went down to dinner and quite a sumptuous affair it was, as we were celebrating.

The Countess and Jo had struck a deal – the Hyde Park Droupt-Sainte-Aurelia College company had been formed – and what stunned me was that, between them, they had bought the whole house next door to us in Hyde Park, effectively tripling the size of the house, the idea that we continued living where we were but that there would be connections through to the college part, home for twelve girls and two luxury basement flat for entertainment of lesbian clients for both Bryony and Jo's pools of lesbian escorts.

Too say that I was shocked was an understatement for how had she done this without my knowledge financially. Effectively, India and Bryony had structured the deal and the financing of it, the Domes consortium was the sleeping investor into this – talk about wheels within wheels with individual Domes being the ultimate clients as they wanted their girls developing.

We were greeted by bottles of Dom Pérignon 1998, a very nice treat, canapés served to accompany it, the discussion around the deal and the house and how Bryony and Jo had worked together on this – and yet another surprise coming in that Noor had invested in the consortium, releasing in part Marianne to act as the equivalent of Amélie as the lead girl, her title to be 'Lead Concubine,' of the college and responsible for daily operations.

It would be amazing to have Marianne around the place.

We were summonsed through to dinner, Alsatian asparagus in parmesan brioches and yuzu waiting for us, to be followed by trout with aubergine, olives, tomatoes and wild garlic gnocchi, the main course a fabulous Bresse chicken breast cooked with asparagus and wild morel and truffles, the cheeses local and finishing with apricot soufflés, these served with a chocolate and Tonka bean ice cream.

Again out came the big-time wines and ever so well balanced with the food, the Count having more than a considerable cave and wine a great interest of his. What emerged were bottles of a sharp but balanced Alsatian Hengst Samian grand cru Riesling, a full-on Gevrey Chambertin 1er Cru Les Champeaux 2003 for the main course and cheese and then a stellar Château d'Yquem 1995 with the soufflés.

We were lucky to be able to dine like this; there was no way that I could replicate these dishes, more as the presentation was worthy of a top restaurant.

How much was the scale of this investment – no one would say but whole houses in Hyde Park and Kensington do not come cheap, seven to ten million typically the price for an eight-bed home?

With Cognac and Armagnac to follow in copious quantity, I ended up in bed with Emma, just the briefest of a sixty-nine and I was soon soundly asleep in her arms, a very long day catching up with me, never mind the feast that we had just enjoyed. It was probably just as well, the Count asking Jo and me to meet him at nine the next morning.

Friday morning didn't preclude a little more worship, both Jo and Emma using the Perspex queening-stool for me to take them in and clean them up, this before a shower and a precautionary enema, just in case the Count wanted to go in my old boy-cunt.

I stayed naked for breakfast other than a Château chemise, translucent and thin that it was, and ballet shoes; after all, what was the purpose of getting dressed when I was going to remove them shortly and this in an environment where feminine nudity or semi-nudity was the norm.

Just before nine-thirty, Jo appeared, chain in hand to snap it onto my collar and the two of us walked the corridors and across the Bailey of this extraordinary place to visit the Count's medical facilities, not exactly the first time that we had done this – in fact, during my recovery, it had become rather a regular practice for us.

The Count was already in his office and he rose to greet us, offering us tea and coffee, Tallula in attendance as well. He began with a series of questions about how things had gone, the sensations that I was getting, blood results and also a check of Imelda's hormone level readings, as well as my liver results.

"I'm happy with your progress from what I am seeing to date, Nikki. Your breasts have grown a little, as have your nipples. Your piercings have taken well and, shortly, we can take them up a size so that your rings match them and your areola."

I shuddered a little; I quite like the rings that I had, even though they were already larger than normal ones.

The Count added, “Your liver looks good and seems to be functioning well, so the reduction of it to help accommodate your uterus was exactly the right thing to do.”

“Now, what we are going to do is to put you through a scan and have a look at what is going on inside and then, following that, I’m going to have you sit in the chair and put an ultra-probe up there so we can have a look around at your cervix, uterus and, of course, the join of your vaginal meatus to the donor’s vaginal tissue. However, from what I am seeing is that you have taken to her organs very well and that the rejection risk is lessening as we would expect; in fact, it is quicker than normal and that is a good thing.”

This was good news for both Jo and me.

With some enthusiasm, I lay down on the scanner table, the blue cushion underneath me and against my back, Tallula remaining me to stay as still as possible and a couple of straps put over the top of my breasts and thighs.

I remembered when I had done this as a male, the question then being how much space there was for my uterus and vagina, a secondary poser being the structure of my pelvis, which had been found to be more female than male, the confirmation that I was a proto-hermaphrodite with this feminine orientation that I was carrying.

Truth be told, much of the memory of pain and discomfort from the operation was disappearing, in part because of the drugs that the Count and Professor Wu had put me on. I could still remember the gas and its bloating though, that had been considerable but once that was under control, things had much improved.

Then there were the humiliating events like the fainting, my first attempts at peeing, something that the Count asked me about and then the walking and how even a flight of four steps had exhausted me.

I had lost weight too and, somehow, managed to keep it off and, with my subsequent breast and nipple development, this had given me more curvature and female form around my waist and hips, my bottom quite tight and, as Jo kept telling me, one for a lesbian Domme to die for and to have her mouth in the valley down there.

I lay there as the scanner went to work, taking its x-y results and assembling them on the z axis to build a pseudo-three-dimensional model of what I was looking like in there, the accuracy and transparency really quite unbelievable and not only my uterus, vesicuterine pouch, myometrium and vaginal canal on show but also my bladder, spine, my vestibule and labia, clitoris, recto-vaginal fascia and septum and all the attaching tendons and bone depressions and protrusions such as my pelvic fossa and mons pubis.

This was fascinating to watch, the Count studying the images carefully – I couldn't tell what he was looking for but I could clearly see Nikki's vagina, cervix, fallopian tubes and even her clitoris and labia, her rectum and colon tucked in behind. They looked fine to me.

To think that it wasn't that long ago that we had been looking at a penis, vas deferens and testicles down there and now there were healthy-looking female organs staring out from the screen. Nikki was enthusiastic about this, heartened by what the Count had already said, and she nearly bounced onto the table, eager to get the scan going.

Once over, she was unstrapped by Tallula and, back in the Count's main analytical room, she moved over to the gynaecological chair and spread her legs in the stirrups, no embarrassment now about being presented in what many could consider as a lewd position.

Henri took what looked like a thin dildo with a small box at the base, this known as a trans-vaginal ultrasound probe and it came with a connection to a monitor. He covered it with a condom and then liberally coated it with lubricant – given that Nikki had shown that she was quite profuse in her production, maybe my tongue or Emma's could have performed the same function.

Henri inserted some three inches of the probe into her, the first insertion in her cunt since the dilators in hospital – essentially, no one had been inside her yet and I had been quite strict about that so as to minimise any damage that could result, Nikki also forbidden to play with herself, not even a little finger venturing in.

Essentially, the test uses high-frequency sound waves to create images from the inside and, my goodness, I couldn't believe the clarity of the pictures coming out, her vagina and cervix, uterus and through the fallopians and even to her ovaries.

I guess that he was in her for some thirty minutes, a slow withdrawal of the probe at the end, everything slowly scanned.

Finally, he was finished and he had Tallula undo the leg-stirrups so that Nikki could sit up. "Well, Nikki – and Jo, I am delighted to say that everything looks

really healthy and that we have a really good take in there and no issues that I can see. In fact, I can't see any reason why you shouldn't be resuming menstruation, if that is the right term – or rather starting a second stage career in there.”

Henri chuckled at his own joke and then concluded, “What I am going to do is to send the results over to Professor Wu for his check too and then we'll get back to you, particularly you, Jo, as to your question. Okay – I'm done now, so what I would suggest is to head back and enjoy lunch and the afternoon and hopefully I'll hear something in the next two or three hours before they turn in over there in Shanghai.”

What the Count was talking about as to the question, I had no idea – none at all.

I was more than happy with what he had said and encouraged that we could be really looking at womanhood as in going into the menstrual cycle and having to take on the dubious pleasure of monthly cramps, blood and hormonal ups and downs. I would be delighted though – and then the question would surely come up about pregnancy.

We had already discussed this, a girl definitely our preference if we had any say in it; otherwise, we would have to sissify the boy to prepare a life living as a girl and then a woman – maybe he would also inherit my genetics and go through this remarkable transformation, way beyond anything that I had ever expected.

We skipped back to the house, me still all but naked and a five-way lick fest became our pre-lunch activity, leaving the afternoon for a walk around the estate and a nap before Emma took me for a bath – and then dressing, one of my Cadolle waspies, tulle panties that showed off everything beneath the fine, black

mesh and then a black jersey cocktail dress, the most I had worn since we had arrived.

Emma and I made our way downstairs, Jo and India having already gone ahead, probably with Agnès in attendance, Emma in her uniform, her leather skirt on but a slightly more modest blouse that gave a hint of her delicious breasts underneath but not as full on as the usual standard chemise.

We went into the cocktail salon, glasses of a lovely Mersault with the girls until the Count and Countess entered, along with Jo and India, the table of fourteen now complete, their outfits much more casual this evening, even Count Henri without a tie on, but a lovely pale twill blue Hermès shirt showing, pale beige slacks to go with it and his highly polished Oxford brogues.

Dinner time had come around again – this time not as opulent as the previous evening but still wonderfully good, the cuisine this time based around dishes from the Dijon area.

Jambon Persillé, a very tasty Escargots en Cassolette, Côte de Boeuf Charolais and then a green salad and chesses from Chaource, Morbier, Bleu de Gex and Epoisses, the meal then finished with a sumptuous and lush ‘Flamusse aux Pommes’ (butter sautéed apples baked in batter) and poached pears in local wine came our way and really summed up the food of the area, the Burgundian wines balancing the palate superbly.

The conversation around the table was pretty superficial, no major debates or issues, more of a ‘what has been going on’ stance to anything happening in the Château, Jo and the Count talking about my morning results, nothing being added about what the Professor thought.

I wasn't that disappointed; after all it was close to lunchtime when we finished and if the Professor got the results late in his day, local time, so be it and I would have preferred him to get it right, rather than speculate. However, I hoped that we would hear what Professor Wu thought about what he had seen in the next two days, if not earlier.

We retired back to the salon, a small fire now lit and burning away in the large firebox, just a hint of chill on the evening, one that would stiffen Emma's and my nipples later, the answer to the chill being coffee and a balloon of Castarède Bas Armagnac from 1979 and very tasty it was, my preference having always been Armagnac over Cognac.

Nothing was said about the evening ahead, the talk more about a trio of girls that were due in the next day, their backgrounds and details, all orphans from fifteen to twenty-two, one Latvian, an Irish girl and one Canadian, all three sponsored by Dommès from those countries.

Eventually Amélie and Agnès suggested that Emma and I retire to the suite, the two of them accompanying us upstairs, India remaining with Jo and the others, slightly odd that this was but not unusual.

However, it became obvious when we entered the suite and came down the short corridor into the main bedroom at the end of the wing.

My mouth probably hit the floor when I saw what was there.

On the floor was a large cage, made of what looked like wrought iron with an antique finish, a roomy affair of about eight feet long with vertical bars every

five inches or so, four wide and over three high, a three-inch, black rubber mat on the bottom of it to give some comfort to the occupants, and the upper frame connected to four hooks and chains, the links sweeping up to hoists and anchors set into the beams in the ceiling.

Who had been in and fitted these while we were at dinner, as the sheer scale of the cage seemed that it must be carrying some weight and there was the question of rigging the hoists up into the roof. Okay, there were various anchor plates and girder extensions up there but it still had to be assembled and then tested, an industrial control unit hanging down one side, the electricity cable also sweeping down to a plug in the wall.

It certainly looked durable with its solid construction, the bars not going to be prised open as they were of a good gauge and also finished in this antique look, a little bit of creative rust to it built in as well.

The cage door was set into one end, a hefty old-fashioned padlock hanging loose on it.

It was Amélie who spoke, “Guess where you two are going to spend a good part of this evening, girls. Now let’s have you both naked except for your stockings and waspies and then we’ll put you in there.”

In less than five minutes, the two of us found ourselves all but naked and within the confines of the cage, entwined in each other as it wasn’t exactly the roomiest place for two relatively small girls to be put into.

However, it wasn’t as if we were objecting as we were together, mouth to mouth,

nipples on nipples, and pussies against each other.

Once we were in, Amélie took hold of the control unit, pressed the button and we began to rise into the air, the hoists whirring above us, the chains moving on the pulleys.

Up we went, slowly, to about six to seven feet off the ground, the large king-sized bed beneath us and clearly visible, a sea of white Egyptian cotton with the duvet, sheets and range of pillows beneath us, ready for Jo and who she was going to take to bed tonight.

The question was what we were doing in the cage? What was the purpose of this?

It was almost as if we were a pair of birds held in their cage, parrots or cuckoos perhaps, even bigger of course, the two of us waiting here to see what was to happen – voyeurs that we were likely to become as, without doubt, there was to be sex beneath us.

I had never experienced anything like this before.

In fact, my caging experience was pretty minimal but with what was going on as to the fixtures and fittings being installed in London, already I knew that this would soon change, an essential part of Jo's control of us as we moved forward and deeper into this spiral of domination and submission.

I have no idea how long it was before Jo appeared. Emma and I had started to enjoy each other with lots of kisses and small nibbles, our challenge to try and turn around and fall into a sixty-nine, her bottom to be over my face and allowing her enough space to tongue me as well.

In they came, Jo, India and Agnès, the three of them arm in arm, a little clothing having come off between downstairs and the suite, plenty of kissing too going on.

It was like that they were ignoring us, no looking up to the cage or any recognition that we were there.

We really were like birds looking on, the pair of black ravens in the advert for Windolene perhaps, squawking away but, in our case, unable to play any japes on the principals, such as ringing the doorbell of a man's house and then the other closing the large sliding door, the man returning to his front room overlooking the garden with the birds' nest high up in the tree and then the man walking into the sliding door, the glass having been cleaned with the product.

Jo had the two girls undress each other and then get on their knees to worship her, the first thing being to undress her, her shoes and then her jumpsuit to come off, leaving her in a full under-breast corset, one that Alice Cadolle had made for her, figure-hugging that it was and showing her body to the best, those wonderful breasts of hers topped with her large nipples and ready to be sucked and kissed by her attendants.

It was India who was assigned the role of removing Jo's panties and then burying her head in them to take that wonderful scent in, followed by the creamy taste of her cunt, some little pangs of envy as I wanted to be in there.

From being undressed, Jo ended up on the bed, looking upwards, but not in our direction, the two girls playing and sucking her nipples, her love-points becoming nice, erect and full of colour, her cunt now beginning to glisten in the light as she was gradually turned on.

Ten minutes of this sort of worship and Jo had Agnès move between her legs and India to offer her bottom, sitting astride her upper chest and neck offering Jo her depilated cunt to enjoy orally.

This was so stimulating to watch and, from this height; truth be told, it was a little surreal in watching Jo being taken to orgasm by these two women, the first time that I had seen her with Agnès in action.

Emma was behind me watching too, her breasts pushing into me and I knew that she was sticky as well, kisses coming across my neck, whispers of “I love you, you know.”

“I love you too, Emma, a different love to what I have for Jo but I love you too,” and I turned over to kiss her, our mouths locking together and our tongues interplaying, exchanging what we felt for each other.

My nipples and cunt were alive now, all sorts of electrical messages spewing out around my body, this like a lesson in total sex immersion what with Emma teasing and feeling for me and the voyeur’s sight of Jo engaged in sex beneath us.

What surprised me was that Emma's fingers came between my bottom, a little exploration of my old boy-cunt, now my anus, and then, if somewhat audacious given Jo's instructions, to start caressing and fondling my clitoris, the nerve ends totally on fire down there and the result to make me mew with pleasure.

Fortunately, Jo was still under India's bottom and the way that her hips were beginning to thrust upwards, she was working her way towards her first orgasm and wrapped up with the two girls, Agnès more than enthusiastic to bring her off with her tongue and taste Jo's cream.

"Oh God, Emma, I want you to fuck me, finger my cunt – please, please."

Emma's index and third finger ran down my labia, teasing my lips – I was wet, seriously wet now and ready to explode myself.

We were stopped though, Jo reaching orgasm and a deep moan as she fused, India rolling off Jo's face, it covered in India's cum, Agnès continuing on but slowing her pace down to a gentle back and forth, revelling in what was oozing out of the cunt that she had been serving.

Jo looked up at the two of us and questioned India, her remark almost rhetorical in nature, "Do we let these two love birds, our French hens, loose and use them as they should be used?"

"We could always bring you to another climax, Jo, and then let them out, double the cream for clean-up, if you think about it – and then we can get the harnesses out, ready for some cock play."

“Good idea, but let’s have the two of you swap position. In fact, let me roll over and you can enjoy my anus as well, India, and I can eat Agnès out.”

This was most opportune as she rolled over, her bottom propped up with a bolster and giving Emma and I a gorgeous sight of her wet area down there, before India went in to take over from Agnès.

It also meant that she couldn’t see Emma’s hand between my thighs and continuing to explore me intimately – and how good she felt, my cunt now unbelievably wet, the suite also now full of that delicious comingled aroma of female sex.

In fact, I began to feel tremors rolling through me, an orgasm being brought on by dancing fingers, aroma, small kisses and caresses and just because it was Emma who was doing this, a friend that I knew at that point that I was shortly to lose, probably after this weekend finished.

The oral sex continued underneath us, India eagerly licking, kissing and sucking and Agnès with her legs wrapped around Jo’s head, her pussy pushed up to allow her Domme to enjoy her. This was just so erotic.

Everything bubbled up and I came over Emma’s fingers, a wonderful chance for both of us to enjoy my womanly taste, lovely, sticky and flavoursome that it was.

I whispered, “Say nothing, Emma – it was all driven by the emotion and spectacle of what was happening beneath us and just your sheer presence and feel. That’s a way of putting the truth but not the whole truth.”

I could hear her respond with a “Yes and will they give us a couple of more nights together?”

“I don’t know but I really hope so. I’m sure that Jo will let us be together as she does realise how special you are to me.”

Underneath us, India’s skilled tongue and taste of Agnès was having its effect, perhaps the thought of two slaves in the cages above her had a contributory effect as Jo exploded over India, a spurt the likes of that I had never seen Jo achieve, a proper shower of cum, not that India minded.

Meanwhile, I was still revelling in the warmth of Emma’s care; it was incredible how powerful that introductory orgasm to the evening had been – and far in excess of anything that I had experienced as a male, the physical coming together with the mental as all of this unfolded beneath us.

Perhaps there really were some powerful benefits to being caged and suspended as we were, very much the control of Jo as our Domme coming through, the submissives-in-waiting, so as to speak. Maybe – but I wanted more.

Watching Jo’s bottom buck now as she approached her next pleasurable wave was just as enjoyable, there being something very powerful in being close but distant to this act of sex going on and being enacted out beneath us.

Perhaps it was the caging but then maybe it was the voyeuristic dimension and that I couldn’t become ‘hands-on’ with her, that right or option denied by the situation that she, Jo, had put me/us in – very much the caged birds looking forward to the chance of serving their Mistress, of given half a chance, more lust

and love for Jo growing by the minute.

Jo came to orgasm, another strong one, so did Emma as my fingers had found her cunt and she was as turned on as I was.

I just loved her taste too, it filling my mouth as I sucked my fingers clean, Emma still darting around and working me over.

As she came a little way down her mountain, Jo looked up and then down, “It looks like we have a couple of dripping pussies here, judging by the small pool and drops on the floor. I think a clean-up is more than in order.”

Agnès leapt off the bed, took hold of the control and lowered the cage down, stopping it just short of the floor and unlocked it to open the door to let the two of us out.

I must say that I had underestimated just how much we had cum; the evidence there beneath the cage as Agnès raised it into the air.

Jo barked out the order, “Now, you two, on your knees and clean your cum off the floor,” and there we were, ingesting our own cum that had co-mingled, both of us lapping away enthusiastically.

“And now us.”

Our attention was diverted to Agnès and Jo first, the familiar taste of my husband now filling my mouth, followed by both of us cleaning India up, all to

no avail as each woman came to yet another climax – no problem there but continuing this could result in a very long evening.

Jo changed that and what she then said certainly surprised me, “Okay girls, it’s time to take Nikki, she’s fair game from now on.”

She looked at me, "Yes, Nikki, Henri has given his agreement to you being able to have penetrative sex from now on, both of your love orifices as well, as long as we keep our cocks and toys on the thinner side of things and slowly train and stretch your vagina up, thicker ones can be used on your ex-boy cunt though.”

I was quite stunned – here I was and about to lose my virginity though I am sure that my donor had not been a virgin. First of all, and just as well as to Emma having been fingering me, I had no hymen.

Jo continued on, “It will be me first, then you, India, as she has to learn that you have rights over her and then Emma and Agnès and they’ll double penetrate you before I release you to sleep with Emma – and it’s up to her if she wants to fuck you again or the other way around. All I know it’s going to be a long night.”

I was stunned.

Agnès helped Jo put on her harness with its built-in black penis protruding, a nice head to it and not too long at six inches and reasonably well-ribbed.

Under the protruding cock was a leather plate falling into a thong that passed

over her cunt and then made its way up her bottom-valley to splay out and attach to the belt at the back, the whole harness beautifully made and with an internal cock that matched the one that I was to take behind the plate to help satisfy Jo as she fucked me.

I was pushed back onto the comfortable bed, my head inserted into the pair of panties that Jo had been wearing, her gusset well-impregnated with her natural juices and flows, quite cummy in flavour as well as she had obviously been well-turned on this evening at the prospect of the sex ahead, India positioning the gusset over a particularly strong spot before securing the panties off behind my head with an old stocking.

Jo approached me, her leather harness looking powerful on her, leather around her midriff and with me not knowing what her cock was made of, except that it looked rather large and intimidating.

How would this penis ever fit inside me – yes, I wouldn't have minded if she was going to fuck me in the rear, my old boy cunt, but my new vagina was another matter.

She came over me, a big smile on her face, and she took my nipples into her mouth, rings and all, the right one first and then on the left, little nips with her teeth, mother cat with her kitten perhaps.

She slowly worked her way down me, her lips then covering my clitoris and onto my labia, her middle finger finding my cunt for the first time – oh God, how it felt, one finger being joined by two, no risk of three or four yet, as she didn't want to stretch me too much, not yet.

I was so alive and the aroma of her panties over me was driving me mad, also the presence of the three other girls witnessing us, India part of our special coterie, Emma and Agnès being special friends.

Was this safety in numbers but what a way to have one's virginity taken?

Having brought me to the cusp of yet another orgasm, Jo moved up my body and I felt the tip of her cock running along my love area – was this what it felt to take a penis for the first time when I had approached girls in my life, like Jo for example though she wasn't a virgin, but still?

I felt her head at my entrance and then the pressure came on as it pushed into me, its corona prising me apart and the slide-in begun.

I gasped, the sensation incredible, so different to receiving a cock in my rear, my nerves around my clitoris, labia and vaginal entrance on fire and doing their part to turn me on, the feeling of the cock all the way up whereas, anally, the focal points were very much the base of my anus clamping around the penis and the frothing of my prostate.

As I was to find out shortly, one difference as a girl was the feeling of the penis up the rear of my g-spot, very little distance and tissue between the intestine and my new love area, orgasms driven from both, climactic in nature that they could be.

However, for the moment it was my clitoral and vaginal ones that I became enamoured with, the thrill of a twenty-four-hour sequence of cervical orgasms to come later and this latter type was out of the world and befitting of being one of

Jo's submissives, an immense honour and pleasure to having her fuck and induce me into the state.

Jo, of course, had the replica cock deep in her vagina and was enjoying it, a look in her eyes from behind Jo's panties confirming that.

She began fucking me and now I was in eighth heaven, not seventh, the feel of her tight in me and all the way up and down as she slid up and down my love area.

Oh God, I could spend the rest of my life in this state, a fuck-doll of other women – or perhaps even men if I got a chance, they banned by Jo for the moment and her indication that the only way I would enjoy one could be for insemination. Even then, she preferred artificial, to be induced by someone like Imelda.

Her pace started slowly and gradually built up, her bottom and hips thrusting in and out of me. I could feel my orgasm coming on and, my, was I getting wetter and wetter.

Not only was this happening but an electrical wildfire was breaking out inside me, not only my clitoral and lower vaginal area but also high up, somewhere round my solar plexus, my nipples too tingling and buzzing with the energy in my body, the sum of the parts almost overwhelming and way, way more than anything that I had experienced as a man or as a gurl, a few pseudo-female like orgasms as my hormones kicked in to play during my transformation period.

As it should be in a Domme to submissive, I felt Jo erupt first, her whole body seeming to tighten against me. Our breasts were against each other and she took

a long, deep kiss off me just as I started to come.

Talk about a tsunami hitting me, a want to scream, my brain fusing, my back trying to arch but prevented from doing so by Jo's weight on me, everything in my pussy area tightening up, her cock clamped in me and a burst of my cum dam.

Oh God, here I was having proper sex with my girlfriend, my husband, my Dominant and my love.

Everything went white and then black. I all but fainted but what a warmth there was in my body as I came to, Jo pulling off me to give me air and India ready with a Feeldoe Slim to take me, her white panties over me too so that I took her scent in as well.

She took me – in many ways, a firmer and more aggressive manner, the feeling of her fucking me with this cock, no straps attached, so much closer than Jo's harness, the effect the same though inside what with my nerves responding and general fuse-out as my next orgasm grew – and then came, this time one from my cervix outwards, my toes and fingers curling up and my nipples feeling as if they were going to pop, my titanium rings heating up.

It was a question of throwing my head back, India's panties stretching over me and tightening the gusset to my nose and making me take deep breaths of her through my nose and mouth as I came, the power of my fetish intensifying my cumming, a good ejaculation accompanying what was going on, Imelda's mons more than saturated by me.

God, I was a woman and I could multi-orgasm with it too – and I still had Emma to take me, accompanied by Agnès, Jo planning a double penetration of me to continue my experience of cocks inside my, female cocks at that.

Talk about a rapid introduction to my future life and my body and mind to be used as Jo and the Harem's fuck-toy – the change from being a respectable finance director so marked and so different, everything focused on sex between us women.

There was the question of Emma and Agnès to contend with though and I saw them as India rolled off me, Emma with Jo's cock harness on, her black penis still encrusted with Jo's spend, and Agnès with a much more substantial penis. Hopefully this was destined for my anus, as surely so, it was too big for my cunt at the moment.

The question was how were they going to achieve this?

Emma lay down on the bed and I manoeuvred over her, Agnès guiding the black cock between my lips and into my cunt, asking if I needed any lubricant, a giggle from Emma and me as I was soaking down there.

Once again, I was filled and it felt marvellous, my whole cunt solid with the cock and my muscles looking to hold her in me.

I raised myself a little and kissed her, a long French kiss and exploring her mouth, Emma responding passionately, already some little whimpers being expressed.

Slowly, she began to fuck me in this position, a glide in and out and I felt every inch of her, the sensation of movement down there being absolutely gorgeous. What a way to be taken – in fact, I wanted to sit up and ride her cowboy style; in truth, I wanted to try every position going in the Kama Sutra.

Then I felt Agnès climbing over my bottom, the much bigger cock in my bottom-valley running up and down it, probably to get me mentally aware and turned on to prepare my sphincter rings down there to open their gates and let her in with relative ease and so that it wouldn't hurt.

It had been quite a while since I had had anybody take me down there, this once the only way of fucking me and the girls had done just that, though this was the first time with Agnès. Just as with India, she seemed to becoming very close and special to Jo.

Her cock came through my entrance; I hardly noticed what with Emma fucking me now, her pace having picked up a little bit and my mind being, once again, up there high on my sex-plateau.

The subconscious message abated and I felt Agnès inside me, all the way in and I was taken to new heights, the two cocks against each other, only the slightest gap of tissue between them and this being actively stimulated on both sides – sparks now going off as my old prostate, my g-spot and my clitoris came together, even where my cervix was beginning to respond with its own waves of delirium.

The two girls began to fuck me in tandem, Emma bucking her hips and Agnès finding the rhythm and following, their two penises in me working in tandem

and sending me sexually up and up as if I was going to go over the top.

I was the meat in the middle of the sandwich, two very comfortable and soft pieces of human bread that I found myself between, the grinding of their bodies against me rather divine, particularly the feel of their stiff nipples and rings on my back and my own breasts, this alone enough to take me towards orgasm.

Their two cocks continued to work their magic, both of my orifices wide open to them now, both of them feeling as if they were one, the big cock also tight against my rear tissue but Emma's one totally sensational, I guess because it was all so new to me, a female now losing her virginity and rapidly gaining experience, having started so late in life as a true woman.

They were now in complete control of me and if I thought that the feelings in my body were intense with Jo, they were much deeper now, all parts of me seeming to be on alert and tightening and loosening, even my ear lobes getting little jolts running through them.

And my nipples were on another planet, the areola wanting to explode and let everyone know that they were an integral part of me, the two of them pressing hard into Emma, who was continuing to thrust away as best she could what with two girls smothering her.

A massive tremor went through me and what felt like a loss of energy as my body was sapped and spent. I felt Emma cumming just as I climaxed, all sorts of sparks between the two of us, Agnès taking her pleasure over the top of us.

I think that we just collapsed, an ungainly roll off Emma and onto the bed, arms

and legs out, the three of us panting, a light mist around us, a sense of achievement and secondary tremors hitting us, certainly for Emma and me.

An exhausted trio lay there as we came to, slowly coming down our mountain.

There was Jo smiling, having been watching us; India too – with a video camera in her hand. She had captured our three-way for posterity.

A little further down, and Jo sat on the bed, a wry smile coming over her face.

“I have some major news for you, Emma and Agnès - hopefully it’s good for both of you.”

Now this grabbed my attention, if not Emma’s too, and I’m sure that it did. We had no inkling of what was coming.

“You, Emma, are coming back to London with us - you probably know that the Countess and I have been in discussion over creating a hub of the Château in Hyde Park. Well, that has been agreed and, as part of it, I have negotiated a fee for you and you will join us there as of immediate effect. So, in short, you have been sold and are now my asset.”

Well, I was taken aback by this, truly stunned, but what good news. I looked at Emma and she was almost in a state of shock, the redness from her recent orgasming had rapidly exited her face to the point that she was almost white.

We smiled and I almost leapt into her arms to kiss her and then turned to Jo to kiss her as well, adding a seriously heartfelt, “Thank you.”

“Emma, Nikki and I are staying on for a day and that will allow you time to pack and say your farewells, ‘not Adieus’ though, as we will be back, no doubt shortly. Your role is going to be in submission to Marianne and me, Marianne becoming the chief concubine of my harem, and keeping Nikki here in deep submission to all of us. As to you, Agnès,”

Jo turned to her, “In a month’s time, allowing for you to finish up here with the Countess’s training, you’ll be coming over to London as well to join India here as my second submissive. In the harem, I’m expecting you to be in charge of exerting and teaching discipline to the girls that will start to arrive in four months’ time, after we have finished the refurbishment of the house that the Countess, the Circle of Dommies including Noor, Nikki, Bryony and I have bought. I’d like you to lead on this with Marianne.”

Agnès was almost as white as Emma when she heard this.

The pace of all of this was mindboggling but this is what India and Jo had been quietly working on, in addition to their work duties – how they had pulled it off without me knowing, I do not know. And then there were people like Amélie and Marianne who had kept it all secret.

Jo’s harem was well and truly born; we were all thrilled and delighted to be part of it and her aspirations.

The sex between Emma and me for the rest of the night was going to be out of

this world – and with secured love between us.

After the Boardroom

Boardroom sex – it was one of Jo's things.

I don't know why but it was, particularly after an executive management or board meeting. To this end, they always were afternoon affairs, the sex taking place afterwards, perhaps it being Jo's way of winding down or maybe she had a thing about the untoward nature of it, the risk of being discovered or that it was one of those opportunities to express her dominance, reminders of what we were – her girls and with me as her wife.

The way she would stare up at me as her first kisses down the inside of my thighs and onto my damp love area were sensational and would be imprinted on my mind for the rest of my life.

Before we come to the end of this first diary, as such, I had better give a quick recount of what happened between France and this latest raw and ready sex with me, Jo very much as my husband-lesbian now and head of the household.

Emma left with us for London on Monday evening, a final ceremony at the Château when she was collared and cuffed in a manner matching mine, also receiving an iron and sapphire ring that was identical to the one that Jo had given me.

Essentially, in front of the community, she was stripped naked and, firstly, had to pay homage to Amélia's vagina, Amélia removing her leather skirt to reveal that she too was naked down there.

Secondly, it was the Countess, this done in privacy under the long skirt that she was wearing before the Countess handed Emma over on the chain to Jo, the greeting being the same as before, the Dommies' pussies considered as the altar tables to express their worship and devotion.

We left mid-afternoon for London and home, the four of us still in celebration mode about the deal that had done, my own celebration in having Emma close to me and I hoped that it was the same for her, a sense of relief too in knowing what her future was – and it wasn't in some dark and dusty harem of the Middle or Far East, a couple of bottles of champagne being drunk to wet the new project's head – and Emma's arrival.

It was quite a thrill to show Emma around the house, the sleeping arrangements to change in that the main suite would become Jo's room and that Emma and I would be in our two guest rooms with a Jack-and-Jill bathroom between them but, effectively, we would be sleeping together if we weren't called by Jo.

India and Agnès would have the new rooms next to the sex room and Marianne would take the other guest room before the new house opened up, where she would have the principal suite, this with a secondary bedroom off it for Bryony's use.

The next day saw Emma and I visit Marianne and she too was thrilled with the news of what was happening and that she was becoming a career girl in the new venture, her nature submissive but increasingly enjoying opportunities to switch.

Jo and I both knew, and I am sure that the Countess did as well, that Marianne would be excellent in her role, her sense of precision and detail showing through

– she was also one of those people who was naturally just and sought to understand both sides of an issue or argument and, therefore, a lovely mediator and able to defuse tense situations, a necessity in a house full of young sexually-driven women.

For me, time back in London was focused on running the existing house, helping with the new one and its decoration and fitting out, supporting Jo in my new role as her PA and a little Fountain work, as well as being needed in the bedroom at various times of day for oral and sexual service – I could see where the origins of the term ‘call-girl’ came from, such was the frequency and usage that I was giving.

In between, there was the occasional medical with Imelda, ballet, shopping and restaurants to think about, never mind in ensuring that all were comfortable and, when we were at home, fed and watered. And the mountain of lingerie to be washed ironed and pressed from three other women than just Jo and I was truly staggering.

How life had changed from being the solid and stable finance director of Fountain & Collier.

How it was going to change with the girls coming in, Jo and Marianne starting the candidate screening, Bryony and India involved in the contractual and lifestyle changes required for them, the system being very similar to what Bryony had practised with others, the targeting of female orphans the key coal-seam for this.

Talking of change, there had been one more major one, this time to Jo.

She had undergone a breast reduction to take her down from her E-cup size to B, her nipples still remaining prominent.

Combining this with a much shorter hair-style, she really came across as being much more of a male-girl, her want and expression of her lifestyle with us, still as pretty and seductive as area – well, to me she was – and much more authoritarian in look and this underpinned her dominance over me, and the girls at large.

I look back on the board meeting that we had had, this time in my role as a board director with responsibility for finance, my duties also covering pensions and salaries.

The meeting had finished around four and it was two hours later when Jo had led me back in there, locking the door, the office quietening down for the weekend.

That was some memory – I can remember sliding the stockings that I had been wearing back up over my legs and thighs so at least they would make for a modicum of decency as I stepped over her, Jo that is.

I remember getting into position that she liked with my legs outside her body and ready to lower myself down on to her waiting cock, giving her a direct view of my open cunt and the creamy marks of my previous orgasm that I had enjoyed.

Jo always liked this; she was often more turned on by the visual erotica that I could give her, demonstrating her male side perhaps,

I was still well up my sex mountain in the boardroom, high above the normal land below, a plateau that I was increasingly becoming familiar with.

I know that I lowered myself down on to my haunches, the two of us guiding the phallus into my vagina, its entrance opening up and puckering a bit with each ride up and down that became my natural lubricant and added to our enjoyment.

This gave Jo a chance to play with my breasts, these having grown even more, my nipples almost over-large but she loved them, the chance to give me pain or pleasure, to use nipple tubes, ice or to suck them lovingly so.

One thing that I knew was that this position soon had us both moaning and fighting for air, the feel of her stiff cock in me quite sensational and each thrust and semi-withdrawal making the bulbous end in Jo's cunt vibrate and stimulate her little love spot good effect.

Here we were in the boardroom and trying to avoid making too much noise – and it was me generating it as I thrust up and down on the cock that Jo was presenting me.

I can remember Jo cumming, quite noisy that she was, a sense of satisfaction in that she had taken her pleasure before me.

She then pulled out of me, rolled me over into my favourite position and into a quasi-doggy-style position, so as to give her a different penetration angle, a steep one that would set me on fire and, hopefully, keep her up there on her plateau of pleasure.

It was a great orgasm, one of those ones that really shook me, the body tensing, the electrical charges zapping my nerves, the explosion within and the waves of pleasure that ran through my body and then a heavy flow of cum, far more than anything that I experienced as a man.

Jo stayed in me – like any woman, I always enjoyed that, the warmth and love between us and the chance to ride through the various tremors to keep me going, the same for Jo.

I think that I collapsed forward on to the floor, Jo following me, her cock still in me and what a position this was, a sense of contentment coming over me and a need for more, some strange idea to what we would have looked like in a bedroom mirror, there being nothing in here, the boardroom like that.

I knew that my cunt and anus were fully exposed and open for use as Jo found my love spot and I bet the sight of all that cum frothing up into little foamy bubbles as it was agitated by her Feeldoe was erotic for her.

I could really feel her, her weight across me, her breasts inside her bra pressing down into my back, her head to the right of my shoulder, her knees just above mine and on the outside, and her stockinged feet down touching the top of my feet around my ankles.

I was very much ‘Her’s;’ her wife and submissive, hopefully her preferred girl, and I gave myself to her slow fucking, a very slow rhythm as Jo slid in and out of me, the two of us saying nothing and just enjoying the moments and the warmth between us, the feeling of an intense stickiness between our legs with both of us having cum profusely so, those love juices of two lesbians entwined

in their intimacy.

She nibbled on my ear and placed one or two kisses around my neck, my eyes closing with the bliss of the moment, the thought of two very moist cunts taken by the same aid in my mind, the sound of the traffic out there in Hyde Park and beneath us now coming through, the message that we were coming back into reality.

Slowly the Feeldoe bulb slid out of Joe, leaving her part open and knowing that if I was able to see her now, I would see that bubbling centre of love full of white cum and waiting for my tongue.

Jo reached below and pulled the longer end of her cock out of me, lots of lovely slimy and stringy cum smearing the shaft, a testament to how far that she had been in me, stimulating that nerve area just under my cervix into action and more cream to be added to the Bukakke that I possibly could be asked to perform to clean ourselves up.

She leaned over and whispered into my ear, “Well Mrs. Fountain, Board Finance Director, it’s the start of the long weekend and I suggest that we venture home and to bed there, as a long weekend it will be. Supernova rolling orgasm time, Honey?”

I knew what this meant – back to the house, maybe something to eat and then to be put into some position of bondage in our Erga, maybe on the cross, over a horse or even in our special and cherished stocks, possibly even strapped up in a wench stool that we had acquired, Jo, Emma, Marianne or one of the others sitting on it as I was strapped in so that my face was at their cunt height and my bottom exposed for use as they so wished, be it a vaginal or anal penetration.

This was my life now – from the boardroom to the sex-room – from a man to a life as a fully functioning woman, one who was a submissive to a lesbian coterie. What more could this ex-man wish for?

I was ‘Her’s,’ so well and truly.

The End