



# MY PASSAGE TO WOMANHOOD

Volume  
Four

Clare  
Penne





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## **My Passage to Womanhood**

Volume-Four

*An Exotic and Erotic Journey...*

*From Masculinity to Femininity*

**By**

**Clare Penne**

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# **“My Passage to Womanhood”**

Volume-Four

## ***Ever Closer to Being a Submissive Woman***





# Introduction

In Volumes 1-to-3, we have seen the history of my development from being once a male to now living life as a submissive woman, partnered to a loving, powerful, intellectual, and very smart woman. It is very much a story of my relationships and experiences that have got me to now being known as Clare Murchison-Penne, a partner but effectively a bonded one, or it could be termed as a transsexual courtesan, to my beloved Saffi.

Within that relationship, I am also considered to be a sexual chattel for the Murchison family, albeit a privileged and rich one that respects my intellectual development as well as my overall wish to becoming a full woman, but at the same time subtly taking account of my needs. However, as I believe adequately demonstrated in the narrative, Saffi has taken over my right to ultimate decision-making, as I have often been uncertain about achieving my desires and my ultimate goal. She has made it clear that, in time, she wishes me to become a totally submissive partner of her, one that will obey her unquestioningly and support her in her life as she strives for the success that will come through her intellect, resources, confidence, personality and general poise.

Volume-Three ended with my contract to bond me to Saffi primarily, and then her family. It focused on our relationship development and then some of the ‘celebrations and tests’ that ensued that on my first trip to the States, and how I was received by her unique family. I do not dispute that my love for them and theirs for me has grown. They are an amazing family and so supportive.

Volume-Three actually covered a relatively short time period in my life but I felt it important to share it as it described the foundation of the relationships that I was to experience and enjoy in the coming years. Volume-Four covers the end of my formal education but also the first part of the discipline and training that

Saffi wanted me to undergo, all linked by the commonality of her enforcement and ensuring my development to the girl, or gurl, that she wanted me to become. It is in chronological order, as all this narrative has been, and starts with our return from vacation.

Time will be spent in a number of different scenarios and locations, all underpinned by Saffi's quest to develop my compliancy and deference to her. The title of Volume-4 is "Ever Closer to Being a Submissive Woman." Hopefully, I portray the immense love and intent that Saffi brought to our developing relationship, ultimately in the context of fem-dom and submission and set in a well-off international life-style.

Yet again, I look to writing a detailed account of my history and how it plays out in being a female-dominated submissive. I trust that you really enjoy reading this and I welcome any feedback. I have tried to demonstrate that "femme domme" is not all about pain, whips and humiliation of the inferior male, rather more that it should be about incessant psychological domination and slow manipulation of the submissive, be they male or female, to be fully obsequious to their stronger female partner.

Clare.

## **Chapter-One**

## ***Back To Edinburgh***

“Miss Clare Murchison-Penne.”

I truly loved my new name and all that it implied in terms of my love, devotion to Saffi and, ergo, her family. It was almost as if we had entered a state of some original old- fashioned, Roman-style marriage where Saffi was my master in all aspects of my life and that she could dismiss me from hers instantly should the whim take her.

Hopefully not by execution, as was their wont back in those often cruel times.

I left the States well inducted to my new life as a chattel and courtesan to my lover and I prayed that she would love, cherish and make the right decisions for me to meet her aspirations as a lover, a bondservant, partner and woman to be.

I also knew that I was incredibly fortunate to have found a warm family that more than supported our relationship and Saffi’s plans for my transformation and intensified feminisation - even if I was to be managed and also used as well as loved by them. That “love” was something I did not exactly get from my own family and I treasured the Murchisons for their involvement and emotional support; while their own family relationships were so strong, especially between the women of the family, they could not help but be cemented and further strengthened by their bizarre sexual life.

Incest it was, that was true, but it provided them a “glue” to the family and now their family wings were starting to spread as the next generation found their partners, and in Saffi and Fallon’s case, their submissives.

With my bonding to Saffi, I was, as it were, the first of the “daughter-out-of-laws.”

All this and never mind their relationships with various friends, their partners, and mentors.

It was all a spider’s web of sexuality driven and woven by the women of the

Murchison family and there, right at the centre of that web?

Pamela.

The Queen Spider.

I must say that the rest of the vacation in San Francisco had passed in a bit of a sexual blur in having to provide Per with my body, especially as Pamela had started her period, whilst Saffi seemed to up her need and expectations of me at the same time.

It was almost as if she was saying:

“Clare is mine but I know I must cede her to Dad while Mom is off-line.”

I probably saw it as being more transactional and I enjoyed feeling Per take me with his decent-sized penis. I was also now much more wary about men after those words of caution that men frequently beat up transsexuals and transvestites as they feel that we either deserve it, can take it or are replacements for the frustrations with their partners in life. I trusted Saffi implicitly and she was the one who authorised her father to enjoy my body.

I say “body” as my mind was with Saffi.

As to the remaining vacation, there was the night Fallon took Lisa, Chrissie, Saffi and I off to a private lesbian club in San Fran that ended up with me being hooded and felt up by all sorts of women that I didn’t know.

It was a weird experience in being in my own world and then handled and stroked as if I was just a doll or a mannequin. There was no direct sex, just being felt up, kissed and caressed by women and I must admit it was rather erotic and sensual.

The sex, from Saffi, had come later on return to Half Moon Bay.

In between though, it was a lovely place to have a vacation and a tremendous break with all the exercise, shopping and dining.

I have to admit to feeling very tired all the time and I wasn’t sure whether this was the continual sex wearing me out or my hormones kicking through with a

side effect.

The continuation of this fatigue back in New York and then on my return to Edinburgh was even more reason for visiting my specialist and his endocrinologist.

We left Half Moon Bay together on a private flight back into Stewart airport. I had never flown like this before so that was a new experience.

I had four nice days with the family before departing from JFK to London and onto Edinburgh.

Saffi was concerned about my fatigue and was, consequently, more caring when it came to sex and subservience during the latter days of my stay.

We had a number of chats about our future and when she returned to Edinburgh, she was going to move in to my apartment for her remaining exchange time at the University.

I had expected that and had really wanted her to do so but, ultimately, I knew that was her decision to make, not mine. It would have been very bizarre to live as the term before.

She suggested that we proceed with updating my bathroom and kitchen as well as a lick of paint throughout, not that it was bad. She loved the location and said that, in time, it would become an excellent investment for us, as well as a British base to use or rent out for extra income.

We took time to go through catalogues which would allow me to start to source out suppliers of British household equivalents on my return, and until she came back over. We agreed on an all-white look for the kitchen and bathroom to maximise the space and then to use some earthy shades for the living room and our bedroom, including a rather bold but pretty India-yellow colour, almost a bronze in nature.

It was with a little sadness that I left the family at Garrison and headed for the long, overnight trip to London and then onto Edinburgh, the farewell at the airport being the hardest part. I was a little weepy in the BA Lounge and the flight back was tedious and lonely.

It was even sadder entering my flat, fatigued and feeling grungy from the flights, despite having flown again up-front. However, I would soon be seeing Saffi, as she had to return for the second part of her exchange.

There was plenty to do to catch up and initiate some of my research work, so the days passed pretty quickly as I pushed forward.

I took a quick weekend off to see my family and least said about that the better.

I told them about Saffi and something about our commitment together, along with how serious we were with each other, leaving the name change issue aside which would have been a proverbial “red rag” to my mother.

They gawped at my ring and couldn’t believe it; I wasn’t taking it off just for my visit to them. It was also an iconic manifestation of the seriousness of Saffi’s and my love and my determination that I was going to transform further.

The reason for the short visit was again the acceptance issue of what I was becoming, a girl.

My father was now resigned that he had acquired another daughter; however, my mother couldn’t really understand it all but she did say that she would try to remain open-minded about it all and, to be fair, that was a big move forward for her.

I spent a night at my paternal grandparents and they were so happy for us and wanted to meet Saffi as soon as possible, and that I was very lucky to have found someone like her.

They were also proud with what I had achieved so far, not only academically, but in taking on the whole gamut and implication of trans-sexualism.

I kept relatively quiet that this was also driven by Saffi’s domination of me and her want to shape me into a woman that would fully support and complement her in life, without question and unfailingly.

Back to Edinburgh, I worked on my thesis and also in getting designs together, quotations and my selection for the preference of the company to do our upgrading work.



This involved fixing up meetings with Saffi and I to finalise things as soon as she returned to Edinburgh, so we could get going as soon as possible and have the work done before Christmas.

I was still getting tired and I got an appointment with the specialists who immediately suggested that I undergo blood work and a full screening of my vitals.

I had expected that.

It turned out that there was a slight imbalance of my oestrogen hormones with my testosterone and that was, in theory, easy to adjust.

However, it also gave me the opportunity to “raise the stakes.”

I brought up the subject of an orchiectomy as a means to my final intention as well as taking out the testosterone issue over body development. Firstly, my question was whether we could proceed with it and, secondly, the potential impact on my hormones, going forward.

I was more than aware about the major effects of this surgery and its potential benefits and risks. The specialist mentioned that I would need my counsellor’s written support and also that of a psychiatrist prior to operation, but he would arrange meetings for this assessment.

It wasn’t long before Saffi was on her way back and I went out to greet her as she arrived at the airport.

Gosh, it was good to see her again and in the Arrivals Lounge we kissed each other in what one could call “short and sharp” and hugged each other.

However, back inside the apartment, we were soon kissing passionately and she had me quickly removing her travel clothes to worship and please her body and mind.

And it was also a chance to be back safely in her panties with them up against me later in the day when we went out to have something to eat. I was so happy to have her back with me. Yes, I had really missed her.

We decided to go back to Fishers in Leith, our favourite haunt, and were greeted

as if we were long lost pilgrims returning to the fold.

They offered us a couple of complimentary glasses of champagne and from the menu, we decided to tuck into their Queenie scallops from Loch Tarbert and then their fabulous Lobster Thermidor, and coupled this to a nice cold bottle of Sancerre.

We carried on our brain-storming and “ideas” chat that we had started in the afternoon and I gave a further run down on our decoration plans for the apartment.

We shared some of the catalogues from potential suppliers that I had marked up, discussing finer points about finishings and accessories. I had set up two visits from decorators for the following day.

It was just so nice to be back discussing such things with Saffi, under her influence and “aura,” to be able to hold hands together and share an intimate kiss from time to time.

Having discussed such mundane matters as decoration, Saffi moved on to my medical visit. I explained what they had done with my blood results, how they were adjusting the balance of my hormones and then the orchiectomy.

“So you raised the subject of your castration then, Clare. I am so pleased about that as it really puts you on the path for reassignment down the line.”

“Yes, the very act would mean taking out my androgen medication and leave just the oestrogen to balance. It could mean a possible boost to my breast size and my curvature and even more loss of muscular power as the testosterone exits my body.”

“You are pretty curvy already, Clare, and I like that. What about the negatives?”

“Well, there is some risk of depression and especially fatigue and, as such, I could become even more emotional as the oestrogen overtakes as the dominating hormone in my body. On the converse, they say also that I might experience a feeling of immense serenity and calmness, such as in managing a crisis or stress.”

“What did they say about your libido?”

“Naturally, there will be a rapid decrease in my sex drive but it should still be there. My cum will become very transparent and small in amount, and I may still be able to have an orgasm from time to time, though it may well be a dry one, which, as you know Saffi, I occasionally have already.

“In many ways, they said that I will be more in control of my own libido and I may still be able to get hard but it will take more effort and my clit may well be significantly smaller.”

“That part sounds really good.”

I took a sip of wine.

“If you keep me sexually active, which I am sure you will, the sex apparently can become really extra-special for me and even you may feel the same way, This is because, as a ‘castrato,’ I will not arouse so quickly, I can take more time on the foreplay and the afterglow of an orgasm. And you get even more sexual challenge and reward.”

“Now that all sounds fine to me, Clare. I gather you can bank your sperm prior to the operation. What do you feel about that?”

“Well, personally I don’t want to. If I wanted a baby I would want it the au natural way, feeling him, your chosen man, impregnate me and then to have it grow in me, but that will be impossible. If we ever wanted a child, then it would be you who would have to take the cock and conceive, as I don’t think taking a syringe and injecting you with my sperm is the right way. Also, I see myself as your girl, not as a boy. Of course, it is your decision and if you want me to be milked and banked, that is your right but I would want you there for my milking.”

“Good answer, Clare, my view is the former route.”

Saffi leant over and gave me a kiss, pushing her tongue into my lips, de facto asserting herself over me, saying with the kiss that this route was her decision. I just loved this.

“So when, then?”

“I have to have two psychiatric recommendations for this but it does tee me up

towards the reassignment too, so that is a plus. The Doc is setting up an appointment with two of them back-to-back in the next month, so we may be on before Christmas, especially if we go private on this and not on the National Health.”

“Done then. Let’s go for it and I’ll be here to support you for the meeting, as I am sure it will be a rough day for you. By the way, what about your scrotal sac? What do you want done with that?”

“Good question, Saffi, and yet to be fully determined. I would prefer for things to be nice and smooth down there so to have it removed from me as if it is the site for my future vagina, which it is. However, there is a need for my skin from there to help avoid the need for grafts from my hips in the reassignment surgery. They need to get a detailed assessment of that but on inspection, the Doc thinks he can shape me something so that I will be a lot smoother and not left with an empty, ugly bag, so to speak, rather just a small weenie-clitoris hanging down that then can play into my pussy tube on my gaffe. We may have to get a new tube or gaffe though.”

We chose desserts, their chocolate pot and treacle tart with vanilla ice cream, along with a Barsac Sauterne.

“How is the course work shaping up for you, this coming semester, Clare?”

“Term, Saffi, you are now back in Scotland. Actually, you ask that but this ‘semester’ now looks nicely under control. I don’t have too much support teaching or mentoring to do this term and my push these last few weeks while you have been away has got me nicely on track, so to speak, as to finishing my research. So I have more time to support you. Why do you ask?”

“Well, that is really good, for if you remember, I mentioned that you needed to develop your skill base as a woman in service to me both sexually and non-sexually. I have a couple of challenges that we need some research work on and quick action, in particular the first one.”

“So what are you thinking as a challenge, Saffi?”

“I want you to complete a make-up and manicure course this term if we can get you on one.”

“What?”

“Clare, you heard me. You need a basic profession and you know, I know, that you would breeze it in becoming a lawyer or accountant. However, that is more for me to do that as the Alpha female and I want you to do something that will take any risk of more intellectualism straight out of you. And I don’t think that you will find doing vocational courses as easy as you may think. From completing this first course, I will then want you tackle things like hairdressing, beauty therapy and massage so you can really provide a total service to me.”

“Gosh, I have never thought of this route.”

“No, I know and it will re-emphasise your role as my submissive girl and it’s not a bad skill base to have in your portfolio. Your own make-up is pretty good but with this, it would bring you up to a professional level.”

“You will have me working in a beauty salon next, Saffi.”

“Maybe yes to that, I have thought about that for part of your next summer, when you graduate. Or something associated with beauty.”

I looked at her.

“You’ll have me going on cookery, floristry and embroidery courses next.”

“Funny that you mention that, but ‘bingo,’ you, on that one. I have had a word with Dad about delaying your entry to his company and you are currently being enrolled into a long one term finishing school course in Northern England with Chrissie to accompany you.”

Goodness me, Saffi always knew how to shock me. I was aghast, taking this in.

“She can be your roommate and help disguise your in-between girl status. Other than Chrissie, only the Principal will know about you and she will be instructed to keep both of you well in line. It is something that Fallon and I have done in our development as you know, and it teaches you advanced cooking and such feminine skills as you have mentioned.”

“My God! You have it really worked out.”

Her implacable nod was all the answer I required.

“You will be much older than their average student, most of them being Chrissie’s age. But that will be no hardship to you and a time and living with much younger girls, along with the general discipline and even a terrible Hall uniform, should make you realise how much you need me and not ever to question my decisions.”

“Oh, gosh. Really you are going to put me through this?”

“I have already been in contact with the Principal and she is largely in agreement for your attendance and her mentoring role. We’ll go down there soon, one free weekend, to meet her and see your luxury prison as she does want a final say.”

I was just plain gob-smacked with all of this that Saffi had laid out as my way forward but, on reflection about it over the next day or so, I could understand where she was coming from.

It was a way to knocking off the sharper edges of my maleness and making me much more feminine in appearance and probably in mind. I was still edgy though, more about being incarcerated with fifteen or eighteen other young “ladies.”

The other thing that I learnt was that Fallon now saw her future with Chrissie, rather than Lisa, taking the equivalent of my role as a submissive handmaiden and partner in her life.

We returned to the apartment and made passionate love with Saffi being ultra-dominant over me, subjugating me to Pamela and Fallon’s scent.

I had so missed being under her bottom and I used my tongue, mouth and nose on her to bring her to several orgasms that night.

It was an expression of our love, expressed through her sexual control of me.

Then there was the requirement to service her fully in the morning oral, toilet and including shave of her arm-pits and her legs before she chose my clothes for me to meet with the decorators.

That too was the other expression of our love, the subtle relationship between

domme and submissive being played out. I had no question about this at all.

I found myself quickly registered with fourteen other young women at Edinburgh Telford College out on West Granton Road to undertake a Manicure and Make-up course at Certificate level, the equivalent of a Vocational Certificate today, along with a course in Nail technology.

The purpose of the course was to broaden their students' skill basis as a therapist and to complete make-up application and various eye treatments, as well as lash-perming, tinting, and brow shaping.

I would also learn all about nail manicures and varnish application as well as the use of acrylics and fixing of French nails.

Indeed, it was two weeks later that I found myself setting off one early evening with no jewellery on, other than my gold studs in my ears, Saffi's used white full briefs that she had specially prepared for me, a nasty pink tunic and trousers, gym pumps and even a standard issue cheap watch.

Saffi had laughed when she saw me and slapped me on the bottom with a "Go for it, Girl." I felt like a young Boot's Chemist shop assistant.

It was a nervous first day and a funny extent of being a new girl in a large college, coupled with a tinge of humiliation in the challenge that Saffi had set me, but also in the knowledge that I was being deeper entwined in her spider's web of love, service and devotion that she required from me.

From what I thought would have been a nice, leisurely term to devote to Saffi's presence, things became pretty hectic with running my Masters and Manicures courses in parallel, the decoration of the apartment and in giving time to loving and serving Saffi.

At least my hormones had settled down.

Just to add to the mix, Per asked if I could do a little research for his company, something that I treated like an extra term paper and which was, apparently, well received. He volunteered to pay me and I turned him down, after all their family generosity and support of me was almost overwhelming.

Some three weeks back into the University session, Saffi and I had to head over

to Murrayfield Hospital to meet with my counsellor and a psychiatrist.

The first appointment was with my surgeon and he had me strip down to my panties and bra and proceeded to give me a really thorough examination. I had asked Saffi to be present with me, as I had never revealed my gaffe before.

Eventually came the moment to remove my panties. I stepped out of them to reveal my gaffe and the sight of it immediately elicited a comment from him.

“My, I have never seen one of those before and very impressive in terms of accuracy. Couple that with your hips and waist now, Clare, I can understand why you easily pass close inspection. Now could you remove it for me and climb in the chair.”

Saffi smiled at my discomfort as I took off my gaffe and revealed my naked clitoris, my penis.

I did as he asked and climbed into the equivalent of a gynaecological chair, complete with stirrups to spread my legs. He took his time measuring me, asking questions about my functionality, feeling my testicles and then inspecting my hips and anus.

It was just plain embarrassing and humiliating, and I was squirming inside.

He finished up with an anal speculum and inspected inside me, explaining that he was looking forward to any reassignment surgery and quickly giving me a first assessment me for the depth of vagina that I could take and, hence, the skin requirements and grafts that I would need.

The good news was that I could be stitched up fairly tightly over my scrotal sac to leave my penis hanging down as a pseudo-clitoris.

I had a second appointment with the endocrinologist and that was an easy discussion and appraisal as my hormonal balance was so much better now.

However, we did discuss the balance of oestrogen post-surgery and it could be possible that I would see a little more breast development to take me up to a full B cup or even into a small C cup.

Saffi was thrilled with this news. I would still be smaller than her but I should



have a “jolie poitrine” for my lingerie.

Then came the meeting with my counsellor and psychiatrist and they sat together but split the interview, just with me first and then followed by both of us.

Questions came thick and fast and were almost rather accusatory that we were just on a stupid BDSM kick.

I had to keep reiterating that this was a means to an end with the reassignment surgery somewhere down the line, but hopefully not too distant in the future given the science advancements going on. It would remove the need for testosterone suppressors and that it represented the third physical step towards full womanhood. The breast growth and my cosmetic surgery represented the other two.

Next came a range of questions about family relationships and I candidly explained how my side thought about my feminisation and that my mother would now at least support me, but also stressed the love, assistance and backing of Saffi's family.

That triggered a range of questions about our relationship and I stressed that this operation was for me, then Saffi as we were a couple, not in the other order.

It was a little white lie in part given Saffi's want of me to go this route, but then I really wanted it too albeit I would waver about it from time to time given the magnitude and severity of the surgery.

Finally, they grilled me about my knowledge of the procedure, reassignment surgery, and the risks involved and seemed pretty happy with my detailed and honest appraisal.

Some forty-five minutes had gone by and they then called Saffi in with me.

The questions were repeated in abbreviated form and then came a kicker one to both of us about what would we do if they turned us down.

My response was that it would force us to look overseas to probably Canada or the USA but that would be disappointing, as I had been impressed by the care and support that I had received at the Murrayfield, using the recent fatigue issue as a small example.

Saffi chipped in that as we were now privately funded, hence outside the NHS and that the finances were no issue. It would mean looking very much at North America or perhaps London in the first instance and, for us however, we preferred an operation in the UK or North America rather than risking surgery in Thailand or Morocco.

We were “released” with a verdict that we would hear in a week as to a decision and, if positive, a procedure date would be set-up for just before Christmas.

I put in a request for the 12th or 13th of December to allow me to finish my courses for the holiday season.

Looking at each other, they did remark that they were well-impressed with our knowledge and answers and that this was evidently a well-thought through and serious transsexual application.

We left with a “Phew,” a kiss, and then a pre-celebratory dinner and into a lovely, soft bed for an intimate session amongst the decorating materials.

A week later we got the envelope and I couldn’t open it, I was that emotional. It was worse than exam results. Saffi took the envelope and read the letter inside with a large smiling beam.

She didn’t mess around with me:

“Well, Clare, you are going to lose those balls of yours and become a ‘two-thirds girl’ on the 13th of December. Yesssss.”

We kissed long and hard in celebration and opened a bottle of champagne.

We were “on.”

Even better, I could get nine days recovery time and we could then hopefully get to Garrison for Christmas.

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The work on the apartment finished and the old place looked really good and befitting two twenty-somethings about Edinburgh.

Just finishing it took a lot of pressure off me allowing me to focus on my course work. My “professional course” was going really well and I was enjoying it far more than I thought I would and I could use Saffi for my homework and practice. In fact, she came in and volunteered as my client for the final assessment.

I managed to pass with credit and was then immediately enrolled for the Hairdressing Course for the Spring session.

The other thing was that I enjoyed being “one of the girls” on the course and became good, platonic friends with one of them, Julia, and Saffi and I took her out for dinner one Friday evening, just before the session end, and told her about me, without going into the nature of our full relationship.

Julia would become a very good friend to chat with in coffee breaks or when Saffi was busy, we became phone buddies; she was older than the average age of the students being twenty one. Actually, I was the third oldest of all of us, which had surprised me back on the first day, thinking the girls would all be younger.

Ahead of the Michaelmas term-end and my imminent operation, Saffi and I headed southwards by car for a weekend near York.

Apart from having a chance to have a mini-break from all our work, the main purpose was to meet the Finishing-School Principal and to see the house and facilities.

We stayed in Ripley, near Ripon, in a lovely old coaching inn, the Boars Head.

The bedroom was comfortable with a nice Victorian bathroom, perhaps a little chintzy for my taste, but it did reflect “country England” and the staff were attentive, helpful and nice.

The dining room was very pleasant, a sophisticated shabby-chic appearance with dark red walls, old antique tables with nice white linen, simple china and candle-lit, all of which added to the romance. It had rather ecclesiastical windows reflecting some of the history of the village and the inn’s close ties to the Castle.

A nice supper, comfortable night and a filling breakfast, we set off to drive to the School, which was just over an hour away on the edge of the Dales.

Saffi drove and I navigated and soon we were way out in the countryside and beyond civilisation.

Finally we reached the main gate and drove up a long drive to this rather magnificent Georgian house; it was almost a small castle sitting in its own gardens and with large wings and, as we were to find, a range of coach houses and outhouses at the rear.

We pulled up, parked on the gravel and got out with me straightening my clothing ahead of meeting my possible new and temporary, “Mâitresse.”

I had dressed very conservatively with a blue below-knee-length, dark-blue, tartan skirt, a pale-blue feminine blouse, female blazer and black tights with low black pumps, my hair with a tartan slide in it, gold stud earrings, Saffi’s diamond ring, Fallon’s watch, and my plain “Talena” collar that Saffi had put on me the night that Per and Pamela had made love to me in San Francisco.

It may have been a bondage collar but it was also a lovely plain neck-band piece of jewellery in its own right. Saffi had been right about that and between it, my ankle chain and the diamond Tiffany padlock necklace; it gave me a continual reminder of my commitment and subservience to Saffi.

We rang the doorbell and a couple of minutes later, this distinguished looking, late fifties, woman appeared and ushered us into this magnificent foyer with its statues, an imposing staircase, old clocks and a fireplace, all rather indicative of having been originally designed by an architect in the Adams school.

She introduced herself as Lady Seaton, the Principal of the Hall. I surprised Saffi by a little curtsy to her.

Saffi introduced herself and then me.

“I am glad to meet you, Clare. I have met your potential roommate, Chrissie, in New York and I am sure that she will really enjoy her time here. However, I hear that you are English or perhaps Scottish, aren’t you?”

“English, Ma’am.”

We were led through to a living room, or reception room. Lady Seaton already had some tea and coffee prepared for us. As she poured us two coffees, she asked,

“Saffi has briefed me well about you. You are already a graduate aren’t you, Clare?”

“Yes Ma’am, I already hold a Bachelors and a Masters and am studying for my second Masters in Philosophy of Islamic and Middle Eastern Studies.”

“Oh my goodness, we do not often get any graduates, never mind girls with three degrees aboard already. I see you speak French and that could be most useful. Do you speak other languages?”

“Some Italian and currently I am learning Arabic as part of the Masters.”

“Now, I want to ask you about your domestic skills?”

“Well, Ma’am, I enjoy cooking. I have an extensive knowledge of wine, I love to draw and paint and I enjoy interior design.

Saffi intervened to say,

“Lady Seaton, Clare is an excellent cook, I can testify for that, but I am sure she will enjoy learning new techniques, especially for private function catering.”

Lady Seaton nodded to herself.

“She also has new skills with a certificate in Manicure and Make-up and will be adding hairdressing and beauty therapy by the end of the summer.”

My prospective “Mâitresse” looked on, I think somewhat surprised by this peculiar mix of high academia and vocational skills.

“I know all about you, Clare, and you will be much older than our usual students who are normally seventeen to nineteen, may be the occasional twenty to twenty-one year old girl. How do you think my course would benefit you? – and please do not answer this, Saffi.”

“Well, if you know everything about me, you will know that I am a transsexual

and in the process of becoming a female full time, and that I am already trothed to Saffi. The course that you would offer would assist me in the development of my feminine skills such as deportment, dance, grace, elegance and poise along with entertainment and hospitality. I also suspect that Saffi will think that it will add to my overall confidence in supporting her. Hopefully, I do not need support in my wardrobe selection as I think that I dress pretty well. However, I am not going to be arrogant and say that I do not need a review as we can always improve.”

“Could you give me a twirl and a walk across the reception room and back, Clare?”

I did as I was requested, Lad Seaton looking on, saying nothing about my gait.

“Well Clare, when Saffi contacted me and even though she had been to a finishing school, I was most hesitant to take you on. However, I do know Saffi’s mother from the past and had a long conversation with her about you and she is the one that got me seriously looking at you, as I have never handled a girl of your genre before. She thinks that you are an exceptional transgender and given their position in American society, that exposure to our teaching and ways would serve you well in your life as a ‘châtelaine’ to Saffi.

She smiled at me and continued,

“Your transformation is indeed remarkable from what I see today and you are very convincing. However, I am sure that some deportment work and belief in yourself will work wonders for you. I have one major question though. I know that you are committed to Saffi and that you are certainly feminine in your outlook, but what assurances will I have that there will not be incidents with other girls?”

“This might sound rather drastic and dramatic, Lady Seaton, I am being castrated very shortly and that will largely remove my sexual interest or, rather, bring it totally under control, Ma’am. There are good reasons for this as it really accelerates me down the path to full reassignment surgery.”

Saffi chimed in:

“And with Chrissie present, she can take care of any such activities or interest and vica-versa, as she is likely going to be committed to my sister, Fallon,

shortly. You would also have my full permission to punish Clare however you see fit for any misdemeanour, however small, and I am sure Fallon would say the same for Chrissie.”

“That information does put a different light on things and it means that this could just work. What I am thinking about is making you a half-student, Clare. You could be an excellent resource for me if you were to teach French, the economics part of home economics, the introduction to wine and to be a mentor and coach to the girls.”

Lady Seaton looked at me closely, her eyes seeking a non-verbal response,

“However, I would expect you to live as one of the younger girls. For example that means wearing our uniform and total obedience to the rules and system, just as if you were seventeen so no special privileges or trips to see Saffi, no major jewellery or anything that speaks “sex” other than your engagement ring which I will permit because of what that means, and your total commitment to being here. I will think of an extra privilege or two, as I am sure that you will not want to socialise fully with them. Could you do that and live with the constraints of effectively a closeted school life again?”

“I believe so Ma’am as I know what my ultimate reward is to be, as in pleasing Saffi and being a credit to her.”

“Well, I do not normally encourage lesbian relationships as a future for my girls but I do understand where the two of you are coming from and life has its variations in love. I suspect Chrissie is all part of a female web as well so I think I know how to handle this and keep things apart from the other girls. No more information please. Let us go and look at the facilities.”

We had a guided tour and the kitchens were particularly impressive. The rest of the facilities, especially the dormitories, resembled being back at school.

Lady Seaton showed us the bedroom with its own bathroom and she said that this room would be the one that Chrissie and I were to share to give us some privacy, her argument to other girls would be that we were older than them and “family.” Also, that I needed space for study and course preparation.

Lady Seaton pulled out an example of the hall uniform that I was to wear and it was pretty awful, as Saffi had said; a very pale, sky-blue long skirt with a

matching collarless jacket, an ivory-white blouse with a small Peter-Pan collar and ruffed sleeves, blue tights, along with a single strand of pearls and blue high heels, to be worn nearly all the time, except for country activities and sport, and everything there, clothes-wise, was prescribed.

I thought the uniform style and look would make me look like a walking Tiffany present with all the pale blue and ivory-white involved.

She pointed out that a list of requirements would come through at the start of the summer with the regulations, but in essence casual wear was strictly controlled as was type of lingerie, in essence full brief, heavy-duty white panties, full cup bras, no stockings just tights, full length nighties or jammies. We would be allowed two casual outfits and one evening dress.

And no long handled hairbrushes.

Apart from the kitchen, there was a well-equipped dance studio, a small gym that allowed some fitness training and fencing, a gun and fishing room, and a nice in-door swimming pool.

Again one piece pale blue leotards and swimming costumes, trimmed in ivory-white piping were mandatory.

We said our “Goodbyes” to Lady Seaton and she parted with a “I look forward to shaping you into a fine young woman, Clare.”

We returned to the Boar’s Head via Harrogate to visit a wonderful bakery and teashop, “Betty’s,” and we pigged out on their creamy cakes that certainly would not do our waists any good.

Saffi was happy with what she had seen at the Hall and how good it would be for my discipline, deportment and grace, submission and skill base.

She joked that with all these new skills, along with my eventual full surgery, I could easily be managed as a very high-class pan-sexual escort. I laughed with her, as I knew that she wouldn’t want me exposed to the risks that such a trade would bring.

Without saying anything to Saffi, I must admit to being less than content about all this and what I had seen but, probably, it was more nerves and certainly there



was a certain discomfit in regard of being an “aged” school girl.

I also wondered what lay in store for these few weeks when I would be without my shield, Saffi, to exert authority over me and I would be in the hands of a sixty year old woman who was certainly Alpha oriented in her approach to overall discipline within her “School.”

But then I knew it would have its benefits on me as to my overall deportment and femininity in life, and it was only for sixteen weeks of my life.

We stole a little session in bed and then had a bath together before dressing for dinner, with me soaping down Saffi and giving her responsive, perky breasts and back a massage.

Saffi put me into a black corset with a pair of Pamela’s black crusted panties that had arrived by post in a sealed bag, along with a simple black dress and stockings while she wore a caramel coloured high-waist trouser suit with a white top.

Dinner was intimate and warm with a lovely meal starting with local Warm Pigeon with Bacon and Black Pudding Salad and Shetland Mussels cooked in a Yorkshire cider.

We followed this by both choosing Roast Sea Bream with a delicious Whitby Crab Mash, and served with citrus oil, something that I would definitely have a go in making for us back in our new kitchen in Edinburgh.

We also selected a Beaune red wine with our food, having started with a nice cold and nettle-like Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc.

Saffi teased me about how good I would look in that Hall uniform and whether she would have my hair grow out further so it could be plaited for matching ribbons.

We joked about Lady Seaton and wondered if she had any Fem Domme, BDSM or lesbian tendencies in her or whether she had a stiff British upper lip when it came to sexual matters and that the act “was for something in the farmyard.”

With a nice selection of British cheeses and then a dessert of local treacle tart, we were more than sated.

The two of us settled down in the lounge in front of a good log fire, curled up together with coffee, and good-sized balloons of an old Armagnac at hand.

Life was feeling good and I would miss our times together like this or at home when Saffi would head back to the States to finish her Masters.

Upstairs and back in our bedroom which wasn't that spacious, Saffi had me kneel in front of her and then very slowly undress her and worship her stockinged feet, and then up to her bra and nipples, and then slowly down her well-toned stomach to her tummy button and then onto her now-damp panties, mound and finally deep into her pussy, seeking that I bring her up to two climaxes before even thinking about myself.

Following this and with me covered facially in her cum, she suggested that I climb into my full-length, heavy, silky nightie that she had me pack back in Edinburgh.

But first, she ordered me to remove my gaffe, as she wanted my clit exposed this evening.

She provocatively took her own cream panties off and anchored them onto my head with a long ribbon so that I could inhale her fresh cum that was soaking into her cotton gusset.

A second pair of her ivory, silky panties was used to blindfold me, my eyes trying to see through the soft fabric of where her buttocks had been.

I loved being ensconced in silky fabrics like this, and she fully knew it.

She led me to the bed and had me lie down to slip on my wrist cuffs and secure me to the bed-head with chains.

I felt her lie down next to me as I took in wonderful intimate perfume.

She let me contemplate her aroma for some fifteen or twenty minutes before I felt her hands wandering firstly over my breasts and then over my crotch, stroking me through the weighty silk of my nightie, exhorting me to take in her scent.

She pulled the nightie material up and started to play with my clitoris and under

it, carefully stroking my testicles, bringing it up to being hard. She was taunting me with,

“Not so long now, Clare. We shall stop your sperm from flowing and any risk of insemination of us women that you are so involved with.”

She teased the head of my clit a little.

“Ok, hold on a minute or so.”

The next thing I knew was that she pulled her panties up a little on me to expose my mouth and fitted on our chin dildo, its straps pulling the cream panties gusset closer to my nose and a small chain attached to my Talena collar that I was still wearing, now along with my Tiffany padlock necklace.

Saffi climbed over me and lowered herself onto the protruding cock, her bottom encompassing my face, and started to fuck herself on me.

Her movement had the effect of double-smothering me as she pushed her own panties close on to me, forcing me to inhale nothing but Saffi-laced air.

Slowly she brought herself to a third orgasm of the evening, shaking and gripping onto the cock as she came, making me be totally absorbed in her and now with her cream flowing off the dildo into my mouth.

She wasn't finished though.

She climbed off the chin dildo, undid it, and went to pull her panties back into place on my head, but only before scooping her sticky cum into my mouth off her fingers, crusting me up even further.

Not that I was going to object to this, I loved being smeared in her cum and have it dry on me. Utopia for me would involve being immersed in a Saffi cum-bath and being made to drink her nectar in copious quantities.

She moved down the bed, pulled my nightie well up on me and ensured that I was firm and hard for her, bringing her mouth over my clitoris, a very rare event indeed, as she never really took me orally.

Oral sex was my task on her.

Her wonderful oral masturbation of me did not last long as she took me whole, taking my cum into her mouth without a drop spilling, before kissing me and making me take my own cum on top of hers already in and on me.

She mounted me and quickly fucked me towards another climax as she came on me. My ability to respond so quickly twice in succession astonished me but this was such unusual sex between us.

Saffi's last remark of the act was,

“Not long before you lose this, Clare.”

She climbed off me, pulled my nightie down as I deflated, then drew the sheets up over both of us and cuddled me into her arms, her panties still enfolded over my head.

This was how I was to sleep, totally in her power and control of me.

Eventually I fell asleep, thinking about the day and what was to come on both the operation and the Hall front.

I woke, still taking in the scent of Saffi and lay there as the light came in.

Saffi woke some fifteen or twenty minutes later and immediately went into morning service mode straddling my mouth with her pussy so that I could see up her body to her dominant position right over me.

“You know what to do, Clare.”

My tongue found her already wet gash and I revelled in taking in her pre-cream, enjoying her folds and then focusing on her clitoris with some prolonged suction on it, followed by gentle tongue rolling of her love button.

This soon had her cumming and then followed quickly by a more intense orgasm as I moved down to find her pussy entrance and tongue fuck her as best I could.

She lay across my mouth after cumming, letting me slowly clean her up and prepare her for the bathroom.

“I am not going to poop on you today, Clare, and in fact I am not going to pee on

you in the bathroom.

I took this in, somewhat surprised by this news. She continued,

“However, I am going to pee on you here in bed. You had better take me all in and drink me, or you are going to be embarrassed by the state of the bed if you don’t have control of me.”

She moved right over me with her snatch and before I could even comment or react, I knew she was going to stream on me.

And stream she did with her golden nectar, still pretty sweet and probably tinged with the treacle from the tart the night before.

I swallowed and swallowed to take her in and avoid any spillage and all but managed this, far beyond anything that I had done in the past.

As she finished, she pressed down on me.

“Use your tongue to clean me up, Clare, and good girl, you are really becoming an excellent female toilet for me to use.”

I savoured her sweet and sour taste that slowly became cummier and cummier as my tongue stimulated her pussy again.

How multi-orgasmic could Saffi be; she seemed to be always full of them.

Another super breakfast at the Boar’s Head and we then gradually headed back to Edinburgh, taking our time to visit the Percy estate in Alnwick in Northumberland.

The end of the Michaelmas term was rapidly approaching and I admit now to some nagging doubts, not least what would happen when Saffi had to return to Washington D.C. to finish her Masters.

## **Chapter-Two**

## *It's Operation Time*

Time soon passed between returning from Yorkshire to Edinburgh and the end of the Christmas term.

The University work was pretty minimal and it allowed Saffi and I to enjoy the City and University and all that it offered in terms of Christmas services, art galleries, theatre and cinema in the start of the run-in for Christmas, as well as to meet with various friends. The streets were full of vibrancy and fun.

The day term officially finished, Pamela and Fallon flew into Glasgow airport on the Friday morning and we drove over to meet them off the overnight flight from JFK.

It was really nice to see them again and they were over here for my imminent emasculation, ostensibly to help me in recuperation but, in truth, probably for a little Scottish Christmas shopping trip as well, before Saffi headed back Stateside to complete her Masters.

My operation was due at two o'clock on the following Monday afternoon.

In the intervening time from having got back from my potential finishing school, I had been to the hospital for a range of blood tests, urine analysis, a CT and an x-ray as pre-operative routines.

For the past two weeks I had had to avoid painkillers and I had just started an anti-biotic regime.

My doctor who was going to the surgery had suggested that he would give me a scrotal orchiectomy rather than a bilateral one as he could make a neat job of tightening my scrotal sac without sacrificing potential skin graft material for my eventual vagina.

He also felt that I should have a quick recovery time within ten to fourteen days and a month to full normality.

The last visit had me feeling nervous about all of this, but rather more it was the excitement of knowing I was making the next step to becoming a much more realistic submissive female, and devoting myself to Saffi.

Pamela and Fallon had decided to stay with us until Tuesday and then to move into a suite in the nearby George Hotel to give Saffi and me more space while I recovered.

We got back to Abercromby Place and they had loved the drive through Edinburgh, commenting on how centrally we were located and what a great street to reside on.

They loved what we had done with it and the central location that it made it so convenient not only for our School facilities but also for the shopping.

They showered and changed and we wandered out for a walk around Edinburgh to allow them to get their bearings for their retail therapy.

I also arranged with the insurance company their cover so as to be able to drive our car, allowing them to visit other places while they were over with us.

We took them for lunch in the Queen's Café at the National Portrait Art Gallery, the café we ate at just before our affair was consummated for the very first time.

We opted for two of their double platters to share, Pamela and I sharing their "Mound," a mix of Scottish salmon, local ham, cheeses, pâtés and oatcakes along with a leek soup.

In true Murchison fashion, we managed to consume a couple of bottles of a light Pinot Grigio to accompany the food.

Over the morning, there were lots of questions about our courses and progress on that front, Edinburgh and the sights, the apartment and then, of course, my imminent procedure.

It was while we were eating lunch that Saffi announced,

"Clare, we all know that you are committed and brave to go through all of this surgery for us and for me, and to help you to eventually get to the position that you are physically like the three of us. I love you for that and so do the family.



This is why Mom and Fallon are here, not only to support us but to demonstrate their love of you.”

I blushed and muttered something about it not being necessary and hopefully, if all went well, we would be all together for Christmas. Clare continued,

“We need to celebrate your forthcoming change and so we have arranged three special nights. We want to ensure that we really express our love to you and so we will milk you dry over the next three nights. You will be celebrated and honoured by each one of us from tonight to Sunday. Pamela wishes to take you first tonight, Fallon tomorrow, and I want to be the last person that ever receives your sperm-laden cum. You will give us total service so that you are drained come Monday.”

I looked at them, almost open mouthed,

“Oh goodness me, I will try and be on my best for each of you.”

We settled the account and headed out over to Castle Street to visit the Tartan Weaving Mill. I must say that I didn’t know anything about the history or genealogy associated with tartans but was somewhat surprised to find that, given their name with its Scottish origins, the Murchison families had no direct association with a kilt. However, we were able to use the Buchanan tartans.

From the mill we caught a taxi over to the Kinloch Anderson in Leith where we spent the rest of the afternoon going through the various kilts and trying them on to end up with all of us opting for the Buchanan Hunting tartan, a plait of rich blues, green and brown.

We thought that it would make a great way to dress for Per on Christmas day, along with a simple polo style top. Pamela and Fallon had a serious assault on their credit cards.

Having had a super shopping spree, we headed back to the apartment so that Pamela and Fallon could have a short (and time-controlled) nap to help them through their jet-lag.

This gave Saffi and I a chance to have a little “kiss and a cuddle, but nothing involving “cumming.” That was to wait until later.

We showered, I had an enema to prepare my gurl pussy for later, then make-up and we started to dress for dinner.

Saffi disappeared into the guest room and came back to say,

“Clare, Mom wants you to dress in your lovely pewter dress tonight, along with black lingerie, preferably your laced waspie so that is what it will be. And you will wear these.”

She held up a black, Prima Donna, balcony bra and a rio-style brief. She opened the panties inside-out so that I could see the heavy crusting inside.

The bra and panties were made out of a checked-ribbed effect with the bra cups trimmed in transparent lace, as well as the side panels. The wide bra straps were offset with little pearled ribbons that duplicated one in the centre of the panties mound.

I put both articles on, the stiffness of the panties up against me as Pamela wanted me “au naturel” tonight.

Saffi helped me into my waspie, lacing me tightly at the back, leaving the long, unused strands hanging provocatively down my bottom cleavage, over the soft silky fabric of Pamela’s panties.

I put on new, black stockings and Saffi then fixed on my Talena collar and cuffs, complete with the bondage rings showing.

Over on to me went my dress, and Saffi buttoned me up.

Lastly, my black heels, engagement ring, my diamond, padlock necklace, my watch and a spray of perfume and I was there.

Saffi dressed up in a black cocktail dress with pearls and her ring from me, along with her diamond studs.

Pamela and Fallon were ready, Fallon was also in a cocktail dress, a burgundy one, and Pamela had a long pleated green skirt, a similarly coloured brocade jacket and an ivory blouse. Both were beautifully made up and jewelled.

We were booked into the Number One restaurant in the Balmoral Hotel and it

was just a short walk from the apartment down Hanover Street and into Princes Street to get there, ideal for Pamela and Fallon given their short night, the night before.

“Have you got a chain for the cuffs, Saffi.”

“Yes, Mom.”

Saffi produced one of our fine chains and Pamela attached one end to my left wrist, padlocking it on, and then she revealed that she too was wearing a cuff bracelet on her right wrist under her jacket and she hooked the other end of the chain on.

“Ok, you are very much mine to be taken tonight, Clare, and you shall remain attached to me all evening.”

Coats went on though Pamela and I wore shawls, bags at the ready, and we headed off, Pamela holding me by the hand all the way to Number One.

We were shown to our table in a corner with two mushroom coloured chairs and a banquette.

Saffi and Fallon took the chairs, leaving Pamela and I to have a little more flexibility to eat and drink, given the chain between us.

The setting of the restaurant was rather club-like with rich coloured, almost purple, dark walls, and highly polished wood panelling, covered in a mass of small, modern prints.

We had a Bollinger champagne as an aperitif and Pamela toasted me the best of luck for Monday and, for her and Per, it was the best decision that I could make as it had me moving to full transformation.

As one, we ordered their lobster with leek purée and asparagus, followed by Sea Bass, Shellfish Macaroni and Chestnut Mushrooms for Saffi and I, whereas Pamela went for Monkfish with Marrow Crust, Razor Clams, Wild Garlic, and Shallot Purée, and Fallon settled on a Duck Leg and Breast with Confit Potatoes.

Pamela and I chose a concentrated Meursault Tessons Morey, and a Vosne-Romanée Premier Cru as wines to accompany this feast.

As we got to the cheese course, Pamela had me go under the table cloth and lift her skirt to take her scent in from her already damp pussy.

The familiar sweet pussy juice, that I was to be bathed later in, came through strongly as I nuzzled my nose and tongue against her black, tanga panties. I noted that she was in black stockings with wide, black garter belts holding them up. I just adored worshipping her pussy, as it was so similar to that of her daughter who I so loved.

The cheese came and followed by desserts and Saffi and I could not miss such an offering as a sticky toffee soufflé with dates, chocolate and a caramel sauce, memories of La Cigale in Paris flooding back.

Some coffee and vintage port and we were well set for the rest of the evening ahead.

It was on the way back to Abercromby Place that my sexual service to Pamela was really initiated.

Pamela had me halt for a few seconds and from her clutch bag she produced a zip-lock bag with two of her panties in.

As soon as she opened it, I knew these were heavily stained from their aroma coming out of the bag and, very quickly, she had a pair turned inside out and in my mouth and the other pair over my nose.

Fallon lifted my dress, lowered my panties and, without any ceremony, pushed home what I thought was the heavy, Axsmar plug.

What then amazed me was that Saffi produced my hood from her bag and put this over me and I was guided back the three hundred yards or so to the apartment, digesting Pamela's intimacy, and probably looking very bizarre to anybody passing us by.

But it was what awaited me when we reached the apartment itself that was uppermost in my mind at that moment...

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Inside the apartment, I was led through to our bedroom.

I was ordered to remain standing and the chain to my wrist cuff Pamela had attached to herself in order to hold me, was released.

Next, the girls removed my shoes and dress and my panties were pulled down a little for my plug to be replaced with something substantially larger that one of them had lubricated.

The panties were then tugged back up into place as I heard the rustling of a box and an order to put my hands in the air, after which something soft, silky and all-enveloping was put over me, followed by a robe.

It turned out to be an exquisite, custom made, French long nightie, made out of beautiful, black silk and Calais lace with beautifully sculpted fabric and discreet pleats that fell from just below my knees.

The gossamer silkiness above covered my breasts and was sleeveless with a sharp V that came off my shoulders and was covered in lace four inches in width.

The back of the nightdress, covered with more of the lace, plummeted down my back to the nape of my bottom.

Also, there was a ribbon lacing from the middle to the small of my back to tighten the dress on me, the ribbon strands then hanging down over the upper part of my bum.

The robe matched the nightdress in being made in the same material but only with a small amount of lace on its hems and came with long plain sleeves while the robe itself swept all the way to the floor, effectively wrapping me up and sealing me in a silken haven.

I could feel my clit stiffening with the fabric sensation that was exacerbated by the taste and scent of Pamela streaming into me under the hood that blacked out all light, demanding that I focus totally on her and how she was to use me that night.

This was highly erotic and stimulating to me, silky encasement being high on my list of submission to a woman's authority.

My women more than knew about my "weakness" in this area and how it would get me so "jelly-legged" and weak at the knees.

One of the girls helped me onto the bed and my wrists were secured and raised above me to be tied off.

Saffi had insisted a couple of large hooks be inserted into a beam above our bed and painted when we had redone the room but, given her interest in bondage was mild at best, I thought that these were more for hanging mobiles from.

The next thing I knew a chain was coming down and I was being attached to it with my wrists and arms above me.

Similarly, chains were attached off my ankle cuffs, forcing me to stand there with my legs splayed and thereby putting more focus on my clit straining inside Pamela's well crusted panties.

I could have almost cum then and there but Pamela sensed my arousal and barked at me to hold myself as she wanted to extract my emission from me, describing in detail how it would enter and soak her excited and ready pussy.

They left me there, standing on the bed, meditating on Pamela, and I heard them leave the room, most likely, I told myself enviously, to pour themselves a drink.

Some fifteen minutes later I heard someone enter the room and begin to stroke my breasts before tweaking my nipples through the nightie.

Whoever it was disappeared again just as I was growing hot.

This slow, intermittent sensual massage continued on and on with someone massaging a different part of my body, but studiously avoiding my clit.

It must have been after over an hour of exquisite torture when a hand I presumed to be Pamela's came between my robe and under my nightdress to remove my plug and replace it with what felt like a very hefty vibrator.

It was switched on and again I was left to contemplate what was to follow.

Some fifteen minutes later I heard the door open again and more rustling.

A hand, Pamela's I assumed, released my chain, undid my wrist cuffs, helped me out of my robe and, finally, pulled my nightdress off so to leave me standing there in nothing but my lingerie.

Pamela ordered me to close my eyes and removed the hood, only to cover me with black briefs, covered in silk and mousseline that limited my eyesight so that everything appeared opaque, then, on being told to open my eyes, I made out a now dimly lit room.

Reattaching my cuffs and the chain from her position behind me, she started to play with my body, her long fingers and exquisitely manicured nails dancing and teasing as they fluttered across the surface of my goose-bump covered skin, as the vibrator was adjusted for its speed through the gusset of her panties to torment me further.

This was sensual torture at its most supreme.

Finally, she released me and had me lie forward on the soft sheets, taking off my panties and then securing my collar and thigh cuffs to my wrists so that I could not turn over, before pushing a large pillow under my pussy to elevate my bottom and give her easier access to me.

Pamela stood deliberately to the side of me so that I could see her and I saw that she too was dressed in a black silk nightdress and robe, similar to mine but more strappy over the shoulders and a déshabille over her, arranged so that its long folds covered her breasts, her crotch and her bottom.

I mention this as I could see that the fabric was a semi-transparent, black mousseline and was revealing her lovely curvature, the only solid parts being the upper hem of her décolletage with a flower-like finishing running down her sternum and upper tummy.

She simply stood there, letting me take in the gorgeous sight of her, a woman old enough to be my mother and mother to my partner, but still with enough confidence in the wonderfully toned shape that would not have shamed the body of a thirty-something to reveal herself in such an intimate way to me.

She let her déshabille fall away and my goodness, there she was semi-naked

under this beautiful robe, her suspender belt and stockings framing her delicious cunt area, and her nipples, standing hard out of their aureoles mounted on her still firm breasts, and clearly pushing through her nightdress with their excitement.

But also, clearly evident, a large pink cock-strap with a massive life-like penile helmet head hanging down from her pussy area and highly visible beneath the fabric.

I could see that it was of the double variety one and her end was helping to hold her “Priapus” in restraint before she let it rise, hard and erect, as it pushed up the fabric of her nightie prior to taking me.

“I am going to fuck you first, Clare, as I need to hit my own high. No cumming yet, but if you want to blow your brain with a dry orgasm, that’s ok.”

Pamela provocatively let her hands rub over her own body, caressing her nipples, her breasts and down to her cock, simulating masturbating it through the nightie veil covering it; allowing me to see all of this before removing her robe to pose before me in just her suspender belt, stockings and protruding cock.

Moving behind my line of sight, she climbed onto the bed and shifted herself up over me to remove my vibrator.

Then I felt her weight over my back.

Pulling herself over me and seeking out my breasts with her hands, I suddenly sensed her cock at the entrance to my love channel.

I was so wide open that she slipped into me, starting to make love to me and enjoy the motions of the other penis inside her cunt.

Pamela’s strokes in and out of me became harder and harder, not loving now but a rigid and demanding fucking of me, frothing my inner g-spot and erotically stimulating me as I fought not to cum.

Her rich sweet perfume bombarded my brain as I tried to obey her and not spoil her pleasure by ejaculating.

Later, I knew, she would want to milk me herself.



I could feel her beginning to tense up on me as she took me and her climb towards orgasm accelerated.

There was a deep guttural moan as she came hard on her cock and collapsed forwards to wrap herself over my bottom and back to rest, lightly kissing my neck and my collar as she recovered.

Finally, her hands came forward and undid my collar chains and then my wrists before she dismounted from both me and the bed.

She released my legs and had me turn over just to re-attach my chains again, before taking her panties off me and putting them to one side with a smile:

“We’ll bind you back in these later.”

Pamela removed her strap-cock, pulling her side of the pubic plate out with a “cloop”, and I saw that her phallus was coated with her sticky, cummy goo.

She presented it to me to lick off and enjoy her nectar and rubbed the cock hard across my lips before making me oral it; then, as I finished taking her in, she swung herself over my head and neck to present her pussy to me, her gorgeous derriere over my nose to smother me.

The possibility of suffocation under Pamela didn’t even feature in my mind

Eagerly, I let my tongue wander over her to take in the remnants of her cum and please her towards another climax.

Her delicate folds and wrinkles pressed in upon me as I delighted in having to satisfy this beautiful cunt, nostrils flared with the mingled aroma of her anus and fresh cum.

Sensing my predicament in regard of oxygen, Pamela expertly manoeuvred herself to allow me the breath I needed and to frot her clit against my chin.

She rocked back and forth while my tongue wandered all over her love area, seeking out and probing her pussy entrance and then up to her anal bud to render the same service.

She squeezed herself on to me as much as she could to get my tongue to act as a

dildo in her and taking my breath away as she sought satisfaction from me.

Her pre-cum ooze started, filling my mouth and - almost champagne to me - I took her in avidly.

She continued her rocking and I could feel her trembling as her crisis arrived and her cum flooded into my mouth.

She sat there on me, letting me take her in, almost suffocating me and making me hers.

Certainly for the night, anyway.

Quickly she moved down my body and mounted my hard clit.

A few strokes up and down on her and I was letting go, flooding her womb, as she continued her intense orgasm.

She sat on me again, not letting go for some fifteen minutes as I settled back into a semi-hard state, wedged in her tight, moist cunt.

The sex continued on and long and hard and she took me, three times that night, before we both put on our sumptuous nightdresses and fell asleep, her arms, just as she had promised, holding me in as I continued to take in her aroma.

My reaction on looking back was and is one of pleasure.

Pamela was just so controlled, domineering, demanding and skilled in her love making of me. The scenario, into which I had been placed, was incredibly well thought through and I wondered which of the girls had come up with it, suspecting Saffi initially with, later, modifications and personalisation from Pamela.

The use of the nighties, enveloping me in silk and the sight of Pamela had been exquisite, really building me up to tempt me into a massive personal climax.

She knew how to really tease me and play off my “weaknesses” to get the best out of me. Enough, anyway, to ensure I bathed in her warmth and just wanted to cuddle into her, once she had sated herself.

She was, I realise, pushing me further and further into her web.

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It was gone nine o'clock when Saffi woke us with a coffee, and then I had to deliver Pamela a morning service; an orgasm, pee and another orgasm via my cleaning up of her.

I was shattered and I knew that I had two more nights of this to come. Could I take this?

We dressed casually and went and found a light breakfast of muesli, croissants and more coffee before Pamela "handed" me over to Fallon with me wearing her pink Chantelle tanga panties - her fit being better than wearing Saffi's but just a little tight.

Their presence against me was constantly felt, a continual reminder.

Fallon also had me wear a pink bra, then a black polo top and, lastly, she presented me with a mini-kilt in a black, purple and white pattern that she had bought from Anderson's yesterday. She suggested I wear either tights or leggings under it.

Actually, I rather liked this new look even though the kilt was much shorter than I normally wear. I knew that it would leave me feeling a little exposed, especially if the tights came off with springtime warmth.

Over it went a black wool coat that I had.

We spent the day mixing together tourism and shopping, more for Christmas presents than ourselves, and we had a lot of fun with that, lunch being just some quick salads and a glass of wine to set us up for the evening.

Fallon, with Saffi's assistance, had organised a very different dinner to Pamela's one and she had chosen a new and up-and-coming restaurant just behind the

Royal Mile that had a fun and easy-going atmosphere.

It was also getting rave reviews for its food, which came with a very modern Scottish theme to it, both in terms of dishes and sources.

On returning to Abercromby Place, we went through a similar preparation to the day before: a nap, enema and shower, and Saffi dressing me in what Fallon had selected.

Saffi pulled out two boxes for me. Inside the first was a white, silk, Jane Woolrich basque, similar in feel and construction to last night's lingerie with lace hemming with four major stays running down the sides and over the garters.

Saffi took off the bra straps to it and said I was to wear the basque without them.

I slipped it on and then Saffi gave me dark grey stockings to roll onto my legs.

Once these were on, she handed me a Woolrich white tanga that Fallon had worn and fully marked with her juices.

It looked like I was being subjected to the same treatment as last night again. On went my jewellery, collar and cuffs.

She handed me the second box as Fallon came in and said that it was a present from her.

I opened it and inside was an unusual Junya Watanabe dress in broad navy and white horizontal stripes, essentially a simple wool knit dress that came down to just above my knees with a wide circle at the bottom, a design created by this young, rising, Japanese designer.

On top, it left me naked on the shoulders; underneath I would feel the tug of my stockings. It fitted beautifully and was something that I wouldn't normally wear.

I gave Fallon a kiss to say thank-you for this lovely present.

Saffi handed me a pair of dark grey strappy heels that I had and, with my padlock necklace on and my collar, I certainly looked stunning.

I was ready and waited to be chained to Fallon, who was dressed in one of her

Chanel black numbers while Saffi and Pamela were outfitted in cocktail dresses.

Sure enough, on went the chain to Fallon and we headed out of the door, this time to catch a taxi to travel the relative short distance to the Grain Store.

The Grain Store was located above shops in an old loft full of old stone store-rooms that supplied it a unique and distinctive, rustic charm and overlooked one of the most scenic of Edinburgh's streets.

Careful lighting, low vaulted ceilings, old antiques and stripped floorboards, along with well-trained staff that weren't amiss of joining in, added to a care-free atmosphere and the food was simple and stunning. Ham Hock and Leek Risotto, Foie Gras, poached Quince and sautéed Pigeon, Home Smoked Salmon and Scrambled Eggs on their own Brioche and that was just the starters.

We chose mains of a roasted venison saddle with celeriac purée, Wild Seabass, Baby Leeks and a Seafood Velouté, Saddle of Border Lamb along with Caramelised Garlic and Apricot Savoy Cabbage parcels and a nice rare Aberdeen Angus Rib Eye of Beef with Slow Braised Cheek, Shallots and Wild Mushrooms.

And to drink, a Montrachet and a Bordeaux, a Chateau St. Pierre 1985 was selected to go alongside the food.

There was no table cloth on the candle-lit tables and, so this time before the Scottish cheese plate with home-made oatmeal biscuits, Fallon took me to the Ladies and made me service her in the stall, my nose pressed to her black tanga, through which I could see the outline of her naked cunt, her pussy lips well defined.

I nuzzled her clit that always needed more teasing to come out of its home than Saffi's did. I saw a little damp spot emerge.

With dessert and coffee, we started to head back but Saffi took us a little bit off track, up the Cowgate and into Victoria Street, to a club, "Espionage".

We sat down and a bottle of champagne arrived.

This was something that I hadn't really done with Saffi but, soon, the chain was passing between the Murchisons as we hit the dance floor.

The nice thing was that we were far from being the only lesbians in there and we were left largely to ourselves.

As we left the club around midnight, I was pantied and hooded for the second time in two days but, this time, Fallon had a penile gag and buckled it on to me before pushing her panties back into my mouth and inserting my preparation plug.

This time however, they walked me the whole way back from the Club.

To my chagrin, it was over half a mile and not just the final two hundred yards.

Not that I could, or was in a position, to say anything about this potential humiliation. The night before had been bad enough.

But this!

The only thought consoling me was that I had done this before and got away with it.

By this time, I was already feeling weak at the knees at the prospect of how Fallon would exert herself on me and then take me to her own satisfaction before, like the night before, I was led upstairs and my dress and shoes were removed.

This time, she took off my hood and gag but left her used panties in my mouth.

She searched in a box and produced a black and pink ball gag and strapped that on to me.

Over this, she replaced her panties and produced a second pink pair that partly blindfolded me – partly, as they were a tulle mesh like fabric that would have last been stretched over her bottom cheeks.

Then, out of the same box, came a bright, pink latex hood and she pushed and squeezed it over me until it all fitted snugly, really holding the panties in place.

I could see myself in the mirror looking odd with the pink pantie material veiling me through the eyes of the hood and a bright pink ball lodged in my mouth before, again, I was put on the chain and my cuffs hooked to the beam.

This time with a spreader between my thighs.

Bound and secure, taking in Fallon's scent and juices, I was now ready for her love and abuse.

She knew it, and left the room to go and see Saffi and Fallon.

She was gone for some thirty minutes and, finally, she reappeared with the other two who complimented her on her bondage of me.

"Enjoy Clare, Fallon, and milk her dry," was Saffi's last statement as she closed the door on us.

Fully intending to do just that, Fallon came across, removed my thin panties, and retired to the bedroom sofa to watch me and finish the wine she had fetched with her.

After some ten minutes, she came across into my line of vision and slowly removed her shoes and black Chanel cocktail dress.

I could make out that she looked stunning underneath dressed in a very fine, soft, plain in design except for its ribbing, leather corset. She had switched her panties out to wear a matching leather thong.

She stroked my bottom and retired behind me once more to sit down to contemplate me once again and for me to take her image into my mind.

I heard a rustling behind me again and Fallon reappeared in front of me to remove her thong to tease me by showing her pussy to me in intimate detail, already wet with anticipation, teasing me that I would shortly be tasting her cum and pee.

She took her Ultra-Lock strap that she had pulled out of the box and made sure she showed me the six inch dildo being absorbed into her hot waiting pussy before snapping it onto the strap shield. She positioned the buckles around her, ready to receive the penis with which she would be taking me.

She lifted behind her and out came this veined eight inch black dildo, distinctive again because of its helmet size and, in particular, its marked curvature.

I confess to a small feeling of trepidation as I thought of this entering me and invading my love tunnel, as she would, no doubt, be ploughing me in her usual aggressive manner.

She dropped behind me again and opened one of our cupboards, where we kept our sex toys and gear.

The next thing I knew was her standing behind me and feeling the thwack of a paddle hitting my back side.

This stung me with surprise; the second blow came in, even harder getting me to go “ouch” against my gag and, in doing so, tasting Fallon more intensely.

She kept up a relentless pummelling of me for some ten minutes, gagging me more and more.

And then her crop arrived, each stroke being a precursor to the main stroke by playing and teasing me with the tip before applying the ten well-placed strokes to sharpen me right up, two high up on me, six across my middle and lower buttocks and the two most painful, right across my thighs.

With this, she released me from my chain and put me in exactly the same position as Pamela had done the night before, removed my plug and immediately took me.

It was effectively a rape. There was no foreplay. She simply slammed deep into me, using the curvature of her hard black cock on me with incredible expertise and to lasting effect.

God, just like last night, I wanted to come as Fallon teased me with how I should wait to receive a real nine inch plus black cock in my cunt or anal tunnel.

She was pushing my mental buttons - and more aggressively than Pamela or Saffi naturally would - but it was working.

I wanted to be compliant to her.

To serve her.

To bring her to the most amazing orgasms of her young, if precocious, life.



I felt Fallon cum and she let out a large sigh and a moan of pleasure as euphoria washed over her, soaking her cock and oozing out along her puffy lips.

She stayed in me as a second orgasm washed over her, enjoying it to its maximum before gradually withdrawing.

She undid my chains, releasing me, and then fiddled around with my hood to release the ball gag and the panties from my mouth, all of this to drive her cum-coated cock into my mouth to take in her love juices encrusted upon the veins of the ersatz cock. Pleased by my cleaning of her prosthetic, Fallon had me lie on my back on my side of the bed and moved over my mouth.

“Ok, Clare, I understand from Saffi that you can take all my pee straight into you without spilling a drop. Make a mistake and you sleep in it. So it’s your choice? Get it right and you clean me up and bring me to another orgasm.”

After supplying my motivation, she released herself and I felt her pee flow through the lips of my latex hood as I quickly swallowed to avoid a mishap.

She was her usual tarter taste than Saffi.

Somehow though, despite the force of her emission, I managed to keep her flow under control and then went to work tonguing her dry.

This part of the water-sports “treatment” I have always found easier and more pleasurable - especially when the pre-cum shows like high notes on a wine and then gradually takes over as the climax builds.

I worked hard on Fallon’s clit as I always found it more difficult to get her flower to emerge from its hood - unlike her sister or mother – and before too long she came, juddering and shaking as the orgasm swept over her and her cum oozed out copiously into my expectant mouth.

Having come all over my mouth, she moved herself down my body and hovered over me, guiding my clit into her wet cunt so she could fuck me.

Some short, sharp strokes up and down and I was soon soaking her womb with my cum.

Just like her mother, Fallon kept up her sensual barrage on me and extracted my

cum twice more that night.

Finally she pulled off me, and kissed me, saying:

“Good Luck.”

She then had me remove my hood and lingerie and gave me a box.

“There’s something for you to wear in here, now that you won’t have your balls and too many erections from now on, but you can wear it tonight.”

I opened it up to find the most sensuous, pale blue, Casanova camisole and knickers set, made from a luxury silk mousseline that left nothing to the imagination as to seeing my breasts and nipples.

These were framed by lace across the top of my breasts and then up to the thin pale blue straps. The panties were tie-side ones with long silk ribbons hanging provocatively down.

Again, it was too generous of Fallon and something that I fell in love with. And a thoughtful present. She had a knack of buying unusual presents, and this set was one of those things that I wouldn’t have gone out and bought myself.

A brilliant choice.

Her love making was harder and less psychologically driven than her sister but I came to enjoy her fem-domme style as it brought back shades of Hannah - and Elaine - into play.

And she did have a caring side to her.

Just as did her sister.

Of course, Saffi knew her younger sister wasn’t competition to her when it came to final ownership of me and therefore was relaxed when Fallon did take me - I was much more twinned to Saffi’s style of psychological authority and all knew that.

I put the camisole on, then the panties and thought how sexy and cute I looked.

Fallon motioned with her finger for me to come and climb into bed and cuddle up to her for some French-kissing and body play.

Ten minutes later, we were both cumming again in synch with each other as our own climbs up to our climax summits arrived at the same time.

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I woke next morning, again late, and again with Saffi, in her nightie, bringing coffee in to us.

“Don’t do any toilet treatment this morning, Clare. We should keep you clean of that given that you are now just a day away from your procedure. You pass over back into my ownership now for the run in and beyond, my darling”

This brought home the imminence of what was shortly to happen and I first felt those little butterflies in me - not really seeds of doubt, you understand, but just the uncertainty of what was to happen to me.

Sensing this, I think, Saffi leaned over and kissed me:

“Move over you two, room for one more in Clare’s and my bed perhaps?”

So, instead of my usual toilet honouring of my special women, here I was engaged in a sensual three-way to start the day.

It was Sunday and Saffi had me dress casually in jeans and a polo neck.

To keep me occupied and my mind off the “Event,” she said, Saffi knowing me well enough to pick up on my nerves.

So she had us head off in the car, out of Edinburgh up to Stirling, then Crieff and on to Pitlochry. We even had time to have a lunch of Caesar salads, fishcakes, and fish and chips at Gleneagles, in the restaurant of the Dormy Clubhouse, adjacent to the King’s and Queen’s eighteenth holes. In fact, all of us but Fallon were itching for a game, so we promised ourselves that we would come back for

a weekend in the future.

Pitlochry was fun, in particular raiding the Macnaughton's Scottish shop with its lack of kitch tourist items and their extensive tartan, hunting and country wear.

We made it back to the apartment around five o'clock and Saffi had me take a quick nap before an enema and showering.

Now my nerves were beginning to play on me and Saffi commented:

"I am suggesting an early dinner and night for you, as we can't have you going into tomorrow half-wrecked or beaten to bits, Clare.

She smiled.

"So I think I can promise you more of a sensual night than last night."

"I enjoyed last night with Fallon," I told her. "Especially when she had me robed in that lovely camisole set."

"Yes, but she shouldn't have beaten you with the crop and left the marks ahead of your operation. We can't risk abuse."

I knew that Saffi had been somewhat miffed with her sister when she saw my bottom in the morning and had rubbed a fair amount of Arnica on me to try and heal the weals.

The paddle bruising was one thing as that was more heat, but the crop marks, slashed onto me, she did not like.

While she was doing this, I had asked her if I had any say at all to the events later in the day, would she consider going to Fishers for dinner, it being Sunday in Edinburgh and probably our favourite restaurant of all as it meant so much.

She had just smiled at me, not committing herself in front of me.

Back to the history though.

"Well, Clare, I noted your preference and indeed I had booked Fishers some weeks ago for tonight as I too thought it the appropriate place to "send you on

your way.”

I kissed her and she responded to me, before adding,

“That doesn’t mean that I will be light on you tonight. To start things, you are fully shaved around your crotch for tomorrow, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Honey, I have freshly shaved.”

In fact I didn’t require much razoring as I had started to have some electrolysis treatment to kill permanently my body hair, not that I had a great deal to begin with now and, what there was, was already very fine.

“Good, I have bought you an outfit for tonight. Hold on a sec.”

Saffi went and pulled out two gift-wrapped boxes.

“Open this one first; it is your lingerie for tonight.”

Inside, there was an exquisite ensemble from the Italian lingerie designer, Sarrieri.

It comprised of an almost retro-styled under-wired, white, half-cup bra with two spaghetti straps on each shoulder, Chantilly lace over the cups, transparent white tulle mesh around the sides and my back and a small, gold, satin rose with two, long, white ribbons hanging down to the top of my tummy.

With it was a thin mesh suspender belt with four straps with long ribbons covering the garter attachments hanging down, ready for my stockings and then the accompanying high waist panties.

The only word for these was that they were stunning and beautiful, and instantly became my favourite.

They were high-waist all the way up to my tummy button, the material reflected the bra comprising of mainly the tulle mesh but with some more lace patterning but, most beautifully, the sides had a lace cross-over effect with generous ribbons hanging down my thighs.

The “stays” in the panties ran right over the suspenders when I put them on.

It was an exquisite set and I kissed Saffi profusely for this.

I was building up an impressive lingerie collection and soon I would need another chest of drawers, or a larger one, just to house all that I had and have it properly packed and separated.

Indeed, I reflected that I was a very lucky gurl and my different sets summed up how important lovely lingerie was to my overall feminine nature and in being presentable and submissive to my women.

I put the ensemble on and Saffi handed me a pair of new light taupe Wolford stockings, complete with their three inch lacy tops.

“Ok Clare, we will put your jewellery on, you will need just your collar tonight, your padlock necklace and gold studs to start with, until I have your outfit on.”

Saffi helped me with the collar, sliding on three small, titanium rings and ratcheted it down into place with her hex-key.

I was locked in and it felt like that I was in slave mode. I loved wearing it as, apart from its functionality, it was such a great piece of jewellery as it was tapered and shaped to my neck and shoulders.

“Well it’s not every day my girlfriend sacrifices her testes for me, so we have to make your last night special in more ways than one. Wait until you see what is in this box!”

I opened the wrapping and lifted the lid of the box. Inside there was a mass of lace brocade.

I gasped as I lifted the first item out, it was a gold, cotton-lace, Nanette Lepore jacket, heavily textured and almost a bolero in cut with a small lapel, and then two large chocolate-brown buttons just on the bottom third of the left side.

The second item was a cotton-mix short lace skirt in an oyster colour, again rich in texture with fabulous light-stone coloured lace overlaying it.

And then there was an exquisite cream beaded top with a high rounded neck collar, buttoning up on one button that would be high up my neck leaving a small droplet-like opening. The beads were overlaying a rich gauze like fabric that

would cover my mid-riff.

This outfit must have cost a small fortune and I understood from Saffi that she had sourced it through London.

I fell in love with Nanette Lepore's designs and her clothing would be a big feature in my future wardrobe.

Accompanying the outfit was a pair of wedgies in leather that matched the jacket and wood heels.

I was profuse with my thanks and gave her a long kiss.

Quite frankly, she could have taken me then and there.

The outfit looked gorgeous on me and felt great, the blouse with its high rimmed collar coming up to my "Talena," the weight of the beads laying across my chest.

"Right, before you put your ring on, Clare. Put on these. I have had them custom-made by Axsmar for you."

She opened another box that had suddenly materialised in her hands and pulled out two odd metal hoops.

Each one was tripled-ringed and joined together as one piece; on top of each hoop was a small pearl and on the join, a circular banded small rosette diamond that would certainly attract attention of anybody closely observing me.

Saffi kissed both rings, had me hold my hands out and slid them over my middle three fingers, thereby effectively limiting my ability to use my main fingers, just my thumb, pinky and then my three fingers welded together or my palm.

Over my left went my main diamond "Saffi" ring.

She liberally sprayed me with a strong perfume, an Estée Lauder Private Collection, to add to the effect or, as she described it:

"I am Clare and it is a special stand-out night for me. You will notice me."

I was ready and finished dressing her. She sent me out into the living room for a

glass of wine. Fallon was there, dressed in her black Chanel cocktail dress.

Fifteen minutes later, Saffi and Pamela appeared all dressed in black cocktail dresses; this was just going to emphasise my prominence tonight and it was as if I was being set up for something ultra-humiliating or exciting, or both, to send me on my way to the hospital and surgery on the morrow.

We finished our wine and then the girls put on black coats for the evening.

I was given a cream shawl to keep me warm.

Saffi attached the usual chain to me but also pulled out two more and fixed them onto the other collar rings.

“Before we go, Clare, put Fallon’s panties on.”

Fallon stepped forward and produced a pair of cream hi-side Wacoal panties and showed me they were well encrusted with her love juices and toilet stains.

As they went on to me I could smell her intense and tart cum.

We went outside, each of the girls taking one of my chains, Saffi locking the front-door whilst holding me, to a waiting limousine and I was helped inside.

Fallon carried out a large, brown bag that I thought looked rather suspicious.

We started off in the direction of Leith, some twenty minutes away, and I took in Fallon only to be later replaced by a pair of Pamela’s sweeter panties, also the same style Wacoal knickers, and as we entered Leith, Saffi’s pair, again the same style.

What co-ordination and detail this evening involved.

I was starting to get nervous of what treats lay in front of me and, as they had rightly surmised, found myself completely distracted from the impending surgeon’s knife.

We arrived in front of the restaurant and Saffi removed my head covering.

“A shame, Clare, I had thought of walking you in with you sniffing my panties to



show what a fetish sub you are and that I own you.”

She gave it some thought and smiled:

“Maybe later....”

My hair was fluffed back into place and we walked in to the restaurant to be greeted by the staff as we introduced Pamela and Fallon.

I got looks from the staff with the girls still holding my chains and Saffi lied that we were going onto a “tarts and vicars” fancy dress party later as dommes with their sub.

In fact, and as it would turn out, Saffi would need their assistance, or rather their blessing, later.

In truth, they knew us so well already and probably had already guessed that I was by far the femme of the two of us and subservient to Saffi.

We were duly shown to our table, in the corner, set up with its usual blue and white check tablecloth, two candles shimmering.

Pamela and Fallon loved the history and casual ambiance of the place, something that we had come to enjoy and why we made the trip regularly out to Leith despite its industrial and port connotations.

Without further ado, we ordered a bottle of their Simart-Moreau champagne and looked at the menus.

Saffi and I, being familiar with the fare on offer, opted for their grilled Loch Tarbert Queenie Scallops with watercress and lime butter, Pamela for a warm salad of Greek Sea Bass and Parma Ham with pink grapefruit and blood orange vinaigrette. For mains, we just had to go for their Lobster Thermidor.

The wine selected was a Meursault 1er Cru Les Genevrieres.

As the first course was served, Saffi looked at me and said:

“Hold on Clare, Fallon has a first course for you.”

I heard rustling under the table and Fallon suddenly produced a five inch glass dildo, covered in her cream, glistening as it was in the candle-light.

“Lick it clean, Clare, for your first course.”

With my main fingers constrained by the ring mechanism Saffi had given me, I had to hold the dildo with both hands on the table and use my mouth to take her in to me.

Once I had finished, Fallon popped her stimulator back into its home, shuffling on the seat as she moved her panties.

We then started to eat - something that was made a little harder by my hand bondage.

In fact, I had to adapt the holding of my fork and knife so as to be able to eat.

As the main course arrived, Saffi again held me back and Pamela, this time, produced a similar, glass dildo from her pussy, this time a six inch ribbed one and I got to ingest her sweet cream.

I knew I likely was due one from Saffi.

With the plates cleared, Saffi had me go down on my knees to worship each of their pussies and I found that they were wearing identical fine leather Basques and matching thong panties. I took a little time in pleasing each of them.

However, I did notice Saffi excuse herself from the table before I got to her, I presumed to go to the Ladies but then, when I pulled down her panties and worked her clit and lips down to the lodged dildo, I could not taste any remnant urine taste off her.

I was mentally questioning what she was up to but instinctively knew it would be no good as it would involve me on this special night. What humiliation, shame or degradation could she be plotting tonight given that the SM element had been removed for the night ahead of my operation? Whatever it was, I knew humiliation would probably play a sizeable role.

Saffi gave me the order to surface and sit down for cheese.

I was also ordered to bring with me her dildo and I tugged at it firmly as it worked its way into her moist pussy and out it came, this time a good six inches of spiralled glass.

On the table, the selection and their accompanying oatmeal cakes had been nicely presented to us but, for the third time, I had to honour Saffi's phallus before I could start, her cum tasting salty and – despite the competition of the fare on offer - delicious to me.

As we finished the cheeses, Saffi told me to come with her to the Ladies, removed two of my chains and led me out the back carrying the large brown bag.

Instead of turning into the Ladies though, she carried on and entered what I saw was a staff back-room.

Once inside, she closed the door and turned to me:

“Ok, Clare, I now want you to totally strip naked, everything but your collar. I have something else here for you to wear for the rest of the evening. If you need help, ask me. Fold up your clothes and lingerie carefully and give them to me.”

I looked at her but I knew that I had to obey, after all that is what I had committed to: her trust, tact and decisions.

This was it and, as I had suspected, was to be a form of humiliation for me.

But in one of our favourite restaurants?

How could she?

Outrage and disappointment aside, I nonetheless started to peel off my clothing and folded them before surrendering the garments to her possession.

I watched as she put them in a neat pile - obviously to go in the bag once I had dressed.

Satisfied I was completely naked, she had me stand there and ordered me to remove my gaffe.

Now I was truly nude.

I just hoped that no staff would walk in.

“Now Clare, some while back and on a couple of occasions you have told me that you have been completely enveloped in latex and how you enjoyed it. All part of your strong enclosure and fabrics fetish that you have. Tonight, as I fuck you for the very last time for your sperm, you shall be totally enslaved and emasculated in latex.”

She fiddled around in her bag and continued:

“Fallon has more of a weakness for it and she is the one who has done the ordering of what you are to wear for me... for us... with me providing ideas on accessories and finishings.”

She looked at me intently, gauging my response, then:

“It will be joyfully humiliating for you,” she explained. “You are going to have dessert in this, leave the restaurant and then we may even get a walk in with you clad in your perverted glory.”

The response I was doing my best to hide from her went along the lines of:

“Oh. My. God!”

Point made, she went into the case but first had me bend down to insert a matching and spiralled glass dildo into my rear.

Only then did she produce the centre piece.

I found myself staring at a semi-transparent, lilac-pink and piped in white, cat-suit as it emerged from the case.

She held it up and slid down the back slider, offering it out for me to step into it.

I did as she indicated and we worked it on to my legs, body, arms and hands for Saffi to secure me inside, making sure it was flush under the hem that was covered in a small latex lace before locking it into place with a small padlock.

Replacing my rings, she again restrained my hand motion and put my Tiffany’s diamond padlock necklace around me.

With a thrill approaching horror, I realised my breasts would be fully exposed for all to see if left in such a condition, but Saffi pulled out what looked like a matching latex cupped body bandeau and fixed it onto me, almost like a pink bra, that gave a hint of my breasts beneath and my nipples half peeking through.

A small mercy but a relief just the same.

Through my natural concern for what was about to transpire I was compositis enough to know this suit was of a high quality and – as I found out later - was, in fact, Austrian in origin.

Having got me into the suit, Saffi produced black, patent, four inch heels and had me put those on before dropping to her knees and padlocking two matching pink heel-binders onto me.

Already I felt so exposed, standing in this snug tight material, almost toppling with the height of the heels, the arches forcing my feet vertically.

“Not finished yet,” she told me, smugly.

Rustling around in the bag, she came up with a pink plastic box, similar to the one worn in sports to protect the genitals, held it in position and pulled the crotch slider, then tucked it away and locked it down.

What I had taken as smugness was now revealed as outright pleasure:

“Very nice, Clare, I rather like seeing you in this outfit. It certainly makes you stand out. Now let’s, pack your things in the bag and go and see Mom and Fallon and get some dessert.”

Saffi connected the chain to my collar and we walked back out into the restaurant.

We did get looked at.

Stared at even.

What can I say?

As you can guess, I had been expecting it, but it still felt odd to be the centre of

attention. And for such a reason. I was no more than a sexual lamb for the offering to my domme later in the evening and I'm sure there were a good few diners who suspected just that.

If not all of them.

Whatever the customer and staff reaction, Saffi had succeeded in preventing me thinking about tomorrow.

Spectacularly.

For appearances sake, if nothing else, she explained to folk curious enough to comment that we were heading to a fancy dress party after dinner.

Back at the table, Pamela and Fallon's reaction was as instant as it was monosyllabic:

“Wow!”

When the excitement subsided a little, desserts were served: cherry frangipane with home-made vanilla ice cream; chocolate parfait and passion fruit crème brûlée; and an accompaniment of a really nice Monbazillac out of Château Tirecul La Gravière Madame.

After coffee and liqueurs, Saffi announced:

“That's it now for food. Clare, until tomorrow night, all you can ingest will be our cum.”

I looked around me, wondering if anyone had heard as an unconcerned Saffi continued:

“We should be going now, as we need to get you to sleep at a reasonable time tonight.”

I made to rise.

“Hold on. You're not being let off so lightly.”

She went back into the brown bag.

“Ok, what do we have here?”

Out came a ziploc bag with pink panties in it.

“These are mine,” she said to nobody’s surprise, “truly soaked in my cum and pee and ready for you.”

Saffi took one pair out of its bag, turned it inside out and pushed it into my mouth.

The second pair she used to hood me but even these were special. They were Cadolle’s and they had built in three clip-rings to the waist fabric and therefore she was able to lock the panties on to the hooks of my collar.

She returned to her bag and out came a latex hood.

My God, I recall thinking; I was going to be made to walk out of here to wherever with the hood on.

The prospect of being in public dressed like this was truly horrific.

The hood matched the outfit in colour and was featureless other than a butterfly eye-cover and then a mouth sculpted and coloured to look like a pussy, complete with the details of labial lips, both inner and outer as well as a clitoris.

My own mouth was located right at the cunt entrance and this was even pierced with a pair of rings and bar just around my bottom lip, and a second combination under my nose. It was pure kink, depraved and lewd.

Saffi placed it carefully over me, ensured that the panties were in position and zipped it up, locking it home.

Finally she added a ball gag - pink this time - and I was done and ready to leave.

The girls helped me to my feet, led me out of the restaurant and I exited, amazingly, to a round of cheers and applause.

I got to the door and Saffi made me stop, my humiliation, it appeared, unfinished.

I can remember her saying to me:

“If we are going to have you as a latex slave, Clare, then let’s do it properly.”

She cuffed my arms behind me, then she removed my breast bandeau exposing my breasts to the cold air immediately stiffening my nipples and then, she went into the bag one more time.

She produced our nipple tubes and put these on to me, sucked out the air with the vacuum pump, squeezing my nipples sharply upwards into the tubes.

As some bizarre sex doll, I was then led across the street to the car and put in the back, inhaling the strong scent of Saffi and feeling totally enclosed and in her power.

She could do whatever she wanted with and to me.

We returned towards the centre of Edinburgh, eventually pulling over near Princes Street, and Saffi released the limo to walk me home in this unusual state, attracting some understandable shouts and comments of a more limited life-experience who happened to see me.

I felt so used and humiliated but, inside, my need for sexual release and to give my last spermatic pleasure to my female owner was growing.

We got back into the apartment and I let out a sigh of relief.

Saffi led me into our bathroom and placed me, face up, in the bath.

In front of me, the girls removed their black cocktail dresses and then helped each other take off their leather thongs, revealing their beautiful pussies to me.

Pamela and Saffi were so alike down under with their thin strip of pubes, tight lips and prominent clitorises, whereas Fallon was naked and more exaggerated with her labial folds and less prominent with a concealed clit.

Pamela was first to step in the bath and, right in front of me, she let her urine flow over me, spraying my latex suit and covering my naked, but still suction-clamped, breasts.



Her pee went on and on and I knew she had saved it from the restaurant.

Saffi and Fallon stepped into the bath together, Fallon over my crotch and Saffi right above my head as the two of them released their flow in tandem.

Saffi taunted me:

“As you can’t drink us now, Clare, you can taste my pee off my panties. Imagine my pussy right above your mouth releasing itself and perhaps ahead of my poop, my little toilet girl.”

This was debasement.

Nothing less.

I was now totally theirs and they knew it as much as I did.

The acts they were forcing me to endure serving to reinforce my position of extreme compliance.

After they finished up it was into the shower and a towel down to dry me off.

I was taken into our bedroom and secured flat across the bed, my neck was anchored, thigh cuffs, wrist and ankle cuffs were all used with tight chains padlocked off the bed frame.

The girls left me to think about what could happen next and also to continue to take in Saffi as a reminder that I remained hers.

As I lay there a video of a latex girl being erotically queened and subjugated by another girl who was having to give oral to her domme was set up on our television in such a way that I could view it from where I was.

Gosh, Saffi really knew what my weak buttons were.

Some thirty minutes later, the three Murchisons walked into the bedroom and again removed their panties.

My nipple clamps were removed as was the ball gag, and Saffi’s panties were removed from my mouth.

Pamela was the first to climb onto me, facing up my body, and she edged forward and placed her pussy right over my mouth.

Saffi was urging me:

“Serve Mom, Clare. Lick her clit and pussy. Show her your respect.”

Lost in the most abject if welcome subspace, I started to work on her with my tongue, as always enjoying being under the older Murchison as, almost instantly, her cum started to flow into me through my latex mouth.

I felt Fallon climbing onto me behind Pamela.

Pamela shuffled herself off me over the top of my head and Fallon moved up to place her naked cunt over me, pressing down onto my mouth and demanding my subservience to her and not her Mom as her tarter cum started to seep across and invade my mouth.

Then, at last, it was Saffi’s turn to climb onto me.

As Fallon moved off over my head the woman for whom I was sacrificing my manhood presented to me the pussy I so adored and revered.

“Lick me, Clare, deep into my cunt. This is what you are ultimately being trained to do. For the rest of your life. My pleasure comes first. Before anybody else. And especially yours.”

As Saffi stared to becoming seriously excited, I felt both Pamela and Fallon climb onto me.

I was being subjected to a form of a face-sitting daisy chain.

Up and down over me they went and three times I pleased them.

This was unusual and I was enjoying it. Serving my three special women in such a way and honouring them like this was... was...

Sexual nirvana is what it was.

Next, they switched their direction of the chain so as to better smother me and to

have my tongue right on their pussy entrances, nose placed into their tight, brown, puckered anuses.

I was revelling in their overmastering of me.

This was the ultimate in smothering and they must have cum on me three times each in a session that lasted way over an hour of such service.

On their third pass, Saffi removed the padlock on the crotch of my cat-suit to release me and my clitoris was as hard as a rock after this sexually emotionally charged assault.

Saffi presented herself one more time and came hard into my mouth and Fallon, right behind her, quickly replaced her and went the same way.

The girls were up on their sexual plateaux and were now multi-orgasmic.

Finally, Pamela put herself down onto my mouth, telling me to use my tongue as a cock in her as best I could.

I felt Saffi mount me, lowering herself gradually onto my clit and I knew Fallon was standing between Pamela and Saffi, facing Saffi so that Saffi could orally keep her on a high with her tongue.

Saffi started to fuck me, regulating her strokes herself, as I was unable to move because of the chains holding me down.

This was too much for my control and I exploded into Saffi, drenching her with my love for her.

She continued on and, within a couple of minutes, she rode me to yet another intense orgasm, numbing my brain, almost taking me to the point of fainting from the pure passion and devotion to her that I was feeling.

It was at this point that Pamela and Fallon left Saffi and myself to each other.

Despite our exhaustion, my mistress numero-uno took me one more time that Sunday night before she robed me in my favourite long nightie to sleep in her arms.

My last thought as sleep overtook me was:

“The Day is now imminent.”

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Despite my fatigue – it’s not every day the dawn brings with it the promise of losing most of one’s male tackle, after all - I slept a little fitfully and woke around 8pm.

Saffi moved over and kissed me good morning. She removed her panties and then mine and climbed on top of me, backing her bottom squarely onto my nose and mouth.

“You are not escaping your service to me this morning, Clare.”

Not having any wish to escape anyway, I lapped gently at her delicate folds and admired the beauty of her pussy in the weak, early morning sunshine.

She started to glisten and I could hear her gently moaning with pleasure.

The next thing surprised me in that she shifted forward and down me before lifting my long silky robe to take my cock into her mouth.

We were now in a classic, reverse sixty-nine, thoroughly enjoying each other and, very quickly, she had me hard in her mouth, my clitoris protruding with the excitement that she was giving through her tongue and suction.

It didn’t take her much to tip me over and explode into her as she came heavily on me.

What amazed me was that she swallowed me.

“I said that your last sperm would be reserved for me, didn’t I, Clare?”

My love for this amazing woman was boundless

“You did, Darling.”

I kissed her, her cum on me interfacing with the taste of mine on her lips and in her mouth before we showered together and I ensured she was smooth as well as me.

The hospital, after all, had requested that my lower abdomen and crotch, all the way down, should be devoid of any hair – a habitual state for me these days. However, just in case I had any stubble, I ran a razor over myself and used a special anti-biotic soap that the hospital had provided to clean my skin.

The girls had breakfast while I - it being well inside the ten hours of the operation - fasted.

The smell of the coffee drove me nuts and re-emphasised my meeting with destiny.

This was a very different feeling to going onto hormones or the cosmetic surgery as, with that, I was adding to my femininity, but now, I was going to be cut to help me advance my cause and help meet my aspirations of total subservience to Saffi.

As we all dressed I could feel the butterflies as they made transit into my stomach.

For once, I was in a pair of clean almost school-girl like white full briefs, along with tan tights, white bra, beige pumps and wearing a pale blue knee length dress that was quite diaphanous on the blouse.

Over this, I wore a blue cable knit sweater and pearls.

We went for a brief walk around Princes Street and the shops before returning to Abercromby Place and pack what I needed which was purely clothes next for day including loose tracksuit bottoms, a t-shirt, jumper, a short nightie, cosmetics and a book, along with all the hospital forms.

Saffi and I left at just before 11 for the hospital, Pamela and Fallon giving me big hugs and kisses to wish me good luck.

You would have thought I was leaving forever to Australia or South America.

I did say that I really didn't mind them staying with us for their trip, if they wished to.

To me they were family and, also, I wouldn't mind the company and support though, obviously, my ability to serve them would be extremely curtailed but by the time I reached Garrison, I might be on "light duties."

They laughed at that and said they would discuss staying with Saffi.

We arrived at the hospital, found my ward and checked me in.

I was given a private room that was fine but perhaps a little utilitarian, as hospitals are want to be. However, all things considered, it was better than being on a general ward. A smile did cross my lips though at the thought of where they might actually place a transsexual on the General Wards.

I was asked to strip down, remove jewellery and put on this horrible surgical robe that had little ties down the back and revealed the valley of my bottom.

Saffi and I had a good laugh though and that helped to relieve the tension.

I asked if it was possible to leave on my collar, which I described as a permanent necklace. The nurse said that I would have to ask the surgeon about that when he came by.

Despite all the forms that I had completed, the paper work came thick and fast: further consent forms, personal details and all the rest; plus a check and double check that they had all the supporting documentation and references for me. Then there were various blood pressure tests, pills and the insertion of the anaesthesia and injection tube into my wrist.

I never liked this part and this time was no exception.

I was asked if I needed a sedative to calm any nerves that I may be experiencing.

Even though I did have some butterflies running around me, I responded in the negative, saying that I was ready and I had Saffi as my sedative.

That caused some laughter between the nurses and both of us.

The surgeon appeared and was very jovial.

A last minute check of the documentation and he said that we were ready to go and there was little to worry about, as it was a very simple procedure unlike SRS.

Saffi chimed in and asked him about my collar and she could give him the hex-screw if they needed to get it off for whatever reason.

He took it, saying that it would be unlikely it would be needed and to leave it on.

Despite the casual way he fielded the request I did get the impression he was surprised that the “jewellery” didn’t come off easily but considered himself too worldly wise to admit his shock to a couple some years his junior.

Ego spares none of us and Saffi’s next question was not about to let his savoir faire go unchallenged:

“Doctor, is it possible to have Clare’s testicles preserved as a souvenir?”

He was a little taken aback but, ego to the fore, recovered quickly:

“Well, we normally let the patient, in this case Clare, see their testes as sometimes the sac can feel very lumpy afterwards and they often think that no castration, or a part castration, has taken place.”

Saffi stared at the important surgeon expectantly.

“But I don’t see why not,” he told her. “Clare is a private patient so I’ll check them as normal after they are taken out just to ensure that she has no illnesses or conditions and you can pick them up after the all clear.”

Turning to me, he asked:

“Clare, that’s just standard practice with all operations and you are, no doubt, perfectly fine as your blood work would have raised the alarm bells first. However, are you ok with what Saffi has asked?”

If he expected me to hesitate he was in for a disappointment:

“Yes Doctor, I am.”

“Ok, we’ll get you to pre-theatre and, as you know, I am knocking you out completely for this procedure though we could have done it under local anaesthetic.”

Despite my determination to go ahead, this was a relief.

“However,” he went on, “with ensuring that your scrotum is smoothly set, it may mean some extra knife and stitching work, so it will be best to sleep through it and to avoid any risk of pain during the operation or a spine block.”

Forty minutes later, I was on my up to the surgery on a “cart-bed” even though this was not necessary.

After five minute wait with Saffi alongside me, she gave me a kiss, wished me luck and then an: “I love you so much.”

The nurses appeared and pushed me through to the pre-surgery anaesthetic room.

Some last minute questions and then I was asleep.

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## **Chapter-Three**

## *Recuperation*

The first thing I knew was a voice saying into my right ear,

“Wake up Miss Murchison-Penne, wake up.”

I slowly came around and then a pain in my crotch hit me, an intense pain.

“How are you feeling? Any pain?”

I probably let an expletive go but also managed a:

“Yes. Terrible. Let me sleep. Its agony.”

I heard a voice saying something about morphine and then I felt this lovely wooziness come over me and the pain abate.

A few minutes later, the same questions, and I came to, waking up a little bit more.

Slowly, they brought me out of the anaesthetic and managed the pain down under so that it was just bearable.

Readings of my vital functions were being taken and I could sense people around me. Finally, some thirty minutes later, the nurses wheeled me back to my room, even though I was still groggy, sore and sleepy.

I can remember Saffi giving me a kiss, holding my hand, and I fell back into a deep asleep.

Essentially, in what is a very simple procedure, what had happened is that they had made an incision into the midpoint of my scrotum and cut through the underlying tissue.

The surgeon then pulled out my vans deferens, better known as the spermatic cord.

This is knotted and cut before the testicle is removed having cut and sutured some small blood vessels while the remaining vas deferens is then placed back into the scrotum and the procedure is repeated for the other testicle before the wound is stitched up with a double suture and a protective dressing.

Voila!

That simple.

Eunuque instantane!

Prior to my closure of the wound, the surgeon had done some assessment of my skin available for the future and some cosmetic work to leave a smooth area under my “clitoris.”

Total time in the theatre was apparently some fifty minutes.

I “came to” a second time and Saffi was still holding my hand.

A nurse immediately appeared and took a battery of readings on my blood pressure and pulse as well as my oxygen percentage. She asked me how I was and received a “Sore” as an answer.

Used to the response, she popped me some pain killers and they went to work.

Apart from the frequent checks on my “vitals,” and to monitor the painkillers, the afternoon and evening were spent relatively quietly with Saffi watching TV, though we had a short visit from Pamela and Fallon.

I was got out of bed and had to walk around to get my circulation going and that was painful though it was an opportunity to get rid of that dreadful surgery gown and put on my nightie.

Honestly, I looked like an old woman, leaning on Saffi and the nurse for balance.

I was encouraged to drink plenty of liquid and use an ice pack to reduce the swelling.

Surprisingly, the food wasn’t that bad.

Saffi had a couple of glasses of wine from a half bottle that she had brought in. Alcohol and caffeine was out of the question for me until I had got through my second inspection.

Around 9.30pm, Saffi went home and I lingered on, managing my pain, wondering what it all looked like down there. I slowly fell asleep and dosed fitfully, until I was ill once, no mess though as I had felt it coming on.

That was the anaesthetic working itself out of me and a good sign as the nurse said; indeed, the second half of the night was much more comfortable and Saffi appeared around 10am in the morning and I was really pleased to see her, as things were becoming boring.

I had been woken early, walked to the bathroom, now that was a little painful, and then had breakfast.

It was half an hour later when my surgeon walked in, read my reports and then suggested having a look at me.

The nurse, who accompanied him, lifted my nightie and undid the dressing and the doctor looked at it before probing me a little then commenting positively:

“This is looking fine and healthy, Clare. You are healing well, no undue lumps indicating bleeding, some swelling and bruising but ice packs will help that. Keep popping the painkillers I am prescribing you and the antibiotics and we will see you in four days.”

Saffi chipped in:

“Well Clare, the Doc has done a great job down there, it looks wonderfully smooth already, a little bruised but. Have you checked her testicles then Doc?”

“Yes, I have and everything was ok.”

With that, he went into his bag and pulled out a chemistry-style jar with a glass top.

“Here you are, Saffi, Clare’s testicles in their glory and with a clean bill of health. I’ve put them in a preserving solution and sealed the glass lid on. Proof of a successful procedure.”

With that he got up and left the room saying,

“See you for sign-off in three days; you can leave whenever you wish. Just remember the strap and no baths please this week. And you, Saffi, keep your hands off Clare. Some pre-Christmas fallow discipline will be good for you both.”

He left laughing.

Saffi came across, holding onto her “prize,” and kissed me, her tongue pushing past my lips to explore my mouth.

“Well done, you old girl. I so love you.”

I lay there, basking in the fact that I was now ball-less, a eunuch for her and a little more down the path to having my own beautiful pussy to offer her the full lesbian pleasure that she sought from me.

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My recovery went extremely well and I had no issues such as bleeding or sickness.

The girls were fantastic and fussed over me on my return from hospital, ensuring that I properly rested, took plenty of liquid with my tablets and ate well.

I was even spared sex and service, though by the end of Day-Three, I wouldn't have minded a little oral under Saffi, or even to taking her pee. However, we couldn't risk the stitches popping from any excitement generated.

On the Thursday, as scheduled, Saffi and I went back to the Doctor and he wanted to see me in three months to check the healing and then to make a reference to the endocrinologist to ensure that my hormones were fully balanced and that there was no risk of osteoporosis building up over time.

I was cleared to fly so we were on for Christmas in Garrison.

I could also give up the support strap as long as I wore snug pantie briefs. No

major sex for two weeks as well, but that would mean I would be ok for the New Year.

Saffi was delighted that she had my parts in a nice chemistry jar sitting on our bedroom fireplace mantle and, laughingly, I warned her that when I went for full reassignment she wouldn't be able to bottle anything as they would need all my bits and probably more.

I felt ok in myself, no down or feeling of depression or anything like that, but then it was my choice and not medically driven.

And I still had testosterone in my system.

Pamela and Fallon flew out of Glasgow the next day, laden down with potential Christmas presents. We decided to fly in on the 22nd, so that we would be there for Christmas Eve and over the accompanying jet lag. Also, it would give me nearly a week to recover further.

With Saffi's Mom and sister departed, we kept things deliberately quiet. We tidied up the apartment, finished some school work and did our own shopping and ate in. A little local Christmas shopping was permitted, as I couldn't walk miles, but at least I could now enjoy a glass of wine – a happy return I'm sure helped my recovery progress more speedily.

I was a little surprised by the fact that Saffi had not taken any time to pack her books and personal possessions and then, out of the blue one evening over a bite of supper, she announced that, if it was alright, she would fly back with me after the New Year to check that I was settled and ok before heading back to Georgetown.

I said that I of course would be, she didn't have to ask me and it wouldn't really be necessary to return.

She lightly turned it on me, saying that, surely, I would welcome more time together before we had to separate and while it out before we then came together after graduating in the summer.

Of course, I did appreciate the chance to be with her all the time I could get. I was more than happy with that option and said that I always wanted to be with her. To the end of our days or the end of the world – whatever came first.

We decided to leave from Glasgow to New York and, given the quantity of our luggage, Saffi had a limousine pick us up and whisk us to the terminal for the BA flight to New York.

Eight hours later and we were on the ground to take on US immigration and customs. This time I sped through the American line with Saffi. The two of us being nearly first off the plane in the dedicated passenger facility BA supplied.

Given the conditions of the roads around the airport, Pamela had arranged a car to meet us and, some eleven hours after closing the front door of Abercromby Place, we were heading into Garrison, feeling reasonably fresh.

I had countered any soreness that I may have during the flight by wearing a silk cami and cam-knickers for remain loose down under, a long, Zara, pale-brown, loose skirt with a cream top, and a dark Oasis gray jacket; a casual combination that seemed to work on the comfort front for the flight, We also had heavy coats as it was cold and snowy in New York and Saffi promised to dig out a fur from storage for me. My delight at her promise exacerbated when we found Pamela had already pre-empted her daughter's thinking.

The Hudson valley was glistening in the afternoon sunshine with fresh snow down as we headed up to the West Point area and, when we turned into the drive, the family house looked drop-dead gorgeous, its white form standing out of the thick snow laying on the lawns and grounds.

Inside, it was spectacular with wonderful Christmas decorations all over the place, a massive fairy-light lit garland around the main staircase, and a beautiful New England-style decorated tree.

I had never seen a house decorated like this, except in magazines; though, from those, I knew that the Americans liked to go over the top for their festivities.

Pamela and Fallon came out to greet us with hugs and kisses and then, Chris, Saffi and Fallon's brother, appeared with a very pretty, new but apparently serious, girlfriend, Koala.

We immediately commented on her name asking her if she was Australian and as soon as she spoke, I could hear the familiar twang. Koala was a nick-name she had acquired and everybody here had drafted into service.

We went through to my favourite room, the kitchen, where there was a lovely fire burning in the hearth and we were offered a glass of a New Zealand white wine.

Pamela asked us about my recovery, not referring directly to what had been done and insisting that I should take things easy for a few more days while I was with them all.

It was wonderful to be back in the bosom of this warm, family house, looking at its very best in its Christmas finery.

We went up to Saffi's suite and there was even a fire lit in her hearth, making the room so warm and inviting.

A shower, change and we went downstairs to greet Per, who had just got home from New York. He too hugged us both and was immediately asking questions about my operation, joking that, no doubt, I would be off limits all around and understandably so.

We had supper out that night at the Plumbush and I fell into bed in my "Fallon" short cami ensemble, and cuddled into Saffi who was in her jammies, for my best night's sleep since my castration.

The run into Christmas Eve night was spent in a flurry of small jobs and run-arounds for last minute things.

I concentrated on the kitchen, working with Pamela and their housekeeper to produce a mountain of food, especially in baking, so I had a blast making a range of things for the family.

In fact, we had surreptitiously pre-smuggled a large English Christmas cake that I had made back over in Edinburgh and it had come over on a Company plane. I spent some time icing and decorating that and preparing things like a large chocolate log roll, and vanilla and chestnut meringues. Those proved so popular with the boys and Koala that I had to make a second even larger batch.

Christmas Evening came and we women, excepting Koala and Chrissie who had come over, all dressed for dinner in our new Murchison Buchanan tartan kilts with mid-brown polos.



Per was quite taken back when he saw his women all decked out in the same “family” outfit and Pamela presented her husband with his own kilt, stockings and the works for him to retire and re-dress.

This caused hoots of laughter when he re-emerged.

I must say here that when I removed the dressing from my wound for the last time it looked really good down there and I was already impressed by my smoothness underneath, where eventually my cunt would go, and my clit was now just that, a stimulant spot from time to time but one that couldn’t really render anything else sexually. .

That had been my little Christmas present to myself before I slipped into my high-waist Cadolle panties and matching bra. How nice to be wearing them again.

I thought to myself this had all been worth the pain to advance my cause and also demonstrate that I was really serious about my subservience to Saffi’s will, not that I really needed to. She knew it already that I was hers.

We dined in the Great Room with an enormous fire blazing, the tree lit and resplendent and the room adorned with lots of greenery and candles.

We had a dinner of my home made salmon soufflés, a rich game soup, a six ribbed roast beef thankfully cooked properly rare, a wonderful French cheese selection and salad followed by strawberries, vanilla and chestnut meringues, washed down with a Charles Heidsieck champagne, a Montrachet from 1970 and a Château La Mondotte, 1966.

With coffee aboard, we put on our fur coats and headed out to a candle-lit midnight mass at the local Episcopalian church, St Philip’s.

From the outside, this late 18thC church gave me the impression of being a set for the Adam’s family. Inside it looked glorious and Christmas Eve was one of the few services that Saffi and I went to in a year. This was one of the best.

Then it was back to the house and Armagnac or Port before bed and into my new black nightdress and robe.

The very same one in which Pamela had taken me.

I woke on Christmas morning to Saffi kissing me, and then she removed her panties and pushed herself over me, similar to the morning of my operation.

“Happy Christmas, Honey, I am sure that you can now give me a little service now. Just don’t get too excited yourself. We can’t have any split wounds on you.”

She squeezed back onto me and I was enveloped in her overnight aroma, welcoming the chance to please her as my tongue eagerly went about its work.

Soon she was moaning with pleasure and oozing her cum.

My response was unusual, more of entering a trance-like state while I serviced her, no erection of my clit and no heavy stimulus, though, and as always, I certainly liked doing it.

Perhaps there was just the smallest of buzzes in my head with the pleasuring of my partner.

Saffi went to two intense orgasms before I then gave her toilet service.

I was back in my service place and I loved and could feel the intensity of that.

I came across an “I love you” kiss.

“You are all mine until the New Year, Clare. I don’t want you doing anything with Pamela, Fallon or Chrissie until then. They all know not to touch you as well.”

Fallon and Chrissie burst in to our bedroom with “Happy Christmas,” greetings, kisses and coffee for us.

The celebrations had begun. We put on long, thick robes and headed downstairs. Sure enough, Santa had been overnight.

More importantly, Per already had cold champagne, or Buck’s Fizz at hand.

A present opening session began. I had raided Johnston’s of Elgin for various cashmere items for all and Saffi got a mushroom rib-collar long cardigan along with a pencil tweed skirt and an antique Edwardian brooch that I had found her.

And I couldn't resist the large soft Highland cow that I had found for her in Pitlochry.

Saffi gave me a lovely silver-framed photo of the two of us that she had taken, and a Peruvian Collection alpaca and wool coat in a rose-taupe colour, effectively a warm grey, and with a matching alpaca scarf.

This was a full-length, ankle-grazing, sweeping statement with a back pleat and a deep button-less shawl collar and wonderful for wearing on cold New York or Edinburgh nights.

I just loved it and pranced around the room with it on.

I won't go into to all the presents but the opening session lasted some two hours with a lot of laughter as there were a number of very risqué presents - though the biscuit for that went to Per as, apparently, his company had decided to back a company making a new sex toy.

Pamela and each of us as a couple, even including Chris and Koala, got prototypes of the toy as a stocking-filler. It was a strapless double black dildo, designed primarily for lesbians and the concept was that the domme could control and hold her bulbous end of the dildo within her vaginal walls.

Per's card to us, and Fallon and Chrissie, had read:

"Try it out, Girls, and let me know if it is any good as it may be a good investment."

However, there was also one special present that I must mention from Saffi to me.

It was a card and all it said was:

"Clare, I have had chats ongoing with my University, and they are now allowing me to come back to Edinburgh for one more of your 'terms'.

With my love always, Saffi."

I was absolutely over the moon with that news; that was, by far, the best present of all. Christmas would indeed be a joyous day for me.

One of the best ever.

The afternoon saw preparations for a buffet party that the Murchisons traditionally laid on for Christmas Day so we were all busy. I spent my time cooking in the wonderful kitchen, helping by being responsible for the production of two roast geese, more desserts and even introducing them to my version of a Coronation Chicken, spiced up with some ground chilli and chipotle pepper. Pamela termed it, "Queen Elizabeth's Chicken" when she heard the story of its name and then re-termed it "Chicken Seraglio" to Saffi, Fallon and me.

All I knew is that, just as with the meringues, Fallon, Chrissie and Koala couldn't keep their fingers out of it, declaring it far better than a KFC.

Just as well I had made extra.

The early evening saw me shower with Saffi and I decided to wear my Sarrieri lingerie with its sexy half-cup bra, the thin mesh belt for my stockings and the lovely high-waist panties that I adored.

This was very much in celebration of being without the dressing for the first time and back to semi-normality. So, with this set, I decided to wear my Nanette Lepore outfit that I wore on the last day of Saffi's recent castration festivities, with my jewellery and also using my Talena collar and Saffi's ankle chain as part of my accessories.

Saffi wore an emerald green evening dress and looked gorgeous in it, the colour so suiting her eyes and hair.

We headed downstairs for a fun evening full of family, relatives and their friends, including Kaelah, Dominique, Janine, Vanessa and Tanya and it was great to already know a few people there.

At the end of it all, I was pretty pooped and Pamela wandered across to tell me she was so grateful for all the assistance but to head towards bed as I had done far too much that afternoon.

She gave me a kiss and said she would tell Saffi I had retired.

I went upstairs to our suite, stoked up the fire and changed out of my clothes to put my Casanova cami and knickers on.

I actually wanted to give Saffi a little present rather than sleep so I pulled back our massive duvet and laid out some towels across the bed, as well as lit some candles around the room and a bottle of a warmed-up Chanel “Chance” silky body oil that had been a present from Fallon.

I had also brought along a chilled bottle of Tokaji that I had put in the fridge and two glasses.

Saffi appeared about ten minutes later and came in and kissed me.

“Tired, Clare? You did far too much today with your cooking and then this evening ensuring all were fed and watered. But I know Mom and Dad appreciated it. We ought to get you to bed.”

“Well, I am, but not before I give you a special present.”

“Just give me five minutes to say goodnight downstairs then.”

Saffi reappeared some ten minutes later; I had been enjoying a lovely glass of the Tokaji, one of my favourite dessert wines.

I poured a glass and proffered Saffi a sip.

Nothing was said.

Our mouths met and I let her probe me with her tongue, exerting her love and ownership of me.

I could feel myself melting in her arms.

Having had my operation had not diminished my love for Saffi, anything but. I felt that I needed to be in her aura and presence even more.

She stepped forward and kicked off her heels.

I reached for her dress and helped her out of it, rather it slid to the floor revealing her black lingerie.

I moved to undo her bra and paid it homage like I knew she liked me to so, followed by undoing her stockings and rolling them down her shapely legs,

followed by unclipping her “garter” belt, as she called it.

Finally came her panties, I took these and similarly helped her out of them, taking her fresh scent in as I kissed the gusset.

I motioned her to get onto the bed and lie flat for me with her head on a pillow.

I moved in behind her head, poured a little oil onto my hands and then started to knead her neck and shoulders.

I let my finger pads do their work, pressing down on her muscles. I pulled back my hands and took a little more oil and then massaged her a little further down her chest before going back over Saffi’s shoulders again.

I repeated the process and slowly worked my way down to her breasts, Saffi closing her eyes to enjoy the warm sensations emanating through my fingers.

I worked my way around the top of her breasts and darted over her stiffening nipples, enticing them out of their aureole homes.

My next pass went under her bra line and, slowly, I let the palms of my hands press down over her now hard teats.

Yet another pass and finally my fingers rolled over and played Saffi, eliciting the slightest of moans. I focused on massaging her love orbs for some ten minutes, slowly exciting her, slowly building her up.

My hands wandered southwards down over her abdomen, working gradually with deliberate pressure strokes towards her love grotto, then around it onto her thighs, and finally just to glide her over it, lightly grazing her mons pubis and labia majora.

I kept up this tantalising assault for another ten minutes, varying the pressure of my hands and, towards the end, even used the back of my fingers to run along Saffi’s love slit.

I knew from her little whimpers that she was enjoying this even though she kept her eyes closed.

I moved from behind her head for the first time in thirty minutes so that I could

get on the bed and in between her legs.

I lowered my head into her love area, savouring the aroma now pouring out of her and extended my tongue to lap her gently, passing over her vestibule to pick up her already-emitted gland secretions and then edging up on to her clitoris, now standing out like a tiny phallus demanding my attention.

I took her into my mouth and gently applied strong suction, holding her in me while my hands went back to massaging her oily, stiff nipples, the pressure on her love-button just what was needed as Saffi poured forth, sending a squirt of cum over me and into my mouth as her female prostate unloaded, her body quivering with the climax rushing through her.

I didn't let her rest though.

Taking one of our seven inch vibrators and inserting it into her, wanting her to maintain her heady dreamland, I drove her towards an even more intense rush.

She responded by bucking her hips in motion to my hand fucking and buzzing of her, targeting her G spot some two inches in and then pushing it deep into her.

Saffi was getting herself in time to the strokes, and then writhing with ecstasy as she wanted to cum again, to release herself on our friend.

Once more my mouth went back onto her clitoris and I drove the cock hard into her vulva, up towards her womb and this was it, she shouted out with delight as a massive orgasm took her.

I held the cock in her, wanting her to enjoy its feeling as it played its role out in her.

Slowly she came down. I let the vibrator slide out of her, moved off the bed and extinguished the candles.

I lay down beside her, took the warm duvet and pulled it up over her, taking the towels out and throwing them on the floor.

“Happy Christmas, Saffi.”

“Mmmm, thank you, you naughty thing, but I must admit that I enjoyed that. I'm

pleased to see that castration hasn't removed your touch."

We kissed and fell asleep, content in each other's arms as I considered how much I loved her and could do that sort of service for her all the time.

I was "out for the count" and I guess, as we approached waking up, I had the most incredibly powerful dream about Saffi, dressed as a man, entering me with a real cock, a beautiful one with a large helmet, to impregnate me.

The feeling of her cock slowly fucking me was extraordinary, as I sensed it pulsating hard against my vaginal walls and I woke to find my clitoris hard and a little moist from cum that had leaked through.

Basking in the warmth of this dream, I could do no more than simply lay there.

I had been advised that I could experience strong dreams from time to time and that, sexually, there was a high chance I may still be aroused.

Such arousal, I had also been told - if it happened at all - would require strong stimulation.

As the days in Garrison passed, everybody commented that I seemed more serene, as if I was at peace with myself. This too, I had been advised of as something that could happen and I felt that I was a lot more placid in myself.

When Saffi and I discussed this, she added that to combine this with what my Finishing School would offer me in nine months, especially as to deportment, I would become very feminine and much more so than many true women, something that she really wanted as a trait in me.

When Saffi woke, I told her about my dream and little emission. It was still very vivid. She too commented on the probability of this happening, but then laughed at the idea of her being a functioning man,

"At some point, Clare, I will let you have a cock in you from time to time, like I have allowed Dad in you, but the act and where and how they can take you will be seriously controlled by me. Rest assured. It's all part of the discipline, love and your submission to me. As I have mentioned before, when you do the act, there will be a financial aspect to it. You simply aren't going to be a man's girlfriend, or partner, ever."



Then Saffi asked me a strange question:

“How do you feel about me taking a cock into me, though?”

“That is your choice, Saffi, I can’t influence that and I can understand you taking a full male at some point. I will still love you.”

“Good, I am not thinking about it as I far prefer women, but maybe, the situation for insemination may rise in future years. Nothing to worry about and if and when it happens, I would want you there to watch and serve me.”

With this, she moved over me to begin the day’s normal pussy homage and toiletry.

The period between Christmas and the New Year passed quickly with some shopping and, of note, a trip up to Vermont in the snow.

We stayed in a luxury inn. The Four Columns, in Newfane, in the southern part of the State. It was now really cold but then I now had use of a full length fur coat to use, much prettier and warmer than a ski-jacket.

The inn was more than inviting, however, location idyllic and situated on the village green of a lovely New England village in its own hilly grounds with a stream that had iced over to spectacular effect. The building itself was beautifully decorated and was a classic New England Federal with a converted barn-like structure next door, all decorated in white and not amiss to the Garrison house in its welcoming appearance. The external Christmas decorations just added to the warmth.

Inside, there were warm, cosy fires, including in our suite, to counter the exhilarating feeling of the crisp coldness outside and the sparkling of the air as the snow flurries flew around in the breeze.

Our warm third-floor room had cathedral ceilings with vaulted posts, a nice king bed tucked under the eaves of the house, a seating area, beautiful bathroom and a spectacular white bath for two in the windows, overlooking the green.

Fallon and Chrissie had come along too and their room was down a floor and had a classic Shaker bed with a more Victorian feel to the room.

We had two nights in the Inn and visited Woodstock and Quechee to look at the shops and the arts. Quechee offered an amazing glass manufacturer in Simon Pearce, whose work we would come to collect in future years, as well as that of various Vermont artists like Warren Kimble and Judith Reilly.

The more that I saw of Vermont the more I liked and one of the most appealing things was that Saffi and I, or Fallon and Christie, were not looked at for walking around hand in hand.

Vermont had and has, a high tolerance of lesbians, gays and members of the transgender community, and we would come to support this open-mindedness.

“Leading from behind,” as the old saying goes.

Saffi loved it up there, wanting to see my reaction to the State, and on our way back to Garrison she asked me if I would consider setting up base in the Woodstock, Battleboro or Manchester area.

“Yes, very much so, I think would I love to live there.” was my instant reply.

We had a lot of fun and laughter and even managed some snow-shoeing and a horse and buggy ride. I had never skied before and vowed to boss both downhill and cross-country in time, both Saffi and Fallon being very proficient.

The food was excellent, especially that provided by the inn’s restaurant.

For example, we were treated to simple but stunning food such as, on the second night, Spinach and Cheese Tortellini, Spicy grilled Local Quail on mixed baby greens and lentils, and Crispy Panko Scallops with a maple and mustard curry sauce.

For mains we chose Canadian Salmon with a spicy orange, shallot and coconut reduction, Breast of Mallard Duck seared with a cherry crab-apple ginger sauce, and a Rack of Vermont Lamb with a mushroom, rosemary and garlic glaze.

We treated ourselves on a good Vicars Choice New Zealand sauvignon Blanc and an Opus One. Some cheese and then Maple Crème Brûlées, Chocolate Truffle Torte and a Warm Apple and Raspberry Hazelnut Crisp and we were more than content.

Both nights saw a romp in our suite to enjoy the huge tub and Saffi allowed me orally to please Fallon and Chrissie.

That I really enjoyed, being back in service to my women again, even though Saffi wouldn't allow them or herself to physically take me.

Not just yet, anyway.

Once more I had a vivid dream, this time being nestled right under Saffi's love area and, on telling her of this, she followed it up by a major smothering session in the morning to make me realise the truth of what was happening, as if I needed reminding of her anal and vaginal dominance over my mind.

Things were slowly returning to me, with no unexpected side-effects or any real surprises as to my post-operation. My scar under my "clit" was healing nicely.

Back to Saffi's home and New Year's Eve was spent at the Mayflower Inn, across the State border in Connecticut and the site of my bonding over to Saffi.

I wore my Escada black gown again, along with my black corset lingerie that I had worn that significant night, along with my diamond jewellery, my Saffi ankle chain, and my watch.

Saffi went in a dark, Lauren, burgundy dress with matching Aubade lingerie and black stockings underneath. She was looking stunning.

Per had us booked in for the night to avoid any drinking and driving and so we all had the opportunity to let our hair down with a six course dinner and we danced the night away to a live orchestra and then a band.

I will admit that dancing as a woman was not one of my better skills and it was something that I hoped that I would gain improvement in from my "Finishing." However, I did manage some waltzes with Saffi leading, and Per, before more informal "bops" with all the family.

Saffi and I, with Fallon and Chrissie accompanying us, eventually got to our suite about two in the morning.

On entry, the girls had Chrissie and I strip down to our lingerie and fitted our collars and cuffs.

Having prepared us, then we had to then undress them and pay homage to their bras, before we lay head to toe to each other to be respectively smothered in return for oral servitude underneath our respective partner.

Saffi rode me hard, demanding that I properly tongue her anus and open her up. This started to stir some feelings inside me to the thought of being in her, or having her take me. It had been nearly three weeks since I had been taken.

With a nice orgasm rising up for both of them, the girls switched position and I now had the naked, puffier and tarter lips of Fallon to please.

She too wasn't standing on politeness and ground herself over me, wanting me to probe her pussy and use me as her small sex-aid, her precum showing her highly aroused state.

Her aroma over me was exquisite, holding me and then gradually turning me on. I just so wanted to offer my orifices to my two dommes this evening. I needed to feel them take me, and to use me as they wish.

The girls came again and Saffi got off the bed to go to her bags.

Fallon meanwhile had Chrissie and I turn over and face each other across the bed so that we could kiss each other.

She placed two pillows each under our tummies to push our pussies way up into the air.

I didn't see Saffi or Fallon, as they slipped into the bathroom briefly, but they returned with Per's Christmas present dildos sticking out lewdly from their pussies and made a rather erotic sight as it did look like as if they were sporting black penises.

Hard and erect.

And more than ready to take us.

They came across to us and pushed the lubricated dildos up against our anuses, and then pushed.

I felt Saffi enter me and gradually fill me up. God, this felt good and I knew that

she was getting far better vibrations than her usual strap-on cock as I could feel her over my bottom as she started to fuck me like a minx, increasing her pace.

Chrissie was right in front of me, enjoying her pussy ravaging from Fallon, her breasts hanging suggestively down from her.

I started passionately to kiss her.

Fallon was like Saffi and I could see her face and chest reddening as she became more impassioned, her hands holding Chrissie's bottom and then darting up to massage her own nipples.

Saffi and Fallon came together and Chrissie exploded onto Fallon.

This sight and Chrissie's tongue seeking out my mouth had me going, and my brain went numb for a delicious mind-numbing dry orgasm, so intense in feeling.

Was this my oestrogen speaking with the now reduced testosterone?

I didn't care, it was a wonderful brain-shattering experience.

Love, pure and unadulterated.

I was back.

The two girls collapsed onto our backs to enjoy their cumming and recuperate before they decided to switch on us, but this time they had us with our bottoms up on pillows and our knees bent over, exposing us to the two of them taking us from above.

These toys were heavenly.

Another major orgasm session all around and Fallon and Saffi then left the two of us in the bed, bound into a 69 position by using our cuffs.

It was two very sleepy girls that emerged next morning at eleven and two pretty sleepy ones that followed us down to New Year's Day brunch.

Not that we were allowed to be excused toilet duties before we went downstairs and, for the first time, I witnessed Chrissie serving Fallon in a manner very

similar to Saffi's morning discipline and treatment of me.

Over brunch, we gave feedback to Per saying that he just had to invest in the designer of this product especially if he or she - we suspected she - and the company got their material selection and costs under control.

A pair of balls on the dildo would be nice but the clitoral stimulator built in on the upside of the dildo to help further stimulate the femme was brilliant. One of these days I might get to try the bulbous end perhaps?

What a Christmas and I was slowly returning to full normality as Saffi's lover, friend, confidante and handmaiden, more girl than boy now.

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## Chapter-Four

## ***Back to School***

We returned to Edinburgh via Washington DC to check up on Saffi's house and to allow her to have some meetings with her professors.

It was wonderful to be flying back to Abercromby Place knowing that Saffi was going to be with me for the term.

I then managed to engineer a study visit to Washington for a few weeks research to wrap up my thesis and Masters work in my summer term that cut across Saffi's final weeks and report out. So I was also there for her graduation and she returned to Edinburgh for mine.

I also managed to complete my certification in Hairdressing and Beauty Therapy and this meant more time over the summer putting theory into practice, being in "personal service" to Saffi and the family, when the girls were present with us.

Those Masters ceremonies were celebratory occasions and my family got to meet Saffi and her family for the first time and, fortunately, things passed off without incident.

My mother now at least seemed to accept that she had a daughter and was acquiring a second one.

I think she saw that I was genuinely happy and in love with Saffi. We invited my grandparents to my graduation and they were really thrilled to meet my lover and partner.

Over Easter, we had Adèle fly in for a few days with us and that was tremendous fun, though she was a little shocked when she saw me in the flesh that I was now a eunuch. It didn't take her long to "adapt" though.

With our graduations over, Saffi and I now with our Masters, we took some time off spending it between Edinburgh, Garrison and then back to Half Moon Bay.

We also spent a week in Vermont split between Newfane and the northern half



staying at a nice resort in Stowe, the Topnotch resort.

The rooms were a little dowdy, particularly the bathrooms which lacked space, but the location and food were excellent and we managed to visit Green Mountain Coffee, Ben and Jerry's dairy in Waterbury and a wonderful deli in the back of the Warren General Store, overlooking the Mad River, on the route down to Woodstock, as well as a lovely Italian, Sarducci's in Montpelier, the State capital.

We even went window shopping in Stowe and Woodstock for potential property and that was a lot of fun as it got us discussing what we wanted in a house, a private, well equipped and comfortable sex playroom off our main suite being high up both our agendas.

The summer meandered on and in between spending time in service to Saffi and the females of the family, I put in some work for Per's company on a problem that they were having in Abu Dhabi and achieved a breakthrough, which was more than appreciated by him.

He even got a three day trip with me that left me well and truly fatigued in more ways than one.

All of this could justify another two or so chapters of story on its own.

But the next step was about to happen.

As to my personal health, my operation wound had well and truly healed and I was delighted to be now without my testes and in just having a large clit that hung down for a better fit behind my panties, or Saffi's panties on me for a lot of the summer.

In fact, I often went without my gaffe now as I could easily tuck myself away, never mind the humidity on the East Coast.

I was feeling fine in myself and there had been no follow up depression to losing my appendages, not that I had expected that.

Indeed I truly felt at one with the world and was seriously a lot more serene in my demeanour, though I could have my emotional moments being much more prone to weeping, all signs of my testosterone receding out of me and to be

governed by my oestrogen.

My breasts felt like that they had increased a little, more fuller in shape and they were certainly larger in my aureole area and my nipples were much more pert when stimulated.

In terms of my overall development, this was something that Saffi particularly liked and she also commented how much more lower slung my bottom was becoming, not that I could feel any difference at the back as to wearing panties and swimsuits or bikinis.

The front? Yes. There was little change.

I loved being without my testes.

I was also capable of brain climaxes, dry orgasms as they are also termed, and, occasionally when well turned on by Saffi or whoever, I could ejaculate some watery, slightly milky sperm-less cum, a little like female cum in nature.

As the summer wore on, my nerves about going to Saffi's "Finishing School," as she termed it, started to kick in, more about having to live as an seventeen, eighteen or nineteen year old for a few weeks rather than being apart from my partner.

I would have Chrissie with me for companionship in this though and that was a comfort, a contact with our lovers, as such.

Things really started to boil up when the letter with the rules and regulations came through from the School and also with the list of what we were allowed to bring or not. Saffi and I ended back in mid-August to shop for the essentials for both Chrissie and I and to prepare me, and Fallon flew in two weeks later with Chrissie.

In between time, we had managed to source two trunks and I truly was beginning to feel like a young schoolgirl going off to boarding school.

With the help of the phone and Jenners store, which wasn't far away from our Abercromby Place apartment, we started to tackle the list.

Items such as three pale blue long skirts and jackets, two pinafore skirts, two

pale blue cardigans, six white blouses with the small Peter-Pan collars, six pairs of blue tights, two pairs of three inch blue high heels, foil fencing clothing, jodhpurs, hunting jacket and blouses, three pale blue leotards for gym and dance and then two School blue one piece swimsuits.

No bikinis here.

The lingerie, or rather underwear, was even more dreadful, with six plain white Playtex full cup bras, ten pairs of sexless heavy-duty white school panties, all full briefs and almost like old fashioned school knickers, full length winceyette nighties or jammies.

Saffi suggested that we would get matching jammies for Chrissie and I so that we would always look like the Bobbsey twins.

There was nothing that even spoke of being sexy in this lot and, just to add insult to injury they even stated what type of sanitary wear, with a preference for towels.

Saffi's comment on this had been:

"You must wear those, Clare, in time with my own periods so you can reflect on what you are missing in terms of cleaning me up."

We discussed what should be my casual outfits and the one evening dress that I was allowed to take with me.

As things arrived, we duly inspected them, with me either laughing or just about crying, and packed them into the trunks, ticking off the offending item off the list.

With Fallon and Christie staying, we had a whirlwind of a shop, picking up things like toiletries and a limited amount of cosmetics.

It brought back memories of heading back to school when I was much younger.

Our last day of "sanity" before we headed south, we decided to head along the coast of Fife to St Andrews for a day out of sight-seeing and shopping. We found a lovely café in St Andrews in a little alley way called Pepita's, used by the students. Simple food and a lovely ambiance made for an excellent light lunch.

Back into Edinburgh, Saffi and Fallon pulled a surprise on us. We had said that we wanted to head to Fishers for a last dinner. When we got back to the apartment, the girls had us shower and prepare and then produced these boxes to us, saying that we were to wear the enclosed outfits for them this evening coming.

They left us to dress.

We opened the boxes and inside each there were cards saying,

“Young ladies tomorrow. Schoolgirls tonight. Love, Saffi and Fallon.”

We looked inside the wrapping tissue.

There was the black, purple and white, tartan mini-skirt that Fallon had bought for me during my run-in to my operation and this was replicated for Chrissie.

We both had purple school blazers, white Trutex school blouses, black, purple and white striped school ties, and cheap black lingerie along, the highlights being thongs to go under full, heavy cotton school knickers in black.

I immediately thought back to Matt and Jessica and that fateful night when I had been introduced to Helena, dressed in her school outfit, a school that was located quite close to where I was now looking at this outfit. I must say that I had a wry smile on my face at the prospect of re-entering this fantasy world.

The outfit was completed with flat heeled pumps and there was even an Alice band for me with matching ribbons for Chrissie to plait her long blonde-red hair.

Included in the boxes were two plugs, our heavy Axsmar butt plug for me and a particularly evil double wand and dildo off a curved crotch plate complete with a clit stimulator for Chrissie.

We were instructed to help each other insert the plugs. I took a little lubricant and applied it to Chrissie's toy, asked her to drop her towel and manoeuvred it into position.

She gasped a little as it entered her. She then helped me take my favourite plug.

We dressed in the clothing, giggling about our appearance and joking that, in

many ways, the School's clothing was even worse, especially the pinafore skirts.

Eventually, we emerged into the living room and Saffi and Fallon had a small laugh, told us to put on our coats and we headed out to find a taxi to take us over to Leith.

Arriving at Fisher's, the manager and staff looked at us, laughed and comments about what would come next after my outfit nine months previously.

The food and wine were delicious and we enjoyed the latter, knowing our intake was going to be severely restricted in the weeks to come.

Back to Abercromby Place, it wasn't long before Saffi and Fallon had us down to our lingerie and getting us to please them intensely, they too would be "suffering" while we were away.

The one thing we noted was that there was no beating of us, so as to avoid any embarrassing questions if anybody saw us such as in a health check on arrival.

However, that doesn't mean that we were spared smothering, I spent at least an hour pleasing Saffi and also was subjugated that way by Fallon.

It was getting rather sad to know that we would be apart for the next three months or so and I don't think our hearts were fully into sexual gratification of each other.

The next morning saw our final packing and, after lunch, we headed southwards to Ripley and the Boar's Head, the hotel that Saffi and I had stayed at when we had visited Lady Seaton, the School principal.

We had a quiet supper and then a final love-in. I must admit that I was getting very nervous and hesitant about what was to come in the next few days and weeks and I admitted to Saffi that this was worse than the operation.

Her comment was:

"Just think of the benefits. In a few weeks, I'll have an even more feminine, skilled and servile Clare to help look after and love me. A little more training, experience and then, at some point, your major operation and you will be my devoted lesbian, for life, to be used as I see fit."

We had a lovely last dinner in their cosy restaurant.

The starters were most unusual for our second stay, small cups of lemon and saffron soup to begin and then we had a Garden Vegetable Gazpacho, a piquant Nidderdale Trout mosaic with lovely goats cheese, a Langoustine Panna-cotta and an unusual dish of Scallops marinated in red wine on a Pear and Armagnac Purée with crispy leeks.

For the main course we selected an excellent duo of Lamb rack and belly, Pan-fried Sea-Bass and pickled cucumber with a Smoked Trout and wild mushroom Cappuccino, and Lobster Thermidor risotto cakes with sweet pea purée and Worcester sauce vinaigrette.

For wine, our last supper included a Puligny-Montrachet, a lovely Château Le Gay 1982 and a bottle of the infamous Tokaji that Saffi and I so enjoyed.

With cheese and plates of local strawberries with sorbet, jelly, cream, meringue and sherbet, we were well and truly sent on our way.

And then Saffi and Fallon saw that love-wise, we were also set, having brought Per's dildo presents that we all enjoyed in a four-way as they gave immense pleasure to both sides of the relationship. This was actually a far better love session than the night before as I think true love was really expressed.

We had a lazy morning involving plenty of service, then breakfast and a stroll around the Castle and Ripon before changing into our Hall uniforms.

Chrissie and I dressed in front of our lovers, tidying up our light make-up and putting hair pieces in and then starting the "habillage" with the awful underwear.

Firstly, we hooked on the Playtex bra made from three pieces and strongly under-wired and a wide bandeau and straps.

The only thing feminine about it was a little lace on the upper cups. With the full cup, I felt my breasts were being pulled apart.

Then came the panties, also Playtex maxi-briefs that were made of cotton and elastene. The high waist design was such that the panties had flat seams positioned on the front for invisibility under clothes and then high stretch elastic on legs and waist to hold everything in.

They were totally functional in making me feel restricted. Saffi and Fallon were now laughing at us.

Next, we rolled on the blue tights and this started to make us look very prudish, standing there like middle-aged women.

We turned to the blouses with their Peter-Pan collars and put those on, buttoning them up to the top, the outline of our bras just showing through the thin fabric, the ruffed sleeves giving only the slightest hint of femininity.

Following this, we moved to don the “Tiffany” pale blue skirt that came down below our knees, followed by the matching, collarless jacket.

I thought that we now looked like a pair of airline hostesses.

Saffi and Fallon came across and gave us each a kiss and then handed us a string of small pearls that matched each other to put on each other’s neck.

I added a couple of silver bangles as I was not taking any of my better jewellery, other than my engagement ring, which Lady Seaton had permitted me to wear, and Chrissie had a gold ring with a padlock motif on that Fallon had given her.

We then put our blue three inch heeled shoes on to complete the “Hall or School look” that was part of our discipline.

Fallon took a Chanel 19 and sprayed us with that “la jeunesse” perfume so as to add to the effect of being young ladies.

Saffi commented:

“My God, Clare, you nearly look as if you are seventeen or eighteen again.”

I think that I just stuck my tongue out at her.

Lunch and then we put our matching blue coats on to firstly have photographs taken of us in front of the hotel and holding hands together and then Saffi drove us the distance to the Hall to be delivered to the custody and care of Lady Seaton.

Outside the gates to the Hall, we stopped again for yet more photos and also

some video. Saffi and Fallon seemed determine to capture for posterity our induction to becoming “proper” women.

Then they kissed us, long and hard, saying that they probably could not say proper “Goodbyes” once we were inside the Hall. It was so sad and we were nearly in tears. I certainly felt very weepy knowing that we were going to be apart for such a time, the longest in some eighteen months.

Up the drive we went and came to a halt on the gravel.

Lady Seaton quickly appeared to greet us and I gave a small curtsy, Chrissie taking heed and following me.

She greeted us with a kiss and commented,

“I know that you two will get a lot out of these next three and a half months and that, no doubt, you will enjoy yourselves. Come in, all of you, there is some paper work to sign off and we’ll also get you settled in.”

We went in through to her “drawing room” and the paperwork was duly completed, Saffi and Fallon handing over, effectively, a formal “in loco parentis” document even though we were both over eighteen.

We also had to sign a pledge that there would be no contact at all with the male sex, no dates etc., and definitely nothing intimate with them, other than a Hall function in November.

I noted that there was nothing about lesbian sex written into the pledge.

We were given a number of questionnaires stating that assessment was to be done on us over the next couple of days.

Lady Seaton asked if I had been operated on, as promised, to which I responded in the affirmative, stating the date of the procedure now nine months previous.

“I hope that it went well and you are fully healed now and that your hormonal balance has settled down in favour of the oestrogen now controlling you. I can’t have any male behaviours floating around.”

“Yes Madame, I am over it. It has left me with a much lower drive and much



more placid and serene in myself.”

“Yes, I can see that. Look, there will be a medical later from the local GP, I will ask him not to inspect you for good reasons as to publicity. But I need to ensure that you are medically alright. I hope that you will not object to an examination.”

I looked at Saffi and then back at Lady Seaton,

“No, Madame, I can understand why you want to ensure the health of students at the outset of the term.”

Lady Seaton’s staff had moved in our luggage so that was a bonus for us and also I think to help ensure that parents and guardians did not hang around to long with their weepy, homesick charges.

She handed us over to a Mademoiselle Henri (etta); Henri was the deportment coach. I should add that we were to call all staff Madame or Mademoiselle, and she took us off to our room to get Chrissie and I settled in.

Indeed, we were put in the room that Lady Seaton had promised Saffi and me but the surprise that I got was that there was a Queen bed rather than two singles.

Things suddenly looked a little brighter as Chrissie and I would be able to sleep intimately with each other.

“Ms Murchison requested this if at all possible, and given that we are at more than a full complement this term and your circumstances as being attached to the Murchison family, the Principal has acceded to this request.”

One of the things that I had noted way before coming here, but this comment just confirmed it, was that Chrissie was well on the way to following my road into being formally bonded into the family.

I turned to Saffi and gave her a small kiss, whispering:

“Thank you, Saffi; this will make things a little more bearable here.”

She whispered back:

“Not too much fucking between the two of you, mind you, or Lady Seaton will

be reporting back to us, though she does accept that you two are highly sexed and need relief. I suspect that she may let you take one or two similar girls and show them what it means to become bonded. Discretion is the name of the game and you have that in spades, Clare.”

The moment that I had been dreading, and Chrissie as well, was now imminent.

Mademoiselle Henri stating that we should think about unpacking and to say our goodbyes to Saffi and Fallon, she duly left the room so that we could say farewell.

Saffi took me in her arms, Chrissie into Fallon’s, and she hugged me close.

“Just remember, Honey, it’s not for long and you will learn so much for your, no our benefit, and I love you so much.”

With that she gave me a kiss and was gone. I was almost in tears and could feel a wet cheek. Chrissie was crying, so I duly turned to her and comforted the poor girl, as our lovers and sponsors quickly left the Hall. After all, Chrissie was also a lot younger than me and she was a long way from home.

Chrissie pulled herself together and we started to unpack.

Slowly, other girls appeared and we introduced ourselves.

There were eighteen other young women on the course and it seemed there were four rooms of four plus another double bedroom.

Immediately, we were asked how we had got a large double bed and we responded that we were family, even though Chrissie was American, and helping Lady Seaton out as space on the course was tight this term.

The girls were between seventeen and nineteen and had not been to University, two were destined to go like Chrissie was, Rebecca and Louise, all three of them being in a “Gap Year.”

Their natural intelligence shone through but most of the young women there were to “Finish” and ultimately to find suitable husbands from the landed gentry or financial stock.

Typical careers involved being cooks for the rich and famous for the ski season or summers on their boats or in Greece, France or Italy, some would go onto bistro management or even property management.

Ultimately though, a cynical view was that they were being prepared to cede their cunts up to their men's stiff cocks, become impregnated and raise families on their landed estates or city town houses.

We were summoned by a large gong and assembled downstairs, twenty young women virtually identically dressed.

After introductions of all the staff, the protocols of the Hall being laid out and things like fire safety, each of us had to step forward, introduce ourselves and the reasons why we were present.

It was all rather turgid and when it came to my turn, I remarked that I was doing this course at the end of my academic career rather than at the outset so as to round off my skill base for both the professional and family world and left it at that.

However, Lady Seaton did, mention that, while I was still a student, she would have me teaching and coaching on the home economics course and wine.

And, if any girl was interested in taking up the sport, golf could be included too.

Opening assessments and completion of the associated questionnaires were to immediately start and run through the evening and the first full day, so there was no time for any girl to sit and reflect morosely.

In between time, we would be called for our medical.

The first thing up was deportment and we had to present ourselves and walk in front of Lady Seaton, Mademoiselle Henri and Madame Jenny, who was the dance coach.

Just as I had done at the interview, I had to perform various passes and twirls.

The verdict was that my overall posture and poise was generally good, a little improvement perhaps could be made over the term, but the real challenge was to "swish and sway my bottom" more to get more of a feminine gait.

My objective was to achieve a poise and elegance that would be really noticeable when I walked down a busy street, surrounded by the sagging bodies of so many of us have.

After this, I was called to the Doctor and he went through my overall health, just checking basic functions such as blood pressure, pulse and checking things like toes, mouth, ears, and nose.

When it came to my genitalia, then he handed me over to Lady Seaton who took me up to my room and asked me to remove my briefs.

I removed my skirt, took off the blue tights and lowered the white maxis down, and stood in front of her, bottom towards her.

“Your transformation is quite remarkable, Clare, and dare I say it, you have a very cute feminine bottom. Now let’s have a look. I have never seen a castrato.”

I turned around and Lady Seaton stooped down to have a close look. This was just so humiliating and I thought to myself that Saffi would be laughing her head off at the sight of me undergoing such an inspection.

“So what do you call it now, Clare?”

“My clitoris, Madame.”

“Lift it up for me.”

I did as she requested.

“Absolutely remarkable, but you look fine and I see no response either... Good, you may put your knickers back on, then your hosiery and skirt and downstairs with you.”

Dinner was actually quite good, a salad, and a pan-roasted chicken with lemon-garlic green beans, followed by a Pavlova. I was further surprised that we were served a couple of glasses of white wine with the food and Lady Seaton asked me if I knew what it was.

“A Sancerre, Madame. I believe it is a Les Monts Damnés from Chavignol. The reason that I say that is that this wine has a very mineral flavour, almost austere

on the palate, coupled with its tremendous depth. If it is what I think it is, François Cotat is Monsieur Le Vigneron and the vineyard is made up of thirty year-old vines. The vineyard has a steep south to southwest facing slope and this contributes to the concentration in this wine.”

She retrieved the bottle and showed it to the ensemble.

“Impressive knowledge indeed, Clare, you will have a lot of fun with my husband who adores his wine collection. Need I say though, never undercut your husband or partner on imparting knowledge like this in public company, Girls, unless he has given you free rein to be in the driving seat. It can be taken as arrogance in the wrong circle.”

I didn’t know whether to take this comment as a compliment or a back-handed criticism, or both, but I appreciated where she was coming from.

I decided to remain quiet but afterwards, over coffee, nicely so, I pointed out to Lady Seaton that she had, unwittingly so, chosen one of the generic wine groups that I had studied a lot.

She just smiled.

We continued on with assessments before having some social time and then turned in. Chrissie and I prepared for bed, changing into our pre-selected jammies that Saffi had chosen for us.

The first pair we decided to go for was pink and white ones with tiny bear motifs; they were lighter than our other pairs that would keep us warming with the ever-creeping Autumn coming on.

Having cleaned up, we removed our underwear and just being naked felt good and put on the jammies to climb into bed together. I suggested Chrissie cuddle up to me if she felt lonely and she snuggled right up. We talked about the day, postulated what Saffi and Fallon would be up to right now, and a little gossip about our perceptions of the girls and staff.

Slowly our lips came together; it wasn’t long before we were entwined in each other, possibly more in comfort than pure love. I brought Chrissie to the most divine, silent orgasm, a slow sigh emerging from her as she hit her high point.

I was missing my lover and her power though and I shed a tear too as, miserably, I fell asleep, taking comfort at least from having Chrissie close to me.

The Assessment process carried on next day after breakfast, starting with the Cooking and Home Economics courses.

One chicken pie and a “multiple-guess” questionnaire later, I had sailed through those two assessments.

By the end of the appraisal process, my extra areas to focus on, apart from my deportment, included Flower Arrangement, Dance and Needlework. That was not really surprising, what I was really looking forward to was some of the advanced cooking techniques.

I was delighted to see that the programme also included Art, Pottery and Jewellery and, after the afternoon sports, I welcomed the opportunity to learn basic shooting fencing and riding. It was a shame that they didn't have access to any skiing classes.

Indeed, to my teaching support role Lady Seaton added Art and Beauty Treatments.

This was to have pay-out as, also given the age difference with the rest of the girls; I got to dine in “casual wear” with the staff on duty on Saturday nights, which also helped me bridge the gap between the staff and my co-conspirators.

The second day saw us start course work and I was soon swamped in the disciplines of deportment, having to walk back and forth, pushing my chest square and letting my hips and bottom to do the work to get a better “wiggle.”

Essentially, they had me practising to start by bending the left knee, thrusting the right hip out, and then straighten the left knee as I bent my right knee and thrust the left hip. Smaller steps, slower, and more lightly on my feet in using the ball of the foot, straight back and chin parallel to the ground. And with all of this to smile and look happy. It was going to take some practice!

Deportment is more than just walking as it covers appearance, dress, elocution and poise all summed up as being feminine. We started sessions around these subjects too and it was actually pretty interesting and I knew it was going to be very useful in increasing my feminine persona for Saffi.

Dinner that evening came from the other group and that is how they helped feed us all. A chef plus the contributions from the classes meant that we were going to have a rich diet.

Thank goodness we would have an opportunity for exercise to counter the diet through dance, gym work, and field sports.

My weight had settled down now after all the hormone shifts had done their work, I just had to watch it so as not to come too “hippy and full in the backside.”

Over the day, Chrissie and I spent some time with Rebecca and Louise. They had the other bedroom being on their Gap Year and were that little bit older than most of the other girls. Both were eighteen and Rebecca was heading for my alma mater and Louise to Exeter.

Our conversation turned towards my experiences there, academically and living, nothing “untoward”.

Not then, anyway.

Rebecca had long black hair, brown eyes and a very curvy body, which was a little overweight in my opinion, whereas Louise was the opposite, quite slender, and boyish, small breasts and short blonde hair. She was pretty cute whereas Rebecca was very much “all girl” with a lot of “presence” about her.

They sat with us for dinner and we continued our chatting. This was really helping us both settle into the routine and we dined on a lovely quiche, young potato salad and green salads with very good dressing.

Again, I was surprised when Lady Seaton allowed us wine.

“Know what it is, Clare.”

“Yes Lady Seaton, it is a Moulin à Vent.”

“I suppose that you know all the details of it then?”

“Well, yes Madame, I do know this one,” I told her, leaving it at that.

She suggested I give a resume of its characteristics and, after I had given the run down, she surprised me:

“Impressive, Clare, Two out of two, and in such detail. Have you ever thought of becoming an M.V., Master of Wine?”

It was something that I had never given any thought to, and that would be some intellectual fun that wouldn't clash with Saffi's desire and strive to drive my femme nature to the fore and it would help her, given future parties, dinners whatever and could be a hobby or small business to be run from home.

With the deportment lessons and practice, and these sorts of ideas, maybe there was some serious pay-out to be had from Saffi's investment in the School. My early scepticism and views of these last few months were changing.

That was a reinforcement lesson for me, a wake-up call. I had to trust absolutely Saffi's decisions for my lifestyle and development. She had not been wrong yet.

Chrissie and I made it back to the bedroom after a long day. Time at last for ourselves. I noticed that she locked the door. Just in case one of the others came wandering. We took off our jackets and shoes.

She came across to me and pressed her lips against my mouth. Both of us were nervous and shaking slightly, probably as this was going to be our first real intense love-making in this Establishment.

She leaned back and told me to relax as her blue eyes peered into mine. I looked down at her breasts. Her dark brown nipples were as hard as mine, puckering up her blouse. I felt a twinge of excitement, a sexual frisson, flutter through me again as she kissed me.

Her lips were so soft and inviting. I closed my eyes and she let her tongue slip from between her lips and into my mouth. She probed gently around my mouth and coaxing. Before I knew it our tongues were dancing against each other and we were body to body.

We helped each other out of our blouses and skirts and gradually our awful underwear was removed, leaving us naked.

Chrissie took me into our bathroom and into the shower unit. In that there was a



built-in wood bench and she suggested to me to sit down. As I moved to it, she came with me, kneeling in front of me.

She stretched up and turned on the water. It came cascading down my body, feeling good and splashed across her chest and down over her so slender waist. She slowly spread her legs apart and I knew that she was becoming turned on.

She moved up onto the bench and began to kiss her way down my neck, pausing to suck on my breasts that now started to tingle.

Her mouth felt so good around my nipples. I started to moan as they sent their pleasure jolts up through my nervous system.

"Shush! Clare, we don't want the others to know."

She giggled and returned her attention to my body, gently stimulating my nipples further.

I just had to bring her onwards and upwards now and offer her my attention. I moved over and took her head into my hands and started to return the kissing, her mouth, her cheeks and then her neck.

I could feel her heart racing with anticipation as I moved closer and closer to her pussy. I could feel her clit throbbing in anticipation. Even my clit was beginning to stiffen.

I slipped my tongue in between her naked, well-defined pink lips, lightly grazing her little clit. She softly moaned.

The waves of relaxing enjoyment that I had been sending through her body had her very excited, very wet with anticipation indeed. She was already to cum right now.

I slowly spread her pussy lips with my left hand, opening up her delicate young flower that Fallon so enjoyed.

I looked up at her and smiled lovingly and then I lowered my face back into the intricate folds and mystery of her lovely cunt. As my tongue met her sweet clit and enveloped it to apply just the littlest of suction, she threw her head back and closed her eyes.

She was enjoying this service. I rolled my tongue around her clit like I loved to do so with Saffi and that she so enjoyed and then ran it down to her pussy entrance, glazing over her tight hole.

I thought that she couldn't hold on much longer. She firmly grabbed my hair and pushed my face deeper her now aching and demanding pussy.

I was so close to bringing her off.

.And then she moaned, trying to repress a full cry of orgasmic satisfaction.

Her explosion overwhelmed body, tensing it up, her thighs tightly gripping my head, vicelike, as my tongue literally continued to fuck her, darting in and out of her dark pink love tunnel, the cream bubbling up from deep inside her.

The moan that escaped her body filled the bathroom and probably was heard in the next door dormitory as her eyes roll backed into her head and her back arched like the sexy feline that she was as her breathing quickened.

She was gasping loudly now, pleading with me to take her and I kept going with my oral dildo, relentlessly probing her, wanting her to spray her cum all over me.

Then it arrived, a sudden issue of her familiar sweet, creamy, honey, and right into my mouth and over my lower jaw as I lapped away at her and soaked it up, smearing myself in her orgasmic profusions as she kept cumming, body writhing in pleasure while her hands and strong thighs held me firmly in place.

One orgasm rapidly became three and then, finally, her body went limp and I let her climaxes and brain subside.

“Come on, Chrissie; let me help you into your jammies and into bed.”

“God, Clare, now I know why Saffi has you as hers. Take my panties I have been wearing as I know you like to take your women in and I will need you to service me in the morning. You are just so wonderfully good at this.”

We climbed into bed and she took me in her arms, her panties fixed over my nose as she kissed me through them.

“Goodnight Clare, now I know what I have to learn to up my oral service to Fallon.”

Somehow, I knew that we would get through these three months and become good friends and “sister-out of laws” if and when her Agreement with Fallon came about.

This little session hadn’t been about out and out domination; some hints of control over me from Chrissie, yes, but it was more about the two of us away from our “controllers” finding short-term solace in each other.

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We rapidly got into our stride, no pun meant, with all the deportment classes and dancing. The foil fencing was a lot of fun, instructional and physically demanding and I enjoyed the shooting classes using twelve bores, as well as fly-fishing.

I started the art class and enjoyed the chance to take up pottery; that room and the kilns was something that Saffi and I had not been shown. Very therapeutic it was, and it became another thing that I promised to pursue in the future.

Embroidery was proving the toughest after dance, largely because of my fingers, but I was getting there and cooking was fun, instructive and easy. I was also exempted home economics but assisted in coaching the girls on this.

The wine course was scheduled for the second half of our time but I spent some fun hours with Lady Seaton’s husband selecting wines to introduce the subject of oenology to the girls, from concepts of taste, wine properties, wine varietal types to the appropriate serving methods, glasses and food matching.

I also had to coach and mentor some of the girls, including Rebecca and Louise.

Of course, coupled with our evenings, this meant I got to know them more and more.

Rebecca was going to study history next year after a trip to Australia and New Zealand. She came from a large Cheshire family involved in estate management,

horticulture and forestry and her elder sister had also been through the course here. She had a vicious sense of humour and was not amiss to pranks that had already had her in a little bit of trouble in the kitchen.

Louise was much quieter but a very nice, smart girl, also from Northern England. Her intention was to work in chalets and Italy before studying Economics. With my academic background, she was very interested and it led to a number of long chats about economics, related matters and career options in the evening.

The small shock came one evening when the four of us were in our bedroom.

Rebecca suddenly turned to us and asked:

“Can we ask you two something personal, something sensitive?”

Chrissie beat me to the draw and said:

“Well yes, of course you can but we may say nothing. So what is it?”

“We have kind of, well in fact, er...” Louise stammered.

Rebecca took over for her friend:

“Become lovers.”

I responded, not wanting to say anything about us,

“Well that is good for you two,” I responded, not wanting to say anything about myself and Chrissie. “I personally have no objection but you will have to be careful of the staff around here. I don’t think that they look on any sex being good while we’re here.”

A thoughtful looking Louise then asked:

“Well, can I ask you about you two?”

“What about us two?”

“Well if you are lesbian? After all, it all seems a bit odd. You, Clare are somewhat older than Chrissie, you share the same room and in fact the same

bed. I know there is a family connection but are you cousins or what as your surnames are different. And you seem to be very close to each other, body language and all the rest....”

“Observant, both of them,” I remember thinking, interested in Louise’s response as I thought Chrissie and I had been reasonably discreet.

“Is that what you think? Or just some rumour going the rounds?”

“No, it’s definitely what we think. We haven’t heard anything from the other girls. To us, you just seem to be quite tactile and intimate with each other, not holding hands or kissing in public, but a lot more so than both of you are with the rest of us.”

“Well, doesn’t that come from being from the same family?”

“We were just curious as it would nice to know if we had some “support” in this and the tactility does come across as being a little more than would be normal. It’s just an observation. I’m sorry if we have upset you both.”

I looked at Chrissie and she smiled:

“No, we are not offended. I’m surprised that someone hasn’t picked up on this earlier. If you promise, absolutely promise, not to mention it to anyone else and I mean that as it may mean the removal of all four of us, yes we are, but not as you think.”

They looked open mouthed at us as Chrissie went onto explain how we were the partners of two sisters and why both of us were here at the Hall.

I chipped in how I was already “betrothed”, as I put it, and Chrissie could be likely heading that way. And that we had only had a “certain amount of connection” as being companions together, a long way away from our partners. A comfort factor if they would like to see it in that light.

We didn’t go into any details about our intimacy, our fetishes and that I was not all that I seemed to be. We also volunteered our support and if they needed to ask anything, they knew where to come.

We just left it at that and over the next few days just a little more crept out in

these conversations, more about them actually and that they needed some assurance that things were ok and that it was all natural to fall in love with another girl.

We both started to explain to the girls that there was also love and sex for love's sake and it was alright to enjoy sex as an activity in its own self as it enriched the creativity and natural energy of the female brain.

As we approached the mid-term, Louise gave us a surprise and invited us to come back to her family house in the Lake District with Rebecca for the week off, as she thought that we would be spending the time at the Hall.

This wasn't quite true as I was going to have suggested that we nip back to Edinburgh firstly to check that my apartment was ok and then Chrissie and I could also have some girls' days out and entertainment in a more adult world. I thanked Louise and bought myself a couple of days before I responded to her.

I managed to contact Saffi, still in DC, and she phoned me back. We had a long conversation about how things were going, what we were doing, how we were missing each other and then I gave her the low down on Louise and Rebecca and the invitation that we had.

"Go for it, Girls and I am speaking 90% for Fallon on that. I'll phone straight back if she objects and if she does, I know what you will do and that's understandable. Enjoy yourselves and see what they are like. Who knows? A European cove over there, what with Adèle as well? I love you by the way and miss you, but it is only seven weeks now."

That was Saffi. She knew that I would stay with Chrissie if Fallon thought that this was a step too far. It wasn't and next day, Chrissie called her to have a similar chat and give her the accord to go away.

Louise was delighted. I said yes, but that Chrissie and I needed to go to Edinburgh first for a couple of nights and then we could come back down to her in the Lake District for the rest of the mid-term break. Was she sure her family would be ok with this in having three of us to stay?

She responded that we hadn't seen her house yet, that we would be largely left to our own devices; however, her parents would love to meet some of her classmates, "fine upstanding young ladies that we all were." Said with a very large

tongue in cheek, of course.

Chatting to Saffi did bring back pangs of wanting to be with her and to be able to be immersed in her presence and direct influence, what she was doing and, naturally, our bed and bathroom time together.

I did miss her, and not just for the power, discipline and decision-making leadership that she exerted over me.

It was a big shame not to be able to see Saffi, or Fallon, during the interval but at least a trip to the Lake District would be a good better distraction. Chrissie and I, most likely, would have spent most of the time in bed anywhere be it Edinburgh or at the Hall, entwined in each other's' bodies.

I had a word with Lady Seaton if I could bring back my car to the School and volunteered to hand over the keys to her. She had agreed to that, thinking it may be useful to have another driver and vehicle on site.

Half term came and we left early by Hall coach and train to Edinburgh. It was great to be able to be back in much nicer clothes and, especially, lingerie.

We got back late morning, made the quick clothes change and I took Chrissie for lunch in the Queen's Café. The afternoon we spent shopping and I tackled some of the outstanding paperwork that I needed to catch up on, followed by long phone calls with Saffi and then Chrissie and Fallon.

And then we just had to have dinner at Fisher's, a wonderful change of pace to the School diet, not that it was bad, anything but. However, all the rich food did add up so some nice simple fish and lobster was high up our wants.

I have forgotten to mention in the Cookery School that we even had prepared pheasants and grouse "straight from the field to the table." Oh, for the life of the kept woman in her English "country estate," though mine would become largely American, though I didn't yet realise that.

Dinner over, Chrissie and I had made it back to the apartment for a really good sex session using our toys and straps and it was awesome to have our accessories back in play, in addition to our oral skills.

Perhaps Saffi and Fallon had also thought about this benefit as well when they

dispatched us to the outer hills of Northern England?

We packed our bags and drove south through the old Southern Upland textile towns of Galashiels, Selkirk and Hawick, stopping at the Locharron Mills and Pringle for tartan items for Chrissie, and the “Wallace Braveheart” Abbey.

Then it was into England and down the M6 to Penrith, to begin the lovely drive alongside Ullswater, Patterdale and over the Kirkstone Pass towards Bowness-on-Windermere.

We took a time out to grab an afternoon tea at the very romantic setting of Sharrow’s Bay at Pooley Bridge in a beautiful house full of what can only be described as “eclectic”.

It was a mishmash of furniture and colours and I was so please that we didn’t have an interior designs course at the School, for if this was what they were to preach as being fashionable, we were in trouble.

The tea was really good though and refreshed us for the final hour’s drive.

In fact we took nearly an hour and a half to reach Bowness as Chrissie just loved this part of the trip as it for the beauty of the countryside and wanted to stop to take photographs.

Finally we found Louise’s house with her good instructions and it was truly an impressive pile, being an Edwardian house on the shores of Lake Windermere, with stunning views back up into the Lake District.

Louise and Rebecca greeted us with kisses and then we met her parents before being shown to our room out on a wing of the house, next to Louise’s room and with windows that opened up over the Lake. It was a lovely comfortable room and, surprisingly we had had huge king-sized bed to play in, as well as our own bathroom.

Rebecca was sharing Louise’s room and that was comfortable and en-suite – and the best thing of all, we had the wing to ourselves. Could we have some fun together with the girls?

If so, Chrissie and I had a delicate subject to broach with them.



Namely: me.

We showered and freshened up and headed to a lovely old pub- restaurant between Hawkshead and Ambleside, The Drunken Duck. Louise explained to us that the name had been the Traveller's Rest and it jokingly got re-titled when a woman came back from market and left her ducks in the yard behind the pub. When she came out, they appeared all dead, until one opened its beak and a large beer bubble appeared, the source being a leaking wood cask.

The food was again an excellent change from the School's diet and I went for a twice baked Lancashire cheese soufflé and then a roast Duck's Breast with fig black pudding, sweet red cabbage and parsnip. All that work on birds had me now enjoying rare duck breast and rare meat generally.

Chrissie chose Ham Hock Cannelloni and a Beef fillet with shallot purée. From a good wine list, we demolished some Côte-Rôtie Cuvée Duplessy. Chocolate Parfaits and a Cranachan with a bottle of Château Briatte and we were more than full.

Over dinner, Chrissie and I tackled the subject we had in mind, especially if things were going to go further and we had decided Chrissie would lead on this first.

Over dessert, she caught Louise and Rebecca's attention and said:

"Girls, you have been great friends to us in not mentioning Clare's and my relationship and that we both have partners. I want to tell you more about what we have let ourselves in for with our girl-friends, Fallon and Saffi."

She gave a pretty good summary of the two relationships and how hers had begun with Fallon. I mentioned how mine had started with Saffi.

Rebecca and Louise were amazed by what they were hearing.

Chrissie moved on saying that beyond the relationship, there were other dynamics at work and she explained the fem femme nature and a little of how it worked, and some of the areas that it applied to in our lives. Now this had their attention.

She went onto explain that both of us were submissive and especially concerning

myself and how Saffi dominated me.

“How can you let someone dominate you like that, Clare. You are so bright and intelligent and you have all these qualifications?”

“It’s a good question, Louise. Firstly, I love Saffi implicitly; I totally trust her and her sense of decision making is very, very good. I really need someone in my life like that; I am not a leader and that good at making decisions about my life in general. Yes I can absorb huge amounts of information, come out with the major threads and conclusions, make recommendations, look for creative angles and manage projects, but I do not like to make the final decision. Saffi provides that foil to me. Does that make sense?”

“Think so...”

I continued:

“She is also very considerate, generous in nature and warm, and she subtly questions me and reads my mind so that she is well prepared to make a good decision be it sexual or non-sexual.

“She knows me better than I know myself and if you do get into our type of world, it is not easy to find women who are of such a profile. There are a number out there who will play ‘Mistress’ and be dominant in sex play, but real Fem-Domme is much more intense. It is a life-style and it is all-consuming and pervasive. It is also intense and can be, at times, very erotic.”

“Go on, would you?”

Well one more thing, in sex play, the Mistress-Domme play often means that it is actually the submissive that really has the power as what happens if she or he doesn’t want to play? In our type of Fem-Domme, Chrissie and I do not have that luxury; we expect our partners to make really good decisions, most of the time anyway. So we have been prepared to cede power and authority to them, well I have done so and Chrissie is going that route.”

“What happens if they do not make good decisions? What happens if you really object?”

Chrissie added, “Well, it would mean that they haven’t really picked up on the

signals or listened or read us or our needs properly, so we would all put the deep relationship at risk and, ultimately, it wouldn't work and there will be emotional blood on the tracks. It is extreme perhaps, but when it does work, the love and trust is beyond being married. By the way, I am not yet at the stage Clare is with Saffi. It sounds like being a slave but, believe me, we have a wonderful life and the girls give us almost everything a girl could want but, more importantly, it is also about sharing everything between partners."

I explained a little about the Agreement and the two girls were stunned. They had never heard of this at all.

"As we are sharing these intimate if unusual fem-domme relationship details, there is one more thing that we have to mention, Louise and Rebecca, as if I think we are going where we are, you will discover my secret later. All I ask you is seriously to keep this to yourselves. Lady Seaton knows about it, Chrissie does as well, but they are the only two in the School. We are telling you only because of your kindness to us so far and that you have kept it secret about our lesbianism."

Rebecca and Louise looked at each other and both replied, "Of course, we will."

Chrissie dropped them the bombshell,

"Girls, Clare is not a girl, she is a boy."

You could have almost heard the girls drop their wine glasses and an "Oh my God. Surely not. But you are all girl, look at you."

Chrissie quietly went on,

"Girls, Clare is what they call a transsexual and is progressing to becoming a full woman. She is pretty well down the line and has even been castrated as part of her preparations towards reassignment. You have been living as a woman now, Clare for how long?"

"Oh, I have always dressed but the last time I put on any men's clothing was some....five years now, cumming up six. And what Chrissie is saying is true. And that's why Saffi has me really on the course – to knock off some of my rough edges to be a better female submissive and partner to her. That's how I have been able to take on things like nails, make-up and beauty expertise.

Cooking and wine – well I have been interested in that for years and lived in apartments and houses, not halls, since schooldays.”

“Unbelievable, absolutely unbelievable. We just find it remarkable, as you are all girl to us. You have everybody bamboozled, you know. They just wouldn’t even think the thought, Clare.”

I smiled and the rest of the dinner was both of us giving more details about our background, our relationships, my transformation and things like hormones, and not so much the sexual side.

That came later when we got back to the house.

Louise’s parents had also been out to a function and came and had a drink with us, then leaving us with our wines in front of a lovely fire as they went to bed. We would be out for dinner with them the next evening.

Over the wine and cuddled up on two sofas, we explained more about our “adventures” and even got into fetishes. Louise and Rebecca were, it seemed, still find their way, their little nuances that would lead to a deep loving relationship.

Of the two, it appeared that Louise was definitely more the “top, which would have been my guess at the outset if you had asked me, knowing a little of their personalities.

Eventually we made it to bed, Chrissie and I to our room and we suspected a very “hot under the collar” couple going to bed in Louise’s room. It wasn’t that long until we heard a guttural moan coming through the walls.

In the meantime, Chrissie made me slowly strip her and, on my knees, take off her cream panties and bring her off with my tongue playing along her beautiful lips and into her pussy entrance, up to her love-bud and the back down. I soon felt her familiar taste invading my mouth and greedily took her in, loving her taste almost as much as Saffi’s divine cummy flavour.

Chrissie had then swung herself across my breasts to straddle and smother me and demanded a second orgasm from tipping her velvet and her beautiful, tight brown anal ring.

She kept herself high in ecstasy by asking me to slip on the hollow penis that we had, so I strapped up, putting my “clitoris” into the tube and allowed her to fuck herself off on me to an intense explosion.

We fell asleep in each other’s arms and the lovely Chrissie had known what to do and had enveloped me in her panties that she had worn during the day. I just loved this intimacy.

The first we really knew was Louise coming into our room with some coffee and she couldn’t but help notice my taking-in of Chrissie’s scent. “How weird and kinky, but I do love Beccy’s scent and taste too, so I understand,” was her comment.

After breakfast and a long chat with Louise’s parents, we had a really nice day sight-seeing around the Lakes, places like the Beatrix Potter House, the Langdales, and Grasmere for William Wordsworth’s cottage and Ambleside. We deliberately kept to a lunch light as Louise had said her parents wanted to take us out to somewhere highly rated and it was a good excuse for us girls to dress up a little too.

Chrissie and I had said to the girls that we were going seriously for the sexy lingerie then as we had been denied this for so long by Lady Seaton.

It was just a pleasure to wear even basics like Wacoal during the day after the pleasures and restraint that Playtex had afforded all of us for so many weeks! And we were only half way through this part of purgatory as well.

To ensure that the girls were properly fitted out, we stopped in Windermere to visit two lingerie shops in the town, close by to each other, and an hour later the Murchison credit card had been hit.

I treated Rebecca and myself to a gorgeously soft and silky “Ayton Gasson” set of a celandon green, (more like a sage green to grey) bra lined with peach Nottingham lace and ribbons, a matching pair of knickers with the peach lace set as insets and a similar, decadent, camisole with peach straps and flowing ribbons, just the perfect for the submissives that we were. Rebecca’s looked gorgeous on her with her very curvy body, her D cup breasts filling the bra.

Louise and Chrissie went for Aubade, buying black vintage bras, Louise’s being padded, along with matching bikini briefs with transparent beaded panels and

suspender belts. We picked up stockings and for Rebecca and I, we went for a dark taupe hold-up, something I rarely wore.

We got back to the house and had some tea, a chat about what we had been up to, and then to shower and change. I admit to a little service session with Chrissie before we decided to bath and it was good to be able to soak and soap each other.

We changed into our lingerie and I put on my Jaeger tea coloured linen dress along with a tailored brown canvas jacket and heels in the same colour as my jacket.

Chrissie was wearing a black cocktail dress in which she looked stunning as it emphasised her beautiful hair.

We headed downstairs and Louise was also wearing black, but in a trouser suit that made her look quite boyish with her short blonde hair, but I thought rather cute.

I began to think whether I could get her inside my panties, or more like it, to be sandwiched under her pussy. I knew Chrissie was quite enamoured with “Becky” from what she had said to me about her being “curvy and cute.”

Becky also had a cocktail dress, a silk spot wrap dress with a black jacket.

Louise’s parents didn’t have to take us very far, just above Windermere on the old road to Kendal to a country hotel called the Gilpin Lodge, on its own little tarn and whose food had got good reviews from the critics.

I must admit that it was excellent, vowing to bring Saffi here to stay for some time. The owner and Maître D’ had both been involved in the catering and service support of Number Ten and were very fickle in their quest for excellence.

With starters such as fried Celtic Scallops, pea and ham risotto with a chive oil, a Twice Baked Cumbrian Rarebit Soufflé, fruit chutney and mustard, and Artichoke Salad with a Madeira jelly and truffle dressing, we were well set.

Rebecca and I also went for a main course of a Pan-fried fillet of line-caught Sea Bass, hand-dived Scottish Scallops and a basil potato purée, whereas Louise and Chrissie picked a local Heaves Farm, rose veal loin and shank with wild garlic

and saffron polenta.

Louise's Dad and I hit it off over the wine list and that provided a major topic of conversation between us over dinner. Between us we chose a New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc, a Morton Estate and then a Vosne Romanée Grivet to go with the main courses.

Louise stammered as we chatted away about the Hall term to date and our various backgrounds, and I felt her hand coming across my stockings.

Not just an idle brush but a distinct caress up my leg.

She was sitting on my left and then her Dad on my right and this little gesture augured well for the evening ahead as it wasn't just one.

I looked at her but she ducked my eye-to-eye contact.

Deserts of crème brûlée and lemon meringue soufflé went down extremely well.

We got back to the house around 10pm and, again, we had some more drinks with her parents before they retired to their wing. Louise had been sitting next to me, pressing her body up quite closely at times and I suspected that she wanted to take me.

As soon as her parents had disappeared, she moved over, her head close to mine and gently kissed me, inquisitive to see how I would respond. Out of the corner of my eye, on the other couch I noticed Chrissie beginning to kiss Rebecca.

I relaxed back into the huge, over-pillowed, sofa and let Louise explore me with her kissing, her tongue looking to seek me out and wander over my lips and over my teeth. She could kiss pretty seductively and I was enjoying this adventure and interest from a younger girl.

Louise continued to make me relax and enjoy her interest in me, pushing me back deep into the sofa so that she could move over me, already establishing herself over me. I yielded to her.

We spent some twenty minutes or so smooching and slowly Louise's hands began to wander to explore me.

“Let’s head upstairs to my room, Chrissie and Becky can take yours.”

She took me by the hand and led me out of the living room, into the hall, and up the grand staircase to our wing of the house.

“Do you have any toys, Louise?”

“No, I don’t”

I could hear a little excitement in her voice.

“I do, let me go to my bedroom and get a couple – and my nightie. I thought something like this might happen and, anyway, I can use them on Chrissie. After all these weeks of them being idle...”

She led me into our room and I quickly retrieved one of our straps, a couple of vibrators, and my long “strappy” cream nightie with a matching pair of panties.

“Ok, Louise, I am all yours for tonight. Use me as you wish.”

She led me next door into her room, a large, comfortable bedroom dominated by an equally large four poster bed, covered in huge pillows.

Louise moved close, pulling me into her to French kiss again and then she started to unbutton my dress to allow me to step out of it and present my lingerie to her.

“Mmmm, you look gorgeous in that, and such nice breasts you have, Clare.”

Her fingers caressed my nipples through the silk of the bra,

“Undo my trouser suit, slowly, Clare, and on your knees.”

I undid her blouse buttons and then her pants ones so she could slide them down and I could take the blouse off. Louise’s slender body, covered in stunning black lingerie, was in front of me.

Her small breasts pert through the black mesh of her vintage bra, her pussy looking enticing behind the panties fabric.

I could already smell her sex coming off her, a thick and heavy aroma.



She pressed herself forward, her panties onto my nose and mouth and I really took her in as she ran her hands through my hair and over my shoulders. Her aroma was an intense one, a very cummy one with a hint of vanilla to her saltiness, and one that was very different to say Saffi, Fallon, Pamela or Chrissie.

She got me up and we went to the bed.

She had me release her bra and lay down on the bed, face up, for me to climb on and over her to start to kiss her. Her nose, her cheeks, her ears and slowly done to her pert brown nipples, now standing hard for me.

Up and down I slowly moved, worshipping her body, slowly beginning her gentle moans of enjoyment.

I focused on orally pleasing her nipples as she played with my hair, running her hands through it, massaging my head. Occasionally I moved back to kiss her lips with the high passion buzzing between us now.

My right hand was wandering down her body to please her through her black panties, feeling the outline of her pussy. I continued my sensual onslaught on her flat breasts, loving them, and then tipping her nipples to bring them out to their full extent.

And then I started to move down her body, kissing her flat tummy and around her panty like, enjoying the velvet tone of her firm, smooth skin. Slowly my head came to rest on her silky black panties that were hiding my destination of joy, her route to hopefully an intense orgasm.

I slowly massaged her cunt through her panties, using the ball of my hand to apply pressure over her mons pubis and clitoris, which I knew was ready for my homage.

Louise was sighing that much more pronouncedly now and one of her hands was frothing her own breasts as the other, her left hand inter-locked with my right fingers.

Gradually, I lowered the line of her panties to expose her silken purse and I applied my mouth to her blossoming bud – and noticed that she was now arching her spine in anticipation of what was to come.

She released my hand to allow me to use both of mine to flick my fingers inside her panties to pull them down her and over her thighs, legs and feet.

Directly in front of her, I took her panties and inhaled their gusset to trap more of that delicious aroma.

“Later Clare, you shall enjoy them later. Mmmm carry on and take me orally.”

I rubbed my hand over her mons and she placed her right hand over mine to add extra pressure on her damp clitoris and lips.

She was already soaking wet. Up into her light pubic hair strip I went, running my index finger through that, teasing her, wanting her to open up ready for my oral assault on her.

I kissed the inside of her thighs and then alongside her inner sanctum, that sensitive naked area next to her clit but not her thigh, the outer extremes of her mons pubis where the pelvis lies underneath pushing up her garden of love.

I could see and smell her pussy right in front of me, the petals of her inner lips unfurling inviting me to come in and take her.

I lowered my lips on to the top part taking in her clit, allowing my lips to gently suck-kiss her, wanting to taste all her intimacy.

I rested in her love grotto taking her into me; she was moving her hips to encourage me to go in deeper to use my lips and nose to full effect.

I continued on with keeping my pressure up, narrowing in on her upper part of her love area, driving my tongue in low and bringing it up over her towards her clit as I kept the suction pressure up.

Louise was now sighing, no whimpering, and she had her right hand on my head pressing me into her. A regular string of “Mmms” and “Aaahs” were now rhythmically being emitted.

I just kept up the pressure on Louise’s mound letting my tongue languish over her, enjoying her cream as my own bottom started to bounce in anticipation of going further.

Louise's back arched even higher as she was getting little jolts of satisfaction now running through her, building up to going up her own mountain of ecstatic pleasure. I just kept my mouth locked on her pussy as she started to gyrate her hips, gasping for more air. Her tummy Abs were also bouncing as her muscles moved to help her achieve what she sought, release.

And then she came, releasing a prolific load of lovely, sticky cum into my mouth, a gasp and a moan like we had heard the night before penetrating the room.

I just lay in there with my mouth right over her cunt, soaking her love-juice up, keeping up the pressure for her by pressing hard down on her so that she stayed at her orgasmic peak, encouraging her to continue on an on.

As she wound down off her mountain top, I moved back up onto her body to kiss her lip-to-lip again and she deep-kissed me to taste her own juices that smeared my mouth and face. I could see the glimpse of "You are mine tonight" in her eyes as she regained authority and control over me.

She pulled me closer into her and hugged me, her hands running through my coppery locks. I kissed her shoulders and down to her nipples; she whispered that she was going to take me.

We continued to French kiss, more than expressing our sexual passion of this evening, the continual rubbing of her body against me, the feel of her hands, and the frisson of sexual tension that had been in the air and still was.

My body and my pantied crotch were rubbing up against her pussy to keep her wet. I could feel her dampness through the silk of my new panties and I could even feel stirring afoot in my own clit.

Louise moved out from under me, got the strap and climbed into it, inserting one end into her sopping pussy, it taking it up easily.

Kissing her nipples once more, I helped her tighten the buckles and she stood there with this large cock ready for me, magnified by her slender frame.

Louise suggested I lie back on the bed and she moved over to help me off with my panties, a little gasp when she saw me ball-less underneath and a little excited, my lack of pubes also giving her a small shock.

I muttered something to her that almost all of us went completely naked and Becky would be finding the same thing with Chrissie.

She moved a pillow underneath my bottom and got me to help lubricate her up.

Louise lifted my stockinged legs to her shoulder, kissing my feet and ankles and slid herself into me. She felt good and the prospect that I was going to be fucked by this deliciously slender girl was highly arousing, certainly upstairs in my brain.

Slowly she took me, kneeling on the bed, sliding in and out of me, taking my prostate and stimulating me that way. I could hear her little moans as the dildo in her worked its tricks, bringing her back up onto her high.

She grabbed both of my hands and locked her fingers in as she increased her rate, fucking my brains out of me, sending me up there to join her in numbing me.

We came together, my brain freezing as she surged again, collapsing onto me, wanting to kiss my erect nipples. She held herself in me for some five minutes before withdrawing.

We removed the strap and Louise climbed onto the bed, both of us sitting up as we intertwined to kiss each other, her position effectively locking me into her as she bear hugged me.

She now controlled the kissing and pace of play, I was yielding to her, to be her submissive for tonight, perhaps for another few nights.

Saffi was still omnipresent; Louise was a diversion, albeit a nice one to relieve the sexual tension that had built up over the past weeks and to keep us going.

Saffi knew what I was going through and so did Fallon with Chrissie. They were omnipresent and we were still totally theirs.

I realised that as we had sex and this worship rendering, with a deliciously gorgeous, younger girl, brought home just how strong that bond of being in servitude to the end of my life was and would always be.

Louise moved back over me and straddled my head, presenting her pussy for my

mouth and nose to play their way on her. She pressed down saying, as such, I want you to please me.

In this moist world, her aroma streaming over me, I drove my tongue into her love chamber, immediately picking up some of the strong creamy cum from before. I let her ride me, naturally finding her own motion as she used my chin, nose and face as her toy to take her upwards to yet another climax.

This girl was seriously orgasmic and we continued on with our “love” making long into the small hours of the morning, before turning in to sleep with each other.

Next morning, I found out Chrissie had a long session with Becky too and this was to set the passage of the stay with them and occasionally into the remainder of the term with some judicial bedroom swapping.

I came to enjoy my times with Louise but she wasn't Saffi, or by any means, even Chrissie. However, if we had set them up to enjoy each other's love and company so as to be happy, then that was an idyllic outcome.

For all.

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## Chapter-Five

## *The Second Half of Term*

It was soon back into the swing of the second half of our time at the Finishing School and we carried on with the wide range of studies and personal improvement. Life was pretty mundane and restricted, not only by the course itself, the location of the School but also that the autumn weather was coming in, heavy winds whistling around and mizzle enveloping the School.

The tedium was only salvaged by having Chrissie present, some romps with Louise and Becky and Saturday nights, where I could dress a little more casually and dine with Lady Seaton, her husband and any staff present.

By now, I was almost a “half-teacher” in terms of taking some of the home economics, the wine and art classes. In fact, Lady Seaton paid me a compliment in asking whether I would consider joining her as a permanent teacher at the School.

Fortunately, Saffi turned this “career” option down.

Before our final assessments, we had a potentially embarrassing evening, a dinner dance with local young men. I wasn't looking forward to this; Saffi knew it and found it hilarious that I was going to be exposed in my finery to the young gentlemen of Northern England. If only they knew that they were to be “dating,” or rather chatting up a transsexual.

Ultimately, I knew that I would be ok as we were strictly chaperoned but still it was potentially embarrassing.

I didn't mind all the preparations and cooking, that was fun putting on a function for over sixty people and we swung into full action though I didn't get to lead on this one. “There are more girls than you, Clare, who need to get the experience take the leadership on this, your turn will come.” had been Lady Seaton's very words.

I did get to select the wines though and had a fun session choosing them with Lady Seaton's husband. To be fair to him, he was a pleasant man and not at all

threatening or invasive as to me, being often one on one with him. I don't think he knew what his wife did about my sexuality or situation, and his wine seemed to matter more than women.

Perhaps if he had known, there may have been more interest!

The evening came all too quickly. Saffi and I had decided that what I should bring was a simple black evening dress that I had, not my Escada that was still housed in her Garrison closet.

As we couldn't wear that much jewellery, simplicity would show off what I had brought, really just my Talena collar and my diamond ring along with single pearl ear-rings. Underneath, we were still made to wear the School uniform "underwear" and black tights, albeit new ones.

These were about as sexy as a wet kipper.

The "gentlemen" were drawn from the local hunt clubs and ranged from 20 to 27 in age. For my taste, they were a little too "Hooray Henrys" in character, but over drinks, I met a couple of the older ones and ended up sitting next to one, Edward, at dinner.

He was typical of the group, a son of a local land baron, a chartered surveyor and now working in estate management. No way was he my type, not even allowing for Saffi.

Conversation was very light and ephemeral and it made me miss the more "cut and thrust" over the Murchison table. I was looking forward to being back in Saffi's arms and "ownership."

Dancing with my new-found "partner," Edward was a little strange with him taking a strong lead with me, though the Scottish flings were more fun to do and much more enjoyable. However, somehow I managed it through and he, largely, kept his hands to himself, just a few bottom grabs.

Post the event I reported back to Saffi and she just laughed at the story, "Shame it wasn't me there as I would have been in your panties, Clare."

"You wouldn't have been allowed to, Saffi. Lady Seaton's hawks would have had you immediately in irons, even if you got close. And I probably would have



been put in her deepest dungeon and whipped within in an inch of my life.”

“Now there is an idea that Fallon would certainly like.”

However, getting back to our bedroom and a lovely, slow oral-sex session with Chrissie and finally into a nightie was more than welcome and a big stress reliever.

We moved through to final assessment and that was a challenge, having to lead a team of four of us in planning the meal, cooking, wines, layout of the table and even aspects such as flowers and service, as well as acting as hostess for the meal.

I “landed” the staff meal on a Saturday night and a meal of salmon soufflés, roast pheasant stuffed with sage and apples, cheeses and a millefeuille, coupled with a Vicar’s Choice from New Zealand and a Nuits-St-George saw me through with a Distinction. The only thing left to come was our farewell and graduation.

This was split into two, a dinner the night before for all the graduates and staff, and then a sign-off meal, exhibition, speeches and graduation in front of relatives.

I was really excited by this, as was Chrissie, as Saffi and Fallon were flying into attend the function and then we could immediately leave with them.

It was with gusto that we tackled the preparations and I was given the job of leading the farewell lunch for over one hundred people.

With Chrissie and Louise’s assistance, we designed a lunch based around canapés, a pea and watercress velouté soup, a trio of three mousses with crab, salmon, and leek and cheese, then a marinated Pheasant and Duck Brace with cherry tomato and sour cherry chutney along with a peppercorn sauce, and chocolate parfaits for dessert.

For wine, the budgets were understandably constrained but we came up with a New Harbour Sauvignon Blanc and a Chorey-lès-Beaune, Domaine Tollot-Beaut.

Lady Seaton thought we had been over-ambitious but I pointed out that the trick in this meal was that the girls could prepare most of the meal in advance and

well inside within the budget of £30 per person.

She could even offer guests a choice of a glass of port or snifter of a decent cognac as a “pousse-café” if she wished and still be inside the budget.

The day came around and it was a very slow morning up to 11 o'clock when the guests were due to start arriving. We were dressed in the School uniform, I couldn't wait to get out of it and condemn it to the attic.

Saffi and Fallon were about the fifth group to arrive and we were really surprised to see Per and Pamela walk in with, along with Chrissie's parents. Lady Seaton had given no indication of whom would be arriving, only the number to cater for.

There were hugs and kisses all around. I had met Chrissie's parents three times before, for example at the Murchison Christmas party. It was wonderful to see Saffi's parents again though and it demonstrated a real commitment to their “daughters-in-law.”

Safi looked gorgeous having grown her hair out a little more, and was dressed in a cream blouse, dark fawn pants and a cute brown beaded jacket. She was wearing my ring as well.

She just whispered, “More hugs and kisses when we get some privacy; however it is so lovely to see you.”

I also appreciated that she had bought along my diamond ear-rings and the Tiffany diamond padlock necklace and I quickly put those on.

Over pre-lunch drinks, Lady Seaton introduced the event, welcoming everybody to the Hall and to give an idea of what lay ahead.

Drinks over, everybody sat down to our lunch, spread over three rooms with the tables looking stunning with their decorations. We girls went back to work, the staff leaving us totally to it. I acted as Master Chef, steering the co-ordination and presentation of the dishes, Chrissie coordinating the starter and soups, another girl, Jane, an excellent cook, the main course and Becky, the dessert.

Eventually we got to the end of service and Lady Seaton launched into her discourse including special mentions and she was so nice in acknowledging my role in teaching, mentoring and then for the lunch today, saying that it was the

first time that she and the teaching cook had left us as a team to completely run the affair and that, in a large part, the success was down to my organisation.

The lunch had been for the biggest number of guests that they had had and that it had been completed on time, taste-wise was excellent and creative and was within budget. There was standing applause for the four of us principals and the team.

We then got some time with our families to take them around the Hall and show them various produce, photographs and video of riding, shooting and fishing, art and embroidery work.

Chrissie also put on a fencing demonstration as well with the teacher, having excelled at that. She could whip me with her precision and thrust; I enjoyed the discipline but she was really good at it.

Finally we were there and ready to leave. Lady Seaton took Saffi and me aside and thanked me for all that I had done and to Saffi,

“I think that you will see a lot more of a polished, feminine and sophisticated partner, Saffi. She has been a credit to your family as has Fallon.”

“Lady Seaton, I can see the poise and change already, believe me. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

Escape time it was and Saffi and I headed up to the bedroom and stole a nice long hug and kiss. I looked at Saffi and said,

“I have missed you so much, Saffi. I hope you love the new me and thank you for sending me on the course. Before I came, I admit that I had my doubts but I now know why you did it now. I didn’t question you over it but, having been through the mill here, I have realised that there is real purpose and logic in all your thinking. And for that I have to thank you, my love.”

She kissed me:

“That’s only stage one over but it is the long part. I am so impressed with your poise and confidence though, Clare, and you now have such a sexy backside and jiggly walk now. I could just eat you!”

We both laughed.

“Come on let’s get you out of here and get you to the Hotel we are staying at. I want you under me, servicing and loving me as you do.”

We said our farewells and got family photographs at the front of the Hall and the Estate gates, just as we had done so those distant weeks past.

We drove away, following Per, Pamela and Chrissie’s parents, Chrissie and I being delighted to be back with our lovers and patrons.

Saffi and Fallon had not been able to get all of us into The Boar’s Head at Ripley so we headed a little further into the Yorkshire Dales to Ramsgill above Pateley Bridge on the River Nidd.

It was stunningly beautiful countryside and we had a glorious drive along the valley floor, looping gently past the pretty Gouthwaite reservoir, hugging the female curves and clefts of the hills, to this handsome Yorkshire stone building that would be our base for the weekend in Ramsgill, as an extended family.

This was a little break before the Murchisons and Chrissie’s family returned to the States, Saffi heading to Edinburgh with me.

Per’s company had found a lovely small hotel, the Yorke Arms that had a starred Michelin Restaurant and very comfortable it was with well-appointed bedrooms and lovely intimate public rooms, full of flagstones, low beamed ceilings and antiques. It was an 18thC coaching inn set in middle of the village, just off the green and covered in ivy, and constructed from the old Yorkshire limestone.

It was a gorgeous setting and a great weekend get-away place, especially for walking in the Dales and up on the Moors, or to indulge in some fishing and shooting and maybe other “sports!”

Inside it, it was exquisite and we had four rooms, Per and Pamela had given up the main four poster room to Saffi and me but their room was sumptuously furnished as well. Fallon and Chrissie and Chrissie’s parents were out in a lovely cottage extension, adjacent to the Inn.

We got to the room and I had a chance to look around. Saffi had been wonderful and been through Edinburgh to bring me a selection of clothing, lingerie and, I

was sure, some of our toys from which we had been deprived of all this time. I also had the box from half-term in the back of my car.

Inside, Saffi suggested that we had a couple of hours before dinner and that I could get out of my uniform and have a bath with her, or we could go for a walk as a family. I suggested:

“Oh, I just want to be with you, not with anyone else.”

“Thought you would. And I want to be with you as despite me not being imprisoned in the School, I have missed you too.”

Saffi pulled me out my Cadolle robe and I let the soft silk run through my fingers.

“You just don’t know how this feels, Saffi. That perhaps was the most humiliating part, the awful lingerie and uniform.”

“It’s good discipline for you and if you misbehave, you can go back in it and be punished by being just my housemaid. I have brought the Cadolle set down for you and you can wear it tonight, along with your Lepore and some nice clothing.”

“You wonderful thing. Being away from such lovely lingerie makes one miss it and I love being decked out in it for you, Saffi.”

I also had my clothing from when we visited Louise and Becky. I quickly stripped the uniform off, such relief to be out of it.

“I need a long pampering session in a salon once we are back in Edinburgh.”

“I need one now, Clare.”

I went over to Saffi and she pulled me into her to kiss me, deep into my mouth, almost as if we were new girlfriends re-establishing our relationship. There was a definite buzz of anticipation between us.

I undid her blouse and then her pants and just admired her standing there in her cream Italian lingerie. I was so in love with her.

“You know what to do, Clare.”

Yes, I did. She was re-exerting her hold on me; her usual soft and subtle mix of dominance through command and pure love. It was what I had been missing.

I unclipped her bra to release her lovely full breasts, her nipples already standing pert from their brown, pimpled aureoles for me. I kissed the cups of her bra and then lowered my mouth on to her nipples. I was in seventh heaven.

Saffi pushed me down her body to her love grotto, encased in the soft silk of the panties that she was wearing. I took in her scent. What a joy it was to be presented with this familiar love smell. I nuzzled my nose into her love cleft.

Saffi said:

“Before we go any further, let’s have a bath together and I would love a massage from you. I’ve missed those.”

“I think I still have one or two of my aromatherapy oils left in my wash bag, Saffi. I can use them on you.”

“Would you? I would love your fingers dancing over me.”

We ran a bath with some hotel bubble soap in the old deep tub and jumped in, enjoying being naked once more with each other.

Saffi sat in her usual position in front of me and I so loved the opportunity of soaping her up and feeling her pushing back into me and her breasts between my fingers.

Some twenty minutes I got out first so as to dry myself off.

Back into the bathroom and I looked at Saffi’s vulnerable naked body relaxing in the bath and how the heat had warmed her cheeks up to being a warm, red hue.

Her brown nipples were there, just breaking the surface of the water, such an erotic sight for me.

I hadn’t seen such a sexy tableau for quite a while and even I could feel a sexual frisson coming over me, despite my eunuch status.

I sat on the edge of the bath close to Saffi and leant over her to kiss her.

“Ok Honey?”

She looked up at me, a little startled, as she had almost been asleep.

Smiling at me, she arched her back as if she was feline, her breasts breaking the water-line as she stretched her divine body out. Dreamily, she whispered,

“Mmmm Clare, I am just thinking about how nice it is to have you back and ready to massage me like this, ready to give me the love and service that I so crave of you. I am just so relaxed and happy.”

I bent down over Saffi and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"Saffi, it's time to get out. I haven't finished pampering you yet so get dried, but don't dress yet. Oh by the way, leave the water in the bath; we'll need it later."

I left her in the bathroom to dry off while I went to the bedroom to put some towels over the bed ready for Saffi's massage. It had been so long since I had been able to show my love and service to Saffi like this. I was pretty excited.

When I returned to the lounge I found Saffi standing there waiting for me, completely naked. The hot bath had put some colour into her cheeks and her damp hair clung to her bare shoulders. She looked alluring and a real treat as she gave me a long smile.

"Now, that's what I call a relaxed Saffi," I commented.

"Now, how about that nice relaxing massage?"

"I'm ready for you."

I led her by the hand into the bedroom and she climbed onto the bed. I patted the large bath towel with my hand.

"OK then. Lie down on your tummy."

She moved onto the towel and stretched out for me with her arms under her head to act as a pillow.

I lifted her long dirty-blond hair off her back and shaped it around her head to create a halo like effect.

"We don't want to get your hair covered with oil do we?"

I poured some oil on my hands and rubbed them together to get them to the right temperature. As I did so, I decided to give her three light kisses along the back of her shoulders and her neck, and then I worked the oil across with my hands.

I kneaded her muscles right along to the edge of her shoulders and as I did so I kissed her down the centre of her back, my hands followed, spreading the warm oil.

I heard Saffi give a quiet sigh almost as if she was far away and asleep,

"Clare that feels great, just what I need. I have so missed this."

I moved further down her back, slowly, taking care to knead each group of muscles, pre-empting my fingers with little kisses as if honouring her body.

Finally I got to her bottom and slowly I kissed both cheeks, using my tongue with long strokes to run over her skin of her bottom.

"They didn't teach me this technique at College, Saffi."

I heard a little giggle:

"No they didn't, did they?"

To heighten her enjoyment I danced one finger very lightly in a tiny circle right at the bottom of her spine where her cleavage started, her gorgeous "whale-tail." Her buttocks started to twitch and she laughed:

"Oh! That really tickles!"

I was hoping for this reaction as it meant that she was just at that stage before you turn someone on. But I must admit all of this was actually turning me on as well.

I moved further down her body and next kissed the hamstrings of her thighs,



right on the backs, to signal the massaging of her legs. I used both my hands on each thigh in turn and let my fingers work in little circles over her tight sinewy muscles and tendons at the back of her knees.

This resulted in little moans of appreciation.

Saffi's calves were next, kisses on the back and I slowly worked my hands down each lower leg towards her ankles.

I took one in each hand and opened her legs so that her feet were some two feet apart. Using both my hands, I worked my stuff on each leg in turn, moving rapidly from her ankle to the inside top of each thigh.

The sighs of pleasure from Saffi told me that, without any doubt, she was now getting aroused. I could also start to smell her sex, always an indication that she was turned on and becoming wet down there.

I bent down and whispered in her ear:

"How does that feel, my love?"

"Absolutely incredible, God, I have missed this these last three months."

"So now you know what you've been missing,"

I made that comment, laughing:

"But we're only halfway there in that you have only had half a massage. Just turn over and I'll finish you off."

She flipped herself over and I re-arranged her hair so that it was clear of her body again. Then I placed her hands above her head, on the squishy, cotton pillow.

I noticed that Saffi's face was quite flushed, as was her chest, always a good sign on her that she wanted me.

I had not lost my touch. I decided to be forward,

"Just close your eyes, Saffi and relax, and be prepared to be seduced by your

special gurl who doesn't know whether she is a lesbian or half a man."

I rubbed more oil into the depths of my palms.

She quietly laughed at that comment:

"Mmmm, carry on, lover, and do your worse. I shall thoroughly enjoy it."

I bent over her and lightly kissed her forehead and then her closed eyes. I moved down to the tip of her nose and her slightly open mouth. A little tongue probe there and she responded to me assertively, pushing her own tongue deep into my mouth, exploring me with interest.

I followed this little kissing session with a very light facial massage, using the small balls at the top of my fingers gently to massage her forehead, her cheeks and along her jaw line.

I drew my index finger across her lips and I then bent down and kissed her pert nipples, standing out from their lovely brown home. I lingered over them, bringing them out of their shelter.

I used both hands on each of her breasts in turn placing a thumb on each side of her and running them up to her nipples and squeezing them upwards, between my thumbs, then back down over her silken skin.

I gradually moved my thumbs around her domes of pleasure, about an inch or so and repeated the process; up, squeeze and down.

By the time I had finished, her nipples were sticking out like small stops, just as I wanted them to be, ready to be nuzzled and enjoyed.

Saffi was lightly panting and moaning now and her back was beginning to arch, giving me a strong signal that she was really enjoying this treatment. Sexually, I was turned on as well and so wanted her, to please her and bring her to an earth-shattering climax.

I carried on kissing Saffi, down from her nipples, to her abdomen and onto her tummy that was so flat, my hands following doing their kneading and stimulating work on her body.

I used my finger to explore her navel, gently tickling her. My mouth moved down to attend to the insides of her smooth slim thighs and her knees.

I went all the way down to her ankles again and once again I took hold of them and opened her legs apart, wide apart this time. I wanted total access to my lover.

Slowly I worked my hands up over her taut skin and spread the aromatic oil right up the insides of her legs. She was mewling now, begging me to take her with my tongue.

I leant forward and placed my soft right over the open moist labial lips of her vagina.

A light kiss with the tiniest moment of suction on her erect clitoris told her what to expect next.

I put my thumbs at the base of her moist vaginal lips and moved outwards in small spiralling circles gradually moving upwards around her love nest. Eventually I reached her clitoris and I pinched it gently and briefly between my thumbs before spreading then along her hood and over her vestibule.

I brought my fingers back down again, taking them over her spreading labia majora with a distinct brush-stroke.

And once more I started the spiralling motion back up her, upwards once more towards Saffi's engorged clitoris.

I noticed this was having the effect I hoped for as her creamy cum was now oozing out of her pussy and was beginning to seep down her thighs. I could see her leg muscles getting tighter and she was flexing her toes away from her, the sexual tension growing in her and calling for release.

She was gasping now along with her "Mmms" and moans and her mouth was open as she sought to control her breathing. Her hands were now kneading her breasts to provide even a further stimulus.

It was now time to stop the massaging and bring about her release, getting her to climax, knowing that when she would come, it would be so heavy.

I tasted her cum; such a delicious flavour coming off my fingers and into my

mouth, partly tainted by the odour of the oil.

I took two fingers and slid them right into the insides of her vagina. She let me in without objection, her portals easily opening to take them into her tight love tunnel, sucking me in, wanting me to pleasure her by gently wiggling them.

At the same time, I started my suction assault on her stiff little clitoris, using my tongue slowly to give her flicking and rolling movements within my pressure vacuum over her love-bud.

Gradually I upped my oral pace and this increased Saffi's moans as she went up her sexual mountain, seeking the release of her orgasm that was up there.

Her hips were beginning to buck, trying to push her up, trying to help her hit the apex.

Then she pushed her head back onto her arms again and really arched her back.

A deep guttural moan emerged and a yelp of pleasure coupled with her familiar spurt as her climax hit her and released her passion.

I let my mouth rest there, just under her clitoris to pick up her cummy wetness and to enjoy her little pleasure spasms as she stayed up there in her stark, bright clouds of sexual enjoyment.

"Mmmm, Clare, I have you back with me. I know it now. That was fantastic."

I pulled the towel around her and went into the bathroom to top the bath off with some extra hot water. When I returned, Saffi was still lying there, naked and motionless, her pussy still glistening. She opened her eyes as I approached.

"I wonder if Fallon is getting similar treatment from Chrissie."

"I bet something is going on over in the cottage, but not as intense in love, perhaps."

Saffi giggled:

"Maybe not. I love you, you know, my beautiful gurl and handmaiden."

"Time to wash that oil off, perhaps."

She climbed off the bed and we went into the bathroom. She dropped the towel and got into the bath.

"Can I join you?"

"Of course, Silly."

Thirty seconds later we were both naked in the bath and locked in each other's arms. She gave me a long, intense kiss.

"I love having you back with me."

I knew that I was "home" and I was so happy to be so. Don't send me off for another three months, Saffi, as it hurt being apart from you, wondering what you were up to, what you were thinking and, ultimately, being in your domain.

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We got made up and dressed.

Oh to be back in Saffi's panties, a pair of black brief panties nicely crusted up from the day before and under my favourite Cadolle black waist panties, and then to be wearing my nice matching bra, the thin garter and stockings as well rather than tights.

Over this, went my Nanette Lepore ensemble, the lovely lace skirt, high collared and beaded blouse and the bolero jacket and to slip on my nice pair of dark brown high heel shoes. This felt so much better and much more girlie.

Saffi wore a new black three-quarters length Armani evening dress that was just so sexy and hugged her curves. And of course, it was an excuse to put on some jewellery.

We headed downstairs and Per and Pamela were already in the drawing room, a roaring and welcoming fire awaiting us, the smell of wood-smoke pervading the rooms downstairs, a bottle of cold champagne in an ice bucket.

Fallon, Chrissie and her parents came in from the cold outside just after we had a glass of Bollinger Grande Année champagne in hand. Fallon asked us what we had been up to and Saffi just smiled at her. “Just the same as us, then, Sis. It must be this cold Yorkshire air” was her comment.

With another bottle of champagne served and some wonderful canapés, we set about selecting our food, before being showed through to the beautiful dining room. It was on one hand formal but, on the other, so relaxed as if we were in a pub dining room. The room was dominated by the large oak table at which we were seated and a lovely old antique Welsh dresser.

Now the unusual thing with the restaurant was that the chef was female and had won all these awards. Many considered it to be in the top three of dining places in the North of England and it was certainly good.

What we loved about it was that they rivalled La Cigalle for their soufflés and Saffi and I plumped for their Wensleydale Cheese and Scallop one, which was mind-blowingly good with its rich taste. We were also “envious” of their Partridge and Beetroot Terrine as well as Whitby Crab and Potage of Shellfish with Salt Cod and Tomato.

For mains we had Herb-crusted Nidderdale Lamb with a Mutton Pudding but all the mains looked great, especially the Saddle of Venison with Oxtail Sausage and a Rowan sauce. I pointed out to Pamela I could create this for Christmas if they wished.

It was lovely to be cooked for like this and, just like the meal at the Drunken Duck at half term, a wonderful change to the School’s diet. For wines we selected a Meursault Tessons Premier Cru and a Château Giscours from Margaux.

A plate of Northern cheeses, and a second treat for us: a Grand Marnier soufflé with chocolate truffle and a Château de Fargues, a cousin of Château d’Yquem. There was also a rather tempting Apple & Blueberry Clafoutis with Marzipan ice cream.

Dinner over, we lingered in the bar with a glass of Armagnac, chatting amongst ourselves and other diners. Seven Americans, one Brit of which six were female and two men was a little unusual for the locals!

Finally we made it upstairs to our bedroom.

It wasn't long before I was back into worshipping Saffi's naked pussy, having passionately peeled our clothes off, wanting to be close to each other.

Saffi soon had me at home underneath her as she moved onto the bed, straddled my body and then squatted over me, allowing me to take in her beautiful vista. She lowered herself down onto me, taking the air out between us and exerting her natural authority over me. This was always such a powerful way to physically demonstrate her ownership and I responded to her ministration by taking her towards a climax by gently servicing her love-warren and her anus.

I was just so happy to be back in my favourite place.

Then, having brought her to a small run of trembling orgasms, she took our favourite toy from last Christmas, inserted it into her before taking me, and driving herself to a massive climax.

I just loved it as she collapsed down over my back, limp from her excitement, and her hands moving underneath me to hold my breasts and gently knead my nipples.

I was definitely hers and I felt safe.

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After a lovely weekend, we all parted and Saffi and I headed towards Edinburgh, not only to shop for Christmas, but also for two other reasons. The first was that Per had laid out two projects for me that he wanted tackling.

One project covered a new investment in the Middle East in the Oman and the second one was a much smaller project in Hong Kong and Southern China

covering a business expansion for a lingerie manufacturer.

I needed to start some research work to help position the project so that I could look at the socio-economic benefits and risks involved with the project.

This meant visits back into my old library and I also contacted the business school at Heriot-Watts University who were most helpful in being unable to unearth marketing data on the Far Eastern lingerie market. The amazing thing was in finding that Hong Kong had one of the highest bra consumptions per female in the world, albeit A and B cups. Wonderful useless information, I loved it.

The second reason covered my annual visit to my specialists to ensure that all was ok with my hormones and general physiology. I knew that they also made an assessment of my mind to ensure that all was stable upstairs.

With Saffi present, I knew what this visit would trigger and after we were all finished and cleared as to my overall condition, we headed out, immediately after the doctor's visit, for a short pre-Christmas stay at the Knockinaam Lodge, down near Port Patrick in deepest South-West Scotland.

The hotel was in a wonderful spot, down at the end of a single-track lane, in some thirty 30 acres of gardens and woodland surrounded by gorse-clad cliffs, overlooking the sea. Even in late autumn, it was a fabulous place to stay with the wild seas and coastal winds coming in to buffet us, the ideal place for walks, good food and romance.

The area was full of history and the ancient diverse ancestry with Gaels and Anglians, Norsemen and Northumbrians, Irish and Cumbrians, Scots and English all of whom left a mark on this cornerstone of Scotland.

Our room was comfortably furnished with a Victorian tester bed and lovely views over the Irish Sea, especially as we had a nice seating area, to enjoy the late autumn weak afternoon sun. Downstairs it was very Victorian but enhanced by the comfortable cosy, dark red interior – think hunting lodge chic. The log fires burning throughout the public rooms helped the ambiance.

It was one of those chic hunting lodge hotels where you wanted to bring a nice, wet Labrador or Spaniel with you, probably named “Useless.”



More importantly, it was one of those places where you could dress slightly more informally in a nice polo and Fallon's tartan skirt for me and Saffi also in a back polo-neck and black leather tight-fitting pants. The fuller "showy" dress, we kept for the Saturday evening, so as to dress up a little more.

Over a dinner of a lobster starter, a warm salad of tender langoustine and sweetbreads with a tart confit of cherries and then a perfectly roasted filet of lamb with a quickly-reduced sauce of Port demi-glace and truffles, we relaxed, aided by the Château d'Angludet 1978.

"Clare, I am so pleased that the Docs think that you are in good shape physically and especially as to your hormone balance. What do you think about this morning's results and comments?"

"I guess I have been in full health recently, it must have been all that Yorkshire air and diet! No, I have been pretty well and balanced"

"Well, no fatigue or anything now."

"No, there were some exhausting days at Lady Seaton's but I have recovered from those."

"Well, I think you look incredibly serene and poised now, you really are a lot more feminine than more than three-quarters of the women out there. I ought to call you Lady Clare."

"Oh, come off it," I said laughing.

"No, it's paid big dividends. Even the doctor had said to me that he had never seen castration deliver that much serenity in somebody. I had to quietly explain to him that it was more than his knife that has achieved your elegance."

I held her hand and said:

"Thank you, Saffi, as long as I make you proud of me and I can be there for you."

"So, I have to ask you, as you didn't mention it this morning to the Doc, what about going ahead with the full transformation now?"

“Well he did mention it quietly to me and suggested that we could go say in about six to eight months’ time.”

“Oh, you and he didn’t mention that to me!”

Saffi jokingly pouted at me. I laughed,

“Oh, sorry. Seriously, I think that I am ready to come over; that is if you will have me as a full woman, well mostly woman!”

She held my fingers.

Of course I really do. We all do, Mom, Dad and Fallon and even Chrissie. But most importantly, you have to be ready. Are you?”

“I think so, Saffi.”

“I could order you to do it. But you know that I can’t do this, as this is so important for you. It’s the one decision that you must make. I will say that of course I want you as my lesbian submissive partner and if you see that as an instruction so be it. I so want to go for some tribadry with you”

“Can I have one more think about it, Saffi?”

“Of course, but make it a quick one. Make the decision, by say tomorrow before dinner and then we can go forward whichever way you decide on.

“Thank you, Saffi.”

“There is one more thing that I want you to do and to consider as it may affect our timing as to your big op.”

“Mmmm, what’s that?”

“Well, you know that I mentioned other tasks for you would be involved, Clare.”

“Yesss.....”

At this point, the waiter wanting dessert orders disturbed us and, in our usual tradition, we went for some cheese to mop up their wine and then we opted for gooey chocolate pudding with a vanilla crème Anglaise and a caramelised thin

apple tart with a double vanilla bean ice cream. And a Sommerauer Schlossberg Eiswein to help the desserts go down.

Saffi continued:

“Anyway, we have Christmas coming up in Garrison and then after the New Year, I suggest we fly back here and initiate the paperwork for your reassignment, if your decision is favourable. Then, as you will be in a waiting hold, what I am going to propose is that you will head for Hong Kong.”

“Hong Kong?”

“Yes, you have this project of Dad’s to complete and I have an old University friend who is very much into lingerie making and she would more than mentor you as you learn the processes needed to make high quality lingerie.”

“My goodness me, I guess it would give me some insights to the business, Saffi”

“Not least, Clare, you could make lingerie for both of us, for the family girls, and what I am also thinking is that it could give us a potential business if we move our base to Vermont. We could find a farm or premises with outbuildings and set something up for manufacturing and distribution from the out-buildings.”

“True, I haven’t thought about that.”

“Yes, if we position to the top end of the market, i.e. bespoke manufacturing, it wouldn’t really make much difference where we were located and we could play off the high-end arts image of places like Quechee, Brandon, Johnson and Shelbourne.”

“You have thought this through, Saffi, as usual.”

“Well I would cover the financial management and it would be an ideal job for you, playing off your training and skill base. After all, your embroidery wasn’t at all bad; in fact I thought it was very good. And we could employ high-end needlework folk to drive that, look at all the heritage with the quilt making there.” And both of us could tackle the marketing and economics.”

She smiled at me.

“I also think that it will be a wonderful way of keeping full control over you and using your ‘handmaiden’ skills, both professionally and obviously the personal side.”

“More to think about, Saffi, as to the content and type of business, not the decision of course. But it does make a hell of a lot of sense.”

We laughed.

“So, after the New Year, what we are going to do is firstly come back here and the hospital, then I am going to fly to Qatar with you and introduce you to Sheik Hamad bin Abdul-Wahhad, the local tycoon who is driving the investment project with Dad, as you know.

“You will find his domestic arrangements somewhat interesting and I am hoping there may be opportunity really to train you out there, in time... And then onto Hong Kong to meet Hsiu Mei, Mei for short.”

Saffi looked at me and gripped my hand.

“You will like her, she is American educated and bi-cultural, apart from being a lesbian. So I am going to leave you with her for a six week period or so, not only to learn some of the business, but to experience her love techniques, Chinese massage and all the rest.”

“So what do you mean by training in Qatar.”

“You will see in due time, but believe me, if we take you down this route, you will learn subjugation like never before and that will take you up to where I want you. Anyway, less of that for the moment, give the Op some thought and let me know your decision – again I reiterate that it the one decision in life that you have to make, not me.”

We finished up our desserts, talking about Hong Kong and Mei, and then headed into the small bar for a late night Armagnac and a coffee. A cuddle and a stolen kiss or two and we headed upstairs.

Back into our bedroom, Saffi motioned me to come over to her and caress her. I allowed my hands gently to stroke her sides, and then moved to her back, allowing my fingers to roam over her polo neck.

Next I went lower down, over her beautiful bottom encased in her tight, black leather pants, and down her legs.

Softly tossing her head, her dirty blonde hair was a cascade that fell downwards as Saffi watched me as I paid homage to her legs, the feel and the smell of her leather beginning to turn me on.

I stood up and took hold of the bottom of my polo-neck and lifted it up, my thick, coppery hair tousling up through the hole as I pulled the jumper over my hair.

I kept my eyes on Saffi's.

Without looking away from her, I undid my kilt buckle and loosened the waist. Gradually it came. Ever so slowly, I inched my kilt down, exposing my black stockings, Marie-Jo panties and bra to her.

I stood up straight and slowly turned around to allow Saffi fully to take me in visually.

I went back onto my knees to undress Saffi in the manner that she liked.

I slowly let my hands dance over her waist and feeling her breasts under her polo-neck, her gorgeous nipples beginning to stiffen. I gave her some small kisses on her tummy and she pressed forward on me in anticipation.

I moved behind her so as to be able to start to undress Saffi. I kissed the nape of her neck and pushed my hands under her polo-neck so as to be able to peel it off her.

With her naked skin now exposed, my tongue caressed the nape of her neck and then I let my lips follow her skin down one shoulder line.

Saffi put one of her hands behind my head, allowing her fingers to run through my hair. I slipped away from Saffi's grip and worked my way down her spine, bringing back, hopefully, a reminder of my worship this afternoon. I ensured that each vertebra received a soft kiss on all sides of her spine.

I again sunk to my knees but this time I was behind Saffi. I reached around Saffi's waist to undo her button and release her zipper. Kissing the small of

Saffi's back, I slowly worked her pants down over her hips and slowly it fell to the ground.

Saffi took control of the situation. She stepped out of her pants took one stride away from me and then turned to face me.

I sighed with pleasure as I always did at the sight of my beautiful partner. She looked so beautiful and powerful to me, full of authority and stunningly sexy, her gorgeous breasts and brown nipples exposed to me.

My eyes drifted downward to take in the rest of Saffi's body, a sight I never grew tired of and rested on Saffi's pubis, still covered by her silky black panties.

I wanted to lean forward and kiss Saffi there but knew I probably shouldn't do that without her permission, something I was longing for.

I noticed that she wasn't wearing her usual type of stockings, rather a heavier pair along with a new black suspender with silver clasps, indicative of a new Cadolle lingerie set. I hadn't recognised the set before but then we had not dressed fully together earlier in the evening. And she had on a new pair pump that exaggerated her toes.

I sensed that Saffi knew what I wanted. She had this uncanny ability to read me.

"Come over to me, my Clare."

I suspected that Saffi's pussy was getting moister. My own brain buzz was starting up and I could feel my own clit stiffening a little in expectation. She was staring me down, her "I own you and you will do as I command tonight."

"So you like my new shoes, Clare?"

"Mmmmm, yes I do Saffi!"

Saffi was leaning back against a chest of drawers, her pantied pussy protruding up as she arched her back slightly. I could pick up a small spot of wetness appearing.

Huskily, she asked me:

"You want to kiss them, don't you?"

"Let me worship you, Saffi"

Feeling the edge of the set of drawers, Saffi slowly rose up on her toes, using the drawers to rest on. I knew that she was getting her pleasure shot from controlling me and what I was to do for her.

My tongue had flicked against both the pump and Saffi's stockinged leg. Each little flick was followed up by a kiss, my face also brushing against them too as I honoured her, feeling the leather of her shoe against me and her smell, the leather, and her scented foot, not some nasty sweaty foot but a naturalness.

I could also now smell Saffi's sex, knowing that she was enjoying this adulation. I too was excited.

Saffi flexed her hips and squeezed her legs together a little bit, taking in the sight and feeling of my worship of her.

I wanted Saffi to spread her legs and let me come up to her pussy and serve her to make her cum. However, she reached down and tousled my hair, her fingers running aggressively through my thick locks.

Holding me back my hair, Saffi lifted one leg to spread both of legs wide.

This was almost too much for me, as she looked so provocatively sexy from under her as always.

Her voice low and soft she asked me:

"Is this what you want, Clare? Do you want to be back in here, in your real home where you belong? Do you want to lick your love altar, my pussy slave?"

As she spoke, Saffi's other hand deliberately brushed against her soft panties. Her moist lips had made the black fabric even darker with their dampness and I could even see the white sheen of her cum emerging.

With one finger she pulled the panties aside, showing me her naked pussy petals.

Smiling and blatantly in front of me, Saffi let one finger run along her love

valley. She lifted her fingers to her own lips and extended her tongue to lick off her own honey.

"Mmmmm, maybe I should just make you watch tonight?"

Saffi took her finger back and slipped it in between her lips and then moved it upwards into her sopping cunt.

I wanted to be in there, pleasing her, and here she was controlling me, exerting her own authority over me. I was getting turned on now and that always needed a lot of stimulation but Saffi just knew which of my buttons to press.

I pleaded with her to let me take her but she carried on this sexy masturbation and pussy tasting, occasionally dropping her finger into my mouth to suck it like a lollipop and take in her cummy essence.

Then came the order:

"Now make me cum, my cunt-slave."

I felt so used but I loved it. This is what I literally was, Saffi's cunt-slave, and nothing more nothing less. I was highly turned on by the knowledge that I was being used like this to please my lover.

I moved forward into my love area, ignoring that Saffi was pulling my hair towards her, another testament and reminder of her control and subtle abuse of me.

I allowed my tongue to eagerly lap along Saffi's pussy petals covered by her wonderful cream. I used my tongue to plunge in between them to capture even more, debauched that I was. The taste was, as usual, wonderful and I was soon enveloped in her cummy scent.

I could have lived forever in such an atmosphere.

Saffi's hand slipped into her panties as I continued my oral servitude. One finger was circling her stiff clit just as my tongue rolled it. I followed her finger and flicked my tongue against it a second time, knowing that she was starting to get that electric buzz running through her body.



Saffi moved her foot between my legs and brought it up between my legs to play the area where my pussy would go and then down to my anus, pressing against my own panties, letting me know that she was in control of me. I continued on with my love assault on her haven.

I thrust my tongue deep into her Saffi's pussy, opening up her love tunnel and I could feel myself pushing against Mistress' foot. Oh if I had my own cunt, she would be masturbating me with it. This was good reason to go straight ahead with my surgery.

However, I had Saffi to please and my tongue was seeking out the depths of her cunt. I wanted to be in there, part of her, perhaps her G spot? Any ideas about surgery were out, even my own pleasure. There was just one thing that now counted. Saffi's pleasure and that was all that mattered.

Her hands once again in my hair, Saffi pulled me tightly against her. I knew that she was beginning to climb towards her sexual peak, wanting to be bathed in the snowy clouds and white light she said that accompanied her orgasms. Her face was also reddening as well, always a tell-tale sign

Saffi was now near personal summit and she opened her eyes wide to look at me staring back up at her.

"God I am cumming now, release with me!"

Our orgasmic wave broke at the same time. Saffi thrust her hips hard into my face, subjugating me to her cum, taking the air out of my mouth, driving her pussy into me seeking out that pleasure from my oral sex toy that I offered her.

I drove in to her as far as I could, possibly deeper than ever before.

Saffi was moaning, "Oh My God" again and again and she wrapped her other leg over my back, locking me against her.

Saffi's pleasure was what mattered. I could feel my brain numbing though with mine and my familiar steely jolt through me as my mental orgasm took over.

However, it was all about Saffi's pleasure.

My buzz and pleasure came from knowing that Saffi was cumming and that she

was using me to achieve this. This was so powerful and I felt a second jolt hit me as I heard the mews and cries of Saffi cumming again on her second orgasm, this time a heavy squirt of cream all over my face.

I loved this, being bathed in her love honey.

Slowly the moment passed.

A sense of contentment came over us, both sharing in the experience and the submission and domination that had been involved.

We stayed in this position; I was against her leg and could lick Saffi's heavy honey from my face. I loved this moment and, smiling back up at my lover, I lowered my face between her legs to ensure that she too was cleaned up.

Carefully I ensured that none of her delicious cream was missed.

And I just loved the little sighs of contentment that Saffi made.

Without saying anything, Saffi led me to the bed and pushed me down onto the sheets, pillows under me.

I knew what this about and she went to her case to pull out one of our largest straps and provocatively climbed into it in full sight of me, her still-sopping pussy easily swallowing her end, ready to take me.

A tiny bit of lubricant onto her hard cock and she quickly manoeuvred herself behind me to enter me and start to fuck us both towards another cum.

This is what I wanted to be taken like this. I didn't need reminding but it always did so. I was her girl and would ever be.

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I didn't have the best night's sleep though. I lay there, in Saffi's arms in my cami and matching knickers, thinking about what we had discussed at dinner and

especially the idea of reassignment surgery.

Yes I wanted it, not only for Saffi but for myself. I wanted to be able to feel her strap in my cunt and have her make love to my clitoris as well as our usual anal play.

I wanted to be a woman and not have this residual penis as a clitoris. But it was the idea of the pain involved that was holding me back, and what would happen if something went wrong. Would I need several operations if they made a mess?

I thought I only really had one chance and couldn't bear the idea of multiple operations, especially if corrective was involved. Maybe a labiaplasty I could take, as that was a fairly minor procedure being only an hour under the surgeon's scalpel and scissors but if I could even avoid that...

My concern was not about sexual arousal and orgasm, an issue for many transsexuals and a little bit of a myth in the community as trans girls can virtually all be sexual, the question being their drive, just like in the proper girl community. And "practice" was known to help so I was ok there.

No, it was probably more about pain, the need for skin grafts and operation complications.

As to complications, I was thinking not so much about light post-op bleeding and sloughing off of some of the grafted skin but more about major infection, internal uncontrolled bleeding, bladder damage, major nerve damage and even worst of all, a vaginal-rectal fistula caused by an accidental cutting through the rectal wall, or due to vaginal-rectal tissue death from pressure of the packing during the immediate post-op period.

A fistula enables excrement to bypass the anal stricture and exude from the vagina and ultimately can prevent the healing of the neo-vagina meaning protracted hospital stays, a colostomy or even a repeat surgery as the vagina needs rebuilding.

It was about seven o'clock when I got out of bed, cleaned my teeth, dressed in some jeans, a top and thick jumper and went for a walk along the cliffs, the dawn starting to rise, to carry on thinking about all of this. Saffi only stirred briefly as I quietly got out of bed and dressed.

I walked for about an hour and the sun came up, weak in its December infancy. I huddled into my jacket as it wasn't that warm but seeing the sun emerge brought my mind around.

I was being too negative. I had to look at the positives and these boiled down to that I wanted it, Saffi wanted it, and her family wanted it for me. I wouldn't be truly happy as an in-between. I had been very happy post my orchiectomy and why not after reassignment. I had to go that final step.

Pain could be managed and true pain was an indicator that there was a complication, the body's way of saying "Help me!" Three out of four transsexuals were happy with their surgery and I postulated that for those who weren't, that many of them may have been a little uncertain to begin with and were looking for excuses to blame the doctors. Sure there were botch ups just as with any surgery.

I had a good support team already and Saffi would ensure that the best surgeons were used on me, that I knew and it was a big comfort.

And then I had a quiet chuckle to myself, with Saffi's guidance and permission, I may be able to feel a man's cock in me and, at the very least, her straps and what was to become the Feeldoe. And wear a bikini with no risk of a bulge or an artificial bulge.

I sat on a rock not far from the hotel and watched the sun and the wind across the sea, the waves crashing and spraying their spume beneath me. Some birds were being buffeted around as the gusts caught them – were they gulls, terns or skuas? Out at sea, a couple of ships were making their slow progression up the Irish Sea, bathed in the milky early morning light, perhaps on their way into the Clyde and their destination, Glasgow.

I admit that I had a good weep, not from the difficulty of the decision but more that my mind was made up.

I was going to go for it, transformation to being a girl, what Saffi desired, what I wanted.

I had to for my own sanity and for both of us, perhaps ultimately our happiness and certainly mine.

Saffi was so right in that I had had to make this massive decision myself.

I walked back into the hotel with more of a bounce in my step than when I had set out.

Saffi was up and in the lobby and a little distressed.

“Where have you been, Clare? I have been worried, as you have never done this before. Hey, and you have been crying big time...”

“Don’t worry, Saffi, I love you and I’m ok, well now I am. I have been for a walk outside. I haven’t slept much thinking about dinner last night and what we chatted about. Can you come outside? I’m ok by the way.”

She ran upstairs and grabbed a coat and was back downstairs very quickly.

“I don’t want to tell you in public here, rather there’s a nice view of the bay nearby.”

I took her arm and interlocked it with mine and led her through the garden back to “my rock”.

We said nothing; Saffi knew that I wanted to tell her in my own time, my place. I sat down, motioned her to sit next to me and huddled into her.

I kissed her and whispered:

“Love you.”

“Gosh, I thought that you had run away or something daft. I couldn’t bear to lose you, you know...”

I laughed:

“Now would I do that to you, my hormones are all well-balanced at the moment!”

“Well, you have been crying, so something has been seriously upsetting you. Before you came back in I could guess what; I am not that inert you know...it certainly wasn’t our lovemaking yesterday.”

“I’ve made my decision, Saff.”

I hardly ever used that name for her.

I calmly explained my rationale against and for. And then I explained about the sun coming through and how stupid that I was being, had been, in not focusing on the positives in all of this and that the big decision, stripped down, was a simple one.

Typical me to make a rather large mountain...

“Therefore, Saffi, in short, it’s a yes. I will do it, one hundred percent.”

Saffi leant across and took my head in her hands and kissed me, earnestly kissed me, a truly loving kiss.

“You are totally sure?”

Tears were welling in my eyes again, not sadness but joy, possibly emotional relief.

“Absolutely, there is one thing though; I want a beautiful pussy with well-defined labia majora and only the tiniest inner petals, a little like yours. Oh and a nice clit hood too, with a nice sensitive clit behind it.”

We laughed at that, my tears coming through.

Saffi hugged me; head held high, her hair blowing in the wind.

“There, there, Honey. It’s ok. Just let it all out”

I did for a few seconds and then pulled myself together. Laughingly, she quipped,

“That’s an advantage for you, honey. We get some say in your appearance, unlike for me where it was at the luck of the pussy gods when I was conceived.”

We sat there for ten minutes taking the scene in, the occasional kiss and comment.

Finally, Saffi said:

“Come on you, let’s get back in and get you cleaned up. You are excused toilet duty this morning and let’s break open a bottle of champagne for breakfast.”

I looked into her eyes lovingly and saw an intensity of a kind I hadn’t seen before as she told me:

“I’ve got another little surprise for you later today.”

**END OF VOLUME-FOUR**

(Volume-Five to follow shortly)